

# On Generosity

Contributed by Unknown Until Revealed

ON GENEROSITY for H. Marshall Peter    NOT WHAT GIVEN NOT WHAT GIVEN NOW WHAT GIVEN  
 NOT is what came out of earth when we squeezed it like a pimple a tourniqueted banana or burn point it bled like  
 cotton like Joe Biltz before poverty but bent to the pretzel point, Hawaii say, someplace where the needy are whisked  
 away to spend their limited time tormented by our generosity fucking hounded by it to the point of apoplexy reeling with  
 pin pricks of good fortune in a hard bare bones Beckettian landscape: a cow, a dumpster, a dog in goggles, two  
 Samaritans approach absolutely glowing with compassion, suffused with the memory of the rush good works bring and  
 feed the indigent a cocktail of chill pills, suppository, of course, and when their anuses are chock-a-block stuffed with  
 pharmaceutical good cheer they vomit, confident that their peristaltic contraction won't hinder the joy absorption and the  
 drift to the faraway.    WARREN BUFFET GREASES THE CABBIE WITH A JACKSON THE man who just won 200  
 large with a seven/deuce hits him with a Franklin the four anarchists invite him to a party the guy carrying a cash register  
 says get us the fuck outta town and I'll split it with ya.    And now they're partners.          NOTHING GIVEN IS ENTIRE  
 UNTO ITSELF NO GIFT HOVERS IN air but is tethered to great sheets of billowing Dacron full of the prevailing mood-  
 habit-wind-placebo-excuse-rumor-desire-burn to feel better to get on top of that empathy lump and ride it all the way  
 down to a godlike granting of boon amongst those crowded on the dock waiting for that mythic ship to come in.    WHAT  
 YOU DON'T USE IS LEFTOVER.    HANDING THAT OUT IS merely not throwing away we'd throw all the uneaten pizza  
 in a box and put it out on the dumpster, gone in minutes almost warm Canadian Bacon and Pineapple, Pepperoni &  
 Prayer, and anchovies anchovies anchovies stuck in a mysterious cheesy mass aching with mushrooms, hormones, and  
 cheap first date angst.    WHAT YOU HAVE LEFT IS THE ONLY BAROMETER WORTH A shit.    So the halo's hard to  
 hoist lest you're willing to do without without without what?    Your own personal library?    Argh.    For that matter, I don't  
 want to do without an olive orchard and a view.    Material things these, for giving away love does not diminish.    Even if  
 you could give away friends, who would want them?    The generation of friendship is a unique energy in each case, you  
 don't own it and it ain't for sale.    So when I buy five hundred bucks worth of ducks that don't quack it's a slap on the back  
 to one who does the work and has asked while the abused push against the walls of the compound.    Cracks appear,  
 chunks of plaster fall, someone has broken all the glass imbedded in the top of the wall.    We wait for the time when those  
 who have received decide it's time to take and generosity be damned.       11 August 2014