

I vomited for Opal my thoughts onto this page because he wanted violence and unrestricted rage. The vomit was appealing — such a colorful display! I wanted it and scraped it up and shut it all away. No longer any claim on me from energies without — I want no falsified approval, no phony social clout. Get out! Stop tearing at my brain and draining all the blood and soul.

Worn patterns feel me with disdain.  
This feast is mine —

I paid  
the  
toll.

JC Weill  
Iffershaft '74

