

The Books

"Be Good to Them Always"

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That's the picture.
You s-you see it for yourself.
There it is. It's a man.
There it is, with uhhh...

Be good to them always.

You know I simply
cannot understand people.
Oh, how sadly we mortals are deceived
by our own imagination.
This is not real life; this is, for us
aleatoric television,
a mixed consort of soft instruments.

I can hear a collective rumbling in America.
I've lost my house, you've lost your house.
I don't suppose it matters which way we go.
This great society is going smash.

Oh, he's in the middle of putting things together and
organizing himself.
You do not need to stand on one foot.
The modern town hardly knows silence.
You are doing something the whole world is doing.

You know I simply
cannot understand people.
Oh, how sadly we mortals are deceived
by our own imagination.
This is not real life; this is, for us
aleatoric television,
a mixed consort of soft instruments.

A culture is no better than its woods:
a feeling of being connected with the past.
Look at it this way: you may fall and break your leg,
and so one leg is shorter than the other.
Can nothing more be done?

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