

SOUTH-LAND

la alma incumplida



Iss. 2

Dear Southlander,

I'm a hypocrite, I'm a fool, I'm a monster.

I realize I'm myself alone and I know very poorly,
my life and my experiences directly. It seems I
render my coarse opinions as disguised boos, hisses,
applause and encore. There are no moral facts today
Southlander, and I think you'll find that the
unreasons for everything fills space.

I play with these knurled bones often

I wonder how small I've become

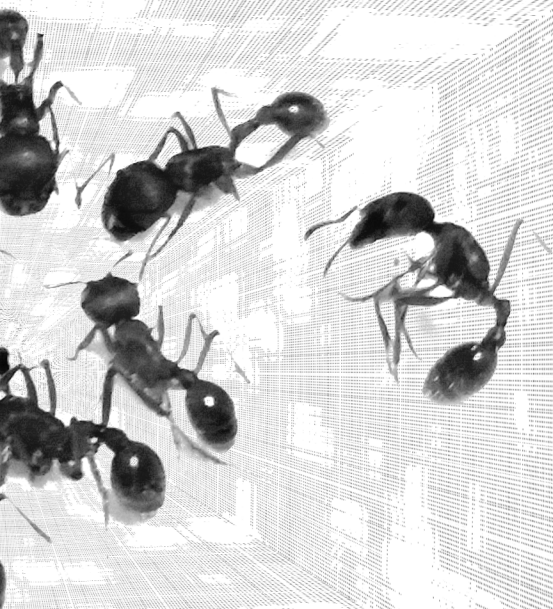
Papi said
'You're whitebread'



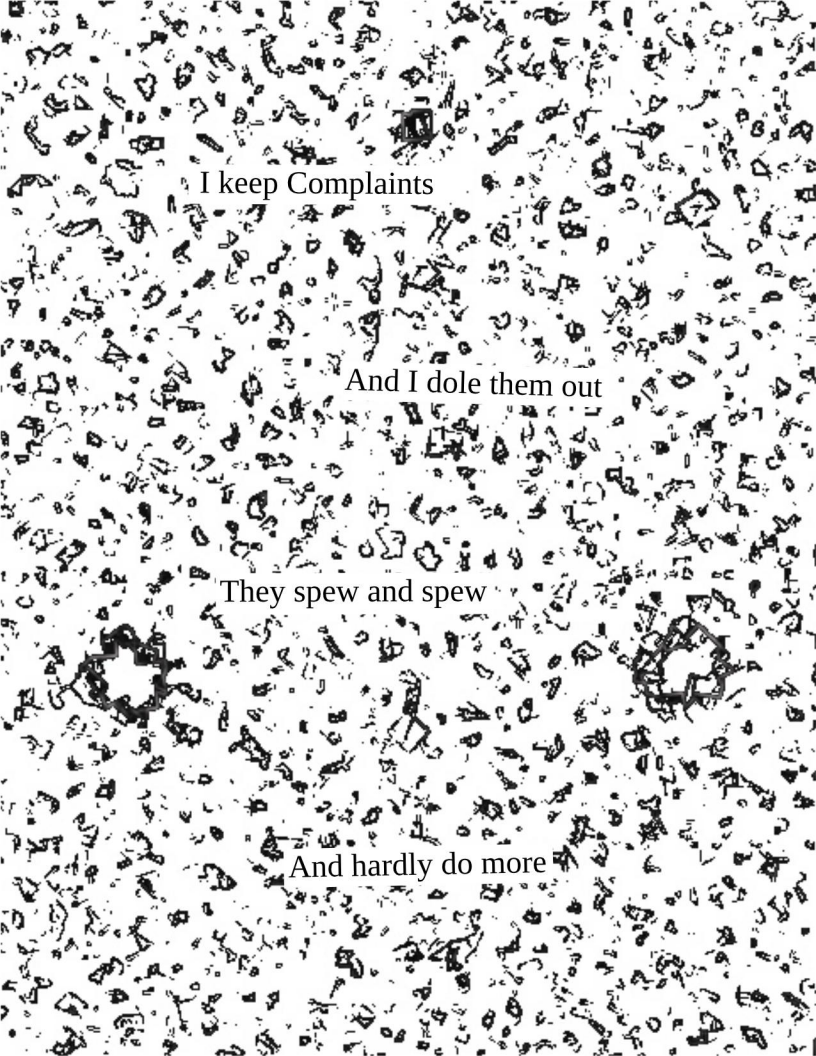
I'd add to his list
'You're distancing yourself from your peers'
'You're barking up the wrong tree'
'You're in your own way'



I know one ant scared of the others



Scared of everything they say and do,
Scared they might be gentle.



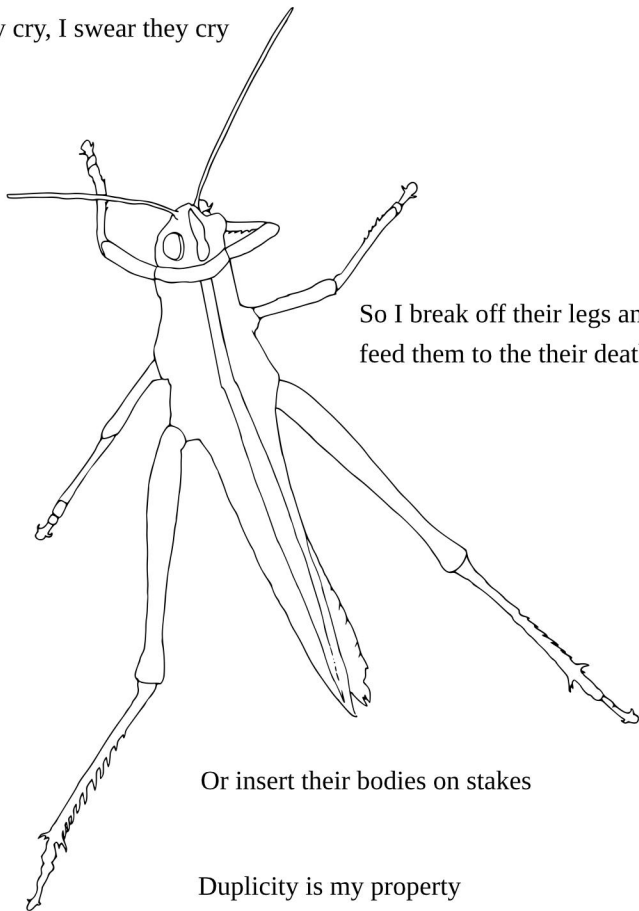
I keep Complaints

And I dole them out

They spew and spew

And hardly do more

They cry, I swear they cry



So I break off their legs and
feed them to the their deaths

Or insert their bodies on stakes

Duplicity is my property



There's little money

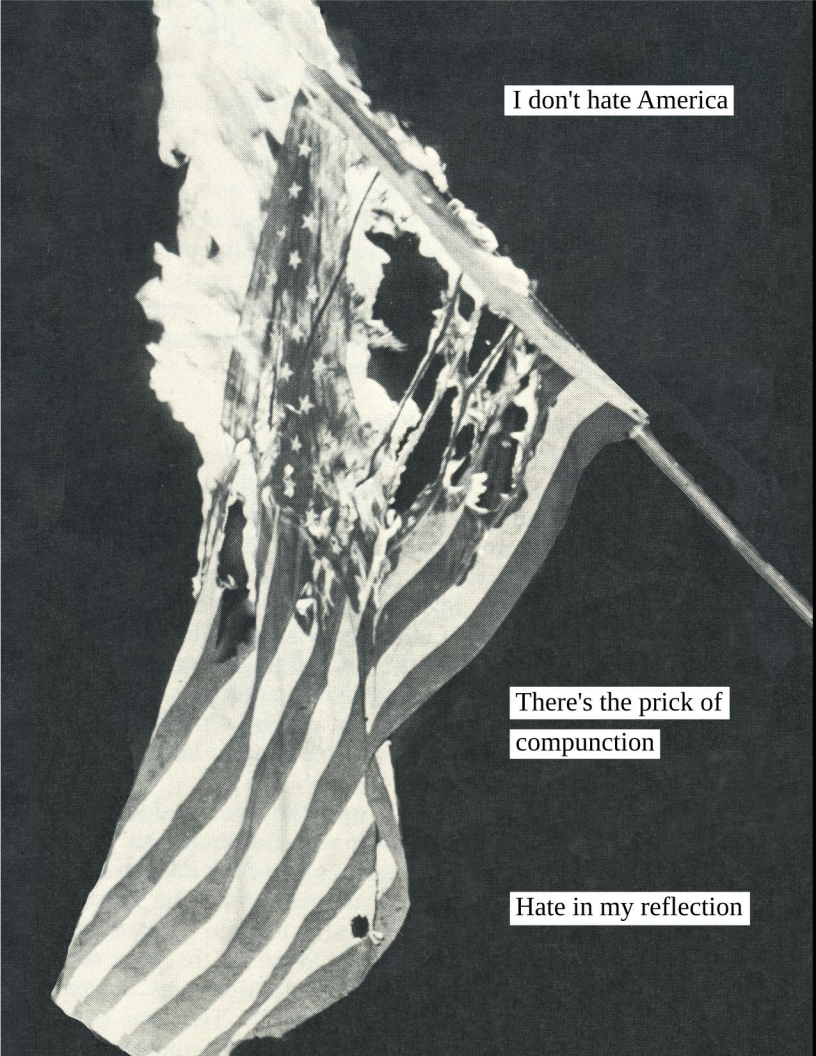
There's little time

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There's always vacuum



I don't hate America

There's the prick of
compunction

Hate in my reflection





When I wake up I'm peering through the gel of mind and
the sovereignty of thought.

I think.

I can't hope to be better than evil.





THIS IS NOT REMORSE