

Caint aint Abel, PASTEL ON BROWN PAPER BAG

(from *Passionate Visions*
Self-Taught Artists from 1940 to the Present
San Diego Museum of Art, El Prado, Balboa Park)

However God made things knowd He made knowd He wanted Blood
which Abel brought in the Tupperware of his hands from the lamb he
kilt and God sait right Abel but to Caint He sait no your harvest aint
what I want but the Blood which foreshadows Jesus (God says I'm
goint to get an A on my story the structure with no sudden turns you
know but plotted for)

and if I can speak honestly with you God as instructor of this writing
class a little hard to take I mean you won't do nothin' but have it
your own way you're uncompromising if I can say so I mean I decide
what works for me if I have to jiggle the table a little well so does
everybody else we find a time now of trouble everybody suing and
saying so what it wasn't their fault just like no brother's keeper.

Blue House with People, BILL TRAYLOR,
COLORED PENCIL ON CARDBOARD

(Or Jum kicking the roof)

I watched the step of someone on the roof the chimney tall you could
desize it with your words he rode over its back to plow a field the wild
truth seed of God the next *infictive*. It was a pure step to ask the birds
to spread their wings for a tablecloth as if it were a holy ghost meeting
and the Lord dressed a stork with dolls and gave the birds your crumbs
saying *birdie birdie megwetch* for your wings.