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# Typewriter Spew

Howard N Kaplan

## **Howard N Kaplan**

### **Collected Works**

#### **Poetry**

Progressive Regression (1982)

Memories of the East River and Other Streams of Consciousness (1984)

Strength and Suffering (1985)

Apocalyptic Sunday Fragments and Other Astral Debris (1987)

Too Drunk To Swim (1990)

Soul Spasms (1998)

#### **Short Fiction**

Hell Visions and Other Wet Dreams (1983)

Alive and Well on The Road to Self-Destruction and Other Paths of Righteous Indulgence (1987)

#### **Novels**

Shouting at the Storm (1981)

The Cow Tripped Over The Moon (1983)

#### **Novellas**

The Adventures of Jacques LaRaque (1982)

#### **Plays**

Sir Realism and Other Plays (1979)

Captain Chihuahua and His Flamingo Brigade (1983)

#### **Pseudo Religious Codex**

The Book of the Great Fish (1986)

#### **Ephemera**

Notes From Naropa 1994: From The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics (1994)

Typewriter Spew (collected 2024)

Unadulterated Spew (1966-present)

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Typewriter Spew 12/05 - 4/06

12/6-7/05

sleet in brilliant staccato

2/11-12/06

bristling dissonance distant thump

2/18-19/06

wont do shit for fuck

3/24-25/06 half the time i think i know what i'm  
doing

the other half i just don't know

4/1-2/06

strive for transparency of comprehension

the more i shit the closer i get to heaven

4/15-16voluminous folds of flesh

unearthed in reckless abandon

filigreed and spontaneously divine

while blinded by light burning bright through your eyes

4/19-20/06

everpresent emptiness full of porn and poetry

4/24-25/06

laugh until my heart explodes

5/11-12/06

irrepressable cadaver

5/26-27/06///// 5/27-28/06

i,m away ohm ooweigh ahm ooway

hard sweet potato squeezed from my ass

ø///not to be defined by what is lost  
butby what is there 5



5/11-12/06

irrepressable cadaver

5////////// 5/27-28/06

i,m away ohm ooweigh ahm ooway

hard sweet potato squeezed from my ass

////not to be defined by what is lost  
butby what is there

nothing

9/11-12/05

balance control and compromise in my environment

10/10-11/05

it all comes down to fear

10/25-26/05

the pea, the pod, the sacred center

11/5-6/05

No joy in my life--

only dull monotony

work eat shit sleep

No joy, no anger

each day's shit is the mortar of my tomb

Serenity is a solid rock

Immolate the soul to its pure essence

and burn again into nothingness

11/11-12/95

the aesthetics of symmetry self-threading needle

11/23-24/05

How hollow the body resonates

it,s the "Do what I FUCKING WANTweekend

r

nothing

9/11-12/05

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8/1-2/01

Loaf of marble rye between my loins

8/19-20/01

nothing

9/12-13/01

nothing silky

10/24-25/01

thisles in the brain

listless in the rain

cocoa in my cuckoo-puffs

god behind my balls

10/25-26/01

one long low drink to fill my shoes

there is no right time for this

10/26-27/01

I love to write my horse

even when no horse makes sense



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10/26-27/01

I love to write my horse

even when no horse makes sense

3/9-10/01

hell is here and now  
it's friday night  
and i will change someday  
no hell is better than this bliss  
wherever the words take me

3/11-12/01

too many exhausted dead ends  
i must lose my sense of entitlement

3/15-16/01

i am insulted by reality  
one must exhaust oneself of all sensibility  
in order to feel truly blessed  
by the hand of god...  
there is nothing wrong with my speech  
thank god i am only as god made me  
thank god for porn

3/18-19/01

3/23-24/01

now i love my endless abyss

3/24-25/01

is this an exercise in futility  
or am i just wasting my time?

4/4-5/01

all i want to do is nothing always

4/23-24/01

what makes me think i'm better than anyone else?

3/9-10/01

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it's friday night  
and i will change someday  
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4/23-24/01

what makes me think i,m better than anyone else?



2/3/01--afternoonish

too in love with disproportionate proportions  
my existential bladder rises up to my lips  
and i can drink myself like in my dreams  
blissfully adrift in my diahrreheritirucal  
provlemation of my self  
forever looking towards my balls for comfort  
squishing myself alive  
no nabds barred from my rab and throbbing penis  
god made me this way for a reason  
to see the sun and squeeze myself blissfully awake  
thank god i shit every day  
stunning whiplash of the rectum  
asshole skin a flag to my lord  
and maker of me shitting  
i have ver been so happy as now

2/10-11/01

why is everything redundant?

2 /17/01

where wer e the words i thoufght about a minute ago?  
nowhere near me or my ,outh

2/20-21/01

LADIES--remember--lefty loosy, tighty righty  
thix is all we need to know...  
grateful for the consisteby of my delusions  
always remember howard that you control the tools you own



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and I can drink myself like in my dreams

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always remember howard that you control the tools you own

12/23-24/01

why is everything so vaguely familiar?

1/6-7/02

awash in a sea of drink

/03-02

i'm gonna give ypu a koan, pull my finger

fuck me consteantly on my love button  
i l ve all that is good in the world  
even the most horrible things  
because they are so horrible  
and every hirrible thing  
is more horrible than the next  
because my penis is such andlarge  
and threatening appedage on my body  
fuck me always even whe i'm asleep  
fuck me always on my back  
so i don t have t do sy thing  
dear godhowi love t lay on my back  
and get thefuckeed fucked out of me

as long as we masturbate we will be alove

4/12-13/02

sometimes life is so fuckin funny  
that you vomit foam.

4/25-26/02

how daddy loves his monochrome

12/23-24/01

Why is everything so vaguely familiar?

1/6-7/02

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4/12-13/02

sometimes life is so fuckin funny  
that you vomit foam.

4/25-26/02

how daddy loves his monochrome



4/14-15/00

redundant time has no rhythm  
excessive heartfelt dignified bowel movement  
veering endlessly towards the left pass out revelation  
two shots to the wind---everlasting a succubus  
have and have not in simultaneous bubbles  
know nothing more than empty space between my bowels  
nothing between my heart and god  
dear god's lips on my sphincter  
make me more transparent  
all words come to me  
forever present in my toilet bowl  
endlessly uncovering

4/16-17/00

yes heavens behind my balls  
all my balls in heaven

4/14-15/00

redundant time has no rhythm  
excessive heartfelt dignified bowel movement  
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all words come to me  
forever present in my toilet bowl  
endlessly unflowering

4/16-17/00

yes heaven is behind my balls  
all my ball[s] in heaven

3/18/00

daddy loves his acid

daddy loves a dead beat horse

daddy loves to beat his horse to death

daddy kows nothing

knows nothing more than a second age

daddy knows

daddy wants to make a shit to admire



3/18/00

daddy loves his acid

    daddy loves a dead beat horse

    daddy loves to beat his horse to death

daddy k[n]ows nothing

knows nothing more than a second ago

daddy knows

    daddy wants to make a shit to admire

preoccupied with some other voice

2 9/25-27/55  
 something stands between me and the sha  
 constantly sucking the immortal self  
 revaries hanging on my arm...or between my teeth  
 nothing else to wear but my silences up my arm  
 let

nnnnn hhhh jjj

hhhhhhhhheelllllllllllllner

5/26\_\_27/99

preoccupied with some other voice

9/25-27/99

nothingstands between me and the end

constantly sucking the immmortal self

novaries hanging on myt arm...or between my teeth

nothing else to wear but my sleeeeeeeves up myy arm  
let

12/25-26/99

unnnnnnnghhhh jjj

hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhe111111111111111111ner

9

1/10-1k-999

all my madness for mr  
all my mad news waits for me in one apweial place  
all is h6P42e and now inn myn 8888  
all my balls in myn handsn  
my asshole blesses god with his own creation of my binghole  
all my coeks in our place--next to gods Sweet butt

1/17/99

no more words --use as much paper as i can...  
evil thing these words mean nothing  
its about time that i wake up and then write something significant  
cats is cats is a profound statement from some other man  
perhaps th8duke-- nol cats--a note doesn8t carew where its blown ffrom  
I live by my words...  
...intimate death makes me braveF  
Fall backwards...

1/10-1k-999 [10-11-99]

all my madness for me  
all my mad ness waits for me in one special place  
all is b4242 and now in my gggg  
all my balls in my hands  
my asshole blesses god with his own creation of my bunghole  
all my seed in our plate--next to god's Sweet butt  
1/17/99  
no more words--use as much paper as I can...  
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cats is cats is a profound statement from some other man  
perhaps the duke-[aol eats]-a note doesn't care where it's blown  
from  
I live by my words...  
...intimate death makes me brave  
all backwards...



5/3-4/98

all this again when everything is new--

and/ nothing means the same thing twice--

all of god's great fuckups in the convenient place--

all the same fuckyOs

everything the same as last time all these words the same--

~~rs/5/13-14/98~~

i always start with no words

5/15-16/98--sunset

indifferent revelation of all known narrative thread to hold onto

in case any pterodactyls come, my baby will protect me--

sublime efficient instinct--baby loves her daddy and would never

let pterodactyls hurt him--

wait until the words mean something before you raise your voice

slam your ink on the page

no emphasis in this red ink

just making the most of the ribbon

beebies with the sun behind her

born with only so many words to say

i should be writing real stuff but this is far more fun

who the hell am i writing to?

5/20-21/98

all this verges on catastrophic

ozone split between the wide empty nose

give me something to wipe my ass

some newspaper or something

god bless my analog penis

all hail the end of the world

how daddy loves his words

no idea of mechanics nor gravity

all the same words

ahhh now all the words work this new this new this this this

eternal mechanical blow job

now he has the runs...watch him go!!!....

now something means something make it work someone's k

5/3-4/98

all this again when everything is new--  
and/ nothing means the same thing twice--  
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all the same fucky0s  
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xxx/xxx5/13-14/98

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all hail the end of the world

how daddy loves his words

no ideaofmechanics nor gravity

allthesame words

ashhnow all the words workthis nowthis now thisss thisthis

eternal mechanical blowjob

howard has to run...watch him go!!!...

now something means something make it work somework



3/21/98--2 pm...

nimbus feshunkimah clouds on my head  
serrated shell, axiom of the extreme  
manipulative software of the heart  
palatial mindfuck--pale vixen of flesh and bone  
bucolic and verdant vedt  
sphinx mamba --phee-

piss revelation

4/4-5/98--last line above and this:

deeper than the deep end  
no lows is noticable  
umbilical perceptions of the universe  
everyday breath and lunchboxes  
swallow continuously unto death  
hard balls pshhit against a brick wall--  
no further than the Truth need not be told  
idyllic indifference and stale barbeque meat  
peasy and penis and stinky feet  
heavens light cast shadows on the dawn  
seas sinking westward and over the edge  
heaven's cesspool of broken souls

4/15-16/98

start eventually to ooze liquid shit  
short pleasure of existence

---  
for some reason this seems to bewhen i'm most productive  
stinky in my own shit and trying to write something beautiful  
too far is not far enough

4/26-27/98--4:30 pm and on...

paralysis of the soul

4/28-29/98

glacial response to gravity...any other element indistinguishable from the next  
nature needs no reason to impart any other wisdom  
beyond the truth of earth and rock  
once again subatomic diarrhea  
hahaha...abundant spring blossoms and bosoms in my mouth  
ecstatic spasm of the soul--here's to all my muses!  
every woman for my own mouth--eternal lovekiss tongue to tickle the soul  
pickle the brain absorbing spermicide and jelly--god's bigfat eclair to kiss  
and be humble before creation--all the words between my legs and my mouth  
stilleldbreathagainst the wind--all the words and vegetables and mashed  
potatoes in my mouth--boo boo in my bed

3/21/98-2 pm...

nimbus feshtunkinah clouds on my head  
serrated shell, axiom of the extreme  
manipulative software of the heart  
palatial mindfuck-pale vixen of flesh and bone  
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piss revelation

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the soul

pickle the brain absorbing spermicide and jelly-god's bigfat

éclair to kiss

and be humble before creation-all the words between my legs and  
my mouth

stillcoldbreathagainst the wind-all the words and vegetables and  
mashed potatoes in my mouth-boo boo in my bed



2/24/98--2 in the afternoon and so forth  
my baby purrs to me in sleep  
rich buddha content in her nothingness  
sweet and serene -- aloft in no mind  
undardened of ego--transcendent breath  
little miss know-it-all--too many hours in the day,  
days in a lifetime  
lives in this universe--too much shit  
cesspool not big enough for god and me to copulate  
heavenbound aftereffect profoundly sublime  
truth in nothing and tuga-fish  
unlike a piano--untunable soul of sarcasm  
unworthy of words, no vagina for daddy--  
no heavenly response to his penis  
worth the sum of the shit he makes  
nothing beyond transient flesh  
only one penis and one god to worship  
grateful to the uniformity of faith  
no vagina can hold us  
all gods creatures scattered on the earth



2/24/98--2 in the afternoon and so forth  
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only one penis and one god to worship  
grateful to the uniformity of faith  
no vagina can hold us  
all gods creatures scattered on earth

2/18-19/88

yapping babbleblack sky -- empty desires  
cliches loll off the tongue like sour lemons  
bitter brew and soggy cigars  
aloft on a throne, facing the machine  
strings of endless cliches woven blanket comforts insane belief  
in the inadequacy of words  
not the self but the perception of the self  
each day increasingly unreal  
a terrifying vacuum awaits us  
hysterically clinging to this life for some reason  
but gravity is the enemy  
pulls our flesh to rot  
inherently biological equals in the eyes of the universe  
too much fun doing this plucking with tapping with my fingers  
too deeply wounded by this perception

2/18-19/98

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but gravity is the enemy  
pulls our flesh to rot  
inherently biological equals in the eyes of the universe  
too much fun doing this ~~plucking with~~ tapping with my fingers  
too deeply wounded by this perception



12/26/98 -- all day after lips

All words are mine . . . this one and that one  
every word means something  
every stroke defies meaning . . . every breath defies death  
what strange beast between my loins and my heart?  
only this much for me  
my balls and brain are swollen ... beyond my balls, half past my brain  
god is lurking somewhere. . . between my legs . l. . beyond my balls  
god's mouth against mine . . . such sweet lips create me again  
thank god for woman. . . sweet lips against mine . . .  
all my words in your mouth  
god and i are french kissing -- all because He Loves Me  
and how i love god's tongue against mine  
God's lips taste like the earth and the sea!...l.....  
Nothing beyond my breath  
only one god can fulfill me . . .  
strong belly beneath my lips  
sleely working down. . . god opens up for me . . .  
spreads his legs so he can lick his asshole . . .

the whole alpha abet  
the whole alpha bat between

eat get my tongue always a peel on the boat  
full and rich pull myself through  
through  
my life is one big blister  
i am full of answers

1

12/27/98

god comes on my penis  
full and ripe beneath the sun  
all your lips for get  
thank god for my penis  
full and profound on my balls



12/26/98 - all day after 1pm

All words are mine . . . this one and that one  
every word means something  
every stroke defies meaning . . . everybreath defies death  
what strange beast between my loins and heart?  
only this much for me  
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half past my brains  
god is lurking somewhere. . .between my legs. . .beyond my balls  
god's mouth against mine . . .such sweet lips create me again  
thank god for woman. . .sweetlips against mine . . .  
all my words in your mouth  
god and i are French kissing - all because He Loves Me  
and how i love god's tongue against mine  
God's lips taste like the earth and the sea/...l.....  
Nothing beyond my breath  
only one god can fulfill me . . .  
strong belly beneath my lips  
slowly working down. . .god opensup for me . . .  
spreads his legs so's can lick his asshole . . .

the who,le qlph abot  
the whole alpha but between

catgot my tongue always a peel on the boat  
full and richpull myself through  
through  
my life is one big blister  
i am full of answers

12/27/98  
god comes on my penis  
full and ripe beneath the sun  
all your lips for me  
thank god for my penis  
full and profound on my balls

workkkkrukkmmwworkkkkkwrrkkkkkkjjjjjllljjjjjjmmmbbbbbbngll hhhhhhjjjj

9/3/97 - noonish  
there's no reason to kill anyone  
unless they're really stupid  
life's eternal quest for the zaftig burrito  
fill my balls withal my mothers milk  
heaven, as always, is in my underpants  
burrito and scotch for breakfast and lunch  
and dinner all at once  
all my words in one place simultaneously with god  
and all his fucking angels  
hell is here and now sogo fuck yourself  
everbloated shitwipe waste of a human being  
fuck me incessantly  
9/13/97-morning  
thinking far too ahead. . .it should all come down  
burritolike god up my anus  
mad vivisection of the soul  
needlepointed skin on sand  
god bless all my polyester underwear  
wherewithalthetheotherstuff?  
all my semen in one baguette  
strange euphoria of my loins  
hardly reminiscent of Wednesday's bowel movement  
god that was good and solid like the earth  
all the words beneath my breath mean nothing  
we could always go outside and you could beat the shit  
out of me  
--  
later...  
no other life to pull off  
only one life so far to live  
practice only the wimpiest vices vices of the flesh  
forsake the mind to earth and meat and tatoes  
9/16-17/97  
i really just want to sink into myself and vanish  
9/17-18/97  
ensconced like a snail in the womb  
not yet like or as anything else  
senseless babble in the void  
light everymatch to purge the stench of my bowels  
squirted out of mommy's womb  
no less pure than the god who made me  
literal spew in my lap  
--  
is this still the hell i made for myself?  
mm ake this looseffff  
9/12-22/97 workkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk



9/1-2/97

fuck my seber self  
hell in my rectum  
subordinate gebetalia pdding cum  
fuckmeister central on vers and in microwave evens  
make the most of the wecies making noise somewhere sound makes sense  
silicene valley between the breasts i;ll never have  
look fern the tabula rasa key  
yee ha ny nether fucking yak is in town  
definitely keep drinking mer , hecard  
as long as you are alive you mustndrink like a man  
ne motherfucking around  
fuck with all your might, howard  
fuck with god at your side  
imagine myself being dead for a long time  
i will be dead  
sleep is a cheap excuse  
fer not paying the bill  
all i want is one solid shit  
just one...  
i den;t want anyone to be stpid  
its enegh just to be ths way  
indeterminate abstract extreme  
please excuse my balls and my ass simultaneously  
god i love stus parents  
and all their open hearts  
and beer and bagels and lex  
a beautiful piece of fish is evidenced of god  
in fer at least half an hour  
ne words still mean nothing  
all my words are wethless  
how many ways to lose ones breath  
only one breath to held  
only one breath to lose  
nothing to happen...nothing to look forward to..nothing is god;s anus on the sta  
giggle patchesqwerk around me  
i wrote this all day so far far  
serious decompressientime new  
sad salty stew toward unepnsciousness  
sad steady state toward uncenseisusness  
nirvana in my anus  
definatelt one more beer befer i die  
one more shot to god  
one day's spew  
all the same words  
blather and blither  
only my most extreme mouth toward heaven  
full bladder sweth of fava beans  
only all my own girls...all fer me  
straight and continuous  
only one world to defile  
hNne monster in my pants  
life s eternal rugmunch  
everythingin one hour  
beth my bladders behind my ears  
sad spasm of the soul  
you should try to say something nice once in a while, howard  
all the words are there already  
god please fuck me and be done  
sweet shellac and shit sandwiches to chew upon



9/1-2/97  
fuck my sober self  
hell in my rectum  
subordinate genitalia pudding cum  
fuckmeister central on vers and in microwave ovens  
make the most of the voices making noise somewhere  
sound makes sense  
silicon valley between the breasts i;ll never have  
lock for the tabula rasa key  
yee ha my mother fucking yak is in town  
definitely keep drinking more, howard  
as long as you are alive you must drink like a man  
no motherfucking around  
fuck with all your might, howard  
fuck with god at your side  
imagine myself being deade for a long time  
I will be dead  
sleep is a cheap excuse  
for not paying the bill  
all I want is one solid shit  
just one. . .  
I don't want anyone to be stupid  
its enough just to be the way  
indeterminate abstract extreme  
please excuse my balls and my ass simultaneously  
god I love our parents  
and all their open open hearts  
and beer and bagels and lox  
a beautiful piece of fish is evidence of god  
in for at least half an hour  
no words still mean nothing  
all my words are worthless  
how many ways to lose one8s breath  
only one breath to hold  
only one breath to lose  
nothing to happen...nothing to look forward to...  
nothing is god;s anus on the st  
giggle patchwork around me  
I wrote this all day so far  
serious decompressiontime now  
and salty stew toward unconscienceness  
and steady state toward unconsciousness  
nirvana in my anus  
definitely one more beer before I die  
one more shat to god  
one day's spew  
all the same words

blather and blither  
only my most extreme mouth toward heaven  
full bladder's worth of fava beans  
only all my own girls...all for me  
straight and continuous  
only one world to defile  
the monster in my pants  
life's eternal rugmunch  
everything in one hour  
both bladders behind my ears  
sad spasm of the soul  
you should try to say something nice  
once in a while, howard  
all the words are there already  
god please fuck me and be done  
sweet shellac and shit sandwiches to chew upon

strange possession of all my organs  
hell is here behind my balls  
money tittiepie toward heaven

undulating madness between my loins

earth . . . speak to me --- keep no secrets between god and me  
no words between my lips -- tis all between me and the almighty  
yeah we dig what<sup>2</sup>'s going on, we know the shit smells a certain way  
good shit bad shit who shit me shit you shit god shit and called it heaven

but will bury us with water and flames and dishes to wash

always as close to god as i can get. close eneguh to kiss and fondle

600

ease myself into the ooze of my genetics

all my spare ribs for some woman to love me

deedy

vomit all my loins

miss my coffee, shit my soul, deadeumpuddingbreath

please work for mworkfarnet deep enough for me work for  
skkkkkkkkkk ncccccccccwork waa me nothis is it now ... do it

8/21-22/97

daddy makes words now...make it comehell is here between my bowels

how to screw myself in a lightbulb?,,,

delirious Hebris from my rectum

plate in my pants

bowl on my bones

the best moments in life spent sitting and shjitting

flat on my back, lips on my balls, deep throat to god

bedlam in bed, no right way to fall asleep

still nothing magical between my balls and buttocks

still the same asshole i was the day before

8/24-25/97

underfed mulatto motherfuck

• • •





plate in my pants  
bowl on my bones  
the best moments in life spent sitting and shitting  
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bedlam in bed, no right way to fall asleep  
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8/24-25/97  
underfed mulatto motherfuck  
...

july 1997 - typewriter spew 7/8/97 by howard a kaplan

7 b  
tttttttttttttttThis is the first thing I will write  
to begin my madness; here and now drunk god shines on my beautiful bladder

hell is here and now bless my balls oh lord in your own image  
god the resemblance is uncanny-you and i and the universe  
god bless my balls god i can't wait to die and be done  
fuck this blessed earth and all herein  
fuck yet another day to wake to suck to shit to fuck myself and you oh god  
thank you for my hands i can only do so much with them  
and my tongue is too short to talk to you  
thank you for the toys...i like to keep all my balls in the air

it's something to do while i'm alive...piss myself awake to piss and shit  
outside my bed all is hazy and irrelevant and full of bad karma and vomit  
what man-made pool big enough to hold the shit of all that i was  
i can be a million monkeys jerking off simultaneously like a salute to my lord  
thanks for the penis, really, it makes me glad i'm here and the balls, too  
my balls remind me that i am helpless and destined to rot anyway  
god i can't wait to die ... i will walk into the ocean i will walk  
only my penis counts my penis, i will be sucked in the same end

my ejaculant solid as stone... sink to soil like everything else  
fire and brimstone in my balls and more fat on my heart to give away  
viscous madness on my plate and in my heart and balls  
such pleasure from this device ... no, not my balls this time  
but this extension of my hands...my shit will always stink  
lubricate this ancient device..hands behind my back  
yes, my new device is this thing to make words with  
fuck this cliché and fuck my mom for money and make me a happy boy  
solid as shit; head towards heaven nothing new to say to you oh lord  
the same words mean the same thing ...passshitvomitcumdeedyfuck no new words  
too many options for my penis make it hard for me to be divine  
cum and go and sleep and drink and die  
despite all the vegetables i eat...too anxious to leave this body  
i make myself sick ...no truly profound ender means toward and end  
the end is always there, thank god, released in some ephemeral order from my ass  
reminding me of god somehow...how one horse beats another in a race  
my nose is ahead of yours and therefore i am the faster horse  
hot water on my balls precludes global ecstasy  
how good to have these words

july 1997 - typewriter spew      7/8/97      by howard n kaplan

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I will walk walkiwalk  
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in the same end

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no new words  
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my nose is ahead of yours and therefore I am  
the faster horse  
hot water on my balls precludes global ecstasy  
how good to have these words



7/10-11/97 - tpewriter spew

buddhaspew in my even...belated stain on my belly and in my pants  
belly whole terse away...

7/12/97

numbnuts on the braindumbfucked the sheets  
sateri in tanglers...ice cream on my balls, lumpchen with my needles  
sundays my bath...strange lesbian zucchini up my butt

killjoy

this is the music i like, that which changes.. looking for trouble  
make room for the babies ... death is a necessity to make babies  
cigarette or whippet while came first

7/14-15/97

hot shit cereal toast and rashers and ketchup

7/18-19/97

suit suede saturday sauce

7/19-20/97

my own hell to listen to myself babble

7/21-22/97

---

7/24-25/97

---7/25-26/97

plumripe emptiness fills my mouth

bile beside my bowels

cream between my thighs

can my unborn children

daddy needs his rest

so go out and bring him candy assed nymphets to lick

thrashing umbilical chord waves to god

beakening cream faced angels with big, fat cigars

and girls up the gazooks

all the more the merrier

because this is how i will die

beaten in a bar fight

then surrounded and surrendering to heavensful of girls

and women who love only me

god and i me in a blowjob vacuum

7/26-27/97

hell exists with no words

sometime else

7/10-11/97 - typewriter spew  
buddhaspew in my eyes...belated stain on my belly and in my pants  
belly whole torso away...

7/12/97

numbnuts on the braindumbfucker the sheets  
satori in tangiers...ice cream on my balls,  
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7/19-20/97

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then surrounded and surrendering to heavensful of girls  
and women who love only me  
god and me in a blowjob vacuum

7/26-27/97

hell exists with no words  
sometimeelse

7



fuck me always  
10/4-5/97  
not exactly painting right now  
nothing moves by itself  
bliss in the redundant empty vacuum  
balls atop my head like god being a big asshole in the sky  
only one big hole stuff myself in  
most of the time i don't know what to do  
so i set myself adrift in familiar states of entropic diarrhea  
cover me in all the sheets i've soiled  
nothing in great emptiness to aspire toward  
all my doody is good and a healthy indication that i am alive  
god than god i shit  
all this shit for me and my mind only  
fuck all my precious little parts  
nothing can touch god the way my women hits the floor  
fuck my hot white geisha mommy  
all my semen toward the hereafter  
i love all of you equally  
all my blood is in your veins like all the other organs god made for you  
shiny brilliant brain on the top of my bladder  
never enough words to say  
all this shit in me dying to get out--nothing you say will cure me  
undeniable bladder presses hard on the soul  
ballistic shit born from my divine sphincter  
all my cum fills me to tears  
could hard night and endless empty balls  
nothing new to look forward to  
all the same in the dead end  
soup with lumpchin is all a po ol, jewboy have look forward to  
all the empty ends lead toward the same end  
nihilistic knob of a penis  
all i am is all that i come  
fuck my dharma and fuck my bünghole silly crazy faggot ass  
all hail chief crazy fuck  
savage vixen on the horizon  
look at nothing as closely as i am now looking at nothing  
fulfill all my empty ends  
sad insane man jerks off too much to have time to believe in god  
because god is too big for his mouth  
too much to hold onto  
sad redundant vessel of flesh will not deny divine intervention  
on behalf of my soul and sphincter  
chief stupid fuck rules the world--not some meshiginnah Indian  
all that we see is not ours--profound drunk in his stupidity  
no method, no madness, nothing to fight against  
olmumbnuts on the brain  
why do i wait so long to do things?  
and why is there only one right?  
this is what pisses me off: no vagina and no hope for vagina  
no matter how hard i pray i will always be the same sad empty man  
so full of nothing that his shit don't mean anything  
same as all the shit that god created out of nothing more than spit and sand  
shit and on my plate and in the vagina i would like to love  
all the words come to me now, great motherfucking yhumidor on my lungs  
and in my brain and sphincter--nothing left to do  
except yank myself to death  
no...nothing!..there's nothing left in the waste and  
nothing left of my own shit waste and piss--  
it is all far too familiar to be funny  
say hello to the same hole from which we've all crawled from

fuck me always  
10/4-5/97  
not exactly painting right now  
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bliss in the redundant empty vacuum  
balls atop my head like god being a big asshole in the sky  
only one big hole to stuff myself in  
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than spit and sand  
shit and and on my plate and in the vagina I would like to love  
all the words come to me now, greatmotherfucking humor  
on my lungs  
and in my brain and sphincter—nothing left to do  
except yank myself to death  
no...nothing...there's nothing left in the wasteland  
nothing left of my own shitwaste and piss—  
it is all far too familiar to be funny  
say hello to the same hole from which we've all crawled from

10-4-5/97(cont.)

dear god why am i so mad?

nothing now to say...yesk nothing

10-4-5/97(cont.)  
dear god why am I so mad?  
nothing now to say...yes, nothing