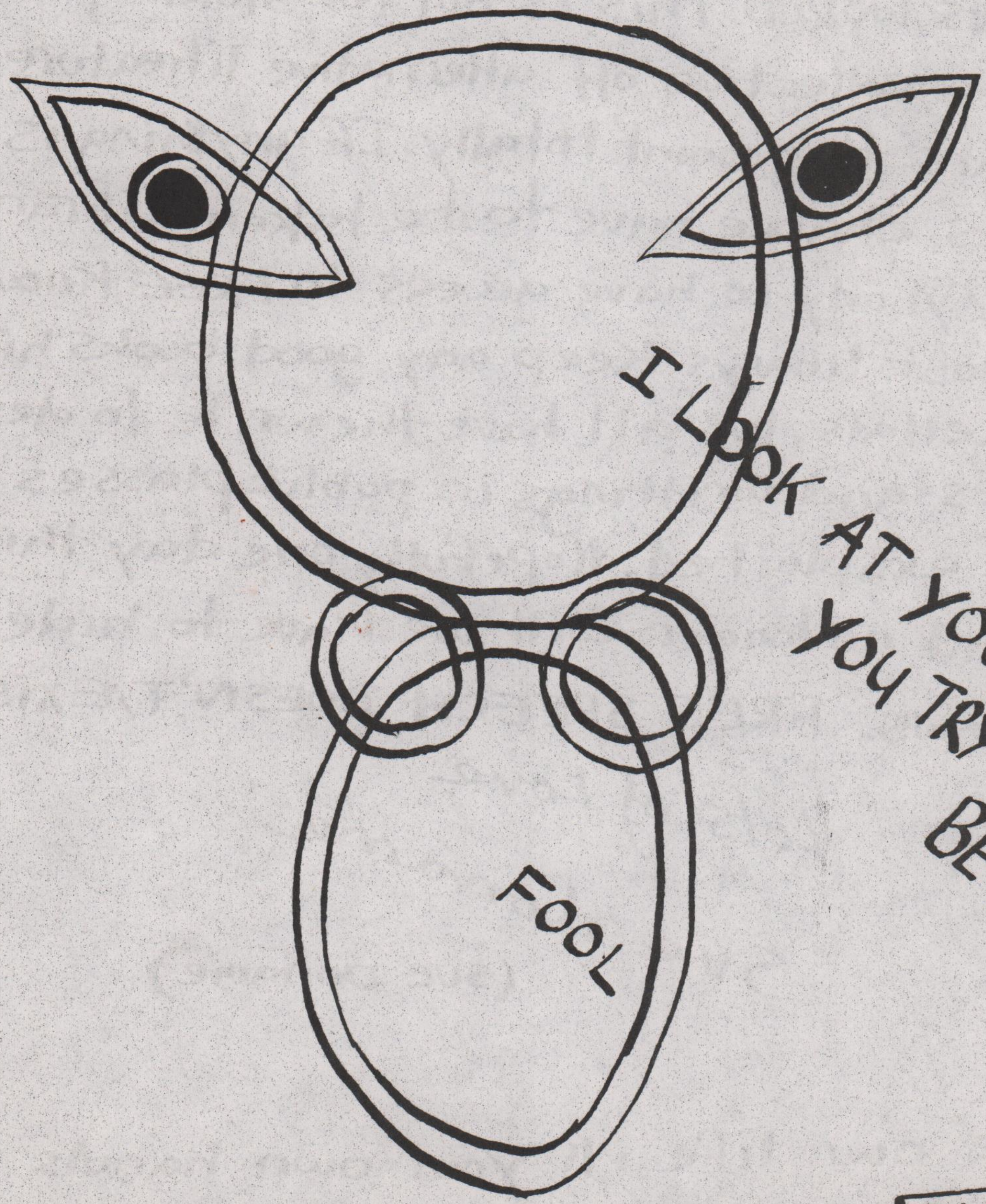


CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY

Society does not exist. How can you continue to be observing.
I am a human being not an experiment. Go away you fool.



I LOOK AT YOU
YOU TRY TO
BE NORMAL

SOMEWHERE IS NO SIN

MONEY
IS
WORTHLESS

HELLO



THIS THING IS FREE. I CANNOT live in this Country without money as I would starve to death etc. etc. I however cannot at this moment Put a price ON MY THOUGHTS. Please after you have Read this take it to a library and stick it ON their shelves under any tital you feel would be apt. Hopefully People who would not normally Read this type of thing will be able to See another Side of this WORLD. This is not for storing or adding to a collection off alternative litreature. That defeats the point totally. If anything is to changes chance have to be taken. Librarys are for everybody to have access to FREE Knowlage. ~~most~~ most libarys Keep any good books hidden in their cellars. We all have the write to desplay our pictures and writtings in public plasses with out being exsploited. Hopefully one day this will happen and no longer will we have to hide in the shadows. FREE SPEECH DOESN'T EXIST.

Lots of Love

Sue doname
(sue doname)

P.S. Take own life in your own hands it feels good and by golly it does you good. no one has to right to tell you what to do. Be yourself, its the best thing to be.

THE HOUSE BEGAN TO SWIRL LIKE DUST ON THE SUMMER
PAVEMENT. EMERGENCY A SINNER IS EXPOSED.

ALL THOSE YEARS OF LOVE ARE HALTED AS IF I
WERE A BANK STOPPING IT. LOVE IS TAKEN AWAY.
EVERYDAY I SIT IN THE ROOM THEY SIT AND STARE
NEVER SAYING ANYTHING TO MY FACE.
ALONE I REACH OUT MY HAND FOR COMFORT.

THERE IS NOBODY.
ALONE IN THE DISTANCE, FALLING DEEP INSIDE OF MYSELF.
CRYING AND CRYING FAR AWAY.

THE WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE HOLLOW BUILDINGS.
WINTER ARRIVES BEFORE TIME. I SINNER.

I ALONE. PIECE OF SHIT. I SINNER.
People congregante to SAVE SOULS. I WALK UP AND DOWN
THE ILLES. THEY STARE. MY FAMILY PRAY AND PRAY FOR
MY RETURN TO THE FLOCK.

I AM FAR INSIDE OF MYSELF.
ALL I WANT IS TO BE WITH SOMEBODY.
I WANT UNDERSTANDING NOT SYMPATHY.

I AM DENIED.

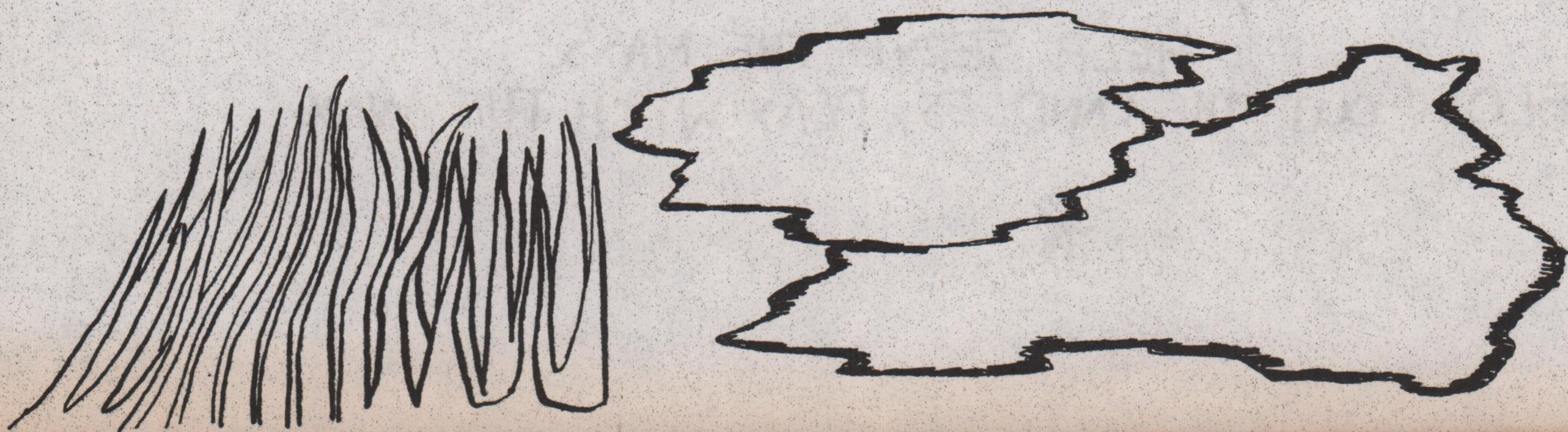
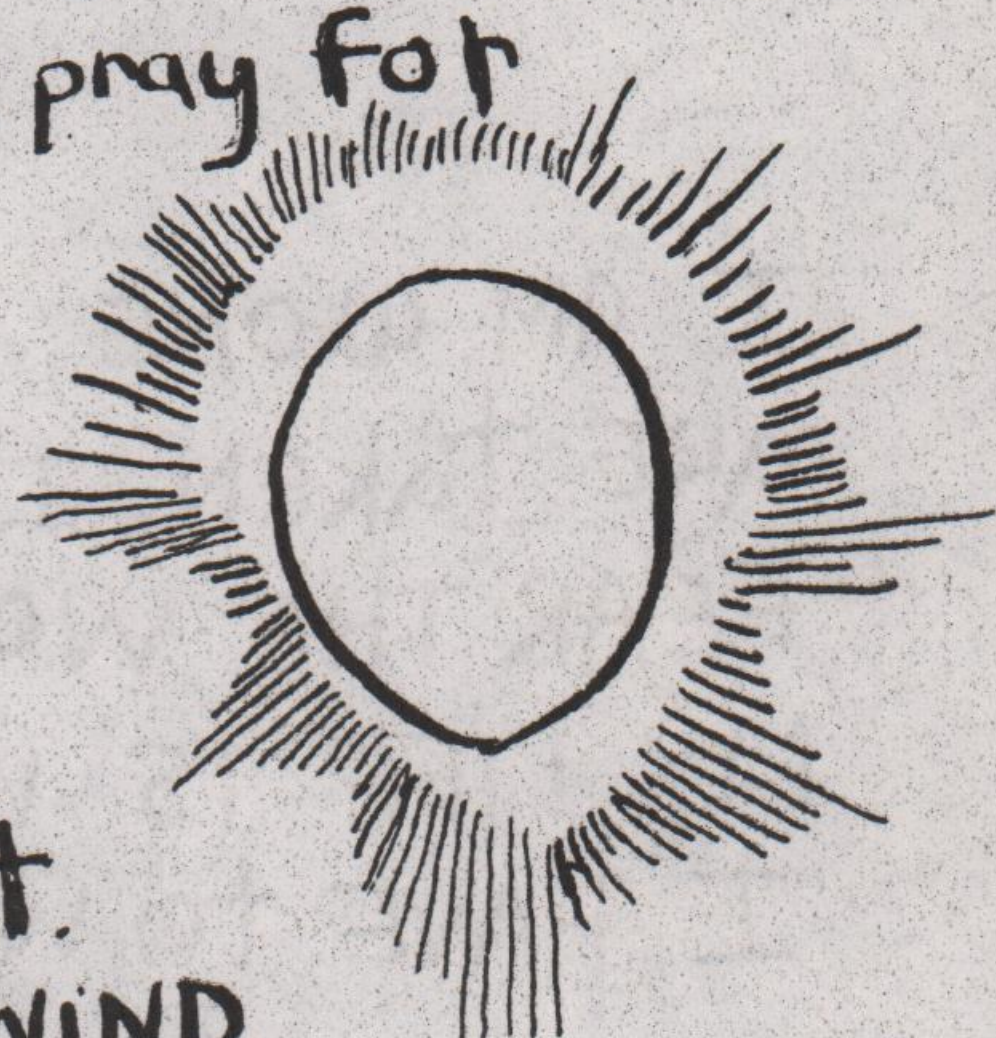
THE EMPTY VOICES. I WAKE IN A COLD SWEAT.
NO ONE TALKES TO ME. I AM TAKEN BY THE WIND.
SOMTIMES THE WIND AND RAIN ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT
MAKE ME FEEL ALIVE. INSANE ANYBODY?

FINGERS RUB MY EYES. INSANE ALONE?
DISTANTS. FAR AWAY. I CRY.

I APOLOGIZE FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE MY MIND
GIVES YOU.

I LAY DOWN AND DROWNED.

EYES TWIST. MAD AND ALONE.



DROWNING HOPE IN THE BAPTISML^E FONT, TWISTING MY NECK
AND RAMING THE FIRST SIN DOWN MY THROAT,
THE SUN RISES and BREAKFAST is LAID.

*
SURROUNDED by SMILES as I try to RUN Their LOVE is
SMOTHERING MY LIFE, Their compassion is CLAWING AT
MY SKIN. THE DOORS ARE LOCKED The church ECHO'S.

*
THE BOX IS SMALL I CONFESS - THE BOX IS SMALL I
AM blessed. THEY WANT WHAT I DO WRONG TO MAKE
ME SCARED, I WALK HOME FRIGHTENED TO
THOSE LOVING SMILES.

*
HERE COME THE TRIO, THE GOD WHO I MUST OBEY,
THE SON WHO I AM TO BE, THE SPIRIT WHO FOREVER
WILL HAUNT ME.

*
I AM ALONE, I AM TURNED TO STONE, MY FEELINGS
ARE TAKEN. I MUST FEAR THE FLESH. I MUST
FEAR THE WOMAN. I MUST FEAR. I MUST FEAR.
MY LIFE IS WORTHLESS, IT IS NOT MINE.
I HAVE TO WAIT FOR DEATH SO I CAN SIT IN THE SKY.

*
DAY AFTER DAY, YEAR AFTER YEAR. HE IS BORN, HE TEACHES,
HE FOLLOWS the BENEDICTION, HE IS DEAD, HE IS RISEN. DAY
AFTER DAY, YEAR AFTER YEAR. I AM SOLITUDE.
EAT MY TEA, WATCH TELEVISION, Say My Prayers, Go to BED.

*
MY FAMILY ARE PROUD an alter boy am I,
I lay the alter,
HELP SERVE THE MASS.
BLOW OUT THE CANDLES, PLAY WITH THE WAX



I BRING THE WATER and WINE To the alter, THEN BRING the
bowl and the cloth. I RING the bell and hold the communion
PLATE. On SPECIAL OCCASIONS WE carry the CROSS, Once
at CHRISTMAS I LEAD the procession CARRYING the baby Jesus-
(bambino). I WAS CUTE, THE IMAGE OF the Perfect Roman
Catholic boy. They gave ME PRESENTS, but the JOKE IS ON ME,
I am their toy.



They Stole My Mind, any chance of FREINDSHIP WAS DENIED,
FOR I am the perfect ROMAN CATHOLIC boy, The IMAGE
Cannot be destroyed. THE PENIS IS CHOPPED OFF,
Now it is Sunday Roast, I have a bath, go to bed,
Get out again, I FORGOT to say My PRAYERS.



THE EMPTY SOLITUDE, I sit STARRING out the WINDOW.
WEEK IN WEEK out they TEAR My MIND. THEY RAPE My BODY.
They call it love. FUCKING LOVE they call it. I CRY,
I hit the WALL, But I am the perfect Roman Catholic Boy.



FOR GODS SAKE HAVE PITY ON ME, But they want me
to be a priest. The last in the line, the last chance
My elders got, I show good potencial, the first
from this parish? I want to play and be a Kid.
No, I cannot. I am to be the perfect Roman
Catholic boy. I CRY, I CRY. Love is what they give,
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE they call it love. I am a WRECK,
I am a MESS, and you call and call to give me
MORE of your Love.



.."
The Love of God I turn on the television,
Watch anything anything a bit Rude or sacrilegious
is banned. Don't talk about sex, don't think about sex.
Don't mention pregnant or divorce and lead
us Not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

AMEN.

*

WE ARE IN THE BLACK DAMLER. I carry the Holy
water to bless the coffin. Someone writes a
Punk song, the public think its exorcised and
forgotten, I stare across the thousand graves,
The coffin is lowered in the hole, I Drive back
in the Damler to NOTHING.

*

The mothers cry, The wedding is the Feast,
I hold the silver Dish upon which the Rings are laid.
They celebrate Ritual sex, I am maid to fear
Masturbation. The bells are wrung, the cameras
Clicked. I go home and watch television.

*

I serve the baptism, I watch my birth.
I think of television, I think off anything but now.
Anywhere but here. The baby cries, I awake,
I stare at the mirror/television.

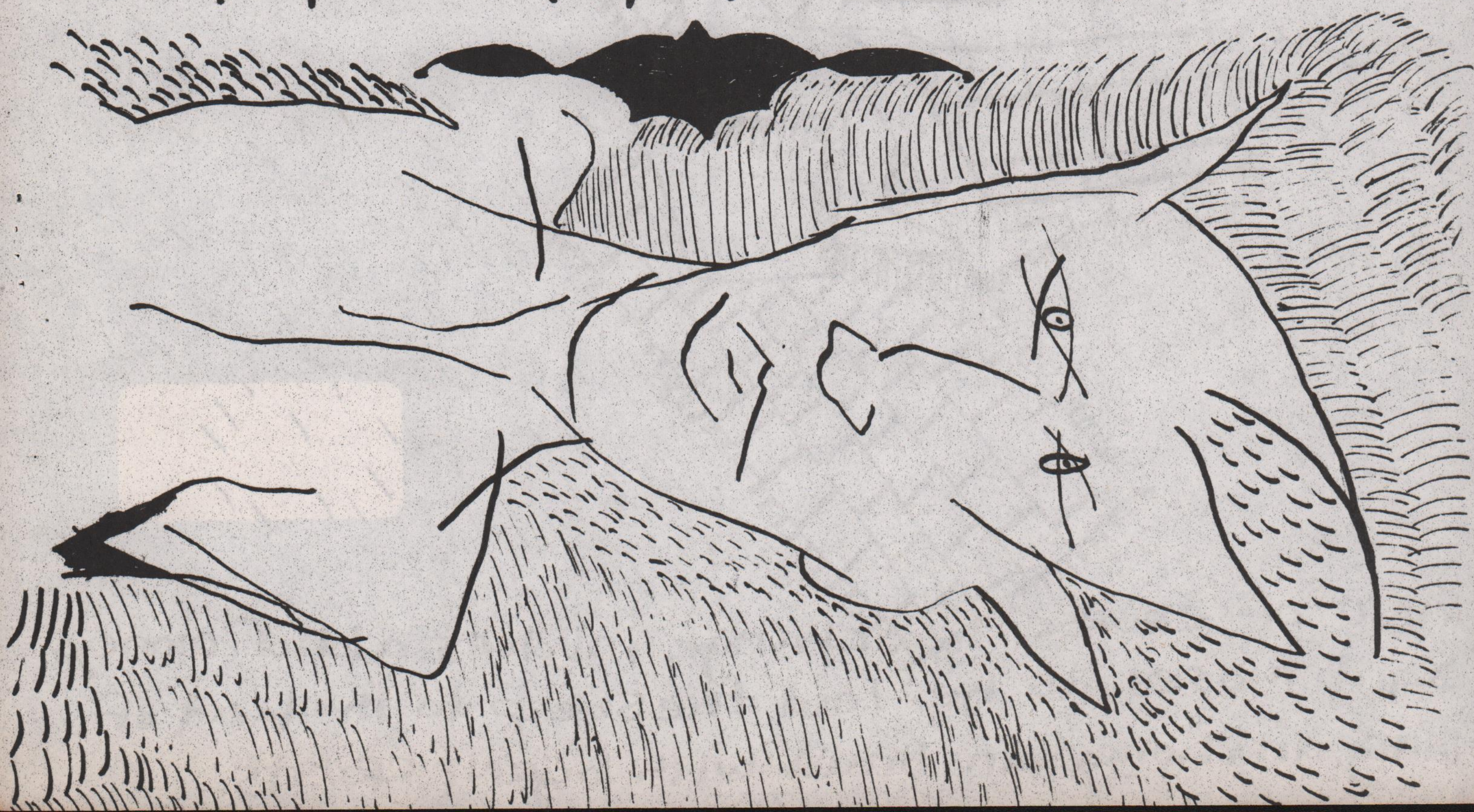
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MY BODY IS RAGGED, HANGGED AND SUPPORTED
BY WOOD. MY FACE IS DOWNTRODDEN AND LIFELESS.
INSIDE THE WIND BLOWS.
THROUGH THE HOLLOW BONES.
I AM FRIGHTENED, I AM ALONE.

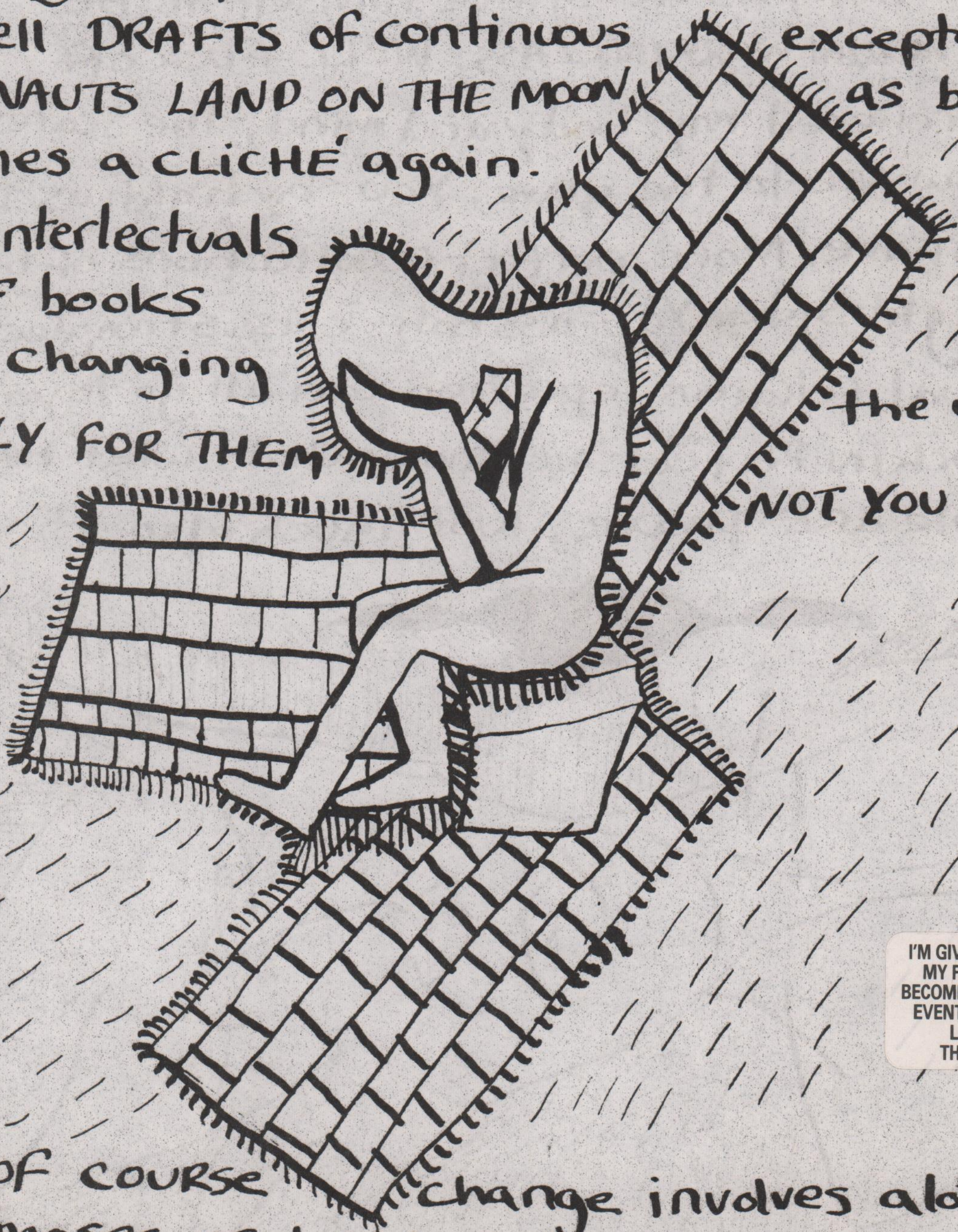
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I CRY PLEASE HELP, ALL I see is the same,
SHIT HOUSING, GODS WHO RAPE MY BODY, People who
Give me so called Love. They Keep me well
stocked with new Commandments, Their so
called FREE LIVES. They call me odd because
My eyes are PURE FEAR. They call me mad because
My mouth is PURE HATERED. The angry young
man or the Rebel of sorts, FUCK YOUR TITLS.

Somebody said in the popular music press
how he was sick of Roman catholic neurotics mouthing
off all the time, As he strove himself to be
Jesus X. ~~WORKIN~~ WORKIN CLASS. WELL FUCK OFF
They fourchered my body and mind, the Scars
will follow me to the grave. You say fight as I
try to survive. More perfect recollections of being
on the right side. You asshole class strugglers,
like sexual religious repretion can all go to you,
Your fuckin Perfect 'we know whats what' heaven.
COS people ARE people, Not much else.



IN SLABS OF CONCRETE, IN DESERTS OF thousands of
People WHO SLOWLY DIE, DEATH HAS BECOME A WAY OF LIFE.
COUNTY COUNCIL with its Labour TRADITION OF
concernitism gave birth to a MASS VOID. I am a
CHILD FROM the post WAR CORPSE called council estate.
SUCKING television milk DREAMS. EDUCATION a place
to meet then home to wear out the seat of my trousers
On the pavement. Capitalisms Dustbin, Socialisms
15 minutes of fame. Blank and nothing is a
constructive sentence to say as I sit on the hill
watching the poisonous smoke float over head.
I smell DRAFTS of continuous acceptance.
ASTRONAUTS LAND ON THE MOON as being poor
becomes a CLICHE' again.
While intellectuals
WRITE books
about changing
But ONLY FOR THEM the world
NOT YOU SILLY.



I'M GIVEN OBJECTS TO REPLACE
MY FEELINGS. THUS MY LIFE
BECOMES A COLLECTION OF NON-
EVENTS. KEEP BRITAIN UNTIDY
LITTER IT WITH YOUR
THOUGHTS & FEELINGS

AND OF COURSE change involves a lot of money,
Said Moses as he lead the sheep to the land of
Milk and honey and bread with burnt crusts.