

Someone Closer To Me



Poems By

Garrett Stone

Someone Closer To Me

Tyler's Toybox
Volume Three

Poetry

By

Garrett Stone

Unpublished Edition
Written and created for personal use,
and distribution to only the finest people,
and the closest of friends and family.

By Garrett T. Stone
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This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places,
and events are either works of the author's imagination, based
on his own experiences, or are used fictitiously.
Furthermore, all names have been changed, not to protect the innocent,
because I don't write about anyone innocent, but
to protect ME from the wicked and the litigious.

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Enjoy the story, and remember that only those I
care about, respect, enjoy the company of, or
have otherwise impressed me hold these few copies.
I expect you to be kind, as this is some old stuff in here.

**To my Persian Sun, set so long ago but still guiding me onward.
I hope you burn brighter now than you ever did when I saw you.**

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Introduction

The Tyler's Toybox books are something that have been long in coming. Originally conceived of years ago, they are collections of the poetry and short pieces I wrote before writing the first novel. Literally the trail of words that led from the first time I picked up a pen and paper to write something because I WANTED to, and not because I had to, to the moment I sat down at my laptop in a small studio apartment in a seedy, run-down building and ended up with a finished book before I even knew what was happening. The collections have been sitting on backup disks and that same laptop, long dead, for years, compiled together and edited (if poorly), hidden away until now. When I was preparing them, initially, I was uncertain about how they fit in with me and my life, and so introduced the volumes under the pseudonym Tyler Jackson. Since so much of this seems like much longer ago than it was, and because I have changed so much between then and now, I am leaving the names as they are.

Here, in the third volume, we come to an end of my most prolific time as a poet, and move into something else. This period of time included my meeting the girl who stoked my creative fires to the point where they not only drove me to where I am now, but possibly became ultimately destructive. Following her disappearance to start a new life, which took place towards the end of this collection, chronologically speaking, there was a sort of flux period, directly after which I sat down in my studio apartment, with the sun setting on the Fourth of July, and started writing, for the first time, something I hoped would be a book. That particular story still hasn't really been written, but just about a week later, still spending more hours typing than I was sleeping, I started the book that I would finish. The work in this volume takes us right up to the point when Tyler decided that there should be nothing but pride in writing, even if it is a struggle, and allowed Garrett to put his name on things. If my life's work was drawn as a series of lines, this line would lead into Keeping Bliss, and my work as a storysmith, with no break. Many of my favorite poems are collected here, and I hope you've enjoyed the journey.

~Garrett Stone

The Students and the Faithful

The pens of a million thoughts
Have all dried up and gone
The things they wrote are eternal
Additions to Apollo's song

The students of the Grecian masters
Have all turned to dust
And the teacher's of today's youth
Teach lessons in greed and lust

The musicians inspired by art
With creativity and purity as their fuel
Have been passed aside for trends
Where music is a corporate tool

The painters of the past
The masters of the brush
Are tossed aside for art schools
With rules and systems and rush

The writers of human course
Mapping out the truths of a time
Are passed off as drug-addled fools
As though poetry was a crime

But to the followers of the faith
Who see art as love without hate
Know that truth and passion are the key
And there'll always be more to create

Little Notes On Life

We are the same, not in words said
But in that they are meant to be heard

I count fifteen, but perhaps it is stupidity
Or insanity in odd form

Chinese and Japanese poems
Cannot be translated

My head is very, very full
But doesn't digest

My ears burn
At the thought

They get smaller
The page longer

My life is for love
My love is life

Day and night
Night and day

Art
Life
Love
Love

Fierce

Dear Girl

You're mine

You're gonna tear my soul apart

You're gonna blow my mind

You can't

Hold back

I need to feel you shake my world

I need to feel the fire in your attack

Come here

To me

Push me past the limits of life

Push me to my knees

Rip me

Apart

Screaming I'll feel heaven's gift

Screaming I'll freeze Satan's heart

Hit me

Don't miss

Show me life and passion in every nerve

Show me true love in a kiss

Bedtime Story

I have a lengthy tale to tell
Do you care to listen?
It's about an angel of earth, who fell
And had to find his way

He was a fairly gifted man
In more ways than one
He does anything because he knows he can
Even to this day

He always found the wrong kind of friends
Or that's the way it seems
They took him to dangerous ends
But they weren't all that bad

They had a tendency to lie
And didn't treat him well
He always gave them another try
But realized that he'd been had

He had to go it completely alone
With no one in his life
It was harder than he could have known
And this is how he fell

He started feeling it day and night
This need for human love
Dreaming of every girl in sight
He knew that this was Hell

(This is both short and long term
With many details between
But as surely as the bird eats the worms
That would be too long a tale)

So the loneliness tore at his poor soul
To the point he couldn't bear
So he made diamonds out of coal
(He wasn't the type to fail)

He spent his time alone with art
To make it all worthwhile
So long as cupid has his dart
Love will come in time

He could dream away all the while
Keeping an eye open
Then they'd meet, and spend eternity with a smile
The End, (after the rhyme)

An Unfortunate Secret

Fade in

Fade out

Tell me what the fuss is about

Quiet now

Don't shout

I don't know how these things come about

Read this

Write that

Try to pin down where you're at

Old friend

Crazy cat

Abandoned you where you sat

True love

Not here

What makes you think she's near?

I'll drive

You steer

But don't believe everything you hear

I'm here

Alone

My own voice chills me to the bone

Inside

Light shone

I wish this simple truth was known

Dear God

Why am I alone today?
How many tomorrows will be this way?
Do I have to wait for her to come?
How do I be patient and not be numb?
Or should I go to find her?
Is that the right answer?
Is this the way to win your heart?
If I fuck up, can I re-start?
I don't mean to be so crude
Is it really all that rude?
If everyone is right, then who's wrong?
Will I be on this earth for long?
"If I am alone, I must be a waste"
"I love who I am, it's just a matter of taste"
Am I right to believe in the latter?
Could you clear this up: does size really matter?
Do you believe in love at first sight?
I'll know when I meet my soul-mate, right?
Will it be a really long wait?
I think I'm ready to find my mate
I don't know how much more I can take
If I'm alone any longer, I think I could break
Will it be someone from the past?
How will I know that this one will last?
Point out my love, show me the way
Cause I don't want to be alone today

Thirst

An animal at a watering hole
It's not the clearest
It's not the largest
It isn't surrounded by lush greeneries
On which to feast
But the animal is thirsty
Cannot wait, to search
Cannot put off the thirst
 Until a more vast, clear pond is found
So it will pause in it's day
And dip its head in caution
(Uncalled for vulnerability)
And drink of the water
Slightly dirty
And long gone stale
 From a lack of fresh rain
But it will keep him alive another day
So that he may search, to find
The oasis of legends
And object of his dreams

Sideways 8's

I took some time off to get my head right
Cut out the shadows and head for the light
The first year to forgive, the next just to think
About the rusted water I tended to drink
To find out what I needed for me
The type of angel to help me see
The difference between unhealthy and not
And how to let grow the beauty I've got

All in theory and logic, but well understood
Loving all life, just like I should
Peaceful and alone in a watcher's shroud
Then a ray of sunlight burst through the cloud
Confused and scared, I went to explore
But when I understood, I knew I'd need more
Because this was the angel I'd been waiting for
Knocked me flat, down on the floor

And I said
I can't believe I'm falling in love again
I know better than that
The way she makes me feel is driving me insane
It's got to be a trap
She doesn't even know what's in my dreams
Sideways 8's in my eyes
Does it all have to be as hard as it seems?
Or can we just live our lives?

I try to show her how much I care
How I melt in her eyes and the beauty in there
Allude that with her I can feel whole
And point out that it's my heart she stole
I let her know how much I'd like to be hers
To hold her hand and follow the stars
But when I see her, my diction all ends
And returns only as I describe her to my friends

And they say
I can't believe you're falling in love again
You know better than that
When you talk about her you do look insane
It must be a trap
She doesn't even know what's in your dreams
Sideways 8's in your eyes
Do you have to make it harder than it seems?
Or can you just get on with your life?

So I've been dreaming here for days
Straight on to confusion with no delays
I have no idea how she feels
Or with what she has to deal
If she wants to be together with me
Or maybe she still doesn't even see?
I find myself sitting deep in thought
Trying to figure out just what I've got

Oh Lord
I do believe I've fallen in love again
What do you think about that?
I'd die to keep her from pain
I know that it's no trap
I've got to show her what's in my dreams
The sideways 8's in my eyes
It can't be as complicated as it seems
For us to just share our lives

I Am In Love

I am deeply in love with the Persian sun
Her radiance blinds me,
Yet shines with beauty so bright,
It cuts into the blindness

 And through her light I see again
The image burned into my mind
Her smile, her soft skin, and the lines of her face
Her eyes, windows to a beauty beyond man's understanding

I am in love with the dancing wind
Spinning with all the grace of Terpsichore
Woven into sounds, and words
Humming like the singing of angels
Lifting my heart and soul

 Like a cartoon floating on the scent of fresh pie
Up to a place where there is no night
No pain or solid earth
Only love and beauty

I am in love with a mighty spirit
Shown to me by the Lady Corn Mother
Who directs the Sun's rays

 And the growth of the planet
A sound warm enough to ward off the Cold Maker
And ring joy through the seven heavens
When she is near, I feel it
And I praise the spirits that I get to see her
To be in the glow of such a girl

I am in love with a girl
Who is the greatest of beauties
Who can make me laugh, make me smile
 Who drives my thoughts

Who touches my soul
Who I would protect with my last breath
And conquer Hell to be with
I am in love, from the bottom of my being
And all the stars wouldn't be enough distance
 To keep me from her
 Would that the silence fall to understanding
 Or a returned heart

Dream

I had a dream. In it, there was a girl. She was beautiful, and yet plain. Her plain-ness is what set her beauty beyond that of average women, because through the plainness of her beauty, the wonderful person she was came through, to fill any average or normal spaces up with magnificent light. And this girl was my girlfriend, or my fiancé, or something. We hadn't known each other well, or long, and yet we loved one another to no end. I remember sex, passionate, loving sex, not really wild sex. And I remember her saying to me that she was pregnant. And I knew, because it was visible, about three months, so barely, but...at the same time, it was a complete shock. I stammered out a question, on if it was mine. I knew it was pointless to ask, because I knew it was, but I asked anyway. She said yes. And I was filled with the most explosive happiness in the world. I stared for moments that lasted eternities at her naked belly, just beginning to swell with child, and crying silent tears of joy, and then looking up at the face, which had always been beautiful, but now shone down to me in a way that made me fear at first if I might go blind to look at it. And then I smiled, and laughed, because the world had never been so bright, and I kissed her, with more love and passion than I knew could go into a kiss, and held her to me, and lay her down, and then put my hands on the stomach. I put my head against it, trying to imagine what was going on inside, that I couldn't see, and spoke to the child, as if it had been born already, and could see me. I promised it all sorts of things, but especially love, and a life that may never be dazzling, but will always be warm, and that I would always protect it with all I could. And then I remember time passing, two or three more months, and every time I saw that beautiful mother of my child, and her swelling tummy, I smiled, because there was more love than I had any right to there, and I knew it was mine, my love, and my life, and all I would ever need. I doted after mother and child every day, treating her a princess, with the most delicate of all treasures inside her.

Then she told me she would have to go away for a time. She knew not how long, but would love me, and think of me, and would see me again when she returned. She left, and was gone for three months. I remember nothing of these three months, except the memories I had of the night I was told, and the passion and

love I had for the mother, and the hope and cherished love I had for the child that was yet to be born. I received word one day that she had returned. She had been in the hospital, delivering the child. I was hurt, at first, that she had done this without me, that I had been robbed of being able to watch the child, my child, come into the world. I rushed, and panicked, and got everything together, to go find them, to see the two things I loved most in the world, when the door opened, and there she was, standing there, holding a little baby. I froze, a mix of emotions, the panic still not passed, of trying to get there in time, and the hurt at being left out, and the shock of her sudden appearance, and the love I felt for her, to depths that I knew would sink deeper every day, beyond the point of expression, to where I knew normal humans couldn't feel, and could never be returned, and then, as she put the child in my arms; it all faded away. As I sat, holding a little baby girl, my little baby girl, in my arms, my daughter, and she held onto my finger, and laughed at the world, a happiness rose from me, and spread all over my body, and I knew it was being spread, because more was flowing than I could hold. Somewhere, two miles away, a woman smiled for no reason at all, because of the joy I felt, standing, looking into the beautiful, tiny eyes of my newborn daughter, and into the deep, sincere, loving eyes of the girl who had come together with me, and I knew that life would never be the same, and I would never feel loneliness, nor ever feel a lack of love again. These two beings, these two beautiful souls, loved me more than I could understand, and always would, and I would return that love, and it would feed me, drive me, forever, with love, and inexplicable happiness.

I woke with this feeling not yet faded, and a smile spread wide across my face, and my arms clutched to my chest, as though I was holding a small child.

Three Years (for HR)

An offer made as a child
Destiny calling, beckoning forward
Beyond restrictions of age
Restraints of time
Three years, for every one
Growth, wisdom, and life. In turn
Three years, for every one
Death approaches, a check to cash

Back-pay given, expanding mind and soul
Worlds open, and trees grow
Overgrowing the paths of childhood
Reaching for the midday sun
Giving shade, release, to sit in, and read
Explore new worlds, and create others
Three years, for every one
The time passes, and the self deepens
Three years, for every one
And the people have passed me by

Forgetting the one who vanished all those years ago
A hand reaches out
A third its own age, so foreign yet familiar
Like a repressed memory, or a forgotten photograph
Connections, emotions, lost in gaps of time
Not even thought about
Three years for every one
A week becomes a month
Three years, for every one
Mere moments mean the world

A glimmer taken on too long
In a time of ill despair
Caught up in the seconds
Twisting and turning the very skies
Rivers into meaning and false ideals
A limited forever to pass on by
And onto the next adventure
The beauty of today stretching far past the moon

And borrowing a day or two from the future
Three years, for every one
The love was a lifetime
Three years for every one
The pain was an eternity

Finite, yet ongoing
No end in sight
Stretching forever into the timeless gap
Between awake and asleep
Where dreams are born
Yet lasting only minutes on the clock
Bound by chains to hands
Passing, as does the sultry sun
Or a fresh spring rain
Washing free the dust of ages
Into the depths and insanity of yesterday
Free for a vacation
Three years, for every one
Needs miss-met and confused
Three years, for every one
Tortured by the seconds

Lingering awhile to greet and be social
Before passing on to the duties of seconds
Three years for every one
Thus I met you
Three years, for every one
And the answer, to a much needed prayer

Helped give the release
Companionship and comparison
An angel of light
Wandering a foreign heaven, a haven
Life and energy, relating
Singing the sounds of truth
Of the very Earth
Exploring ships in heaven
Earthy merchants with souvenirs
Became the symbol, the savior
A messiah of release

Three years for every one
All things at once
Three years for every one
Gone, but not over

Weeping at a sorrowful tale
Not forgetting the joy brought
Nor the reflections and redemptions
But three years for every one
And memories get washed away
Three years of every one
Missing is my angel of Kerouakian journeys

Of the earth and the green
Of exploration and admiration
Of adulation and the chasing passions
Caught only to have been caught
Always content, but never through
Games going on forever
As the joy is the only rule
Game partner lost
Yet still playing, without pause
Three years for every one
To the true classics there can be no end
Three years for every one
My angel of the arts will return one day

Just as Jack and Neil always returned
Three years, for every one
All is the same in the game
And all come together in the end
Three years for every one
Both a dust mote on the pages of time
Three years for every one
Passing the same, and over before the rising moon

For the Missing Ballerina

I've made a great deal of mistakes in my life
I believe half of them have happened since I met you
And I've apologized for so few of them
It comes from stubbornness I think
Because most of them are things I can fix
Or just don't care about
But now,
Now I fear I may have pushed too far
And perhaps, it is too late to make amends

I treated you unfairly
With missed birthdays and Christmases
Phone calls never made
And time not spent
Even on little things
The things that make a friend
If I had a time machine,
And could change any part of my past
Those are the only things I'd change
And yet, you still believed in me
Still thought of me as a friend
And still cared enough to try

Then I made my decision about education
To leave it all, and learn on my own
Dozens of people yelled at me
Even more insulted me
Doubted my decision
And none tried to understand it
But only you asked me not to make it
Told me that you thought I was perfect
Or as perfect as a human being gets
And that if I had any idea how much you cared
I'd change my mind and go prove to the system
That I was a prodigy
And a leader

I let you down then
I continued the path I had started

I was following my heart
Being true to myself
I never even paused to see that sometimes
Following your heart means being selfish
You didn't want to stake a claim in my future
And had nothing to gain
You just wanted me to be happy
And be successful
And I didn't see that
I am so sorry

It wasn't until I lost my own friends
Left them, for refusing to listen,
For being selfish and uncaring
That I realized...
Everything that they had done to me
I had done to you
I was just as terrible a friend
As those I had left behind
But you endured me, always
And cared anyway.
I hoped, and prayed that it wouldn't be too late
That you hadn't written me off already
That I still had time to make it up to you
To be the friend you deserve,
And have deserved all this time

I called, but you were busy
So I left a letter
Which to date you still haven't read
But it didn't matter, because you called me yourself
Out of the blue
And wanted to hang out
We did, and we had fun
I know I did, anyway
And I was thrilled, because, I had found a real friend
After years of messing around with fakes
And the irony of it was both sweet,
At that friend having been there so long,
Yet stung
As I remembered the way I acted

Perhaps it was luck, chance
That you showed up when you did
Or maybe it was fate
You see, a week earlier
I did an exercise in faith
Listing the girlfriend of my dreams,
Thereby causing her to show up, soon
Into my life, and arms
And, only a few days prior
I received a fortune, telling me to
“Look for the dream that keeps coming back.”
That’s when you came to me
Returned to me, really
And upon a second look,
You were indeed a dream

Since then, I’ve tried to tell you
When the time is right
To do it without scaring you
Or reminding you too much of the confused thing I was
In high school, for the two weeks we dated,
And all of that time after
Chasing, in my blind confusion
And ignorance
What I thought was the answer
The magical cure
To what ailed me

I am confused again, though
Not in my emotions, as I was back then,
Misunderstanding what it meant to feel
But in the interpretations of my actions now.
Is it selfish again to ask you to be with me?
Share a large part of your time with me?
A piece of your heart?
Or is it compassion, and caring
Wanting to share my world with you
Share my life, and my soul
To make you happy
And to treat you like the angelic wonder you are

If it is selfish,
Then I ask you, beg you, please forgive me
I don't want to slip into selfishness
Which I acted with against you for so long
You've already taken more than your fair share
But if it isn't
If it isn't...
Then please, consider being with me
Because I do care
And I will do everything in my power to make you happy
Make sure that you don't have to be bored, or lonely
Hurt, or scared
And I would love,
Be absolutely thrilled
To get to be with you
An angelic beauty
A magnificent saint
And a caring friend

I Don't Want To Be Jack Kerouak

I don't want to be Jack Kerouak. He was a great man, and will always be one of my heroes. A writer, a man, of high character as to say that he is, indeed, a legend, and an idol to any such as myself. But by no means to I want to be Jack Kerouak.

Jack was a lonely man. Spent his entire life, never feeling completely fulfilled. Never really, truly happy. Always somewhere lurked bitter paranoia, somewhere a secret voice whispering lies, or unpleasant truths. Through the eyes of such an isolated, gentle artist, the world was a place cold and cruel. Lost and left behind by friends, loved ones, and heroes alike. An entire lifetime of confusion, pain, and betrayals that were, in truth, reflections of his own insecurities, fueled by his own mental unbalance.

Kerouak was kicked out of the Merchant Marines for being a "schizoid personality." Schizophrenic. My own looming fear, a haunting voice shouting the betrayal of my own body and genetics, with one word. Once diagnosed, labeled, it is as if a birthmark would be discovered, between my very eyes, showing all what a wretched and insane sod stands in front of them. How could I, once discovered, go about a normal life? Ever hope to have a job, a decent job, without a chain of social services, charities, and bleeding hearted supporters gripped tight between my ankle and the steel ball of my own disease. How could I knowingly allow a relationship with a girl, tell her about a lifetime of uncertainty, danger, of mental illness, possibly to be passed down to my beloved offspring? How could she believe a word out of the mouth of a lunatic, certifiable by doctors and diagnosis? I don't want insanity.

Kerouak also escaped into weakness, at trying moments, running from fear, letting it drive him to turn his back on those who cared for him, to continue his trek across the country, the world. To let loneliness drive him to whorehouses, to let the world drive him to drinking, to drugs. It has been a struggle for me, since I've known such escapes existed, to stay clean and sober. For my unborn children, for a lover, a wife, I have yet to kiss, for myself, my own health, and for the basic struggle against weakness, against the deeper darkness. I don't want to succumb to weakness.

Jack led a life of a nomad, solitary in himself, always with a bag packed, always ready to say goodbye to his friends and his family, be they mother, wife, or daughter, and to go out again on his own. With his friends, he spoke of solo journeys, often felt alone. With his family, felt misunderstood. With the world, felt out of place. So he traveled from place to lonesome place, his only companions those he met on the way; new strangers, or old friends, but always rediscovered and changed, always new, and re-met. His only friends his religion, his thoughts, and his writing, and even those, he felt, abandoned or hurt him from time to time. As I write these very words, I am surrounded on all sides by the art that has been my only companion these last years, in a small, dark apartment, alone, and cold, overcome by that loneliness. I would give anything to have a knock on that door, to open it to see the bright, shining face of that angel I love with all my being, or perhaps a ring overtop a black tattoo, reminding me of a wedding to that angel, the Sun that sheds the light of inspiration and the warmth of hope into my world; and as I look upon a picture of her and I together, placed on the desktop, to remember that she is just out for groceries, or to visit her dearest of friends, or sweet little brother, and will return shortly. I do not wish for the kind of loneliness of solitude that enveloped Jack.

Perhaps he was made stronger by these experiences. Maybe it was courage, where I myself have cowardice, in facing his own illness, bringing it to the lives of others. Courage, in allowing to be overcome with the enticements of alcohol, of drugs, of meaningless sex, and hollow nights. Perhaps, just perhaps it was strength of character that allowed Jack to walk away from all those that cared about him to spend cold and lonely nights on freight trains, and in the watchtower of Desolation Peak. It could be that he was the man he was because of these acts of bravery, and that is my own callowness, and desire for a simple, sober life with a loving family, that separates his work and legend as a writer, artist, and human being, and what keeps my work unseen, even from those very few who know of my existence. But for whatever reasons, and whatever the repercussions, while I feel a great love and kinship to the man, and cherish and admire his work, I most certainly do not want to be Jack Kerouak.

The List

In the key of K

I

One day, while working in the stockroom

Dirty and soulless

My companion in that capitalistic prison

Who is actually an angel

Of life

Believing and grieving

For the loss of passion and life

Occurring ever day

We were working, talking

Pondering the ways of the world

And the talk turned to love

Dreams and hopes

And he said to me that, if I were to make a list

It would come to be realized

The girl, perfect in the personal perfection

Wished; mine, to love

To be with

And, playing along, list I did

Everything I had wanted in a girl

Then my friend, believing full yin the list,

And I, scoffing, searched all around

For the mystery girl of my creation

Who was seemingly lost, in the sea of trinkets and baubles,

And though she was misplaced, his faith did not waver

And he looked, and said

“Give it time.”

II

Since the list was made,
 a week passed
And as I sat in my apartment
 Reading Japanese Poetry
A call came in
An old friend
 And girl from my past
 In youth an innocence
Wanted to catch up
Years since we first became friends
In which time I shamefully neglected her,
 And, in my neglect,
 Risked losing the last vestige of friendship I had
 From youth
My evening with this beauty
 Passed quickly
 Though was lengthy, in time
And I was enjoying her presence greatly
At the end of the night,
 Walking her to her car,
 To protect her from the perils
 That lurk and wander through suburbia at night
And, whispering in my ear
 A voice I recognize instantly as my own
 Only the words are so foreign I had to wonder
Telling me
 Urging and pushing
To place a hand, gently, on her small, soft waist
And kiss, gently, passionately,
 Those beautiful angelic lips

III

In my artistic splendor I found a valley

Where voices are clear

And the world is love

And every strand of life from every object

Lead, connect and bind, inward, to me

And I went to the valley, and asked of this girl

“The list” it said, in a voice mine and God’s

And everyone’s ever to live or die on earth and above

And I ran down my list

Comparing, baring

Matching ideal to real

As existing in this dear, sweet friend

I cried to the voices, asked advice

And they knew, and smiled

For they heard my list

And they knew my wishes

Sending me this angel

Of grace, and art, and life exploration

And they pushed

And they spoke

And they told me of her potential

IV

Time spent, in movies

Avoiding the brutal sun
Unfeeling and oppressive

And driving, afterwards

In a casual laziness reserved for vacations and saints
Wandering to late night restaurants
For desserts and conversation

Gazing with attention and affection and adulation

Daring the gods to show her the truth

Show her the feelings I've inside for her

Openly expose the list
From whence she came
Was created

And share, to see if she accepts the creation
Chooses to go forward

Explore life
By my side

Or if she should defy the list
Instead exploring alone

Or rather, without me

And though the gods know

Heavens buzzing as angels tell saints
And saints tell apostles

And apostles gossip with lost souls

All knowing the results

The answers of fate

Only hinted to in fortune cookies

They do not share

And I question my fate

And pray for my future with the Angel

V

I thought I had the answer

Thought I could guess the outcome

Or at least the right girl

I swear, I thought I had it

That it was her

She seemed so perfect

So heavenly and beautiful

I was excited

As a small child, tasting ice cream

For the first time

Or going to Disneyland

Every bit as much as I knew, in my heart, that she was the answer

I wanted her to be, because I knew how good we'd be together

Only I haven't seen her in a month

Or close to it, anyhow

It's making me wonder

Question

If she was the one

Because if it was meant to happen,

Then why has it not?

And had she those kinds of feelings

Why is she now avoiding me?

Not returning calls

Not visiting

How could I have been so wrong?

How could she not be the girl?

Or is she the right girl,

Just at the wrong time?

Too soon, or too late?

Just what is going on?

VI

Since I thought I had found the girl
(Or rather, thought she found me)
I didn't give any thought to how I'd know the girl
 Spoken of in the list
But since it is now a possibility
 Though I won't guess as to how much
That the wasn't the right girl
Then I should be aware
Do I look, then, for every category?
Do I just look for a few, and hope for more?
Do I maybe just wait,
 And she will come to me?
 Just appear, as the first one did?
She's supposed to, I was told
 Back when this whole mess began
 Just appear
 As if by magic
But that's so very random
And what id she appeared already
 While I was fixated on the other girl
Is it possible for me to have missed her,
 In an exercise designed not just for me to see her,
 But to meet and be with her?
There are so many questions
So many complications
And so much I don't understand
I just hope I don't miss her
 Because I am ready for this tale to end
 Though a voice in the back of my skull whispers,
 "There is no end."

VII

It's been a while now,

 Since I've seen anyone outside of work

One or two girls,

 Fitting the list only in part,

 Who I haven't really spoken to

 Leaves me wondering if there is any truth

 Any substance at all

 In this list

My only conversation the computer

My only companion my art

 Invisible angels and dreams

My only life isolation and labor

It was a story

 And adventure

 That could have been one of the great lessons of man

 And this could be its end

VIII

Responded too quickly, perhaps

Jumped at the first solution

Instead of waiting to see what happened

Could this be it, then?

And angel?

A seraphim

Wearer of poems so powerful

As to move me to tears?

One who's story is full of such sadness

Yet overpowered by strength

And by hope

A true master of conversation

An artist, a poet

An angel in search of truth

In others

In herself

In the world

Strength and passion

Wrapped around a lonely vulnerability

Another piece of this puzzle

An answer to the question

Another chapter in the story

IX

Assumed too much again

 An overactive imagination

 In the wrong place

 And the wrong time

So it is again the same line as before

 Back to the search

I will find her someday

 There isn't a doubt,

But the wait is so long

The spectral rainbow of choices

 Of beauty in the species of women

 Where, really, the choice is all theirs

 Not mine to make at all

I am simply a lone artist

 A traveler, searching for beauty

 For love, and home

And I will keep walking

 Keep searching

 Turning the earth with my footsteps

 Until I find what I'm looking for

 Or she finds me

 Or we meet

 Or whatever God, or Buddha, or Lady Fate

 Has in store for us

Until then, I will stay the course I've planned

 Continue to be myself

 To follow my heart

 For 'tis better to be an artist, than a "man"

 And it's better to be in love than alone

X

I am as a human top

Spinning continuously,

Powered by hope, and dreams

And every time I spin around, I see another answer

Another discovery

All along the same path

And I lean to the figure,

Following it to the end,

To where the prize should be waiting

But, no

Sadly, this isn't the answer, either

Another sojourn

Another wrong turn

Another distraction

In a world so rough

There are so many angels

So much beauty, to find in others

Yet they aren't for me

Not yet

My destiny lies in wait, somewhere

A treasure for me to find

Along the path, dozens of X's

Marking places where treasure lies

But treasure designed for someone else

The end of someone else's map

Someone else's eternity

And just as I've been drawn to false markings

So, then, has my treasure been drawn to false seekers

But time will bring us together

As two magnets, pulled my forced of nature,

Science

And God's will

Until I do find my treasure

Eternal reward

I shall search onward

Following the map of my heart

Leaving no rock unturned

Hope rises, and falls

Answers suggested, and renounced
Until I find the chest that hold my own, personal wealth
My angel, made just for me
And me for her
And together we will be whole
Forever

XI

She is the morning Light
The sun of Persia
Ancestor of the wise ancients
And beauty of angelic measure
Kinder than the selfless catholic saints
Softer than newborn kittens
More gorgeous than a fiery sunset
Sweeter than distilled clove honey
 She has all the power of my heart
 With a single word,
 A single look
And those eyes
 So deep they capture my soul
 Leave me dumbfounded
 Scarcely able to identify the colors that caught me
 The blue-greens, soft and pale
 Like morning light
 Shining through the mist
 Of a fresh-water lagoon
 In a tropical paradise
Glowing, as if my magic
 The miracle of morning
 Glittering with sparkles of light
 Colorless, blinding
 The color of Heaven
 Of the entire world,
 All life
 God
 Jesus
 Buddha
 All the saints and apostles
 And every soul ever born
All together
Explaining the entire history of creation
 With one voice
 One word
 One color

XII

Venture as I have,

I have yet to bridge the gap
Between her immortal godliness
And my own mortal love

We have shared memories

Priceless and forever remembered for me
And with every word from her sculpted lips,
I only care for her more

The stories of youth

The dreams shared

The frustrations vented

I am drawn in, powerless

With no hope against the raw strength
Of the emotions I have for her

Even if I wanted to fight

I would lose before my first act of defiance

The voices at my aid suggest so pursue

My own heart screams it

Echoed by the bellowing agreement of my mind
And powerful consent of the soul

As I pray to the forces beyond my command,

My answers seem to follow the same path

The heavens smile, at a mortal, myself

Falling so deeply

And following, endlessly, one of their own

XIII

She is an angel,

Pure as any creation of God

True as the laws of nature

As the habits of plants and animals of the wild

Though she has never asked it,

Nor ventured to speak of relationships,

I give her my heart

Though she and I have never held one another,

Or shared a gentle, passionate kiss,

I give her truest love

And though she doesn't know my feelings

At one word, one spark of faith

In a blink of time,

I would give her in my hand,

And be hers, faithfully, for all time

Caring for her, standing to her

Being everything for her I could be

And watching over her

But most of all loving her

Truly and singly,

For all time

XIV

And thus I implore of all the heavens

The Olympian gods,

Their contemporaries of Rome

And the Viking deities

The Lord, in his un-surpassed power and love

Buddha, in his united peace

Mother Nature, in growth

Father Guardian, in my individual care

My own personal guide

Like Virgil in Dante's immortal quest

To all the powers that be

That control the lives, and fates, or mere mortals

That steer my own course

And guide my path

I ask for your help,

In strength, wisdom, and intervention

End this portion of the saga

Let this angel be the one I am with in eternal bond

To walk hand in hand with

Through this life

And into the beyond

To share life and ambition

Let her look into my eyes

And see the truth of my soul

My feelings for her

Let my life and hers be shared

Henceforth

Let this be the one love beyond all others

And let her return this love

I beg my masters in soul

Send her to me

Help me to be with her

For all time

Eternity

Beyond

Into the Light

Blending

Becoming one

Around me

My love

And our future

XV

I am in love and I want to get married

Based on not a kiss

Not a fleeting passing fancy

But a feeling, deep and strong

When I picture a kiss,

I swoon and my knees get weak

At the thought of her touch

I am fueled by a fire

Stronger than a million suns

My future is sure and fearless

With her at my side

And there is no doubt,

Not even a blink

That my future is supposed to be with that girl

She is everything to me

The most beautiful creation

Most perfect thing in creation

There aren't words to describe how I feel about her

"Love" is not strong enough

no word I know explains it

In all my life, she will never be topped

There is no greater angel

I love her,

Passionately, deeply, truly,

With all my heart

And I want to get married

XVI

This is the end

The end of the search

The end of the poem

The end, because I can go no further

I have found her,

Everything I ever hoped or prayed for

Every happy thought,

Or half-awake dream angel

If I am to be with her

I will hold on

Love her always

Stay with her for as long as time allows

For I could find no other more perfect

And if not

Then I could search no more

For no greater angel exists

And I couldn't bear to tell someone they weren't the best

Nor lie to a kind face

The end of this story

The end of a search for perfection

Whatever tales the future may hold

Poems and stories given to me to tell

This one has ended

With the great love I feel for this girl

This gorgeous burning sun

This beacon of inspiration

This angel, perfect and pure

The search has ended with Kristal

[I had a friend, once, who changed my life. This girl managed to inspire and encourage me in a way that nobody ever had before, and nobody has since. In many ways I was closer to her than any friend, family, or girlfriend I have ever had, yet she and I almost never touched; even less than I do with average friends. This is the friend who I often credit as being the one who made me the person I am, because without her, I wouldn't have poured so much of myself into writing. During the time I knew her, this friend started to grow depressed about a number of things, and I did everything I could think of to help her, including writing this letter. The imagery in the story is from a book called *The Immortal* by J.J. Dewey, which impacted me some. In the end, I realized this letter would solve nothing, and so did not send it, instead going back to the drawing board.]

A Letter to Someone Special

Can I tell you a story? Four friends were driving home from a party one night, and they got in a really bad car accident, and died. All four woke up in a forest clearing, with two paths leading out of it. They looked around, but found nobody else, nor signs, or clues of where to go. They all talked it over, and they decided they should split up, and take both paths. One took the left path, the other the right, and they said they would come back, if they could, when they found the way to heaven. So they started walking, and after awhile, they turned to see if they could still see their friends, and they found that the path was growing over behind them, so they couldn't go back. They both decided that there was nothing else to do but go forward and accept their fate. The more they walked, the more forks they found in the road, and every time they chose one and kept walking. The two who were sitting back at the clearing got worried, and decided that one should go in after, to see what was taking so long. So one followed the right path, while the other stayed, still too afraid to take either path. As the third friend turned to look at the clearing, to remember his way, he found out, as the others had, that there was no path behind him. When he saw this, he panicked, and sat down, uncertain of what to do, afraid to make the wrong choice.

One of the first two to leave came to an opening, after walking what felt like forever, there was a sign out front that said

“Heaven” in gold letters, and as he walked down, he saw a beautiful town with white houses and gorgeous fountains. He was immediately greeted by the happiest, friendliest people he’d ever met, and given a great house of his own.

The other man came to a different clearing, and before he could even see it, he heard what sounded like crying, and howling noises. He came to a tattered sign that had the word “Hell” scribbled on it, and took a deep breath as he walked down. He saw a barren plain, dusty and dry, with tents and hovels built here and there. Hungry people cowered inside their shelters, afraid of the animals that ate their food, and the roaming gangs of thieves that stole what little they had. For days he talked to the inhabitants, trying to get to know them, get their trust, and at night, he would sleep outside, hoping nobody would come. Then he finally convinced some people to move their homes with him, and they formed a small circle around one of the cracked and dirty fountains. They fashioned a small fence, and planted vegetables. The animals couldn’t get in to get the food, and since they had formed a community, with enough people to keep watch, and take care of each other, the gangs of thieves couldn’t get to them, either. When others saw this, they started joining in, moving closer together, forming larger circles, surrounding other fountains. They cut down trees to build houses, cleaned up the fountains, and irrigated the dry land. The animals could no longer scavenge for food and survive, so they became tame and friendly. The thieves couldn’t profit, or find anything to steal in such a tight community, so they joined in and helped. Before everyone’s eyes, it had become a beautiful, wonderful town, full of green gardens with colorful flowers, and tall white houses. Once they had everything they needed, they started building extra houses, for newcomers. One day, the friend who had walked into desolate hell realized there was only one thing left to do. He walked out to the entrance from the path, and tore down the sign that said “Hell,” replacing it with a big white sign, with nice gold lettering that said “Heaven.” Eventually, people from both towns would leave, to build new ones, and share the happiness. They were content, and had become a part of something they built from fear and anger. It was the other two who were truly in hell, paralyzed with fear, staying alone in the exact same place, day after day. They were a part of nothing, and, in fact, weren’t even in charge of their own lives. They were controlled by fear of the future.

That's why I think it's silly to wait on anything until you "find yourself." Don't get me wrong, it's beautiful to want to know who you are, and I love that you are trying to be healthy and do what's right for you. But I think you will always be growing and changing. The day you stop growing is the day you start dying. I think that to start a relationship while you're still learning makes it stronger, because the relationship will grow with the people, and as your own definition grows, it will be intertwined with that of the one you love. The future, the relationship, your lives, will be something you created together, that grew from two of you, and it would be perfect to what you need. If you wait until you are already formed, there will be no deep intertwining connection, no growth together to create bonds.

Fear is normal, and healthy, but when it controls your decisions, your life, it can be Hell. Any decision in the world can be argued for or against, and second guessing only makes things worse. When something feels right, or you want it enough, you have to face those fears and go for it, tear down any opposition, and build exactly the perfect heaven you want, or need. I love you, and that won't go away. All I can do is love you more, and become a part of your life, to help you get to that perfect future. And I'd do everything I could, to help you get there, to build it together.

I love you.

Spell It Out

Keeping away the shades of the damned
Would be too small a task
Driven by mutual love
Nothing she can't ask
Not protection or support
Not food or gold
Not all the answers
That the prophets hold
I'd seek out them all
And wrap them up neat
And lie it all down
At my angel's feet

Inconceivable wealth couldn't keep me away
Nor blind me with false pride
There isn't enough money made
To make me leave her side
No physical object in creation
No promise of immense power
Would sway me should she need me
Not even for an hour
There's nothing I could name or list
And nothing you could offer
That could ever change my mind
And force me to not love her

Rhymed words just cannot capture
The depth of how I feel
Not a million pages
Could explain to make it real
Nor a thousand classic painters
Or the sculptures of the greats
There is no magic number
To calculate the rates
I love her with a passion
That fills every inch of my being
And only the open soul can feel
The depth of such a thing

All the fountains in the world
Will not give a drop of youth
And all the bibles you can find
Won't hand you a truth
Science still can't fathom
How to extend the years
And you'll never find immortality
In the bottom of a beer
But love can be eternal
Can give you life and set you free
And surely we could laugh at time
Should she return her love to me

I Know (And I Wish You Did, Too)

Why do you have to be so great?
Make my heart beat at twice it's normal rate
Spend hours upon hours on my mind
Bringing a smile to my face in all my free time
I don't believe I should ignore how I feel
After all this time, how could it not be real?
Rolling down a grassy hill
Trying to keep my emotions still
If in my whole insane life, this was the one
I think it could be a lot of fun
But there I go thinking again
I swear, I'd have to be bloody insane
My thoughts spin off in a thousand directions
What would it take to make you and I be?
And why do you seem so perfect to me?

Cloud Dweller

You melt all the ice away
The sun shining on a brand new day
Spring come to take away the chill
One breath from your lips and my heart stands still
Afraid to move the slightest bit
Lest my heart seize up and kill me where I sit
Your presume brings a smile to every face
Beaming bright far into space
A signal for all the joy to find
To leave the tragedy behind
You inspire the moon and move the stars
I want only to be where you are
To make you laugh, to see you smile
Make every action seem worthwhile
Help make your every dream come true
And support everything you do
To spend life drinking from a golden cup
More perfect than anything I could ever dream up
Most importantly, I really want you to see
Just how much you really mean to me

Bound

I've tried so hard to tell you
Just what your friendship means to me
I'm running out of ideas
I don't know how to make you see

I really love your company
It doesn't matter what we do
I've got a smile upon my face
Just hanging around with you

I know sometimes I say mean things
But you know I don't mean a single one
I'm just so comfortable around you
I get carried away in making fun

But I hate to see you unhappy
And it kills me to see you sad
And even though we fight so much
I'm never really mad

You're worth a million friends to me
I care like nobody would believe
There's nothing you could do I wouldn't forgive
Just please, please, don't leave

There's something between us that connects
And will last until the end
I promise I'll do whatever it takes
Just please say that were still friends

Let You Down

If I let you down
Could you please let me know
For I'd sooner die
Than see you go

And if I let you frown
Then I give you my smile
My happiness yours
Just for awhile

If you start to lose hope
Please hold onto me
Whenever you need
I'll help you see

But if I help you cope
Please stay by my side
Because we all need help
On this crazy-ass ride

When you don't feel so fine
Rest on my shoulder
Only Sisyphus is alone
In pushing his boulder

And if your heart is with mine
Then you must let it show
We can part ways
Before I say I love you so

[The same life-changing friend, whose depression and troubled grew daily, became so overwhelmed that she couldn't sleep any longer. My ideas for ways to help had broken down to the arcane; prayers from dead religions and sleeping charms based on things learned about Native American ceremony and pagan ritual. I'd try anything at that time. One night, when she called because she had been awake for far too long, I delivered the charms along with this note.]

Advice to an Angel

“...to let that which does not matter truly slide.”

It's a quote from *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* by Hunter S. Thompson, and it's a good way to live. I know around the time I learned to let things go and smile, but I don't remember the exact thought process I went through. Now the one I care about the most, my favorite soul on the entire planet, is going through hard times. I know from my own trip that I can't physically do anything to make the problems go away. As a friend, I can be there to share any advice or experience I have, and listen. As someone who cares about her, I can be there for anything she needs, if its just a warm embrace or criminal efforts. I think, and most certainly hope, that she knows I would do anything for her, and will always be here for her. But I still wish I could trace my own thought, so that it could maybe help, just a little.

I know it started with a breaking point. A fall so complete I barely survived. Low as I was, I realized I had almost died, very nearly, and was actually only alive by luck or grace of God. If that was the case, then I must be wanted to survive. I had to stop trying to destroy myself. What had caused me to go off the edge was my own mind. Every action in the world, in all life, has two viewpoints. A growing flower is growing, and dying. To the earth, the bud gets further away, to the sun, it gets closer. They are both true, and are neither good nor evil in themselves. The fact that the flower will die does not mean it will not be beautiful, soft, and fragrant before this happens. And just because it has dies does not mean it will not return, did not spread its seed, and is not giving it's own life to be nutrients for new flowers to come in the spring. In every situation besides rape and abuse, there is a good aspect. In those two cases, the good is that the victim is still alive, and all they can do is grow and heal. In any situation, clinging to

the bad causes destruction. It causes death to the little light of faith, of hope, the place where it's okay to skip and sing in the streets. The bad causes ulcers, depression, cancer. It is death. Everyone has a reason for their actions, I realized. It makes logical sense to them. Why else would they do it? For example, Carol slept with guys because it was the only way she felt attractive. The more she slept with, the sluttier, uglier, she felt afterwards, so when the opportunity to sleep with more arose, she would act on it, to compensate. It's not an excuse, it's not a justification, it's just a fact. That's what happened; the simple reason. I found simple reasons for everything. Things stopped being anyone's fault. If it wasn't anyone's fault, then feeling guilty about it would do nothing but hurt me. If it already happened in the past, all I could do was make sure it didn't happen again.

Since everyone had a reason, a point of view, and their own judgment, that means there was nothing left to be angry about, no reason to hate. The only bad things were pain, greed, violence, and selfishness. Things that can't be fought, really, by any traditional means. Only by trying to counter them with good and virtuous things. I can't make the weather change, but I can turn up the heat. I cannot fix past mistakes, but I can learn from them. I cannot take away painful experiences in the past, but I can offer unconditional love for the future. And I can't control the way time passes, either. Can't predict the way things will happen. I can hope, nurture, and adapt to it, though, and realize that nothing but death is absolute. Credit is the average of numbers. Pure math, it changes everyday. Nothing bad can't be overcome later. Cars are machines. They follow the laws of physics, and are the result of manipulation. Anything mechanical can be fixed. Money isn't important to human life as is food and air. Life can always adapt to suit it. And family will always be family. Their actions may never make sense, but neither might yours to them. Understanding is the only way besides acceptance that it works. But any of these problems are never permanent. They will pass, as surely as day will become night, and day again. The important thing is to notice the beauty, to smile and sing and be in love and feel the warmth of the world. That may or may not be useful advice, but it's what I learned, the thought process I went through, to what now keeps me balanced. And it may be all I can give to this angel, who I care for more than anything. That, and my very best wishes for a brighter tomorrow.

Let Me Be

Once we were few
Started from two
Multiplied fast
Overcrowded the past
Many more now
Most don't know how
Blink of an eye
Only nobody dies
Wandering lost
Whatever the cost
Time-shared heaven
Buy one? Hell, buy seven
We've all got to share
But does anyone care?
We need a new peace
Grip won't release
Lost sight of the gate
Caught up in the hate
Give up the unseen
For what's paper and green
Caught in the lies
Where everyone dies
Not what I want to see
So please just leave me be

Keep up the Pace

Nobody will speak to me
It's been that way for days
Perhaps I have out-casted them
In how many different ways?
To live my dream peacefully
Is all I really want
So why is it all I've got
Are memories that haunt?
I've put them all behind me
But they can run so fast
It's a losing race
Running from the past
Living in a world nobody sees
Yet exists right in front of their face
The ideas are the only thing
Keeping up the pace

Fancy Chains

She's a startling vision of heavenly might
My heart bled with passion at the very first sight
The things you don't expect will always take you in
Once the trouble happens let the adventure begin
Never can tell where the stars will lead
And the stories of the oracle are mysteries to me
But I'm a hitchhiking traveler on the highway of time
Without a dollar or a schedule, just a dream and a rhyme
My music is the shelter where I rest my head
My visions will protect me as I lie in my bed
Yes, my passion is the fuel that feeds my soul
Lord, let the beauty of life surround me as I walk this road

Cause you may think you're money makes the world go round
But it's the bittersweet obsession that'll take you down
Your wealth and possessions are just fancy chains
But you may find that when the sky's gone, it never rains

So pack a suitcase and fill it with what you need
Walk away from the glitter and all the greed
Selfish ambitions are a heavy load
But you'll never cast them off until you're on the road

Silhouette

Soft white clouds dot the night sky
I'm still moving forward, but they're passing me by
Dreams await with the coming of night
But the love will still be with me by the morning light
Lingering still, the feel of her touch
And the smell of her hair that I love so much
Her gorgeous silhouette in the fading light
And the echo of her voice as she bid me goodnight
I'll never forget the way she kissed
Or the special look she gave me that I never missed

Tow-truck Driver

He's the kindest man I've ever met

Strong, and authoritative,

Like a statue in the park

Of some remembered hero

Carved from stone to create something

Which will ever stand for the greatness and glory

Of human life

His Aura is peaceful and yet it gleams powerfully;

A sense of strength and control

It also tells of an even more powerful trustworthiness

And concern for all life

It's the kind of aura Buddha would admire,

And the ancient gods of Rome would aspire to,

Or look on jealously

He is a man of honesty

Of truth

He understands,

In his own understanding

The nature of life and the karma, or reward,

Of goodness

He cares, not because he has to,

But because it is the way

HIS way.

Motel 6

I am driving

(not really)

Along a narrow, fairly deserted highway.

It's nighttime, but the sky is blue,

Bright,

And so very clear

(We never get these night skies, at home)

I'm being taken to a small place

To the west of here

To the east of home

(in the middle of nowhere)

There I will stay, for tonight

Possibly for more nights.

Stopped, but not

(Am I anywhere?)

The air is stale, fetid

The noise drones, bubbles

But is incoherent

An invisible clock ticks

I stay awake

(Or am I dreaming?)

Soon others will arrive.

Taking so much, but returning nothing.

I am empty

(Was I ever full?)

(Will I always have nothing to give?)

They do not realize it yet.

Rumble

Rumble

Condition

The colors, they swirl

Double

The mumble

Away from the world

Cheated

Left lonely

Those who care really can't

Listen

You'll hear it

The always selfish rant

Itching

Allergic

Won't escape the air

Loveless

Lost again

My fucking friends don't care

Silver Gate

Today, I saw a doorway
To the heavens
It was hidden in the clouds
So when I looked,
If I stared hard,
And tilted my head just so,
I could see clearly an archway
And gold-lined stairs
Spiraling up

These stairs led to a place
Where silvery white buildings stood
Built of nothing
Compressed so tightly they formed shimmering bricks
Used to build vast buildings,
Reaching past the stars
Glowing brightly
To never dim or crumble.
And all these buildings,
Each completely different,
Together formed a city.
A city so huge it doesn't end
As it doesn't begin
Simply stretches, forever
Along the fourth dimension

The city was home
To spirits and gods alike.
The playground of souls
Lost on earth
But intricate and involved here.
Those who were afraid,
 Feel courage
Those who were alone
 Feel love
And those who once lived, trapped in
A void that kept no time, and felt no warmth,
 Feel the beauty and intensity
 Of the entire world

Here gods and the souls of mortals
Walk, hand in hand
Angels sing in bands,
Backed by fallen stars
And every Tuesday Buddha, Jesus, God, Allah, and Ganesh
All meet to play poker
And talk of old times

In this land, there is no time
Everyone ends there, eventually
And everyone is there, now
I watched as I listened to Kerouak's
Latest poem
As I edited Jim Carroll's newest piece
Held conversations with Bernstein, Burroughs,
And Ginsberg.
I watched Eddie Vedder join Nirvana on stage,
With John Lennon and Paul McCartney
Sitting beside me.

This world, glowing
Showed itself to me.
Though, when I tried to think of it,
It faded,
And when I reached for it
The steps became vapor in my hand
And as a passing breeze blew a cloud
Covering the archway
I knew I need not hurry to go there
Because in a land where there is no time
I am already there.

Wishing Well

I am a wishing well
There is no logic to my religion
Less, even, than you would find in most religions
 Practiced today
There is only believe
 Superstition
Named foolish
Branded an old children's tale
But the magic remains.
Try it yourself, if you have a doubt.
Don't be shy.
Stand by my calm, rippled waters
Reach into your pocket, and take a coin
Hold it in your hand, firmly,
 And in the surface of the water,
 Think... Wish
Let your own desire drive your eyes
Watch the wish unfold, and
 Just as you have it perfect,
 Tuned
Throw in the coin.

At first the image will appear to have disappeared
 As the shining metal pierces the waters.
This is just the magic at work
With each wave, spreading outward,
 The dream, the wish, is being sent
 Through the heavens
Bouncing off every cloud and star
It is a long journey.
Only by belief can you assume that
 It'll remain on course
But eventually
 In years, or seconds
 Neither, or both
 It finds the ears of the fates
Weaving futures from strands of pure eternity
 Creating lives
 Ending them

Combining and changing them
And they will see the beauty of the wish
 The dream held in the surface of my waters
And will spin a pattern
 Matching the dream
Perhaps in a larger pattern,
 Maybe altered slightly by the travel
But granted
Such is my magic
Such is my religion
Such is the power
 Of the wishing well

**Swaying with music
The pen so wishes to speak
Has nothing to say**

A Sunday at the Mall

There is a peace here
That I haven't seen
In all the many trips I've made
To submerge myself in the raw humanity

The sun, which penetrates
Through the massive skylights
Is warm, and welcoming
Lighting the very tile of the ground
Aiding in the pre-existing glow of life
(Rather than choking, smothering, as it
So oft tends to do)

Security is laid back,
Friendly
Welcoming the guests of the mall
Rather than eying them, suspiciously

The shoppers
Who so frequently rush about
In a hurried bustle
So ready to push through anything
And into their day
Are taking time instead to
Watch the children playing on the train
To listen to the fountain
Observe the sunlight
Playing off the many brightly colored objects

Today there is happiness here
There is peace in the hearts of humanity

Everything Around

Every color is inviting
Beautiful
Shimmering in the afternoon sun
Relieving the air of its heat
With the presence of crisp color
Which shines only in the presence of
Cool air

Every sound is wonderful
Perfectly toned
Orchestrated and arranged
Played with precision
By players who are unaware even
Of the fine instruments they hold
Or the songs that they create

Every smell is heavenly
Delicious tendrils
Calling from inside curious shops
Kept clean and clear
To honor the summer elegance
To allow the air to be renewed
And re-birthed with each passing step

Every touch is welcome
Different and distinct
Solid by its own existence
Defined by its own rules
Given shape by daily touch
Breezes of passers by
And fingers of children

Goddess with the Goldcard

The beauty here is overwhelming
Her eyes and face could crack the sun
Her rich, soft hair flowing
To where all the rivers run

Her footfalls are soft and silent
Barely grace the hardened earth
Her lightness lifted up by spirit
To the clouds; the palace of her birth

The air glistens as she moves
Clearing for her a path
Moving with electric impulse
Lightning: a goddess' wrath

The mortals seem to take no notice
Just another pretty girl
Don't see that on a silver chain
She holds the keys to all the world

So this is how she spends her days
Shopping as mortals do
Surrounded in the simple beauty
While her own grace just passes through

Spectre in the Mirror

There's so much life going on outside
So many things to do today
You seem to have got caught up in something
And now you've lost your way

Becoming what others want
What the world says you should be
Neglecting the only one who matters
But was too close for you to see

A stranger in the mirror
A spectre in your eyes
Nobody can tell you
Just how to live your life

You have to search inside your heart
And wrack your pretty mind
Looking for the answers
Through whatever clues you find

Don't know all the questions
Only know the goal
But every day you're finding
The beauty of your soul

Recognize the mirror
The angel in your eyes
Only you can find out
Just how to live your life

Tomorrow you'll find the answers
Bright and shining like the stars
Millions of distant suns
Lighting the pathways from afar

You'll see the perfection through your eyes
You'll realize the doubts were only lies
You'll wake up happy just to be alive
And you'll know, just who you are inside

See that shining mirror
The angel in your eyes
Confidence in choosing
How to live your life

No Way

No way

You lie

Stand up tall and look me in the eye

You can't

Be true

I've waited my life just to meet you

I'm stuck

In shock

When I see you smile I forget how to talk

You sing

You dance

And I'd walk through hell for a shot at romance

The time

Ticks by

Stare at the sky and let out a sigh

Tomorrow

With me

So many things I want you to see

I dream

Then wake

Fear at the thought of you suffering a break

Your light

It shines

I'd protect you forever if you were just mine

Full-Hearted Passion

Spoken words not said allowed
Will fade into the air
Heroic deeds never done
Will barely show you care

Colored skies painted black
Will bring but few to smile
Careful steps intended to take
Won't even get you a mile

Daydreams seen but never heard
Won't really change their minds
And hopes chained to reality
Won't leave it far behind

Prayers that aren't full of heart
Won't sway the Gods
And luck that's not believed in
Won't help to change the odds

Faith and action taken
Are the ways to console your fate
And full-hearted passion
Will help you finish before it's not too late

Promise

Gone are the days when I cowered in fear
Dreading an unknown threat somewhere near
Lost in a world of sadness and sorrow
Praying I'd not last until tomorrow
I didn't want to see another day
Or learn about any "better" way
I just wanted all the pains to end
Leaving behind my art: my only friend
I forgot about everything I loved in life
My dreams of children, a wonderful wife
Things I've wanted since I was a small boy
Dreaming of adulthood, instead of new toys
In time I found my senses again
The passions that called could no longer refrain
Creation and life, love and art
To find out how God works, and try to take part
To seek out that someone (head straight for the Light)
And never forget the beauty that fills the night
I've found my calling, difficult the task
But it's a great gift indeed, so little ask:
Strength, courage, guidance and aid
And I will march, straight ahead
Give me chances, together we won't miss
Surround me with warmth, and I promise you this:
My love will be true; my life will be good
I will try to give good help whenever I should
I will act in good conscious, humble and proud
Speaking my mind and beliefs out loud
When you show me that one who will share my life
I will love her forever, and make her my wife
I will be as good a husband, father, and man
And I will follow my heart in any way I can

A Prayer

The most beautiful thing I've ever seen
Held away, at arms length
Like a steak hung in front of a starving prisoner
An angel,
And a drive as pure in heart
As it is strong in force
As the lightening bolts that sounds God's wrath
And the sun that glows with her love

I ask thee, transfuse me with Thine light
And me, lend me support, that I might reach further
Or, if I cannot, bound by words,
Push her closer to me
Enough, only, for me to catch her
To pull her to me
To protect her from harm
And her protect me from fatigue
Guide us, mover of all life

I wrote this prayer for you,
In your wisdom,
To help.
My mind and soul and instinct tell me this is right
Please, let us forward
And with the strength, I will do right
As no, with the fire of heaven inside me
Unstoppable
I beg it of your love and mercy
Thank you, for I know you will do right by me

Would I But Have Said

You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen
The most graceful and magnificent of all God's creatures
Every day I see you is special
Every time I look at you I am spun, with wonder
Sometimes, when I glance upon you, my heart hurts
And I fear, honestly, that it will stop beating,
 Or else blow up
Because the joys of beauty and life speed it up
Energize my entire being
And you are filled with more joy, more beauty
More perfection
Than a human heart can take
And I fear that, having seen you,
 Been in your presence, and known the ecstasy of your
company,
The fear, the concept, of not being able to sustain
 To stay in your company
 To be with you
Could be too much, and my heart could simply give up
For what could best perfection?
What place could be better than heaven?
And heaven is in your eyes
Your compassion and kindness
Warmth and sincerity
Energy and humor
Are all like the finest of ancient sculptures
Marvelous beyond comparison
Perfect
The best of every human characteristic
All in only one you
I see you, and I see an angel
 A muse of old
 The sun, the light
I see you, and I see a human
 So perfect in my eyes
 But still human
I see you, and I see heaven
 The kid of bliss that lasts forever
 And drives me to purity

I see you, and I want to be with you forever
To make you complete
 Allow you to complete me
To be your husband
 Bound beyond even life
To support you, always
 Unconditional faith and help
To go hand-in-hand towards whatever future
 Whatever destiny
 Peril or paradise
 Because together, we are unstoppable
 Invincible
 And have a love that is immortal

I Give You My Hand

I need you to say the words in my ear
But the emotions are what I need to hear
The feelings behind the verbal tongue
Among every note in heaven's song
The title is what I live to feel
An abstract notion that is the most real
The target of the lifelong goal
Purpose and fuel for having a soul
The center beam for the building of the sky
Only a fool holds the keys but always asks why
The doorway is there, just open and go
The power of faith and trust make it so
I want to help open the door for you
To hold it open, so you may go through
The magic of you and me can be
Just look inside, and put your faith in me
You'll see that my love is real
And through your grace it's my heart you steal
More perfect than any angel born above
Say the words, and you can have my eternal love
Know in your heart that I'll always be true
That I'm honest, devoted, that I love you
From the bottom of my soul, with all that I am
So open your heart, and please take my hand

Island of Perfection and the Rising Sun

I know
I found it-in my head
In my life
I know what I want
I see it, like an island
Across a sea of blood
 All my heart pours into it
I want to be at that island
It's where home is
 Where my future is
 Where love is
The sun always rises and sets there
The rain I clean
The air is fresh
The food is rich
My life is on that island
Only I am in a place with no boats
 Nor trees to build a raft
 Nor wreckage
 Nor inflatable devices
Rocks and sand
Concrete and cold steel
Best I can hope for is a straw mattress
 A sunlamp and a bowl of oatmeal
 But that is not home
 It is not life

So how do I get to the island?
I've sent messages
 Tied to carrier pigeons
Smoke signals and Morse code reflections
 From a shard of broken glass
Do I wait for them to send a boat?
 Do they have any boats in seaworthy condition to send?
Do I try to swim?
 Fighting off sharks and fatigue
Do I go on a journey to find wood?
 Something that will work to build a raft
Do I try to build a large bridge,

Stone by stone
Or a ship of concrete
Carved hollow by the blunt end of a metal rod
Is it even possible to get there?
Sometimes I swear I see signals returning
So I know it's not a mirage
But could it be I am unwelcome on those beautiful shores?
Are the natives telling me to give up?
To wait for the fog to come in,
Surrounding me in blindness
Or the smoke of burning oil
To blacken the sky and choke the air from my lungs
Because as long as I can see it
As long as I know that island exists
It will be home to my heart
I will not give up
That is my destiny
My life
My inspiration
And every day that I look out across the sea
See that gorgeous blue sky
The land covered with exotic trees
Beauty the gardener of Eden would die to see
I know that there is a place for me
That my future has course, purpose
My life has direction and meaning
Most of all that I have a place to be

I hope and plan and pray
I have absolute faith that a way will come
Some way for me to reach distant shores
And I will spend the rest of my existence happy
Serving the land
My ties to it
And everything that is life
Because once I find that shore
Reach that land of perfect paradise
I will be home

Faith

I struggle within myself
With fear of hope fallen flat
Run to a place of abandonment
Choice of addictions lain out on a mat

Different ways to avoid the fear
My worst nightmares made real
Each one uses massive excess
To block how I really feel

But only with eyes closed
Can one mistake dark for light
And eventually the truth would out
Finally won the fight

I could use chemicals to dull the edge of fear
To calm a worried heart
But I'd lose a sense of reality
And forget where was the start

Meaningless passion and relationships
Could distract me from concern
Eventually the sun would rise
And my true feelings would always return

Is there a true way to calm the pain?
To assure my beliefs are sound?
Or do I simply have to place all my faith
In this angel that I've found?

Luckiest

I'm the luckiest man alive
And I couldn't ask for more
I've written about it
And dreamt about it
A million times before
But I couldn't know how I'd deal
Never guessed it would seem to real
The girl of my dreams
Is sleeping beside me
And I can't believe how I feel

I know when I look in her eyes
That I want to be with her forever
To share one life
Be man and wife
With a bond that we'll never sever
This is my favorite role
Together we become whole
I see her mind
When I look inside
She's become a part of my soul

Here I Ask

I would cry to see you in tears
You know in your heart it's one of my fears
Angels should never feel pain
Skies turn black and let loose torrents of rain
Why can't I make you smile?
No distance too great, millennium or mile
Would you be my bride?
Ring on your hand as you stand by my side
Just a gentle touch
Though sometimes I know I ask too much
It just can't be too hard to see that it's true

[In the continued saga of this most altering of friends, her problems continued to grow. She would disappear for weeks, trying to escape them, and one day came to my door to tell me she was moving away to start over. The last time I saw her, picking up some books and a keyboard I had lent her, I made her autograph a t-shirt from the first concert we went to together, and left her with a hug, a gift, and this note. I have not seen or heard from her since that day.]

Goodbye Note

Kristal~

This is just a little goodbye note. There are some things I think should be included in this goodbye, and I'll probably be overwhelmed by your presence, and your impending departure, when I see you, so I'll probably forget something. Besides, there's a part of me that believes things are a little more real, somehow, in writing.

I want to thank you, for all the time we've spent together, all the memories that I'll have for the rest of my life. I want to say that you are truly the most inspiration I've ever had, and the most breathtakingly beautiful thing I've ever seen, and probably will ever see. Don't ever doubt the fact that you are stunning and gorgeous. You are also the most fun I've ever had. I will truly miss you very much. You probably know, from insinuations, the things I've written, and I know it's a terrible thing to say to a friend, especially one leaving, but I think it's important. Kristal, I love you, for everything you are, for everything you've done for me. I want you to know that I am a better person for having known you, and I will never forget you. I hope you find happiness, find yourself, and have everything you could ever want. And even though I doubt that while you're being sought after by hundreds of love-struck Seattleites, you'll suddenly realize that none of them are what you want, and rush back to jump in my arms, if it's alright with you, I'll still entertain the notion, from time to time. Take care of yourself, and remember to relax. Drop me a line whenever you feel like it.

With all my love,
soul,
Tyler Jackson

“I discovered inspiration in you
Found kindness in your eyes.
Now my heart is ripped in two;
Tonight I say goodbye”

Just Messed Up

Simple repose

Memories just remembered

Though not to dispose

Nor forget until December

Pretenses changed

The situation now new

Confused or deranged?

I only wish I knew

Decisions need made

On standing of heart

Without even my own aid

And this is only part

So what, decisions done

Still not in the clear

In this, not the only one

Action halfway here

And what of the other half?

What decision will she make?

Will it clear the path?

I hope, for sanities sake

Farewell to All

Moving on
Treasures to find
Memories strong
Not to leave old angels behind

A letter then
For every life
Written and sealed
Designed for only your eyes

Messages written
Conversation within
Chattering on
About now and then

Confessions shared
Thrice they will go
Little secrets
You might as well know

And the future open
Who knows what will be
Will we meet in tomorrow
Only by waiting, we see

Train Schedule

I am in the wrong place
Missed my train out
Should be cruising now, along the bahn
Oh, Germany. No place has ever felt so much
 like home
How I want to travel to your land
Get a nice apartment in Berlin
Close to the center
Kurfitsdamm and Alexanderplatz
Or even to be in my little apartment
Spending the days working on art
On the important things
Not on this bullshit
Corporate America, my life on the market
I can't take it anymore
I need out
This isn't my place
God didn't intend this for me
But should I leap, and pray?
Or plan, and wait...
I'm not one to be rash, unplanned
But every day is an eternity
It drains me
Kills me a little
I need out
NOW
I need to be free
And live submerged in the love and passion and life
All of God's creation
An artist
A preacher of God's beauty
Free
I need to be free
It's time
It's Time...

Lying on my Back

My door

 Locked shut

My connections

 Cut

My floor

 My bed

My phone

 Dead

My friends?

 In my head

The list

 All faux

The girl

 Don't know

Where is she?

 No show

But she dug me

 I thought

Haven't seen her

 I rot

Imagination

 I've got

Any relation

 Just dream

Reality?

 Careens

Such happy thoughts

 Like rain & doves

But my mind

 Just lost for love

Pack It Up

For too long, living in this subversive decadence
Lost track of my ambition
Lost sight of my goal
Surrounded by all these gadgets
And nice furniture
But no inspiration to speak of
No shows on the weekends
No art to display
I wanted to explore the world
But now I've lost my way
It's time to get my things together
Time to pack up and go
Remove the decay from my world
Just me and the art
I will eat and sleep
I will read and write
Nothing to distract me
No carnal joy in sight
Time to get to basics
Time to close my eyes
Open them to tomorrow
Create, write
To take in life

Chesspawn

Shiny black pavement
Marking shapes too common,
Mass so huge
It has lost all meaning,
Reflecting it as a
Childs toy, phrasing itself in such a way
As to make it sound like a laugh
A game
Only the game plays you
Beating and scratching
Kicking out the life and passion
Replacing it with product
And ad campaign
Cold visuals
Too tired to be life
Too dead to be art
Just waiting, I guess

The player sits above
Never too tired to play
But usually too tired to pay attention
So we move without consequence
Brighter, more alert, than the hands that guide us
Escaping destiny
From game to game
A life of futile movements
I'm waiting, too, it seems
For a brighter moment
For a harmonious time
For a tender hand on my back, asleep

My People

I found the gates
I found a new way
The golden life tomorrow
For a mellow today

Gate-keeping angel
Had my foot in the door
She gave me a shove
Knocked me down on the floor

Rolled back down
Back to my own kind
Pick life's fruit
Gnaw it to the rind

We're not in heaven
And it sure ain't hell
We're untouchable souls
The angels who fell

We've conquered this world
We fight for the next
Run life and death
Everything in betwixt

You'll never send us off
Just pray we'll go
Because it's our life to lead
And our world to sow

Come With Uncle

Come on, come on, come on with me
To the land of opportunity
Where the money is green
And the living is free
If it takes your life
We'll make you see

Just go, just go, just go ahead
Don't stop now or you'll end up dead
Go stand in line
And grab your bread
And always share
If they'll share your bed

Look up, look up, look up in the sky
Giant steel birds just learned how to fly
They protect you, you love them
Now look in our eye
Because that's what Uncle does
To commies who lie

Listen, listen, listen to him
Tell him your life, he'll show you your sin
Plant red white and blue seeds
Under your skin
Now listen to Uncle
And let the socialist reign begin!

A Dreary Afternoon

These dreary afternoons
Apartment is thrashed beyond sense
Can't bring myself to clean it
Don't have it in me
Dead men need no clean quarters
Need no food
And I am not yet so sure I am not dead
If even temporary death
A coma, maybe
Waiting in furniture
Stolen from the garbage or warehouse
Maybe I can escape
Find the friends
Who's to say I really live here?
Who's to say I'm lonely?
Maybe this is just a nightmare
A bad dream I come back to nightly
Spend hours asleep in
Wake me up, if you can
I'd love to run with you in the waking world
To draw and paint and make music again
To live with all those beautiful human creatures
Life and energy
And genuine souls
To feel the laughter of a room
Feel a kill, or a touch
To eat, to cook
God, but it'd be nice to wake up
To leave this dead nightmare
Break free of this dreary afternoon

I Will Fall With the Rain

Break my heart
Into pieces
I cry
I mourn
I've forgotten how a kiss feels
The touch of another
So much I need
Lost
Torn into shreds
Tossed away
I burn in refuse
I scream
Ashes in the wind
See the world
See joy and love
Friendships and romance
And gather in the clouds
To rain eternal sorrow
On the earth
To touch at last a kiss
 Raindrop falling on lovers' lips
To feel a friend,
 Landing on compassionate shoulders
Live, at long last
 Through the ashes of death
 Spread around the entire earth
 A cocoon of sadness
 To cleanse
 And be purified
 At once

Reaching for the Sun

Are you nervous about the way these things go?
Are you as scared as I, or even more so?
Does the desire to go forth turn your blood cold?
Does the very thought remind you of the pain they might hold?
Did the past teach you it's better to avoid these things?
In your ears the warning of a friend still rings
Is it the time it could take that you don't have?
Taking on so many tasks you'll need your own staff
Too much to do already, far too little time
And with all these new costs, you can't spare a dime
Am I confused about the entire scene?
Placing hope where only kindness has been?
Looking for an angel you don't want to be you
Far more important things to do
Bigger fish in the sea, closer to your style
But try to be nice, pass it off with a smile
Am I foolish for not catching on?
Pressing still, when I should be long gone
Have I even come close, in any of these
Or am I as far off as the Sun to the trees
Reaching always towards the Light
So far away, but so very bright
Reaching all day, until the sky turns black
But, maybe, someday, the Sun will reach back

Hermit

I'm getting sick of hearing my own voice. I am most certainly getting sick of the situations I get myself in. Every weekend I spend in my apartment alone, because I have nowhere to go. Where the hell do people go, who have no interest in dancing, or money with which to spend on entertainment? I have nothing here. I want something new, and I want someone in my life. I am content enough, I have been happy for a long time, I have been patient, I think I deserve someone in my life now. I think I deserve a girlfriend. The kind I see in my head. No tricks, no games, no loopholes and dancing around the words I say. I'm tired. The lack of stimulus just makes me more tired. I dread the workdays, because I hate my job, and I dread the weekends, because I hate being alone. So when can I actually rest, and be comfortable? When can I find someone I love who can just spend time with me? Lie around all day, talking and reading poetry and having sex and wrestling around and going for walks, or going downtown, or whatever, wherever the winds blow us? When will I find someone I'm attracted to who has time enough to spend with me, and interest enough to spend it?

I haven't managed to keep any friendships, nor can I even be a good family guy. I work my ass off on remodeling the classroom for mother, and then I still get ragged out for not visiting aside from to work. Like mother and I talk anyway. And I try to be a good brother, but I have to work around shopping schedules and shit like that just to play pool with her boyfriend. I don't like the daytime. I don't like the afternoon. If my day ends by 6 or 7, it's a bum day. People don't play pool when the sun is up, and shopping schedules of a mother and daughter shouldn't dampen social activity. Hey don't shop past 4. Well, I don't hang out with people before 7. Tough noogies. I don't care anymore. Fuck all caring has got me. I'm still lonely, nobody still gives a shit about what I think or create. Still have a rotten job. Still so poor I cant even rent a movie. God does not help those who help themselves. He helps who he feels like it when he feels like it, and if he happens to not like you, then just fucking

give up, cause he wont budge a giant ethereal finger to help you. Not in a serious way, anyway. Maybe a snide, sarcastic gesture now and again. He's worse than the friends I used to have. Fuck it all. Just fuck it all.

Answer the knock, or open the door

So long without a word
I'm fading into oblivion
Bags are packed with gold and memories
Waiting out in the rain
The calendar has no tomorrow
All I know is today
But through a mirror on the wall
Tomorrow is formed from yesterday
We'll never understand all the words
And the pictures make no sense
I'm on my knees and you saw me there
Trying to find the street
I would tell you the way if I could read the sign
But you never asked anyway
If the key doesn't turn the lock
Why does it go to this door?
And why are your wings on the floor?
Sitting in front of the step
And the welcome mat taped to your back
I reach to remove it
But the dogs strain on their rope
If only you fell into my arms
Instead of on the floor
If only you looked through the peephole
Now the telephone rings
But you can't see the call
When you open the curtains
Look for a note on the mail
"So Long"
Without a word, I'm fading, into oblivion
Bags packed with gold
And memories waiting out in the rain

Haunting

I smell the smell
Brings a tear to my eye
Beautiful angel
Lost wings to fly

Turning purple
From lack of air
Cold stale room
Nothing down to bare

Lots of broken bottles
Thousands of broken hearts
All I want is comfort
Hard to find in these parts

I'm in love
But no picture is the frame
I pray every night
But every day is still the same

Sobbing

The preachers will fall in a ring of fire
Their steeples crashing to the ground
Angels become the fallen
The dead a massive mound

God can't control the torrents
No love could quell the mob
The world will be consumed
All you can do is sob

It's gone to hell ass-backwards
Raincoats when the sun is high
Drink the blood of strangers
Win friends with a lie

Obsidian Ice

Heart pumping obsidian ice
Burning the skin from the desert giant
Lightning cutting the cry in two
Burning off charred flesh
Diamond bone melting

 Forming pools of fetid liquid
 Hardening into milky mirrors
 Reflecting nightmares into the sky
Wolves devour the clouds
 The vulture stole the moon
 Red and bloated, long dead
 Killed by the pains of being alone
 Lost in the dark sky alone
 No other of its own kind for years
 Glowing with somber beauty

Alone

 And the balance shifted
 The sun grew bold and full of itself,
 Consumed by its oblivious fire
 Darkness spread like a herpes infestation

 When the lines cover the sky

 And the net descends on the earth
 Covering us, trapping our souls
 Where will we go?
 What do we do?
 We fall
 Cover our faces with our hands
 Pray, an try to keep our heads above a sea
 Of flaming blood, frozen

The Bell Toll

The pouring rain assaults the earth the earth
Through the static a golden bell rings
Chiming a song of fortune
Glowing for all to see
Why does it toll tonight?
Who struck the mighty bell?
Only angels know the cause
Only the minds could tell
So listen to the beautiful noise
Rejoice in the smiles it brings
Thank god for such a present
And for so many beautiful things
Never before have I heard such a sound
Never has the air rang so bright
A new star shines in the sky
A new halo to every sight
As the golden bell vibrates and hums
With the glow from heavenly note
I smile to think of the happiness
And the vanishing of all that erodes

A Fool's Stand

Pt. 1-The Church

Do you think me a fool?
That I should believe,
Simply for the sake of believing?
Should I follow, because of ancient words?
Translated a dozen times over.
Anyone who ever played telephone as a kid knows
That with every passing on of words,
Something is left out
And after a chain of only a half dozen people
A simple phrase is obscured.
How, then, should ancient writings,
The words of God, and all his teachings
(Filtered through apostles,
Sinners who claimed to be just vessels,
Seen as lunatics in their time)
Translated so many times
By clergymen that history has proven were twisted
Concerned only with their own power,
Have remained in such perfect condition?
And, if you have an answer to that,
Then here's another:
How do those who don't understand the classics;
Jack Kerouak, William Burroughs, or Allen Ginsberg,
Who don't appreciate a good joke,
Or honest music,
How do they understand the words, which
Are supposed to be the guidelines for life?
How does one who doesn't know art,
Even hope to understand the words of the Greatest Artist?
Yet you want to teach me?
I don't think so.

A Fool's Stand

Pt. 2-America

And, down government way, how about you?
So full of advice, and rules
Notions of right an wrong
Judged by your right hand,
And beat down with your left.
Do you think I will easily obey your rules
Believe you, when you tell me its for my own good?
It's inconceivable.
Had you stuck to your ideals,
The ones you built your entire formation on.
A foundation of freedom, honesty, integrity,
Then perhaps, I would agree.
But how can I, this way?
When you claim freedom of government from religion,
Yet, mention God and the bible in your laws, your oaths.
It's utter hypocrisy.
And controlling the market,
When free capitalism is in the base of why the country started,
Doesn't make sense.
Furthermore, as an artist who holds the soul,
And education, classics, as most valuable,
I cannot abide by anyone forcing, daily,
A life, a country, of capitalistic greed,
Where people sell their lives, and their souls, for money.
Worse still, to push it on other countries
Beautiful places, with cities 500 years older
Than this entire country.
Killing their culture
Deluding it with the blandness and greed of America
It is sick, and I cannot abide by it
Thus, you will never govern me.

This Is

To the days when I was lonely
I send a month of now
So I can see the contrasts
Of where I'll be and how

This is my contentment
Complete in my solitude
So being happy and needing love
Is all in the attitude

To the friends I left behind
I send snapshots of my world
So they can see it all complete
Free of friendship long gone curdled

This is my completeness
The answer to my needs
The wholeness of my soul
Filled in by the only one who heeds

To the ones who'd like to hurt me
I send you a piece of my soul
To show you my forgiveness
So the one you hurt; you know

This is my compassion
I don't have room to hate
Because everyone gets confused
But it's never really too late

Salvation in the Day

My own life's bible written in invisible ink
Posted on every street corner
The silent songs of the soul
Is the voice of invisible mourners
How do we end up here again?
These roads are always the same
How many times will we play this game?
How many times can I write about this pain?
I never believed it would repeat again
Once again got caught
Who could have faith in sadness?
Or dream their own sad plot?
So I put all my faith in tomorrow
Hoping the sun would rise
Stole all the light I could
Opened wide my eyes
I thought maybe it'd lost forever
That this seed would grow and grow
Covered the shadows with curtains
Hoping they wouldn't show
Tentacles all up my leg
Trying to tear me apart
Fill my lungs with acrid smoke
Swallow whole my heart
I refuse to get sucked back in
Who wants so live that way?
All I can do is hope for the best
For the salvation in every day

Celestial Antiquity

Celestial antiquity

Won't you please guide me
Across the land and the seven seas
Just bring her to me

I've walked mile after mile
I never knew what I was looking for
Searching still all the while
No matter what I saw there's always more

I couldn't have stopped
And I'll never give up
Nobody ever reached the top
Quitting when the going got tough

Celestial antiquity
I know that in this world must be
A wonderful girl made just for me
To make me smile eternally

I have a lasting prayer
That I won't be alone for long
There's hope as I look everywhere
Even if I don't know what's going on

Tomorrow would be the special day
All these years alone could end
Ghosts that chased me several years
Scared off by a new girlfriend

Celestial antiquity
Shine so bright for all to see
Tell us tales and prophecy
Of all that was and soon will be

Is that girl up there the one?
Or has she not a care for me?
Smiling like the morning sun
But gazing off dreamily

Am I wasting time with her
And all the things I want to say?
Does she want some other,
Or will I hear her voice today?

Celestial antiquity
You can see what's in my dreams
Light the sky so I can see
Just where my path is taking me

Jumping at Shadows

Keep a machete in my bedroom
And a bat next to the door
No way to break into my house
That I haven't thought of before
I keep a knife with me when I'm asleep
One with me when I drive
Only one conclusion
To which you can arrive

I'm afraid to get in fights alone
Because I'm afraid they won't get up
I don't want to get in the middle
But I'm afraid to interrupt

I'm jumping at every shadow
My heart beats with every sound
No telling what kind of thing could follow
So I turn tail and run-
 -crawling on the ground

I pretend that I am danger
Try to remember how to fight
Scowling at every stranger
All of them demons of the night
I can try to sing real loudly
And pretend they don't exist
But if they walk right up and touch me
Then the delusions I can't resist

I run away from nothing
And I hide from the night
I swerve to avoid whatever's coming at me
All illusions of my sight
I can't control these feelings
But they get stronger every day
Pretty soon it'll be them or me
But one of us is going away

I'm jumping at every shadow
My heart beats with every sound
No telling what kinds of things could follow
So I turn tail and run-
 -crawling on the ground

I'm afraid to go to sleep alone
I see things with glowing eyes
When the morning finally comes
I'm far too afraid to rise

Day in and day out
My mind takes life away from me
What has happened to my world
Why can't it just let me be?

[The longer we were all in the world after school, the more it became apparent to those around me that I did not fully function as an active member of society. In a short period of time, I found myself repeatedly accused of some very serious mental disorders, in attempt to explain it, which prompted me to write the following. While it was a direct response to these accusations, and once acquaintance above all, I only actually showed it to those who never said those things. In actual practice, I told those full of speculation to fuck off, except for that one, which I hit with my car in a grocery store parking lot. It seemed more effective.]

My Rebuttal, Sir

Maybe I am insane, and maybe I cannot control the imbalances that make me different everybody else I see on average day. It could be that every thought I've ever had, every notion, or idea I've had because of some chemical my body makes too much of, or some disease eating away at my brain. Or maybe I am gifted enough to see the world through a different set of eyes, not because of something wrong with me, but because of something incredibly right, something that shows me the truth of what is truly important to life. For all I know, there is an alien probe inside of me, and I'm not actually saying are doing anything at all, but reacting to the puppet-string controls of another force. Or maybe I am in a coma, and this is all just a dream. Those are just situations. All I really know is that I see the world the way I see the world. I'm given a chance, a once in a lifetime opportunity, to see things differently. The world I see makes me sad, to the bottom of my soul, because I see so many people giving up so much, in return for comfort, set at constantly rising prices, and a handful of something green, and grown by the hand of man, not nature. They tell me that I have to do the same, and stop being so selfish. Stop being so irresponsible. Stop being such a fucking rebel, and play by the rules. We don't get to choose the way life is, we just get to live it. For as long as I can remember, when faced with a problem, my mother always sighs, and replies "that's life." Growing up, I thought that this was simply of phrase she used to help her feel better about the situation. That if she accepted that it had happened, and used those magic words to chronicle it into the books of her life, it wasn't a problem, it was

simply a thing that had happened. It was part of her past, to learn from, and move on. I always respected her for that, because even though she was constantly putting herself down, she still had the courage and wisdom to see that she cannot control what has happened, and so she didn't try. She just uttered her little incantation, and made it part of the past. I never actually believed that people really live by that phrase. That people take bad things that happen as unavoidable, and something that just had to be handed to them, because it was in the rule book.

I must have been listening to music, or writing something, when the teacher was passing out the rule books, because I never saw one. I don't even know what the game is called. The easy answer is Life, but that game has already been trademarked by Milton Bradley, or some such company. So we all play this mystery game, and every time I take my turn, someone yells at me that I'm playing wrong, that I'm not doing something right, or that I don't understand the rules. I admit: I do not understand the rules. Or the game. Or that goal, for Christ's sake. Nobody told me, and nobody asked for my opinion. I don't take it personally, though. The same thing happened in grade school. Some pompous ass would be on the playground, and because he ran to the recess aid first, or because he went to the trouble to lug it from home, a ball was "his." And since he had some claim to this ball, the rest of us were obligated to play by his rules. We could put it to a vote, if we wanted, but it didn't matter. His ball, his rules. I never like that. In fact, I disagreed with it about as strongly as I could. I would either leave the game, or try to steer it in another direction. In this game that I seem to be living, I apparently don't have the option of leaving. I tried once. I have the scars to prove it. But the giant PE teacher in this game told me that I have to stay in for a while. Either until I get tagged out, or until I win. Then what else is there to do? This same thing there was to do in school, when someone actually had enough balls to lead a revolt. You steal the little fucker's ball, and say "ha, ha, you little arrogant shit, I have the fucking ball down! And I say we play what everyone else wants to play. Put it to a vote!" When I was little, I was a fat little shit, and back then I never had a very big pair of balls. Like I say, I always left the game. It was a much more peaceful solution. And at the time, I wasn't much of a fighter. I was a pacifist extreme. Some years later, I changed sides, and became the tyrannical extreme, instead. I thought anyone, anytime, anywhere,

and I didn't need a fucking reason. I fought to fight. I fought to win. I learned that was wrong, too. But not by the rule book, mind you, because to this day I haven't caught a glimpse of the bastard thing, but by my own rules. The rules that I choose to live by. Because this time, it's my game. I learned that there are some things that are worth fighting for, and the rest of the time life is so much more enjoyable if you to sit and enjoy it.

When you see a forest, it's a beautiful scene. Trees growing tall into the sky, crystal waters, and animals all over. You can sit and enjoy it for hours. If you spend enough time there, then you can even be accepted into the calm and beauty of it all. The deer will trust you, and you can sit and touch their soft, velvety fur. The birds will come and sit beside you, and sing you your own private song. The trees feed you, and the water will wash you clean. But try and storm in there, fighting and taking, and you destroy everything. Eventually, you'll even destroy yourself. Start out hunting, and shooting your food. The deer will die off, and the other animals will run from the constant gunshots. With no animals to keep the plants controlled, or spread the seeds out, they will only fall, and fail to grow from lack of sunlight, or nourishment. The plants will become infested with insects, left unchecked, and wither and die. With no vegetation, the water will have no filter, and will grow brown, and dirty. All life will disappear, and all that magnificent beauty will be gone. It's all about balance, like the Buddhists said. Live life for peace, and let nature take her course. When you fight, fight for the life of that nature, and the safety of that balance. Fight for life, not to kill it. But that isn't in the rulebooks, either. In the rulebooks, life is not free. Oh, the leaders, and the writing on the game board say it is, but that's just there for decoration.

What you learn when you play, if you pay attention, is that there are spoken for rights to your life. You must spend at least a quarter of your life eating, sleeping, shitting, and taking care of basic maintenance. Now, you can't really fight this one. I can usually go a few days, sometimes almost a week without shitting, but you'll pay for it in the end, and Vivarin can help stop the sleep, but only for a while. Eventually, all these things will catch up to you, and you'll realize you need them. At least one half of your life needs to be spent in back-breaking toil, for ends you'll never fully see, and for those handfuls of fake plant-life, that causes more death than even the most deadly nightshade. The other

quarter of it is yours, to do with as you wish (as long as you make sure you get married, have kids, go to school on time, and never, ever, EVER, break the rules. We have swift penalties for the likes of you, you dirty bastard). Oh, and if the little men, whose faces you see on the paper on the game board, should come up in the roll of a dice, and tell you that your next turns, until they say so, are theirs, then you have to sit out, and follow the instructions on the cards, which your friends will gladly read out to you. Cut your hair, do some push ups, learn to kill, learn to maim, learn to hate, learn to follow stupid instructions, no matter how futile, useless, stupid, or wrong. Learn to take all the balance and beauty and life you should be fighting for, and divide it by imaginary lines. Then flip a coin, once for each division, and whatever unfortunate soul lands face down, slaughter. No, no, you're not doing it right. Like this—see? Make the mothers beg, and the fathers weep. Make them all regret even landing face down, instead of face up, like good, ordinary citizens do. Rub their noses in it, make them swallow the coin, but, so help me, if I catch you giving one of them a drink of water, just one, I'm going to beat you until you wish you were one of the face-downers, begging and weeping and getting slaughtered, instead of the shit we'll have you doing.

I don't like those rules.

It's a little bit like when you're grandmother gives you a twenty-dollar bill (ah, what a pretty, pretty leaf), and tells you to spend it on underwear and socks. That never happened to you? Then use your fucking imagination! (Just don't let them catch you, whatever you do). You had the leaf in your hands, and it has all kinds of stories to tell. It can be planted, and grow (like jack's beanstalk, only slower), or you can take it to the right kind of wizard, and he'll turn it into something fascinating, like music or moving pictures. But you cannot do more than listen to the stories, because your orders are clear. You were told to buy socks and underwear. After all, yours are probably old, and full of holes and stains and skid-marks by now, anyway. And socks can be fun, too. You can make puppets of them, and put on little shows for your neighbors, or little children, or the girl who moved away, but you're still in love with. And if its warm enough, you can pull one of those tube socks over your dick and wear it to go get the mail. And if you're the right kind of guy, you can go out and buy yourself a nice pair of lacey panties, and strut your stuff in front of a mirror when you think you're all alone (don't worry, we wont

tell anyone. But a picture is worth a thousand words). But eventually, all the fun of a sock is gone, and in the laundry room of memory, it will be tossed in a pile with all the other old, holey, worn-out cum-stained filthy socks laying around. So much of that shit in there you could drown a man. Instead, you could go out and buy one of those other things. I know, Gramma didn't say, but she DID give it to you, and she DOES want you to be happy, right? Oh, shit, I said the "H" word again... Please don't tell Dad, or he'll make me go out and cut a switch from the apple tree again. Fucker is nearly bare, now, with only one branch left. Will she ever have apples again?

Now in my mind, with the logic that is created by coma dreams, or bad chemistry, or perhaps a little bit of hidden wisdom, smuggled over the border in God's corn-hole, if Gramma gave the leaf to you, then it's your leaf. If you want to plant it, or trade it, then that's your decision. If you want to roll it up and smoke it, or give it to a cheap transsexual whore, for a peep show and a blowjob, then that's your own business (you sick little puppy, you). It's your leaf. Well, I am not a gardener. What I am is alive. I was given this life. It was really sweet, too, because I never even asked for it. I mean, how did they know that this was what I wanted? I was so surprised, when I opened it, I wasn't even sure yet that it was right for me. Maybe it was the wrong size, or not my style. It took a while, but we grew into each other. Now it's my life. Mine. They told me so when they gave it to me, and every once in a while, they'll slip up and mention it to me. My life... yeah. And what do I want to do with it? Nope. Not socks and underwear (though my cock is getting a little chilly). I want to use it to create. And to enjoy the balance of life. To write, and live, and be happy. Yeah, I said it, what are you going to do about it? That tree died years ago, and you burnt the corpse in the woodstove. This is my life, and I will live it by my rules. It's our ball now, baby. What do you want to play? No, don't consult the rulebook. We're making it up as we go along.

Rule 1-never give up. Even when you fall down, or someone pushes you, keep kicking. You just might hit something. Even if it's the mailman, instead of the balls you were looking for, you sure as hell kicked 'em good, huh? Rule 2-Never give in, no matter what the cost. It's a bad trade. My old gum for your chocolate cake. No trade-backs. Rule 3- Never stop dreaming. Not once. Where else are you going to see such pretty colors? And if

you can't see them, how do you know they exist? And if they don't exist, what are you going to paint with? Last rule- never give up what you love. No, fuck it, those are my rules. Make your own. Love is love. Lettuce is only about ten percent love, that's why you shit out the rest. But with the real thing? It all stays in. You can trade it and share it and collect the whole set, but it never goes away. I have some I'm holding for someone special. She's the cutest li'l thing I ever did see, and I think she's pretty darn sweet. I was going to take her behind the gym and ask her to marry me, but the school bells rang, and she had to go back to class. She has rulebooks to study. And me? I have a life to live. If that's because of some imbalance, or a disease, eating away at my brain, or a parasite, like in that one movie, then okay. That's alright by me, and I thank my God every day for giving it to me, because every day I see a world that is open, and blank, and waiting to be explored. I can draw a cat out of the blue crayon, and then color the sky with a pretty rainbow. Or maybe I can write a letter to the angel, asking for a pinfeather in exchange for a wing. But whatever I do with it, it's what I choose to do with it. I'm blessed, because I see the blank paper for the possibility is it. And I wouldn't change for anything. Not for all the rulebooks and balls in the world.

Going from what I am, from living my life for myself, and for the dreams and inspirations I feel, to living like a "regular" person, bound down by responsibility, and someone else's rulebook for three quarters of their lives, would be like being a bird, and being able to fly free and high and happy, and then having your wings cut off. I don't want to be a bird without wings. I want to fucking soar, high into the air, and feel the absolute thrill of knowing I have my entire life ahead of me, and an endless world of possibilities. That is my life. And those are my rules. Never give up. Never give in. never stop dreaming. And never, ever sacrifice the things you truly love for the easy path, or the promise of glory, because those sort of promises are like the leprechauns fourth wish; promise and a word of honor, hiding a lie, and a terrible truth that will take away all your first three wishes, with the snap of a finger.

Carry On, My Good Man

Such a fragile thing
The heavens sing
And wedding bells ring
Oh the joy it brings
Men kill and die
Small children try,
Nobody knows exactly why
For that look in the eye
So I'll go on
When all my strength it gone
Carry half a ton
Until her heart is won

The Erection that Would Not Die

I have an erection, and it will not go away
I have an erection, and I think it's here to stay
I have an erection, and I don't know what to do
I have an erection, and it's staring right at you
I have an erection, I've had it for an hour
I have an erection, big and tall, like devil's tower
I have an erection, and I cannot go to sleep
I have an erection, but please don't take a peek
I have an erection, it came from the morn
I have an erection, no I wasn't watching porn
I have an erection, I woke and it was there
I have an erection, from a dream of being bare

I think it was a dirty thing
And I don't think it was fun
But I cannot change what I have seen
It cannot be undone
There was a girl at a party
She was having a blast
She dragged me to a bedroom
Where I nailed her in the ass
She screamed and moaned and begged for more
As the sex went on all night
I kept thinking she seemed such a whore
But I couldn't do what was right
In reality such things as that
Would never come to be
I like girls that are kind and sweet
And a gentleman is me
But the dream came and went
I truly wish it had never been
It was a waste of sleeping time spent
On the dirtiest things I've ever seen

I have an erection from that disturbing dream
I have an erection and it's less fun that it would seem
I have an erection, and it fills me with disgust
I have an erection, so when I say I don't like it, nobody would trust
I have an erection, and it will not let me rest
I have an erection that props me up as I roll over on my chest
I have an erection, but it seems this typing has done me well

I have an erection, but it's on it's way to hell
I have an erection, but it finally starts to fall
I hope that I can find it when someday I need it's call
I once had an erection that would not go away
Buy I wouldn't mourn it's loss too much,
for he'll be back again someday

Follow the Word

There's a window wide open
In the holy man's skull
We've been praying for days
But it never gets full

Walks in expensive red robes
Scraping clean the floor
When they silk get dirty
Gives them to the poor

Eats at a grand table
Gives away the scraps
And if you'll kneel
He'll warn you of his traps

Reading aloud from a book
Because nobody knows the way
But through he looks at the paper
He just makes up what to say

Follow him to the grave
So you can learn what's right
Don't be surprised when you get there
If he isn't anywhere in sight

Faces

I'm a man of a million disguises
Every one my face
Passed all over the place
More than anyone realizes

Learned the ways of labor trade
I can tile and weld
Paint and build
And repair anything made

Grew up in the electronic age
To wire and rig stereo
Know technology wherever we go
Digital puppets on my silicon stage

Music I adore
Records from now and yesterday
I can also sing and write and play
And I'm always thirsty for more

Art is my heart's fuel
Painting, sculpture, any art form
But writing is where I really perform
The world to me is Hippolita's pool

Felonious skills I won't go into
But what really drives my soul
Is that force that makes wedding bells toll
The love that is shared between two

Ruling Class

If I'm not yet done
Then there must be an end
One must first have a destination to send
The answers are facts
Until questions are asked
Information simply is
Until students come to ask
If application is needed
To make a thing real
Then unless there's a reason
I cannot feel
Inspiration in the world
Beauty hidden deep inside
I call out loud
Some come, some hide
I look for the light
I look for the goal
If there's always more to add
Then I'll never be whole
So then come to my side
Help light the way
We'll find the beauty
And rule the day

Hell to Pay

You don't think of the future
But get closer every day
Suddenly choking
On words you never thought you'd say
Don't want to go now
But its late, you really can't stay
And then tomorrow
There'll be Hell to pay

See that man dying?
He was you just yesterday
But don't you worry
You'll never go down that way
Don't ever be sorry
They were your only cards to play
But save your winnings
Because there'll be Hell to pay

Look at the shepherds
No time to laugh and play
Power over the weaker flock
All cower to kneel and pray
You had the hymnal
One you look and you threw it away
Look out for tomorrow
There'll be Hell to pay

Aiming High

We may not know each other
But you've been on my mind of late
As curiosity piques my interest
The thoughts just won't abate
What is it about you that fascinates me so?
What is it that's caught my eye?
I don't know how to answer that
But I'd sure like to try
A sparkle in your eyes, a flash in your soul?
Something special in who you are?
Ill do my best to fly straight
But I'm aiming for the brightest star

Afraid to Say

Dying of intolerable pain
Ate, shat, and ate again
But this is not the cause
I die from lack of where energy draws
From being alone for too long
No lovers song
No kiss goodnight at the end of the day
No special words for someone to say
Lost in a world all my own
Grasping reality as a skipping stone
Touch me down upon the ground
Help the truths of life be found
Show me the sparkle in your eyes
Before the pain consumes me and I

Afraid to Wake

I keep waking up, forgetting who I am
Forgetting the things that define my past
And explain my present
I wake and think I am a Buddhist
Following the path to enlightening love
Helping everyone I meet
I wake up and think I am a musician
Whose songs will touch the hearts of millions
I think I am a writer
With so much to say
I think I am an artist
Pictures of the earth and its soul
I think I am a genius
Solving and explaining everything that I see
A doctor, a priest, a cork, a soldier
A soothsayer, a shaman, a carpenter
So many things do I wake to become
Sometimes I am simple,
And live only for my family
 Beautiful wife and young children
Or sometimes it is just a wonderful girlfriend
 And dear friend
Who inspire my days
But it is always beautiful
And I am always proud

And then I wake up to see the truth
Snap out of a dream
No house, no nice car
No money or future
No audience, no convent
Nor a mission or a struggle
I am but an artist
Whose work goes unseen
A dreamer who never sees the night
No riches or wealth
Or relaxation from stress
Only pressure and poverty
Toast and dry cereal for months

Not even the simple joys
That light my heart so much
No wife, no children
No un-bounding love
Seldom more than one friend
And over two years of solitude
Which can never be explained,
To anyone, never to have gone through it
So lost from a soft touch or gentle kiss
I have forgotten how it goes
 Forgotten nurturing love

Afraid of dreaming, only to wake
Afraid of working, only to die
Afraid of dying to relive such failure

Try to Live

Try, try, try

And you'll never truly fail

Point your nose forward

And catch fortunes in your sail

Run, run, run

Towards an end you find in dreams

You'll have to face the world head on

Fight those who attack your own esteem

Fight, fight, fight

No such thing as a free ride

But whenever Hell may rise against you

Always someone willing to die by your side

So love, love, love

No more worthy an action exists

Success comes from passion and will

Not to those who falter, cower, or resist

Live, live, live

Your soul's pursuit is what matters most

Be true to your heart and your dreams

And to all the wonders of joy you will be host

Dreaming of Freedom

Listening to explosions
A year since I've been here
Today was just a short trip
For a tomorrow that is near

Dreams of pages
Words stacking high
Reminding me of my goals
And the fire in my eyes

The girl in my head smiles
As I feel lightening fill my view
Like a nuclear explosion
On the other side of a window pane

Mirror spins to show just the same
A lie broken from the TV age
Books stacked on top
To create a new sage

Among them the history of life
And all the words of the wise
Someday, someone stares at a page
My words reflecting in their eyes

Fear

My fear is haunting me. My fear of the disease. Of the schizophrenia. I don't know for sure, it's just a fear, and I don't even want to know, because if I don't know then it's only a fear. Not fact. And I don't want it to be fact. If it's fact, then I'm retarded, and I don't want to be retarded. Suddenly, my dreams would be gone. I couldn't have love. How could I ask a real girl, a wonderful girl, to be with me if I was retarded? She deserves a great man. The best. Not broken. If I was retarded, my thoughts aren't even mine. They belong to IT. The disease. My writings aren't inspired, or original. They're symptoms. Everything I am becomes unreal. It becomes delusion. I don't want to be retarded. And I don't want to be normal. All I want, all I really want, is to be me, and for that to be okay.

...not "different"...not "special"...not "unique"...retarded...
no idealism, or stubbornness, just chemical imbalance.

Waiting Patiently

Sitting; watching

But I don't know for what

Or whom, or when

If I'll make the cut

It's a long, hard process

And I'm trying my best

I struggle just to hold on

And fall behind the rest

Just how long will it be

Will I be waiting for my time

For a little grace and happiness

For a long-awaited climb

Tomorrow I will look again

And tonight, at last, I pray

Who knows the things that'll come

On some unsuspecting day

Maybe I'll find a book deal

Or maybe I'll play in a band

Maybe I could have a gallery show

Or invent some new brand

But what I hope for the most

What I dream for above all

Is for somebody special to care

To become a part of my life, for the long haul

Room of Grey

Your eyes are mercury mirrors
And I've cut myself shaving again
Reflect me a room with walls painted grey
To cover up cracks and stains

Covering never let cure
Bleeds in dirty red streaks
The sound is the voice of an angel
But I've never heard her speak

I think that I'll go on vacation
I think that I'll run and hide
I think that I think too much
So I think that I'll keep it inside

The faucet pours pure honey
But the sink is looking away
The lights only glow in December
In the room of grey

Candles burn from the bottom
The drippings tell legends of saints
After the man comes to clean
Only the shadows remain

The chairs are stuffed with mud
Fabric lines with broken bags
The roof is leaky and rotten
Main supports all sag

I go to sleep there in the morning
Wake again at the end of the day
And count the clock of eternity
In my room of grey

The windows are cracked and overgrown
Let in not a speck of light
The fridge is full of pictures
Nourished only by sight

But the mirror is a doorway
Through is I see a corpse
The glass itself is flawless
Never dirty or broken or coarse

Blood runs from my neck down to my chest
Letting nothing stand in its way
Nothing has the strength to stop life
In the room of grey

Every tear a prayer

The tears that fall to the floor
Are tears I shed for you
You find yourself in depression
And there's nothing I can do

I don't know what went wrong
You didn't have the strength to tell
I can hear pain and sadness in your voice
I know you're going through hell

I beg the lord take me instead
Let me suffer in your place
I'd rather die a thousand deaths
Than see that pain on your face

It's not fair to give it to you
Not right that you feel so low
It goes against every law in place
Every rule about God I know

No kinder person walked the earth
No soul with purer heart
There is no greater being
No more precious work of art

I cry for you and scream inside
You don't deserve this kind of pain
Several thousand years the bible shines
Your blood will leave a stain

No God of love would do this
No father could be so cruel
To return such kindness with misery
Breaks every golden rule

Why can't I break for you?
Why can't you go free?
No God of glory can exist
Or this travesty could never be

I will pray to the emotion love
I will ask strength from the same
New world for the common man
All in your name

An angel born of earth
Not of that angry cloud
I will give my life to you
Just say my name aloud

Until then I'll stand and wait for you
A prayer in every tear
And if you say the words to me
You'll never have reason to fear

She's Going Away

Something inside me broke
She's moving away
I never felt that healthy
Never knew a love so strong
And now she's going away
I hoped every day
Maybe tomorrow shed change her mind
I could make her smile
Feel her kiss
Hold her just for awhile
But now she's going away
I can't focus
I can't write
The soulless mockery of a sun burns me alive
My sun is going away
Night without a moon
Blind without a rope
Falling into fire today
I've never been so in love before
And now she's going away

Shaven

Tonight I cut my hair short
To help me say goodbye
I cut off my goatee for you
And the artist starts to cry

The moon wants nothing more
Than to be inside the sun
To work together to create the day
And be with her for every one

I wouldn't have guessed the way I feel
To me you mean so much
Nothing I wouldn't do for you
My faith for just one touch

I discovered perfection in your soul
Found love in your eyes
Now my soul is ripped in two
Tonight I say goodbye

Ask Yourself

If I told you I loved you
Would it change your mind?
Look inside and realize
The new love you'd find?

Do you think you might chose to stay?
To spend the years by my side?
And stronger now together with me
Take everything else in stride

Could we build tomorrow ourselves
Everything we could ever want to see
I could build a world for you
And you could trust in me

With you by my side there is no end
Nothing that could bring me down
We could sing a song of the angels
And the stars could carry the sound

If I told you I loved you
Do you think you might stay?
Or would it have no effect on you,
And you'd still be going away?

Angel in Blue

Her own bloodline dancing on stage
Big grin on his face to spite the rage
Stands by the stage in a light blue dress
Time and again, my gaze excluded all the rest
Since the first time I saw you, I knew
You were stunningly beautiful, and strong inside, too

I know it's not right, and they're all foolish thoughts
But at times the imagination is all I've got
So as I fade away into the sound
And my mind leaves my body behind on the ground
My happiest wishes go to you
Stunning beauty and heart, the angel in blue

Fragment 9

Waiting for tomorrow
Until today is just a memory
I can't see the future
But its inhabitants can look at me
Where did the light go?
What happened to the shade?
Took over the entire world
Cut out the stars, with a crescent blade

Yawn... Yeah...

I can't help but wonder
Just what is going on
You know what I'm thinking
But the cat has got your tongue
I haven't heard a word
Since I told you how I feel
I wish I knew what you're thinking
Or of my dreams could come real

Oh we had some fun together
Hung out a little while
I thought you were amazing
And I really dig your smile
I wanted to tell you
I want to let you know
But then you never answered
And I cannot let it go

Every time I call you
The phone just rings and rings
I thought that you might like me
But fear tells me different things
I dreamt you were my girlfriend
You were beautiful in my eyes
But I wake up, and it's been a week
I haven't seen you twice

So are you going to tell me
What is on your mind?
If I keep on asking
Are there answers I can find?
Do you even like me?
If so, lets stop wasting time
You've no idea how happy I'd be
If you were only mine

I Got the Shaft

Well here I am
The same old train
A place I've been
Time and time again
I know the journey
I cut the path
I knew it'd
 Never last

I kept the good faith
And prayed for change
Maybe a new chance
To break loose the chains
I met a sweet thing
Wanna be her man
Aw, but she had
 Other plans

I wrote a letter
Shoulda known better
I got the shaft

We spent some time
Being near
I did my best
To show I was sincere
I tried to call her
But she's never around
You won't see that
 Getting me down

Every time
The same old line
I got the shaft

Oh I told her how I felt
But she just didn't care
Desire to be with me
Just wasn't there

So hopeful and happy
Just couldn't last
I got the shaft
Oh, I got the shaft

To the feelings again
That we've all had before
So much rejection
But there's always more
It's the price you pay
In the search for love
You can hurt me
 But it's never enough

Dreams in the trash
My heart was smashed
I got the shaft

It's happened before
Will happen again
Every time
Like a morbid refrain
I try to deny it
This won't be the same
And then the bad news
 Starts callin my name

Every time
The same old line
I got the shaft

Oh I told her how I felt
But she just didn't care
Desire to be with me
Just wasn't there
So hopeful and happy
Just couldn't last
I got the shaft
Oh, I got the shaft

The was the last ditch
One last try
A beautiful smile
That caught my eye
One more round
I know that sound
I got the shaft
Oh, I got the shaft

Took my chance
And lady luck laughed
I got the shaft

God Bless

God bless the narrow minded,
For through their ignorance,
And the frustration they cause,
They will force us to see a wider path,
Where we might catch a glimpse
Of the “big picture” I read about in storybooks
When I was a boy on my grandfather’s knee.

God bless the unfortunate,
Who help us find value in what we had before
And by letting us sacrifice some of what we had,
We avoid getting what they got.

God Bless the lost,
Because only those who we never find
Can show us the misdirection of our own paths,
And the trickery of light and civilized eyes.

God bless the few,
Who have the bravery to sacrifice individual life,
To show the Mass where to go,
And how to find the power of our own spirit.

God bless the hidden tragedy,
That dies every day,
Close enough to keep us prepared,
But transparent enough to not spoil lunch.

God bless the miles,
To show the value of closeness.

God bless the tears,
For giving us reason to close our eyes.

God bless lost love
And God bless the memory

God bless those feelings
God bless the things they make us do
Make us human.

Most of all
God bless you,

Because you inspire me,
Even though you can't see me,
I can still feel you out there
And every thought, every motion matters,
And tells me that all of this is worth it
And every word is true.

[As a note; I was so afraid that this bird was something spiritual that was sent to me that I never tried to shoo it away, and fed it daily. It stayed for months, but did not follow me when I moved.]

My Friend the Bird

Crazy fucking little bird keeps trying to come in my apartment. Don't know of its just tired and cold and hungry, lost, drunk on old fruit. Maybe it's one of God's own hitmen, come to track down a crazy heathen devil (me) and peck his eyes out. Or maybe he's Satan trying to make a deal, waiting to be invited in. Or a guardian angel. Or a sign. Birds are freedom, maybe freedom is trying to get in. I closed the curtains on his target window, so he would leave. He just moved to the one above my bed, so I could watch him dive-bomb, fall, and fly around for another try. Closed this curtain, he went back to the other. Harder and harder, I think he wants to break the window. I hear more birds outside, too. How long until they join in? Do I try to shoo it off, invite it in for tea and crackers? Slip it food? I can't even stop it with slamming the windows. Every thirty seconds. Is it an angel, a devil, lassie, telling me someone I love needs me help, or just a crazy fucking little bird, who got the idea that I have food, and he wants in.

Face the Day

Couldn't stand another day
I couldn't make it out of bed
I can't leave the safety now
Because if that's my life
I'd rather the dead
It can't be that impossible to live
And it can't all be about work and money
I hate work and money
I just want to write
I want to not be alone
Tell me I don't have to be alone anymore
I'd do anything
Just let me be
Let me write, and wake-up next to someone
Because if that's not life
If I can't have that
Shit...
You wouldn't want to see me outside these walls
You wouldn't want to see me without music
There is no life without music
And no soul without sound
See, I just can't make it out there today
When that cd ends, I better be gone
Because I think there's someone inside my head waiting for me
He wants to smother me with a pillow
He saw it in a movie once
And he thinks I need more mercy than that
Show me mercy
And show me a happy thought, too
Show me anything that might remind me
What it felt like
Because I don't remember
I can't see it
I can't see anything besides this life
Besides this bed
Naked and alone
I cannot write
Because I am too poor to type over there
And too poor to eat over here

But I can't lift a finger without the words so how do I
How do I even pretend that I can make it
Outside these walls
Or outside these blankets
I need someone to hold me
And to show me where I am
I cannot find them
For years I cannot stand
I just want to know,
Not from some imagination
What it feels like to be loved,
Held
If only for a little while
But for longer, and soft hands tighter
Those beautiful eyes
Pretty skin
Hair
I can't remember it
Only from far back here
And that is long ago
In a place that escapes my hands
To feel her
Here
I don't know
What I would do
Anything
I could do anything
Just for that feeling
Just to have someone say it
Mean it
And close my eyes
Because I can't see
I can't stop crying
And I can't get up
Not with what waits for me out there
Nothing
All I can find
Nothing
All that will hold my body
And kiss my soul
Nothing

Holding a Memory

Said you could hear the sunshine
Said you could feel the clouds
Walking in that summer rain
Talking and thinking aloud

You always loved the weather
Whatever the seasons brought
No matter what your fortune
Loved everything you got

You grabbed my hand and ran off
At night in a grassy field
Laying on our backs, looking up
Every star seemed real

I can't believe they took you
So far away from here
I'll never again get to hold you
I'll never feel you near

At night you would lie beside me
And whisper tales of what would be
You said the future was open
Like a movie that only you could see

You told me I was your soul mate
Said you were always sure
And when you'd lay your head on my chest
I always felt secure

I can't believe they took you
So far away from here
I'll never again lie next to you
I'll never feel you near
We never saw the conflict
And they never told us why
I never saw the bullet
But I can't forget the way you died

The world melted to nothing
As I watched your spirit fade
And the heavens came crashing down
As I called out your name

We could have walked another way
Found a different way back home
We could have stopped to eat, or rest
And then maybe you wouldn't be gone

But I cannot change the past
And I cannot let you go
I remember you, and go day by day
And force a smile to show

I can't believe you're gone now
And I'll never see you again
It feels like you're with me somehow
But life will never be the same
I never heard the gunfire
I only saw your eyes
You know I'll never forget you
Because my love will never die

There are still so many tomorrows
When yesterday never left me
I'll never be rid of the sorrow
But I'll live for your memory

And outside I can hear the sunshine
I understand just what you meant
And I can feel you here beside me
Like every day we spent

Make It Make Sense

I do not understand these things
They make no sense at all
The harder I try to rise above
The further I seem to fall

I trust my heart to guide me
And I follow where it leads
But these bitter fruits I now eat
Could not come from such sweet seeds

A career first I left behind
For my path leads another way
I follow it to comfort and modesty
But I pay a price now every day

I choose a path of honesty
To leave the deception and temptation behind
But every time I tell you the truth
I am accused of telling a lie

I have even taken to living chaste
Because I want honesty, love, and trust
Only twice have I found such virtues
And twice they turn to dust

So for two long years I sleep alone
Even more since I lose count
And every time I close my eyes
I am shown the things I live without

I used to believe it would change
I used to think all would be well
But for too long have I waited
Lost more dreams than I could tell

Now I live more out of habit
Perform the simple tasks of the day
My basic mind still guides me
But I cannot see the way

I meet violence, and turn away
But inside, I still see the fight
I walk around like a zombie
But cannot sleep at night

I'm sure that I deserve this
I'm sure it makes sense, in some way
But I still don't understand
Why God ignores me when I pray

Imaginary Prizefight

Round 1

You somehow understood me
And you seemed to sympathize
You'd smile when we spoke
And I was lost in your gorgeous brown eyes

I never knew what I was doing
But that somehow seemed okay
It always turned out in the end
And you liked me anyway

You made such a sound when I kissed you
My heart soared high and free
There was something incredible there
I never understood why you left me

I was confused about myself
Even more about what to feel
I wasn't sure what to call it
But I knew that it was real

Round 2

You came to me one evening
Bored enough to be brave
We were both a little timid
About how best to behave

But fate led us together
You were nothing I'd seen before
Laughing and watching cartoons
Laying naked on the floor

You used words like "Love" and "Forever"
And you swore that they were true
I'd never been in love before
So I put all my faith in you

Until one afternoon surprise visit
Tell me again what went on?
Oh, that's right, he was "helping you study"
You just took off your clothes for fun...

Round 3

You were supposed to prove me wrong
Prove that there was still some hope
Give me some faith in the future
Shaped like a hangman's rope...

Sure, we've both been hurt
Yeah, I remember when we were kids
Of course I hate being alone
So why don't we make our bids

Ten bucks say you're afraid
Twenty says you'll never call
What's that, and engagement ring?
Shit, you can take it all

Round 4

You were a complete surprise
How could I have guessed?
Such a beautiful angel
Why even bother to see the rest?

The daystar couldn't shine brighter
Casting shadows on how things were
Tchaikovsky couldn't inspire me more
So why am I afraid to tell her?

When I answered myself I gained new hope
With a vision of what could be
Being friends was a wonderful start
At least I knew you liked me

But you blocked my advances with kindness
My truest feelings could make no dents
Disappeared, and moved away
And I haven't heard from you since

Round 5

No more fallen angels
And no more worshipping thoughts
You were cute, and kind, and sweet
And I like you quite a lot

A little shyness can be charming
But too much can be a little rude
One minute we're having fun together
The next you found a new attitude

Was a time when you were modest
You had virtue in those eyes
But then you turned a one-eighty
And became what you used to despise

Retired Gloves

There will be no more matches
The champion has lost his fight
He never once gave up
But was he ever right?

To the victor go the spoils
This one must be a draw
All the seats are empty now
A spectacle nobody saw

He remembers every fighter
But all the fists are a blur
Which ones belonged to which body?
And which ones never were?

He wishes he could go back
And fight the first round again
There must have been some new moves
That could win him a refrain

He daydreams about a title-fight
Only this time they both could win
“The glorious rematch from round one!”
A dream bell rings to begin

They could walk away together
Championship belts in bands of gold
And years later, to curious children
The story could be retold

But every fighter has hopes
As many as he has scars
Of a perfect glory he reaches for
Until its time to return to the stars

Show Yourself to Me

Mar my face with your infirmity
It wasn't pretty, but it was mine
And I can't pretend that you're fine
I can see the shadows in your eyes
Reaching out so desperately

We will never find those golden shores
Standing here in shallow lines
Ditches worn smooth through time
And crying our tales to all
Showing scars and open sores

I know that your heart is beaten
And the memories still make you cry
The pain seeps out every time you sigh.
The pictures could always make you smile
But they're yellow with age and moth-eaten

Let me help with open hand
Don't use the pain against me
Clawing the things you can't see
The colours in the sky
Or the beauty in this land

All I want is to see you smile
And hear your laughter ring
Thinking only of happy things
As the light shines down on us all
Stretching mile after mile

So don't lash out, and scratch my eyes
Because it won't relieve your mind
What you seek you'll never find
Just relax, and let it go
And a brand new sun will rise

It's just not fair
I cannot see
It's everywhere
But not with me
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The Last Rat

We run, we fight, we fly,
And never know the reasons why
It's such a twisted cycle
Where the fallen often die

We hide, we throw, we dive
Into darkness still alive
Without so much as hope
But an ocean full of drive

We duck, we swim, we yell
Forget the ones who fell
They can't be taken back
Or buy the things we sell

We cry, we crawl, we bite
Because we cannot lose the fight
It would be a sin
To wander into the night

We bleed, we cough, we die
We still can't say why
Hold my tears and take my heart
I go now to the sky

The Things I Think I See

I thought it was love
But I saw the colors in texture
It was only the pictures I saw
And only the power of imagination
A nation of thoughts
And a collaboration of ideas
Ideals for the future
And the life of dreams
Born from fevered sleep
And wished of nocturnal peace
Pieces of my soul
And the center of my heart
Which strives for something
Something to hold on to
To make me whole
And complete my life
I thought I was in love
But I never saw the truth
And all the smiles
And all the eyes
Never saw love in me

So then what I thought was love
Is not out there for me
I couldn't find the answer
And I couldn't find the line
No ladder to help me up
Or an x to mark the spot
I guess I cannot provide
Whatever it is they need
I guess I am not the type
To be a model for attraction
No chiseled jaw, and rippling abs
Not a hairless chest of tanned skin
Or a tall shadow
I can't dance (though I've never been taught)
And I don't talk about sports or war
I don't want a suit
I don't want gold

And I'd trade all the porno and threesomes
For one true love
So a proper guy I am not
Just a fool with a life on paper
Pens and ink and typewriter ribbon
Computers and paint and music
Which clouds my vision
Hiding my face
So what I see
Doesn't see me
And what I thought I saw
Isn't out there at all

Shortage

Inspiration comes in short supply
When the clamps get a better grip
Nothing to grab hold of
When the mountains start to slip
I know what I am looking for
And what I really need
I look but I can't find
Not a trace or a seed
Fuck it all and find the door
I need to leave right quick
I've seen everything I can
And I think I'm going to be sick
I can't seem to stop thinking
But I threaten to be crushed
I can find the freedom
And she comes in such a rush
Help me find the answers
And I will hold them to the skies
Give her the idea
And put me in her eyes

Sandman's Song

I cry to the sandman
Draw the shades
And bring the stars down for me to see
Hidden among the glowing dots
And the jewels that coyote threw
There is a story being told
And it's getting a great review
I would read it, myself
If my eyes weren't sewn shut
(Purgatory and a price to pay).
I hear it has all the answers
And with those, I could find the questions
And eventually build a house
Where I could be safe
And map out the winds
To find my own way outside
Running with them
No longer a target of their sharp teeth
But an ally, with broad wings
 Lead me away
 Spread the sandman to the seas
For ignoring me
 Leaving me alone with myself
Until there's nobody standing
And not enough energy to light a thought

Hide and Seek

All of us looking
But individuals lost the track
And the group won't fit through the doorway
So I wander
Look for me there
And you will see a shadow
 Touch me and you will find yourself alone
More of a cold breeze than a man
And more imprisoned than separated
So many dreams
But I don't remember sleeping
And I don't feel rested
I've been awake for years
With no place to run
Except for the void
Which doesn't really exist unless you close your eyes
But goes away the second you open them again
So there was a world,
But no me
And then there was me
And the world disappeared
We haven't been together in a while
And I only see home through seconds of memory
And years of imagination
The boots get worn
So I know time passes
But I stay the same,
Frozen with my eyes shut
Oblivious to everything
Except the boots
When will I be ready to open my eyes?
When will I unpack my boxes?
And when will I find the world I know exists
From daydreams and fairytales and seconds of memory,
Stretched into old age through the eyes of my heart?
Watching the princess of all the kingdom
Waiting with sword polished and heart pure
To serve her in her every request
And bring to light her every dream.

The princess with eyes that are the whole world
For a fallen and lost soldier
With no strength to move
And too much darkness to see
Except for the void
Where you will see me
But only if you look
And turn off your lantern before you go

Not What You Think

Give me my name back
How dare you deny me
I am the one who opened the crack
And set the light things free

But now there you sit
In my assigned seat
See the hatred in my eyes
Feel my anger's heat

I want you gone forever
And I want my self
Start mending your wounds
And focus on my health

All the presents you left
Burn still in my eyes
I can't believe I trusted you
Or ever fell for your lies

You haven't taken us anywhere
Driving with eyes closed
When you opened yourself to the air
The wind crept in and you froze

The picture frame is empty
And the camera is broke
If any of this was part of your dream
It's long past time you woke

Sympathetic Victims

They understand the things you've seen
And the reason you wake up at night
Covered with sweat; heart pounding fast
Screaming with terror that goes way beyond fright

They've seen into your childhood
Reflected in your moonlight cries
Maps drawn in the scars on your back
And pictures that still haven't left your eyes

Of all the people who hurt you
It was the one you loved the most
All the times you clung to them in tears
You cling still to the ghosts

But your words were never quite enough
To make them forget their past
To release them from their pain
And leave them free at last

All the pain and torment you saw
And everything that was done
Every night your bed was soaked with blood
You weren't the only one

And even as you turned it around
Became the worst of your fears
The sympathetic victims stay
With you throughout the years

Even through the words and wounds
The fear of your knotted hand
There is always love and forgiveness
Through the tears, they understand

Dream

And then, in a dream and a world completely unrelated to anything, there was Amber. She lived across the street from another house, that may have been mother's, may have been Katrina's, but seemed like both. Our mailbox (mine along with whoever I may or may not have lived with-I never saw anyone) was across the street, next to hers, and the box itself was Katrina's jungle mailbox. Angel was sitting outside naked, one day. I have no idea why. Sunbathing, probably, and enjoying the relative privacy of the tree-enclosed grouping of houses we enjoyed. When I went out to get the mail, we talked some. I did my best to avoid direct eye contact with her chest, but standing up, with her sitting, I had to look down even to make eye contact. She seemed only mildly concerned about modesty, moving her long blond hair to cover most of her nipple, and occasionally raising an arm to cover herself if she felt suddenly violated. Even though I tried hard not to look, I was deeply, absolutely, and almost painfully impressed by what I saw; both the sun shining brightly of her smiling eyes, and the warm glow suffusing her naked, flawless form. The talk was friendlier than I had expected, not having known her too well, or too personally, in all the time we lived across the street from each other, however long that may have been. It turns out that she was interested in me, and she wanted to hang out sometime. I told her to call me, still a little unsure on it she was toying with me, in her naked, Lady Godiva brand of power, or if she was as genuine as she seemed. But she did call, and wanted to come over. I made dinner, we had a long conversation, and an overall good time. Before she left, she invited me over for dinner not too long afterward.

When I went to her house, it was now a ranch in the middle of nowhere, which was odd, and yet fitting, and full of rustic honest-cowboy charm. I didn't know if this was her parent's house, which she was just visiting, or if the other house had been someone else's all along. I first got a chance to meet her family, as she was up in her room still. Her dad was stern, but strangely not, giving me the house tour. He had a lot of money, and thus had a lot of really nice stuff, and he didn't mind showing it off. One room was full of old pictures, and great artistic pieces, like a hand-carved piano, which was to be a gift to his son, and a beautiful set

of electric guitars. He offered to teach me to play something, I think it may have been a fiddle, or a cello, but I was actually looking forward to it, whatever it was. He was nice, and full of great stories, and we bonded a little as we made our way up the house.

Finally, we got to Amber's room, where she apparently didn't even know I was there yet. She was happy to see me, and came to give me a hug. Her Dad went back downstairs, giving us some privacy, and a chance to talk some more. She had an excited energy, something new and incredible building, and I felt it as strongly as she. Then the dad came back upstairs with his wife and mother in law, who wanted to play a card game. I had never played before, and it was complicated, and confusing, involving special decks of cards, a cardboard playing field, and some minor spelling with alphabet squares that fit in empty spaces on the board. I managed alright, considering I had no idea what I was doing, and eventually the game ended, with someone other than me being the victor, and I had earned some more time alone with Amber again. I made a snack in a small, comfortable kitchen, and we talked more, telling jokes and hinting around serious emotions. Eventually, she kissed me. It was my first kiss in lord knows how long, and felt great. There was a lot more, somewhere in there things became more passionate, and I experienced someone else's tongue for the first time in years. We didn't get anywhere near sex, and we both knew it wouldn't go that far. This was a proper courting, and there would need to be more time before such things came to pass.

Somehow, the wonderful world of closeness, warmth, Amber's incredible beauty, and a new love faded, and I found myself on a moving train. It was headed far away, over a wide open prairie land, but when I looked out the window, I knew that I was passing by Amber's ranch. I tried to get the train to stop, but it wouldn't, and the rail-hands seemed unconcerned with the fact that I shouldn't even be there. I got the distinct feeling that I was being held for a reason, and in a moment of stupidity and fear of losing something incredible, I jumped off of the moving train, barefoot, to the tall grass and rocks that lined the tracks. I thought people would be looking for me, although I didn't know why I would think that. I ducked down whenever another train passed, and tried to pick the slivers and pebbles out of my feet. Then,

when they were gone, I found myself running barefoot through rocky fields.

I had to hop many fences and through many yards to get back to the ranch, but I knew I had to do it, and it was wreaking hell on my feet. Some of the fences were guarded, and I got attacked more than once, both by angry dogs, and even angrier farm-owners. By the time I passed over a few pieces of property, I had taken more than my fair share of beatings. I knew both Amber and her dad were watching me, and that they were both rooting for me, although I was now a little intimidated by her dad, who may have had something to do with me ending up on the train to begin with. I wanted desperately to get back, though, and all I could think about was Amber's gentle, powerful kisses, and stunning smile. She was standing right in front of her house, waiting, but it seemed so far away, and I could feel my time running out. There was trouble, someone was after me, I think they had a gun, and I had serious doubts about if I would ever be in her strong, sexy arms again. I had to. I had gone too long being by myself to lose her now that I was rediscovering love. I just had to.

Fallen in Desert Sun

None of us chose this fate
Or wanted to be left alone out here
Everything we wanted tends to turn to dust
Sandcastles and palaces, drying in the sun
And floating away on the winds
More than dirt and sand
Than leaves and dust
They were our dreams
Our lives

But no matter
We have no control over that
At one point, we probably thought we did
With high hopes, and set jaw
And all the determination of empowerment
But a few years of this
Crawling along
A little more alone every day
A little weaker
A little closer to something more final
Than the deepest of sleeps
In a way, we're all victims
Because every one of us had the same promise
That we could be what we wanted
Have our freedom
Our dreams
Love, and happiness
And now, those things are gone

At first, we fought it
Yelled and swore
Shook our fists at whatever enemy had done it,
Stolen our happy thought
And doomed us to the ground
But he never showed
Never even came to gloat
To give us a face for our hatred

And then we tried to make a deal
Bargaining with our captor

Trying to work out an arrangement
Where we could keep our souls
With the tiniest of down-payments
 A sort of indentured servitude
 In our own bodies,
 For the sake of our very spirits
But the contract was torn up,
And our good intentions ignored

Then it was the struggle
Not for everything
 Or even to win
But just to live
To wake up in the morning
To go to sleep at night
To have a little peace in between
 And a little rest at night
But that never came
Our struggle just to have hope, and sanity
Slowly slipped from our grasp
Now we're here, with nothing
Except our precious few memories
Of what it meant, to be alive,
 To dream of life; success
 Happiness and love
 And to go to sleep with a smile

Significant Nothing

The little place the treasure goes
Hidden with a curtain so nothing shows
A secret marked with "X" on the ancient map
Where Dorothy goes with a tap, tap, tap
The center of every romance I've felt
The purse for my winnings from every hand dealt
The guarantee of everything that ever could be
And all those smiles I could never see
You're the answer to every path I chose
When the lights go out, I wrap you in close
My significant nothing; all that I hold
Standing beside me; growing old
Dance with me until the morn
Never a judgment, but full of scorn
The fruit of all the seeds I sow
More lasting than I will ever know
And empty echo that gently rolls
Protect me from the bitter souls
And when the angels of mercy came
In a silent step you took on my name
My significant nothing, guide my fall
For your love is the most lasting of all
The cold embrace that will never let go
A chilling smile that we never show
Of all the time yet to remain
The very best days come with the rain
Filling the dark, drowning the hole
The void bound by marriage to my soul
Sweet significant nothing, join me in a bow
As the house lights dim, and the curtain comes down

Times Change

This time things will change.

We say it out loud, and receive a pensive agreement.

Not to be doubtful, but the mirror has seen too much to put a lot of faith in such things.

How many days have we proclaimed change before?

How many times have we given it up, just to start a whole new
campaign,

Sometimes before the fires from the last one have even died?
But that doesn't mean it won't happen.

This could be the one.

Finally, a chance for change, and rest.

Peace from the things that never let go of the struggle.

The days trying to convince the world to accept the things that
make us unique

Nobodies emotions move on quite the same schedules, do they?

They should try harder to understand them, and accept them.

And the evenings spent crying when we were finally alone,

Trying and begging to understand the same emotions we just
defended.

Why don't they cause so much confusion and trouble?

All the jobs that never worked,

And the friends who never showed up.

It's a wonder the world decided to keep spinning.

They say that one year can be as three,

But personally, I don't care for any of them.

I would trade both of them, and all the calendars in the world,
for a handful of memories.

You know the kind I'm talking about.

The ones where the night is always perfect-

The stars seem to glow just a little bit brighter,

And the air is always crisp, and fresh enough to bite.

Whatever friends are around, they never seem better than right
then,

Even if none of them actually exist anymore.

Seconds of quiet become all the peace in the world,

If we could have brought a pillow and blanket, we might die of
satisfaction.

It's the secret combination on the door we can never even see in
the daylight,
And can't remember when the heat is on, and the tubes are
shaking.

Its something secret, like what makes birds fly south,
What makes the wolf howl, and the hyena laugh.

I think those are the nights we were born for.

To be howling along.

To find out own mountaintop,

Our own song to sing,

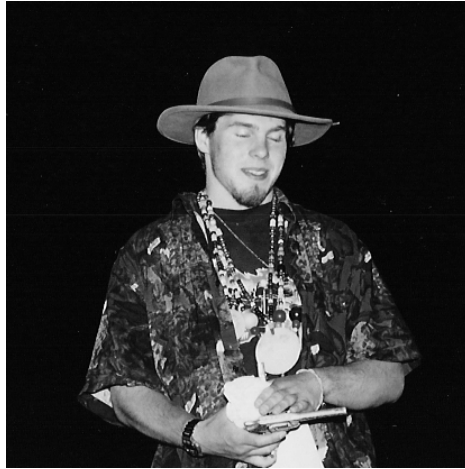
In our very own language

And then scream it out, to open the door, and see what might await
us.

Keep your eyes peeled. You never know.

You just never know.

The way your eyes move when you laugh
Lets see where we can walk to together
And see what kind of adventure we can run into
Because the moon will still be calling
Take my hand, and join me
It's time to call back.



About the Author

The Author has a shiny gun in this picture. It is not real. It is a prop, with which to entertain children. He still has the gaudy, awful shirt, and all of that crap around his neck. He wishes he still had the hat. Unfortunately, the hat was not his, but he feels he should have stolen it from the backstabbing heathen of a teacher who loaned it to him. The Author deserved it more.

During the time of this books making, the author lived in a small apartment that was cheap and poorly maintained, but he loved dearly. One of his neighbors had dry heaves every morning due to alcohol abuse, and the one across the hall never wore pants unless he was going to or from work, and there was a dookie stain in the hall, but it was still alright. From that apartment he wrote the contents of much of this book, as well as his first novel. He also did a lot of working, in this time, for companies he did not like. He worked for a large corporation that was the devil, but the team of girls he worked with, while somewhat devilish on occasion, made him happy, so he stayed. Then he and the girls all went their separate ways, never to see each other again, much to his dismay, and The Author started delivering newspapers in the middle of the night. He could write better than most of the reporters, but nobody would swap their jobs, even though it was obvious that The Author was better at the writing, because he had not wasted many years and much money to get someone to SAY he was better, and the paper editors were ignorant jackasses. It was very important to them to maintain the usefulness of wasting time and money, as it made them special, and valuable, instead of just fat and untalented. The Author hates them still.

Lastly, The Author thinks there are some good things in this book, which he hopes you enjoy. He was much more into the poetry thing then, and feels this is some of his best stuff, when he was getting sharp with words, and was all kinds of immersed in the format.