

Letter: Late Sept., early Oct. 2018

Mike,

No staff. Sheriff strip-search halted. Not! Hot days ha ha! Self so. Cottage.

But Guys sending guys pictures of themselves? Seems suspect!

Unheard of by our fathers! Heck! I barely like women, the female sex for companionship! Men and boys, no chance! Still, for amity, proof of purchase, where as warriors Good Men had better as you say Stay on top of the physical, and not having seen each other in years...

- Himself! and some mental excursions! three days into a five-day fast.

One day after receiving your Pic last week. For the flat fun of it!

Not! – the fast, - Cleanse!?! And as you can see, Mr. Muffin needed it.

Coincidentally. Got caught in Cicero's De Amicitia 'On Friendship' a while back.

Impressive! And still ranking arguments and agreements with, from the working-artist standpoint, who, in scattered cases, must be alone.

And, these: what seem like thousands of years later, I hardly, until recently, recall having one, being, it seems, long alone in the work – few complaints!

But I remember we were, there in that life, on that planet, then.

This is your second remind of the tequila (Mezcal) so to that –

Throw that detrite out, aeh!

Or keep it souvenir on a shelf. Few need eat a worm any time;

and story is O' the trick on the gringo! I don't know what the ruck I was thinking.

More like not thinking - a plucking Chicken following movements on the ground, no looks up; quotidian, common, everyone's doing it, herd-behavior bull-sit, false civic, the young go through. That shit'll kill your Humanity! The conformity!

--- Talking to myself.

- Good men, with themselves and the-planet-at-heart had better stand

against today's worlds' traitors – right-wing worldwide - who are:
from their survivals greatly chancing men, with their disgusting nazi,
little-boy behaviors.

- I've recently ordered Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Reader, done pretty good without,
but, better have it... and the whole Bowyer's Bible a few weeks back.

And according to amazon, some *new* Josephus – his Against Apion
is on slow boat heave here.

Haven't run in a while! But if The Big Guy/Gal lets, that may soon change.

We had rain yesterday, and it was what I was waiting for.

To wash away, down and, I know! to us, but... the long-stand smoke, that
for a soil, solid two-months of fire-burn assailed our once-breathable
and confined to post. Update: Fri. 10/05/2018 – rain did not work! Smoke is back.

- Wondering how Maliya, Sydney and Sophia are (perhaps explain some day).

- Hey, have you seen The West/Unger Class and Interventions out of Harvard earlier this year

- On YouTube? – Magnificent stuff! And I appreciate their attempts to guide correctly.

There are counselors winners would have on their side I think awake in the world!

There is sense and retort!

And I mark, feeling more than a little dirt about it for his un-civic, nazi,
call them authoritarian tendencies, how correct I think Heidegger was about so much
in his Sein Und Zeit, (and his becoming, guardedly, my new Jimi Hendrix, James Brown,
James Joyce, Robert Plant and the band; and what about that new Charles Lloyd
and Kamasi Washington? that's what the Sax I'm finally talking about! hero.)

Men have sped, far too fast, past first ideas and principles,

and have to go back-to-starts to rescue truer sense

of what they mean by so many Dasein interjects on the world.

- Spied an anagram in the sky the other day, cloud you know! that figured a nine,
with the definitive bottom of old exclamation-point the fifth day into that fast,
that, like omen, if I let it – bade me four-more-days-to-the-fast-consider????

Which quickly, ego, a tightening center, with temptation's sixth day
break-fast meal-ideas-pictured, slapped hedge `round, and badge stuck out
to stay me the "Boy this is going to be tough!" begin-test original five-day goal.

So, I did that, and made it! Out at five! I'd only done three-dayers before,
so, this was bigger trial, and recovery's been interesting. - But here I sim...! –
new skin – just kidding! and all.... Though not about Life's sneaks of consternations
mid-trial, and again the tightening! That was serious.

Yet look, the sun shines. Winter-preparing Grays (Squirrels) with their brown ear,
black toes, downy chest and dust-mop tails; and family - all-the-rest –
are out, about ways and means, scurrying. And I'm still eating what I broke the fast with.
Mess of Wild-caught Salmon, Chicken, Turkey, Barley, Beans, Kale and Tomato –
Man did I need the carbs for energy! Thank you, God, Mbaba Mwana Waresa,
Ashnan, Osiris, Demeter, Ceres, Hoori and Sara Mama for the Barley!

Forget taste! Eat for Nutrition!

- Alone? Yes! he said. But fortunate in that I can devote all my time –
to study/find; read, write; translate, and try to help man save himself, even if he doesn't!

Because I see nothing if not the brink ahead!

Even as there is wish men could find that perfect soft clench for their –
"The serpent tempted me, and I did eat!" wonderous companion.
Who rightly, all, are eyeing as somehow-truly not-enough, we, male counterpart
these days --- while they, deep in the can-do-without deserts slough as wholes,
bizarrely forced under long mis-engagements there to wander.

And well! What fools would kill their own planet? for starters.

And where the heck is man's cosmic base, cure-ist of all, simplest prevent
and life-save invent, long-sought, given from start, that never failed -
their one-plus-one-two-equals Golden Rule?

- Be well, stay with it! Continue to help man, please! Talk soon!

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