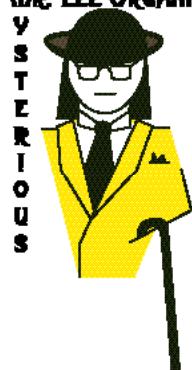


# Intimate Truths About Love and Sex

THE  
MR. LEE ORGANIZATION



Here's the latest in this new series of poems  
poems in which I don't think about much at all  
this is actually free-form poetry in a devilish sense  
sense being free from thought  
that being the devil in all of this  
the point here, at least the one I'm pursuing,  
is that I'm trying to create nothing out of something  
and if this works, I'll probably be a very wealthy man  
which is one of the things on my mind lately, wealth  
or more specifically, my lack thereof  
but don't let that trouble you, because you aren't the cause  
I didn't spend a penny on you, oh, no, I spent it on stuff

like three dollar cups of coffee and a buck a piece veggie burgers  
that I could have gotten for half that price had I been willing  
to buy the less prestigious brands

but what we both want to get to and what seems to matter to most  
is love

not love, maybe  
maybe just sex  
sex

had to give that its own line so it would stand out and sell  
oops, got back to the wealth issue, but the two are occasionally  
linked

linked, there's a word given an entire line to itself  
why is that? that's the question we don't care about  
so I'm getting back to

sex  
see, I did it again, put it out there for everyone to see  
you might start thinking that I'm talking around something

since this is supposed to be pretty much the raw stuff dredged up from my mind  
oops, I forgot to hit return  
and not edited at all

so, judging from this, which isn't actually all that free-form  
after all, since I'm thinking at least, and I really should emphasize that  
with italics or bold or something or other,

several lines in advance

well, that's not actually true, but there is some forethought in this

he did it again, you probably just thought

he skipped over the meat of the topic

isn't meat a strange word, meet, meat

is it a coincidence that the two sound the same

there's a word for that, but I forgot

meat and meet like maybe you meet for meat or something like that  
oh, I did it again,

so what I was really going to talk about were some intimate truths  
about my life

you know, the good stuff like love and sex

so here it goes

damn, just ran out of paper