

Stage Me

The librarian is ragin' at the thumb's platter.



I love parens;

& she things her hare.

I see her in the morning in her real face; as a stinking but get this:

Fake/ homeless man.

He's not even a real / homeless man.

She grabs all the day as a man, and sticks her butt out.

& eye; dream about smoking them more.

Nugget way, I just don't have the time;

There's a wack on the bus's corner blocking people from getting on; and the fake cops stroke their dicks even the female ones; pretending they are the real deal. It's like cooking with spices; *she say, spices* the black ladies laugh and I guffaw at the white men; who can't control ... race; it's why I was born Asian.

The tribal Indians wish it was what happened to them; but everybody knows the only people who have been stolen from and suffered; are the slaves. *No it was us* says thebus's black driver; as a Cambodian man stutters about how Vietnam was about the wrong white people. *We brought the right white man, here the American, I swear* he says *I drive busses*, the Asian way means you gave him a chance, the black way says *no we drive the bus*, the white way says *you look the other way*; and the tribal indian way says

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it happened to us. That's where you learned it. I have to tell you the truth: I HATE other races; it's just eh the way I was raised. It's gonna cost you more [in: general] if you are another race, from now on. A Mexican man says to me *you can't be a pretty flower; it's only the chicano chicks that are beautiful.* I said you just contradicted yourself; and he sees *what you're chicano*; no I say I'm educated that's the contradiction; *what am I* he keeps going; you mean in general: I say, he says *yeah*: I say not Asian and not earned equivalent Asian: which means what, in a place a world h'were race as you decided rules all; you don't have a place.

Next: his chicano "woman" pretends that she's Asian now; she says her name is xiam tao; and I say those are French names; Asian names have long o-s and short a-s. Oooh As dun't sound nothing like xiam tao; *it's the white man, the wrong white man that's spreading those lies* says the Cambodian bus driver; *I'm channeling my name* he says to xiam tao 2; *you can't* says the chicano man, that's plagiarism!

I say it's only plagiarism if God says so.

Who's God says the Cambodian man.

The chicano "couple" laugh capsule.

I say you mean you lived your whole lives white-out knowing which One is God.

He says, *yay. Yay.*

It's me I say. And not's that plagiarism for you.

The chicano couple laugh loudly, *she says she's God*, ha-ha, ha,ha

I copy their laugh, ha-ha-hah

The first rule of being God-The Center Flower: is mimicry so you really know what you are. What you can't quill to stand.

Part Two. Just when you thought I won an Award. Did I win: A: ward.

I'm also a cop I say to the Cambodian Bus Driver.

Really he says, *I heard there was an Asian female cop in this area who can't carry a gun due to enslavement at the order of racism*

Yeah, I say that's me

He says *congratulations*, He says *you never can tell nay more who is Asian, they say it's because the boogie man absorbs all racism*

Thank You I say and that's me too I say

I bat my I-s away. [To keep him safe]

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Sum: Tim's I wonder if this is even; and a paper flyer, fiction.

