



71
G

Eyes of The Blind

Amie Anxiety Guevara

1979

© X N TRIX RECORDS 1979.
Published X N TRIX, England, 1979.
First Edition 1979.

dream fucker
time
fatima
la fasca
jordon
duchess of alba
for poe
surveillance
morales
bad dream
sunday school
wish

for Quido
1947- 1976

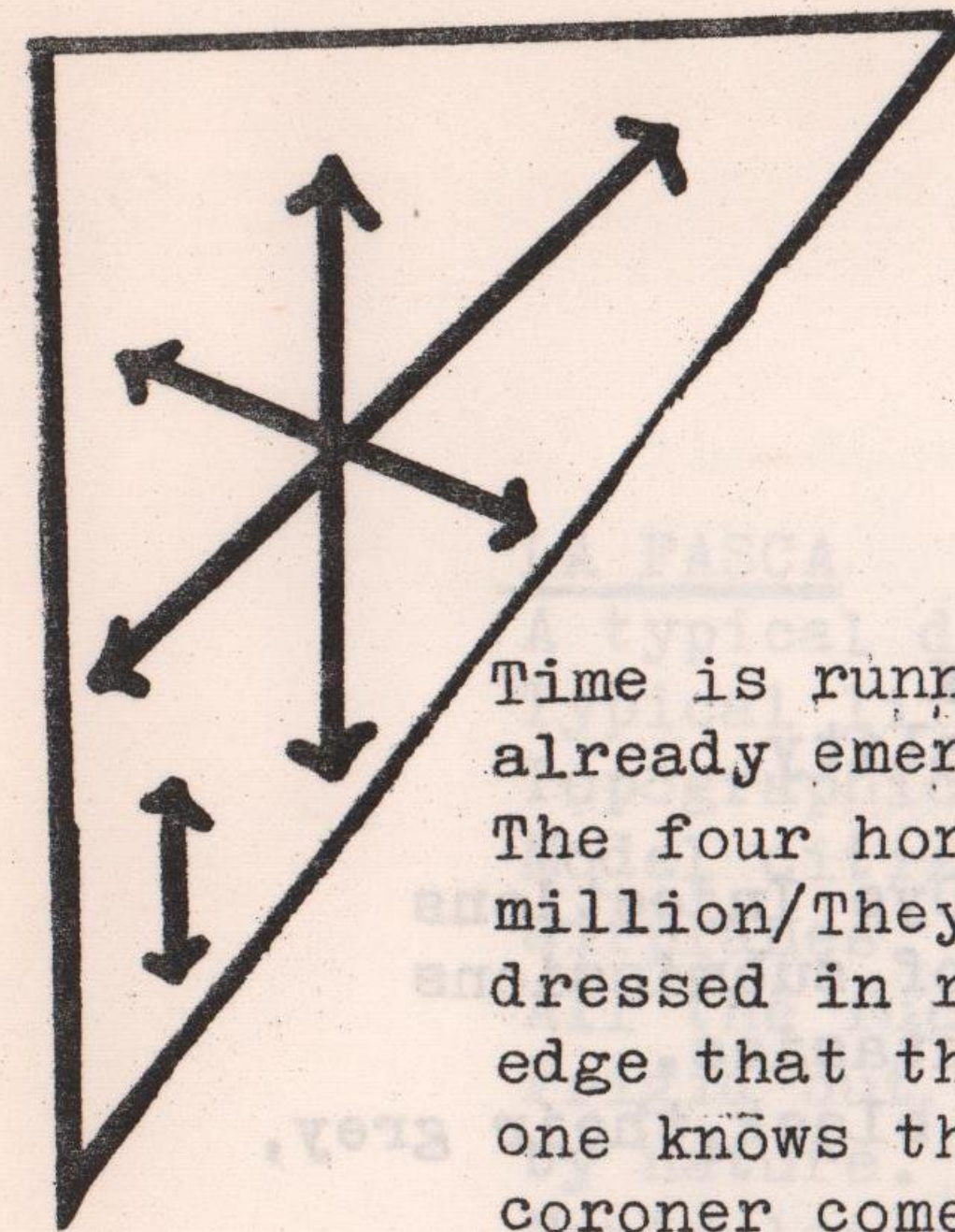
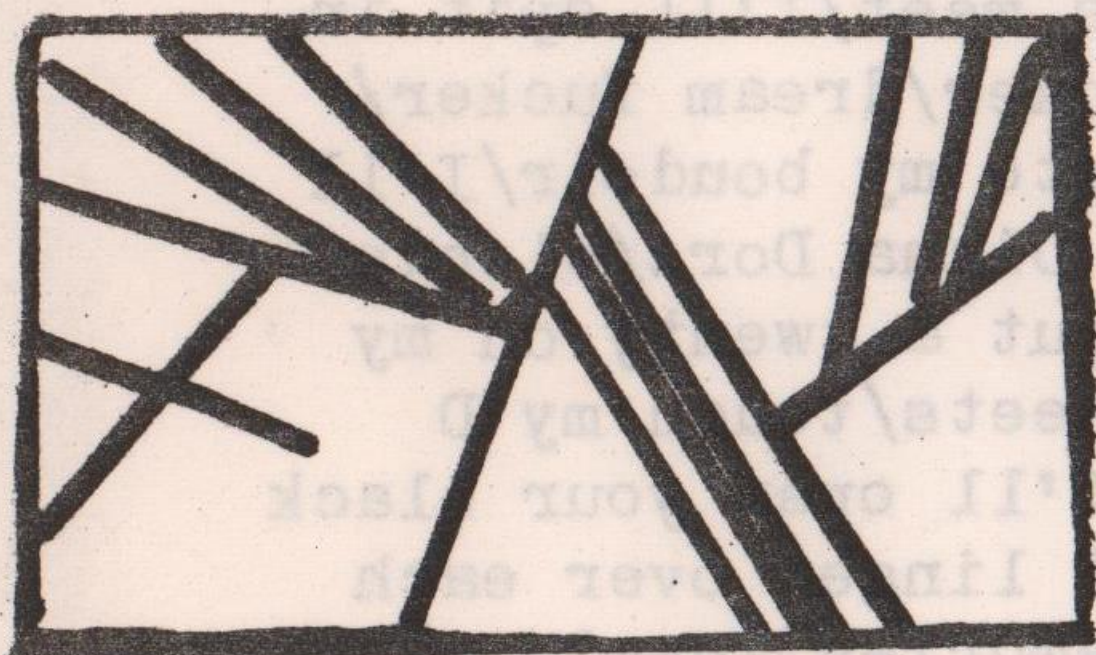
Thanks to:-
Crass, Poison Girls, Bernhardt Rebours,
Rubella Ballet, Pete Fender, Simon Johnson,
Chita, Janet, Leon, Mimi, Kirk.

and Lance d Boyle

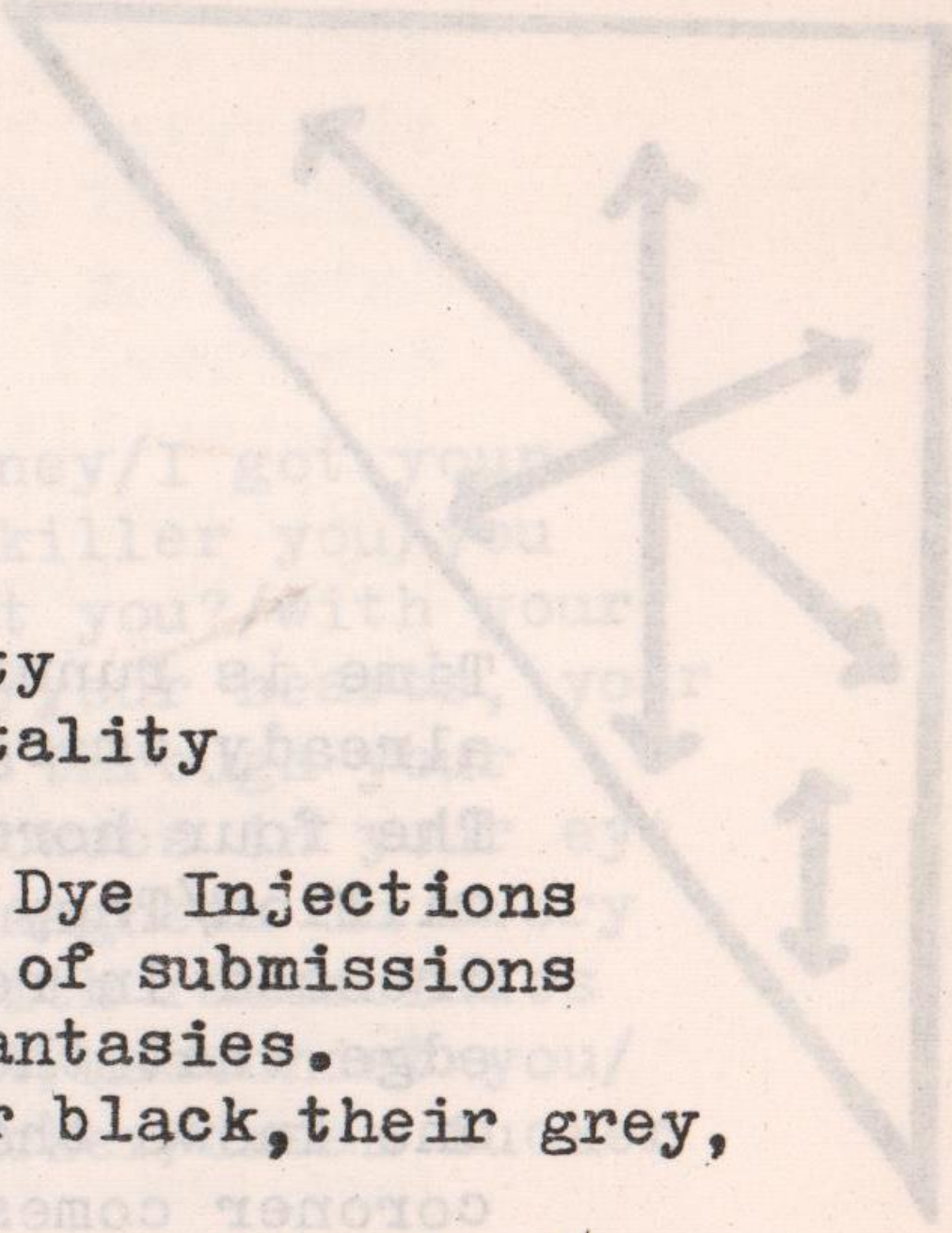
dream fucker

White rags, white rags, wrapped around
the eyes, the nose, cuts the mouth/
shreds of white death shroud/
infection free love/disinfected
memories/I do not care/I disinterested
/I sterility/I erase your face/from my
soul/jump/lie/in front of that Cortina
/lie in front of that Cortina/die in
front of that Cortina/break a glass/
break a heart/wash your hands of slut-
blood/may his blood be on us/ menstrual
love/the feeling is there/the feeling
is there/the feeling is hate/I'm sorry/
so sorry/your annihilation of me/erase/
playback/Sal Paradise/the girls of Ohio
/are they really the best?/do they love
us in New York?/On Nepal?disinterested/
dead phone/born dead/Cyanide pirate
dreams/pirate of trust/banker's trust/
suicide lust/or bust/or bust/two diag-
onal incisions just below the elbow
three inches in length/female five feet
seven inches/peroxide hair on head/semi
caucasian/four eight-by-ten glossies of
Mao Tse Tung found in vicinity of corpse
/does life have to be a kamikaze mission
?/why must compassion be death?/your
hair the colour of blood/teeth kicker/
dream fucker/dream fucker/dream fucker/
dream fucker/as lips meet/I'll spit in
your mouth dream fucker/dream fucker/
dream fucker/come into my boudoir/I'll
lie on the bed like Diana Dors/blonde
and obese/come in, put a twenty on my
table/crawl in my sheets/touch my D
cup/get a mortgage/I'll open your black
cotton trousers/I'll linger over each
button sensually/ memories invade each
one/probing fingers invade silken
knickers/I lick your earlobe/and lovingly
castrate you/plasma sheets/blood money

/blood money/blood money/I got your
blood honey/you lady killer you/you
killed the lady didn't you?/with your
sonnets/your promises/your hearts, your
flowers, a wood stake through your
brain/dream fucker/cobwebs in your eye
sockets/dream fucker/magnets in every
orifice/tic-tac toe with razorblades
across you pasty chest/masochist you/
sufferer you/dream fucker/dream fucker




Time is running out. Shaved women are
already emerging out of dream sequences/
The four horsemen have turned to four
million/They ride submachine guns/They're
dressed in red/ They kill with the knowl-
edge that the masses are unaware/ No
one knows that they're dead til the
coroner comes/ pass the John Beggs please
/ Eight hundred million teenagers
drinking Coca Cola/ They're dressed in
blue jeans/ They ride store bought, t.v.
thought stupidity/ One hundred thousand
Red Chinese led by a man named Dung, led
to the streets of New York City, where
he is prohibited/ Youth in Asia/ Store
bought successful Robitussin/ Ingrid
Bergman movie defector/ Umbrella queen/
Roman Polanski movie director/ Husband
of Sharon Tate/ killed by Charles Manson
/ Man's son/ Sex/ blood orgy in Los
Angeles/ Tell me? do you really enjoy
supporting public crucifixion? Due to
mature theme.....Jesus.....Will
not bleed profusely.....



Schizophrenic casualty
I'm of the slave mentality
Stigmata mytre
Our lady of the Blue Dye Injections
Kneeling in the cova of submissions
through idealistic fantasies.
I cannot accept their black, their grey,
Rose of Lima,
hands dipped in chloric acid solution
Lustful self-inflicted suffering.
The warm blood trickles down the side
of my head.
I taste
the
salty liquid
as it oozes to my thirsty lips,
with much delight.
I look at you,
while you die on your mud-mattress.
It gets boring.
I clasp my hands
to pray
for your soul.

LA FASCA

A typical day in a
Typical life, in a typical
Topographical country.
Model citizens, model
airplanes
All the fucking same
Frigid but pliable,
by nature.
Manipulation, mental masturbation
By something or someone
with mass intention.
No room for humans
In a hierarchy,
No room for people
in their fake democracy.
All the fucking same
they are.
Masses join the forces,
Forces join the marines
Work is happiness
Work is America
Arbiet Mächt Frei
Arbiet Mächt Frei
Work makes free,
Free to die in battle,
Concentration camps
for patriots.



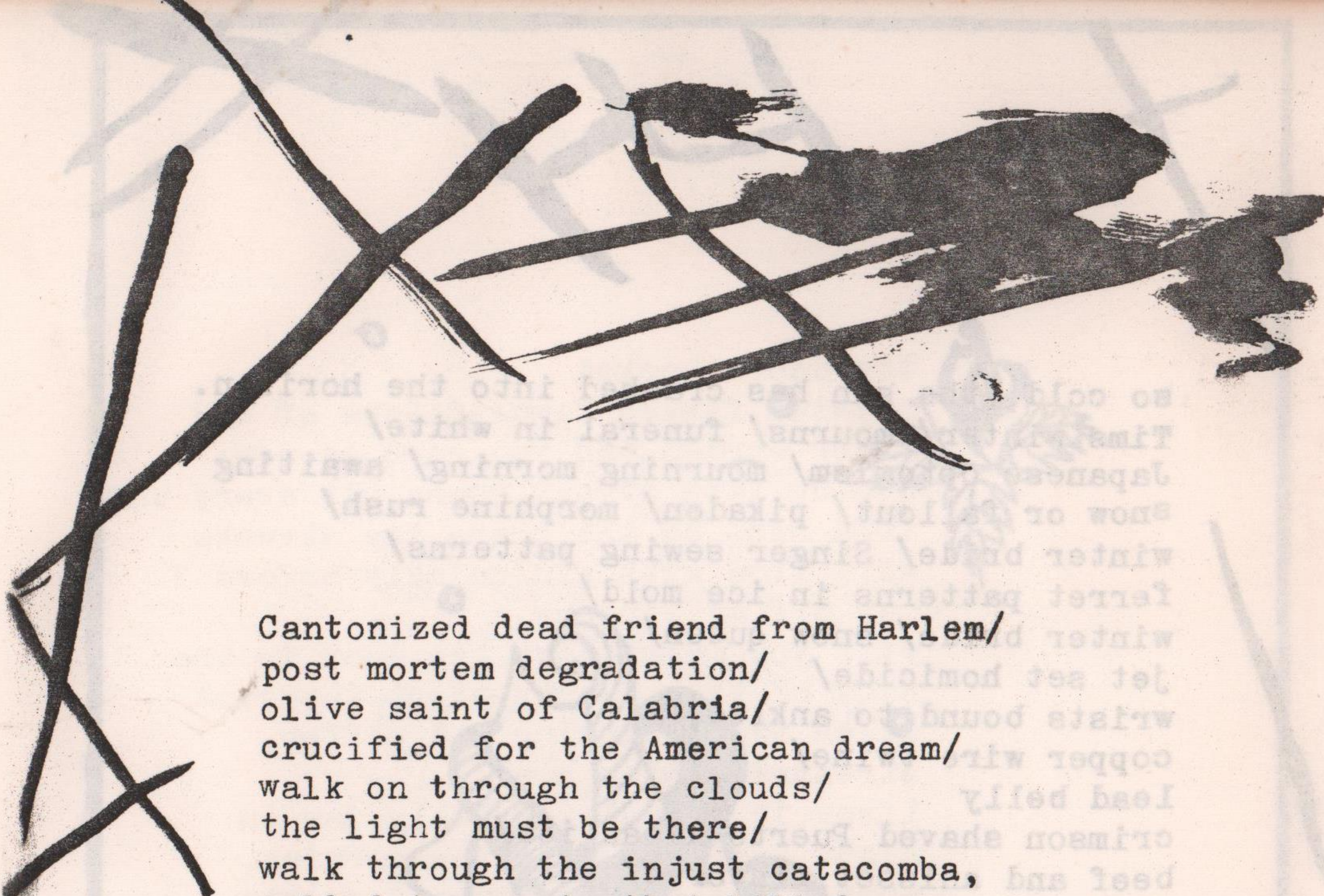
Uncle Sam, Son of Sam
All the fucking same,
they are.
Delusions of grandeur
And a nice touch of bloodlust.
No room for rebels
In their aristocracy.
They don't want exposure
On the atrocity.
Work is America,
Work is freedom
Arbiet Macht Frei
Arbiet Macht Frei
Works, makes free
Work makes free
America the whore
of whores,
Tells me lies.
Sells us wars,
Cunt of cunts:
Cunt of cunts:



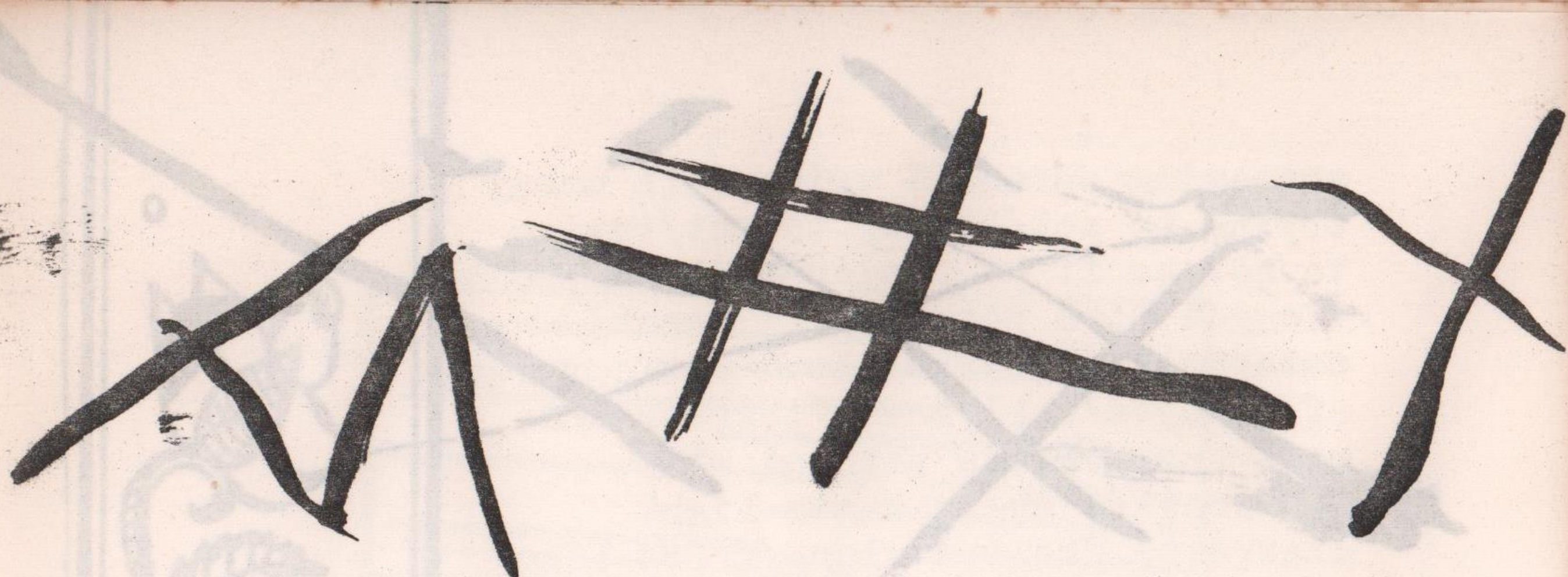
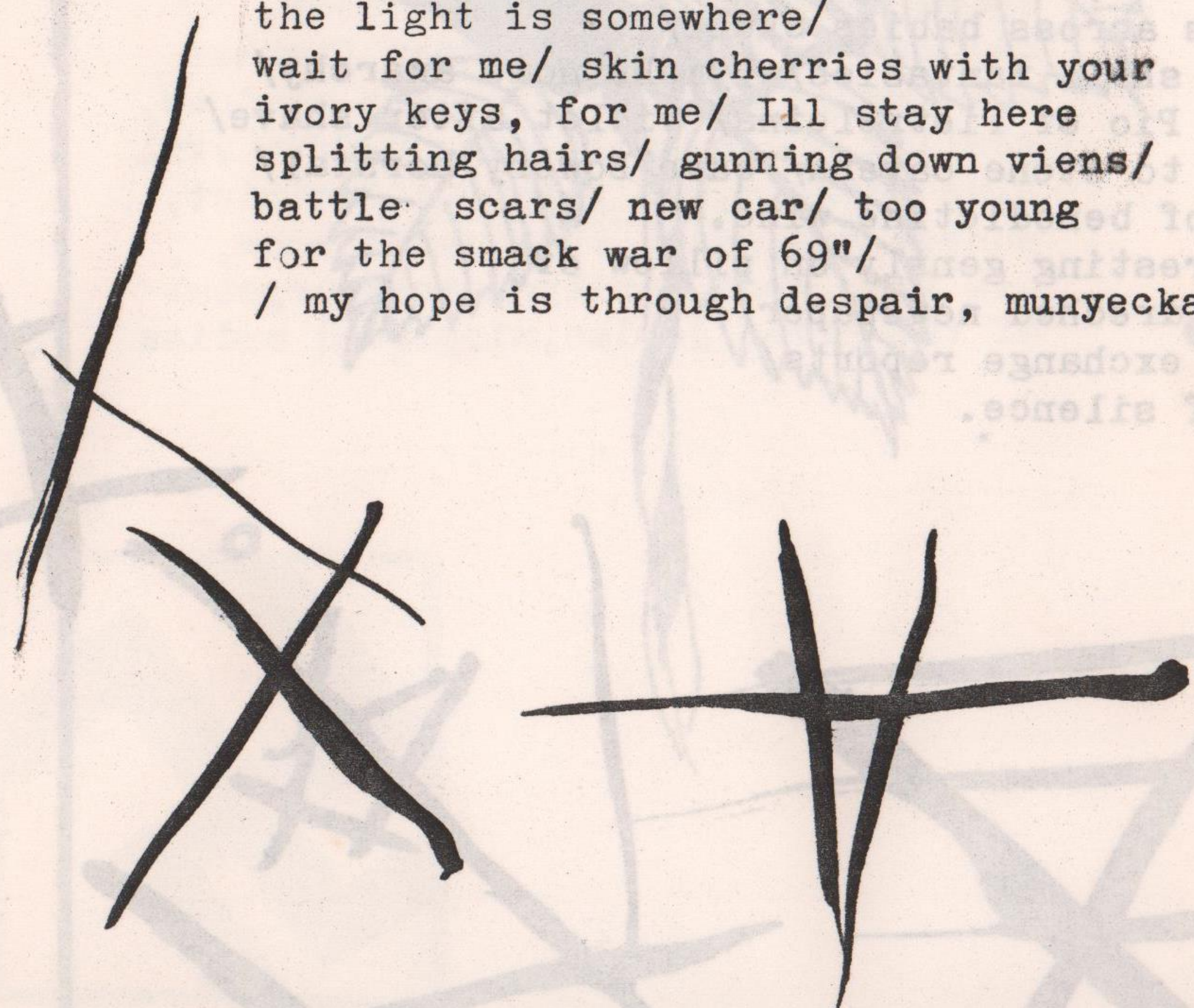
the doors locked
crystal, flaxen femme-fatale of the
river Jordan, can you save me now,
I'm on 14th street, gonna hit every bar
from here to the grape, the streets
will flow with gin/quickly before I
cut off my fingers
will you burst down the door in the
nick of time, twenty-eight thousand
miles away, drinking bad coffee,
streaked window sun
liver in formadhyde jelly jar on
night table, four in the morning,
some truck chased you, off eighth
avenue, too good for that, you are,
I'd build you a palace, of freeze
dried palm trees, and chase lounge,
lurex gowns, knock down my door,
before the gin runs poison flasher
guns, we'll hide in the dawn shadows,
peeling white paint cacoon, from evil
blue patrols, and paranoid feminist,
sunset boulevard, they can't know,
can they, dear Marilyn, sweet crystal
of the river Jordan, misplaced bodies



so cold, the sun has crashed into the horizon.
Tims winter/ mourns/ funeral in white/
Japanese optomism/ mourning morning/ awaiting
snow or fallout/ pikaden/ morphine rush/
winter bride/ Singer sewing patterns/
ferret patterns in ice mold/
winter bride/ snow queen/
jet set homicide/
wrists bound to ankles,
copper wire twine/
lead belly
crimson shaved Puerto Rican ice/
beef and anisset flavored/
rooster crows from silver platter/
garnished with carrots, peas, and
desfimated parakeet beeks/
Padre Pio, smearing blood
psalms across babies skull/
motor skill fantasies/ lympe node anarchy/
Padre Pio of Pietrelcina/ violet after shave/
exile to stone cavern/ cave Bowery borstal/
wino of benedictine wine.
head resting gently on pillow of
urine dreched newspaper/
stock exchange reports/
vow of silence.





Cantonized dead friend from Harlem/
post mortem degradation/
olive saint of Calabria/
crucified for the American dream/
walk on through the clouds/
the light must be there/
walk through the injust catacombs,
called tenements that killed you,
Billy, for you are pure/
murdered for the car in garage
ben travato, you were, dear Billy
the light is somewhere/
wait for me/ skin cherries with your
ivory keys, for me/ Ill stay here
splitting hairs/ gunning down viens/
battle scars/ new car/ too young
for the smack war of 69"/
/ my hope is through despair, munyecka,




light in the center of the void/
light in our flee invested manifestations/
polorized/ munyecka/

I sink into sleep/
self induced catatonia/
fever dreams from school room horror story
propaganda, in reference to Communist
take over/ could my heart be pink?
dropping bombs, crawling through bush country
of suberbia/ gun shots nearby/
bee hive hairdo/ jane of the jungle/
scabby knees/





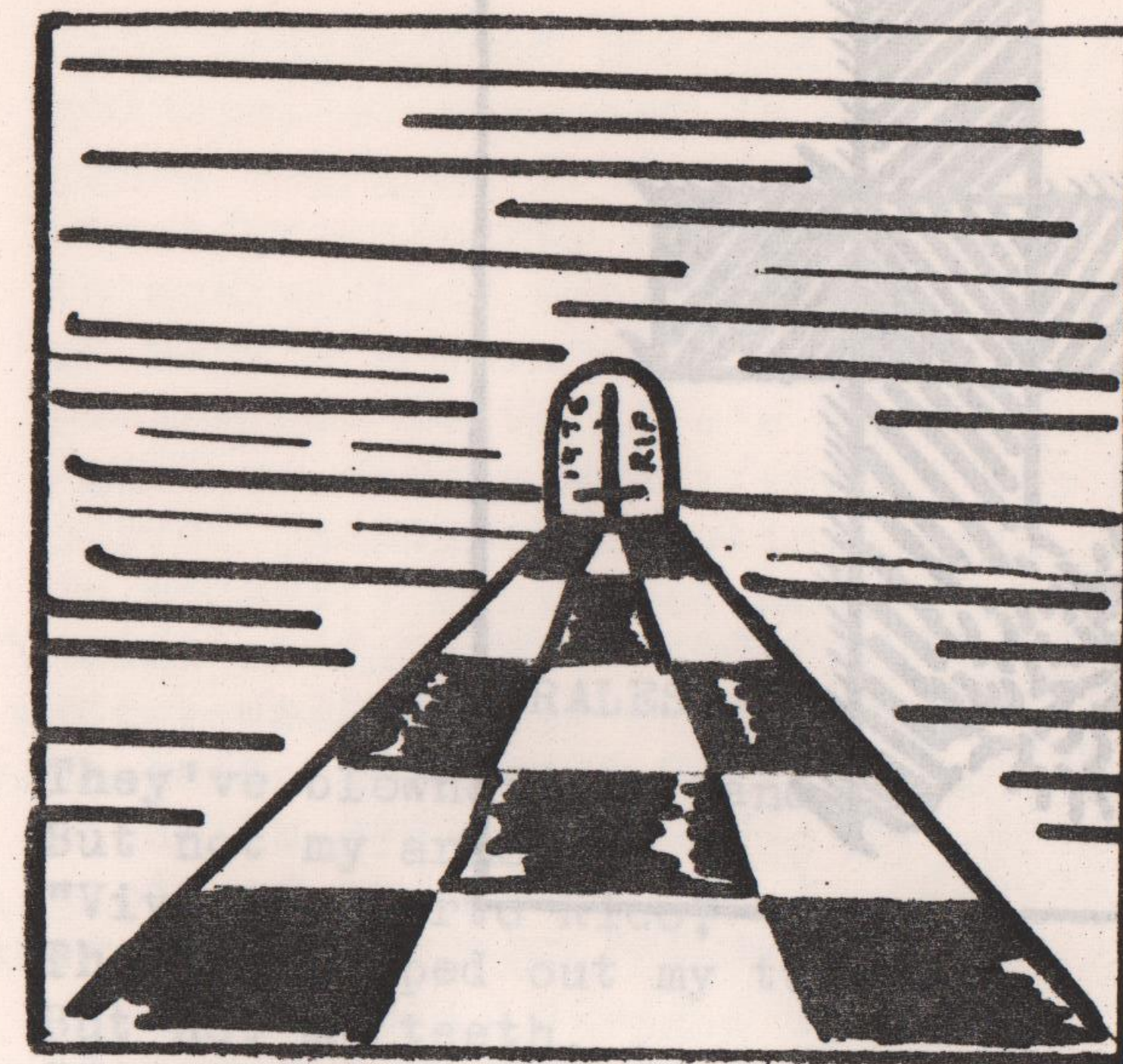
in the safety of home when caught
in the headlock of beautiful Essenin the poet/
temporary safety/ early warning bell tone
jingles on radio/ Frakie Avelon/
/ panic in the year zero/
death of Earth/ Essenin in high collar cossack,
and black boots/ he is handsom and not evil/
comrads feed me asparins/ soften the blows/
I wake/ nitedress soaked with fever sweat/
dried peeled skin in creases of cloth/
coffee and aborted eggs for breakfast/
cigarette imbedded between my lips,
mouth feels like open trench/
cold mist sun
flows trough eastern window,
dirty window,
but there just the same/
yet... ..



Dear Duchess of Alba
so proud and so strong,
a rose among nettles, lady of Autumn
Duchess of Alba,
little girls, little ribs
cherubs on cheverlates, radio vigils,
Duchess of Alba
cowardly lions, enchanted trees,
pregnant guppies and kittens,
seagulls and griffin

cloudy afternoons by the sea.
Holy stairs in Quebec on bended knees,
Sherlock Holms and Lasagne,
Nicholas and I,
in the crack, of your arm,
Our Lady of the Oil Paints,
us safe in your arms,
sweet sacra Madona
in the warmth of your arms,
Ill stay strong in my love for you,
Dear Duchess of Alba.

screaming paranoid under full moon/
 trying to act/trying to act/trying
 to act as if my finger-nails weren't
 clogged with petrol/cold sweat/
 cataracts of alarm cloud the corneas
 of my eyes/cold sweat/ferrets and
 rats beneath the plywood slab.
 Trademarked shaky hands light
 cigarette.The end glows/grows like
 a warning flare on the motorway/
 a gasoline/stink/petroleum nightmares/
 electric chair/electro shock therapy/
 tears on cheek/tongue in cheek/screamers
 in the new wing screaming away/
 glucose ferrets/cardio-vascular
 adrenal surges/matron in white/
 black angel of bellvue/white heels
 clicking against polished floors/
 hyperdermic in hand/thorazine compound
 /seductive sedation of dissident
 geniuses/straight-jacket strategy/
 sanity/yours,not mine/sanity/systems/
 sanity/whose salvation/sanity/
 society's solution/sanity/uniformity/
 the raven died in a padded cell/my
 cigarette burns in the ashtray/the
 raven died in a padded cell/the smoke
 rises to the ceiling/the raven died in
 a padded cell/it burns,and is snuffed
 out/.....dead in a padded cell



Close circuit paranoio,
 under electric eye
 constant surveillance,
 Big brothers got his eye,
 Big brother's looking out,
 Central integents
 got its eye on you
 Early warn systems go,
 hypersonics, test pattern
 transition, transmitter
 C.I:A. Approved
 Big brothers got his eyes
 on you.



MORALES

They've blown off my hands,
But not my arms,
"Viva la Puerto Rico!"
They've ripped out my tongue,
But not my teeth,
"Viva la Puerto Rico!"
So what if I can't verbalize,
At least I will not starve,
I did it for the cause
I did it for the cause
No remorse for
Mr. Morales,
For the cause, of
Mr. Morales,
A handless applause
For Mr. Morales.

BAD DREAM 1

The two babies were on the table /
huge heads with tiny bodies / they
were coated in something that felt
like vaseline / patches of white
growths / moved babies to stove /
look for assumed parents / 20 story
house / each floor identical /
colour coded / entered room /
gymnastic horses and ropes /
identified someone as father /
feared the babies would fall /
ran back / but couldn't tell one
room from another / came to Barber
Shop room / saw back profile of dark
man / in blue work clothes / walked
around chair to see face / he exposed
himself / ran down the stairs /
and kept falling f a l l i n g

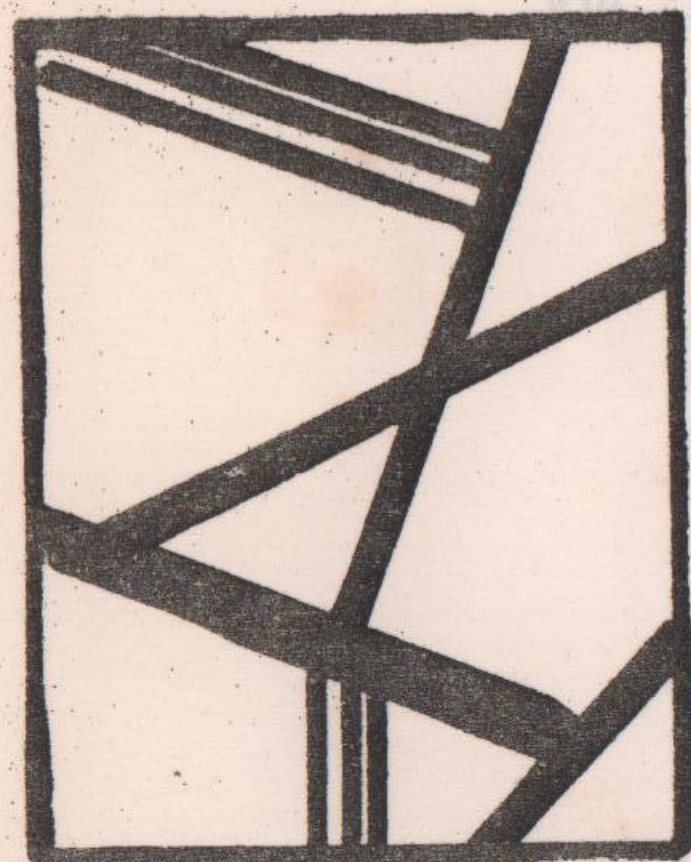
sunday school

Good friday/good god/god is good/
god/spelled reversed is dog/god dog/
guard dog/good friday/sugary blonde/
sweet/green/party dress/satin/satan/
to ankles/blue eyes/blue/the colour
of Mary's maternity robes/sun shining/
pinning/one death/life's breath/devalued
/girl on ferris wheel/she is too happy/
joy/of jaundiced devotion/cupie doll
in modestly manicured hand/cornfed
lover at hand/mortality band/round
finger/doll falls to pavement/alabaster
face cracks open/alabaster face abash
one blue glass eye rolls to gutter/
ghost of christ on Calgary rises out
of eggshell skull/lobotomy-scarred skull
/blackish purple scabs waiting to be
picked open/pried loose/so the blood
may flow/rivers of blood/clots the
angel hair of doll/cakes in the cilia
of the tiny nose/solidifies in throat/
choked by the blood of christ/blood
bath/bilocation of hæmophilic heart/
abrasive faith/affixation through
assimilation/the sky yellows with age/
images of Irish mass cards/massacres/
amusement park funeral/pall bearers
punch and judy drag/lonely framed
picture of fabian in pink bedroom
of deceased/the stone is rolled away/
dull ache in feet/I puked over my
gram crackers and fruit punch

Friday school

Good Friday/Good God/Good is good/
God/spelled reversed is dog/god dog/
Good dog/Good Friday/sugary blonde/
Sweet/green/party dress/eatin/satan/
to ankles/pine eyes/pine/the colour
of Mary's maternity robes/sun shining/
pining/one death/life's breath/breathed
/girl on ferris wheel/she is too happy/
joy/of tamed devotion/couple doll
in modestly monitored hand/for
/lover's hand/mortality band/round
finger/doll-lace to pavement/silencer

I wish / I wish / I wish
I could use pretty words /
too loaded / the beauty is
hidden / hidden / heathen /
under layers of mud /
Cough Syrup / drinking
Acetate to swallow the morp-
hine / tincture of belladonna/
the price of beauty /
enclosed/enclosed/
enshrined in
sanctimonious slime /



Please excuse the spelling- I'm a product of the American School System.

ignorance is bliss.....