

SENTENCED HERE AM I FOR MY WRITING CRIME  
THOUGH FOR THE ACT OF KILLING YOU I'LL NEVER DO NO TIME  
YOUR BODY HOLDS NO BLOOD NOR WIND THIS IS A TRUTH SUBLIME  
T WAS EVER THUS MY REASON SAYS OR AT LEAST SAYS SO MY RHYME

Greetings. Just some hub city happenings for your consideration.

"Hills Snyder arrived in undertaker black to set up his *Misery Repair Shoppe*, comprised of a chair and a desk with a meat grinder with which to pulverize his chalk one stick at a time. He set up shop on the Houston St. bridge above the banks of the San Antonio River, in itself a bit chalky from limestone, I suppose. Grinding chalk is a dry, dusty job, as is purging despair. Snyder was making a connection with the white cliffs of Dover, specifically Shakespeare Cliff, where the Earl of Gloucester, blinded for his loyalty to King Lear, took his imaginary fall, demonstrating to the ages the cathartic power of tragedy. "

--- Steve Rockwell, dart International

I'll be reprising the *Misery Repair Shoppe* at the waterSpace north, on the town square in Slaton, Texas on Saturday, October 17 and talking with some students at Texas Tech in Lubbock on the 19th.