

house

GEORGE WYLESOL

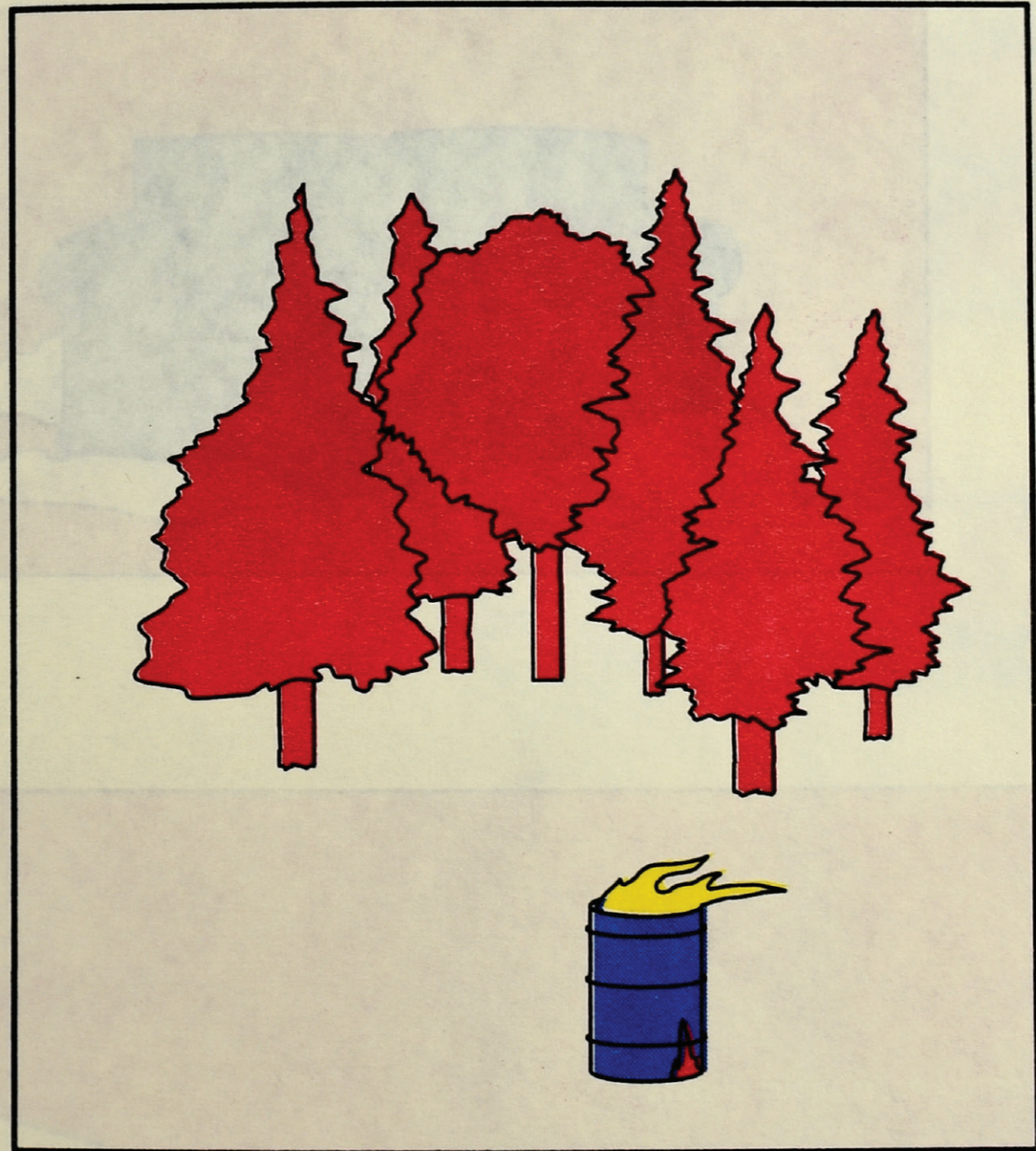


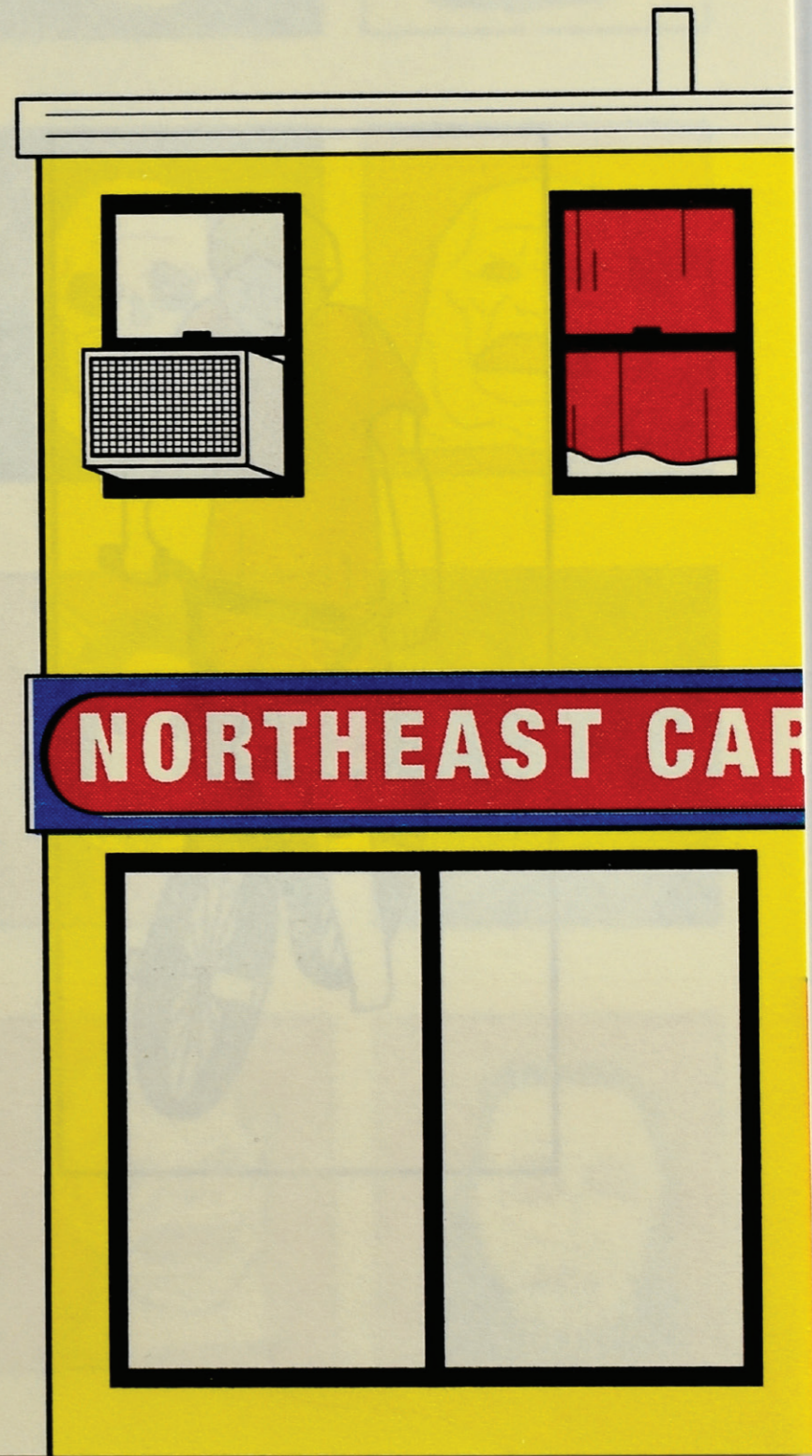
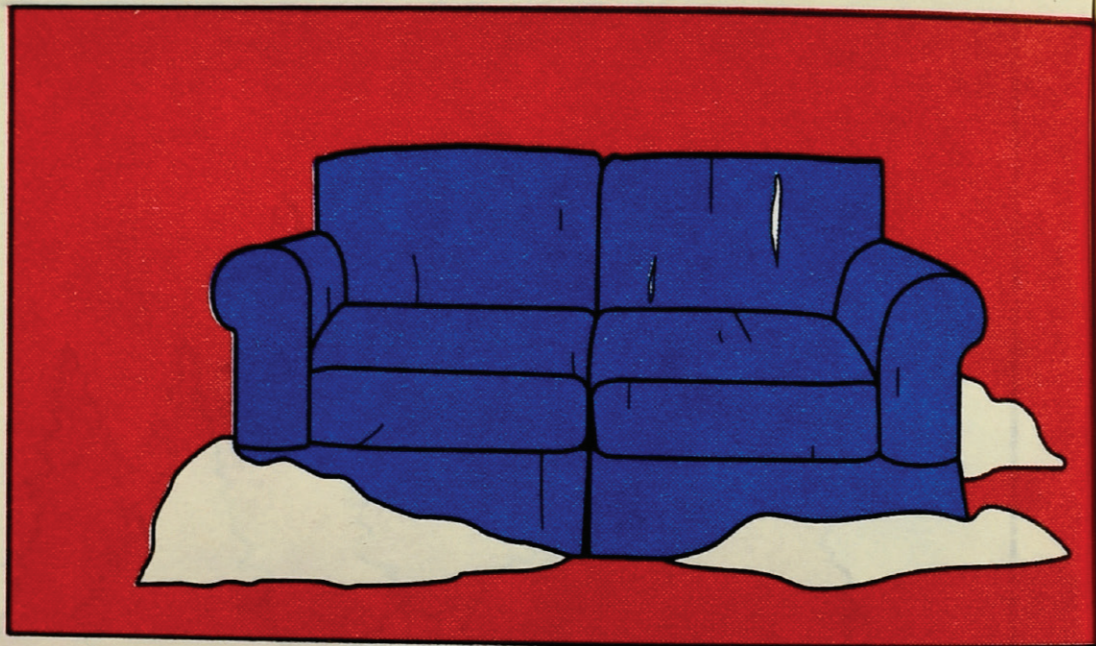
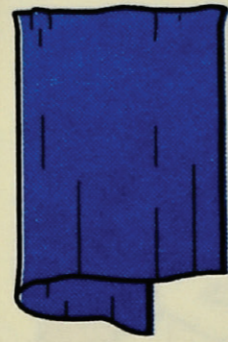
hallowe

GEORGE WYLESOL



ODWN

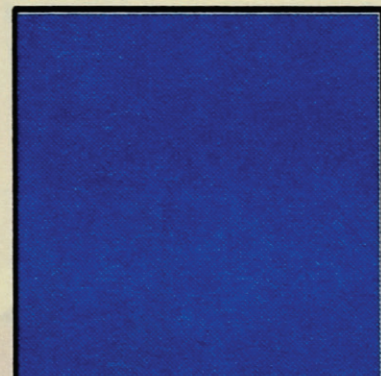
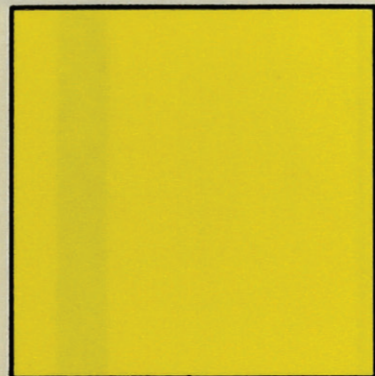


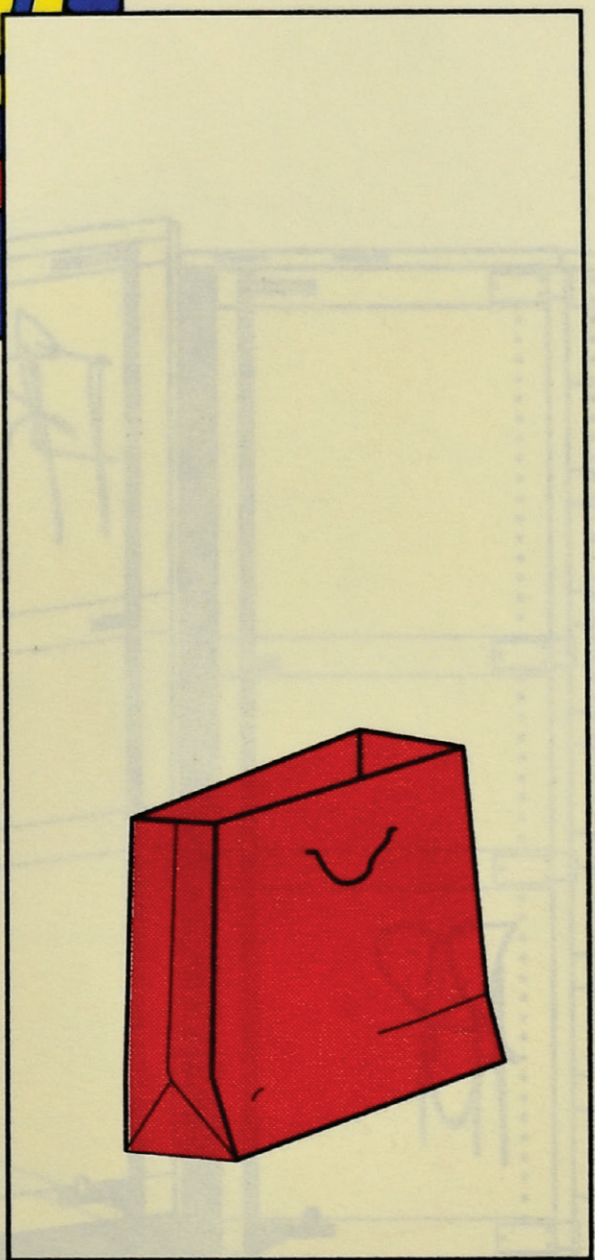
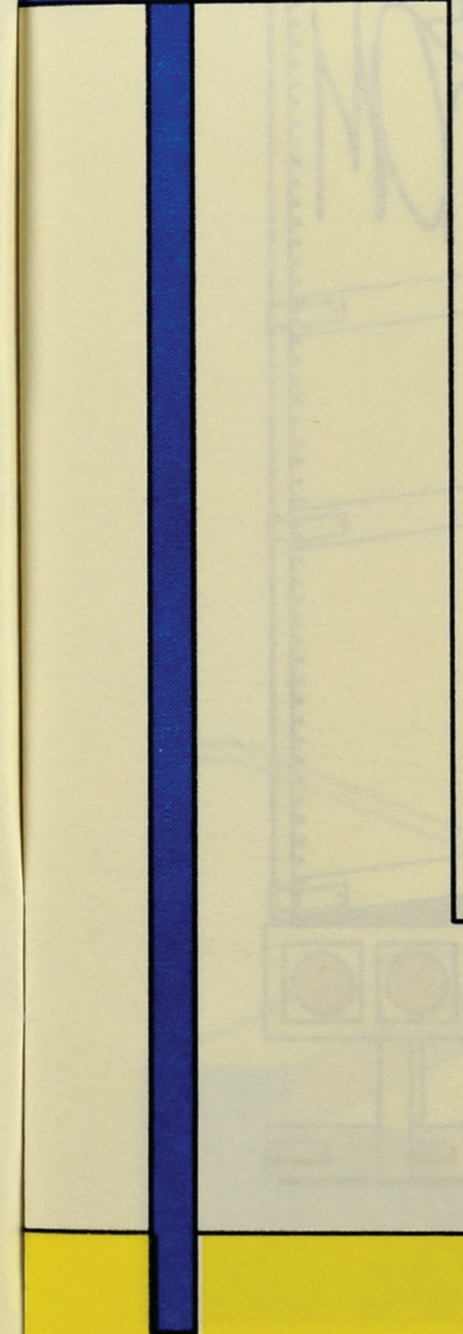
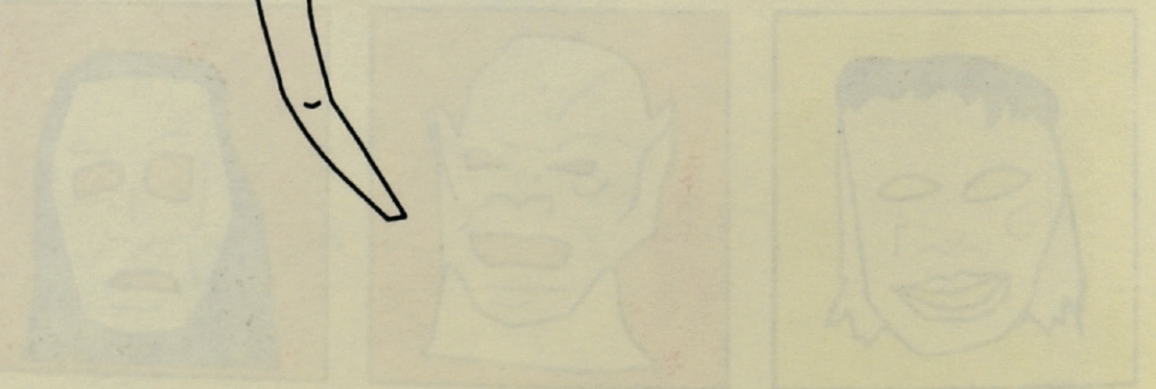
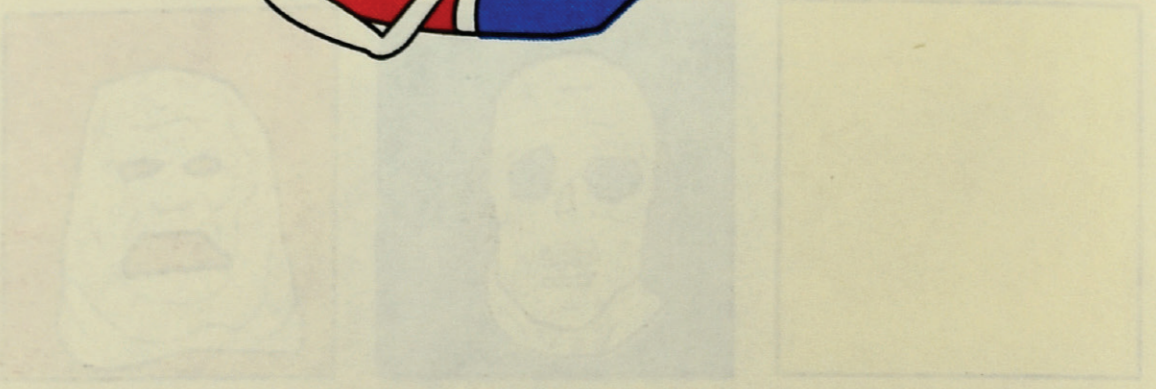


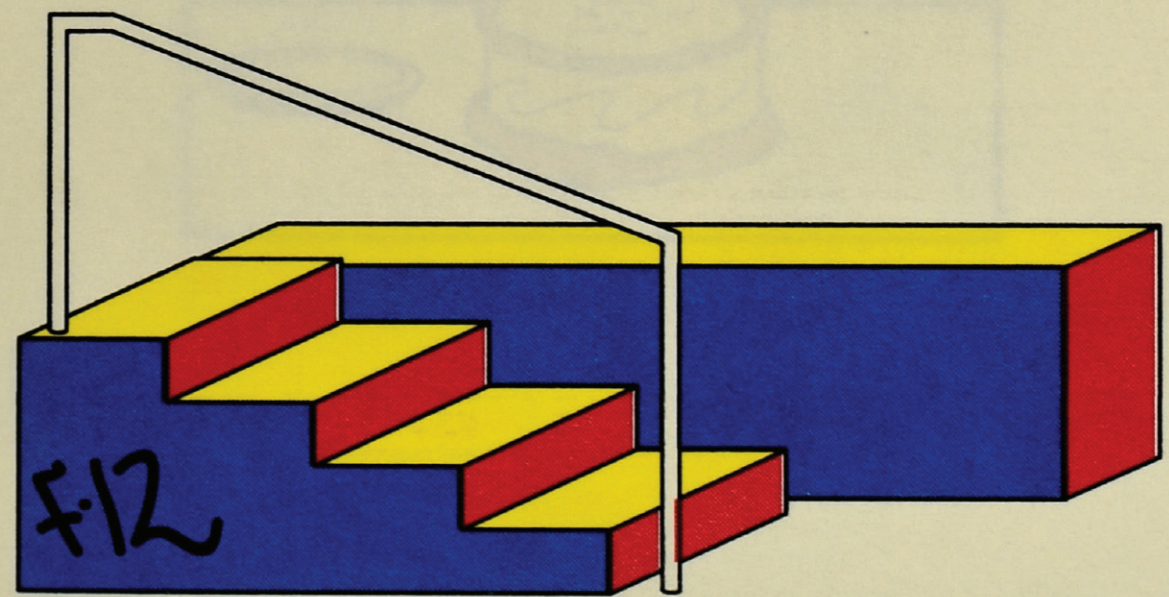
I WROTE A POEM ABOUT GHOSTS.



IVE NEVER
FELT SO BAD
IN MY WHOLE
LIFE



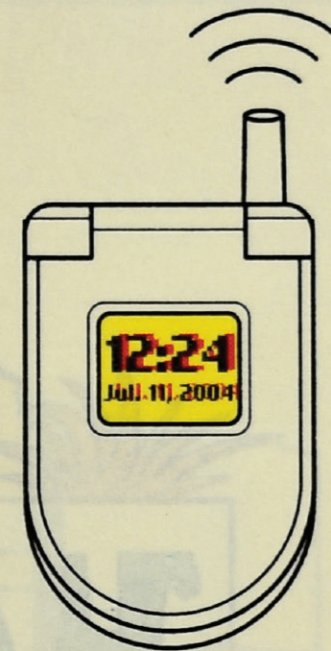
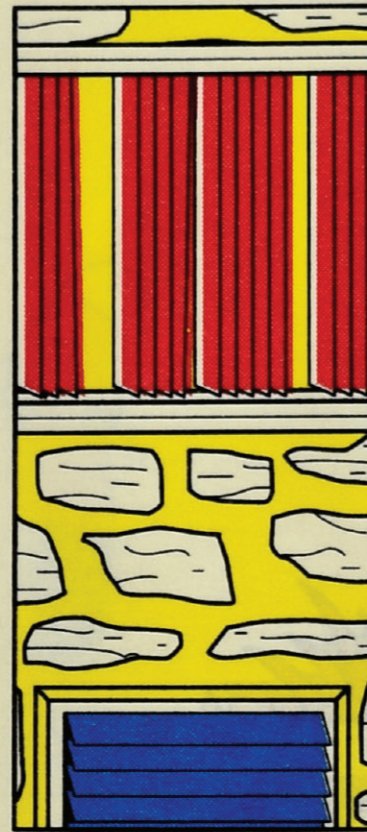
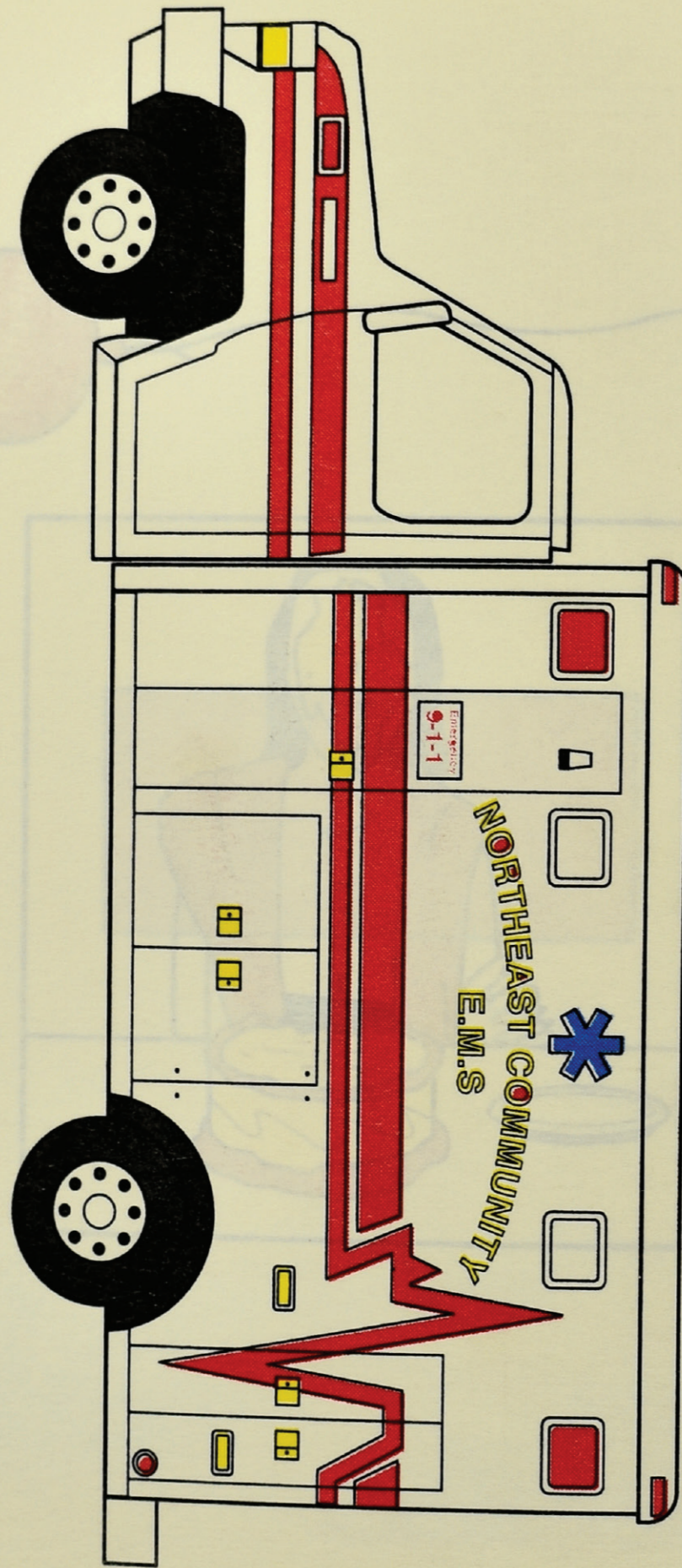




12.50



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!



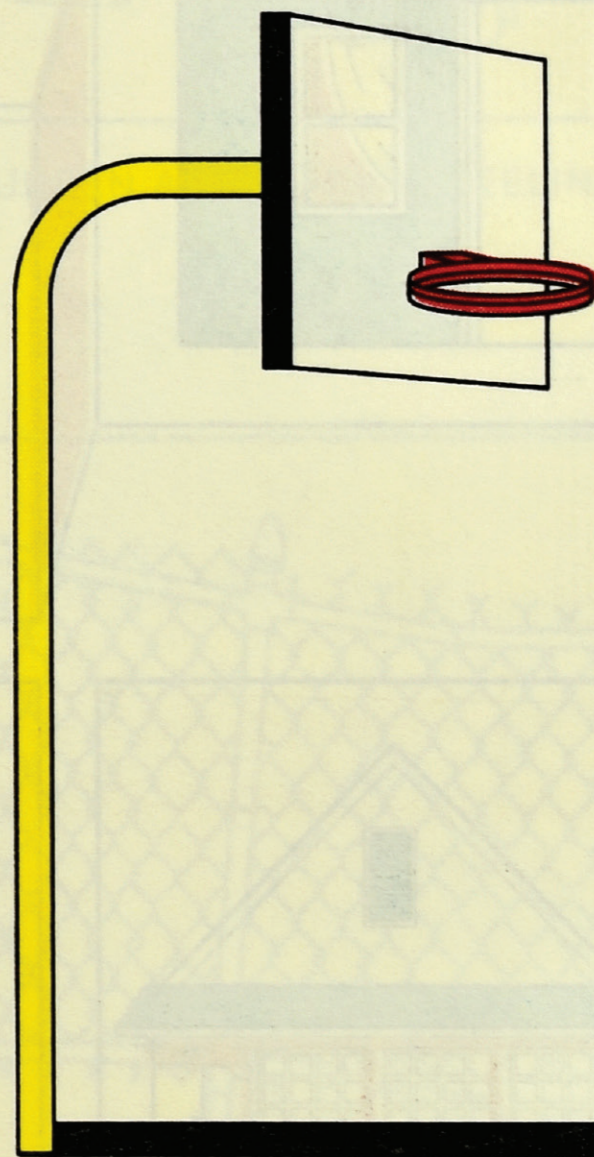
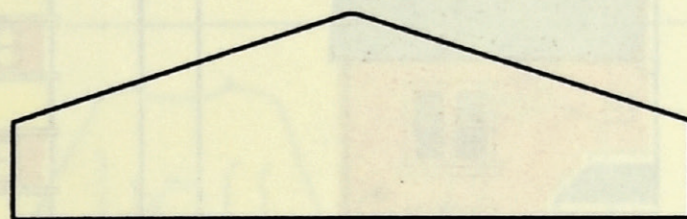
CHRIST MISSION OF THE APOSTOLIC FAITH

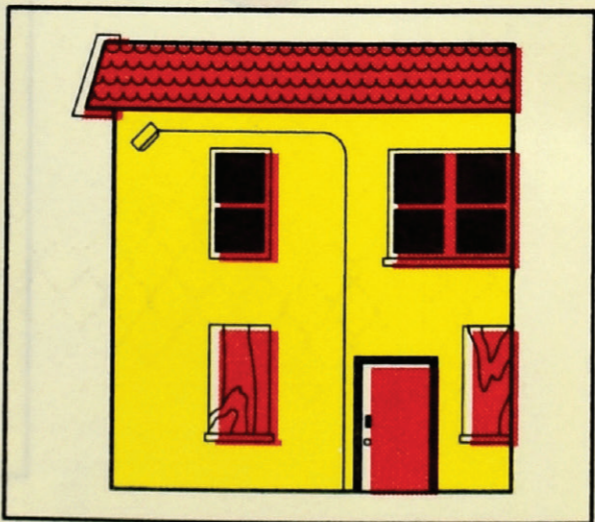
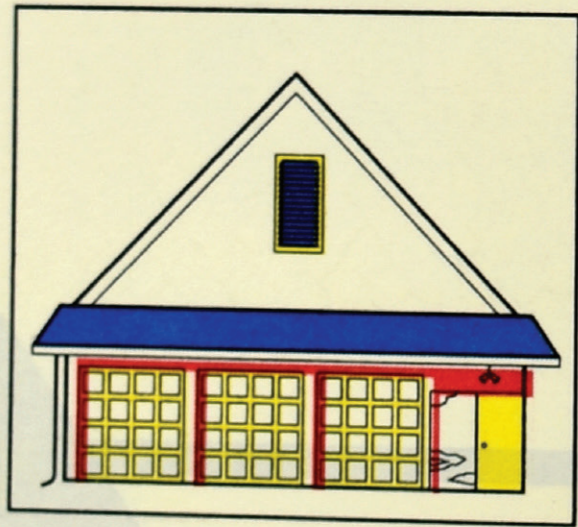
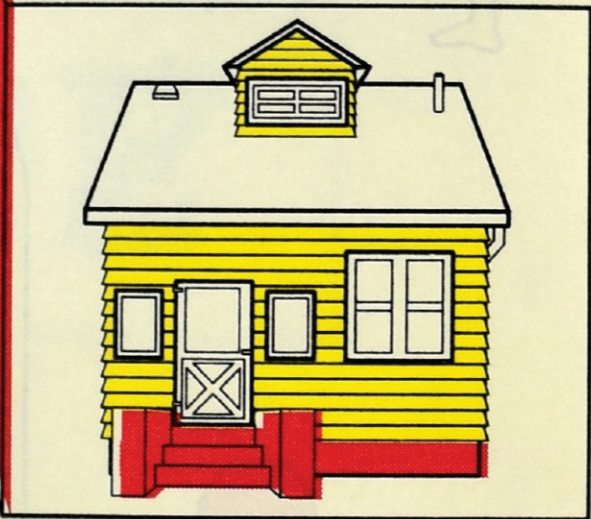
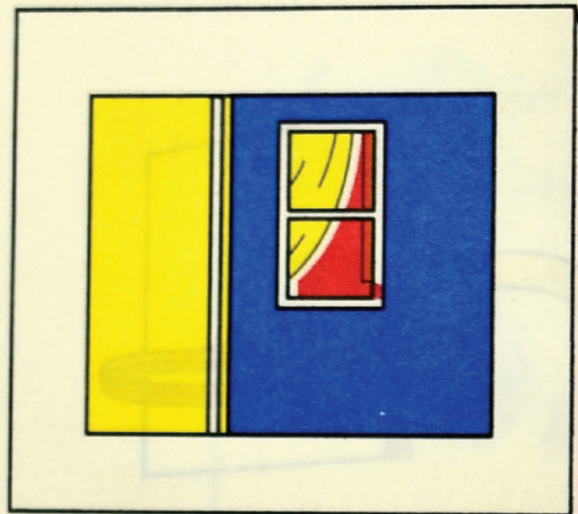
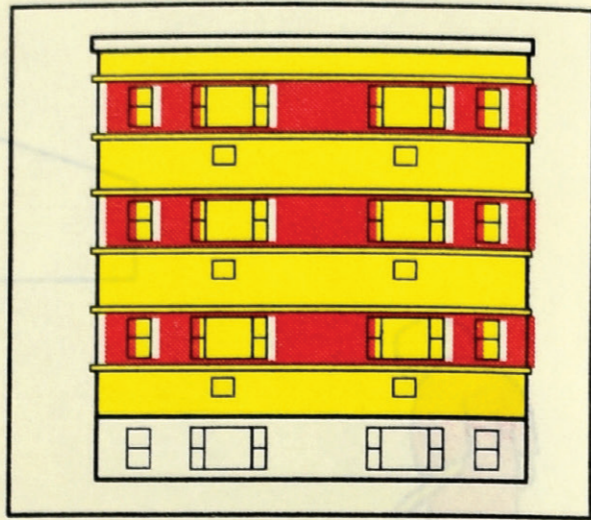
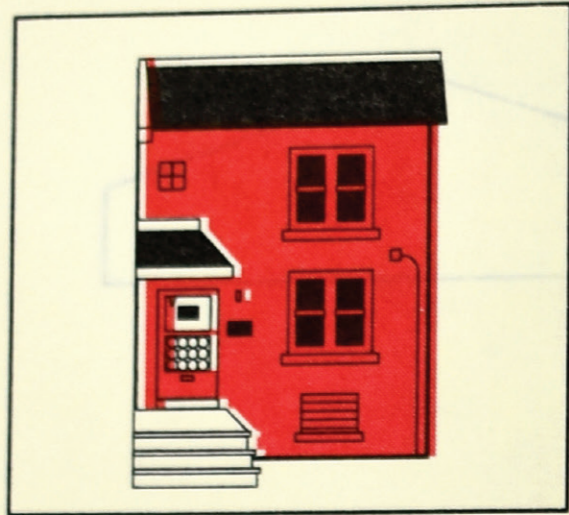
ORDER OF SERVICE

9:45 Am Sunday School & Christian Education Class	TUESDAY Evangelistic Service 7:00 pm Youth Joy Night - 3rd Friday - 7:00PM
11:30 Am Morning Worship & Children's Church	
2nd Sunday - 4:00 Pm Missionary*	FRIDAY Noon Day Prayer 12 Noon Prayer & Bible Class 6:30 Pm
4th Sunday - 4:00 Pm Young People*	

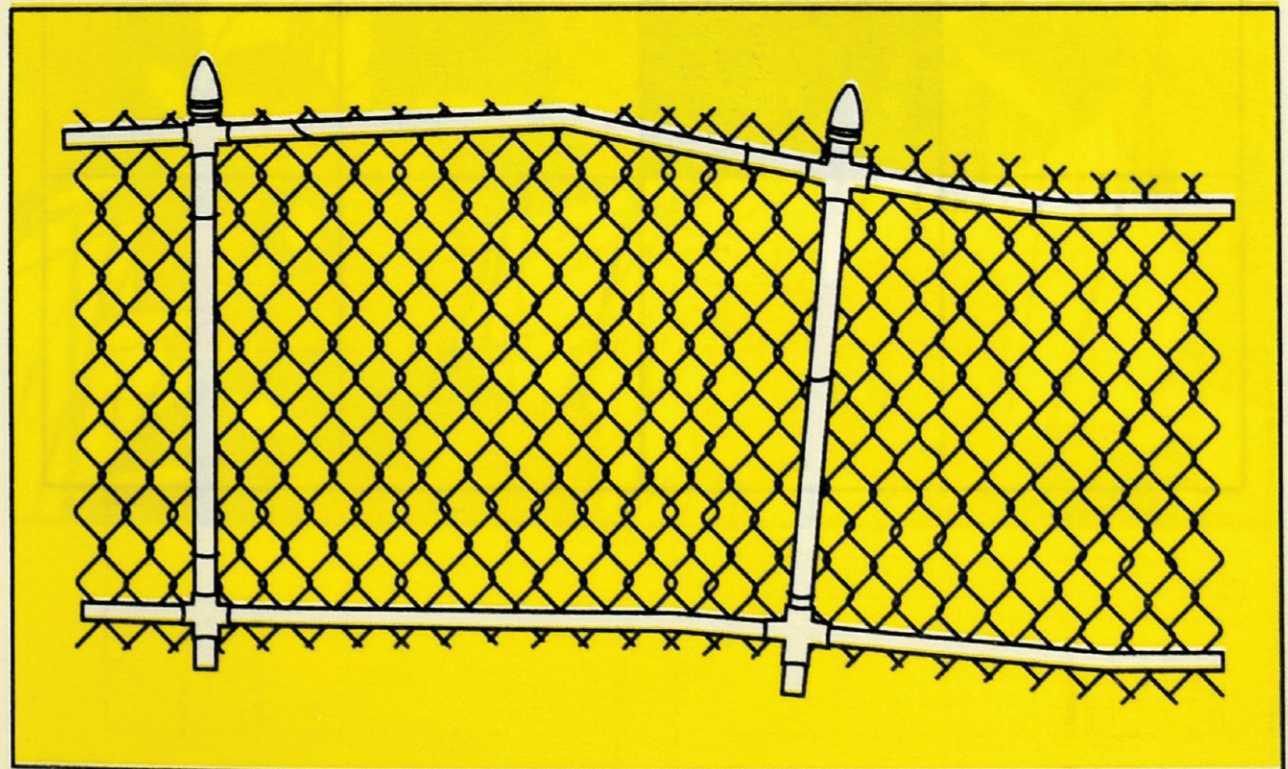
1210 Hartel Ave. Phila, PA 19111

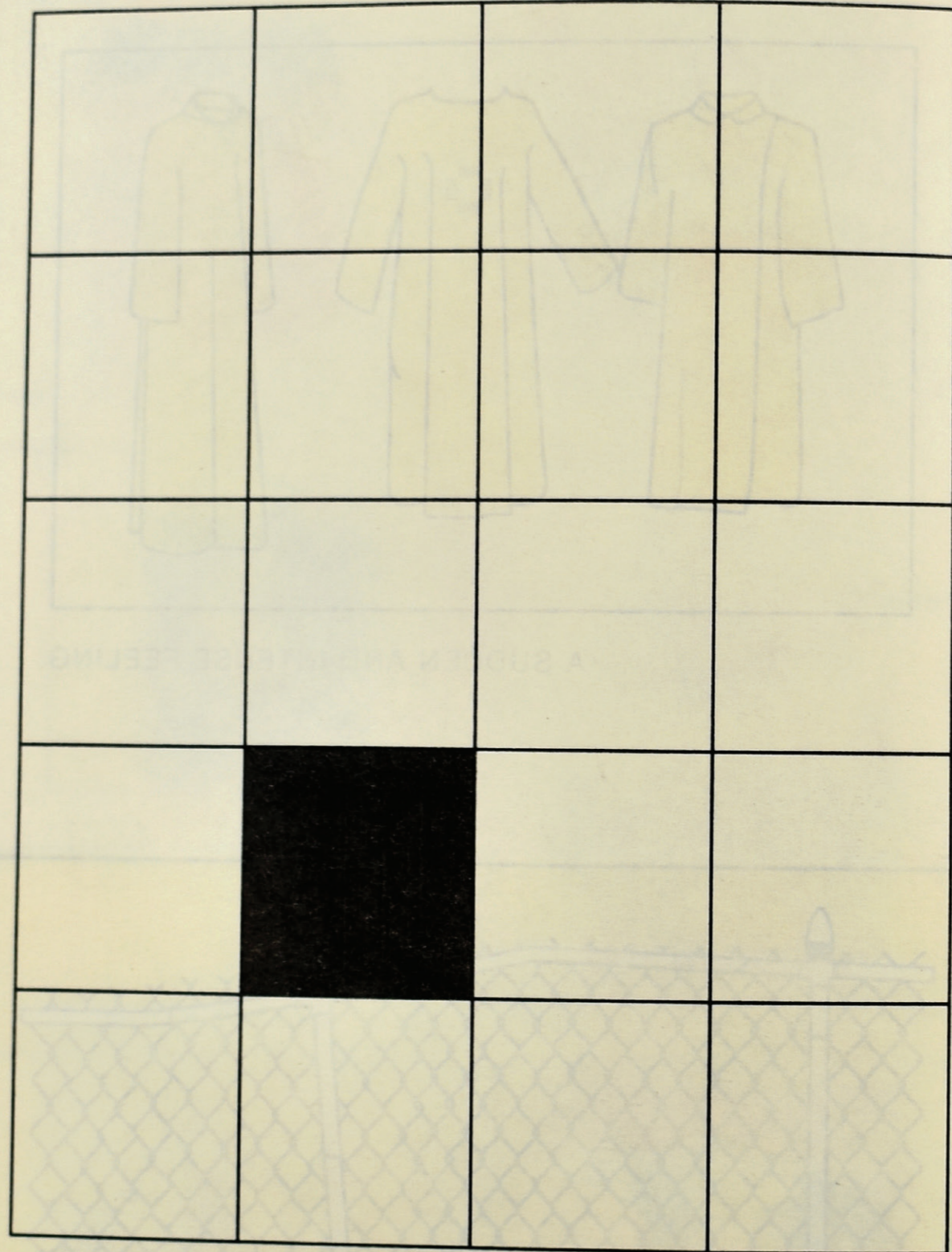
215-660-5592





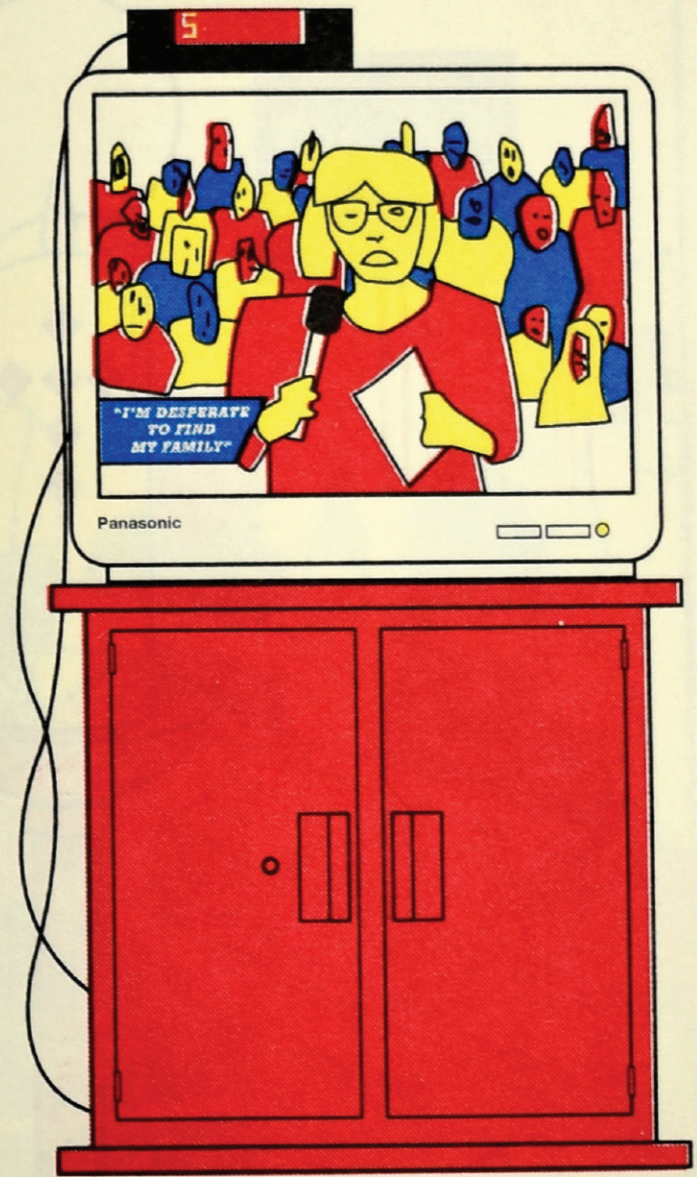
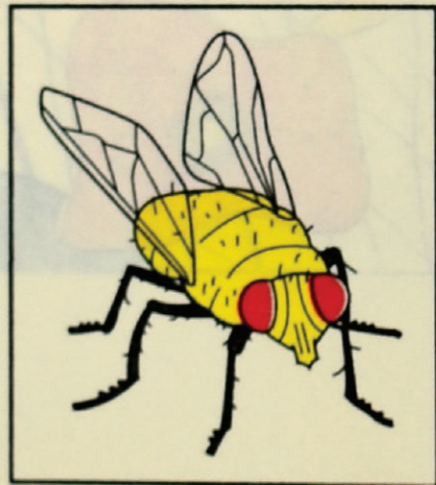
A SUDDEN AND INTENSE FEELING



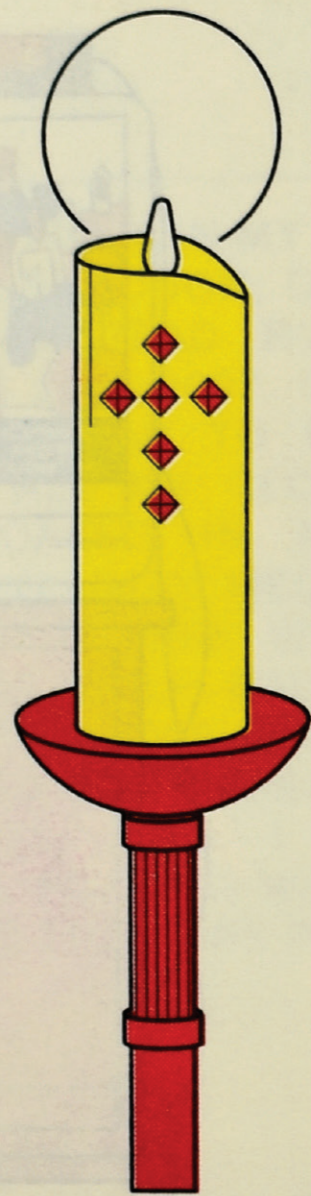




THERE WERE TWO TIMES IN MY LIFE THAT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE THROUGH: ONE WAS OUR CAR ACCIDENT ON HALSTEAD ROAD, THE OTHER WERE THE YEARS 2005-2007. SUCH A DIFFICULT TIME, EVERYTHING HAD TO BE OPENED WITH SCREWDRIVERS, ALL MY CLOTHES WERE WET AND STICKY, SOAKED IN MOTOR OIL, ME, DRESSED LIKE A CLUMSY MECHANIC, SLEEPING ON A BENCH IN THE PARK WITH A BASKET OF NEWSPAPERS AND GOLF BALLS BESIDE ME. I WOKE ON JANUARY 1, 2008 AT 9 IN THE MORNING, THE LAST OUTGOING NUMBER ON MY CELL PHONE WAS 911, AND I WALKED HOME, WHISTLING, STILL SOAKING WET BUT INTENSELY SATISFIED, IT'S THE COPS PROBLEM NOW.



OUR SIXTH HOUSE IN THE SAME ZIP C



人

0

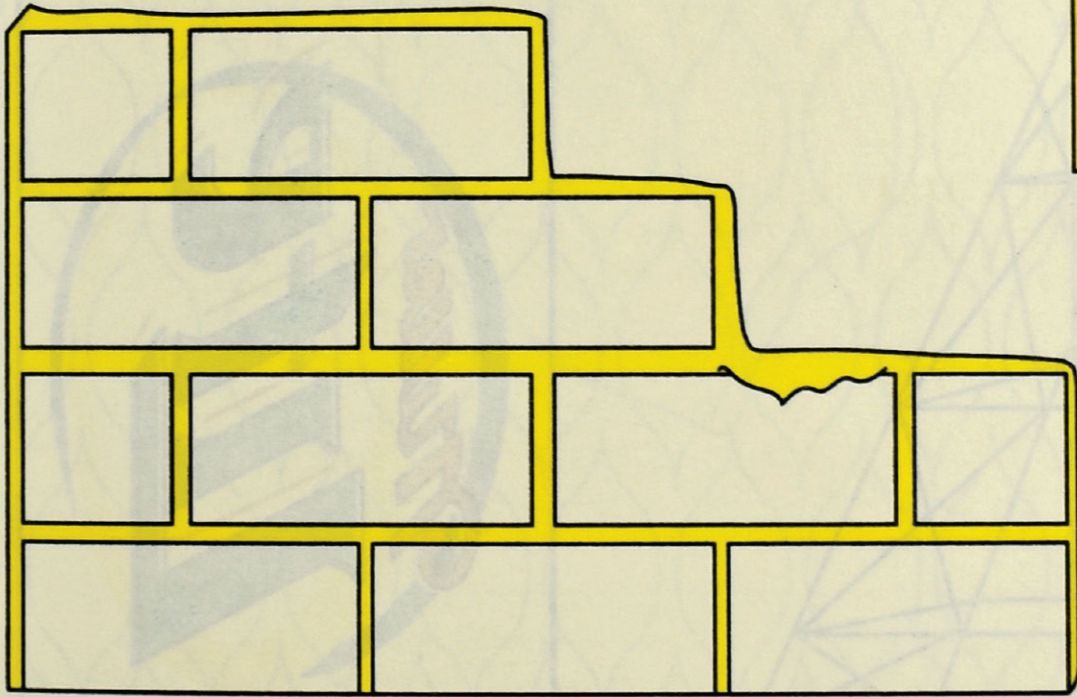
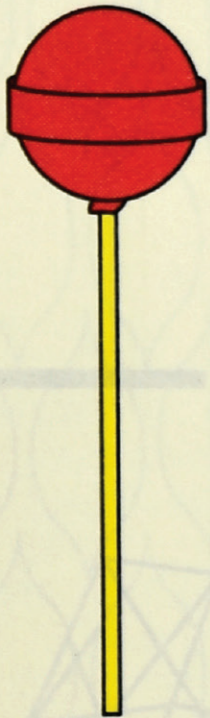


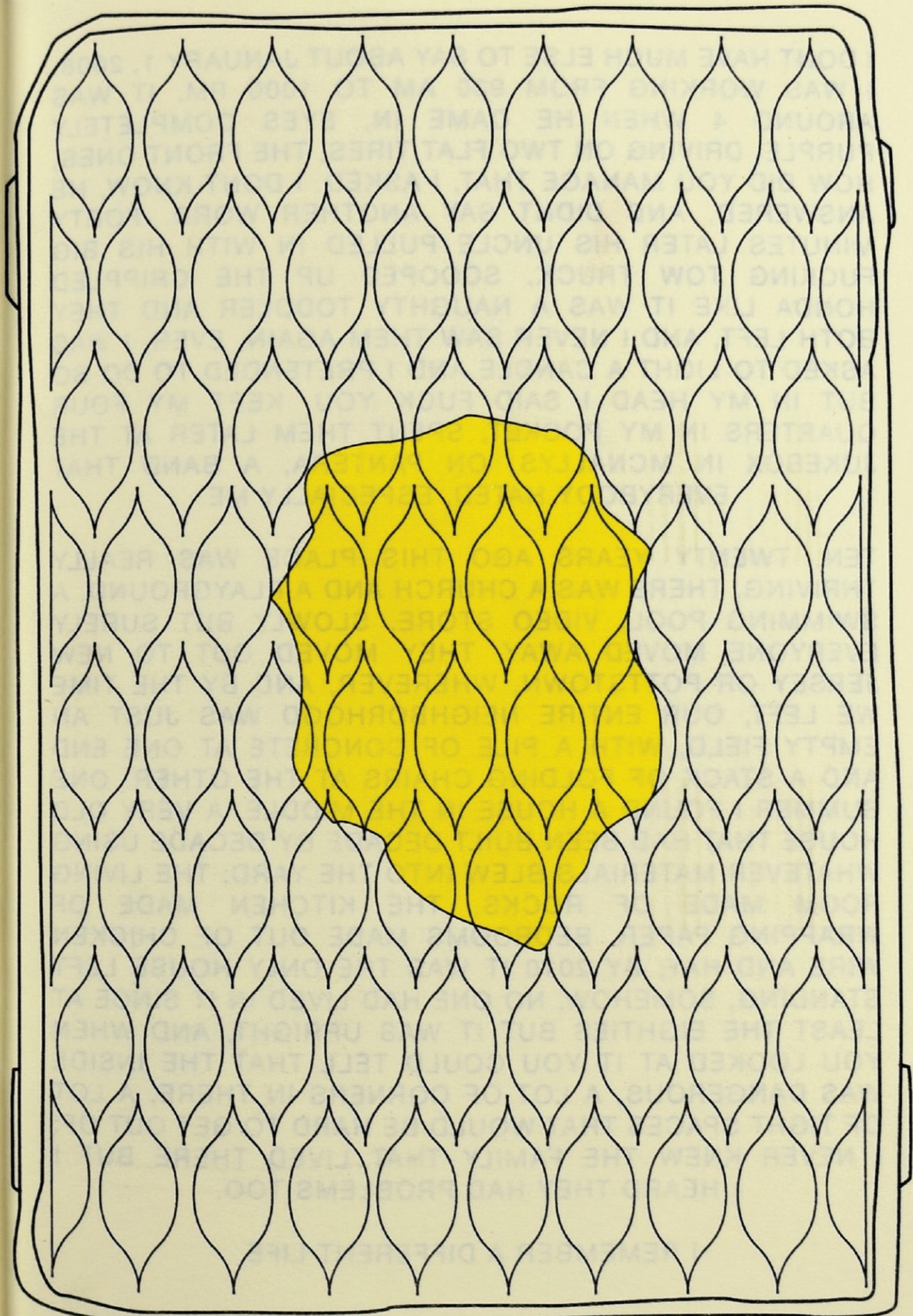
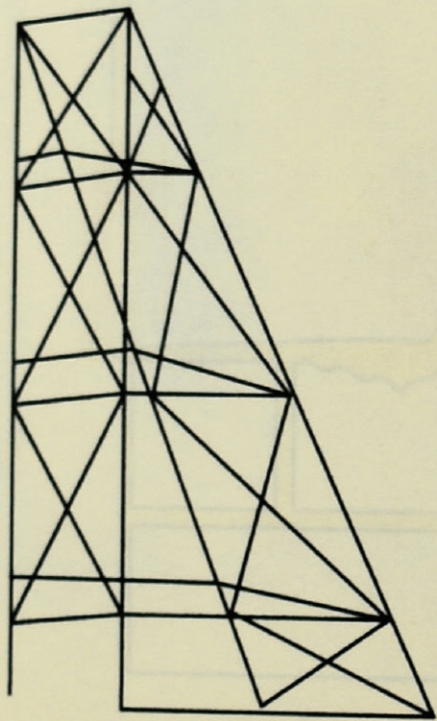
B

0

D

N





I DONT HAVE MUCH ELSE TO SAY ABOUT JANUARY 1, 2008. I WAS WORKING FROM 930 AM TO 1000 PM. IT WAS AROUND 4 WHEN HE CAME IN, EYES COMPLETELY PURPLE, DRIVING ON TWO FLAT TIRES, THE FRONT ONES, HOW DID YOU MANAGE THAT, I ASKED. I DONT KNOW, HE ANSWERED, AND DIDNT SAY ANOTHER WORD. FORTY MINUTES LATER HIS UNCLE PULLED IN WITH HIS BIG FUCKING TOW TRUCK, SCOOPED UP THE CRIPPLED HONDA LIKE IT WAS A NAUGHTY TODDLER AND THEY BOTH LEFT, AND I NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN, EVER. I WAS ASKED TO LIGHT A CANDLE AND I PRETENDED TO DO SO BUT IN MY HEAD I SAID FUCK YOU, KEPT MY FOUR QUARTERS IN MY POCKET, SPENT THEM LATER AT THE JUKEBOX IN MCNALLYS, ON PANTERA, A BAND THAT EVERYBODY HATED, ESPECIALLY ME.

TEN, TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS PLACE WAS REALLY THRIVING. THERE WAS A CHURCH AND A PLAYGROUND, A SWIMMING POOL, VIDEO STORE. SLOWLY BUT SURELY EVERYONE MOVED AWAY, THEY MOVED OUT TO NEW JERSEY OR POTTSTOWN, WHEREVER, AND BY THE TIME WE LEFT, OUR ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS JUST AN EMPTY FIELD, WITH A PILE OF CONCRETE AT ONE END AND A STACK OF FOLDING CHAIRS AT THE OTHER. ONE SUMMER I FOUND A HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE, A VERY OLD HOUSE THAT HAD BEEN BUILT DECADE BY DECADE USING WHATEVER MATERIALS BLEW INTO THE YARD: THE LIVING ROOM MADE OF ROCKS, THE KITCHEN MADE OF WRAPPING PAPER, BEDROOMS MADE OUT OF CHICKEN WIRE AND HAY; BY 2010 IT WAS THE ONLY HOUSE LEFT STANDING, SOMEHOW, NO ONE HAD LIVED IN IT SINCE AT LEAST THE EIGHTIES BUT IT WAS UPRIGHT, AND WHEN YOU LOOKED AT IT YOU COULD TELL THAT THE INSIDE WAS DANGEROUS, A LOT OF CORNERS IN THERE, A LOT OF TIGHT SPACES THAT WOULD BE HARD TO GET OUT OF; I NEVER KNEW THE FAMILY THAT LIVED THERE BUT I HEARD THEY HAD PROBLEMS TOO.

I REMEMBER A DIFFERENT LIFE.





2017
WWW.WYLESOL.COM

TAN & LOOSE
PRESS