in a red california (or a blue texas); there is a halliburton amusement park.

you find a bunch of cowboys stuck in a sandbox.

they have back pain, broken hands, and weak knees; breath is short and labored.

the doctors told them to drink cold water on empty stomachs and chew mint gum to help with the air pollution;

their apartments are filled with half eaten MREs.

an impression of a bookmark left to rot.

down by the river and accross the stream

forest turf meets week old snow and scattered mud:

the traces of heat from a hand on the under barrel of a wooden rifle:

boot prints left behind in the wake.

a torn blue tarp reveals scattered rusted metal,

an empty vessel containing remnants of a churning machine.

a history of succesful failures and open wounds;

a latent catastrophe but a will not to dissolve.























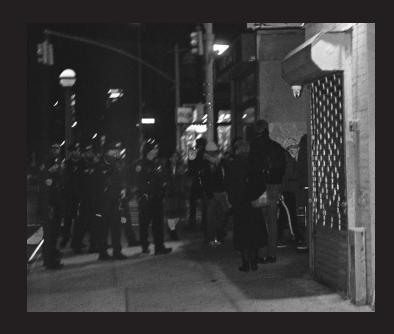


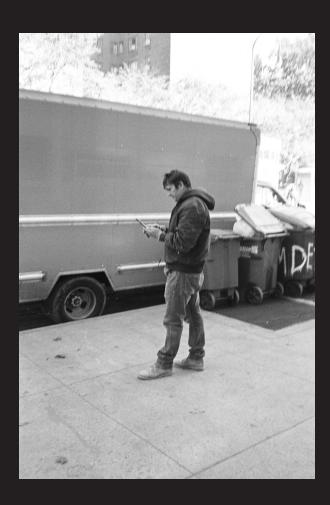


















KENNEDY

Bear III

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