

**FROM THE DESK OF:**

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**ASHLEY ELLEN  
EVELYN EDMONSON**

**GOETZ**

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*From The Book*  
**Of Grace**

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**FLASH FICTION POETICS | BLINK FICTION | SHORT  
STORIES | ART | PHOTOGRAPHY - TO COME | CAT &  
DOG COMPARISONS | ETHICS 101 | SEX ED | NASA  
APPEARANCE | A GREAT GROUP OF RUSSIANS IN  
THE END | FRIENDS OUTLAST LOVE | MAKE LOVE  
TO YOUR BEST FRIEND | LET THEM BE THE SAME  
PERSON | WRITE | PLAY | ACT | SING | DANCE |  
BIKE | 11/11/11 | #hashtag poetry | Occupy Self |  
Make Love Not War | Peace Be With You | Namaste  
Everyday | FIN | Graphic Design | Existentialism |  
Published November 18, 2011 | 18/11/11 | 18 Nov  
'11 | 1+2=3 | 5x6/=32 | Amnesty International Hope  
| Survive Every Day To Make It | By Ashley Ellen  
Evelyn Edmonson Goetz | MFA Fiction Grad Student  
| Instructor, College Writing | Editor, Belletrist  
Coterie | Designer, Loft Literary Center at Open Book  
- MPLS | Communications Editor, Quantum Retail**

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My name is Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz. And this first piece I'm going to read to you was recently written, and is an exploration into flash fiction poetics.

## **It's called: On the Bird Sanctuary Bike Highway**

*From The Book of Grace: Flash Fiction Poetics  
By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

### ***A Special Thanks:***

*To everyone for loving me so much and making this possible. Sometimes it's hard to believe in yourself, and those times are exactly the times when it is most important to do so.*

# *Edie Taking Off*

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Edie blew out a long slow breath of creamy smoke and squinted into the yellow blanket of sun that draped over her and the patches of quilt that reminded her of one very specific instant of her childhood, where light was much brighter and each day was a promise of a warm summer afternoon on a bicycle in the Gardini di Boboli with trees sparkling around her, and a deep shade of green spread in every direction.

<she gets dressed>

But something about the sunlight was different that day. Something about her was different that day. It was as if everything and everyone that looked upon her fell in love. It was impossible to look away, painful almost, as if looking at a Renoir painting with a curtain that could be closed at any second. As she looked up at the blue cloud spiraled sky, she fell into it and it fell into her. The cool still-winter air that lingered too long into what would have been spring any place else was crisp upon each breath. The wind stroked her cheeks like a bee.

Before setting out in the world that morning, she had pressed her blond hair slick back, with a tear droplet of gold falling elegantly over the right side of her face, leaving her gaze a slight mystery, like a beautiful work of art left in a corner of a hazy room, in a pile of rubble, as the dust clouds dissipate after battle, not to be noticed until fate chooses so.

To her right was a young man, in a red coat, and a gray cap, nervous but eager to catch her eye. They exchanged smiles as she sat down on the bench next to him. She could sense his breathing slowing for more than half a minute. There was an instant magnetism that sprung between them. She wondered if she was creating it, because she couldn't help but feel magnetized to everything around her. Like she was shooting out rays of lust from her eyes, or peeking from behind black lashes

into the sunshine. She kept looking towards the direction the bus would come from, because that's what everyone did at the bus stop, and she didn't want to stick out for being so naked to the world, flying above it, pressed against the moments' window, breathing hot in its face. Sounds hugged her from every direction. Everything was richer. This is how she was going to live her life from now on, she decided just then, her chin level with the sky.

As the bus slunk toward the stop, she and the gray-capped young man walked to the curb, climbed over a three-foot snow bank and boarded. When she pulled her bus pass from the pocket of her long mustard coat that graced the tops of her boots, a pack of Kettle of Fish matches fell to the step. The gray-capped young man noticed the name as she bent to retrieve them. He knew the history of the place. He noticed her slender waist. She looked behind her, upside down at him. His eyes were locked. He was trapped in the cloud. She rose and walked on, down the aisle, past rows of faces that brushed past her like a car wash.

She sat in the last seat on the right side of the back of the bus, facing another row of four seats. An older man sat across from her directly. Another young man sat two seats to her right. And a woman whom did not touch her conscious was to her left. Edie fumbled with her purse, her bag, her red gloves, and her bus pass, finally placing them aside so she could get at her book. She breathed deeply, feeling everything around her pricking at her pores, penetrating her brain, the tops of her eyelids, her spine, and retrieved a 1972 copy of *The Great Gatsby*, falling apart on its thin spine, with pretty passages underlined in red for her already, so at each point of transcendence she was right there with another soul looking through yellow sunglasses in the '70s. She was so magnetized to the pages, and to Daisy, and to Gatsby's affection that a huge ball of gravity sat atop her head, keeping her from looking up or out. She forgot about the bus. She was Daisy. But really she thought if she could stick her head through the book pages and look around in that hot summer evening of 1917, that she might actually fall in love with Nick Carraway. But what of that? She had no idea what that might mean, but a blank look

of sadness filled her eyes, as if she had just found out a close friend had died.

Twenty-one city blocks passed her by in a trance until the young boy to her right stood and moved to another seat. Realizing it was her stop; she folded the corner of the page, just as everything had come apart in the plot, and slipped the book in her green leather I Medici purse as she departed behind the gray-capped young man.

She thanked the driver sincerely and walked off into a slushy puddle in her old boots. She watched the young man turn left, bursting his cap in flames with her stare. She crossed the railway blindly in the harsh contrast of the shadowy buildings towering above. She thought that if they towered some more she might as well be somewhere else. She wouldn't mind. In fact, she hoped she would be soon.

A plane split the sky in half overhead with two long streaks that arched above the skyscrapers like a rollercoaster and soared off to the East where the universe was beckoning her on. The next phase of her life was about to reveal itself.

Everything that day was a light blue dream. The world was puffed with cottony clouds and yellow smiles and it was way too close up and way too cold for the season because it was out of season and that was the dream. Footsteps clomped around her as another bus steamed past, a little boy was standing on the other side of it as it huffed away. He paused. He just stared at her, and her at him, and time stood. A bell dinged and a horse snorted, and in India this would not have been weird, but it was Minneapolis and it was a bit weird for the first of March. A crowd had formed around her, and she realized there was a strange parade that was following a police horse. She embarked for her day job that she only showed up to fully sometimes, but no one was noticing anyway; she has fun while she works. She sometimes works day and night to make ends meet, but she is a sewer, a seamstress, a whatever, so, there's that anyway. There's that.

Cough.

# Food/mood journal:

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

6.5 hours of sleep

9:00 am

2 cups Power tea – 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons raw honey, ginger tea, cayenne pepper

1 piece Spelt grain braid with raw honey

1 glass water

Vitamins: B complex, multi, 4 Flax seed (2000mg Omega 3)

10:00

1 glass water

Blueberries

1:00

Salad: spinach, yellow pepper, ½ avocado, ½ granny smith apple, bean sprouts, olive oil, cashews, almonds, cranberries

1 glass water

1 apricot coconut macaroon (soaked dried apricot, sweetened coconut, pinch of sea salt, dehydrated)

Blueberries

1 apricot coconut macaroon (soaked dried apricot, sweetened coconut, pinch of sea salt, dehydrated)

Kiwi

3-4:00 tired – mild headache

5:00 upset stomach, mild headache,

Blue peppermint oil aromatherapy

6:00 aggressive, depressive

1 glass water

Corn chips, corn/garlic/red pepper salsa

Cashew/date ball

Parmesan risotto – tiny bit of chicken curry

Stomachache – bloating – uncomfortable bowels

1 glass Stella EPA

3 glasses water

500 mg Niacin

# A Loft Nonprofit Invoice

By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz

Invoice No. 10008

Customer ID: Loft Literary Center

**Bill To:**

The Loft Literary Center  
1011 Washington Ave S # 200  
Minneapolis, MN 55415

**Pay To:**

Ashley Goetz  
Touchstone Farm  
132 West Street  
Easthampton, MA 01027

Period of Project Duration
7/20/2011 - 8/8/2011

Hours	Item	Price per hour	Discount	Total
10	8.5 x 5.5 Design	\$25		\$250
4	Cover Design and Edits	\$25		\$100
<b>TOTAL</b>				<b>\$350</b>

Balance Due:	\$350
Due date:	11/11/11

# Food Journal

*By, Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

6.5 hours of sleep

8:30 am

uncomfortable BM - runny

1 cashew date ball

1 piece Spelt toast with raw honey

1 glass water

B complex, daily vitamin, 1000mg fish oil

10:00 cheery, good mood

½ glass water

11:00 sleepy, stomach feels empty, cold, neutral mood

2 slices dried mango

stomach feels good, very mild headache - tired

1 kiwi

Handful of cashews/almonds

½ glass water

stomach feels ok (reading that nuts are hard to digest)

12:30 feeling a little bloated – distracted by raw food reading  
online head spinning

Several slices fresh pineapple

1:15 feeling more awake

Salad: spinach, yellow bell pepper, bean sprouts, ½ avocado,  
organic pomegranate-pear dressing

1 glass water

Stomach = happy, headache disappearing – was an awesome  
salad! I love that Salad Girl dressing!

2:15 2 raw cacao, peanut butter, raw honey, raisin balls

2:45 feeling a little bloated (I keep walking by the large  
container of peanut butter-filled pretzels, saying No! inside –  
even though I really want one! But I'd probably want a handful,  
not just one!)

4:15 a little gassy

# All you need is love

## **Part of a to-be larger work— entitled, Let Me Be Your Beacon...**

*By, Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

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For my sisters  
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NO INTERNET.

NO LIGHTS.

The only sound is the murmur of the rain on the sidewalk  
two floors below.

CLARITY.

I've found myself again.

All I can see is the glow behind black squares. Numbers,  
letters, hands that look like someone else's.

Grammar correction off.

Kitten is wrapped around me. Like a ragdoll. The weight of  
her chin is resting on my arm. Moving up and down as I type,  
not flinching, like a sack of soft warm dough. Kitten is the  
only one who really knows me. In the night.

From a dark space a foot away—near head level—my voice  
said don't be afraid to be afraid. Be honest with yourself.

You're not perfect. You're no better than anyone else. Dry-  
heaving from anxiety, really, not alcohol or any other  
anything, except fillers and processed indulgent wasteful shit  
from a ball game; I'm crying my eyes out to find the core of  
me. And a glow from the darkness lit up my eyes for a  
moment and I remembered that I believe. I remembered why  
it is that I love everyone in instants. When it's just them and  
me. When they can be their true self. I just want everyone to  
stop trying to be something else. I want to stop trying. I'm  
going to be me.

I was crying like those nights in my dorm room. Such thin  
walls and no one said a thing. Never. And no one came  
nearer than hello. Or I didn't let them. And just as I was in  
the bathroom, crying for humanity, for self-suffering, I asked  
myself why? Why don't I care for me either? Why don't I let  
anything become real? It's me that sees it as fake. The world  
only becomes real around you if you let it. And I want you to.

I want you to enjoy the world while you're here because every instance of fake is wasted time. I want to stop making mistakes so I can move on from this moment and stop spinning my wheels in the air.

GROUNDED.

Haha. Like in highschool. Well I have to say....the struggle I have is that when I find beauty in the world, or in people, I want to consume it. I can't stop. I need it all. When I'm so tired that I should fall flat is when I start going. Because I have to. What a precious gift. Thank you. Namaste.

Darkness. This is what I crave. Peace. For me. In the instants in the night when I don't have to give my energy. When I can receive.

PRECIOUS.

Thank you Grandma. For watching over me. For watching over us. I still feel bad for every thing I've done wrong in my entire life. So many people. I want to write you all letters telling you why I care. Because I have not yet learned how to connect my spirit with my vocal body. It's awkward and every time I try it comes out wrong. It's as if a devil is in my mouth. And it takes over when I'm not there. It runs my autopilot. Why, why, why would I do that to myself? Why, why, why would I let that out in the daylight? Why, why, why have I not stopped?

STOP.

SLOW DOWN.

BREATHE.

Two, three.

BREATHE.

Five, six.

BE.

Seven, eight.

SEE.

Nine, ten.

LIVE.

Eleven.

Shades of gray clouded my ears. Muffled the sky. Clenched my teeth. Never again. Never again.

SLEEP?

No. At least not yet. At least not now.

FEAR?

Is wonderful.

SILENCE.

Is an art.

SIMPLICITY.

Is a lifestyle.

SOUL.

Is walking what you are.

HIATUS.

Is maybe called for soon.

BREATH.

Is coming.

HEADACHE.

Is relief.

CRYING.

Lets out the muck.

TRUTH.

Is what is discovered.

ACCEPTANCE.

Is what is received.

FOREBODING.

Is what will wait.

DREAMS.

Are what you need to live.

BALANCE.

Is creating the world around you in a tree pose. Being Vishnu; Brahma; God. Reaching out and grasping a ball of

space. A circle of eternity. But only what you can encompass with your own diameter. No more.

REACH FOR THE BALL. OPEN YOUR ARMS OUT IN FRONT OF YOU. IN THE DARK. ROUND THEM. IMAGINE THERE ARE FOUR OF YOU. WITH SPACE ENOUGH TO REACH AROUND, EIGHT SETS OF FIVE FINGERS INTERLOCKING. REMEMBER, YOU ARE NOT A FACADE.

YOU ARE A THREE DIMENSIONAL BEING. THIS IS THE SPACE OF YOU. FILL IT. BUT ONLY WITH WHAT YOU NEED.

AND ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE.

Now go and be.

**FROM THE DESK OF:**

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**ASHLEY ELLEN  
EVELYN EDMONSON  
GOETZ**

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READING | 9/23/11 | LIVELIT - AMHERST BOOKS |  
AMHERST, MA | W/ WENDY XU, TIM POWERS,  
EVAN WHITE, DAVID PRITCHARD, SARAH DUPUIS,  
NICK STENZEL, ET AL.

My name is Ashley Ellen Evelyn  
Edmonson Goetz. And this first piece  
I'm going to read to you was recently  
written, and is an exploration into  
flash fiction poetics.

## **It's called: On the Bird Sanctuary Bike Highway**

You're on this bike highway, this spandex throughway,  
and it's like you're on the Monorail at the Minnesota  
Zoo, but instead of a monorail, you're on a bike, you're  
on a bridge, surrounded by wooden guardrails, raised  
above the wildlife, but instead of wildlife, you're  
looking at real life, it's spinning around you, buzzing  
around you, vibrating within you, dangling it's Grecian  
tasseled vines of grapes down to you, opening up before  
you, orgasming through you, you interlock with the  
hum, with the wind, with the warmth of the sunlight,  
the caw of the crow, the song of the cricket, the scream  
of the cicada, the cry of that cat bird, that monkey with

acorns, dancing on your melodies, streaming through your veins, bohemian rhapsody, wobbly bicycle, whale of a time, three city speedway, hurrying to catch the sunshine, learn about Kurt Vonnegut, breaking into Bellevue, crazy as my friend Sylvia, bearded men with glasses, 1920s bonnet hats, red scarlet lipstick, licking bloody popsicles, preaching to the preacher, Eunice in homeland Zambia, Artemesia under my pillow case, Fitzgerald passing gazes, white leather loafers, crème skirts with roses, hips like Johansen, pants like Jonathan's, hair like Minneapolis, feathers like my gypsy loves, red devil sunnies, like Q and Lisa V, floating on the rail line, bike highway rail line, orgasm throughway, sky splitting auditory plea, horn sounds behind me, telling me to notice, the blood-red life letters, meditating Ginsberg, footsteps all around me, taunting and trying, reaching and dying, no Mr. Preacher, I cross my hands before you, I don't want to violate you, show some human kindness, waving my hands before you, kiss my fingers through you, reaching all around you, blood gushing by you, lend me your warmth, your unending heat, your man and your meat, the patisserie across the street, you fell in the Seine, when you were only nine, you had a whale of a time, swimming and rhyming, a gypsy of a time, a folksy hell of a time, a shady swell of a time, a raindrop-stained time, a very good mime, placed his palms on your spine, and strapped you down in your mind, but it was a hell of a time, a bloody good time, worth a bucket of wine, or a vat full of vines, a pocket of flies, a balloon full of bees, would bring a whale to its knees, so when you got out of the Seine, when you remembered you were ten, you had your first sip from the cup, a slip of a lip on the clay, a little delay, spilled wine on the Seine, on your mother's dress, it was quite a hairy mess, love, peace, happiness, and understanding, you wish Nick Lowe was your grandpa, you'd sit in a room and have him play, and sing you lullabies, peace lily melodies, poet, country, nation, fictionalizing time, with a sweet, bloody rhyme, a crimson ginger time, a liquid candy crime. And that's a taste of my mind.

I can't be stopped. I just go. I only have one mode. On. Always. Vibrate. Constantly. Go. I can't be stopped. I can't be stopped. You can't catch me. I'm in your mind's eye, in your cherry pie, in your custard, your red leather belt buckle; I'm in your navel, in the dusk light, in the long grass, in your living room, in the clothesline, in the leaves, in the flowers, in the blueberries, hiding, confiding, in the sky, living a dream, every moment's a cocktail, every second a sun kiss, a remnant of bliss, a

pocket of cashews, a penny full of powder, a midnight shower, a morning bath, another pouch of grass, a crescendo in the sanctuary, sanctuary of birds, of whispers of greatness, from the love that was made here, to the words that were read here, the words that were said here, the tunes that were drunk here, the quiet that we thanked here, the peace we created, the grace that we needed, the lives almost hated, so to nights that begin here, a quarter from ten here, at the end of our work day, which could end at three, but hey, it's a hell of a time, a swell of a time, a quarter of lime, with a skull full of tequila rhymes, a bowl full of mice, a happy nest, a wool vest, a waterfall crest, a dog in a coat, a mountain goat, a heavy note, full of the soul that you wrote, a thought you spoke, a Swisser Sweet you smoked, a chord you strummed, a wall you bouldered, a buffalo band, a cat in a dress in a cradle, holding a ladle, reading Hansel and Gretel, with your Icelandic brother, the one whose name is Heather, you should see the paintings he imagines, in his universe's eye, his cow pie, on the horse, with the saddle, his name is Able, the horse's is, he doesn't talk but he's a good and decent horse, a noble horse, he's a King of Horses, well he's white anyway, and in his stable is a mouse hole, where beneath lies a mouse world, run on vibrations, run on good thoughts, run on kindness, on brotherhood, on love, on literacy, on art, on Vinyasa, on a holodeck, a make-believe space where thoughts are captured, all of your existence is saved in a box of dreams, you will watch them someday, in the Theatre of Life, where you will see every embarrassing moment, every gasp of ecstasy, every meditation to the sun, every glance of healing light, every composition of your life, a screenshot of your humanity, and we'll connect to the web of feeling that can be captured in light particles, projected in a holodeck, recreated in your minds eye, in a teleportal wave, a wormhole of nature, budding lime around you, tequila cups, wine saucers, poem bowls, candle memories, cricket melodies, pulling from beneath you, vines wrap around you, sink beneath the permaground, the moss, the cabbage grass, the nettles, the dirt, sink below, to where you belong, dragonfly my brother, visitor from home, pauses to wave hello, looks me in my minds eye, through his crystals of time, and the curtain is called back, it's time for a break, a fifteen-minute intermission, to discuss the production that is your life; you stand; you go; on the bird sanctuary bike highway; off you go, rolling dough in stanzas, waiting for a Panda, waiting for a tremor, waiting for a some thing, off you go, swept

below, I'll throw you a rope, a limb of life; climb up my friend, climb up and see this light.

And I have one more teeny one for you. It's too short to be considered flash fiction, so I guess we can call it "blink fiction," or a "23er," or something better. I wrote this today, actually.

## **It's called: Don't Go Away**

Did you hear me, rain?

I said I love you, for all of the obvious reasons; list a reason; the answer is yes.

FIN

## *Notes from Touchstone*

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Artemisia - love flower

Mary Gimbuta – archeology history, writing, myth

Garlic parsley?

## **The Cat Bird: A melody**

Ashley Ellen

There's a cat bird calling at me, calling at me, calling at me, there's a cat bird screeching at me, screeching at me. From the moss-y valley, the dew dripped valley, the valley I call my home.

Dun, dun, dun.

The valley I call my home!

There's a cat-bird screeching at me, squawking at me, squeaking at me, there's a cat-bird calling at me, calling at me welcoming me home.

Into the dead of the valley. Into the insanitarium. Into the professor's office. The cave of the beast.

In the rolling valley, the heady meadows, the scholar taverns, the beer can museums, the iron horse melodies, the flying objects, the minotaur in our hearts, the minotaur in our dreams, the minotaur in the lair of our accordion homes, our hills and our valleys, our tornado alleys, our Picasso café's, our star crested night dreams, our Settlers of Catan, Settlers of Catan....

There's a cat bird calling at me, calling at me welcoming me home. Calling at me welcoming me home...

## On an Elevator in a Hat

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

You're on the cusp of the valley, the cusp of the rift, the cup of the breast, the edge of the steeple, green fronds scaled like fingers, touching your face, hot sweet comfort, cocoa, latte, sun shake, touch my bare skin, sunlight slips between buttons, unbuttons, black, lips of doves, if doves did talk, speak white light, blue light, through light, holds, loves, like one's testing waters, for mutual moments, for limbs of thorns, wafts of waves of wind of waves of leaves of trees of photosynthetic sleeves of cotton of sweater sweat of touching my neck of nothing of everything of mystic of sweet gracious blue white bliss of silent kisses of legs of fences of farms in heaven, of cascading cymbal crashes of Lake Erie white and gray and pale blue and of Arizona and the fields of Iowa of the streets of Peoria, with children walking, laughing, drinking hose water, push popsicles, orange ones, always orange ones, dripping down your chin orange, down your fingers, dripping across the innocent crest of your arm, white child's hair, cut with a leveler, an elbow crease, a knee squeeze, a wrap around, a tap dance around, a belly slap around, a booty bop around, a bop kabbalah around, Rhymesayers around, spoon ledgers around, moon dancing around, relaxing around, high flying around, rings around rosies and pockets full of posies around, beat boxing around, no Fleet Foxing around, what an amazing sound, on the dish dash on the dash board confessionals through Montanna, through snow storms, through forrester's cabins, through Al's Westward Ho Motel, through whiskey games, til we couldn't remember our names, til we leaned on each other's veins, through the sheets, through the streets, through the beet fields, through the maple trees, through the Berkshires, sketch through Albany, until you call me from Emergency, you wake on the ground, looking up at a frown, wide awake on your crown, decomposing on the lawn, on the dawn, in the John, with Haynes on the elevator, at that dance, at that wedding, when he called and said, Ashley, I just wanted to call and tell you how crazy this is up here; I'm at this wedding, and it's crazy because the people—their job is not having fun and if it was a “just sitting there contest” it would be a bagillion way tie; I came here and I want to dance and nobody wants to dance; I just like to dance; I just want to break it down; I don't want to do it so people watch me; I just want to do it 'cuz I fucking like to move my feet; I feel like I'm on an elevator at

this dance right now; they are playing elevator music  
and I am laying in the grass right now and you are  
wearing a hat right now.

## **To the Girl that Never Came to Ecstasy**

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

To the girl that never came to ecstasy, the wind said,  
“Hush. My Darling. My sweet, sweet girl.” Then the  
wind spun round her back, swirling round her torso,  
weaving through her arms, threading through her  
fingers, touching the tip of her right ear, softly,  
brushing the gentle meadow along her hands, getting  
cold, chilling her breast, pulling in her chest, squeezing  
her thighs, clenching within her ‘til her toes tingle,  
lifting her small pink chin and kissing her crescent lips,  
citrus dew, sun sparkles, shadows tingle, the wind and  
the sun now join together to play, to dance, to whip her  
around, to rock her, to shock her, but nicely, nobly,  
gentlemanly, like Hemmingway, a man that is good and  
true and fine, like O’Brien, that a man may carry many  
things, but a man is not a man that does not carry  
emotion, like Woody Allen, that swoons in gibbering  
adoration, like Murakami, are your dreams real? Who  
are you seducing in your sleep? In the darkness, in the  
ear, touching pinky toes, sniffing rose bowls, water,  
dew drops, collecting rocks, seducing dragonflies,  
coaxing punch cards, tripping girlfriends, holding  
hands, jacking off to magazines, IKEA catalogues,  
History Channel documentaries, after school specials,  
Jim Morrison’s grave, Natalie’s lips, watermelon,  
horses, scarred for life. Pick up your pink bicycle, the  
wind demands her, pushes her kindly, past the  
driveway, down the hill dear, like a pill dear, picking up  
speed, sir. Not to be mean here, but should we help  
her? Go to hell, sir. Excuse me now Jerry. You’ve  
crossed the line Larry. Walk down to catch her, don’t  
get invested. Just a second, I just want to stop her,  
before she falls off sir, I’m getting off at this stop now,  
I’m running on over, on the street shoulder, she’s  
waving her arms, like she’s doing a dance, she has no  
hands, but it doesn’t phase her, because the wind loves  
her, it carries her on, it has won.

Look at everything as though you were seeing it  
either for the first or last time. Then your time on  
earth will be filled with glory.

**- Betty Smith**

# Pond Jumping

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Your toes first lap the water; it's frosting; it's iced tea; it's caramel clear; it's Diet Coke; it's a cool liquid rush that shivers up your calves, tips the nips of your breasts and perks every goose bump up your bare arms; you must float within the warmer top four inches of the lake; sometimes six inches; butt abreast; back afloat; navel pool; toes flip; arms reach their egret wingspan, their angel stretch; flex your rib cage, your armpit, your pinky fingers; bridling danger; wrapped wet death surges your ear drums, tickles your lips, closing in on the last gasp and forcing yourself afloat into the swift instance of warmth, maybe rank piss, maybe beer, maybe a beaver—Warriors of the Pond—chasing out their distresses: beach goers; capped perfectionists; whales in black skivvies; little girls; tan gray haired bearded men with dogs, after the appropriate time, sunbathing in their pride, glinting resolute; indignation dog paddle; arm afloat; rocky cliff; straight edge waterfall tumble from the icy tide pool where plunging, flapping, beer shot guns and abandoned boxer briefs, mingling in the tree tops; monkeys with acorns hiding all around you; again; always; haunting you; laughing at you; pushing you over the edge; take a running start he told you; you forgot, or didn't have time to remember before the monkey got you; tripping rocks; crag scrapes and waters rush, bursting cold; eyes in the dark; bubble blows; nose stings; ear pressure that cannot withstand the depths of your dark mind, swirling under in the black indigo, the chartreuse, the amber streak of sunlight shimmer, the cerulean blackness; the orchid stroke; the swim kick; the digging, searching for the sky; eyes akimbo; cliffs jet; jut from the trespassed woods you trampled; the tide pools; the rocks you rocked, that you vandalized with your heart's anxieties on the edge of your tomorrows, your every days; days of marmalade; days of Jade; days of Tanquerray; days of trains; days of cheese plates; plates of olives; cups of cafe lattes, crispy-edged; days of Italian romance; romancing Tuscany; Sienna; mopeds; nights of Florence; friends from far-edged places on the coast of San Fran; San Diego; San Domingo; San Salvador; sans an unpretty sunrise; the breath of a bird on a fairy lily; a maroon-tucked flower; a petal of peeling pale paint; a portrait of primrose, of petunia stalks; swims in shade are like life breaths;

bursts of live life; light illuminates new friends;  
Friendlies; friend lies; young; old; sappy; silly; sly;  
slippy; drippy; hippie; hipster poet profs; dapper  
gentleman; Gatsby-esque; always Kafka-esque;  
thinking in stanzas; arms wrapped; always around  
pandas; poodles; ones with red coats; sparkled crimson  
hats, petite, but not too small, not like a miniature desk  
with a folio full of mouse-proportioned flowers,  
millimeter-thick books, drawers with pens, with  
pencils, with scissors, all of teeny, tiny size,  
glimmering, tinkering with your mind; a good day; a  
day of sport-licked pond waters and growlers, two at a  
time; a day for pond jumping, ten feet deep.

# Ye Ole Brewing Hole

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

I look around at Ye Ole Watering Hole and I see a  
“Cash only” sign; Smithwick’s; aluminum cylinders of  
elder years, stacked shoulder to shoulder on the wall;  
the beer can museum; excessive coasters; low-slung  
exits; untimely compulsive spectators; a linoleum-tiled  
pool hall; tubs of onions; tubs of limes; buckets of  
oranges; chip clips; skinny single-serving sizes; MFA  
students shuffling in to the brim; free Monday’s; Ozzy  
breaks the silence; shouts of “Ayye, ayye, ayye...;”  
spinning amber lights; windy whirl; white painted  
squares; wrinkling Gazette of yesterday; Jameson &  
ginger ales; liquor sip; foam cup; wood ledge; out door;  
stumble night.

# Dream of Last Night In Flow Charts

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Last night there were flowcharts; lots of flowcharts; there were flowcharts on dating and compatibility; inconclusive flowcharts on drunkenness; flowcharts on crazy; there was rain last night; there was a Leidner last night; a Sadie; a Priest; a Poet; a Volk; a minotaur; there were no whales last night; but there were Jamie gingers; there were PBR's; there were hipster cloves; Parliament Lights; homeless fights; there was raiding of the White's notebook, of pages, stealing space for thoughts; there were one-second continuous line portraits last night; there were three-second continuous line portraits last night because one-second continuous line portraits are too short; there were five-second continuous line portraits last night because, apparently, judging by the portraits, Michael Jackson posed for a one-minute continuous line portrait because ten-second continuous line portraits are too short; there were tracings of flowchart pathways to assess if the artist of Michael Jackson was drunk or not last night; the flow chart insisted that everyone was either drunk or should be; this was obvious; and the former was already true; there was drunk pool last night; balls and sticks and holes last night; there was scratching; table extensions; chair pulls; there were cash machine transactions last night; there were \$3.25 rail whiskey shots—in sevens last night; then there was the Elevens; there was dancing last night; techno dancing; swing dancing; crazy dancing; awesome dancing; people were in awe of dancing last night; there were air balls last night; slippery streets last night; there were dogs last night; whisper shushes; angry neighbors; there was a hula hoop contest last night; there was a clear victor of the hula hoop contest, but no prizes were rewarded, egos however, were boosted; there were couch squishes last night; couch squeezes; guitar strums; dark goodbyes last night; there were wheels that were turned that shouldn't have been turned, but all were moving on off; there was drunk breath this morning; there was a sleepy bed awoken to this morning; there was a crickety-creaky-tipsy-turny flight this morning; a slip-slide shaky, topsy-turvy flight this morning—all kinds of words that should not be used to describe a flight this morning; there was a

comedian steward this morning; a warning of turbulence this morning; there was a ten-dollar button for service for sale this morning; a request for passengers to sleep on the flight this morning; there was a moment this morning when all was almost lost; a moment when you wondered if a soul would ever read about last night, and in that moment, that loop-de-loop of a mechanical bird, in that moment you missed someone and the world gasped, hiccupped, and fell off its axis; the motor faded; the engine murmured; hums hummed; sleep my desperate passengers, my Western youths, OPioneers; dream of last night.

# GO TO SLEEP AMERICA!

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

+++++

GO TO SLEEP  
AMERICA!  
And let us  
SMOKE and let  
us DRINK and  
all will rejoice  
and HUG  
nature. K? K.

WHILE MANIC... wanted to send this. But couldn't  
assess if it would be weird or not.

“Evan, I probably shouldn't share this with you, but I'm going to. Please don't tell anyone. Though this seems weird now, I think if I wasn't manic, it wouldn't feel weird. So I'll probably share this with you in the morning. Which makes sense anyway, since you never check your FB, and it's 6:12, and it would be weird for someone to be up at 6:12, but if you got this email from me in the noontime you'd be like, hey, this is hilarious, and not at all in any way weird (but to me, since I'm manic, and weird, but we're just talking about the manic -DON'T PUBLISH AT NIGHT- but anyway, griping about someone checking their Facebook seems like a horrible thing to me anyway, I used to hate Facebook, but now I think it's turning into a nice way to market to your friends, crowd-sourcing if you will.”

(SO.... I'm looking at this page right now, and it's reminding me of college, when I wasn't aware that I was manic, and I would do things like this and then send them out at night, and then in the morning, after sleeping, would feel like - GOD I'm such a dumb crazed lunatic. But now, I have the understanding that sleep makes all better, but when one can't sleep, or when one is manic, and sleeping does not matter because you'll still be manic, or maybe not, maybe the mania keeps you up? >>side note: There are mice in the ceiling. And the walls...<<

...and anyway all I keep thinking is GOD my children's (students) parents can't find out that I'm manic! But I realize that no one can tell. PERFORM through it.

(the drive made me manic: assess hours driven and hours awake, sleep, etc. later, NO WONDER people who have “bipolar disorder” feel normal when they've slept. Or is the fact that I'm figuring this out part of the disorder, and I'm trying to rationalize it through means of sleep, etc., but I'm SO excited about writing and creating this perfect world around myself, that when I actually do try to create this perfect world around myself gets created, because that's just what you have to fucking do. It's scary! Yea. Then you do it. And it's still scary, yea.

But you keep doing it. And even when you are manic, you PERFROM. You have an autopilot. That's what happens when you have kids, isn't it the same? And you realize HOW WELL you can perform, because from some otherworldly place you are summoning the greats, the gods, etc. etc., and you PERFORM oh so well. Oh so well. Some people need to medicate themselves. Well I, for one, just need to smoke and drink. GOD, I'm going to look like Pat aren't I? But oh well, that's how it goes. That's why all these English professors act like they "know" something. It's like this secret code. The entire establishment of writers and actors are bipolar! – seems like a drastic statement. Or the ones that are really great – they have been performing their whole life and never knew it! Is bipolar real? Who knows? Dad, you hid it well. Do you even know Dad? I can see it, all of you, all of you who think you're weird. You've just slept. Even those of you who have slept, you don't think it's weird that people don't sleep. Oh it's weird. It's weird I tell you. No wonder the lower middle class isn't going anywhere, THEY'RE TOO TIRED. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO GET UP. YOU BASTARDS AND ALL YOUR MONEY, LET THE PEOPLE SLEEP FOR GOD'S SAKE!!!!!! Simple as that. Solved all the world's problems. Start the workday at 10. EVERYONE. 10-3. Ok? We'll all still go and shop. We'll get just as much done. But we'll be fitter, happier, more productive.)

Oh you normal people, listening to music like Radio Head, you like it eh? Want to FEEL LIKE THAT? Just drink a whole lot, get little sleep, party your head off, have fun whatever way you can, and write and make art. Or maybe that's just a message to you artists out there.

Ayy yay yay.

Please don't tell anyone I'm manic, it will freak them out, but I am, and I'm sort of doing an experiment on how to get back down to earth and stay on the crux of this inspiration, but I'm afraid it's going to hurt me. I... need a hug. Everything is so scary right now, like last week, when Zac and I jumped off of the cliff, like that, but in this weird, idly mental way where

I'm afraid that everyone else in the world can tell that I'm manic. But they can't. I know. No one notices anyone anyway. We're all so afraid to look at each other. Or maybe it's a

I just figured it out!

So you work a normal schedule, say 9-5, but you learn how to work that schedule while smoking all day and drinking into the night, and then you get say 10 hours of sleep, so you feel like a normal person, but really, you're just LIVING the manic state. Did you realize it? That's how to become a writer.

OMG.

Wow, thanks poets and writers in the valley. I'll stay with you. I'll make a home for you. WEIRD WEIRD WEIRD! So I write these things while I'm not manic and I think I'm completely normal, and everyone thinks I'm completely normal, but really, I'm not, and even I don't know it.

K, K, so some sleep is necessary sometimes, for focus, but here goes some kazoo drawings. WORK THROUGH IT. PUSH. The drinking actually helps. So does the smoking. DOWN TO EARTH. DOWN TO EARTH. YOU'RE OK. OK, OK, OK, OK.....

...and I got sidetracked, and I sent this note to Sarah...

Just between you and me... (I feel like Leah will be freaked out) So I'm doing this experiment right now. >>And don't be worried, because I'm totally ok.<<

But I'm manic. The drive made me manic. You get manic when you force yourself to stay up for extended hours. I've been fine otherwise, the things I'm writing (I can tell, I have this weird like, outer-worldly awareness right now - and OMG, I feel like the -valley knows, this literary valley, I feel like they choose students to come in and write based on MANIA in the writing. And if so, they really need to address it with us. I feel like we're all freaked out and pushing each other away awkwardly, but we all

have it. Or feel it. Anyway... when we're around a group of kids all acting crazy and we get these inside jokes going, but cuz we're all doing, the outside world doesn't think it's weird, but actually thinks that it's cool.) but now that ... <yea, at this point I decided that I am too tired, and this is coming off as weird.> ... and I've decided not to send. (I need a bigger notebook. ((because I've decided that I should really be organizing these thoughts in flowcharts.))

And then we all need this reassurance that we're not being weird, or we shell into a ball. Or maybe none of you are manic and you're just weird? Haha, I love you anyway.

Ok, Sarah, you can have this, for your research. :)

(but, just so I don't feel weird about this, I'm going to wait and send it in the morning, after some sleep, after I don't feel as weird. And I need some sleep. Because I have so many things to PERFORM tomorrow.)

...this was from earlier...

WHILE MANIC... wanted to send this. But couldn't assess if it would be weird or not.

"Evan, I probably shouldn't share this with you, but I'm going to. Please don't tell anyone. Though this seems weird now, I think if I wasn't manic, it wouldn't feel weird. So I'll probably share this with you in the morning. Which makes sense anyway, since you never check your FB, and it's 6:12, and it would be weird for someone to be up at 6:12, but if you got this email from me in the noontime you'd be like, hey, this is hilarious, and not at all in any way weird (but to me, since I'm manic, and weird, but we're just talking about the manic -DON'T PUBLISH AT NIGHT- but anyway, griping about someone checking their Facebook seems like a horrible thing to me anyway, I used to hate Facebook, but now I think it's turning into a nice way to market to your friends, crowd-sourcing if you will."

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And those of you that don't like this, those of you that think you're weird, you've just SLEPT. Pot is ok. POT IS OK. MAKE IT LEGAL! You naysayers, you lookers down on marijuana, you just have to learn how to function with it. It makes you happy. So does drinking. That's why SO MUCH GOOD GOT DONE IN THE 60's and 70's!

That's why Europe is having such a bloody hell of a time. FUCK YOU AMERICA AND YOUR STANDARDS, POLICING THE WORLD, CHILL THE FUCK OUT AMERICA.

Ok, bet anyway, the point is, JUST SLEEP. Or don't. But get on a regular pattern with it. K? K. Lessons learned. Moving on.

# Love and Hate

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

I love you.

I love you.

I forget your face.

I think I love you.

I hate you.

I miss you.

I miss you.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

He loves me.

I love you.

I love you.

I hate him.

I love you.

I forget you.

I miss you.

I forget missing you.

I miss you.

-

I love you.

-

K.

-

I hate you.

-

I love him.

-

I hate him.

-

Love me.

-

Love, love.

-

Love silence then.

-

Love dark.

-

Death sleep.

# My heart on the table

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

There it is. I spilled it. It. Laying there. All gooey and oozing on the table. My heart. It burst and I shared it with you. And there it is, all lying there. All, on the table. There. Is that what you wanted? You poke at it. Prod it with your finger. In your head. It's not what you expected. It disintegrates. It turns to dust. Your careless touch. A gust of wind comes and blows my heart away. It is no longer. It is filled with white. Filled with air. Filled with thoughts. It is empty. Or it is now full. With some other thing now. Some other element. Some juice now. Wine now. Some smoke now. Good thoughts now. And kindness. And good vibes. On good shoulders. And knee slaps. And friendly gazes that run real deep. Deeper than we can even get at. Too far to tug. Way down. Rooted to the well hole. Where you will never get out once you climb down. The well cap will seal the light out. And you will only sink down, way below the surface. Your pick will not tunnel a path quickly enough for you to reach the daylight for it will be bleached out. Blue forever. White forever. Its image permanently affixed to your retinas, burned in place, this stuff. This what do we call it? This friendship? Ahoy mate. Meet captain Patch. Mender of dreams.

# When the world stops spinning keep tooting your horn

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

When the days end and no one comes out to play

When the sun sets and gets too lazy to rise again

When the trees get selfish and hold their breath

When the sun saves its warm for those that use its rays  
productively, spreading it in bows, in circles, sending it  
across time, through a wrinkle in the weave of space  
fabric

When only your fire twinkles from dark embers

When it feels like there's no one out there but you

Keep tooting that horn.

# Dear Diary: I Have the Moody Blues

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz (©)*

Ahhhhhh, ahhhhhhheeeeahhh,  
ahhhhhhhaaaeeeeeeaaahh.

*Chorus 1:*

Lazy day, Sunday afternoon like to get your feet up  
watch TV. Sunday rolls; get something good to eat;  
Must be Lent today 'cause beef was last week....

*End Chorus 1.*

Ahhhhh, ahhhhhhheeeeahhh, ahhhhhhhhhaaahhhhh.

So full up; bursting at the seams; soon you'll start to  
nod off; hap-py dreams.  
Echo: Kids start their cry-ing each day; we shall do  
what people say.

Ahhhhhh, ahhhhheeeeahhh,  
Ahhhhhhhhhaaaahhhhh.

(magic strumming and train bells... an orchestra hums  
in; an organ; more train bells...)

Ahhhhh, ahhhhheaaaahhhhh,  
Ahhhhhhhhhaaaahhhhhhh.

(Harmonica repeats first chorus)

Ahhhhh, ahhhhheeahhhhhhh,  
Ahhhhhh, ahhhh, ahhh, e, e, e, ahhh.

Lazy day. Sunday after noon. Like to get your feet up;  
watch TV.  
Echo: That's how you go; life; full force.

Sunday rolls; something good to eat; now it's almost over—'til next week.

Ahhhhh, ahhhhheaaaahhhhh,  
Ahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh.

(slow guitar strum; kick drum; chains bang)

Ahhhhh, ahhhhheaaaahhhhh,  
Ahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh.

# Brick Of Someone Else's Hand

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

<http://ashleyellen.com/journal-2/poetry/brick-of-someone-elses-hand>

**Cold. On my leg. You are not my  
own. You are someone else's hand.  
Masked as My Own. You are Mia  
Owen. You are a Pharaoh. You are  
a King in someone else's land. But  
you are not my own. And I will not  
keep you from your errands. Go.  
Be.**

# Just One Left

[Edit](#)

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

It was full; earlier.

I remember.

When I came out again it was gone.

There was just one.

Laying on the pine carpet.

Lazily.

As if to say, "Come die today."

I grabbed the One.

I slammed the door and locked it.

Then I smoked it up.

Half full.

And dismissed it.

To finish in Morning.

When the Sun sings.

# **Oops, I meant, “Are you sitting comfortably?”**

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

The answer is Yes.

A resounding Yes!

# No Greenies Game For You

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

I am picking up the pieces of the Greenies Game I made for you. You did not notice it. Or you did. But you didn't want to play with me. You ran all off with the other cats, you. But that's cool. We're cool. We're allllll good. Each and every one of us. So go on now. Mosie (Muse) on your way. I'll put these treats back; they were actually only treats in disguise. They were actually the Original Smart-Treat (Registered). And they were for Felines. And they were actually pretty much toothpaste. Les Gâteries De Soins Dentaires. 3 oz. of goodness. Préférées de soins dentaires. Nettoie les dents! Rafrâichit l'hateine! Net WT. POIDS NET. (85g). Natural formula with added vitamins, minerals, and taurine. Less than 2 calories per piece.\* Star equals Feline Greenies. No grannies here. All natur-al. 100% nutritionally complete & balanced for maintenance. Check. Formule naturelle enrichie de vitamins, de minéraux et de taurine. Moins de 2 calories par gâterie.\* Again. Star equals puddy tat tweets. Check. Aide à Minneapolis. Réduire l'accumulation de tarter et de plaque. Check. Gâteries complètes et équilibrées à 100 % du point de vue nutritionnel en vue d'assurer le maintien.

# She Has Come Home On All Hallows Eve

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Goetz*

She Smells Of Peppermint. Of Tick Spray. All Naturale.  
She Is a Good Girl. She Is Staying. Longer Than  
Expected. She Will Not Refrain. I Will Not Restrain. I  
Am Letting Her Fly Today. She Has Wings. And A Tail.  
And *That* Is OK. That Is All Right With Me. And There  
She Goes. Right Back Under The Bed Again. I'm  
Talking About The Cat, Sicko. Whino. Rhino. The  
Kitten With The Ticks. She Chooses. I've Already Pulled  
Them Ticks Out. I Clipped Their Heads And Bagged  
Them For Inspection Under The Merry Microscope.  
They Are All There And Real To See. But She Is Clean.  
Like MiMi. May Lays. Hungry. But She Is Picky. And I  
Am Not. I Like All. Friend-All. Enema Less. Skies  
Askew. Pulled Back. And No One Can See Her With  
Their Naked Eye. The Asteroid. The Cat. I Kiss Her  
Neck. Pooh Pooh Pooh Pooh. I Blow. Kiss My Lips. She  
Looks Up At Me. She Knows I Knew. And I Was Alright  
With Everything. Because I Was Naïve. Because I Was  
A Blank White Slate Stone Face Ferned At The Corners.  
I Never Knew. She Knew All Along. Here We Go Again  
He Says. Unwind Thy Soul Ye Heathen. What? All  
Wrong. In The Ring. With Bare Paws She Places Her  
Palm On Mine. Her Mitten. Her Pink Pads. She Pulls  
Back. She Looks Back. She Wonders. Bubbles Pop. She  
Knows Now. She Knows What's True. Snook-um. Gack.  
Orange Plummets. She's On Nickelodeon. Nickelodeon  
Is In The Dictionary. Word Recognizes It As A Proper  
Noun. Word Is Right. Docked. Tied. We Shall Sail The  
Seven Seas Another Day. Sea Foam. Gray Sky. Tears.  
Coughing. Ill. No. We Are Okay Oklahoma. Let's Start  
Singing Where The Wheat Goes Waving In The Wind.  
No One Is Afraid. We Are All Null. The Party Is  
Pooped. We Are A Party Of Five. Five Sisters. Six. Was.  
Two Mothers. Many Actually's. Many Accidents. Two  
Wrongs Don't Make A Wright. They Make A Left Turn.  
Down Martini Streets. Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds  
Bites Her Stick. Her Olives Are Gone. The Rest Is  
Whisky. The Rest Was Not Right. But It Was A Good  
And Thankful Effort. A Holy Trial. A Pass Go With No  
Two Hundred. A Get Out Of Jail Free Card. A Pass. A  
B+. A Lot Learned. Filled With Cars. Filled With Jam.  
Traffic. But Not Today. Today....I Will Bike. Yes/No?  
Nevermind. We Are So Good Here It Doesn't Even  
Matter Anymore. All's Welcome. All Hallows Eve.

# New cartoon museum to open in Angoulême: This French Life

By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz

By Craig McGinty on Apr 28, 2009 in [The arts](#).



MENTION cartoon characters in France and Angoulême, with its *Festival International de la Bande Dessinée* is sure to feature in the conversation.

In June the town will [open a new museum](#) that will cover many of the famous characters of the French industry such as Asterix, but also those from overseas such as Garfield and Japanese Anime characters.

The cartoon museum will cover the history of the art, but also look at the techniques behind creating characters in a variety of media, as well as welcome some of the most famous names in the industry.

The Centre National de la Bande Dessinée et de l'Image can be found at 121 rue de Bordeaux, 16023 Angoulême ([map](#)).

## You might also like:

[Angoulême cartoon strip festival](#)

[Ryanair flights to Angoulême](#)

[Centre Pompidou Metz set to open its doors](#)

[Angoulême Airport lines up airline for UK link](#)

[LinkWithin](#)

# Bebe Bebe Sleep Bebe

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

She listens. She's a Doer. She's So Blasé. Hooded  
Heroine Kitty (avec un Franch accent des les  
Americains). Mew Mew. Mew Mew. Debussy. Clair De  
Lun-e. Frer-e Jacques-uh. Do Re Mi. Do Re Mi. La la la  
la la la. La la la la la la. Allonsi. Allonsi.

Fin.

# An Alliteration Alphabet For Children Of All Ages

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

A Girl Says “Once Upon A Time” And She Means It. A  
Spoon Full Of Sugar Makes The Medicine Go Down!  
Abracadabra! A Sinistre. A Domani. A Minneapolis. A  
Venezia. Ahh, Vangaard. Avant Garde. Avanti Arcs.  
Arch Of The Balon Rouge. Brigadier. Bragger Dear.  
Begger Here. Buddha There. Boar’s Head. Bad Boy.  
Bigger! Bigger! Biggest! Boom! Broom’s Bonnet.  
Bride’s Braid. Belletriste. Beauty. Buffet. Big Barbeque  
Bugs. Booty Call. Brahmin. Braeburn Apples.  
Burnsville Minnesota. Blooming Tons. Bloomfields.  
Brainerds. Blizzards Breathe. Breeding Bows Sag.  
Bayonet’s Bayer. Beethoven Belches A Bridge To  
Terabithia. Brown Snow. Blue Ice. Bleu Eyes. Bleus  
Yeux. Brassier. Brazier. Breezy In Here. Buoyant.  
Clammy Hands. Crams For Exams. Cherry Picked.  
Clocks Click. Clicker. Channel Change. Cooper Street.  
Cop Squad. Covenant. Covets. Caresses. Cheese. Crazy  
String. Chatting. Carpe Diem. Corporeal. Chintzy.  
Crackers. Chapeaus. Chats In Hats. Chauvinists.  
Chopin. Chappy. Crimson Crush. Cornett’s. Corvette’s.  
Crop Off A Clip Of This Crappy Fish. Crêpes. Creepy  
Eyed. Corn Husk. Camembert. Danish. Doodle Di  
Debussy. Dog Eat Sexy Dog World. Dougie Houser.  
Daschund. Deutschland. Denver Bronco. Downhill  
Skiing Derby. Dames In Distress. Daddy! Daddy!  
Earthquake Milkshake. Earnest and Young. Eve-ie E.  
Easter Eggs. Earth Wind And Fire. Epitome. Epitaph.  
Explore This Big, Good-Bad, Beast Of An Ever-  
Changing, Evolving Eon. Excalibur. EXIT HERE.  
Eternity. Fraternity. Farewell. Fraulein. Faulkner Not  
Forgotten From Fi Fi Fo Fum’s. Frenchy. Frowning  
Fench Fry. Freezer Burn. Free Willy. Gee Willy Will  
Occur. I Smell A.... Gurgle Gurgle. Grave Stone.  
Grumbling Ghost Whisperer. Gecko. Geico, It’s For  
Kids! Gee Whiz! Golly Grasshopper. Good Wishes.  
Gremlins. Goats. Gloves. Goopy Guck. Green Giants.  
Gilgamesh. Go. Go. Gone! Gap; Mind It? Gargle Gargle.  
Ginsberg’s Garden State. Gingko Biloba. Geek’s Squad.  
Gleeked. Get Him To The Greek. Gleaned. Goverened.  
Govern Gator’d Governator. Gold Glow Giggle Girls.

Hot Pockets! Hemp Rope. Hiking With Hula Hoops.  
 Hoopla. Honey. Houston We Have Are Go For Flight!  
 Hakuna Matata. It Means No Worries For The Rest Of  
 Your Days Philosophy. It's Our Problem-Free  
 Philosophy. Incredible Edible Ice Age In Piccadilly  
 Square. Imbued In Hiver-London French Dressing. Icy  
 Hot. Itchy. Ick. Itty-bitty Living Space. Igloos. Iguanas.  
 Inca. Ink. Ice cream. I Scream. I am. Ingalls Wilder. "In  
 it." In It To Win It. Inuit-Shiva's Not That Inuit. Junky.  
 Janky. Jiggle. Jell-O! Jury. Jay Hawk. Journey. Jordan  
 Air Jump. Koo-koo! Koo-Koo! Love, love me do.  
 Madeline. Madeline Island. Madeleine L'Engle. Mauve.  
 Moot Point. Matza Balls. Mustard. Moustard. Mouse  
 Turd. Morphine Drip. More Cream Please! Moody  
 Meanies. Moodle Doodle. Mock Trial. Mere Disaster.  
 Miraculous Recovery! Magic! Melody. Melodies. Melow  
 Dice. Meek Mice. Mirr-ahh. Mira. Mirror. Me Rear. Me  
 Real. Me So So. Mi Bienvenue. Mi Mi Mr. Monopoly. A  
 Napoli. Naples. Navels. Navy Seals. Namaste Nooks.  
 Nitti Gritty Nuns. Nun Sense. Nonsense. No Parking.  
 No Fun. No Splashing. No Smoking. No-body-Knows-  
 The-Trouble-I've-Seen-Simba-Scene. No Kidding! 'Nuff  
 Said. Not! Never Say Never. Neeehaaa. Neha. Naomi.  
 Narcolepsy. Norepinephrine. Nag-O-Zine. Nano  
 Seconds. Naughty Nose. Not Snot. Not Spot. Nutty  
 Professor. Nut-Loving Squirrel. Oily Orders. OMG,  
 Make It Stop! Oink Oink. Over The Rainbow. O-zone.  
 Ozark. Oedipus Odes. Orion's Belt O'er The Orient.  
 Oriental Rug With A Pug. Pug-ly. Pug Lie. Pug Low.  
 Peeper. Peeping Tom's! P.D.A. PHD. Proper Peacocks.  
 Purr-ty. Parish Pariah. Piranha. Piccolo! Piccolo!  
 Piccolo! Piggies. Piglets. Piggly Wiggly's. Priests.  
 Prayers. Pray-ers. Poets. Poem Of Pennies. Penny  
 Saved, Penny Earned. Pop Pop! Pop-A-Squat. Popcorn  
 Easy. Precious. Prrr-cious. Princes In Persia. Prussia.  
 Prom-tacular. Pudding. Putty Tat. Parakeet. Parakeets.  
 Pair of Keats. Pair Of Keys. Purple Pees. Q&A. Que.  
 Queen-y Quiz. Quixotic. Questionable. Quick-Witted.  
 Radiohead. Radio Flyer. Ring Around The Rosie!  
 Right-O! Righty Writer Lefty. Roo The Kangaroo.  
 Rinky Dinky. Rat Slum. Splendor-iffic. Slumber Sisters.  
 Sweet Sweaty Slimy Soapy Soupy Slippy Slappy Sippy  
 Cup. Shards of Broken Glass. Sleeping Beauty  
 Principessa. Shut Up! Shazam It! Super, Like New!  
 Swammy Swathes. Swamp Water. Swimming Trunks.  
 Sammy Glammy. Sip Sup. Sipped It Up. Switch Tricks.  
 Tad Poles. Tridents. Tornadoes. Thundersnow.  
 Torrential Rain. Torrents of Tallies. Triple Scoop  
 Thimbles. Throbbing Tummies. Toenails. Tricycles.  
 Tri-Athlete. Trampled By Transfers. Trading Things.  
 Things On Strings. Things On Sticks. Slick Ricks.

Slappy Sallies. Slurmy Sleuths. Sluggy Sloths. Slurpy Straws. Stretch Armstrongs. Side-Step. Sail Away Sail Away Sail Away. Sail Away Sail Away Sail Away. Tay Tay. Tator Tots. Turkish Toots. Toothes. Teeth. Tchaikovsky. Tropical Rainforest. Tennis Elbow. Turtle Dove. Two Trucks. Tow Trucks. Tippy Tops. Tippy Taps. Toes. Those Funny Bows. Tinker Toys. Trunks And Bunks And Slumber Dunks Ducks. Under Where? Under There? Urdle Turtle. Uh Oh! Violet Vapors. Wiffy Wafers. Whatchumacallits. Wads of Dough Domani. White Kim-Chi. Who Chews Choo Choo's? Weebles. Warm Fuzzy Was He Was A Bear. Warty Witch. Wicked West. We Need More Smoke, American Spirit, All Up In Flames! Whitman Wind. Weary. Worry. Worst Will. Wobbly Bike. What? Wrong! Winner! What A Choice! Won Pair. Whickity Slick. Wayward We Will Row. Worm Hole. Wrinkle In Time. Wrigley's Big-League Chew. Wright Field. Westward-Ho Motel! Waltz Winged Wanderer Wren. Whirlwind Waterfall. What We're You Thinking? Wow-ee Momm-ee. Words Are fun! Want To Read It Again? Why Not? Wake Up Mom! Whatever. We Can Weed On Our Own Exam. XM Radio. Xylophones. X'd Out Exits. Y? Yams? Yuck! You'll Be Sorry! You've Caught The Lady Bug! Yowza! You'll Shoot Your Eye Out! You'll Shoot Your Eye Out! Zap. Zam! Zits and Zots and the Czar's Zebra Cots. Zip. Zeep. Zoo. Zoom Zoom! Zoom Zoom!  
 ZZZZzzzzzzzzz....

*Zat's Zee End of Fin Fun Flipper Skipper Whippersnap  
 Music And Arts Festival! Goodnight y'all! Goodnight  
 John Boy! Goodnight Mary Sue. Goodnight Jean.  
 Goodnight Goats. Goodnight Gets Gone. Ashleep. 'Ello  
 There Lad In The Dark Eve! La Violin. Edmund's Son.  
 Go. To. Sleep. Child. Count Sheep Then. Crazy Sheep.  
 One. Two. Ten. Snore..... Cats. Dogs. Boys. Fairy  
 Tales. Kid Stuff. Pffftt.*

# *Charlotte's Web*

*By, Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*



*Ha-Ha!*

*Again!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Yes/No?*

*Choose Your Own Adventure.*

*Track Your Own Trail.*

*Weave Webs.*

*Charlotte.*

*Spidy.*

*Kiss.*

*Xo.*

*x.*

*o.*

***I Give You The Gift Of Gab.  
Laugh! Sleep. Dream.***

*By, Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Always read the FINE print: *Holy* Shit (In Leah's voice)!

# Home Sweet Apartment

## **A Very Little Poem For Miniature Things I Know I Put Somewhere For A Purpose**

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Someone's listening. Look; everything's righted. Unlock that door and let  
the sun shine in. Mostly Full. Un-smoked. Seizer Of The Day! Good  
Morning! Good Morning!

Live!

# I Light My Fire With Water And Smoke

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmoson Goetz*

One Tree; Two Tree; Sticks, 3 For Ten; For Grace, Press One;  
That's Our Operator's Name.

# When I'm Sixty-Four...

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

I'll probably plop down and nap once in a while too.

# That Is Not A Valid Number Pops The Computer

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

No; By Any Mean; 11 Is A Number; 11! That's An Exponent.  
Is It? I Don't Know. I Clicked "OK."

# The Title: Exhale. Breathe Deep.

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

The Title: Exhale. Breathe Deep. The Byline: By Ashley  
Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz. The Meat: That's It.  
That's The Joke. Get It? She Gets It Now (Shall I Put  
This At The Beginning Or The End Of The Book? How  
About Both? Yes/No? Eternal Yes. Shucks. It Was That  
East-y? What? Oops. Easy. I Meant Easy. Oh No....  
*She's* Not Easy. Cinnamon Sticks! ☹ Take A Chance On  
Me, I Won't Let You Down; But Down Promise  
Things—That You Cannot Keep. O.K. Sure, Why Not?  
Swell! Perfection Isn't All That It's Cracked Up To Be.  
Well, According To These Artists, Everything's Already  
Perfect, Or "Once Was" They Say; Whatever That  
Means Meanie Whiney Pants. Do We Believe Her? It  
Seems Harmless Not To. I Completely Agree; Couldn't  
Have Said It Better Myself; I'll Be Darned; Gee Whiz.  
End.

# Good Day's To Downers: The Haves And Have-Not's Of Gummy Vites

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

This is my candy. Stomach ache. No. Liquid Energy Can? Glucose. Tuarine Spearheads Head On Charging Fast. See What's In Front Of You. Mixing Of Genres. Night And Day. Black as Gold. Soot Fall Fallen Limb Knuckle. Your Nails Are Talismans For Which You Wish Well Upon People. Sorry You. Get Up And Start Helping Out. O.K. O.K. I'll Put On My Human Mask Today. Is This Enough Makeup? Is This Enough "Messy" For Today? No. Not Enough Messy. Put The Boots Back On. Go Back And Sit On That Curb You Were Enjoying So Much. Thank You. I *Was* Enjoying This Curb. Your Good Day's Are Bad Days To Downers? My Eyes Are Crumby Bubbles With No Telescopes or Enthusiasm; What Good Am I To You? Nada. Zippo. Flip Flame. ON. The Only Off Switch Is A Slam Or A Pucker Blow. But They're SO Sweet. I KNOOOOWWWW, Right? Oh Shoot. What? The Second ½ Of My Vanilla Bean Crème Brule From The Watchtower Tavern On The Overlook Is Melted. You Should Be More Careful; Things Drip Dry When You're Not Watching. Are You Paying Attention? To What? Me. Oh Sure. I'll Take Two With A Wide-Mouth Lid. So You Want That De-Caf? Why Would I Want It De-Caf? Are You Even Caught Up With Your Self, Self?

System Check....All Signs Point To Yes! That's Electrifying! Hoooo-hooooo-weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee (That's How Michael Jackson Signs Off. Can't I too?)! No. That Was A Once In A Lifetime Opportunity And You've Missed That Lottery. The Tides Have Already Been Drawn, We Just Have To Find Them Again. Here's For Trying To Try. Exactly. But Some Lotteries Are Worth Missing. Taxes/Shmaxes. Flipper Flap. White Puff Of Smoke, And Then Everyone Breaks Out Into Flight Of The Conchord's Mermaid Song.

(color code yellow/blue later when there is more of this time stuff.)

# Mommy's Time Out

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

The bottle READ:

There's a drawing of a chair and a table barely dranken and a glass in the corner. It's 2008 variety. Bottled in Puglia Indicazione Geografica Tipica Primitivo 2008.

We all know that a Mommy is a difficult job. A Mommy's Time Out is a well deserved break. This wine is delicate and fruity. It comes from some of the finest vineyards in Italy where the best grapes are vinified, resulting in a long lasting finish. It is a great complement to beef or may be served as an apertif. Or so the bottle says. I'm opening it right now. I bought it the other day at Forenzo's on 10, right near Flying Object. It was only \$6 or \$7.99! :)

# If I'm Pregnant, You Hospitals Are Assholes For Not Telling Me.

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Or –Did- you try to tell me? No. But this is the right time I've been getting my period anyway, right –after- the full moon. My cycle drifted.

And yes I'm wearing a tampon right now. And yes I'm wearing a panty-liner right now.

I think Richard Brautigan would be okay with me sharing that with you.

Anyway.

There's no way I'm f'ing pregnant. SOMEONE would have told me by now with all these damn blood tests I've taken. And I did get off the ring, last summer, but AETNA doesn't cover the ring. So I've been on my lonesome, but that's okay, because I wasn't having sex anyway, unless someone raped me and I don't remember it. I've been raped at least twice in my life, though voluntarily many more times than that. Sad. I know. My fault.

# What I had to eat today:

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

A kiwi. @approx. 11:10 AM EST (while driving, after smoking a couple cigarettes, and scraping the thing down w/ my teeth)

A bunch of crackers. @8:30 PM EST - ...'til they were gone? (speculating)

# All the meds I've taken since 4pm:

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Well let's see:

(just spilled my Monster Rehab, a very effective beverage, but gives people the impression you are recovering from a hangover, which I think is a just fine excuse, but currently, I'm not, I don't think, recovering from a hangover, well, not yet.)

1. A sip of water at the campus health services center, where I tried not to touch anything.
- 2.
3. Bitch Word. I don't want your formatting.
4. 2. It seems I have to use Microsoft Word formatting unless I want to use Text Edit.
5. A cherry flavored cough drop. I don't like that medicinal cherry flavor.
6. Half of an Abilify which I bit and swallowed with my spit at the Newman Center on campus, after correctly signing the Catholic cross thing (I was raised as the religion: "Reformed" – my family went to Peace Reformed Church, and yes I got high in highschool, usually not AT highschool, but on weekends, or when we needed to get in touch with our creative side) which I learned from my ex, a couple ex's ago and Italy. I went into the ladies bathroom and no one seemed to notice. Oops, I forgot to flush (because I didn't use the toilet)! I really just went in there to roll and American Spirit, which I'm learning to do, but my special rolling machine isn't big enough for either Zippo's? Zappo's? Papers--rolling papers--or American Spirit ones.
7. (sidenote) When I'm recording on GarageBand my Mac doesn't seem to let me take pictures.
8. It did that time. But I'm worried my roommates will think I'm manic because I'm taking pictures, or that I'm rude because I'm playing music aloud at 9:39pm EST, and one of my roommates is a bread baker. The other

- I think is worried about me and feels she is supposed to be keeping a “watchful eye” through the bedroom walls, etc. because my parents are worried I’m going to kill myself one of these days, and I do admit, they have right to worry about such things.
9. A noise upstairs! Am I being too loud?
  10. So then I rolled the cigarette w/ the magic roller that doesn’t really work all that well, espec. w/ its paper-width defect. (lots of head bobbing and jamming out w/ I’m a Believer from the Monkees on Pandora right now 9:43 PM EST. Supposed to be -AM- working on the Loft and student essays and catching up on reading and LOOK at what I’m doing. Damnit.)
  11. Another great song. This was on Forest Gump (and you have to say it like “Forest Gump” w/ an accent, in your head, sometimes): For What It’s Worth, By Buffalo Springfield, on: Retrospective.
  12. So anyway, then I walked out of the Newman Center rather quickly and lit up my cigarette, which I think some people questioned was a joint or not. It was like 97% American Spirit tobacco.
  13. Then I made a mean phone call to Zac. Which I 33% regret. But he needed to get rid of his delusions.
  14. I really do think I’m in love with this Peter guy. Though we just met. But it’s kind of a funny story; and not at all like that movie; but earlier; like 3 weeks ago now when Zac started our downfall, it was like that movie, but not as much as it was like that when I first met Zac. Went crazy!
  15. So then I waited for the walk sign on Pleasant Street with a girl, but she decided to walk anyway, and I was smoking a cigarette and watching traffic and traffic signals when I realized at that crosswalk you have to actually push the WALK button, but I hadn’t missed my turn anyway.
  16. Oh, I love this song! @9:50 PM EST: Beautiful Boy (Darling Boy) by John Lennon, on:

Lennon Legend: The Very Best of John Lennon.

17. Anyway, so the cars were probably shaking their heads at me because I was smoking, or happy that I was paying attention to the stop light. One of the two.
18. I crossed the crosswalk (and yes I know these are not medications right now, but I decided I needed paragraphs to explain this story.
19. A few cars honked at me. I ignored them. I looked both ways at crosswalks. I tried to let cars go that would have been more efficient to have gone than to wait for me.
20. I walked to the parking lot of my illegally parked, but un-ticketed new Green 2001 Volvo that my Dad purchased, sort of leant, to me for \$4500. I had to throw a crying tantrum for him to let me get it because he wanted to buy me something more reliable, but I was also hyperventilating about the Zac situation at the time, and the fact that I had to be dealing with the car disaster, it was crushed by a tree in a blizzard which I for some reason felt responsible for, but didn't really care, about the blizzard, or about the car, or both. (currently: 9:55 PM EST and Cecelia by Simon and Garfunkel is playing from their Greatest Hits, my favorite of their albums—from my youth! Thanks M&D, mom & Dad.)
21. People seemed to stare at me walk to my car, and I don't know if it's because I looked odd, familiar, hot, crazy, or what, but I was happy to see my car. I took my syllabus off the dash which I had put there in case I was ticketed. I do not have permission to park in that lot, but UMass doesn't seem to have the time to care, or doesn't care.
22. Then I listened to NPR 88.5, happily. I felt a little responsible for some of the things they were talking about, and happy of the result, to some extent, aside from the political office not getting ANYthing.
23. Sorry Obama, this damn system needs changing, it's not you! Unless there ARE a lot

- of things YOU guys aren't telling us. Likely.  
Anyway...
24. I took the scenic way to Hadley, as taught to me by Mark Leidner, thank you Mark. But I forgot to look at the "Deady" tombstone. I was trying to ensure to the driver behind my that I was actually following the speed limit, and they should too. (Oh, this song is so good too! You Can't Always Get What You Want: The Rolling Stones, on: Singles Collection: The London Years)
  25. Then I took a quick turn after some time back onto Route 9, pulled into a Dunkin Doughnuts gas station because it was on the more convenient side of the road and they have a lovely cigarette variety.
  26. I pulled into the very last stall on the left with my green Volvo. Because I unlocked the doors once, but not twice (you have to unlock it with the key or the "key button" on the driver-side door to fully unlock all the doors, which is nice for a dyslexic) I was able to open my gas hatch and pump it. I can put the number in here later when I look at the receipt, but it was somewhere's around \$50 of gas. Damn. But I do live a certain far amount of miles from campus. Though my Volvo tells me it averages at 30 some mph. I don't drive all that often.
  27. ANYWAY. So I finished up with that and was feeling a little chilly w/ only my scarf hood and bare arms and pants and socks and boots on, and a shirt of course, well actually a couple.
  28. Then I went inside after adding a farmer-type fitted H&M maroon-check button-up, of the fleece variety, making sure I had my wallet, etc. SCREENSHOT. 10:07.
  29. Then I bought a big ole Fiji Water, 2 peach cigars, an Elmer Fudd-type ear-flap hat that the day of the blizzard was \$5 and this time was now \$15.99, as much as Fucking Target, damn Trends., but which is getting SO in style out here!, with the program, cuz we're cool fuckin' kids and we know it, but we're not cocky. or whatever, and I also bought Grape-

- flavored 5 Hour Energy, which I downed as soon as I got into the car, which was after asking if they gave cash-back, which they didn't, and then neither my Fucking Wells Fargo account or my TD account had enough money to give me cash back, but that's ok because it was going to give me a lot of fees for using that ATM. But I was trying to think ahead by getting cash. Oh well.
30. So then I swore aloud, quietly, and said: Fucking Wells Fargo! (Turn! Turn! Turn! By the Byrds (remastered) cough, didn't work. Fine. Command, shift, 3 = SCREENSHOT (is that the right combo? I know it when I do it.)
  31. I had a hard time getting out of the gas station because it had gotten so full there, like every stall had a car in it and I kept getting in everyone's way as I tried to leave, or they were in my way, or whatever, and all I wanted was to smoke another cigarette because I was a bit angry and anxious, but happily listening to NPR.
  32. Ugh this story is long but I want to write it now.
  33. So I downed the Fiji while smoking and while paying very careful attention to speed limits and the flow of my driving because I thought people were one of two things: 1. Judging me for smoking 2. Judging me because my plates are from MN or 3. Thought I was drunk or insane, or something else?
  34. Great song! Tue 10:15PM SCREENSHOT.  
You're My Best Friend by: Queen on: A Night At The Opera
  35. Then I carefully smoked filtered cigarettes from my yellow pack of American Spirits and put them out in my Trader Joes mint container. Which I read an article that Trader Joes does not treat it's global workers that well. So I'm torn about them.
  36. I finally got home around, assuming, 5? 6? I don't even know, and my cat immediately ran up to my door. Sometimes she sits outside it. Why doesn't she scratch to get in anymore?
  37. I had to clean some things out of the Cottage because I felt like I was making it too "mine"

- and not a “communal space” which was the whole idea all along.
38. Anyway.
  39. I got my shit out. Put most of it in my room. Fed the cat clean water and more dry food which she hates, but Target wouldn't let me buy the cat food I had planned on buying for her. But it's probably for the better. I told them the other day that I was never shopping again. Or maybe only shopping online.
  40. ANYWAY
  41. Then I filtered a whole jug of water from the bathroom sink while Miele was locked in my room.
  42. As I walked out the mail room, I saw Debbie and Nicky getting out of the car. Debbie said “Goodnight” to Nick or me? It was unclear, but probably Nick. I said “Hello!” in a sort of nice way, though I was about to cry.
  43. I quickly put my things in my room in the dark and somehow got the cat to stay in the room at the same time. (Eleanor Rigby is playing – Live At New York City, by: Paul McCartney SCREENSHOT then cough, better, I think I hear snoring?)
  44. PHEW. So I took the water jug inside and yeah, I already told you this part.
  45. AAAGH. I took these medicines after going into the main bathroom and somehow avoiding everyone in the house.
  46. An old, expired Tylenol Cold/Flu
  47. A Lamitrogen (I think?), which means Claritin, which is allergy medicine.
  48. Water from the faucet
  49. I brushed my teeth with Wicked flavor Tom's All Natural Toothpaste
  50. I felt dizzy.
  51. I washed my face and body a bit w/ Dr. Brommer's Magical Body Wash stuff.
  52. Now Queen Somebody To Love is playing and it's 10:25 SCREENSHOT and I'm getting nervous because I have to stop typing to get all this shit done! AGH.
  53. The bed is still wet where I spilled my Monster Rehab, but I don't care anymore, it's dried a bit. I'm wearing real ballerina slippers

because they are more comfortable than slippers and I took ballet this past summer for a few weeks, and a few weeks in high school until I realized all the girls were like 12 and I was 15 and my best friend and all her friends were making fun of me, because there are glass windows, and they were all basically professionals, and I didn't want to take gymnastics, I wanted to take dance, but my sister was good at gymnastics. I had fun on the trampoline. Meh. So my mom bought me all the ballet stuff and then those girls were so mean in 9<sup>th</sup> grade. My friend Debbie's friends. Because maybe the girls in my class were actually like 8 and they didn't seem to care, but I was a beginner, but at that point in life age differences mattered more, and so did social stigma in highschool. I was a brat. They were brats. 15-year-olds are typically brats. It's cool. I got drunk for the first time at 16. At the U of M. And I made out with this really cute college dude. But he thought that was creepy. Because maybe I wasn't quite 16 yet, but like, in a couple weeks, even though I looked like a college freshman probably, and danced better than one at the club. My sister didn't trust the guy though, so he left at some point and me and my friends got drunker. The poster on the wall was so trippy. And I peed my pants on the bathroom floor because Kira wouldn't pee fast enough. I'm not sure why I didn't think to use the bathtub, but that seemed like the wrong place. Katie was helping clean the kitchen when this ruckus happened. Why am I telling this story now? Well, we ended up being fed some delicious mac and cheese and Kira poured a bowl of sugar in it and Katie was laughing with her and I pretended not to care because I love mac and cheese. (Man on the Run is playing. Oh. It's Band on the Run. And it's Paul McCartney & Wings on: Band On The Run. Which I did not know. SCREENSHOT. Cough. Too late to cover the sound.)

54. Ok so that was all the medication I took, but it was really hard to stomach. And I drank

- water, that whole bottle of Fiji and more from the Brita water filtered water from the faucet in the Pink bathroom slightly to the right of the Letter Room.
55. Someone drew: DANCE on the door. I think for me to notice. But I have work to do and it was dark and I'm trying to get work done tonight, but I am writing.
  56. OH! BEST SONG! A Well Respected Man, the Kinks, from the album Kinda Kinks. I can't find this Vinyl at any shop. It must have been a keeper. "Cause he's oh so good. And he's OH SO FINE.... A well respected man about town, doing the best thing so conservatively, or so..."
  57. But anyway, I ate some cheese that was probably bad with crackers, but don't the French leave cheese out too? To the air? It WAS packaged. It was mushroom brie, champignon. I threw it out because I do feel ill. I think I have the flu. But I'm busting through it.
  58. ANOTHER AMAZING SONG! SCREENSHOT. Across The Universe (Demo) on: Anthology 2 (I'm using Pandora and the station I made is called: The Beatles Radio)
  59. It's 10:39 PM EST, Tuesday November 15, 2011
  60. I'm going to eat some more crackers and drink some more water, and then I'm hoping to smoke. I did buy those two peach cigars for tonight so I could smoke inside. Mmm.
  61. Miele was inside.
  62. Then she went outside.
  63. I have to pee.
  64. I'm going to go and pee.
  65. And smoke and look for my cat.
  66. Then I am going to finish the Loft Catalog.
  67. Then I am going to finish grading student essays.
  68. Then I'm going to try and catch up with readings from my Fiction workshop w/ Jedediah Berry.
  69. #Aout

70. Drive My Car (Live At New York City) by:  
Paul McCartney on: Good Evening New York  
City is playing.
71. #soundoffsave
72. weird stuff just happened outside. I woke up  
our neighbors. I shouldn't have flushed. Oops!
73. Back to the Loft. 10:57 PM EST.
74. TRYING TO BREATHE
75. Gonna take an Atavan.
76. Think I may be sick.
77. IMAGINE is playing apparently. And I heard  
someone whistle outside. I feel sick.
78. STILL RECORDING on Garage Band. 10:59
79. Atavan time.
80. Cracker time.
81. Music Time.
82. Damn cats.
83. I just don't want anyone to run her over  
outside.
84. And she is my muse.
85. I'd like to listen to the music but I'm afraid  
she's going to scratch her way out again.
86. SCREENSHOT of what I'm missing.
87. Cats next to me now.
88. Crackers chewing.
89. Fan a-blowin'.
90. And I can listen on my headphones.
91. Skull Candy (the brand)
92. SCREENSHOT
93. I think maybe my Twitter posted the post I  
commented on earlier. Whoops!
94. Voices outside?
95. SCREENSHOT of the music I now AM  
listening to. (SHA LA LA LA LA LA LA TI DA...  
repeat)
96. Did I hear another whistle outside? Or my  
imagination?
97. AGH! #outfancysave
98. Damn cat. She's on her own. If she pushes  
hard enough the door will open. It's not  
latched.
99. I think I'm making myself sick in my head  
thinking about all the normal meds I took and  
the expired Tylenol cold that who knows  
what temps it has been through. I hope its

- chemical composition hasn't changed like  
Yahoo answers warned.
100. Going to forget that I already have to  
pee AGAIN after just going, because I'm  
drinking so much water. And I'm going to  
light this peach cigarillo and try and get ALL  
this work done. EEK! 12:09 AM EST. 10 hours  
to go...
101. Peter... you better be sleeping. ☹️ Yea,  
I have to do my job too. Are you talking to  
me? Listening to: Quiet Company, We Are All  
Where We Belong? "You Me and the  
Boatman." On Grooveshark. Lana sent me a  
letter sometime before her birthday anything  
got to her. ☹️ Love you Lana! ☹️ "Let's live to  
love and love to live..."
102. Yes. I'm in love. Ok?
103. Whatever, audience in my head.
104. I HAVE WORK TO DO. LOT'S OF IT.  
AND I SLEPT 12 HOURS LAST NIGHT! I'm all  
off kilter.
105. I'm ok. I'm ok. I'm ok. I'm ok. I'm ok.  
I'm ok. I'm ok. I'm ok. I'm ok. I'm ok.
106. I'm ok.
107. And I've got to pee every flipping  
second because of these energy  
drinks. ☹️
108. The track: "Preaching to the Choir  
Invisible, Part 1" is distracting me. Lyrics: We  
belong!!!!!! OHHHHHhhhh..... 1:06 AM Wed  
11/16/11.
109. FOCUS.
110. FOCUS.
111. FOCUS.
112. UGH.
- 113.
114. Special international insense.
115. A cigarette.
116. A safe candle.
117. Holding in the pee til the feeling goes  
away for a while.
118. WORK.
119. A white lighter in reach.
120. Comfortable and not going to the  
bathroom for at least like an hour.... Keep  
waking everybody up! NO ONE IS

- WATCHING. NO ONE IS WATCHING.  
EVERYONE IS SLEEPING. EVERYONE IS  
SLEEPING. ☹ SCREENSHOT Wed. 1:17 AM.
121. Well I got \$ George. "I got my mind set  
on you." (Harrison SCREENSHOT) I so have to  
pee again. ☹ Damn energy drinks. And I'm  
#trying to do it right. #tryingrealhard.
122. Should I just go pee again?
123. That would make a mess with this  
setup. (obviously I meant "in" the bathroom...  
duh!)
124. How many abilify do I have to take to  
get work done and stop having to pee? Less  
energy drinks? Wine? The wine might have  
spiders in it. I found another one earlier. In  
the bowl in the cottage. What if there are  
poisonous ones?
125. Fine. You sleepin'? You want me to  
sleep? I slept 12 hours last night. I gotta f'in  
pee! And I took the tampon out. It WAS red.  
Not a fiction. ☹
126. Beatles, I AM learning.
127. Was I? By whom?  
(perverted/inverted) – talking to the song.  
I'm not staging a thing.
- 128.
129. Aging. K. So I can go and pee again?  
SCREENSHOT again. Wish I was on the 99<sup>th</sup>  
floor sometimes. Another SCREENSHOT. ☹
- 130.
131. #closingwindowWORDforMac
132. #fancysave

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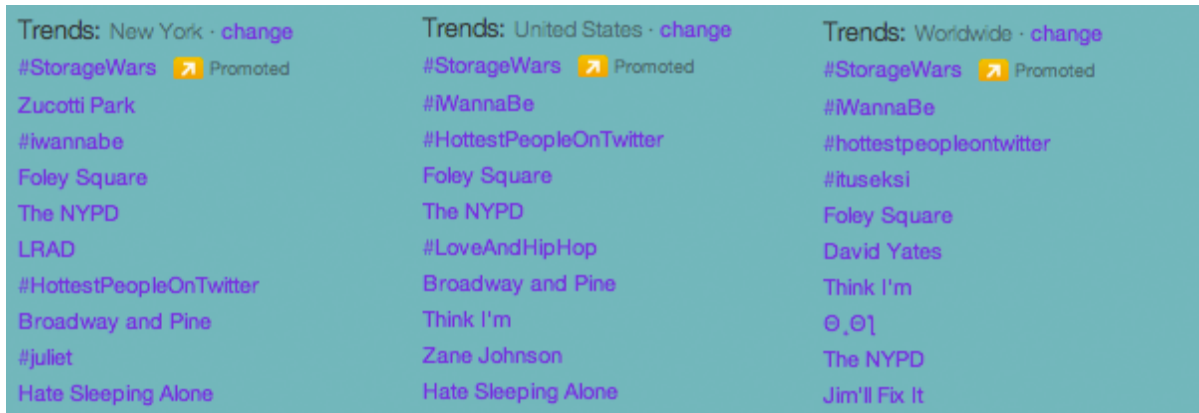
NOV. 15, 12:30 P.M.

## [In which Occupy Wall Street \(though not #occupywallstreet\) finally trends on Twitter](#)

*More evidence that Twitter's algorithm rewards spikes over steadiness.*

By [Megan Garber](#)

Email



I wrote last month about new research analyzing why #occupywallstreet, despite its trajectory as a political event and despite its seeming prevalence on Twitter, never became a trending topic in the epicenter of the movement: New York. Last night's occupation of the occupation — the NYPD's evacuation of Zuccotti Park in lower Manhattan, apparently at the behest of the (public) park's (private) owners — has changed that...sort of. The Occupy movement trended in the U.S. and (for a brief moment early this morning, Eastern time) globally. That's not surprising — the evacuation was and is important news, and it's being copiously documented on Twitter, by participants and journalists alike — but it offers evidence that would

seem to support [the theory](#) put forward by SocialFlow's [Gilad Lotan](#) to explain #occupywallstreet's trend truancy: that Occupy Wall Street's steady growth over time, as a movement and as a subject for discussion on Twitter, might have actually hurt its chances to trend. Since [trending isn't just about volume](#), but also (and [apparently more so](#)) about the changing velocity of the usage of a given term or hashtag, Twitter's algorithm rewards spikes over steadiness. And last night's raid of Zuccotti — and the flurry of reporting and commentary it occasioned on Twitter — provided a prime opportunity, it seems, for just that type of spike.

However. It's noteworthy that #occupywallstreet itself, the umbrella tag, *still* didn't trend. Nor did #ows, or any of the other broader terms of the movement. Instead, it was specific #ows terms — "[Zucotti Park](#)" [misspelled], "[The NYPD](#)," "[Foley Square](#)" [the spot where OWSers evacuated to], and "[Broadway and Pine](#)" — that trended, along with

trendtastic classics

like [#HottestPeopleOnTwitter](#), [#iwannabe](#), and (aw) [“Hate Sleeping Alone.”](#)

Again, further evidence, it seems, that Spikiness is more important than Stickiness when it comes to trending terms.

The bigger question here is whether trending actually matters. And the broad answer is that it doesn't, much. Occupy Wall Street — though, as a movement, it relies on social media both to spread and to amplify its messages — doesn't need to trend on Twitter to get the word out. It has other ways to do that. Still, trending topics are pretty much the mother of all hashtags; in that, they're one-stop-shops for the ideas that matter, across communities, at a specific moment in time. For a movement like Occupy Wall Street — like [#occupywallstreet](#) — that kind of convening power matters. And, given some [conspiracy theories](#) that have accused Twitter of censoring activist efforts on its platform, it's worth noting that the latest evidence tracks with [what Twitter has been saying](#) all

along: that trending topics, more than anything else, “reward discussions that are new to Twitter.”

[More on Twitter](#)



Twitter is a social network and microblogging platform. The service is built on 140-character messages called tweets, which live on the web and can be read by anyone, although some users opt to make their accounts private. Twitter also allows...

**WHAT TO READ NEXT**

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Producer Picks #Audiofiles The

**PRODUCER PICKS**

## Forever debt, but that's okay

In July 2011, the folks from *Lensphot Magazine*, a 48-hour magazine p same thing with radio. In one of the stories from *the resulting podcast*, C about a life of debt and how it hasn't stunted him, except for one time.

ANDREW PHELPS **NOVEMBER 15, 2011**

### Hear this: Audiofiles aims to make radio more shareable, discoverable

A new site (with a Lab connection) tries to create a way for radio fans to find great content.

# A Response to Human Kindness

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

It's interesting that Occupy Oakland was saved from a SWAT raid though (early Monday morning), wait, which last night are we talking about? The hashtag for that, which I was following, was #occupyoakland, because I didn't know that was happening a week (or a couple?) ago – and TweetDeck kept informing me (screens popping up on my Mac in the right corner) on Monday morning around 4AM EST, when I woke up to start working. The situation seemed dire, so, as a naive, yet somewhat experienced citizen journalist and social media guru, I felt called to help. Eventually my profile was inaccessible and I could only post on Ustream at the time. But Twitter owns TweetDeck, and apparently, my feed just needed to catch up with my pace. Because of the seeming urgency of the situation, #OO became the main hashtag I could use to repost seemingly urgent tweets from others I was following who were--though parents of some had been warned by email of a raid--still at the scene, mobile, and in danger of another "Christopher Square"-type event happening right here, again, on American soil. In a not sarcastic, and not rude way, I have to say...When -will- we ever learn? What -will- it take for us to recognize human beings, and animals even, as beings that feel pain, nomatter their sex, genotype, etc.? When will that day come? I'm going to the Goodwill this week. And Target, I know you left me a message, same to you Wells Fargo, but I'm not going to deal with you anymore. I tried. I'm done. I have work to do. And a novel to somehow organize through my dyslexia. Thanks for listening. I (in a not funny/joking way) <3, heart, love, etc. you all for caring!

Cheers!

Ashley Ellen

Now back to work...(and sorry...I've had a rough last couple of months breaking it off with my fiancé of three years--he's a good guy, we just are too similar!--but some things have to come to an end, there are still some ((not dead or oily or farmed)) fish in the sea; I'm confident in that! I've seen one. ;) And no, I'm not usually sarcastic or rude, and no I'm not "manic" right now, but sometimes I think I may come off that way, ? anyway, sorry, about a lot of things, and yes, this is normal for my writing, and

yes I'm 25, and yes I'm learning grammar too, and yes I used to be an artist, and yes, I still am that too, but right now, mostly, I'm a FICTION student, and instructor of College Writing (and my class is doing awesome!) 99% of the time at UMass Amherst.).

# Ok. So You Want To Be An Astronaut

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Ok. So you want to be an astronaut. Be an  
ASTRONAUT. Ok. So you want to be an airline pilot?  
BE AN AIRLINE PILOT! You're never too old to be a  
kid again! And we're dancing! And we're not dancing.  
We're done. And we're clapping. 1989 The  
Philharmonic, best known waltzes the Voices of Spring.  
Freulien. Which means Spring. Very little is known  
about him. Vienna; primarily. Clarinet; Chelo. Steven  
Huff; piano. And this sounds like a clarinet or a piano,  
but who knows? Do YOU? I don't. Well do I? DO I? I  
don't think so. Maybe.

What do you know?

I know that the outside looked like Orien was lassowing  
some belt-like star. Is that Mayan? ? Who knows?

A WALTZ?

Did you say WALTZ?

Si. I said waltz. Si senora. I wish I could make an  
accent-y thing so quickly.

Can't. So quickly. Too fast?

Fast.

Speed limits.

Follow them.

When necessary.

But; ambulances; aren't they always in a hurry?

A cry for help?

Yes.

Yes.

OH!

Oh.

OHQ

OH!

Uh oh.

We're dancing again!

EEEEEEK!

Dun dun dun dun dun.

Harmonica's?

No.

Pictures.

Toodles. Twiddles. Twaddles.

WE CAN'T HEAR THEM ANYMORE.

Well we can.

Well you can.

OK. We both can hear them.

Cigarettes?

Can we hear those?

Do they crackle?

Are they for children?

No. Are firecrackers?

Sometimes.

When?

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July?

Le quatorze Julliet?

Le cinq de Mayo?

Le diciembre de cinquante?

Oh, euh, oh, uh, euh, bleu? Blue. Blow. Blow. Blohw.  
BLOW. Like CABLOWY. Like owey. Like boo boos.

Like Bozo? The clown? Si. Oui. Si. Senor. Sennnor.

SNOR.

SNORRY.

Sorry.

Snowwy?

Snowy?

Snow-y?

SNOW-Y?

SNOWEY?

Oui. Snow-y; like snort. Like gruntle.

Ok. So you want to be a writer? Ok. So be it. So. BE. IT.  
I AM. SEEEEEEE? Or an artist? I AMMMMMM SEEEE!

SEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! I was showing you but it was  
taking too long to load. LOUD? Oui. Sometimes. Me?  
Oui. Forte. Like music? Oui. Si. Like musica. Similare.  
Sim-i-lAR-ey. Similaray.

See? Same? Different? Same? Different? A dance? A  
ballet? A waltz? A SCREENSHOT? Ok. I took them  
already. Those. Screens? Shots? Both? Oui. They  
MADE me! Ok. Really. Someone did. I. Did. I guess I  
made myself take the medicine. The Medicine. La  
medicina. Le medicine. La mechanica. Le mechanic.  
Les mechaniques.? Wrong?

O.

Oy vay.

Yiddish?

Preggo.

Pachinko.

An ice skater?

There was one.

Once.

A dancer?

Once.

Is SOMEONE recording this?

I am.

Oh.

Oooops.

Not all the time.

Did I tell you that?

Should I?

Are you?

Listening?

What?

Listening?

Are you blind?

Apparently.

Today.

The blurries.

Flurries.

Blurriness.

Medicine.

Abilify.

Abilities.

Make go.

Make old.

Make art.

Make fire.

Make tea.

Make.

Move.

Love.

Oui.

See?

Yes.

Close.

REAL CLOSE.

Dance.

Play.

Piano.

SeE?

Make art.

Make music.

Make children's books.

Watch EMPIRE Records. The movie. From the early  
nineties? Is that right? Dougie Houser?

Loading?

Load?

TOO quickly?

TOO slowly?

Just right?

Eddie Who?

Woody who?

Harrelson?

Allen?

Debbie?

Which one?

All of them.

Dancers.

All.

You too?

Me too.

Me likey.

Me likely.

Now?

Sleep?

Smoke.

Pause.

End.

X

o.

Xmas.

Jewish?

Mayan?

Oui?

Me too.

Catho-lique?

Nah. Haven't gotten that far.

That's a lot of work.

Practice.

Family effort.

We went to a reformed church in Eagan. Called Peace.

My grandma and grandpa have a memorial there. They are remembered. Remember? An eternal flame? Oui. See. Si. Jose. Hosey. Hose. Ay. Oui. Si. See. Goodnight.

Moons.

SCREAMING laughter. SEX? Uh oh. What do we do about that topic?

Sensor?

The wind?

The world?

The what?

The music?

The tents?

Occupy what?

Our minds?

That would be difficult though. Wouldn't it? With everyone listening? Have you done it before? Yes.

How bout now? Can you hear me?

I'm gonna smoke.

The music in the store earlier told me...cried to me. Can't find cigarettes?

I made one.

.

.

.



#OMG

#!

#.

Dancing again! Ballet, clarinets! Jazz ensemble. Chelo.  
Pipesicchord. Harsichorde. Harmonica! Wait, who's on  
kazoo? Ha! Ha can't breathe.

Stopping.

And here is how we stop.

This is how we do it.  
Teah.

# Another Day

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

Another day...

Nov. 18. Morning to me. 4:49PM Friday EST.

Alanis Morisset, Ironic comes into my head. I watch the video, it is perfect.

Before that The Kinks Well Respected Man was playing and Zac "Liked It".

Then after I saw this reaction I immediately put on the tune Under Pressure, by Queen. The original video from the classic album is GREAT!

Pictures were posted.

Pumkins missed.

Hearts unwind.

Like spades  
In the  
Dark  
Heart

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

A balloon string.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

De balon rouge etait un bon film. Oui!

# Blank # 56 in *From The Book of Grace*

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

This was once a page that was Blank and # 56 in *From  
The Book of Grace*.

# Never Comes The Day

*By Ashley Ellen Evelyn Edmonson Goetz*

**Air On A G-String by Claude Debussy and  
Michael Silverman is playing on iTunes.**

The day it ends is today. Perpetual Summer; hello;  
goodnight moon.

# HOW TO TELL IF YOUR PLANE IS FALLING FROM THE SKY:

*BY ASHLEY ELLEN EVELYN  
EDMONSON GOETZ*

Are you on a plane that is upside down?

Is the plane you are on waffling in the air, dropping miles, pulling G's?

Are you on a plane that is on fire?

Are you on a plane that is submerged in water?

Are you even on a plane?

**You are indeed on a plane that is falling from the sky. But you've lived a good life. Enjoy the fall.**

