

## Annihilate Yourself!



THE BIRDS are whistling in the trees, melodies from before the hills themselves were formed. The magnolia blushes & blooms: all systems go! and we are buried beneath three thousand different recurring dreams, several new ones for each day of the year. Al Green is singing that song again. His joy exceeds all limitations. God is with him.

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The hurricanes will never come this year. The trawlers will come in from the ocean all fat with fish, and in the high glass restaurants dotting the shore the tourists will overfeed

themselves, then drift off to sleep at their tables. Someday they will all be shot where they stand. Our Lord Jesus Christ has split for Massachusetts which was what his ticket read in the first place. There has been a mixup at the station. He will not be coming back here. You can bet on it.

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The guy down at the Liquor Emporium is named George. His love is as bottomless as the ocean. His heart beats in sync with the constant westward bending of the palms: leaning. Rising. Listing. Recovering. Recovering. Recovering. Recovering.

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Child of God, your number is up! We will never make it back to Arizona now. There isn't anybody out in Arizona anyway. Everybody's heading east for the holidays again. Your timing is off. This is news to no-one, that your timing is bad. What's news to you is that it's getting worse. You'll show up when you're least expected where you're most unwanted. Nothing personal! Nothing personal. The breeze is keening in the high trees but this is nothing personal. The time draws close and it's all coming to a head but this is nothing personal. You will regret receiving this pamphlet, but you will not forget what you did with it. Ever. Believe me.

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