

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARM PIT CANCER INTO WINGS GATE.

Balance your body.  
Clean your mind.  
Stand up for good  
clean morals. Don't lie.  
Kill death. Consider  
the tragedy of Henry  
Wilhite, 1937- 1990. His heart dark  
as night, his guts were bright. He'd fuck  
little white boys in the ass and tell  
them he was trans mitting his  
spiritual seed into their whole.  
His soul pumped white hot  
fright. He was nimble. He  
was quick. His mom and  
dad broke his candlestick.  
See his whipped memory  
screaming on a dirt road  
around midnight. See a  
Carolina moon orchestra  
dance on his hopeless  
and helpless fright. See  
his child mother and  
father lau g hing at his  
pain as they run  
away from his  
tears to the  
New York  
train. Now  
see his  
New Age  
San Fra  
nci sco  
white friends

shudder, "Whoa! This blood be a sick and evil rear. I will have no truck with this negative filth queer. This black devil sucks real fear." Now see him discover he will die. "Arm pit cancer," his white Yuppie doctor smiles, "be no white lie." Now see his white New Age friends embrace his disease. Cancer is noble. In AIDS many find a lack of social ease. Whities fly to embrace his death. They give him holistic bracelets and rings. "My God! My God!" Henry screams, "Are you presenting me with cancer or are you presenting me with wings?" They give him pure holistic money. They give him artistic respect honey. They sit in Lama prayer at his black organic feet. They Reich hug his organic death feat. Now see Ms. Fortune's pure sweet lie. New tests say he will not die. He decides to lie. Now see a happy star man the darling of the pure. He does not die. They give and give. His luminous heart pumps a voluminous white lie light. Now see that black is the beauty of his brightest wing. God got off welfare and worked in Henry AIDS. You guessed it. After hitting an old New Age crystal lady with his cane sneering, "I won't never let you enter the kingdom of heaven, Bitch," of AIDS he died. Now see death as toilet. While you alive try to enjoy it.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Life is Life and fright is fright. On February 11, 1999, I drove to Oakland to where his ex-wife had dumped his ashes in a homeless park, put them in a vase, and gave them to his daughter. Good-bye Henry Gordon Wilhite. Thee. The. That's don't sit in it. Fly on it, folks.