# POSTHUMOUS NOTES

## MIDNIGHT NOTES VOLUME IV NUMBER 1

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Mid	night Notes	S :	
PUBLISHED BY TH	HE MIDNIGHT NOTE	ES COLLECTIVE	
MIDNIGHT NOTES P.O. Box 204 Jamaica Plaine MA 02130	VOL.IV, #1	PAST ISSUES: \$1.50 Vol. II, #1: The Work/Energorisis and the Apocalypse Vol. II, #2: Space Notes	ergy pse
SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$4.00 for 3 issues	MAY 1983	Vol. III, #1: Computer Sonotes	tate
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No thanks to the Bostonian S "Boston Massacre" for ten do Revere himself.	ociety who sold llars, continui	us a photo of Paul Revere's ng a tradition started by	
NB: the symbols attacking the newly emerging utopian socie More on this society in the	ty called "Bolo	grams of the language of a Bolo".	

#### 1977

The dead remember everything, why should they need to forget? Remember the blue box of subscribers' addresses, remember the tears and pushing on the stoop, just remember the shadows of cups after the final devious meeting.

The dead can be such a drag. They cry at their impotence, stretch their hands out to us so imploringly, so dramatically,

"O if only we could tell you." Stroke our arms then just laugh and laugh since they don't need to care. They are so emotionally immature, shadowing our gestures an inch to the left of them,

humming over our talking, just can't keep themselves from smiling at our naivete,

as we so seriously stumble into abysses we don't even know we've fallen into. The dead are sick of our defeat foretold and retold

word for word from each of the once loved comradely mouths that are now so hated, the very thought of folding lip into lip turns them grey and cancerous. The dead finally lie with us

in our lonesome beds to rise on an elbow putting a palm on the long nightmare of dawn.

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Sleazy, conniving, stretching her tentacles to the remotest cells of your flesh comes the piovra savoring in her contortions the feast of blood promised by your shaking limbs.

> Persistence is her virtue the relentless persistence of a cannibal who knows your life is the only meal he'll ever get.

Nothing can put her off, all retreats deliciously wetting her inexhaustible appetite.

> She lays relaxed only when sure she's got you in her reach. As your veins open and, drop by drop, your blood is spilling, she even assumes a detached posture, eating you up with the casual indifference of a well-fed god.

At last, when of your head, arms, entrails nothing remains but a big belch she closes, momentarily satisfied, her innumerable eyes.

> She then sprawls, to blissfully digest the precious juices of your self, restoring in her acquired oblivion her infinite will to kill.

### THERE IS A

## **SPECTRE**

**HAUNTING...**