

MIKE KELLEY

From Plato's Cave
Booth's Chapel
Lincoln's Profile



Think of one donut lying on the plate at party's end. Isn't it impossible to think of only this one? The mind strives to encompass all the other donuts in the world—all of the donuts that HAVE been eaten. But not this one, this one has been ignored for some reason. People deny it what all other donuts have—the attention of hunger. Outcast! My eyes swell with tears of pity. What a crime. How can humanity be so cruel, so unfeeling? And why does no one but me notice the cruel and unjust exclusion? Why must I be the martyr? Why me? I'm SO full. Life is so hard. Whenever there is excess it is dumped on my shoulders. The job wasn't finished yet. Everyone should have been pulling together—now this, the awful expose, humanity is exposed as a mere collection of self-serving individuals. This shock of recognition is much more painful after being forgotten. Paradise in loss, Hell regained. Donut, could you forgive me if I let you lay? Could some other assume the role of the Good Samaritan? I already know the answer to that question. Wasn't the Good Samaritan he who was furthest in similarity to the one beaten and robbed? Aren't I the least similar to....

Donut, halo of batter, and one thing haloed is a painful sight. All the senses run from it. The wedding ring on its plate unfolds, in a flash of panic, eternity before the eyes. Bound to one image—endless binding images. Push me, pull me, tie me up and force me to look—a shotgun remedial reading course. Open the book and push the eyes from word to word. New things do need to be learned. Ah, freedom. Though the eye muscles are prodded in one direction, the mind runs in the other. Pain. Everything scrambles for cover and hides. And aren't the hidden bits more interesting anyway? Amidst the leafy green foliage, like Indians, their presence is felt but cannot be seen—only in tempting anticipatory flashes. What once was forced and painfully examined now swims freely in the murky Southern gumbo of life. Fish die when pulled from the water; when exposed, dimness struggles to stay alive.

RUBBER CHICKEN
(Squeaky if possible)

Why me? I'm SO full.

EXISTING NAIL or SCREW

WALL

* IF MULTIPLE OPTIONS
INSTALLER SELECTS.

CETILING

