

For a Butter World.

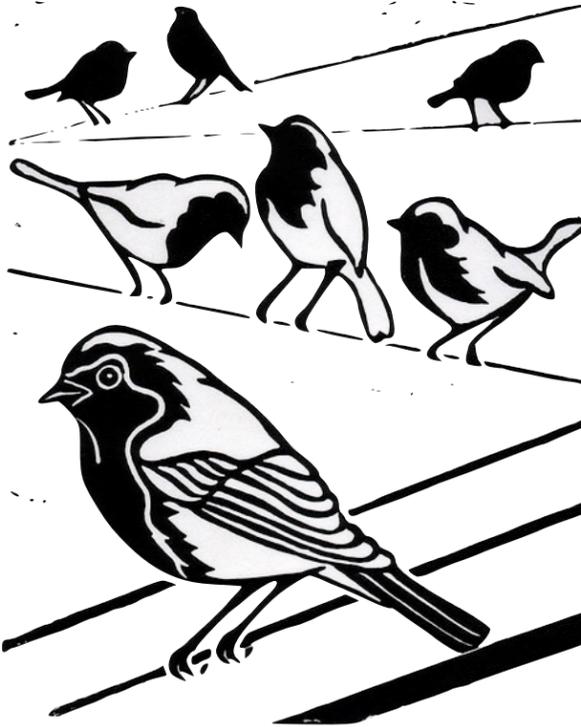
Rain on a blue tarp roof. Tiny, invisible explosions from the war in the 4th world. Math games are useless, tripping under ladders. Halleluya, they're counting us again. How can we have been counted so many times and still count for nothing? Rain is sent to Earth to find notebooks and preserve them. Lighters are generally lost three times, not by the same person. A snitch with a dime drops nine. Who lays dryin', in the rain? Everything I do is gonna be funky, from now on. Dogs curl three times around a nomadic idea of Home, take away in a doggy bag. Cigarettes rolled in bible paper, Ave Maria. Another one dead, not mentioned in the newspapers. Uncounted, invisible. You can't see the fees for the poorest.

Dumpsteria is the **Creatrix** of life from whom all bounty flows. Trash Worship is a high **Trashion** statement. The river washes away last years footprints. Cut your losses and they grow back thicker. A river of last years footprints flows endlessly past. Contrary to popular belief, one can step in the same river of shit again and again. It's all one step.

I come in pieces. The blackbirds in the willows on the Avenue of the Redwood Sweatshops, the redwings and ravens, garbage can mavens, nine foot condors and snowy egrets, jostle each other on the branches, the real land-lords of this place, the ledger keepers, the magisterial conductors of civil boulevard life, and resource re-allocators of scraps fallen from the masters many tables. The landed gentry stroll past and declare the birds to be flying rats, which is funny because the birds are proclaiming, loudly, "You drink your own crap water and pay for it!" and "You're so ugly you make onions cry!" There is a short, shaved Redwood tree behind the Hurry-up cafe, her name is Ernestine the earnest, she provides local section 8 housing for many, many birds, mice, lizards, beetles, a vertical camp for chainsaw and petroleum refugees, a coniferous needle exchange.

The days are wet quilts smothering useful fires, the nights are blue tarps collapsed on tired decencies. it is enough to survive without meaning, hope is pretending at pretense. Who reads between the headlines to see the breadlines? Another overdose, another death from AIDS, gunshot wounds or auto crash or a thousand kinds of other senseless deaths which are unique to us and our time, they seem to serve as the only limits to our greed, avarice, profit seeking war machines and economics. Modern preventible death and poverty, acts as a viral check on human populations, since we have removed ourselves from the natural order of things, left the garden in the forest, and no longer speak with the spirits we have trained ourselves not to hear.

We are living in the time of the Invisibles. We live beneath the blue tarps of Haiti, Syria, the Devils Playground, Hippy Hill, Rio de Janeiro, under bridges along the Eel river, on native reservations under foreign occupation, in the cars, sheds, squats and crawlspaces of Babylon, we are everywhere, invisible except for our market extraction value, counted, but uncounted, a slight tic up or down on the stock market, shares in private prisons,



security industries and fence companies, water and food prices. We live invisibly in tents on 16th St. in San Fran; under tarps strung between shopping carts in South Chicago, Atlanta, West Memphis, in the tar paper shacks of East St. Louis and the **emisserated** wards of New Orleans, in migrant camps of the Central Valley, under tarps in the Okeefenokee swamp and Blue ridge Mountains, beneath tarps on rooftops in the South Bronx and in the bushes of East River Park, under the Williamsburg Bridge in the L.E.S., in jungles outside of freight yards, in needle exchanges and women's shelters, in stainless steel prison cells and immigration detention centers, in unrepentant penitentiaries, juvenile lockups and mental hospitals, county jails and cheap hotels, under tarps on the sidewalks of L.A. and Damascus, Little Rock, Gaza and Baltimore. Wherever Capitalism and greed have opened markets for business and arms sales.

The grease of the machinery of pure logic and violence, is us, our bodies which contain our stories, our free market scars, the lives of the invisible, disposable labor force. We are all

migrant workers, economic and environmental refugees, prisoners, parolees, and homeless, it's only a matter of degrees. There is no certainty or security in nation-state governments and institutionalized patriarchy, racism and class war. No good can come of this for most of us. There is no connection between honor and hard work, and security. In fact, statistically, the more one works at waged, menial labor the less one seems to have of property and privilege. We houseless, would it be worth works at it, cannot even vote for the wardens of our prison. We invisibles did not create the garbage of empire, we live in its garbage, we eat this garbage and breath it, while washing the dishes of the rich and being driven out of town. It's like **Woody Guthrie** said,

"I ain't never got nowhere, and I got there by hard work."

The world has been shrunk to a tiny point, an electronic signal indicating a financial transaction between two satellites. We must enlarge the world again, slow time down to the scale of living beings. Regain a sense of proportion, of taking only what we need, the privileged could learn a bit from the houseless about these important skills; and remembering those who come after. All the other classes have had their revolutions, now is the time for the largest class in history to put a face on ourselves, stand up and introduce ourselves to the beneficiaries, the harvesters of our labor, as producers of the marvelous, the geese layin' the golden eggs; to reclaim our marvelous ingenuity for ourselves; to destroy the **propertarian** work/death concentration camp and resurrect the **coopertarian** commons dedicated to the Goddess of life, the mother of us all and all living beings here on Turtle Island.

The Garden is open for all. We need only bind ourselves in solidarity to the world we wish to live in, to love each other and remember in our hearts the meaning of **"ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE"** and an old Brazilian folk song which sang:

"If we dream alone, it's just a dream, but if we dream together it's reality."

These tarps are our banner. With love and honor of life in our hearts, seeds and shovels in our hands, let's brake the frame, there's a world to gain!

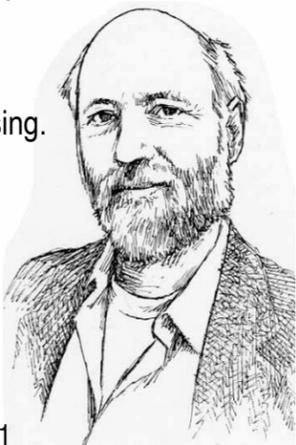
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