



"On the bees"

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On the bus

He tried to imagine a family scene in those houses, but could not. Again, as was almost always the case when he was alone and sober, whatever the surroundings, he saw,

~~watching~~, a boy pushing his entrails back in, holding them with in his palms like a fortune teller's globe. ^{shattering with bad news.}

^{or he} ~~seeing~~ a boy with ^{only the bottom of his} half a face ^{intact}

~~only the lips and chin intact~~

The lips calling mama. ^{and he was} stepping ^{around them} over them, to stay alive, to keep

one's own face from disolving, one's own guts under ^{that oh so thin} cover of ^{flesh,} skin.

They never went away, these pictures, or others even worse. In sleep sometimes, in a ^{drunken} stupor perhaps, ^{only with} Harriet, whom he'd left behind ^{had} the pictures faded. Moved behind a screen in his brain, yes, but waiting, waiting and accusing. Why didn't you help him? Pull him along the way you did Mike? And all that killing you did afterwards? Women ^{running}

And that old
dragging children along? ~~Old men~~
one-legged man on a crutch hobbled
at the edge of the road so as not to slow down
the others. You ~~shot him in the head~~ ^{blew a hole in his head} because

* ~~That would~~ ^{average} the lips calling 'mama'. Wouldn't it?
And the girls? What did they ever do to you?

~~And the girls? What did they ever do to you?~~

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* it would make up for the frostiest scene
on Mike's pants and

~~And the girls? What did they ever do to you?~~

The ice cold iron of the steps was so painful, he jumped over the railing to get ~~into~~ his feet into the warmer snow on the ground. Holding the collar tight at his neck he moved, as quickly as he could, to ~~the~~ AME Zion's parish house, a small two story clapboard.

Steps to the porch were ^{neatly & thoroughly} cleared of snow but ~~no lights~~ all was dark.

He knocked on the door - hard, he thought, but not threatening like the bam bam of a citizen's group, or a mob, or the police. Insistence paid off. A light came on and the door opened a slit showing a man in a flannel robe, holding a pair of glasses frowning (at the impudence of a 2:00 AM visitor.)

Frank wanted to say "Good Evening" or his name, but his teeth chattered so uncontrollably and his body ^{shook} ~~shaking~~ violently like a victim of St. Vitus Dance.

He could not utter a sound. The man at the door took in the full measure of his night visitor and stepped back ~~motioning~~ to let him in.

"~~Frank?~~ Jean. Jean!" He turned his head to direct his voice up the stairs and motioned Frank to a sofa.

"My name is Locke, Reverend Locke." "You from across the street?" At that

Frank's my name, Frank, Money. "He said in his
head and heart off the 'new' and back of
that a of short 'definition'
about himself, 'about it' 'man will' "P
half the 'heart' off 'man's heart' 'P'

"Frank's my name, Frank, Money." He said in his
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hospital?"

Frank nodded while rubbing his feet.

Revered Locke ^{grunted}, "You lucky ^{to get out}.
They sell a lot of bodies out of there."

"Sell?"

"Uh huh. To the medical college

"What for?"

"A doctor's need to ~~know~~ work on the
~~dead~~ ^{corpses}, so they can figure out how
to keep (white) folks alive."

Jean came down the stairs, tightening
her robe.

"This is my wife."

~~How~~ Evening, Mrs. Locke. I'm sorry to...
She cut him off. "No need for that."
~~Let me get something~~ and disappeared
into the kitchen

"Where's you headed, brother?" ^{asked} Rev.
Locke,

"Georgia."

"You don't say. That's quite a ways."

"Got any money on you?" Mr. Money?
Locke smiled at his little wit.

"Had some when they picked me up."

or
"Does Brother
Money have
any?"

"But it's gone now, right?" "Police looking for you?" Locke squinted his eyes.

"No," said Frank. "No, sir. They just hustled me up and put me in a crazy ward. I don't think ~~there~~ they brought ~~there~~ any charges."

"You wouldn't know if they did."

Dean Locke stepped into the room with a basin of cold water.

"Put your feet in here. It's cold but you don't want to heat up too fast."

Frank sank his feet into the water and continued ^{the} rubbing.

"What'd they get you for? The police."

What indeed. It was beyond him. He couldn't explain it to himself, let alone to someone else. Was he screaming? Hallering at some passerby? Banging his head on a ~~stone~~ cement wall? Or hiding hiding in tall grass behind somebody's house?

"Acting up," he said. "Something like that."

"When did you How long you been back?" Frank raised his head. "A year." "About."

and was about to speak when Locke shook his head. Dean came back with a cup and a plate of

of crackers.
~~He~~ "It's just hot water & salt," she said
Frank drank sipped and then guzzled
~~the~~ down the rest. ^{When} Jean ~~left to bring him~~ ^{brought} him
more, her husband said
"Jean, go see what's in the poor
box."

"He needs shoes, John," she answered.

There were none to spare, so they
gave ^{out} him four pair of socks and some
galoshes. Next to the sofa.

"Get some sleep, brother. You got
~~some~~ ^{same} journey ahead."

Frank fell asleep and dreamed a
terrible dream that ended in ~~burning~~
fire. He woke to the smell of toast.

Hocke showed him where the bathroom
was and placed shaving kit and hairbrush
on the ^{sink} ~~bed~~ edge.

Shod and cleaned up. Frank ate
a breakfast of oatmeal. On the table
~~was~~ lay 3 one dollar bills and a wash. of
coins.

"Seventeen dollars," said Hocke.
"There is a bus to St. Louis. where you
can get a train to Atlanta, and when
you get to St. Louis here's what you do."
Hocke ~~explained~~ instructed him to go
see a Reverend Jessie Maynard at

another AME. on — street. That he would call ahead and tell him to look out for another one.

"Another one?"

"Well you not the first. by a long shot." An integrated army is integrated misery. You serve come back, they treat you like dogs. ^{change that} They treat dogs better."

Locke handed Frank ^{the flap of an envelope} ~~a piece of paper~~ with Rev. Maynard's address, warning him to cross the river into East St. Louis as fast as he could. That Maynard had a big congregation and could offer more help than his own ^{small} flock.

^{had packed} Jean brought ~~him a bag of~~ six Cheese sandwiches and 3 oranges and handed him ^{the bag} along with a watch cap. ^{holding up the} ~~nothing~~ heavy the bag. Putting on the cap, Frank thanked her and asked "How long a trip is it?"

"Don't matter," said Locke. "You won't be able to eat at a bus stop counter. You'll be grateful. Come on. I'll drive you."

At the bus station, Locke converted the coins into paper money and bought ^{Frank's} ~~the~~ ticket.

At the ^{bus} door, Frank turned to Rev. Locke and held out his hand. The men shook hands. They held each other's eyes ^{saying nothing and everything} as though goodbye meant what it once did: "God be with you."

trying to shorten his 6' 3"
and

There were ~~very few~~ passengers, yet Frank (dutifully) sat in the last seat, holding ~~the~~ the sandwich bag close.

Beyond the windows ^{the} bleak winter landscape became more melancholy ~~as~~ ^{when} the bright sun underscored (?) the bare trees, lonesome (?) houses, with red wagons, ^{turned} upside ~~to~~ down in snow-mashed yards. Only the 1957 trucks looked alive.

Insert
from 1st
page

... to deserve what you did to them? Unasked ~~crises~~
questions moved like mold ~~and just~~ mold in the ~~crisp~~
of the photographs he saw.
There was no love from Jessie Maynard -

Help yes. But the contempt ^{apparently} was glacial.
He was devoted to the needy, ^{but} only if they
were properly clothed; and preferably, old.

He kept Frank on the back porch. ^{near the driveway} ~~where the green~~ ^{and} Cadillac ^{parked} and smiled knowingly as he said "My daughters are inside."

A Small ~~piece~~ ^{insult tax} to pay for an overcoat, sweater and five ten dollar bills.

Desperation to get to see ^{increased} his
~~that took the place of~~ ^{was kept} anxiety - ~~in~~ ^{of} whether
 suspicious, ^{had} have another incident - uncontrollable
 destructive, ^{illegal}. Sitting on the train, ^{the} racking and
 singing rails soothed him into sleep.
 Sleep so sound he missed meal time and
 the riot

~~When he~~

He woke to the sabbing of a young

woman being comforted by ~~the~~

white-jacketed

porters. Next to her, ^{looking away} was a silent

seething husband - ^{his face a skull of} Shame & rigid anger

→ One ^{one of them} porter nestled a pillow behind her head; another ~~placed~~ gave her ^{stacks of} white napkins for her tears and the blood pouring from her nose.

When a porter passed him, Frank touched his arm asking "What happened?"

You didn't see that?

No. What was it.

"He got off ^{at the stop} to get some coffee ^{or something} back there. ~~Frank~~," He ~~pointed~~ jerked his thumb ^{over his shoulder}.

The owner or customs kicked him out. Actually. Put their foot in butt and croaked him down - Kicked some more when his lady came to help. She got a rock in her face. ~~The~~ We porters got them back in the car. But the yelling kept up till we pulled away. Look.

see that? " He pointed to ^{the} window, ^{not dropping} the yolks, ^{now but} stuck
~~dropping~~

"Any body report to the Conductor?"

"You crazy?"

"Probably."

The porter, whose badge said Roger, ^{chickled.}
"You want a shot? I got a ^{some} bottle of Johnny Red in my case."

"Yeah. Oh, yeah."

Frank's taste buds, uninterested in cheese sandwiches or fruit, came alive at the mention of whiskey. Just a shot. Just enough to settle and sweeten the world. No more.

It took a while and just when Frank was convinced ~~the porter~~ ^{Rogers} had forgotten, ~~the~~ Rogers returned with a tea cup & saucer and napkin. Johnny Red trembled involuntarily in the thick white cup.

"Enjoy" said ^{Rogers,} the porter, then rocked along the aisle to the sway of the train.

The abused couple whispered to each other. She softly, ^{pleadingly} he with urgency. He will beat her when they get home, thought Frank. And who wouldn't? It's one thing to be publically humiliated. A man could move on from that. What was intolerable was the witness of a woman, a wife, who not only saw it, but had dared to try to rescue, rescue him. She would have to pay for that. (He couldn't protect himself and he couldn't protect her either. ^{AS the rock} ^{threw})

Charge trains in Chicago

? (misses the connection
spends day and night

Segregation
K war

McCarthy

ethnic clean

medical apartheid

to a) walking b) a bar c) invited to home
of man he meets in bar d) family man/wife/kids

? wondering why he left H. Could have sent
someone to see (who?) or taken H
along.

? is H's name Lily?

Strang wife

He was a ^{small} lithe man w/ a ^{war} wound / ^{Bullet} wounds
but his wife was ^{fit} dynamite

Man shot in head: gold teeth exposed.

"This is, they were running. Away. I
shot them in the back. Know what I mean?
They didn't have nothing. Just each other
and a home made crutch. Gold dots
peppered ~~flew out~~ of the blood and when I ran
past his body I saw they were teeth. I shot
his teeth out. [They could have belonged to
to Mr. Haywood who brought us mints and chewing gum.]

To Keweenaw
10,000
1438
W. 21
44052

On the train a passenger with wide ^{brim} hat.
Carefully looks away when Frank glances at her,
but stares at him - when Frank looks off or closes ^{his} eyes.

Frank loses anxiety because "incidents" recede
but as they do, the hat man surfaces. [and
at some point threatens Frank.]

Hat reminiscent of the Zoot suit fashion a few
years back.

Steve Spending the night at family of man
he struck up a conversation with at a bar
when he misses connection of Chicago -
Atlanta train. They get on (Frank afraid to
be alone and sober) agrees to go home with
this cheerful stranger. Denier ~~and~~ with
children and wife. Wife ~~is~~ dynamite with
fuses looking for a light.

That night in (children's) bedroom.

Frank is woken up by sound of door
opening & closing. But when he turns on
lamp - the door is just as it was: closed.
He turns over on his side and pulls quilt
up to his chin. Then sees a shadow.

Soon the hat man is moving toward him
(Gold teeth glinting) with an ax held over his
hat. Frank is paralyzed. now on his
back, arms frozen at his side. immovable.
The ax comes down on his head and
he wakes up. Sweating. Spends the
balance of the night napping - alert -
afraid to fall asleep and re-dream his
own slaughter.

RETURN to LOTUS

Next day on train to Atlanta reflects, anxious,
re-thinking this trip. Why ^{did he} not bring Lily along? *
Wanted to do this alone. Why? Thinking of Cec. whom

* Remembering Meeting Lily.
punch, pigeon-trail (laugh) until she turns around and
he sees her out rationally beautiful face. Never saw a face like that.

Games minimized by the truth more than the ax.

he has not been in touch with for x years.
? Disgusted with her marriage??

in a thunderstorm
Arrives Atlanta catches a ~~glimpse~~ glimpse of a
wide-brimmed ~~zoot~~ ^{zoot} suit hat. Perfectly dry.

End 1st part

Rain stops. He is shivering. Sees a
bonfire up the road. Moves toward it
to warm himself. Getting closer he
sees the fire is in the shape of a
crane, behind it a synagogue burns.
hears as fire truck horns ^{in the} heard in the
distance

n.b. a red bone
the rat
has a
big city
accent -
Cee thought
he was
his fascination
with himself
was so strong
he must be
his evaluation
must be
correct
i.e.
"he loved
himself so
much she
was I guessed
he must be
right"

Long

The men were ^{look} nicer than the women.

At least they called her ^{by her} name and didn't mind if the costume was off. or a bit stained.

The women called her Girl as in

"Where's the girl?" " ~~Did~~ Girl where. ^{did you} put the Pond's Cleanser?" And had fits if their costumes weren't —? per

hily's resentment was mild because
seamstress / wardrobe was a promotion
from "housekeeping" and ~~the actors~~
~~and actresses~~ needed her more. I did
the director, FR Ray Stettin. He produced
^{sometimes} 2 or 3 plays a season ^{at the Skylight} and taught
acting classes the rest of the time.
So the FR Theater was ^{as} busy ^{as a hive} all year.

poor as it was. In between productions and after classes the theater hummed with argument - politics, mostly. and sweet intense

misted the foreheads of Stark and his students. ^{They} thought ~~there~~ ^{they were} more ~~passion~~ ^{animated} than on stage.

these
quarters

She ~~couldn't~~ ^{couldn't} help overhearing ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~but she didn't~~ ^{but she didn't} understand ~~the~~ ^{the} anger.
WAC stating that wasn't about ~~the~~ ^a scene ^{or her}

"At least he didn't leave her for a woman," she said. "Well yes, he did. But not a ~~normal~~ ^{put} lover type. It may be worse - a sister."

Oh why. You make everything

~~We seldom reads~~ memoir so like its author:
~~and that's~~ ^{an} original
and's write is originally
properly & perfectly. I don't

Same thing so
she was
troubling
them

sound worse than it is. He
just needed to help his sister,
"You think, that's not a rival?"

* She could show off her the
sewing skills her mother had
taught her: slip stitch, blanket stitch,
chain, back, yo-yo, shank button and
flat.

Station
address
(how to get
there)
jitney
garage
rescue
garage
bus to
hotel

unlicensed cab driver
where the ~~would find~~
~~parked~~ might be. Not now - it was too
late, but early morning certainly.
Frank decided to walk ~~rather~~ ^{around a while} than look
~~slip in~~ for a place to sleep.

But before they'd ~~gone~~ ^{crossed} a mere four
streets when some teenagers ~~beat~~
jumped him. — to back of p. 105 & 11

He ~~should have~~ ^{instead of}
Had he been ~~alert~~ ^{day-dreaming} he
would have ~~been~~ ^{known} recognized that
cigarette and gasoline smell, the rapid
sneaker tread as well as ^{the} garb breath -
~~a rest of~~ the odor of scared children ^{depending} ~~shaking~~
on the ^{their} bravery of a group. It wasn't military; it
was playground. At the mouth of alley.

But he missed it and two of the
fine cowards grabbed his arms from behind.
He used his feet to stamp one of theirs
and in the space left by his hand,
Frank broke the jaw of the other one
with his elbow. ^{But then} the ~~final~~ three ~~so~~
brought a pipe down on his head
Frank fell ~~but~~ and in ~~the~~ the
blur of pain felt ~~his~~ ^{body} the search
the followed by scattered running feet.

He crawled toward street light, and sat
~~leaned~~ ^{in darkness} against a wall until his eyesight
cleared. When he could, ^{see shapes} ~~to~~ ~~see~~

~~he saw there was
a man standing in front of him.~~

~~- Need help?~~

~~What? Oh.~~

~~"Here." The man held out his
hand to help Frank ~~stand~~ up.~~

~~Leaving Patrick his pockets, ^{and still wobbly} Frank
groaned cursed. They'd ~~stolen~~ ^{stolen} his
wallet.~~

~~Take this, said the man~~

~~Frank rubbed the back of his head.
(Grimacing) ~~with shut eyes~~~~

~~Later he only remembered two things:
the guy showing a ²⁰ dollar bill in his
coat pocket ~~and~~ ^{then} walking away in two-tone
shoes.~~

Cops.?

Will no

well

Thanks.
Don't know if
forgot it

You helped me. You really did but

It's not your story; it's mine.

Watch out.

and subject to
change

2/13
insert
p. 42

What time ^{is} her shift ~~is~~ over?

She's on the 7 to 11. She'll be up soon. But I'll miss her this morning

How come?

After I walk Thomas to school, you and me
are going shopping. You look like -

I know. Don't say it.

He didn't have to. And the woman at the Good Will didn't either. She led them to a table and ~~point~~ nodded ^{toward} a rack of hanging coats and jackets.

The selections choosing was quick. Everything was clean, pressed and organized for size. Even the body odor of the previous owner was mild. ~~that~~ The ship even had

a place where he ^{could} change clothes and ~~leave~~ ^{take} the worn in. ~~the~~ Satisfably dressed, he retrieved his medal from his wallet & pinned it to his ~~coat~~ lapel.

"Okay," said Billy. "Now from some brown, ^{man's} shoes. Thom McAn do? Or Florsheim?"

I prefer
No Work shoes,

Good idea. You got enough money?

Yep.

The police thought so too. But during the random search outside the Shoe Store, they just patted pockets of the ^{two} other men facing the wall, one had a Switchblade Confiscated.

→ ~~But~~ Nobody was cuffed & put in the patrol car ~~standing at the curb.~~
A few insults and name-calling later and they were on their way. Billy left him at Booker's diner. They shook hands, promised to visit and parted.

Frank had a coffee until it was time to board the South bound rails that would take him to Georgia and Cee and who knew what else.

They lay their hands on the hood of the patrol car. ^{standing at the curb} An officer noticed Frank's medal.

Korea?

Yes, sir

Hey Dick, they're vets.

OK. Yeah? (Me too)

Go on. Get lost, pal

Yes Sir.

Director
Admiral
Rockets

~~Shuttle~~

Pal

Vitamin K

Garden. Some 2 pple introduced by Regalated
Ethel Fordham's
Under her care.

Rain

slugs

curves then straighten

TR

Pile be an stiffen to advertise
their weakness

below

Coin sleep in (4) place under

The paper bags by comfort Safe place

16/9

10/15

20/10

to

Raccoon and domestic

tender foot touch (the) hands

And the next from the

unpleasant paper

surrounding

being gathered to salute

withy all of them and drink
its juice

She, Curle and Jane took under bushes

peas and water

Be of position and the
wander

Strawberry (leaves)
Kendall's

their leaves during

Garden. Time > pure untouched ^{un}regulated
by
Ethel Fordham's
Under her care

Rain

slugs

curve then straighten

TR

Pole beans stiffer to advertise
their readiness

to Lois

Corn ^{stacks} sleep in ^{safe} place under
the paper bags. Safe from
skunks

1698⁰⁰

Lois

2000⁰⁰

th

Raccoon ^{bed} supremely confident
and disappears
Cry when their
tender feet touch ^{chicken wire}
chain links

And ^{skunks} ~~went~~ cross the
crumpled newspaper
surrounding

Bees gathered to ^{salute} ~~celebrate~~
with ~~the~~ allosium and drink
its juice

~~Salute~~

✓ Slug Curled ^{up} and died under vinegar
seasoned water

Birds feasted on the
wonder

1 Strawberry plants ^{with} their
tendrils ^{under} leaves

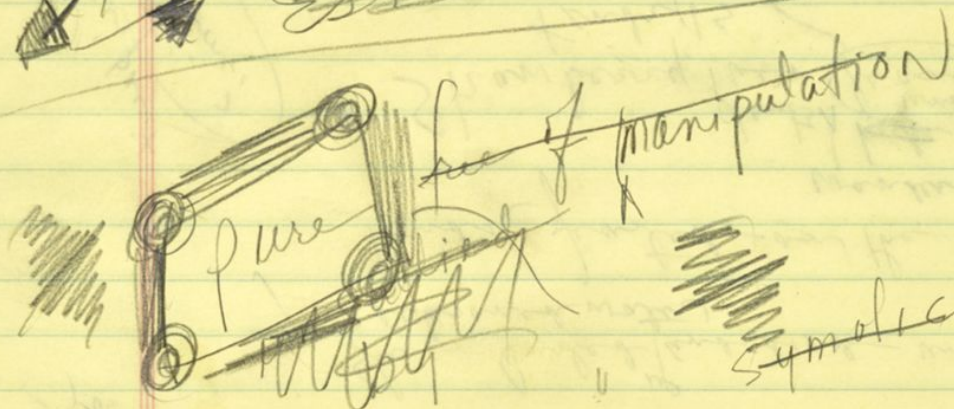
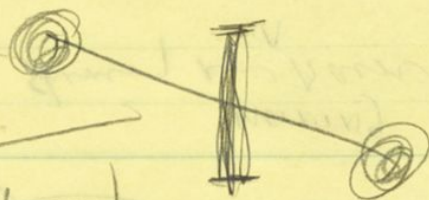
their leaves shining in ^{morning} rain.

1

this print
in time?

5,000

~~Esther Hunt~~



ECONOMIC

~~Symbolic~~

~~pure and~~
~~unregistered~~
~~unmolested~~

Took from his wallet packet Rev. Hayward's list. Billy said "Forget that. Stay w/ me."

they buy a wallet 25 cents
costs more than a loaf of bread
Yeah, but this lasts longer

You got a suit now. You can't be
reaching in your boots to buy a pack of
gum.

On train
remembering
his friends,
then

m.s.p.
109

Train to Atlanta
Train stop (or problem) while fixing
some going
Buys Mr. Pepper
Walk a short way ~~down~~ beside
the tracks. Parking lot. Two women
beside a bar

fighting. Big Man standing near and
watching. Frank comes closer
Man says "What the f--- you looking
at?"

Frank startled. Man shoves
Frank, ~~pushes~~ him in his chest.
Frank (losing color) ^{stumbles} drops his
Pepper and Knocks the jaw of
MAN. Man falls. Frank
unlashed & thrilled tries to turn
man's face to pulp - can't stop
won't stop even tho Man is
unconscious. Women pull at
his jacket. He does not stop.

Woman screams "You're killing him!"

On train
Memories were as
not powerful as
but they'd not crush
him or ~~them~~
carry despair

like
phobic

FRANK looks at her, She is wiping
her nose. The other one, hair asunder,
is open-mouthed. Her ~~Blase~~ ^{Blase} ~~is~~ is
torn. It is yellow.

They soothe and try to revive the hard
pimp.

Women not like Noella who, did as little
as possible herself

Stopped worrying about his
eyes. What'd it matter if
world was white and

lost color
if that was
the last and
least of his
crazy he could
live with that

Slade 168

You are young fella

^{before} ~~since~~ you could walk. ^{you had these} ^{big ~~dark~~ eyes} ^{that looked}

I watched you ^{to go along} with ^{full} ^{of} ^{sadness} ^{tho'}

When
he left

Your brother ^{since} you could
~~dress~~ yourself. ^{Then} you ^{the Lord's} ^{God's}
can off with that waste of space.

Now you back home. Mended.

Are you going to let Noella decide who you are?
and you may run off again.

~~But before~~ if you do, Let me tell you
something. first

Remember that story about the goose
and the golden egg? How the farmer took the
eggs and then got ~~greedy~~ greed made him
stupid enough to kill the goose. ^{at least}
always thought a dead goose could make one
good meal, but gold? That's the real evil. *
Why didn't the farmer plow his land, seed it
and grow something to eat.

I ain't
going
nowhere.

This is
home where
I belong

and there's
~~some~~
some
limitation
in both

Cee laughs, spreads jam on another
biscuit.

See what I mean? Look to yourself.
Nothing nobody is obliged to do it, but you.
You young ~~but~~ and a woman, but you ^{are}
person ^{too} ~~before~~ first.

Don't Let Noella decide who you are

Somewhere in ^{side} you is that person

Locate

~~find~~ her and let her do ^{some} good in the world,

* that ^{was the only thing on} ~~all~~ Noella's mind. She had it and thought it made her
better.

I have to say ~~the~~ something
I lied
I have to tell you the truth
~~I have to tell myself~~

~~Truth is~~ I hid it from you because
~~it was~~ ^{I hid it} ~~hidden~~ from me.

I lied to you because I
lied to myself -

I shot the ^{Korean} child in ~~the~~ ^{her} face

I ~~was~~ ^{AM} the ^{guy} one she touched

(I Am the guy she said yum yum
to

I Am the one who saw her
Smile

She
I Am the one ^{Aroused}
A child.

How could I let her ^{She took}
~~Should she~~ live after ~~taking~~
me down to a ^{place} ~~pit~~ I didn't

Know was in me? How
could I like myself once I

I just
knew
I
could
not

entered that place

She WAS ~~stealing~~ ^{taking} ^{lifted} food

I WAS ^{lifted} taking life

Life me
1 She wanted to stay alive

By any means.

← I didn't think I didn't have to

← where I unzip my ^{fly} ~~pants~~ ^{right then}
and ~~maybe~~ ^{again} the next day
and the next.

[Trouble, trouble. Worry]

What ^{type} ~~kind~~ of man is that?

~~Will~~
I Live the ~~balance~~ of
my days ~~knowing~~
paying ~~the~~ ^a price of an orange

SUN -
Smacking
Cure - not
cure -

but the
demanding
love of the
women was

CAN
I ~~will~~ ^{never} pay the price
of that orange.

