

Alexandra Kulik

**I just jam toilet paper in my ears and read the bible and miss everyone**  
A poem by Bob Kulik, erased by his daughter

Night before:

Got lost  
Called for help  
Boy, will she be pissed.

*Well*

it's time  
I got some homework.  
I'll be a great kiss ass,  
and [she] will get her social security.

--

They threw out my eye wash.  
7 smokes left.  
I guess  
It's better than starving out in the cold.

*keep the radio.*

~Into the dark past~  
2 times a day  
2 pills  
"learn to shut up,"  
If I had all the answers I wouldn't be here.

--

1st step:

the dizziness  
of what I've been missing...

a good morning  
looked like  
a blackout  
now I must learn patience;

today is visiting day  
no one is coming.

--

*Voodoo Child in the background*

Mon. day 5:  
Read morning prayers,  
I kind of feel  
grounded  
(maybe it's a test)  
My head  
was good until  
they came in and repossessed  
music,

now  
the madness of  
totally silent  
only 3 alcoholics  
the rest heroin addicts,

The Bible,  
Brother Earl Street Talk,  
Dinner,  
...thank god for milk.

--

! Dream last night:  
69 Electra  
I'm coming down  
semi-peaceful  
in Texas,  
wishing I could find a job and stay.  
Forced to stand outside,  
spying on her  
Christmas tree.

*Home*

My room is exactly across  
*the kids*  
The blast of the TV,  
courts, felonies, drugs,  
The pay phone ringing  
“Hopefully we can  
release some  
of that  
horrible childhood.”  
I jam toilet paper in my ears  
and pray for the family.

--

Mon. day 12:  
starting over my days

wake up to  
someone reading.  
I don't remember  
a lot  
of what is  
great

but they brought in a new girl.  
She  
looks like alex.  
My heart  
got lucky.

Found a cross  
in the bathroom  
(Tom's)  
it tries everything  
to cheer him up.

Sure miss the kids.  
The nurse  
can't do anything about it.

7<sup>th</sup> step:  
remember, *I* built the shell.

Last day.  
You reap what you sow

--

Second day [home]:  
a place to  
dream of gas and sleep.  
I really messed up.  
I would like to apologize  
(tomorrow I'll be in jail)  
But one thing is good:

I hear Luke playing  
"She Cried Mary."  
*precious dream*;  
all I wanted to do in my life  
they are doing.

I thought back on  
not *being there*.

The damage...

they'd never  
believe it.