Note 16

there are neighbors who grow to hate so much they build their own fences side by side with four feet between such men often bear a grudge for a lifetime and sometimes sit in the same pub back to back never uttering a single word or grunt to one another that might mean excuse me never and i too sweetheart carry this grizzled prairie thing inside me like a tapeworm i'm sorry that i now walk upwind from you whenever you're near

Note 19

i abandon poetry now for an etching needle and old paint brushes resting for five years too many forms crowd my brain and struggle to be freed and you love will find your place among them the way picasso murdered every one of his women by drowning them in paint and the sharp angles of hell

Andrew Suknaski
(From Suicide Notes, Book II, an abandoned work)