

DOWN

To

Work

Poems By

Garrett Stone

Down To Work

Tyler's Toybox
Volume Two

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Unpublished Edition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.

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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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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 fairly old stuff in here.

**To the one who taught me not to believe too hard in wishes,
the one who taught me not to trust in beautiful stories,
and the ones who taught me not to trust someone just because
they're still there.**

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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 (albeit 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.

This volume, the second, encapsulates a period of time around when I started attending college, focusing more on the future, for good or ill, and got my very first promotion that included the word 'manager' in the title. There is a shift in the poetry, from the last volume, as I started to find my voice more certainly. Some of the first poems I was able to look at with real pride, and am proud of even now, are collected here. At times, I can even see the traces of who I am now between the developing styles. Maybe you will, too. Enjoy.

~Garrett Stone

Foreign Objects

The sound of a ladle striking a pot
"What is it like to fall in love?"
Shakes his head and smiles
Eyes glaze over
He's not here anymore
He's in a car parked in an old part of town
She's smiling at him
In his hands he holds a bag
Small and white
Full of beads and hemp, for making necklaces
And a water bottle
"What are you thinking?"
Those eyes
That hair
Gorgeous
Skin so very soft
"How long does it take to fall in love?"
Eyes meet the upholstery of the car
Where fumbling hands pick for a loose thread
"I don't know, why?"
Eyes come back up, intense as ever
Full of emotion
Of anticipation
Of fear
"Because I think I've fallen in love with you"
A tear gathers in the eye
Fear gives way to happiness
To love
Arms thrown around his neck
Lips press to his with passion
With love
"I love you, too"
He comes back, eyes un-shrouded
The world becomes clear again
"What is 'sex'"
Another trip to a far away place
Lying in a pile of pillows
Warm
Happy
She smiles
He loves her smile
He loves HER
To kiss her

To hold her
To be so close together they surround each other
Complete each other
Fill each other
Whole
Two minds, one soul
Two bodies
Moving together
Love and passion
Fire in her eyes
Trembling, weak; the act of love
So thrilling; entralling
Love
Eternity
Come back
"Are you okay?"
He smiles
"You're not dying, right?"
He smiles again, and drifts
The world gets foggy
He sees blood
Soaked through an old towel
His blood
Look on the counter
Bottles
Empty bottles
So many
So much blood
He walks to a mirror
Death
The world darkens, but death's glowing eyes brighten
He stumbles
Hits the floor
Come back again
"Are you okay?"
Small eyes glowing
Life. Not death.
Messy hair and rosy cheeks
"Of course"
Small smile, but big heart
Showing gaps where teeth were, and will be again
"I love you Grampa"

Fool's Dream

Thoughts of her have been in my mind
Seems like they've been there for ages
They haven't
Days are years
And dreams can be forever
She is a dream
An image so gorgeous is had to have been made up
The real world cant create such things
A fiery sunset
Full of pinks and oranges and greens
With leaves falling
Natural confetti, celebrating another day's end
Breathtaking
But next to her, it is nothing
Dull earthtones on a tealite candle
She could put the ancient golden works of Athens to shame
And she's getting more beautiful every day
Anymore, when I see her,
I can't help but be consumed
An aching
A desire
Not just for the beauty
For the soul
Companionship
She's got so much inside her
The hands of a clock freeze
Just for a passing conversation
Time spend
In a timeless place
There, unexpected
But gone all too soon
And the picture stays
Burnt like a cattle brand, on the inside of my brain
Her name echoes
As if called from atop a tall canyon
Only it gets louder every time it's repeated
So loud, now, in my mind,
That it shakes the very foundation the earth is built on
Like a sonic boom dog whistle
Silent to most
But tuned perfectly to my hearing

I would give anything
Any favor, any possession, save for my soul
To be hers
To have her love
It's a dream, however
The dream of a fool
I don't even know if she's attached
If I'd stand a chance in her eyes
But I do know id do whatever I could
Any thing in my power
To make her happy
For just one chance
To reach into my soul
Grab a hold of the dream
And pull it into reality

On Holiday

My mind has gone on a holiday
It does this, sometimes
More often, lately
I don't know why
No real explanation
I think it has something to do
With failed expectations
My history professor says this is what causes rebellion
It causes me to daydream
To visit happy places
The things I wish for
Things I need
People I care a great deal about
But haven't the chance to be with in reality

Sometimes I'm afraid of losing myself
That my mind will go somewhere
One of these happy places
And fall in love with it
With the splendors of an imaginary land
And I might never see it again
Every time it goes, I run this risk
I can feel it
When I call it back, it is more and more reluctant
It threatens to run away, and not return
It's getting used to the things in there
Living life freely
Being with her
Art
Her touch
Happiness
Love

I can't blame it, really
I'd do the same
From time to time, I find myself wishing
That I might slip into a coma
To go on a holiday that will keep me
Forever
To have my every dream.

But this is foolish
Even a bit selfish
What good is art, if others do not see it?
What good are poems, if they are not read?
What good is music that is never heard? And what good is love that is
not shared?
Love IS sharing;
Life
Soul
Everything.
It cannot be done alone

So the dream ends
Life resumes
I try to make it through a day
Survive the battle
Of who I am, and who I'm supposed to be
Survive the longing
To be with her
And survive the abandonment
Of my own mind

Junkie

I am a junky. This explains my fascination with drugs and the drug culture, for to me they are simply different flavors of the same ice cream I consume regularly. All different, and curious, and no doubt wonderful, yet to outsiders, having never had ice cream, all far too similar, with no character or finesse. But to me they are as different as chocolate and vanilla and orange sherbet. And you can always tell a person's preference by the sticky residue around their lips. Some flavors are a matter of taste. Some mix well. Some don't. And some are so incredible and all-consuming that they can draw you away from any other flavor, because as good as they may be, they will never, ever, be better.

My flavor is adrenaline. It's rich and sweet and sour, and filled with little chunks of art and beauty and love and inspiration and women and passion and pain, danger, heat, happiness, all swirled together. I could eat tubs of it, until my body has swollen to resemble a beached whale, and still be dying for more.

I get my fixes in so many ways. It used to be through activities with friends. Stealing and vandalism, mischief, getting into trouble, and getting out again before we were actually caught. Taking risks and breaking rules. The risks got bigger, and better, and the rush got bigger and better, too, until we were doing absolutely insane things, and getting away with it, because nobody can stop a raging adrenaline junky on a full tank.

Compassion got the better of me in this one, and the old thrills grew stale. The buzz was no longer worth the trouble it caused, especially to others, though others were very rarely harmed or victimized in our games. But there were other adventures to be had, other challenges to conquer, and other hits to score.

The best, and purest, has always been, and always will be art, which is like mainlining a giant needle of smack straight to the heart. Music in particular. Wagner was fueled by operas and concertos, Kerouak by the great bop jazz of his day; Charlie Parker and Thelonius Monk, Thompson by Carmelita and Jefferson Airplane, just as I am fueled by rock, and Seattle grunge. This pure, hardcore, gritty and dirty pounding music makes my heart race, my blood boil, and my soul cry out for more. I need to write, I need to play, I need to yell, but most of all, I need to move

and change the world before I explode, or tear a hole through the floor. Listening to this music, I know I am unstoppable. A dozen bullets and a Mack truck would turn tail and run, or fall to my feet before they would slow me down even a step. I become Superman, spliced with the Hulk, Hercules, and a little slice of the Almighty thrown in for zest. Any idea is brilliant, any decision a law, and any action is an event to behold. The music is my fuel, the playing my touch, writing my voice, painting my eyes, sculpture my taste, until all my body is taken over and I am a living battery, a human transformer, all the strength and power of life flowing through me in torrents of energy.

But let's be honest. When I said that art was foremost, I left out the one thing that is better. Unquestionably. The hit of all hits, the mother of all opiates, the most un-fucking-believable rushes in the known and as-of-yet-undiscovered universe. This is Love. The highest high for an adrenaline junky. So powerful that in its creation, the gods separated it, to be the only high that requires two people, because one human alone could not contain such power. Were such a force all put into the same frame, the body would be ripped to pieces, and the soul would fracture and fragment and shatter into the four winds.

The effects are obvious to any, at any age, in any culture, with just a meeting of eyes filled with even the prospects of love. And as this intention, and idea, grows, so does the power, dripping with the sweet addictive adrenaline that drives a being to create worlds and destroy others. In it's higher forms this look of love is enough to knock a hardened junkie clear off his ass, scrambling on his pathetic, strung-out knees to find some semblance of what was once his mind. And there are still worlds of experience left unexplored. Passion and lust build up on love, power of which, by itself, removes all vestiges of clothing, pushing the two entangled creatures sweating, moaning, uncontrolled and fierce, even in gentle loving passion, exploring sensory experience and the limits of the human body and mind. Pure energy, purer even than lightening bolts or solar flares, channeled straight to the soul, lighting it up like an ultra-halogen lamp on steroids, burning away any shadows to the point where we cant even remember there even being shadows to begin with. Branding into our minds the pictures of what the energy would look like, were we not blinded by it's light, what it would sound like, were we not deafened by its roar, what it would feel like, if our every nerve ending hadn't been

incinerated by the white flames of God, hotter than any star, than Hell, than hate. Hotter than the killing glare of God herself as She smote her enemies, the fire of love, Her gift to us, from Her, through Her, and through the sweet, perfect being of Her creation, designed for you alone, and you for them, to be together and light the fire which will burn brighter than eternity, leading others so their own fires, and forever scorching our souls to the ethereal skies around them.

And for an adrenaline junkie, this is the highpoint. When humanity in any form can no longer contain the energy, when all that is angelic and beautiful about their own very creation seeps to the surface, surrounding and devouring all that is or was human and mortal, and replacing it with the divine. When God becomes you, and you Her, and your energy will contribute to the creation of others, to be the guiding voice, steering the course of the past, present, and eternity, and driving future followers to write, to create the music, and to find the love, and eventually leave their own bodies, and the circle continues, growing as it spins, becoming more powerful and brighter with every revolution, until forever, never stopping, never ceasing to grow.

That is the goal, the finish-line, and the inevitable fate of a true adrenaline junkie, hooked on life and love and beauty and truth. It is the drive of the addiction. The sweet promise in the aftertaste. The whisper in the ringing ears. I am an adrenaline junky, and this is my world, and this, this promise and energy, is my future.

Lord's Prayer

I pray to you, lord
Though it's an event that hasn't happened
For what seems like ages
I won't even apologize for that;
We both know it wouldn't be heartfelt.
I see my art
My writings and paintings
As prayer
As evidence in my beliefs.
In my soul, I know you see this
But this matter
The reason for my prayer today
Is of grave importance to me.
I want it to be addressed to you
You solely
Through my pen; my channeling of my soul
So that you may hear me clearer

You see, Lord, I'm having a problem
The kind I can't just sort out
I need help
That girl out there
That wonderful, amazing, breathtaking girl
Has caught a piece of me.
I can't seem to stop thinking about her
And I can't make the feelings go away.
I don't think I should, either.
It's not often that I get feelings like this
This intense
This captivating
And I can't imagine having these feelings
Without reason
Purpose
Intention
But something is preventing me from doing anything
A feeling in the air
Perhaps even my own fear
Perhaps more
I'm sure you understand better than I do
That's why I'm talking to you

But, what I need help with,
What I cant do on my own,
Is make the connection
Get the opening
(And the courage)
To make a move
TELL her my feelings
I'm not sure exactly what it is I want you to do
Help give me strength
Confirm my feelings are correct
But, I need this
You, who can read my soul, I'm sure, like it was this poem
Can tell how much I need to have someone
And how I care about her
Please, lord, I ask, and, if needed, I beg for your help
For this to be real, good, true
And for it to happen
Please, Lord
Please

Worlds of Illusion

Worlds of illusion

Happy dreams

Intrinsic to life

To happiness

A little piece of every smile

The sparkling glint shining in blissful eyes

Hope

An angel

Beauty unbound

Exceeding every expectation

Of what the world can create

The basis of every dream

The reasoning behind every letter

Of every poem written by man

In the worlds of imagination,

An artist's dreamscapes,

The angel is tangible

Touchable

Present in the world

Full of love to give

Exclusively

Eternally

These worlds sustain

Life support for every thought

Enough to give flight to stone

Faster than thought

Eternal happiness

The likes of which are oft dreamt up

Yet seldom felt

But here it is

Inside every breath

A bolt of lightning

Words, spoken

Rending these reams

Tearing to pieces the illusion

The hope
The love
The joy
Strong enough to hold up the spirits of a thousand men
To paint every surface of the earth in bright colour
Yet so fragile
A few words, spoken quietly, are devastating

A hurricane on a straw hut
A rabid dog through a small animal
Words through emotion
Leaving behind cinders
The broken skeleton of the universe
That which was, is, could, and should be
Gone
In the space of a single breath
Destroyed
Candle flame blown out
Darkness remains
Draining all which is beautiful
Only a spark remains
An ember
Of what once was felt
Ready to ignite again
A raging inferno
Burning in darkness
Blinding, yet giving off no light
Hotter than hellfire
Yet cold to the touch
Such is the wrath
Of forgotten dreams
Wishes unfulfilled
And hope, drifted away
Down torrents of time
Never seen
Never heard from
But always hanging on the passing breeze

6 Billion

6 billion

Cultivate the stars

Lead tomorrow's children

General of battles

Trainer of soldiers

Warrior for life

Battle of forever

Up to me

My war

My world

Why?

Chosen, before my time

Destiny's child

Love-for future

Learn-for future

Work-for future

Live-for future

6 billion

Millennium

World will never be the same

War ravaged

Other worlds

New worlds

My worlds

System of utopia

Safe

Clean

Healthy

Forever

Disease gone

Violence gone

Earth gone

Tomorrow

6 billion

6 billion

Today

Lie Detector

Lie detector test of my soul

Pen. Paper. Words.

Each line another question

Slicing.

Ripping.

Straight into my inner world

True.

False.

False.

True.

Each stanza broken down

Torn apart.

Examined.

"It is real?"

"Is it feeling?"

A piece of my soul, or a piece of imagination?

Speculations can be made

Conclusions can be found

But the only way to be certain

It is this pen.

This paper.

This test of my heart.

Ghosts of Heroes

Every hero is a villain in someone else's eyes. And not respect, or common sense, or understanding can change the evils that they represent for their enemies. But to those they defend, and to those who agree with their reasons for fighting; no amount of slander, and all the dark shadows of the world cannot erase the love and the support for one who has the strength and will to follow so closely to ideals, and fight a force bigger than themselves. History is full of heroes; rebels, revolutionaries, criminals, and bedtime stories one and all, but they have the same things in common. Somewhere, in their lives, there was at least one man who lost night after night of sleep, haunted by the ghosts of the ideals, which stay alive long after the bodies who host them die and rot away in the ground. And somewhere, children sleep easier knowing there is a man out there, who will fight hell and heaven both just to have a little bit of peace. It is a strange concept, fighting for peace, that makes so little sense, but at the same time, is the only thing that makes any sense at all. Giving in, no matter how easy it might seem, or how much pain, how many hardships it may prevent, it will cause the walls of human will to crumble. Once you allow the temptation for ease and simplicity to erode away part of your resolution, the rest will fall soon after, like rotting wood, or rusted steel. Weakness breeds destruction, until there is very little to even think of defending anymore, all gone to the faux simplicity it was given for. It's a sick trick, betraying your own heart to let it rest, because as honest the intention can be, it will never turn out the way you plan it in your head. It will echo betrayal in your mind, for as long as your mind is capable of hearing, as long as your eyes can stay open. No matter how peaceful, or how dull, your life may be, your mind and soul will be in constant torment from the decisions that came and went long ago. But fighting for those ideals, that is something else. It is almost swearing oneself to a life-long struggle, and a battle that may not have an end, on a linear scale. But every day you wield a sword in the name of your beliefs will be another day in which you can let your mind rest easy, in absolute peace, knowing that you are standing for the truth in your own heart.

Idealism is something society tolerates today as much as it did in the fifties. There is a status-quo right now, and to move

outside of that is as big a sin as adultery and violence, in the books of some. Those books have footnotes, though, hinting to the release of adultery, and the naturalism of such urges, and often hide commands of war in between the lines of model living. They call against idealism, because it offers a threat to their way of living, and it is not in the nature of those in ruts to embrace threats. Embracing a threat against your way of life would be in many ways, to many people, like embracing a threat against life itself. If there is no morning latte, then there is no morning at all. Without the brand new car every five years, then life has no meaning, and the beating of a heart is a secondary aspect of life, next to the lack of status or wealth. It is in this world that people need a hero, every bit as much as in the days of swords and adventuring. Today there is no wilderness to run off to, and no open land to find refuge in. All land has been claimed, in the name of one socialist tyrant or another, and there is no place to live free of interference and noblemen who had visions of fairness, and equality in their lands. They often embraced their lifestyle, but at the same time worked harder for their people than they ever did for themselves. These men would protect their citizenry from those in power who sought to simply use the people for their own ends. It is those who often become the rebels, in the pages of history. And while storytellers and father time have come together to show us pieces of the puzzle, and lift off the shades, to show us a deeper truth, there are still those who would tremble at the things these people did for their beliefs. We idolize the likes of Robin Hood, William Wallace, Dracula, Genghis Kahn, Ghandi, and the “simple” natives of every land. There are few who would back down from claiming the blood of a native American runs through their veins, and fewer still who would shy away from being compared to a true hero. But how many have the courage to follow in their footsteps? How many would die for their beliefs? The men we admire are those who were idealistic to the point of madness, who were almost unbeatable in their quests, out of a sheer refusal to fail. They stood against numbers bigger than anything they could have imagined, and did it all without so much as a flinch. In the days of multimedia, of film and television and books, these stories are available to everyone. But still, most people live lives they would rather avoid, and create a history now that they will look back on with shame, or regret. They make decisions that make them unhappy on the hope that someone else will come and make them

happy later, if they do. They bear responsibility as though it was a holy crusade, and the only path of true believers, of true penitence. Their devotion is every bit as misguided as the fighters in the first crusades, in the middle ages. Just as those soldiers went forth to bring wealth to church, and cause peace for the citizenry. So do those today journey into long and grueling worlds of commerce, and work, and utter betrayal, but the “holy” guidance of our noble “leaders.” Meanwhile, while we see meager earnings, those who drove the decisions, and created the social norm, live in absolute ease, at our following of their decisions. If everyone is working so hard to make the world so free, then why does everyone you meet have to work so hard to live a life that satisfies them? Why are depression and misery so common? Medical advances are made every day, but the human body gets weaker and more dependent with every step. And why cannot people see it coming?

When you try to work the other way, and work only for your own reasons, and your own life, you are seen as a burden on the good, working man of the world. You are a blight, and a disgrace for your refusal to live a decent life. I can only speak for myself, but I have a feeling there are others who would agree with me in the following. I have spent too much of my time thinking about how things could be better, and the things I’d rather be doing, and I have my way too many regrets and too much of my past that I duck my head at, when describing. I am so sick of having these gaping holes in my past that I wish I could just avoid, and tell people never actually happened. That they weren’t really me. All I really want is to hold on to those things that are important to me, hold on to this life that I have left, and all the things that are beautiful and wonderful about it, and make them mine forever. I want to live every day so that, when I am ten years older, I don’t have to look back with any shame, or regrets for the things I am doing now. I don’t want to hide from my own actions as though I was a criminal, or a monster. I want to be able to look back and say that, yeah, maybe everything I did wasn’t perfect, and I might have fucked up a time or two, but I always followed my heart, and did what I felt I had to do, did what I felt was right. I want to be able to say that I lived my life for life itself, and that I never lost sight of what was important to me. Most of all I want to be able to say that I never once betrayed my feelings, or lied to those I care about. It may be idealistic, and it may be crazy to some people, but, then, hey, that’s what makes heroes, isn’t it? I

would never go so far as to compare myself to the ones we look up to, aren't they? And why would it be wrong to want to live up to the people we admire? If you look up to someone, it's because they have resolve, or a strength of character that you yourself wish you had, or could at least match. So shouldn't it be expected to try our hardest to reach those standards? To at least try to attain the same things you see in those characters that you respect so much? Why does it make more sense to watch them from afar, and say to yourself, "Yeah, that's a great thing to do" or "What a great way to feel, but I can never attain that. So I'll do what's easy, and daydream about being like my heroes." People are all people, and everyone is born just the same. No babies are born with swords in their hands, and no writers are born at the typewriter. It is something that comes from life, inspiration, and the spirit. A man who stands down an entire army by himself was once a two year old, who had just learned to talk or walk or take a shit without the benefit of diapers. What makes their lives so different?

Hemingway knew beauty, and could see it all around himself, yet refused to be a part of it. His writing reflected the way he would watch the world go by, captured beauty in every word, and also captured how he separated himself from everything he loved about it. He killed himself. Steven Jesse Bernstein understood pain more than anyone, but at the same time, he knew so much beauty, could find it in places where normal people only saw ugliness, and tried to hard to break through the anguish. But he couldn't, and in time, he, too, killed himself. I see the beauty of life. I know, from the lives on my heroes, that if I stood here, I would never get to the beauty. I cannot simply wait on the doorstep, and hope it approaches me. I can wait forever. And the torture might eventually get to me, and cause me to give in. I have fought that battle before, and narrowly made it out, so I can say with some confidence that I doubt it would happen. But, who can say for sure? It took Bernstein. It took Hemmingway. It could very well take me. No, I want to live like the men I admire for their actions. For their refusal to lose, and give up. Genghis Kahn rose from being a poor farmer's son, and conquered half the world. While he ruled, his kingdom knew peace, and his people were happy. His enemies fast learned to fear him, from the tales and legends of the madman who rode in on horseback, and slaughtered whole towns, eating the raw hearts of his victims. But who wants to embrace the enemy? Vlad the Impaler was a hero among the

people of Romania, for liberating them. To this day, they idolize the legend, and his ideals. Yet he killed, by his own hand, hundreds of men. He had a forest of heads placed on pikes, and tortured many a man. All enemies, who would not only have his destruction, but that of his people, his land, and everything he believed. Robin of Locksley fought England for its tyranny, William Wallace the same. Whole lives of fighting and rebellion. Complete devotion to their ideals and beliefs. How can we not respect that? And if these men are heroes, how can we refuse to acknowledge the way they lived their lives? Elders will tell you that it is a different age, and a different time, where those ideals have no place to fit in. Much the same things were said, I'm sure, back in the days when those men lived.

Beliefs seldom come easy. A religious system that requires no effort has no trial by fire with which to test faith. It is merely a wooden bench, and a book. Sold to the masses because it's easier than fighting, and only requires three hours every Sunday for redemption. I live my entire life for my faith. I strive daily to atone for my mistakes. I want only to live in a manner that could make me proud, and could make proud those I love, both here, and already gone. So where is my redemption? And where is my peace?

If it never comes, then I will still be here, blade in hand, ready to cut down whole armies, just to live. Just to be able to feel the freedom all men are born with, and all human kind deserves. So call me a coward, if you want, and call me a slacker. But take a second, when you do, to look into my eyes, and see if you recognize the glare you see shining back at you. See if you can't find the same thing in yourself. And then tell me again the fault with my thinking. Tell me again why I should give up the ghost.

The Stuntmen's Wives

The action stars of Hollywood
Lead the lives of glamour
The wealth, the love, the fortune
The being remembered forever

But when the hero saves the day
Gets pushed to the brink
Where were the movie stars?
In trailers, with a drink.

The stuntmen are the heroes here
Risking life for another's fame
In the hospital for a month
But nobody's heard his name

Though they get the thrills of life
Living out adrenal dreams
For those who leap from fiery cars
There is no sweeter cream

But it's their wives who need protecting
Who need the extra strength
For their nights are filled with worry
Paranoia at great lengths

Mrs. Unheard-of Stunt-guy
There is no fame or wealth
Only a hard lifestyle
And a challenge to the health

Every job another risk
He may not return
He could be in a wheelchair
Or have a life to re-learn

And who would raise the children then
Can you do it all alone?
So many doubts arise, from fear
Whenever you hear the phone

Lord help the wives of stuntmen
For they need it more than most
Haunted by the fears
Of the nightmares that they host

Penance in Stone Walls

Walls of stone surround me
Cold steel shackles bind me
Lock me from movements
Keep me chained to the walls of my confinement
As though I could leave
There are no doors for me
Just blackness
The choking embrace of the dark
There was once light, in this room
A single torch, in a sconce on the wall
It was a trick
A tool to break my faith
A device to let me be aware of my surroundings
The solidness of the stone
The bloodstains on the brick
The light was a means for me to test my walls
Try to escape, should I see a way out
There was no way out
Now, there is no light
It is of little consequence
There is nothing to see
I can still feel the stone walls
The metal chains
The damp floor
Sticky with blood, and my own waste
I can hear the screams
The footsteps
The laughs of the guards
When I first came here I loathed the footsteps
Spat at them, as they entered the doorway
The soldiers of evil
Gleaming at the thought of torture
They'd come, daily, sometimes more
For hours and hours, I would hang
Suspended by chains
Being beaten, cut
Tortured and used for the pleasure
Of the bastard soldiers of brimstone and hate
Even after they broke me, took the torch away
They still came
Once a day, the door would open

Piercing the dark
Illuminating the demon dogs
Exposing me, shaking with terror, in a corner
I still recall the day all light went away
During the games of the demons
Trying to find new ways to cause pain
New places sensitive to torture
I recall my head being held back,
Rough hands holding what was left of my hair
Others holding my eyelids
Pain so sharp I wished they would just fall off
I remember the laughter, as I saw the poker
Red from the fire pit brought in for the games
It got closer
I could feel the heat on my face
I tried to close my eyes, but I couldn't
The lids had been sewn open
Even though my vocal cords had long been destroyed
From tortured screams
I managed to howl unlike anything I even mustered before
That was the end of the light

I don't even recall how long ago it was
Nor do I know how long I've been here
There are marks, on the wall closest to the chain
Where I used to keep track of days
Scratched with my steel manacles
I had been convinced I would escape
Would be released
I dreamt of returning to the world I knew
I'm not even sure it's there anymore
Destroyed, much the same way I have been
The azure skies, full of puffy clouds
The lush forests, alive after fresh rain
Children, laughing and singing
My angel
Oh, my sweet angel
I don't remember much
I couldn't tell you my name, could I still speak
And I don't know what color my eyes were,
When I still had them,
But I remember the scent of your hair
The rhythm of your breathing

As you lay beside me at night
I remember your laugh
The way your gorgeous full lips would dance
I remember the way you would smile at me
My smile
The one you gave only me
It meant love
I will never again see that smile

Just as I don't know when I got here,
I do not know why
What crime I committed
What injustice I did
For which I was cast into this hole
I shudder to think of the kind of monster I was
The unspeakable things I must have done
Which earned me this treatment
Before
When there was light
I asked the soldiers of my crimes
They laughed
Told me I was a coward
And a demon
A beast who didn't even deserve to live
And yet, didn't deserve the peace of death
I never understood just what it meant
What they were saying my crimes were
I merely closed my eyes as I received my punishment
The brutal beatings and rapings
That my actions earned me
The endless pain and terror that is my reward
My penance
Delivered by the men, whose faces I still see
Never needed eyes to see
Haunting, laughing
Mocking me, until, again, the footsteps come
And my cell door creaks open
And I am joined by the demons
Yet am still alone
In the dark

Gonna Be a Hero

Traveling the country
An insect crawling on a globe
Soul out in the open
The king in his new wardrobe

Searching for the answers
To every question in your heart
So many thoughts demanding
Can tear a man's mind apart

So you packed your bags and ran off
Chasing after your mind
Bringing only what you can carry
And any wisdom that you find

But now you're feeling kinda lonely
No one to call your own
You want someone to love you
And to see how much you've grown

Because you're gonna be a hero someday
But right now you're just a man
Gonna save the world your own way
With ways we just don't understand

Headlights shining towards tomorrow
In the mirrors you can see the past
Drew your own map to follow
As long as your fuel can last

You have dreams of having a family
Two daughters and a wife
A bond that lasts forever
Someone who will share your life

So many things to pass on
So much that they can learn
As long as you're still breathing
The feeling will always burn

Because you're gonna be a hero someday
But right now you're just a man
Gonna save the world your own way
With ways we just don't understand

Headlights shining towards tomorrow
In the mirrors you can see the past
Drew your own map to follow
As long as your fuel can last

Meeting all kinds of strangers
Friends for a day or two
But then you're on the road again
And they are just a memory to you

It's making you more alone, now
This lack of human touch
Not a single real connection
The kind you said you wouldn't miss much

Standing on top of a cliff now
Looking at the forest below
You've gone so many miles
Just a few more steps to go

But you're gonna be a hero someday
But right now you're just a man
Gonna save the world your own way
With ways we just don't understand

Headlights shining towards tomorrow
In the mirrors you can see the past
Drew your own map to follow
As long as your fuel can last

Shaking as you walk down the highway
Walking away from the end
Almost lost control there
But you remembered
You remembered how much you've got
To send

Because you're gonna be a hero someday
But right now you're just a man
Gonna save the world your own way
With ways we just don't understand

Headlights shining towards tomorrow
In the mirrors you can see the past
Drew your own map to follow
As long as your fuel can last

Dream

I was sitting at a table, somewhere, it seemed outdoors, but maybe it just had really tall ceilings. The tables were large and public. Like really long picnic tables, only they did not disgust me the way picnic tables usually do. They were grey, perhaps a smooth cement of sorts, or a solid metal. Quality, whatever they were, and were for the most part full. I was with some friends, though I could not say who. I was sitting on the end, and wasn't particularly paying attention to the conversations going on, which leads me to believe they weren't good friends as much as acquaintances. To my left were three girls who were talking amongst themselves. They were all very pretty, and seemed young. Eighteen and nineteen. The two on the outsides were mostly talking to or about the one in the middle. She had a charm about her that was hard to describe, but I was fascinated. She had long hair, that was blond, but in a very orange way. It hung down to the small of her back, straight, but silky and soft. She was thin, built like a runner. She wasn't, but she had that wonderful slim look. Not unhealthy, not gaunt or like a model. But thin. Perky. She was very cute. Had very defined features, and a shy smile. She had been single a long time, from what I could gather from her friends. She was shy. They were trying to find her someone. They noticed that I was listening to their conversation, and pointed me out. They told her that she should go talk to me, and when she didn't, they called out to me. They told me to take her out, and asked if I would want her to be my girlfriend. I wasn't sure if they were serious, or if I was being mocked, so I smiled, and joked with them a little. I moved closer to them on the bench, and further away from my own "friends". She seemed to be a sweet girl, and I liked her. I actually started to wonder if she actually would be my girlfriend. But then I was leaving. I wasn't sure why I didn't see if they could give me a ride home if I stayed with them longer, or why I didn't have her number. Then suddenly I was somewhere else. A large building, like a museum or a hotel. Something was going on here, but I didn't know what. There was no real sense of time, it was late, but nothing was closed. In a large lobby area with padded blue furniture, I saw the girl. She had on a nice dress. Her friends were gone. All of mine were, except one. He was wandering off somewhere. I walked up to her, and she was happy to see me. I

told her I was worried I'd never see her again, and she told me she had been looking for me all day. We held each other and decided we should stay together. We found a room, unoccupied, and decided to stay the night there. It was huge, a massive suite, with rich colors and expensive furniture. It was pretty, and I liked it there. We sat on the bed, and I kissed her. Suddenly I was naked and under the covers. She was under there next to me, not yet fully undressed. She asked if I was naked, and reached down. She touched flesh, and was a little surprised. Then she smiled, and rolled over on top of me, kissing me. Things faded out. Then I wasn't sure where she was. I was searching for her. I found her alone in a room across the hall. She said she was afraid. Afraid of getting hurt, and of the way she was feeling. I told her not to worry about it, I wouldn't hurt her. I sat on the bed, and held her, in her underwear. I could feel her long beautiful hair against the bare skin of my chest and back. I could feel the warmth of her breath, the softness of her skin. Her arms reached around me, and she shook, but calmed down. We stayed there, what seemed like forever. The dream faded, but still, we sat there together.

Anger

Anger can be so very demanding.
Its twists the world
Changes it
Molds it into something evil
Something black and rotten
Twisted
Contorted
Wrong
Why?
I can't imagine any reason
Anything that it's good for
It breeds hatred
Irrationality
Poor decisions
These are not healthy things
When I think about it,
The very concept of anger disgusts me
Saddens me
But, on occasion,
It envelopes me
At these times, I see things
Actions and wishes
And, after the initial wave has passed
I'm disgusted with myself for having even
Let them enter my mind
The feelings pass
But the disgust remains
Scars of words said
And actions taken
Anger.
Why?

My Own Two Hands

Often times the most beautiful things
Are also the most disgusting
The best examples of this are the hands
They are the tools used to create
To build
To paint the words and pictures of our minds
And to pull ideas out where everyone can see them
They have some of the most beautiful qualities
Many soft lines and contours
Combined with dark edges and sharp corners
Wrinkles and personality
A twisting figure all on their own
Never the exact position twice
But the things they do
When nobody's looking
The dirty garbage picked up from city streets
Becoming a part of the skin
It's the hands chosen
For the un-delightful task of wiping away foulage
After one's trot-lines are emptied
And it's the hands chosen to loose away
Obstructions of the nasal passages
Flicking away whatever intruder is found
When one is alone,
And feeling, perhaps, a bit lonely
A but aroused
They cater to their urges with those hands
And when that person finds another
Falls in love
It's the same hands often used
To initiate contact with the more sensitive parts
Of human contact

My own hands are treasures to me
They make words, they paint
Sculpt and carve
Make music
Give me contact with the world
One day, when my schooling is complete,

I will be a surgeon
My hands will save lives
Cross the gaps between life and death
And jerk my patients back to this side
They are also very ragged
Through the years
For reasons I have often speculated
They have grown more and more hairy
I tell myself that they make me more sensitive to touch
But they also make me look like a wolf-man
My fingernails are cut so short that the
Skin underneath and the pads, stick out past them
For at least an eighth of an inch
Around the fingernail is torn skin and red marks
A combination of dry skin and a nervous habit
(I constantly pill the dry skin off with my teeth)
The cuticles only exist in select strips
Those places lucky enough to not have been torn off
My fingertips are all thick to the point
Where not only can I not feel much
I also cannot cut them, even with broken glass
The product of playing bass
There are many cuts covering my hands, too
Damage done from work
Splits from dry skin
Over all, they are very worn
And probably, though I cannot really say, rather unattractive
Yet these are the tools by which I live
My art: my well being
Revolves on them
My future dreams, too, rest in my two hands
Therefore, they are beautiful to me
More so than makes sense, perhaps
Is it the same for everyone?
Are everyone's hands battered bastions of life?
Or are they merely another body part?
Sometimes working
Sometimes passionate
Sometimes sinfully filthy
But always beautiful

The Scream

A sound

Slicing the peaceful night

A screech

A growl

The sound of grinding glass

Crunching bones

The gurgle spat out as a man dies,

 Choking on his own blood

All mixed in with deep tones of darkness

Of evil intent and desire

Fear takes control

Blood runs cold

Cold enough to make the Arctic Ocean seem like a warm bath

Fractions of a second pass,

Stretched into minutes by fearful anticipation

Flashes come

Images

Polaroids with sound and motion

Flipping past so quickly there isn't time to even consider making
eyes close

Pictures of horror

Death

Acts so sick and depraved the stomach is too confused to be sick

Creatures

Demons

All, huge, but slender

Hairy bodies crouched, like spiders

Eyes glowing

Cutting the night to ribbons

Exposing fearful people, hiding

Friends

Golden hearts seized by the monsters

Hissing laughter and growls drown out cries for help

Only can be heard by one, anyway, paralyzed

Petrified

Those outside with the demons lessen in number

Devoured with a final scream

Some stand out more

Faces of the most special

Most important
One ripped down the middle
Gutted, like an animal at a slaughterhouse
The demon rolls around in gore and blood like a child
Hissing and gurgling with sadistic glee
And another
The most cared about
Most angelic and beautiful
Attacked
Claws tear at her face
Removing the beauty
The face itself
Teeth grinding, gnawing, on the flesh
Two more of the creatures tear her still alive body
Asunder
Screams
They each grab at the same leg with yellow teeth
Tug as though it was a field day game
Blood, covering everything
And the screams
Of terror, pain
Of death
The voice oft dreamt of, sweetly
Drown out
Killed
By demons
Her life
All her beauty and perfection
Everything ever dreamt of
Gone
Dead
Awash in blood and filthy saliva
The flashes end
The sound of the scream fades
The memories do neither

Trendy

Whirring noises
Starving eyes
Hungry for
The soul inside
Always watching
But never find
Searching too far
Outside their mind
Exploring others'
To reflect their own
Never taken
How much they've grown
Image constant
From one to the next
Social trends taken
Out of context
Pop culture planning
Out their lives
'Till they're sick and dying
Covered with hives
Action taken
In precedence
But never mentioned
The consequence
Laying in a casket
Life at end
All together exploring
One last trend

What Do You Want?

Dreams turn to sorrow
A forgotten tomorrow
Somehow lost sight
Of what's got to be right
The peace from inside
From taking life in stride
The desire to create
Fears shrink and abate
The reason to live
What's yours to give
Tear off the rind
To explore inner mind
Destiny's road
Yours to unload
Seek the balance
Look inside challenge
You now understand
The life that you planned
Of course you'd succeed
But it's not what you need
Gotta live life for you
You know this is true
So reach into your soul
(an impatient drum roll)
The future is yours to see
So what'll it be?

[Haley was a friend I met in my first trip to Berlin, and we kept touch by writing letters for some time. This was written in the very early morning, in a rush of exhaustion and wild energy.]

Letter to a Beatnik

I love the Doors. And right now, I am very much in love with life. These nights, I cherish these nights. That feeling you get, when you have a new love, or an old love is reminded of its newness. I am infused with that. It's nighttime. I just got back from grocery shopping. It's been raining. All the streets are dark, and wet, and the streetlights, the houselights, the shop lights, all reflect off the deserted streets. A rainbow of blurry shapes and starbursts. And the original lights branch off in little stars, captures in the fronts of cars, and windows of stores, and lampposts. Above them the skies are a deep, dark red. Not clear, but not cloudy, just a dark, deep red blanket, covering my world and keeping it safe. And outside, in the cool and the soft rain, it became me, and inside, I still feel it calling to me, out my windows, streaked with rain, like water falls, clinging to the clear, smooth rocks I hide behind. The cars whoosh gently when they pass, and they pass infrequently. Even the police are loathe to break the beauty, and refuse to turn on the sirens. They merely flash their colored lights, a momentary fire in the mirrored glass of the wet world. And even though I'm inside now, and can only see it through the portals in the wall of my apartment, I feel it, strongly, mixed with my own dim surroundings. Littered with paint tubes and brushes, a broken television, and a half dozen paintings. This is my world. My world. And it is, in its way, a reflection of me. On its own, it is small, and run down. But with my aid it is cleaned, and decorated, and becomes a living thing. A welcoming extension of some parts of my own mind. Would that I had a kind soul to curl up against, and a solid wall to run energy into.

(Running into walls is an expression of energy, and happiness to me. It is a metaphor. For brief seconds, all my energies are expended into running. Nothing but running, hard, and fast. and then, faster than thought, it stops. Something is in front of me. If I fight it, I will get hurt. If I let myself hit the wall, let it absorb my energies, my speed, my inertia, then I bounce back, unharmed. The energy has been given to the wall, and spread to the world. Just like when I howl, my air, and my spirit, is

given to the sky, so is my energy given to the earth through the wall).

And because it is night, and I am so energized, I will go further than the boundaries of safe logic. And I share my soul. It has been long since I have gotten to bear it, to share the more secret things I feel. It could be entirely because of the intense energies I feel, or it could be partially because I trust that my feelings will be safe in you. It seems, lately, that even the mildest release of my feelings causes heads to turn away, or problems. Perhaps, then, to share now would be foolish. But, then, if I'm not a fool, what am I? Therefore, I will share. As briefly as we met, I still, to this day, find myself fascinated with you. There is an air about you. This focus of, not only beauty in a singular fashion, in the possession of it, though you also claim that, but in its creation, and its appreciation. Even though you yourself are chained, it would seem, to depression, you also seemed to have this knowledge of beauty. Of color and line in an aesthetic sense. Or words in every shade of grey and picture you see. Almost as though your very eyes were prisms, and as a single picture, or sound, or word would come through, on the other side would come out all form of words, sounds, images. Perhaps this is a rash observation to make, considering the brief time in which I saw you. And perhaps it is all imagination. But I don't believe that to be so. I believe that the light is in you. Like a tugboat light through a thick river fog. This is what I feel from you. An artist, true. This is a rare and wonderful thing. You may never understand how far it goes to set you apart from most girls, most people. To be even more honest, to a point I may regret later, though truth is truth, and the past bears no shame. There were times when I would daydream wild adventures, wherein you would, through some circumstance, end up with me. They were pleasant fancies. Those like you are few, and far between, and as different as snowflakes. And that, my literary friend, is the truth. Too much truth, maybe. That is a concept I will never understand. Truth is what most people seek in lives, and in God, yet turn away from in others. Humans...so quirky. Makes them loveable. Like puppies, who are just too young or naive to know better. And now, while I am loathe to stop my fingers' movements, because typing is a thing of peace for me, I must go to work tomorrow morning, so I must go. Take care of yourself, because while you may see only darkness

now, you are indeed a creature of light. You'll know this someday.
Sweet dreams.

~Tyler

Rapid Eternity

The hands of a clock move slowly
Far too slowly, it seems
I stare, trying to will them into moving faster
For time to pass
It's not that I'm not enjoying work
I'm actually quite happy here today
And I have no plans afterward
No great event waiting
In truth, as soon as I leave here
I'll go straight to the house
Speeding, as though I had an emergency
Once I get there, I will do much the same thing
I'm doing now
I'll watch the clock
Mentally hurrying it along
Pace around trying to pass the time
Until I finally get tired
Tired enough to sleep
Then I'll crawl into my blankets
Not even bothering to remove my clothes
And sleep
And then, God-willing, it will come
Dreams
Not just any dreams
Those dreams of Her that I've come to regard
As treasures

I see her often, in real life,
(Though not as much as I'd like)
But it's not the same
In reality, she is, without a doubt, the most
Incredible
Enchanting
Gorgeous girl I've ever met
But, reality comes with jagged edges
Which, like a spiritual saw blade,
Tear away chunks of your soul with every passing
Jagged edges like boyfriends
Problems you can't ever hope to fix

Not with things the way they are
But, in dreams
Oh, those dreams
They are the places where the pointed barbs are gone
Smooth surfaces
Softer than velvet
And butterfly kisses
Where she is no longer untouchable
Held out of reach by circumstance
By the boyfriend
Places where I can be the boyfriend
The one to hold her
Comfort her when she's sad,
Wipe away the tears
To keep her warm when it's snowy
To make her tea, and hot soup when she's sick
To surprise her with a candle-lit dinner, for no reason.
Where I can take her hand, and walk
No direction
No time
Just her
And a beautiful world full of life
And where I can sit with her close to me
And talk
Staring at the stars
Exploring answers that every bright speck reveals
Most importantly
The most special part of the dreams
Is the part where the day is done
And I can crawl into bed
And I can feel her body, warm, next to mine
Feel her soft hair on my chest
Feel her soft breaths, on my skin
And drift away
Hearing nothing but her gentle breath, and her heart beating
As she sleeps soundly
And knowing that when I wake
She'll still be there
Still feel the same
The love will be just as strong
These dreams are priceless

Enough to bring a tear to my eye
And that is why I sit here
Staring at the clock
Wishing the hands would go around faster
Every second brings me closer
Every tick is another step
Leading up
To my own
Personal
Heaven

Shattered Mirrors

I've always been afraid of mirrors
I admit that
It's not a "running-in-the-dark" type of fear
More of a general uneasiness.
They're like traps
For a long time I hated the way I looked
I refused to look in a mirror
If I didn't see me, I couldn't ever be
Forced to confront my deformity
Over the years, the reasons for my evasion changed
What was outside didn't bother me as much
After all, while I may not have been something to write home
about

 There were still people worse off
But, it's almost impossible to see yourself in a mirror
And not see your eyes
Its been said that the eyes are windows
Portals to the soul
I thought
Was absolutely sure
That I was a monster
I was terrified to see my soul
I wore sunglasses everywhere
To spare others the pain of seeing it
The disgust
I never knew for certain that color my own eyes were
I've grown to like them now
They are often the only part of me
That shows the hope inside myself
Or how much I care about those around me
I could even tell you, now, to some degree, what color they are
Though not exactly
I still don't pay attention to that
There is so much in someone's eyes
So much beauty and life
That the color seems of little importance
Once I started to get over my self-hatred
The distrust of mirrors lessened
They're still undeniably eerie

Doorways to places a quarter of an inch away
And some nights I'll feel in such a depression
That I'm afraid to see myself
Lest I be consumed by it
But they do give a whole new vision of the beauty around the
world
And they have potential
Still, the unease is there
Same place it's always been.

Stranger

The sounds come at me like hollow recordings
Stacy, on piss-poor tracking
There's voices in there
I see people talking
See their lips move,
Hands waving about in emphasis
I don't understand the words though
I know its English
I can tell it is
But I don't understand the words
They might as well be French
I strain, to understand something
Some phrase, to let me know what they're saying
I have nothing
I've lived in the same area all my life
Yet I am a foreigner
I can not make sense of the language
Can not communicate
The streets and buildings
The towns I grew up around
Are all new and unfamiliar
Lost in my own world
A stranger
In my own mind

Why I Don't Believe in Marriage

The stress of relationships, comes, in part at least, from obligations of expectations and promises made. By saying "I'll be with you forever" there is an expectation, and a promise that can't even be controlled by man. Marriage is the bonding of two people in front of God, and all his glory. Acted out by his "servants." As a man who holds no faith in organized religions, I don't need the blessing of a preacher, or holy man of any kind. God can serve me whatever I do, anyhow.

Now, if you love someone, then you want to be with them, and make them happy. So long as that's the case, you'll continue to be together. If you say "this relationship should last as long as it lasts," then you are placing complete faith in the love of another, So long as they love you, they'll be there. If they love you forever, they'll be around forever. If not, then by staying together you'll be miserable, and ruin any chance of either of you to find someone you're happy with. Demanding a promise, a guarantee, is saying you have no faith in love. It's a way to get your share, whether you stay together or not. However, love and relationships have compromise. Marriage may be the wish of a lover, but without a pre-nup, it's a civil contract. But with, it puts the faith back in the love. It's a choice to stay, not a forced act, backed by government law. The same way that alcoholics anonymous members get chips, for a free drink, good anywhere when they sign up, so that they have a way out. They have to make the choice to not use the chip, and not drink. With a clear way out of a marriage, then every day that you wake up next to your spouse, you know its because they WANT to be there. It's their choice. Choice is what makes us human, after all. Without it, were just puppets.

Keyhole

Through a keyhole in time,
Exists a room
Darkly decorated, yet warm
Paintings on the wall reflect madness
An image in a mirror of the mind
Sitting in a chair, is the man casting the reflection
He sits, silently
Reading
Thinking
Thoughts of complete madness
A shrill cry rings out
Piercing his world
Severing his thoughts
Freeing them
He rises, and walks to the kitchen
Bare feet working their way over soft carpet
Removes the tea kettle from the stove
Pours hot water
Adds a teabag,
Dipping, slowly
Adding cream, honey, sugar
Stirring, the only sound being the 'klink' of the spoon inside
Places the spoon next to the old teabags,
In a dish next to the sink
Slowly, he returns to the chair
Picks up his book
Searches, through mental fog
And hot steam
For lost thoughts

The image is very powerful
Uneventful
Silent, save for the shuffling of feet on carpet
And the stirring of hot tea
It seems like an old home movie reel
Feels like a warm fire
The man, as he sits, feels the fire
Sometimes even sees it, in a tall hearth
He knows

But, he feels other things
Dreams are never the fairy tales they seem
He once wished for rest
Time of relaxation
A nice place, alone
Time to reflect
These wishes were granted
Through his tea, he can taste it;
Feel the solitude around him
He's lost count of how many days its been
Since the last time he spoke aloud
And he can't even remember the last time someone visited him
In fact, his memory, clouded with imagination and insanity,
Remembers only small fragments
Pieces, shards: a shattered mirror
Reflecting a past life, hastily forgotten
One shard glimmers
Shines
As though reflecting the very sun
This piece shows him a young woman
An image laced with emotion
Oh, how he longed to be with her
Imagined her in his arms
Her lips against his
He remembers the way she would smile at him
The way he got tingly just knowing she was around
She had been a beacon
A light, pure and fierce, guiding him
She had been his love
All his dreams;
His hopes;
Were in her
He smiles at her memory
A tear burns free of the eyes
Falling at the same memory
The sweetness she had
The ways he made him feel
More tears follow
All falling for the loss
The distance
The years

Apart

He asks himself where she would be now?

Where would HE be, in fact, had his love come to him?

Had they been together,

Bonded in life and soul?

He weeps, silently

Alone with the pain

The loneliness

His personal fire has gone out

Dark tones are no longer warm

More like the darkness of a cold night

Of death

The movie blurs

A tearful eye turns away

Unprepared for the images

Framed by a keyhole,

Peering through the doorway of time

Into the future

ESCAPE

Alone in a private world
A world of thought
A world built solely on the power of the mind
Mingling, often times, with the real world
Changing it
Molding it
It speaks
In many voices
They voices repeat one thought
Again, and again
The thought of death
Of suicide
Escape
The word, etched in blood
Dripping from the thin slice of a razor
Escape
Screamed silently, from a voice
Too choked with tears,
Too weary
To yell it.
And a world,
Seen through a window of tears
Burning like acid
The world, so full of pain.
Pain from the places of supposed enjoyment
The family:
A bastion of blood ties
Love born and unbroken
A tradition
Tradition of alcoholism
Failure
The weight of hope, all piled on one pair of shoulders
The shoulders of one whom they don't know
Don't understand
And have no desire to amend
They merely want the shoulders
The success
The pride in a name
To offer praise

Double edged words
Expectations formed in their own minds
Leave them
Run
Escape
Turn to the friends
Those chosen to share life
Share love
Find only turned backs
Party masks, pasted with smiles and caring eyes
Hiding disdain and boredom
And, deeper, intentions of pain
Self-preservation, at high costs
False words
False love
Pain
Flee
Escape
To logic
Intelligence
Cold knowledge
A world of education, long mastered
To the endless information
To those who push it
Force unusable knowledge
Critique opinions
Demand conformation to rules
Shackles, or unfeeling words
Bound by books, devoid of passion
Of life
All pomp
No learning
Just teaching
Hide
Escape
Lost in work
Responsibility
Helpfulness and accomplishment
Uncertainty and un-appreciation
Hollow smiles and empty identity
Roadblocks

Judgment

Escape

Where were the safe places?

Fortresses, free of pain,

Free of razors and pills?

The places of warmth, and happiness?

The girl...

Gorgeous

Wonderful

Angelic

The world could crumble, and she would be unharmed

Hell could consume the earth, and her soul would be spared

Nothing could stop the feelings for her

Brimstone and raging storms

Neither the wrath of a god

Nor the trickery of a devil

Perfect

Everything

Out of reach

In love with someone else

Not interested

Heavens gates,

Surrounded with barbed wire and armed guards

Stinging

Burning

Reaching inside, violently searching for the soul,

And tearing it asunder

Too much

Panic

Heartbreak

Escape

A house of brick

Art

Expression, color

Soul exposed, for viewing

For learning

Embracing

Unseen

Unheard of

Un-cared about

Rejected

Sent off
Banished
Escape
To the ally
The self
The longest friend
The protector,
The safeguard
Broken
Shattered
Riddled with anguish
Past
Future
Crushed by weight
Filled with mistrust
Mental disease
Nightmares
Hallucinations
Voices
Doubt
Thoughts of destruction
Where did the hope go?
The happy thoughts?
The love?
Ambition?
The genius scholar?
The leader?
The hopeless romantic?
The friend?
All beaten
Locked away
Left for dead
By the depression
The pain
The fevered mind of the self
The one ally
Seditious
Betraying
Haunting
Escape
Escape the self

Hide from the killer
The slaughter of loved ones
Of dreams
Ruler of nightmares
Taunting
Standing over a crumpled form, laughing
Kicking
Offering a hand, turned to a fist
Try to run
Escape the torture
An exit sign
Written in blood
Arrow, pointing down
Death
Poison
Knives
Escape
The only way out
Pray
Plead
Escape
The answer is clear
Escape
The nightmares close in
Drowning in tears
In blood
Escape

The Working Life-Pt 1-A Fresh Start

A few days before I turned fifteen, I went down to the local Craft Warehouse, which is a craft store chain in the Vancouver/Portland area, and asked for a job. While I wasn't much into crafts, I did love art, and more importantly, that my sister had worked there for a while, so they knew me, and took her word that I'd be a hard worker. Aside from the manager, I was the only guy in the place. He didn't like hiring guys, because he said they showed less interest in a craft store, and didn't relate to the customers as well. He was also a dirty middle-aged man who liked being surrounded by women. But, since I was going to be working in the stock room, it was okay that I was a guy.

They started me off at twenty hours a week, but it grew quickly, as they found out I was available all the time I wasn't in school, and most importantly, I was a hard worker. By the time I had been there for a month, I was working fifty to sixty hours a week. At minimum wage, of course, which back then was \$5.15, but it was a lot of money for a kid who had absolutely no obligations or bills to pay. I didn't mind working so much, because I did a good job, and when I'd finish a hard task, I felt good about myself, which was fairly rare back then. And to top it off, everyone I worked with was surprised by just how hard I did work.

Now, I'll take a second to describe the store in which I worked. The floor was fairly large, and set up like a normal store, with the registers at front, in two islands, and the merchandise out in front of them. To the left side of the registers was the floral department, run by a woman named Sharon, or something to that effect. Only, the catch was, there wasn't a real flower in the place. It was all silk or plastic. I grew to hate fake flowers. The back portion of the store was divided in half. The part to the right was the pharmacy, where our elderly would come to fill up on drugs, and take their blood pressure, and such. Very handy to have around on days when you aren't feeling so well, because whenever I went to see Bob, the pharmacist, he'd hook me up with whatever he though would make me feel better. To the left was the fabric department, and a small classroom, where local clubs and craft groups held meetings, and taught lessons of how to...well, craft, I guess. And then there was the behind-the-scenes area, where I

spent most of my time. The main stockroom, which connected to the main part of the sales floor, just to the right of the pharmacy, and then again through the classroom (connecting to the fabric department). There was an office off the right side of the stockroom, for the manager, and then a storage room around the corner referred to as the cold room, because it was always cold inside. In the winter, it was actually colder than the fridge. Then, to the left in the stockroom, was a basement, which had a ceiling of six and a half feet, and gaping holes in the walls. It looked like a set for a B horror movie. I loved it. And, just past the stairwell to the left was the receiving desk, and the break-room, and then the bathroom.

Having explained all of that, I may continue. Among the first of my responsibilities was to completely clean and organize the stockroom. The idea of this was that A)it'd get organized, which hadn't happened in years, and B)I would get to know where everything was, and C)I could restock the merchandise on the floor. They figured it'd take me the first two weeks, considering I also had to unload a shipment of a pallet three days a week, and price them all, as well as smaller shipments from UPS daily. I was completely finished with the stockroom in two days, so I suggested I do the cold room, and then the basement. Nobody had ever organized the basement, in the years the store had been there. It was a challenge, to be sure, but by the time two weeks had passed, the entire back area looked perfect. Better still, since I worked almost every day, I could keep it that way. When Christmas hit, that's when I was working to my limit. Wrapping things for customers, restocking everything, making an occasional order, when the management was too busy, and helping out in the fabric department. (They loved me in the fabric department. Every customer wanted to teach me to sew, and gathered in awe as I, a mere male, knew how to measure and cut fabric with ease).

After the Christmas season was over, and things got back to normal, we started losing a lot of employees. The company didn't pay much, and Nolan, the manager, wasn't ever really nice to anyone. So, the more people who quit, the more responsibilities I was given. I started changing the letters on the sign, outside, cleaning the sales floor, setting up displays and making room for new merchandise. Then, one morning, they came to me when I got in, and told me I was on register one. While normal checkers got a week of training, I was given two hours, from my favorite PIC

(Person In Charge), Shelly. Then I was on my own, and from then on, I was on the registers for at least a little while every day. I was now not only in charge of the stockroom, and all duties therein, but I was also one of the best checkers in the store. I loved the fact that I was going to school, getting my normal grades, and still doing the work of like three employees. It made me feel great. I was so useful.

Eventually I started going to college, which meant I needed a more flexible schedule, to work around class time. That wasn't really a problem, though it did displease Nolan. Then, I got a girlfriend, and needed some nights off, to be with her. That's when Nolan started making things hard. He refused to work around my schedule anymore, saying that work comes before play. Even though I gave him a schedule, a month in advance, of what time I needed off, and why, he still found a way to schedule me for it. Being the good employee I always was, I coped, and showed up for work. Then, when it was closing in on having been there for a year, with the same low pay, despite my work, and never calling in sick, he crossed the line. I had made dinner reservations, and special plans, for a special anniversary of some sort or another with my girlfriend, and he scheduled me for that night. And when I reminded him of my plans, he refused to change it. So I called in sick. He began, more and more, purposefully scheduling me for all the times I asked off. I talked to him about it, and he said asking for time off isn't saying you'll get it, and I'd better come to work. So, I started calling in every day that I had requested off. Which made him start calling me every morning, to see if I could work that day, instead. Things were getting rather messed up without me there, after all. A week after I had been there for exactly a year, I went in, and gave him my schedule of when I could and couldn't work, as I always did, and told him it wasn't working out, and I was giving him my notice. He scheduled me for the days I couldn't work, as always, so I told him I wasn't coming in on those days. It turned out that there was only one day in which I worked in those last two weeks. After I left, Shelly soon found another job, and almost all of the cashiers left. Nolan had started telling them about how I had cheated him, and been a terrible employee, and they revolted. After all, if a kid whose barely even sixteen can become a staple in an entire store, it's going to be noticed.

Girl, pt I

Down there she walks
I've seen her before
In heaven-born dreams
Which make my eyes sore

Sometimes an angel
Come to give me a hand
Or as a saintly guardian
Protecting the land

Sometimes she's a ruler
A princess indeed
To fuel my passions
My mission her need

Or maybe just a lover
In a simple dreamland
Sitting by the lake
Flying, hand in hand

But wherever it's been
Whatever it's done
I recognize the face
Sooner than that of the sun

For it is true beauty
Gorgeousity strong
So long as I live
For her I will long

Girl, pt II

I saw a girl today.
She was absolutely gorgeous
She was petit, yet strong
Noble
Like a princess
Or a priestess
She wore a black dress
Simple, yet elegant
Incredibly graceful
Overtop this she wore a red sweater
Unbuttoned, short
A flash of color
Contrasting the decadent blackness of the dress
With a red the intensity of fresh blood
Her hair was dark,
Not as a void, like the dress,
It was reflective
Shiny and healthy
The night sky off a calm lake

As I was wandering, watching, writing, as I tend to do
I saw her, repeatedly

I've seen her before
In dreams, mostly
In the clouds on a nice day
An angel on earth
A statue of everything perfect
Everything right
Everything to be fought for
Desired
Everything worth waking up for
Working for
I don't know how many dreams
She's been in
How many times I've stared into those eyes
How many times I've read that soul
Be she friend
Lover

Soldier
Angel
Princess
All her
All the same
Created in the mind
Yet walking
Real
Powerful enough to bring me to my knees
To make me sweat
Drop my pen
Dreams in reality
My own angel, alive
Not a hallucination
Real
Real
An angel
My angel
Real.

No name # 6

Observer
Watcher
Soldier
Strong
Day
Night
Eternity
Long
Shopping
Moving
Living
Loud
Marching
Laughing
Loving
Proud
Smiling
Nodding
Whisper
Soft
Dancing
Dreaming
Floating
Aloft
Foreign
Invisible
Confused
New
Gliding
Hiding
Writing
True
Aging
Growing
Changing
Time
Scribble
Spring
Alive
Mine

Reach

Please break through the mirrored glass
Change the future from the past
Enter through a private door
To a place no one's been before
Take my hand and reach for the stars
Nothing left of the pain except faded scars
Together we can change the world
Power of God in the love of a girl
World outside, and that within
The second is the one to begin
A taste for life, a light in the eyes
Aura doubling daily in size
Intertwined with the one you love
The perfection I've always dreamt of
All of the nights crying alone
Gone when the golden light was shown
And the years of having no one care
Cast into hiding, and ill never know where
The love, the life I've needed to make me whole
The purity and happiness I find in your soul
More spiritual strength than the Pope at mass
Oh, please, break through the mirrored glass
We'll soar above average, stuck in rush hour cars
Just take my hand, and reach for the stars

For Brian

When we were children, the future was ours
We'd travel to claim it as soon as we got cars
Oh, the times we would have together
Best of friends through any weather
Someone to share troubles and worry
With trust that help would be there in a hurry
You always became a little more distant
When you had a girlfriend present
But I still knew you'd always be there
No girl could suddenly make you not care
One day I got a girl of my own
To tell you the truth, my mind was blown
I loved that girl, completely and true
But I always tried to stay close to you
When she left me, I felt my soul was gone
I even tried to take my own life; I couldn't go on
I wanted, and tried, to talk about it with you
Something had changed, though, I'm sure you noticed it, too
Then you met a girl you really liked
I always felt her sweetness was spiked
I saw you less and less as time wore on
At times it felt like you were gone
Now she left, but things aren't what they were
It still feels like something's astir
You got all these new friends in that space
It almost seems I've been replaced
While my art has become my everything
The poems, the songs you take to sing
My paintings, writings, collages, thoughts
These things have become all I've got
So where does that leave you and me?
Are there things here that I don't see?
You're doing great, and moving on
Soon you'll be success, and gone
Me, I die a little every day
All I can do is fade away
My best friend in the world, miles away
Even when you're here, what can I say?
Will they part, these paths that we walk?
And why had it been so long since we could just talk?

From the Eyes of a Steel Bird

Steel holds fast, sturdy as legend

Yet it wavers, as does all life

Shaking

Wrestling, it seems, with the boundaries

which hold against it

strong, steady

but not enough

Riveted feathers shine brightly

Reflecting sun that was, only hours ago, rain

Cold and wet, yet inviting

The rain melted the land

Every drop the skies could release,

Softening mountains, until, slowly,

They shrank, spread out

Only level ground now

Flat

Dry, with only puddles remaining of

what was once a sky river

Columns rise from the checked earth

Fires

Started by mischievous cows

Outraged by the removal of water

By the starvation of the precious grasses

The green things that were life

That made the mountains move, grow, walk about

All dead now

The animals cannot fight back

Can not farm

But they will have theirs

Show their disapproval

The Working Life-Pt 2-Mallrat

It was some time, after I quit working at Craft Warehouse that I had a solid job for any long period of time. The day after I quit Craft Warehouse, I was called back on an application I gave to a small Spencer's Gifts type store in the local mall. I went in for my interview, confident in having gotten out of a bad job, and king of the world with the girlfriend I had at the time. The interview turned into more of a casual conversation with the manager, and they told me to call and set up another interview with the owner, Nishi, because they certainly wanted me. So, I did, and a few days later, went in again to do the same with him. It went better than I had planned even, and I had a new job. Once again, I found myself working with all women. As Apu said during the interview, he doesn't often hire guys, because in his experience they aren't as trustworthy, or polite. But he liked me, I seemed to be smart, and he had a good feeling about me. This store was like the exact opposite of Craft Warehouse. They sold incense, gag gifts, posters, Zippo lighters, pipes, sex toys, candles. Anything that could be given as a fun gift was there. We got no large shipments, ever. All our merchandise came in through UPS, and was limited to a few boxes a day, which was no problem after what I was used to at the last job. My coworkers were amazed at the way I went through the freight, in shipments that they considered large, but were tiny by my standards. I kept that store clean, and organized, and there was never a box of merchandise left overnight. I helped a lot with the paperwork, too, in my station at the counter. And when I wasn't at the counter, while I worked the whole store, my section was the back, by the posters, and the quarter of the store that had the T-shirts in it. I loved the back counter, because it was cash only, so I never had to deal with credit checks, denied cards, or slow check writers. I didn't have to deal with the older, less fun loving customers, as that the only thing they'd ever buy were the decorative statues towards the front, and they rarely ventured past the sex oils displayed midway through. So, I was the prodigy of the back.

In this store, we also sold cigarettes, marijuana pipes, and bongs. I wasn't eighteen, so I wasn't legally allowed to sell these things, but Apu explained that I wasn't smoking them, I was only touching them long enough to hand them to the customer. And

besides, I hated smoking anyway. We didn't have a license to sell the pipes and such, even though they were "decorative only" (we sold screens, too, which we kept behind the counter), so whenever mall security came in, we covered the counter top displays with big flags, and hid them in the storeroom. Any customer who had come in for those things played along, shopping around until they left, and then giggling at the way we hid everything so well. It became a game to us.

The workers at this place were the most memorable difference between other jobs. They were mostly younger, and they were all closer. None were classy, in the classical sense. But they were more real, more pure. They had fun, they told dirty jokes. There was no dress code, swearing was completely permitted on the sales floor, or directly to a customer, and we never, ever had to take any shit from anyone. If a customer was a jerk, we argued back, and if they didn't get offended and leave, we could kick them out. It was a blast. I worked even harder there than before, just because they earned it, and the atmosphere was so much friendlier. There was virtually no theft from my half of the store in the months I worked there, which was amazing. Especially during Christmas season, there were always thousands of dollars of loss.

My last day there was the day before Christmas Eve. I had worked so hard in my time there, that they fired two people, just so I could stay, but, in the end, I couldn't justify taking the hours away from the other employees, two of which had children, and one who was a dropout who had to support herself. I was on reserve status, but I only ever received one call to come in, which I couldn't take, because I was on the way out the door.

Too Little, Too Much

Too many thoughts,
Too many signs
Too much to know
Far too little time

Man from a monkey
Man from the moon
Men without minds
A stately baboon

Wild lands of old
Wilderness true
Wild men from town
One wild snafu

Fiery hot flashes
Fire burns true
Fire-fisted morons
Flaming for two

Candle-light

Deafening roar
Life flows in waves
The silence can kill
It's the drowning that saves

Burn with the passion
Get lost in the search
The lifetimes unfold
From here, on my perch

Pursuit of something
Desired but unknown
Through plate-glass windows
Solutions are shown

Answers to questions
Eight bucks a pop
The race has begun
But where does it stop?

Glitter and lights
Shimmers and shines
Heaven in a bottle
Saints standing in line

The merchants look for gold
The thieves for a thrill
The shoppers are just looking
For what, they look still

Perhaps it's for freedom
Maybe for time
The pursuits of a lifetime
A dozen for a dime

It could be the air
Intense with its fire
Or burn away the molds
They grow in the mire

This deafening roar
Could be music to them
For if life is a flower
Surely this is the stem

Parading progression
Chaos on the move
A graceful ballet
One motion to soothe

Goodnight

Goodnight, goodnight
The whimsical bride
The forgotten reminders
That lay down inside

Goodnight, goodnight
The young and the old
Teaching to hate
What they are told

Goodbye, goodbye
Soldiers of fortune
Bombshells de'jour
Burn out a new tune

Hello, hello
Jesters of new court
Singsong in alleys
But fail now to report

My eyes, my eyes
They've forgotten the sunshine
Shadows land reign
The flowers will be fine

The skies, the skies
Playgrounds for birds, once
Growing new greens
Unforgiven penance

Adieu, adieu
The foreign remainders
The pride and the passion
Red white and blue cinders

So long, so long
The lovers from dreamland
The nymphs and the elves
With flowers in hand

Forlorn, forlorn,
The innocence of youth
Dirty in the bedspreads
Drowning just to chose

Goodnight, goodnight
All the points of gold
Worn down to nothing
Telltale of the old

Goodbye, goodbye
Always asking why
Take it all in pity
Tomorrow night we die

The Working Life-Pt 3-Flower Elf

Then I was unemployed a while. A long while. My girlfriend at the time didn't want me do find a new job, because she said she didn't get to see me enough when I was working. She said she'd rather have a broke boyfriend she could see every day, than a rich one she hardly ever saw. I rarely told the girl no, so I didn't get a job. I did odd jobs, here and there, for money to spend, but I spent most of my time broke. What I did have was pretty much spent on the girl, with a little bit left over for CD's, or art supplies. Then, after she left me, the unemployment continued, as that I was too depressed and dead of strength to get a new job. It lasted either seven or nine months, all in all, before I decided to get a job. I went to the career center at the college, which I never successfully followed up on, in all the time I went there, and also tried the employment office of Vancouver. All I could find was one opening as a delivery driver part time for a florist, so I checked it out.

When I went in, instead of giving me an application and sending me on my way, they gave me a short application, and, upon filling it out, went right to the interview. I was somewhat surprised. I hadn't been to sleep in days, and was in the delusional world of the second wind. But, I figured to go for it, because it should be fun, and I always consider myself fairly charming when I'm completely exhausted. I have no inhibitions, and am open and free. So, interview I did, and she loved my answers. In fact, the woman interviewing me spent almost the entire time laughing. Then, I was given an address and a map, and told to point it out. She walked off to give me time, but I didn't need it. I had it in less than a minute, so I started looking around at the flowers. She noticed that, and came back. When she saw my answer, and the time it took me, I was hired. I was to report back in on Friday, to ride with another driver, and then take over Saturdays, and move up when one of the other drivers quit.

Friday I went in, as I was told, to receive my training. When I walked in the door, I saw this gorgeous girl sweeping, and I thought "Oh, man, I hope I get to work with her often. I totally need to get to know her better." I introduced myself, and flirted a little, and then went to see the boss. I was informed that I'd be riding along with Michelle, to get the hang of things. Mandy and

the angel with the broom, it turned out, were one and the same. I could not hide my smile to save my life. So, we got a list of the deliveries, and planned the route. Then, loaded up the van, and off we went. I spent the next five hours driving around, talking, and watching this beautiful, elfish girl work. It suddenly occurred to me that I had just landed the coolest job in the world. I drove, I gave people flowers, and I listen to the radio. Could it get any better? The next day I went solo. It was a short day, and it was so much fun that it flew by. I had found my calling. When I got back from making deliveries, I cleaned a bit, whistling, and talking with the florists, and telling them that this was, absolutely, the most fun I've ever had at work. Then, I went on one last delivery, came back, and went home. I was looking forward to when the other guy would quit, so I could do that every day. Unfortunately, I got a call four days later, from the florist, telling me she didn't know I wasn't eighteen, and that I wasn't legally allowed to deliver anything. Thus ended the coolest, and the shortest, job I've ever had. So, I cut my losses, said goodbye, and asked Mandy out, the answer to which I did not so much like. Believe it or not, I cried at the loss of that job. But, there is no rule to say I can't go back some day.

Fragment #1

Oops

Here I am again

Heh

Seems I always end up here

I didn't want to, I swear

I tried to avoid it

I wished, I prayed

I ran away

But, I ran dead into it

Smack

And here I am

I'm not sure, at all, really

How to leave

I'm not even sure why I came the first time

Lures in, I guess

Tricked, maybe

Just walking blindly even

But I got there

Got stuck

If I'd have know, I'd have avoided it

I would have simply walked away

Perhaps there was a sign I didn't read

A warning

A caution of some sort

Impatience has never been my friend

And I ended up here

Molasses

Discomfort

Hunger

Boredom

A sea of all those...icky feelings

Aren't terrible.

Certainly aren't lethal

But...all the same, one would avoid

Because in small doses they are a nuisance

But in large ones,

Oh, my,

But they can be worse tortures than anything conceived

By the masters of he Spanish inquisition

If only I could go back in time
I could sell my secret
Maybe even sell my own ticket
If I could only figure out how
How to leave
To get rid of the ticket
To escape
Once, and for all
And not return
Not find myself back here
Wishful thinking

Fragment #2

Music throbbing in my ears
The world around me disappears
Fading into sweet surround
Melodies of a fairy sound
Dance for me, now, in my eyes
Soothing rhythms hypnotize
Rainbows of reds and blues
And other, indescribable hues
Soak me in this godly stuff
I will never have enough
Feed me with the juice of souls
Describe to me these artist's roles
Why is it that they create?
Who is it they love and hate?
What I their secret desire
What have they hidden amongst the mire?
And when will they come to me?
Open my eyes, and let me see
The world from which the music comes
A land of guitars, orchestras, drums
And give to me a special key
One that works for only me
So I can return and find my heart
Give this music thing a start
Become one of those special few
Who always know just what to do
What music would fit the scene just right?
They who create worlds, right there, on sight
Open for me the musical door
So I can sing for the world I adore

Fragment #3

Bind me
Lock me up
Hold me down
Chain my wrists
Keep me bound
Hide my eyes
To save my face
To keep from me
My secret fate
Close my mouth
Sew it shut
So screams of pain
Wont interrupt
Take me down
And hold me there
Keep from me
The very air
Never mind
And never doubt
It's not for me
What the pains about
Just lock the chains
Strap me tight
Lest I get loose
In the night
Bind me

Fragment #4

Pocket change of life

Discarded on the streets

Waiting to be found

Waiting for some small child

To walk by

Pick them up

Giddy and excited at newfound wealth

And take them to the nearest candy store

Where they will once again have purpose

Have use

And reenter the flow of desire and exchange

Hold in My Heart

Tomorrow, when the sun is new
I'll find her in my arms
And sing for her a songbirds tune
Borrowed from the stars

Fingers straining silky hair
Woven from rainbow strands
Sweet scent of passion fill the air
With angel-voiced demands

Kiss her with the longings
Of water to desert thirst
Every thought belonging
To the love which came first

Eyes are open flames
Holding close every dream
Welding two souls the same
An unbreakable seam

Together a balanced scale
Angels, lovers, friends
Mysticism that cannot fail
And a love that Never ends

Fragment

I don't need the guidance anymore
The world is mine to explore
I followed the rules and toed the line
But I also developed a way that is mine
To teach myself a life-long course
In which I do the teaching with every resource
And now that I'm loose, and free to explore
I'm learning more than ever before

I don't need a lot of fake friends
Selfish people working only for their ends
I'd rather have people who actually care
When I need a hand, a real friend is there
I am my own independent power source
With no promises spoken from the ass end of a horse
In a present where too often fact and fiction blends
I'd rather be alone than with deceitful friends

Man Brings it Down

I sit on the rocks
And stare at the sky
The mysteries are there
But I know the why

But I still sit in awe
Just that it's there
Thankful for the day
The magic in the air

The ducks in the water
Safe from the sun
Know only contentment
Pure happiness without fun

Nature creates life
And strives to make it whole
It feeds the mind
And nourishes the soul

It's man who needs more
Man who wants it all
And it's because of this greed
That both of them fall

Beat The Sun

For over an hour I sat here alone
Time here has stopped, yet I feel I have grown
I found the artist in the light of the sun
Beat one more depression, climbed up one more rung
Up until now, the sun made me weak
Left me with barely the passion to speak
But now I have learned that it, too, has a charm
And it shouldn't be regarded as doing me harm
It shines life on the world, gives its own glow
Sets a pace that all animals know
Calms all the nerves, brings the natives to rest
Tolerance and joy at last pass the test
This beauty and peace has given me hope
Which is as good for the soul as warm water and soap
So with my notebook and peace, I sit in the sun
Bask in the glory of a new day begun.

Kerouak wrote novels in days
Shakespeare spent years on some of his plays
Some bands take months to perfect a song
Others take minutes, yet nothing sounds wrong
Inspiration knows no time, and cannot be torn
For it's the timeless heaven where all art is born

My life is my life and my art is my own
Golden beauty my life has shown

The Working Life-Pt 4-The Logic Behind The Docks

Directly after the florist job, I was hired at The Docks. I am not, at all, the kind of guy you associate with such a store. I hate large, multi-million dollar corporations, I can't stand wicker, I'm not fond of people trying to live lives that aren't meant to be theirs, and I despise useless money-art, such as specially designed framed prints, and molded sculptures. I don't generally dress semi-formally, or in clothes that you'd find at any trendy retailer. And I abhor strip malls. In fact, I had never once entered that store without being coerced in by Carol, and before her, I didn't know it existed. But, I had my reasons for taking the job. In fact, she was the reason for taking the job, in a way.

After the breakup, I was completely screwed up. Hence, the Dalene episode, the suicide attempt, and the long stint of depression and unemployment. One of the reasons that this went on so long is because I had so many memories that reminded me of her, which always got me to thinking about how hurt and alone I was. The Docks was a place that had absolutely no other memory but her, because she was the only reason I went there, or knew it existed. I couldn't take the memories anymore, because it was to a point that my favorite bands, favorite places to shop, or hang out, all reminded me of her. I couldn't go anywhere without seeing something that had to do with her, and I certainly couldn't stay in my room and not remember her. So, I decided something had to be done.

My thinking was simple. By overcoming one of these places, making it so that the memory didn't overpower me, or even exist, if I didn't want it to, I could overcome them all. Because once I've taught myself to forget, I should be able to do it anywhere. Since this store had no other memories attached, I knew that I wouldn't have any interference of older things. Just the job and her. So, I worked there, hard as I possibly, humanly could. Every day I went there was hell, sitting in the parking lot I had sat in with her so many times, going inside, sitting in the furniture I sat in with her. Smelling the bath salts she used, and always smelled like. I couldn't look anywhere in that store and not see her, and I couldn't go an hour without hearing her voice. I would take my breaks, and go outside or in the bathroom to cry, and try

to control myself. It was almost too much for me. But, I kept on trying.

I had some great coworkers there, too, who made things fun a lot of the time. Between them and the fact that I could work, freely, and was given rights and freedoms, it started working. Instead of thinking about The Docks, and feeling a stab of pain, regret, or heartbreak, I started feeling a little buzz of happiness. I looked forward to seeing my coworkers, and doing my job. And it was appreciated, the way I worked. The others told me I worked hard, they thanked me for the job I did. I heard them talking about me, when they thought I wasn't around, about how I worked so hard, and was happy about it, and never once complained. The harder I worked, the harder I wanted to work, because I liked my job. Before long, they even promoted me. I was an assistant manager, in charge of the entire stockroom. I had keys to the store, was in charge of paperwork, planning, organizing. Managed associates, even. I wasn't yet eighteen, and I had been rewarded for the work I did with keys and a good position. I didn't even think about Carol anymore, when I was at work, or thought about The Docks. She only came into my mind when I wanted her to, and even then, I controlled how I felt about it. And, the plan worked. She didn't invade the other parts of my life, either. I was free. I could be happy, and go anywhere, without having bad memories I couldn't control, or stop. The job didn't stay as great, and I won't be there forever, but at least I can always remember the good it did me, and how much fun it used to be to have a job I loved that much.

Overlong

On the table lie pictures
Taken from a life in focus
Smiling, laughing, telling a happy tale
Friends, lovers, family of mosaic blood
Rushes inside
A flood
Smiles, honest, building a future
From vision, bricks of tomorrow
Mortar of creative souls
Fueled by love

Atop the chair in the bedroom
A pile sits
Books, notes
Pages, disks
Writings, scribbled down
A moment so full of passion that the
World ended at the edge of the page
The only lover the pen
Pure emotion
Lives, so many
So rich

In a room of stains and cloth
Frames lean, simple, wooden,
Stretched between are doorways
Windows to dream
To nightmares
Other worlds, bore of the mind
But every bit as real as this
Painted with blood
With sweat
Telling all with a simple still frame

Friends, outside
Wait
For what, it is unknown
Occasionally even by themselves
They think
Create their own worlds
Yet still remain in the old ones

Still care
Still dream
Just as they've always done

Somewhere in the world
Wandering
Are lovers
True
Honest
Beautiful
With a beauty all their own
Belonging to no other
Seen by only two people in its entirety
Yet undeniable
Inescapable
Ad heart-stopping

And in the corner, he sits
Curled in a ball
Knees tucked tight, arms around
Head ducked
Eyes closed in sheer terror
Tears, rolling down
Landing in an ocean around him
An ocean that has never sunken him
Yet is always drowning
The man stays,
Through all time
Through all weather
Any and all events of life
So long has he been there, that the water
Will always bear his shadow
But there he remains
Too tied to move
Too stubborn to quit
Too lost to think
But too inspired to stop

The pictures are viewed from afar
Accompanied by a sense of loneliness
Which always comes from losing loved ones
Or a time which as deceased, as a relative,
Or a loved pet

The writings remain unread, books unopened
Forgotten by the mind that wrought them
Unheard of to the uninterested world outside
Defined as the only lover
And left, as being an uncaring mistress
Unable to love in return: too hard

The paintings are yet un-hung
Remaining that way the way they've been
Since creation
For countless time
Story to tell
Heard only by the silence that lives
In the absence of people,
Of thirst

The friends walk off
Distracted by shiny things
And the sound of a barker's call
Bored with the toy in hand
Gown old and rusty
Mournful at first
And ten, after a short grievance,
And perhaps a kind word on their part
Gone, to new adventures

And the lovers wander lost
Find other suitors
Find disappointment
Wander, ever on, searching
For the love they cannot find
The shadow of a sea of tears
And, in time, give up
Finding only age and pain
Abandoning the love they need
And breaking under a malnourished strain

An the man
Who has both aged, and regressed
Until he is as simple as a child on its first day
And as withered as a man on his last
And fades away

Turning to dust
Mixes with the sea, turning it a reddish brown
The color of old blood
The powders of what used to be hope
Love
Resting on top
Oily rainbows, in the muck
Which is all that remains
The final result
Of listlessness
Of the life
Of every young dream
Of every saintly desire
Gone forever
In the void
Of
Alone

What I Have

What I have
Is almost complete
A few holes remain
For what I need
This is a wheel
Never an end
Simply the base
The bandage to mend
With the cycle of me
The form of all that I am
Then I can go
My adventures can span
Far across the world
With so much to learn
Let ten bridges be built
For every one that I burn
A network of life
A system of tales
It's the one who can live free
Who never really fails

My

My life: my own
Apart but not alone
My tasks: my love
For this world, and the one above
My dreams: my vision
Guidance in all decision
My heart: my soul
Balance to make me whole
My eyes: my mind
Tell me what I find
My fingers: my touch
Extending through my brush
My pictures: my art
To tell the world in part
My music: my songs
Move the thoughts along
My pen: my words
To the shepherds and the herds
My journey: my tale
Teach me how not to fail
My angel: my hope
Place my blind hand on the rope
My guardian: my strength
Push me to a greater length
My sadness: my pain
Let only scars remain
My future: my morrow
Cleanse us of the sorrow

I Sleep

I sleep as a hundred men
Exhausted from a battle
The same a child, month of ten
Still clutching to its rattle

I wake a beast from yearlong slumber
Rising to face a changed land
Amongst a forest gone for lumber
Ageless beauty slain by man

I consume life as a raging fire
Nothing do I miss
Every word could creation sire
Absorbed into a full abyss

I write a spider on its strand
Spinning words and rhyme
Without thought a web comes from my hand
Instinct passed through time

I sing a child in merriment
Playing words off its tongue
Unsure of the time spent
Concerned only with what's yet unsung

I paint the rising sun
A world pulled from the dark
Void weighed in at over a ton
Universe shown on wooden arc

I walk a leaf caught in the breeze
Drift to wherever it ends
No thought to living amongst the trees
Or how to go where it's been

I live a ghost with a job to do
Wandering wherever fate has hurled
Passive pressing, put passing through
Invisible but molding tomorrow's world

The Working Life-Pt 5-
Learning Patience with the Raisins

When I could no longer take working at The Docks, and all forms of resistance and therapeutic outburst could no longer sustain me, I was forced to seek employment elsewhere. I spent hours, days, even weeks looking. I applied to a dozen employment agencies online, called in a hundred job offers, write resume after resume, changing and tweaking it to fit perfectly to the job at hand. But after a month of searching, there was still nothing. Some jobs were given to people with connections, friends and relatives, some to the elderly (damn their wrinkly hides), for their ‘experience,’ and more than a few simply chose to stop pursuing my application, and refused to tell me why. It was frustrating, to say the least, and the threat of another year at the dreaded Pier 1 grew louder. Then, one day, I got a call back from a man named Garth. He worked as a distributor for the local newspaper, in Hazel Dell. He told me he had a route open for delivery, and to come in at one A.M. if I wanted it, and it was mine. I did want it. So I went in, and I rode along. It seemed to be a great job. I didn’t have a dress code, didn’t have to wake up to an alarm clock, spend a lot of time with management or rules. I drove around, listening to music all night, breaking traffic laws and throwing papers at houses. Simple, and sometimes fun. So, I took the job. The pay wasn’t great, but, then, I didn’t intend for it to be my only job. I started immediately, and quit The Docks three days later. I was good at my new job. I had my route memorized in a week, and could stuff and bag my papers as fast as anyone in the distribution center. My ‘boss’ liked me, my coworkers seemed to like me. Then, one day, I was given an offer. I could take on fifty more papers, and be paid accordingly for the extra. I figured accordingly meant that, since fifty papers was about a third of what I delivered already, I should be given about a third more than I was making already. Instead, I got fifteen dollars more. Fifteen. The new added section made my route one of the most wide-spread areas, and it took an extra hour at least. I looked on it with optimism, and never once complained to Garth, or even the other delivery drivers. I learned that I made less than any other delivery route’s in the city. I maintained my passive optimism. I tried to focus only on the happy things. But in my gut, I could feel that little tinge that

normally signals the beginning of the end. And only two months into the job. I was moving through work like Thompson did.

I never had much trouble with remembering my stops, starts, or any service changes. Not on my own, anyway. When I had Garth, or the guys downtown, telling me things in triplicate, and turning things around, I grew a little paranoid about messing up. When summer came, and they started passing out free papers to all Sunday-only customers for three months, and for anyone else who wanted them for a month, I was destined to fight through confusion and blame. Suddenly customers were to be given special treatment who not even a week before had been kicked off my list for not paying their bill. An old woman's payment fell through for the third time in one month, yet she still expected a paper, and Garth expected me to give it her. I became short papers every night. At some point, I stopped even going back across hazel dell to get more. Anyone who did not get one, did not get one. I had to pick and choose who would get a paper, and who would get only the shaft. The ones who were on free rides mattered little to me. They were lazy and arrogant. They only got the paper because it was free. Same scams every year, never paid, and never planned to pay. They just thought they were owed something, and if free paper is the best they can get, then they'd take it. Nobody with sense got the free paper, knowing they didn't want it. Mostly my more ghetto areas. The trailer park, home of the tackiest thing on earth (a camo-painted grey and white early sport utility. Colored running lights all the way around the edges, four multicolored and winged hood ornaments, a winged spoiler, house numbers, fuzzy dice, headlights, fog-lights, spotlights, on front and back. Just awful). The Campton Hills, where druggies flourish, and people die, more than doubled in customers. And then there were the elderly. A trailer park all their own, nobody without hip-pins allowed. If your skin couldn't stretch to cover twice your body's surface area, you were not welcome. I showed up for less than five minutes a day, to make my rounds and deliver the paper, and even I was not welcome. I was yelled at repeatedly for 'driving too fast' and 'making too much noise.' As near as I can tell, I can only be guilty of one infraction at any given time. If the raisins are awake, then the noise isn't a problem, they can simply close their trailer door, or turn down the hearing aid, and its fine. And if they're trying to sleep, then they aren't toddering around the streets, in danger of a station wagon almost as old as I am going all of fifteen

miles an hour. With their failing capacities, the logic made no sense to them, and I was threatened with having to walk in. Little did they know, that upon banning me, their choices would be to walk to the entrance of the place, where their papers would lie in a pile, or drive down, at ten miles an hour, to the corner store to buy a paper for a quarter or two. Angry glares and threats of anal rapings grew more frequent along my route, and the time it took grew also, with the un-yielding and foolhardy business tactics of the paper. There are few organizations such as this paper. Not only could I surely write better than just about any of them, my marketing and managing would have been far superior, too. This is rare indeed. All of these things, combined with the mathematical fact that I worked about thirty hours at the equivalent of little over six dollars an hour, made me decide it was time for new work. I certainly wasn't going to work that many hours for less than minimum wage. This had become a real job, which was exactly what I was trying to avoid. Would there be no place where a person such as myself could relax? Such a thing seemed slim. Especially with the geriatric league refusing to retire, and turn the world over to the ruling of those with full use of their capacities, and functional memories. But it will happen, eventually. After all, how much longer can they really stay in the land of the living?

Neither Affirmation, Nor Admittance

Reality

A place that is nothing

Holds no sway on anyone

Yet it is everything

Those religions based on Hinduism

Say that the mind is everything

Claim that thought is the only solid part of life

Concentration

Practice

Devotion

Can change the world

Change anything and everything

Many of the modern Judo-Christian religions hold their reality in God

Say that here and now

Life, as we know it

Could be changed by His will

Through prayer, belief

The world

Existence

Will change

Eons ago, here were any cultures with similar beliefs

Replacing only God with many gods

And adding gifts and sacrifice to prayer

Today, there are hundreds of people, myself included, who spend a
life of daydreams

Living lives that they couldn't

Or wouldn't

Lead on their own

Creating around themselves

Every detail

Every minute scrap

To perfect the reality that they make

All their adventures are there

All their passion

All their love

Every sweet moment that makes life beautiful

But where does that leave them?
Here in the actual reality
The physical word?
Where is the life they were born into?
What happened to the pieces that made up who they are?
A dreamer cannot sleep forever
In time, all must wake up
Wake to see a harder world
Wake to see their dreams fade, and be forgotten

A visionary with all the answers will eventually discover more
questions than he started with
A coward, spending his time dreaming of adventure and bravery must
some time face with fear
And a simple man, who dreams only of a world of peace, an art, and
of undying love
Will wake, to find around him a reality, physical, true
Dirty walls, scattered with unwanted creation, alone, for untold years,
with only imagined memories,
While outside the windows, shots ring, and children cry.

The reality
Passed by, for the beauty
The dream and love that were invisible when awake
Still there
Still cold
Not changed in the slightest, only hardened against the reflection of
the place where life was alive, vivid
The world that, while being created itself, shaped, in turn, its own
creator
Yet overshadowed
Blackened over
By the reality which will destroy them both

Withered Remains

Tired charade
Pointless escapade
Leaving the waking
The sandman taking
As the world turned
So my soul burned
Raging inferno
Dead if you say so
Under constant attack
Knives crowding my back
Do myself more harm
Razors hide my arm
Reflection a smudge
Mirror drips blood
Spelling release
Restful peace
Mirror images in back
Falsehood fades to black
One wanton theft
Of all that is left
The core of my soul
Taken as toll
Itself devoured
Crumbs have been showered
Rotting in time
The remains of a rhyme

Gladiatorial Pride

In his cell, the gladiator prepares
Act of desperation and defense
Trying to ready himself
To overcome the fear
The hopelessness
He feels crushing down on him
Prison walls of their own
Barbed and unavoidable
Without overcoming these boundaries
He may as well be dead
A corpse in a tunic and a leather armor
The time that is of a timeless nature
Passing ever so slowly
Yet gone by all too soon
With no warning from the invisible clock
Hung on the wall as a reminder
Of eternity which will be the price
The cell door opens
Guards push and order
He is guided down a corridor
One which he's been down before
Recognized ever stain on the sand
Every nick in the wall, caused by
The weapons of a soldier
Out through an archway lies a dirty ring
The floor made of sand bled reddish brown by years of sport
Ceremoniously he is led between two pillars
Given a net and beaten short sword
Across the ring another gate opens
Eyes glow in the dark opening
Eyes that are vicious and hungry
Joined by more
They step into the light
Lions
Starved and mean
Faintly he hears the crowd roar
Drowned out by the crunching of lion feet on sand
Calculated breathing of a hunter stalking prey
He asks himself why he is fighting
He bears these creatures no malice
Feels no ill will toward them

More sympathy than anything
Poor starved creatures
Prisoners, just as he is
If he loses the fight, he dies
If he wins, he lives with the guilt of killing innocence
Until, eventually, he outlives his purpose, and dies
He sees the lions
Not evil, simply surviving
He can do no less
One animal lunges, meets the blade
Why?
Another follows
More blood
Why?
Blood makes the sword handle slick and greasy
Fallen champions whimper and die
More circle the killer
WHY??
The gladiator stops
Turns to the audience
Roars, ripping free his armor
With a fluid motion, tosses his blood-soaked weapon towards the
most elegant box
It finds the throat of royalty
He roars again, facing the jungle captives
"I am of you!"
He screams
"I am your brother!
I have done harm to our kin!
Avenge them!
Save yourselves!
Take my body!
Let it feed you, strengthen you,
That you may escape!"
The lions pause
Stare
Growl
A message of appreciation
Of thanks
For him, the killing ends
For the noble champions it begins anew
Escape is made
Death, in the process of life

Fragment #5

And then the world came crumbling down around me, shattered little pieces of a world long gone, and in the sky, I saw it, the nail placed in the wall to hang the world on. It was bent, so slightly, but the string must have slipped, and the whole thing crashed down, so I turned it up, and on it I hung a stuffed kitten from the fair. The kitten's name was Horatio, which I named it to counterbalance the demon, Herman, which lives within my skull. And as I batted that kitten about, on its string, I laughed at the seriousness and then began to sing.

Fragment #6

The world hangs on a string, tied to a small nail in the wall of the universe, waiting, as if in anticipation, for the string to snap, or the nail to bend, sending it crashing down, forever shattering, yet hanging together, until the pressure of high speed causes it to collapse in on itself, imploding on itself, like an egg, or a balloon, or the boasting of time.

Mistaken Identity

The situation wrong, once again
No wonder I am hardly sane
Working against my own mind
Pain and delusion returned in kind
Leading me down fading paths
Coaxing me into boiling stew baths
Eaten alive: self-destructive skull
And all those dreams of good lie null

Affection misplaced on instinct wrong
Stifle yawns as I sing my song
Judges based on first sighting
Contempt for this very writing
The feeling and emotions they entail
A strong soul leaves you weak and frail
Understanding no match for common brawn
Conversation no match for getting it on
So what if they think, and really care?
What the hell are they doing there?
Not bald enough, and clearly too smart
Some plastic surgery would be a good start
Money, a car, material things
The feeling of royalty that they might bring
Security and cash is what you want near
Those three little words you do NOT want to hear

So I ask you a question, now
Then I'll say goodbye
But when you answer, answer true
No one will know 'cept me and you
When you go home at night, all alone
Can you take comfort in all you own?
Does your lack of emotion make you strong
Does the chill help you sleep all night long?
When you wake up do you want to face the day?
Or turn your back and run away?
Are you happy with what you've got?
Insensitive, selfish, cold, like you sought?
Do you feel love with you, wherever you rest?
Are you sure those choices were really made for the best?

Nightmare's Grasp

Wake up to an alarm screaming in your ears
Cold morning air can't wash away the tears
Nightmares toying with the way you feel
Can't quite convince yourself it wasn't real
The vision so painful, you don't want to return
But it won't let you go, you just can't unlearn
The fear in her eyes, the pain in her voice
If only you had been given a choice
She fell into your arms when he was through
Done showing you what hate and rage can do
With a look you see what no words can contain
The depths of her anguish and all of her pain
Surviving the violence wrought by his knife
Shimmers a love that will last beyond life
You see the love reflect in her eyes
It fades slowly away, as she dies
Left in your arms, but no longer here
Oceans of pain caught in every tear
No other could ever take her place
The sun couldn't match the beauty of her face
Gone forever from your side
You swore you'd protect her, you failed; you lied
It couldn't have just been a nightmare
Nothing in life can even compare

Working Life-Pt 6-
The Seedy Underbelly to the Supreme Worker

I have always tried to hold a strong work ethic. Note that I specify the word try. I do not always succeed. On occasion, sometimes more frequently than I would like to admit to, those ethics I work by shift. They never fully go away, and there is usually some loophole through which I shimmy, like a snake or cat-burglar, and make my way to the firm center of felony and misdemeanor. The line between the two is a place I skip along merrily, dancing from one side to the other, until the warning bell tolls, and I must again climb through that tiny loophole, back out into a world of morals and ethics, and shades of grey. When it comes to work, I am usually given a boost, a much needed push through that loophole. Some motivation is given, some carrot dangled, to move me into action. At the first job, it was simple things. I fudged an invoice or two to save time and effort, I informed friends of the locations of cameras, and the warning signs of security guards. On occasion I would use my employee discount for the greater good, such as buying things for friends, girls I was into, or the friends of girls I was into. There were no large disobediences, and very, very few willful acts of betrayal to my employers, however much they deserved it. I was young at the time, and idealistic about the place of rules and their relationship to the 'right thing to do.' The definitions slipped further apart as I found my next job. Here I broke rules all in defense of my coworkers and employers. I sold smoking devices and paraphernalia underage, and without our store having a license. I tricked the guards into never finding out about it. I abused mall-wide rules in order to help my customers and sales, and on one occasion, I beat up a violent and drug-addled neo-nazi Christmas shopper. More than those rules on paper, though, I broke the unspoken rules between human beings. I followed one of my true gifts, and conned my way through sale after sale. I was every employees personal friend, not because I came on too strong, or assumed I was, but because I was casual, told them everything they wanted to hear, and made them happy enough to come to the conclusion on their own, and putting their trust firmly with me. I used this, to convince them of what they wanted to buy. If shirt was too big, it was 100% cotton, so it would shrink almost a full

size when washed the first few times, and if it was a little smaller than they wanted, then it was okay, because it was pre-shrunk material, so it wouldn't change size or shape too much. If a popular shirt was out, I led the customer to the conclusion that they liked the one we had plenty of better anyway. If a product was flawed, it was handmade. If it wasn't plentiful enough, they bought two. If it broke, it was a fluke.

A turn-around occurred in the place of unemployment, and my con-artist heart switched sides. I cared more about the individual than before, and didn't care to shyster anyone into anything they didn't want. The employers, however, I was game to shyster. I made effort to be charming, and let them think I was a wonderful employee. And, in truth, I was a fantastic employee, most of the time. When I was happy. When I was kept pleased with my working environment. As soon as this was no longer the case, a subversive rebellion broke out. I had gained the trust of the guy who worked beside me, and together we ripped off over a thousand dollars in goods. We smashed things, out of spite, and spent more time playing Frisbee, sword-fighting, and talking philosophy than working. When we heard something we didn't like, a box of fine breakables would pay the price. We still worked hard, and had nobody suspecting us, but we tallied it up to be almost three hundred dollars a day, on average, every day we worked that we cost the store. Not including money spent on paying us for time spent playing and thinking deep thoughts. When my partner in arms left, I was forced to slow down the mischievous activity, due to the presence of a nark placed in my midst. I won her trust, and her favor, and the powers that attempted control lost their grip again. I got a new team, and started anew. Grander this time, and before. An entire wall covered in anything I collected that amused me. Huge cardboard poster of spray paint. Loud music overpowering customers wandering to the pick-up door. We stole thousands of dollars of merchandise, hundreds in supplies. We broke whatever we felt like, and would spend more than half the day not working. I personally put a massive hole in the wall by the throwing of a rug. It had built up into something I could barely control, couldn't really stop, and was afraid I wouldn't be able to cover up much longer. It was time for greener pastures. So I got out. And then I got the delivery job. My days of theft are behind me. Sadly, my days of lawlessness seem to still be with me. I

simultaneously break multiple traffic laws at once. I drive on the wrong side of the road, I never signal, I speed, peel out, listen to the radio as loud as I can at 3 am. One night my car was a get-away vehicle as a friend stole street signs, and used it for conveyance. I myself do not steal. I have been the cause of some property damage, though. Involved in one unidentified hit n' run, at least two mailboxes tipped over by accident, and I couldn't count the number of garbage cans I have eliminated. I do not fully understand the reasons why I am drawn to these activities, or if it perhaps is the outlet I need, to rid myself of scoundrel urges. All I do know is that as long as I work, or am forced to work, these tendencies will probably still exist, and the harder I fight against them, the harder they fight back. Now I play on their side. That way they don't get stronger. Just lazy. And you just can't have a fat thief.

Jungle of Time

When you are young, the future is but a game
It's an imaginary place
Somewhere where you can do anything
Be anything
There is no real fear
No threat
You will never get old
Never grow up
Never die
As you grow, the future transforms
Is molded by the hands of time
Guided with inspiration and years
Constantly, gradually
It becomes less a game,
It becomes an adventure of fantasy
There will be obstacles
Monsters, demons, perils
But the outcome will be the same
Happiness
Success
All you need is hope, and ideas
The wisdom so vast that only a child can carry
For the older you get, the less you know
And the friends who will be there forever
True companions
Eternity and hellfire couldn't separate them
Paired up with lovers
Soul mates, destined by the stars
Together, you will all overcome the future
You will beat the odds
Be different
Live true, for the first time
And, most of all, never die
Only those who give up die, after all
Somewhere along the lines things change, completely
The plans you've built collapse
Goals fade, alongside memories, and friends
The person you used to be becomes beaten, worn
Outgrown
The new you hatches from a pearl
Looks around at everything around

World upon world, packed together so tightly
It's all become one giant mess
Old dreams are proved to be false
Or simply given up on
Swept away in life changes
Paths are chosen, and others erased off of assuming maps
New ones existing only as far ahead as the machete blade will reach
Those pillars of strength, the friends
The ones sent for no other reason than to love you
Support you
Disappear
Crumble under the weight of the future
Or vanish in a fog that came with the rising sun
Off to pursue new plans
And there you are
The future all around you
Pressing down
Yet stretching on forever
Offering no support, nor advice
Simply there, taunting, pushing
And you yell back
Standing, alone in a jungle
The path ahead uncut
Un-chosen, really
The one behind fading away around a band
Becoming overgrown
Your food supplies ran out long ago
Your compass dropped in a flight from a wild animal
All that is left is you
Solitary you, in the middle of a jungle
A jungle, life, which grows, outwards in all directions
And the future
A game no more than it is a fantasy adventure
Harsh
Unstoppable
Deadly
Without a care for you, or your place
So, where do you go?
What do you do?
What will your life be?
What?

Sword of Life

Forged in fires of irony
And cooled in lakes of pain
The steams of the sword of life
Return in bitter rain

Edges shard and never dull
Prepared for the fight
Slashing in a fury
Through the pleasantness of night

Obsidian metal gleaming
In the light of shooting stars
Screaming with the battle cry
Spelled out by years of scars

The air it shimmers with the sparks
Of steel striking steel
But the sounds are all drowned out
By the things you need to feel

Battles raging ever forth
A war without an end
Helmets fall from fallen foes
To reveal the face of friends

Jump when given chance to flee
Far into the night
Return home to the life and love
For which you fight

Chance to find a mirror
And jump at what you see
Bathed in gore and crimson
Which is what will set you free

Scrub and wash your armor
Shine your well-worn shield
Get some food and rest awhile
Prepared for tomorrows battlefield

And while you sleep you see
The nightmares of everyone's strife
The sorrow and the pain
Caused by the Sword of Life

Farewell to an Old Friend

Years ago the sun rose
And light shined upon my darkened life
Outstretched hands open; exposed
Free of malice, a gun, or knife

In time a bond has grown
Connecting his life to mine
His mind an extension to my own
Everything was gonna be fine

Balanced like a chemists scale
Our lives made the other complete
A friendship that could never fail
And no other force could ever compete

Together we grew into ourselves
Became the people we now are
So many memories on the shelves
More numerous than all the stars

The times wed spend indulging
Adrenaline our only drug
Experiences left our young eyes bulging
As we lay sprawled out on the rug

Sneaking into R rated flicks
Getting help from those we hailed
But video rentals did the trick
When our con schemes had failed

Countless all-night binges
On video games and food
Laughing at countless cringes:
Our lifestyle seemed so crude

Partners in all our crime
All well-planned and precise
Got away every time
Resourceful in our own device

How many nights did we lay there?
Dreaming in the dark?
Future plans filled the air
Our minds lit up the park

So now here I sit alone
A vacancy at my side
A thought chills me to the bone
Could an endless love have died?

You were supposed to be a forever friend
Always watching my back
But it feels like this reached an end
And I'm on my own to take the flak

You're off with your new world
Living out a different course
Whole new plans, a brand new girl
Laughing it up until your voice is hoarse

All our plans seen so far away
A fragment of the past
I look back on them every day
I've tried to make them last

I guess, in time, all things die
Everybody grows apart
But I always thought it'd be you and I
The world in our shopping cart

I've lost the energy to try anymore
To set things back to right
I tried till my very soul was sore
And cried long into the night

Now I've laid it down to die
And let the remains burn
Ashes and memories float into the sky
Unless, somehow, you return

The Hippie, the Monkey, the Jailbait, and the Nark.

My friends and complete strangers alike have asked me why I stayed at a job I hated most for as long as I did, after things started turning sour with The Docks. There is one and only one reason why I did, and that is the people I worked with. In my position, I got to meet some interesting people, and spend a lot of time getting to know a few of them. I worked with the same people for months, sometimes every day. They became like a second kind of family. They were a part of my life, and I couldn't choose them, change them, or do anything but accept them. But they were good people. There were four I worked with more than the rest, and four I grew attached to as family. Tess, Tasha, Zoe, and Ellen. Ellen was the one who first came to work there. She was bitter, and she smoked a lot of pot, but we got along well. She had a similar sense of humor, and good taste in music. But one day, after the guy who had worked in the back with me for months had quit, things changed. They put her in the back room to replace him. She had changed her attitude, from easy-going and fun to relentless taskmaster. She nagged me for the things I didn't do and yelled at me for the ones I did. She was working on the inside, trying to do the managers' dirty work, and change my habits. It didn't work. Instead, she changed hers. She decided she agreed with my ways, and no longer wanted to do the bidding of the managers. She left the stockroom, and moved on to other things. Things were rocky, after our unfortunate struggle on opposing sides, but eventually we got along again. Sometime during that struggle, we got new employees. Tess was one of them, Tasha another. Zoe had been there since around the time Ellen had been, perhaps before, but never worked in the stockroom before. Now that I was again in need of assistance, those three were frequently placed in my company. Zoe was young, seventeen, I believe, during most of the time I worked with her. She was incredibly attractive, though, and fairly confusing. Confusing can be a good thing, in many cases, as far as I am concerned. I believe that people who bore me offer little more than can a figment of my imagination. They don't surprise or interest me. Zoe was indeed interesting. She did and said things that I didn't understand, she used words in strange new context. She was immaculate about the English language, it's grammar and vocabulary. She asked

peculiar questions about my personal life and seemed interested in not only those answers, but any that I would be willing to give, and she would occasionally hug me, for no reason. I genuinely liked that girl, as she was an interesting and seemingly good person. She did not work long in the back room, as that she was too young to legally use some of the powertools. After I quit, she is the coworker I thought the most about, and I often still wonder where she is now, and what she might be doing. Few people leave that lasting an impression with me, as to inspire daydreams, Tess and Tasha came to some degree as a pair. They were assigned to the stockroom almost exclusively. Afterwards, they worked very seldom on the sales floor, and I worked very seldom without them. Tess was a gentle hippie. She danced to the doors, she told dirty jokes, and fascinating stories about different jobs she had and places she lived. Tasha, on the other hand, was completely wild. She would scream and yell and shake her hands to express displeasure or excitement, anger, or happiness. She would throw things, and spout strange profanities mild to disgusting like a tourette's patient. She was living lightening, and her actions and mannerisms caused me to name her the Monkey. The two of them were a good team, and the three of us got along quite well together. We could accomplish a great amount of work, or a great amount of destruction, whatever the goal was. Were we destined for work, we could accomplish nearly any task in our necessary time frame. Were we angered, we would cause trouble, destruction or theft. It was a wonderful team. I received a visit just today from Tess, and I still have some things of Tasha's. Hopefully, I will hear from the both of them at least frequently. They are excellent people. Ellen moved to a different store, and I haven't seen her since. As for Zoe, well, she is as ever the unknown. Only time will tell if I shall lose touch with these people, or if they will remain in my life, though I would much prefer the latter.

Mall of Olympus

Return to my perch
Where the common inspire
Wrapped in the madness
Twitch and perspire

The heat it drives them
Pushes them on
Marching forever
To silent song

Speaking of nothing
The riddle surrounds
The gods walk by winking
Yet no alarm sounds

Here's where it all started
Confined, yet so large
Humanity in surplus
Cash, check, or charge?

So out they walk
A bag full of life
A piece of the creations
And something for the wife

Call the elevator down
Top story: the skies
Olympus, towering over
Where the Holy land lies

Summer Days Spent Here

The sun, it's shining
Giving to the world light
Heat
An energy, breathing life into the world
Into creation
Outside
Here, the light can be seen
It shines from the giant overhead windows
Reflects on the storefronts
Shines off the jewelry
Expensive trinkets
But nobody soaks it in
Inside
Here, where the air is still
The heat is felt
It swells, with the addition of new bodies
Expands downward
Soaks through all the summer clothing
Brings moisture to the surface
But it's not realized
Taken no notice of
The energy
Which drives small children to jump in rivers
And families to go on picnics
Brings these people here
I don't think they even understand
They simply respond to the air
To the vibrations of it
Answer to the call to move
And follow paths, worn in over time
And end up here.

Carousel

The carousel turns
Spinning around, and around
In its own magical void,
To those watching, it appears to be simple
A toy to amuse children
A game
A machine of man-made design
Its power can't be understood by observers
Only to those who ride
Carousels spin, as the world does
But they spin in the opposite direction
So, as it spins, time is actually not passing
At all
The images glimpsed of the world,
Fleeting as the carousel spins
Are frozen
Unchanging
Some carousels move faster than others
(That's why some rides seem to last longer than others, too)
If one was to stay too long on a fast carousel
They'd notice things moving backwards
And, were there no operator,
In the unmoving hub of the thing
All life would reverse
The rider would get off, ten years before
Their first ride on a carousel
It's a dangerous magic, that of a carousel
Spinning, innocently, to an organ tune
Bringing momentary timelessness to any
Who holds a token

Aging of Two

Two points, created, born
Both smooth and slimy
Washed off
Kissed by excited parents
Giddy relatives
They grow
Point one takes more shape
Point two becomes slender, from use
Together they grow, with age
Strengthen from working
Get hurt, and heal
All a part of life
Point one starts to grow hair
Point two starts to get bigger
Both points maturing
Strengthening
One a sign on strength
The other proof of age
Both honed
Both groomed
Point one grown out
Point two drawn on
Two different expressions
One permanent, one not
Both badges, of belief
Of personal values
Both important
Point one becomes wiry, and grays
Point two trades mass for wrinkles
Aging, still, together
The lightened hair rubbing, playfully, against the face
Of a small child
And tiny fingers dance softly over the artwork
Badges of honor
Expressions of youth
Once, causing tension in the air
And now, peace, innocence
Point one lifts, slightly, as lips above part to smile
And point two quivers, with joy and energy of holding a child

Afterthoughts

Afterthoughts in afternoons

 With the sun bleeding in the sky

Before my face the world has changed

 And I can't believe my eyes

In all my life I never thought

 Or even fantasized

Gusts of wind could blow in

 Beauty of such size

All the pessimists and cynics

 Thought it was a lie

In the red light of the sunset

 When the coyote starts to cry

Lord showed the world its greatest beauty

 And all I could do was sigh

Wheels and Yellowish Water

A rat in a cage
Confused by the rage
It beats like a drum
But from where does it come?

Life is pure ease
No dangers to seize
Food given on time
Never wanting a dime

So why must the poor creature vent?
Squeak and squeal with pure discontent?
A sterile world never looks a mess
But the wealth of living lies in less

There is never a new land to explore
Never a hope of finding anything more
No way to learn new things by itself
Not even a way to get off the bookshelf

A world seen only through aluminum bars
Through the window humans come and go in their cars
Never understanding just why it shouts
Musing on every way to get out

Oh what pleasure to live in a hole in the wall
Even the pain of starving would fall
Why is it not a single soul can see?
That it'd give up heaven to just live free

Crash

Wake up with a screaming voice
I swear to Christ I had no choice
It's all a sparsely detailed blur
But I know I'd never really hurt her
Please don't let her truly be gone
Why couldn't the bastard leave the mask on?
All I want is a happy life
Art, kids, a perfect wife
To live with a timeless youth
To use my art to search for truth
To get together, perhaps, with that lovely girl
Take her with me throughout the world
Yet it happens again every night
The eternal struggle of wrong and right
I know the choice I want to make
And live it strong while I'm awake
But when it's time for me to dream
I know I'll wake with mouth open to scream

**Jesus is the Antichrist,
and Other Thoughts on the Lamb of God**

The bible tells that Jesus will one day return, and that when he does, he will lead his followers, from all over the world, in a religious effort. His followers will be an overwhelming minority in the population. Around this time, shortly after, there will be a man, claiming to be Jesus, who will cause the death of everyone who says he isn't, and he will be the antichrist.

With the state of modern religion, with Christians of all kinds so defensive to a point where they are actually on the offensive, were a man to show up claiming to be Jesus they would, in fact, persecute him, demanding proof, before love, and some of the more militant Christians might even venture to attack the alleged Christ.

It is said that after a long battle between the forced of good and evil, all the followers of "the wrong way" will perish, and the followers of the messiah will die. Which means all those calling the new Jesus a fraud, would die. This does not, by any stroke of imagination, mean that all Christians will live. Some will, but, to be truthful, most will probably not. It's not the Christian way to put faith in any man claiming to be the son of God. To them, God stopped talking, or sending helpers, long ago. Jews, who believe that there has not yet been a Son of God on Earth, could, as some will, see it as the first coming, but a coming nonetheless, and Jesus all the same. Buddhists, along with those personal-power advocates, who believe that the truth is whatever you believe, will agree with the Christ, too, because he is to himself what he says he is, and who are we mortals to tell him otherwise? And furthermore, they will love him, as they love all things. Pagans and atheists may put their faith him, not so much because they believe in Christianity, or that he is who he claims to be, but through other achievements, through his humanity, and personality. Even some Satanists, who believe the rants of Christianity that he is the antichrist, will follow. So the few who live, few in relation to the six billion of the world now, will be from every walk of life. Everyone else will die in the judgment day, called so because of their own judgment of the Christ, not because of God's judgment of them.

And how will this new Christ be known? Will he be called Jesus? Will he sport the same beard and toga look of the old days? Will he roam the world with a league of translators, so his message can reach everyone? Will he be a rock star, an actor, a poet? Will he want to lead, or be reluctant? He will love everyone, and wish the best for all. He will most likely not even know his own fate until it becomes reality, because only those with experience can empathize fully. Music is an expression of the soul and beliefs, so he will most likely play. He should be selfless, and, as such, have no selfish ambition, or desire to lead, but should want the best for all people, and would lead to benefit them. He will be more human than god, but a little bit of both. He will be a more modern savior, with a timeless honor, and a forever destiny.

By leading the faithful to heaven, would that not mean killing them? Then any mass murderer, killing loyal Christians, would be the same as the Christ's leading them to heaven? Then all the murderer's on death row were doing God's work.

Fall

You reach out a hand
To hold me down
To drive my soul
Into the ground

You deceive the masses
With a perfect act
And steal the clothes
Off their backs

A gun to their heads
They toe the line
Pledge allegiance to the flag
And everything will be fine

You're the killer in the shadows
The disease that fills the air
Don't even open your mouth
I know that you don't care

Sell your kids for money
Cheat on your wife for fame
The face changes once a month
But the story is still the same

Your soul is a commodity
To trade, to buy and sell
And on Sundays you go to church
The corporate angel who fell

You're the killer in the shadows
The disease that fills the air
Don't even open you're mouth
I know that you don't care

You just want me on my knees
Following your every call
You want to get to own it all
You want to see me fall

I can't imagine being you
So blinded by greed
Catalogue of the entire world
Still doesn't carry what you need

Stealing, lies, and secret moves
Will get you far ahead
And someone else will snatch it up
Two seconds after you're dead

You're the killer in the shadows
The disease that fills the air
Don't even try to spin your lies
We know that you don't care

You want us all on our knees
Following your every call
You want to be God on Earth
You want to see us fall

You try to convince the world you're worth it
With every word that comes out of that hole
All you want is everything
Too bad you lost your soul

You're the monster in the shadows
The filth that fills the air
Don't you try to lie to me
I know you don't really care

You want me to be down on my knees
A slave to your every call
You can cheat and lie all you want
But you'll never see me fall

No, I'll never beg down on my knees
Or help you as you crawl
I'm strong in my integrity
You'll never see me fall

Close My Eyes

When I see the room where dead are placed
And see the pain left on their face
I want to cry
I want to run
But I'm frozen with fear and disgrace

Lost in hell, frozen with shock
I'd shake it off, if I could walk
I toss and turn
I shake with fear
There's no one to break the lock

--

When it's quitting time I go home
Check the mailbox and the phone
No conversation
Only isolation
So this is living alone?

Time comes to go to bed
Concentrate on what's ahead
Clutch my pillow
Close my eyes
Only companion in my head

--

I see her sitting there
Reddish streaks in golden-brown hair
Innocent and sweet
Gorgeous angel
If she could know how much I care

She's still sitting there
Playful cherubs in the air
I'd love to get close
To be her man
And spread out love everywhere

Looking

Another season rolls around
I've already got what's there to be found
So why am I still here?

I don't like the holiday
Or how capitalism makes me feel this way
But it's always so damn near

I am a man of simple things
Complexity is false, and in truth freedom rings
But where can I live off my soul?

Not in this land, where money talks
And in the aisles a killer walks
Clutching his open wallet; a black hole

I need to find another place
Where people see beyond my face
And want to understand my mind

Where love is waiting for me
And any fool can see
That I'll look until I find

Want it All

I want to feel someone's soft skin against my lips

To kiss someone's lips, smooth and wet

To feel someone's body

All the complexity of mankind

In my arms

Warmth of life under my skin

I want to write

To get every idea and story

Every detail and adventure

Out of this skull of mine

The Willy Wonka factory of sick thoughts

And ideas

Compassion and art and love

I want to cast off the haze in my head

Turn off the static

And burn off the fog

Wake up out of the fatigue that plagues me

I want to stand on a stage

Music and singing

I want to spread my energy all over the world

I want to scream my lungs out

And shake the world to its knees

I want to cure disease and run naked with wolves

Wrestle a bear

And reinvent the car

I am love; I want permanence

I am science; I want validation

I am religion; I want your trust

I am discovery; I will map out the world

I am art, and I want it all

Plutonium

The energy glows inside me

Like two sticks of plutonium

Held too close together

It's this life

This art of pure humanity

Dirty and grungy

And under it all is love and life

Life is what drives me

The search for soul in the world

For truth and love

And I buzz with energy the closer I get

A human divining rod,

Shaking, glowing as I get closer to it

When I find life

And start to sense love

Right

I have feelings I can't explain
And questions of propriety
So many thoughts, all going in so many directions
I can't catch a one

Is it my place to be with her?

Is it right

Are my feelings mis-conned?

My mind is such a mess

I can barely find the words

I can barely write

I think I may know what my heart thinks

But is it right?

Does it have right?

What should I do?

The Politics of Feet – A Story about Shoes

When I work, I try to express myself in everything I do. At my best, from my hair to my clothes. Often times, I have to cover my true feelings about work, or social relations, because the truth would get me in a good deal of trouble. Fired, ex-christened, thrown out on the street. But I always have expressed myself through the wear of my feet. When I had my first job, I was required to wear nice black leather shoes. When I was new, when I liked the job, I polished them every day. Time wore on, the situation grew worse, and I grew to hate that place, the shoes got more worn. Polished less and less frequently, covered in white mud and dust, dirt, and scratches. I didn't care in the least. Then I left, and I only wore those shoes, polished nicely, when I wore a suit. I got other jobs, and wore casual shoes. I wasn't working very hard, I was just being myself. No special circumstances, just me making money. Then I got the fated job at Pier 1. I still wore the same shoes I had worn for the past year and a half. It was not meant to be a long job. It was a time killer. But time would not die, and my stare worse on. As did my shoes. They actually got so bad the soles were worn all the way through in at least three places. Living expenses kept rising, and so I was left without the money to buy proper shoes, unless I wanted to starve. Despite what one might think from my current living conditions, I have never been fond of the prospect of starving, so I chose not to get new shoes. Instead, I patched mine up with duct tape. They were completely wrapped in it, with big folded pads of the stuff taped over the holes as filler padding. The tape would get worn through, so I would just add more. They became so thick around the edges that my feet were nigh invincible inside them. For months, I wore the duct tape shoes. The tape edges became ragged, and filthy. They began to look like the rag boots of a hobo. Much to the surprise of absolutely no one, this was against a few of The Docks ordinances. At the time I had very little option in the way of footwear. My standard off work alternative were sandals, or a nice pair of boots I used for welding. Sandals were against another rule altogether, and the boots were too nice for the likes of pier one. My only available solution was to get a pair of old shoes that barely fit anymore, whose soles were mere weeks away from being in the same position as the duct tape shoes. I read and re-

read the rules, and found a suitable solution. I took my old split-leg leather welding apron, and made a pair of moccasins, and used the left over leather to replace the soles of my work shoes. From the top, they looked almost like tennis shoes, but they had the classic Indian look of leather on the bottom. These lasted for quite a while before they, too, started to wear down. One day, upon inspecting a small hole in the bottom, my manager noticed that I was essentially wearing tennis-moccasins. He was impressed, and informed me that moccasins weren't against any rules for footwear, and would be safer than me walking around with holes in the bottoms of my shoes. So, I wore my homemade moccasins for a while. Natural, comfortable, with good traction. All was well. I climbed the walls better than ever, and padded quietly through the store, stalking 'customers' and people in need of 'help.' But it turned out that those were against the rules, too. It came time for them to threaten me with an ultimatum. I needed new shoes, or I needed a new job. Due to rent, and the regular costs of living, I could not afford to call their bluff, and was forced to buy new shoes. This small victory on their part was overshadowed by the many counts of insubordination, and acts of malice against the company that I shant go into here. But don't think I have up entirely on the shoe front. The shoes I bought came with their own subtle revenge; absolutely no ventilation, and lots of interior padding. The harder I would work, the sweatier my feet would naturally get. With no airflow, it built up, and since they were much-loathed work-shoes, I did not feel it necessary for them to leave the building. So, in my locker they would stay, and the only way to overpower the sharp, cheese-like odor of feet that lingered in the break room was to let loose scented potpourri sprays of all kinds, which were often worse smelling, and harder to get rid of, than the shoes. Most of the other shoes have all, of course, long retired. They spend their days in the closet, mingling with all their friends, waiting for a day when the anti-social, work-free desires they stood for come to pass. Viva la resistance!

How I Really Feel

Bitterness and anger

Won't get you your wings

Insults and yelling

Isn't what the seraphim sings

The way you've been acting

Is not a pleasant thing

Can't you just drop the edge

And hold the words that sting

Hold back on the attitude

And find a smile to bring

Everyone wont be sorry

Because they're not to blame

Remember who you are

God is not your name

I've tried to be friendly

Can't you do the same?

Nobody can be that serious

This is life: the game

Need Eyes to Breathe

Blur my senses
Make me scream
Let me know
It's not a dream

Turn the volume up
Until my ears bleed
From the rivers of blood
Life will take seed

Let the pounding drums
Guide my heart
The bass in my stomach
Music in every part

Colors extreme
Flashing in my eyes
My pupils shrink
To groundbreaking size

Pictures shine in my face
Until I go blind
But to see it all at once
I wouldn't mind

Set me on fire
Douse me in flame
The heat melts my skin
My mind melts the same

The things of this earth
So many, so vast
To feel it so briefly
And have it passed

I want to feel
To know it all
To fly on angels wings
Even at risk of a fall

About a Building?

I

You've seen the building a hundred times
Drive by it almost every day
It's a very plain looking building
Could be anything
A warehouse
A home
Possibly a business of some kind
Its dirty on the outside, it seems,
Slightly worn, ragged
Could use some new paint
And some repairs
But the design isn't bad
And it has a great foundation

Do you ever wonder about it?

Driving by, music pouring from your car
Heading to another day of work
Beauty subjected to harsh labor

Do you think about what could be inside?

What uses it has?

What possibilities it could offer...

What if it was an apartment?

Comforting and secure
Holding everything about you
A place where you can go to be yourself
Be happy

Maybe it even has a staff on hand

Pampering you, giving you your every wish
Making you a princess

What if it's a studio?

Full of beautiful paintings
Wonderful things to look at
Fresh new ideas, and crazy new concepts
Floor splattered with a thousand paintings
Shadows of a thousand canvases
All with a story to tell
Something to offer

Perhaps it's a secret laboratory

Cooking up the answers to cosmic questions
Solving world hunger
Cancer and aids
Aging, and the common cold
Genius in test tubes,
 And open flames
It could be a ballroom
The set of an action movie
A library
The home of a reclusive rockstar
It could be your best dreams
 It could answer your prayers
Only one way to know.
Knock on the door

II

Let your beauty shine a light on the mysterious building
Turn weeds to a garden at a glance
Shine away shadows
 Demons of the past
Open every door
Unlock every secret
Explore every nook
Make it yours
Your grace and innocence alone can fix it
Your beauty and love redesign and decorate
Only you
 Can take this tattered old building
 And make it new

Poem in a Summer's Rain

Sitting in a summer rain
Working on a weary brain
To many thoughts of life alone
And ponderies into the unknown
I can't quite gather what's got me here
Or why I feel a change is near
These things always confuse me so
Yet I can never seem to let them go

Affection is life's biggest question
And I don't know what grounds I was left on
Why I haven't figured it out
What all this worry is about
There is a girl I really dig
But there seems to be an unknown trick
Something I'm just not hip to
A secret keeping us apart, too

But there's always other fish in the sea
A trick for vegetarian me
I have yet to find the perfect girl
Though I haven't searched all the world
I've got so many wild and grand delusions
But in reality are they all illusions?
I can't keep my mind the same
But I need this to keep even slightly sane

So the girls I dream of day and night
Will wait until my head is on right
To spit out all the confusion I'm chewing
And figure out what the hell I am doing
The life and the dreams are not the same
And this is my one and only name
So for the moment the pursuit will wait
I just hope they aren't stalled too late

The Darkness Within

What causes the evils I see
And could they exist also in me?
Why do humans insist on acting this way?
Such crimes against each other every day
To love them is to try and understand
But understanding such things is a huge demand
And after that's done, you have to face
Those same situations could be in your place
What's to stop you from leading a war?
Against man, or God, or both, or more?
It's easy to say "that could never be me"
But it was said also by all the dictators you see
It just takes a little twist in life
And suddenly you're leading the strife
This may still not be a problem as far as you see
But it's very real, and scares the shit out of me

The Object of the Game

If the point of this game is money
Then I don't care if I lose
There is far too much to live for
Other than fast cars and new shoes

And if the goal is power
Then I give the prize to you
Because it's harder to watch the beauty
Telling everyone what to do

Perhaps the objective is fear
Well, I don't want that at all
Because any tower built on fear
Is guaranteed to fall

If it's just for selfish fun
Then I don't want that either
It's insincere and thoughtless
And I am fond of neither

But if the game is played for love
For inspiration, passion, and heart
Then life can only get richer
And I will certainly take part

A Tiny Secret

Needing some form of affection
 From someone strong in life
In this trip there are no brakes
 Pay the ticket, take the ride
Can't you see the energy
 The sun will split its side
Half the stars are captured there
 Twinkling with pride
Orion couldn't hope to win
 With the Olympians beside
Lost the lease on eternity
 Because he took too long to decide
Everything is permitted here
 Where reality was tried

The End of Old Friendships

I had friends, once. I never had scores of them, but then again, I never wanted to. All I wanted was a few close ones, whom I could trust and depend on. And, for a short time, I did. When high school began, I had what could qualify as a circle of friends. A dozen kids or so, all hung out together every week, talked, had fun. Most of mine, however, were dumb, and drunk or stoned all the time. I was never fond of most of them. By the end of the first year, they had dwindled down to only few. Probably no more than a half dozen. There were others, attached to one of the main six, but they didn't stick round long. It was just Dirk, Brody, Brian, Danny, Alan, and Grant. Dirk, I never liked. And, in the second year, I made it known. After all, how long could I be expected to put up with him? He didn't like me, I didn't like him, and I didn't like lying. Aaron moved to Battle Ground, so he was out of the loop, which was sad, because I really was starting to get along well with him. And Grant became too bizarre and insane for anyone. When he came back from the mental institute he was never the same again. Which left Brian, Brody, and Danny.

Brody went to another school, and was always a little self-absorbed, so we didn't see him too much. He called Brian every once in a while, because they had this master-student relationship. Brody wanted to be popular, Brian was popular, therefore Brody needed Brian. I only saw Brody when he got dumped, and needed to learn how to be independent again, or needed someone who would listen to him. And Danny didn't get involved with anyone. He had his punk friends, and their movement. But he and Brian and I were all in a band, so we saw each other often enough, and kept up on what was going on. Though, Brian did more informing than asking. In fact, he asked me very few questions during the last year and a half of our friendship, and most were about either which of his girls he should see, or something about the band. And Danny had a little one night fling with a girlfriend of mine, which made any time with him awkward as hell. By the last 6 months of the band, Danny and I got along better than Brian and I, despite our argument. Things were coming to an end.

In cartoons, during the snowy season, it's not uncommon for a snowflake to fall on a snowy hill, starting a small rolling ball down a steep hill. And the further it rolls, the bigger it gets, and

the more speed it picks up. That's a lot how I see the end of things. I had long been upset about the crumbling situation of Brian and my friendship. I had addressed him several times on the way things were, and how unhappy I was with them. He brushed aside my concerns with some excuse or another, and I let him, because I was always the one to give him space. He was generally good, and did the right thing eventually. Or he was in the old days anyway. He didn't used to use people quite so much, though he always did some, but it's not my place to judge. And then came the concert season. Three Doors Down and Nickleback were playing at a local club, and I was stoked. I had been wanting a good rock concert, hard to come by in today's music, and I had my chance. This concert was the first in history Brian paid, and so I let Brian hold the tickets. That could have been a mistake, though I rarely like to see trust as a mistake. Well, the evening passed, and he never showed up. As the night grew older, I lost faith in his showing up. After all, the concert started at 8, and it was already past 7:30. I was angry, and I was tired, because I hadn't slept in a few days. So, I went to bed. At about 7:50, without calling, he walks in my room, and kicks me, tells me to get up and get ready, we had to leave right then. No apology, no explanation as to where he had been. I told him I wasn't really feeling up to going anymore, because if I looked at him, or got up, I'd have hit him, and I really didn't want to break my oaths of pacifism to hit my oldest friend in anger. So, with that, he said, "Okay, I'll take someone else", and took off. And to this day, I haven't been paid for the ticket.

I had a second chance, because the Foo Fighters and Red Hot Chili peppers were playing at the gorge a week or two later. I paid for that one already, too, and I made sure I had tickets. This one I invited Anastasia along for, so I had someone to talk to should I get fed up with Brian. I also took the chore of driving all the way to the gorge, and making hotel reservations. Within the first half hour of the trip, Brian brought up the last concert, and how I was "sick" so I told him the truth. That kept him pretty much quiet until the end of the road trip, when he was criticizing the way I took to get there, so I reamed him out about his criticism, when he had an entire trip to offer any suggestions. I had decided not to take any shit from him anymore, until things were worked out. So I continued driving, until we were about 3 miles away from the amphitheatre, when water and steam started coming from my hood, and the temperature gauge climbed rapidly. I

pulled over immediately. The car was screwed. I couldn't tell where the leak was from because there was too much water, I couldn't drive further, and, to make things worse, when I was on the phone, trying to get us help, the wind caught the open hood, and slammed it against the windshield, cracking it from one side to the other. My friends stood and laughed. I yelled at them. They were terrified. But, they went on anyway, as I waited for the tow truck driver. No apology or concern, other than to get the hotel address, of course. So, I sat, and waited. The tow truck driver arrived, and I was on my way. I got towed for hours, in my car on the back of a flatbed truck, as the driver and his beautiful young daughter stayed up in the cab. But I was enjoying myself greatly, writing, reading Kerouak, singing at the top of my lungs.

When I got to the Motel 6, the order was screwed up, and my two bed, non smoking room turned magically into a one bedroom in the smoking section, that was filthy and had all of four television channels. I waited up, knowing that the desk clerk wouldn't let my friends in without my permission, and that I had the only key, so I'd have to let them in. I waited and waited, waited, until about four in the morning. Then I got a call from the desk that my "friends" had arrived, and he'd love to turn them away if I'd let him. I said no, and told him to send them up. From my room, I could hear them yelling and screaming, and as I looked out the window, I could tell that Brian was a little drunk. More than a little, actually. They came in, and were loud, rambunctious. Didn't apologize once, either of them, for being late, for going without me, for being loud. Just piled in my own little bed, all of them. I got all of 2 hours of sleep, interrupted in the middle by Brian playing with my phone. I yelled at him, took it from him, and went back to bed to not fall to sleep for a few hours. At 8, after 4 hours of trying to sleep, and only two broken hours of succeeding, I decided it was time to get up. I went out and started working on my car. Within a short time, I had fixed it. I went for a walk.

When I came back, it was time to go. I packed everything up, and told them we were leaving. They got in the car. I felt like a parent with two timid, misbehaved kids. We went home. And, there, I still received virtually nothing from either. So, I decided to have a talk with Brian. I told him every problem I had had. He had little to say. A while later, I hear that he had told his ex-girlfriend that he didn't think we were friends anymore. And that was that. He came over and woke me up while I was dogsitting for mother, and

he said something, though I don't remember what. And since then, he's been out of my life. All my old friends, gone. Now, all I have is Daryl, from work, who I haven't spoken to since he left, which could be explained by the fact that he's always busy. And then there's Alice, who has turned out to be the most honest and decent friend I've ever had, and I've wasted and risked losing that. But Alice is another story.

Little Doubts

Pt. 1

I used to write only poetry that rhymed
Believing free form to be an excuse
For those without talent to call themselves a poet
Because I had seen no sign of real artistry

 In any of the poems I read
But, in time I found evidence

 Of poetry and prose, free,
Written by real artists

Real poetry

I began writing free form myself
 Still mainly doing the old rhyme schemes

I enjoyed the way my free form poetry sounded
 It seemed to me to be good

 Real poetry
But then I started doing more and more

 Now, its what I do most
 Have I lost my touch?
 Or have I just had too much exposure to beat poetry?

 Or maybe I'm just rusty, from not having written
 In so long a time
At least, not the way I used to

Little Doubts

Pt. 2

As a child, I never had a self image
 A self image being reflected by others
 And me being a loner
I grew up with no self esteem,
 Feeling a step out of time with the world
 Which eventually grew into self-dislike
 Into self hate
Which took control of my inner mind
 For a good long time
I overcame this, eventually
 Realized I was decent
 Had redeeming qualities
 And became happy with who I saw in the mirror
This new strength in myself changed a perspective
 And suddenly I wasn't alone
 In the sense that I was rejected
 But in that I hadn't met the right girl for me
 The one who fit me
 The one I deserved
But I did find her, in time
 Or at least a girl I think fits me
 And I find myself stumbling
Having found her
 Getting along so well with her
 And then going so long without speaking to her
 Has me doubting if I really have all I thought
And spending a good deal of my time
 Thinking of her
 How to get her into my life
 And if I am right to be with her

Controlled Emotion

Controlled emotion of injustices pure
I think I deserve it, but can't be sure
The peace and love that is human right
To comfort me as I sleep through the night
I once believed it would be a simple thing
That once the morning came, happiness it'd bring
It seems that I was indeed wrong
Or perhaps the journey is time consuming and long
Meaning everything is still on its way
Should be here before the dawn of the next day
My own circle can once again be complete
The rubble of past pain lies at my feet
Foundation strong, I can begin to build
Until every last square inch is filled
The world in my hands, my fate my own
Life, with the help of another, has grown

Conversations

I am quiet

Most people think I don't have anything to say
And some think I feel I am too good to talk to them
The truth is quite the opposite

In my mind, I have many conversations

I have, to be perfectly honest, lived years and years
All inside my mind

Lifetimes have passed by

In shorter moments of time

I spend my day at work keeping to myself

Because then, the conversations go on for hours
Plot twists occur

The entire world changes

And then it's over, and wiped clean

All to start again

There are people I barely know

But in my mind, we are close

We have histories and stories

Long conversations

Adventures

Devotion

I have devoted my life to clean living

Refusing drugs, alcohol

Overusing medicine

Or too much caffeine

All junk food in moderation only

And keep active

I have devoted my life to health and sobriety

To spend my days sick

Pressure building in my brain

Things I cannot control, or stop

Careening and dancing around me

Ulcers and insomnia

Nausea and pain

And even if I wanted pharmaceuticals

They do nothing

So I spend my life clean,

Sober,

Yet craving peace,

Or at least a full syringe of heroin

I have devoted my life to art

To worshipping and believing in the beauty of the world

To believe in passion and pure emotion

To take a day,

And filter out all the bad

Until the beauty is what's left

Then, to capture that beauty

In word, or painting, or song

In some physical way

So I may share it with others

I have devoted my life to ideas

Set down on paper or canvas

So that all that I am

And all the world has to know me by

Could be eliminated by a single fire

And though I have spent my life following and watching

The beauty of God and all of Her creation

I spend my days alone

My nights in sweat-soaked terror

And my energy working a job to sustain a meager
existence

Leaving my soul; my art
A small trifle

I have devoted my life to love
Choosing peace over violence
Compassion over hate
Helping my fellow man
Over turning a cold shoulder

I focus my energies on tolerance
On the joys of being alive
On love, for everything
Ever to love or die on this Earth

I have devoted my life to caring
Listening to problems of friends
Giving time or aid whenever I can
Preparing my art, so it may be shared
Preparing my home, so it may be welcoming

And while I put all I am in love
Always open to others
Always ready to help

I am never met with love, myself
Never held with love or affection
Never watched over with compassion
Never to have found one who will stand beside me,
for life

I have devoted my life to faith
To believing in the world
In man and God alike

Constantly giving more trust,
Time and again
Knowing there to be substance and truth somewhere
within

And hoping to come upon it
And every time I become frustrated or angry
With the world or the heavens
I look inside myself to forgive
Believing in a basic good
Trying to help in faith, where I may

Trying to aid in spirit
But even though I live for faith
 I find myself alone in it,
 with no aid from the gods
 Or trust held in others
And while I pray, and look for answers
 In signs, and in myself;
 Through myself
In return I get nothing
 Find only questions
 And am given only heartache

[From highschool, through college, and into my life in the real world, there was one thing that followed me everywhere I went; a black and white compositions notebook, usually folded in half to fit into a pocket. Not the same notebook, of course, but always the same kind. There wasn't a time I didn't have it on me. I eventually moved on to laptops and palm pilots, but if you were ever to look in my courier bag, you'd probably find one of these notebooks tucked away, waiting. They're the standby you can count on, and I still rely on them for Spanish beaches and Canadian woods and Polish hills. But while the notebooks I have today see more of the world, the ones from my youth were a constant track of thoughts that make me wonder if I ever did any thinking that wasn't on paper.]

Journal

~~~~~  
Shouting

Unheard

A place long forgotten

Dead

Like a dear friend

Or classical music

Lord, she's beautiful. Can't even concentrate on a poem with her there. Not that it was a very involved piece of poetry, but, all the same. She's too gorgeous. Never figured out if that guy, this "pseudo-Brody" is her guy, or a friend. They never touch, and they don't give each other those kinds of looks. But they do seem close. I so wish she was somehow, by some chance of fate, in my life, rather than just in my class. She's the ideal of everything I want. Almost every beautiful reason I write glows in her. Its almost eerie the way some girls appear to me to be something special. So I really know that they are? Can I actually tell that from an instinctual feeling? Or do I imagine it? Sometimes, I think I must be imagining it. There is no way someone could possibly be so beautiful, so heart-wrenchingly gorgeous, and still be as awesome as she seems to be. Such a thing would be impossible. Nobody could be that perfect, could they? What I wouldn't give for the chance, just the little spark of affection from her. An ember, enough to initiate something, and from that, God willing, raging

fires could grow, enough to tear down worlds and create new ones. But it's just a dream. She is an angel, and I am but an artist. Angels are not meant for the hands of man. They are the symbols for that we live, strive for, for which we make choices. And that is where I will hold her. Inside the passion I live and write, dream and create for. Someday, perhaps, I will ascend to a level which would place me on grounds with her. Until then, I write...

---

My eye is twitching again.

I hate that.

It's not something that happens often.

Not usually, anyway.

It's a stress reaction.

It is a thing of intense irony. As I was writing a poem about stress, and its effects on me, during my free hour between classes, it dawned on me that I had forgotten my work clothes. I had to rush to my car. Which was parked across campus, and drive home. Normally, this may not have posed a problem. As it is, however, I live far enough away that it takes almost a half an hour to get to my abode. I can reduce this time to nearly fifteen minutes through creative driving, only, as the current of traffic from I-205 joined with highway 14, which I was on, I noticed something disturbing. The cab from the "Green Cab" company had not only two CB antenna, but reinforced bumpers, and a searchlight. I hit the brakes immediately as to avoid passing a potential cop at 85 mph. Upon closer inspection, there were indeed hidden lights, and police equipment inside, along with an undercover cop obviously enjoying a fine stereo system. The remainder of my trip home was done as a law-abiding pace. By the time I grabbed clothes and got back to Clark, I was ten minutes late to metal sculpture, and had to don my welders gear with haste. The remainder of the day was returned to my hectic, manic pace. The twitch only goes away when I find a release. Currently? I've been keeping my mind on the adorable blond girl four seats to my left. Were that I was a confident and courageous man. Perhaps after class.

---

I didn't. Oh, I had a marvelous list of excuses why though.

Because she looked like she might be too innocent, or good, because she looked "nerd like." None of them held up for longer

than a few seconds. And after class, she lingered in her seat awhile. I could have lingered also, walked out with her, talked, asked her then. For that matter, I could have asked the girl in my workout period. I didn't, thought, surprise of surprises. I'm cornered. I'm not afraid of being turned down as much as I'm afraid of being turned down for the reasons of age, and even that doesn't scare me as much as the prospect of not being turned down at all. It's a menacing concept, being cared for. Suddenly opens you up for all sorts of pain, heartbreak, and broken trust. Love is a deadly weapon in the wrong hands. And who is to judge exactly what the right hands are? Is this something I'm supposed to know just from meeting someone? A certain visual characteristic? Not hardly. More likely that it takes a long time, and a lot of getting to know someone. But by that time, the risk has been taken, and the pain is already an almost certain event. As much as my heart, my SOUL, needs to have someone, needs some support, my mind won't let me, because there is no way it's safe. I climb around on twenty foot shelving and boxes almost daily, I've attempted suicide more times than I remember, but I won't even try to find someone special in my life because of safety precautions. How fucked is that?

---

...I write for sanity, to be honest. The thoughts in my mind, they would kill me if I didn't have an outlet. Eat away at me in the forms of ulcers and tumors and splitting migraines, each taking away a piece I would never get back. Slowly, I would be reduced to nothingness. Soul eaten away, dissolved into an ocean of pent up thoughts, passions, loves, desires, pains, and anguishes. There aren't many people I can talk to, so there are quite a lot of ideas that would go unsaid, were it not for writing. At the hardest times on my life, writing is the only way to deal. I would be dead, were it not for my passion to write. That's how important it is to me. That is why I write.

*Light Dance*

Herman is in chains  
Locked up in a cell  
No longer will he follow  
Peddling one way trips to hell

My knife lies sharp but peaceful  
Not for violent use  
I no longer wish for pain, or death  
Myself and I have a truce

The nightmares have come less often  
And are easier to control  
The aftermaths are only brief  
And quickly release the soul

But the power of life isn't complete  
Something is still not right  
There is a lack of personal love  
Which is most evident at night

This of course can fix itself  
All it needs is time and a chance  
Love and God and the power combine  
For the light of eternal dance

*County Fair*

Seven dollars

And a torn ticket

    The price of time travel

    Cost of an adventure

In the passing through of a simple gate

I am taken to a time

    In the distant past

    Distant, rather, by the standards of my lifetime

        But barely a clock tick

        In the timeline of human existence

There are people in hundreds

Animals, food

Games, music

    To the side, six old men play jazz

While small children roll past on scooters

    And old men and young women,

    And every extreme between

        Walk past,

            Talking excitedly of the days events

            Of the scenes they've seen

            And the wonders ahead

And me, in my metal jewelry

    And Thai silk,

    Though standing out alone against a barn

Can still blend into the un-ending sea

    Of human bodies and souls

    That rushes through this place

## Call

Over half a dozen barns and structures  
Dedicated to livestock and animals  
And while ones in pens,  
With troughs and ropes around their necks  
Are quiet, and don't move  
It's the larger ones,  
    In clothes, roaming free  
Who are the most interesting to watch  
They walk, in herds, slowly  
    All trying to explore, without retracting steps  
And the noise  
    While all different  
        Tones, words, voices  
Create variations of the same roar  
    The Call of the Man

And in these buildings  
    Where man meets animal  
    And animal meets man  
There is a transformation in progress  
The eyes of children  
    And an occasional adult  
Meet that of an animal  
    Large and innocent,  
        Uncaring of the ways of man, and the world  
    Curious only at the humans who pass  
    And concerned only with contentment  
When the two meet, a transaction takes place  
    And the worry of the harshness of earth  
    Is traded for the innocence and peace of animals,  
And the human heart is soothed  
While the ancient strength of the beast  
    Washes away the pains that come in men  
        From trying to wrestle the whole world to its knees  
And as the human eyes move on  
    Sometimes unaware, even, of the change in their souls  
The animal beckons to them  
    And gently spreads its calmness  
        For the peace is the Call of the Animal

*American Haiku on the Carnival*

Machines whirr  
People stir  
Passing blur

Music loud  
Rocking proud  
Artistic shroud

Screams of joy  
Carnival toy  
For the carnal ploy

And the carny games  
Call builds the same  
With different name

An occasion to rise  
To win the size  
But the game is the prize

So much to give  
And to take with a shiv  
But it's all just to live

IN CARNIVAL RIDES  
WHERE JOY IS IN THE SCREAMING  
THE LOUDEST ONE WINS

*Resurrect*

Thousands of people  
And so much to take in  
I don't believe one heart can absorb it all  
Yet I walk straight in  
Right to the center of it all  
To understand it all  
To take in everything  
To open my heart  
And still be a small part  
Of this insane beauty I find myself in

I am flushed and weak  
The beating of my vessel has become so swift  
So rapid  
That there is inadequate amounts of life  
    Traveling to my legs, and arms, and head  
I am dizzy  
Spinning  
I can barely breathe, but it doesn't matter  
    For if I were to die now,  
    The life I am in would sustain me  
And where I to fall,  
    I would float on the crackling energy of soul  
And should my own life end  
    The creation and excitement,  
    Escaping into the air  
    World resurrecting me  
    That I may rise again to create

*Search For the Dream*

There is a beauty in this land  
A compact vision of the world  
But what I hold in my hand  
Is nothing compared to the girl

I had hoped to see her  
Tending to her flock  
I've not yet found her face  
In the hour I've walked

I would love for her smile  
Directed my way  
For that, I'd walk miles  
All through the day

The poem I wrote  
Intended for only her ear  
I wish I could read  
Were she but here

The girl is a dream  
The answer to a prayer  
Pull the world apart at the seam  
How I wish I was there

I care for her deeply  
With the river my heart runs  
I wish I could be hers  
Before another day comes

## *An Astounding Re-Discovery*

After the restructuring at The Docks, there were many, many days when I just wasn't satisfied with my job anymore. It had changed so much, and the reasons for my working there were passed. I had succeeded in my goals, and it was time to move on. I do recall one day, though, which provided a ten-month revelation, and an old, yet brand new experience. It was a generally common day, starting with a truck delivery a little before seven, which we got done early. Normally, in the morning, I memorize the schedules, so I can anticipate whose coming in, and how much help I can expect to get from them. On this particular day, I recall being slightly unhappy about the morning lineup, but, overpowering that was an incredibly powerful good mood, from progress on a song I had been working on the night before, and packing for a trip I was planning to take to Germany. Then, sometime around eight, I believe it was, Tiara showed up, too. I like surprises. As a side note, I love it when she opens, cause it means she just woke up, so she doesn't put on makeup. She doesn't do any of that until she's been awake awhile, and she looks so beautiful without it. Don't get me wrong, she's gorgeous 24/7, but even more so without makeup. She's got light freckles, and I so love freckles, and her lips are this pale pink color. Anyway, day continued, we worked. (Insert: we have these wheeled roller things. essentially, its two two-foot boards, with pokey rubber on them, for traction, connected by two foot and a quarter pieces of wood about three inches from each end of the outside pieces. And they have wheels on them. We push furniture and such around on them. I have been known to play on them. I love them. I have mastered being able to just stand and walk the thing anywhere, as well as speed trials on my knees). So, I left the cart out there on the floor when I put out a dresser. As I was putting out an ottoman, I noticed that it was there, and Tiara started kicking it back. I offered to take it back for her (they're surprisingly heavy) since I was going back anyway. She said okay. Then stared at it as I picked it up, and said she wanted to ride on it. So, I dropped it back down, and told her she should, cause it's a blast. She stepped on one side, and it started to slip, so she got off. I rolled it back to her, held it still with my foot, and held her hand to keep her balance while she climbed on. Then I pushed her on it all the way back to the backroom. I enjoyed this.

That was the first time in...how long? Ten months? That I actually touched someone. And I don't mean like, contacted them, such as being forcibly hugged, but, like, touched someone with my hand. It was...odd. In an incredibly cool way. 'Cause, all I've touched really are solid things. The only living thing I touch is lucky. So, when I see people, I see them as being, different, I guess. And so... yeah. It was amazing. I could feel the warm fuzzyness of her sweater, I could feel the way it slid over the slick polyester shirt she had on underneath, I could feel the designs and seams in the strap of her bra, I could feel her skin, her muscles roll underneath, tendons, blood rushing. She was so small and soft. She's kind of a petite girl. Like, a good six inches shorter than me. But, her frame, was so small. Two of my hands, finger spread, went all the way across her back. And it was fragile, and smooth, yet...alive. Like the limitless energy of a star wrapped in a paper-thin glass egg. Astounding. And her hands were warm, and smooth. Only a few small marks, calluses, here and there, but, mostly, just...perfect. As though they'd never seen harm. It struck me then, that I love this touch thing. It's intense. I want more. And, Tiara, on top of it...I mean, c'mon. In this extreme stimulation and beauty/art of life focus I seem to have mentally fallen into, having such an intense stimulus with that girl was kinda cool. Totally cool. And I'm not sure if its just pathetic that I enjoyed it so, or cool that I appreciated it so much, but I do know that its terrible that so many people take touching others or granted. It's a mistake I hope I don't make again.

Mr. Caruthers

Albert Caruthers was a simple guy  
He'd lay flat on his back and stare up at the sky  
He said, "There's just so much I want to say  
And I really wish everyone could feel this way."

Albert Caruthers led a carefree life  
He had a quiet little home and a beautiful wife  
He said, "I don't want much, I just want love  
And I wish the best to all of you and what you dream of."

Albert's Daughter wed a millionaire  
She went to a yacht club and met him there  
She said, "I don't want looks, and I don't want brains  
I just want a warm bed when it rains."

Albert just smiled on the wedding day  
Up to the alter and he gave her away  
At the reception he said the first toast  
"May they both stay together and have what they want the most."

Albert's brother had a silver tongue  
Spinning those lies ever since he was young  
Said, "I don't care about the means, only want the ends"  
If you give him a dollar he's your new best friend

When Albert saw the politician he would laugh and smile  
Talk about the world, and listen all the while  
But he always tasted the salt, and never told a lie  
And he never hesitated to look life in the eye

Albert's father was a hardworking man  
He raised his own animals and worked the land  
He said "I get up each day with the risin' sun,  
But I've never felt anything that I'd call fun."

Albert loved his father, with all his heart  
He gave his life meaning and a perfect start  
But he couldn't stand the sorrow, or a wasted day  
So long as there were songs to sing and games to play

Albert's grandma gave her life to the lord  
Memorized the holy book word for word  
She said, "Don't squander your time because it's just on loan  
So think about the lord's will instead of your own"

Now Albert loved God and every soul on earth  
No object made my man could have greater worth  
Got gave him life, but it was his to live  
So he would use it to share everything he could give

Albert Caruthers was a simple guy  
He'd lay flat on his back and stare up at the sky  
He said, "There's just so much I want to say  
And I really wish everyone could feel this way."

Albert flew away the day he died  
Left us a notebook with a letter inside  
It said, "I didn't want much, I just wanted love,  
And I'm watching over each of you from the skies above"

Oh, why would you ever want to give up  
Why would you want to waste your life away  
Mr. Caruthers knew that life was golden  
He gave his best each and every day  
In the sky now the sun is shining  
It's a gift to light your way  
Mr. Caruthers followed it to passion  
To live with love just like he'd always say

*Over the Fence*

I lost my way

In my travels

Wandering the world

Exploring life on all its levels

Got stuck in a swamp

Of order, schedule

A place where movement is kept on a leash

And you always know where you'll be tomorrow

And while I love having a place of my own,

Where I may always go, to relax, to rest,

I need to be able to wander,

As far as across the globe

For as long as I need

My life is for the learning

Exploring

For focusing on what's beautiful

Permanent

In the changing world

For finding life and happiness

In any surrounding

Under any circumstance

I can't do that in a world where not much changes

With the same people

In the same places

At the same time every day

A life that you can set your watch to

Or plan with a calendar

Is not for me

I need an adventure

Suspense and hope

Circumstance and butterflies in my stomach

Wondering what will come next

And what I can learn

Only by interpreting,

Writing down what I see can I ensure its memory

Only by sharing my visions with others

Can I give my gift to the world

Because if intelligence and creativity are my gifts,

Then the only way I can share it,  
Is through what I discover  
What I learn  
And what I create

So by returning, daily, to the same job  
I am squandering my gifts  
My talents  
I am wasting what God gave me  
Wasting the precious time I was given on earth

Wasted with bitterness and negativity  
Wasted with greed and lust for money  
For power  
Wasted on helping the unpleasable  
Those who never have enough of anything,  
And wouldn't, were the universe theirs,  
And God their manservant

Wasted with daunting, meaningless tasks  
Never even considered in the history books  
Wasted with selfish thoughts and actions  
Wasted with capitalistic dreams  
America, twisted and perverted from it's original conception  
Into a shriveled, snarling demon  
The nightmares of our forefathers

Wasted, completely, daily, without thought or question  
Or slightest hesitation

Stand in line, stamp your hand  
And through the turnstiles, into a world  
Where it is all a game of utmost seriousness  
Don't crack a smile or you're dead,  
And don't dare stop working, or you'll regret it  
Just sell your time, for wage labor,  
Play the game  
Follow the rules  
And collect the paycheck

There is no exit  
There are only two ways out,  
Either through death,  
Or over the fence  
In death, your life becomes a joke

A folly inside the gates,  
    Unknown to those outside  
Your body torn up for dog food and fertilizer  
    Your soul dispersed and caught  
        A snack for the demon ringmaster  
And if you try the fence,  
    You will be met with razor wire and armed guards,  
        Who will stop at nothing  
            To stop you  
                And make you nothing  
A faceless carnival goer  
    Joining the folds  
        Waiting in line  
            And playing the game

Outside, there is no assurance of anything  
    No promises  
        Nothing is certain  
But there are no chains  
    And no armed guards

Just life,  
Occasionally bleak  
    And fellow wanderers  
        Trying to survive

There are cities  
    Glorious and heavenly  
        Full of angelic energy, and love  
            Where never is a worry  
                Or a sad thought

But they are rare  
There are also bounty hunters  
    Roaming with large dogs,  
        And larger guns  
Shooting any life they see  
    Ensuring the desolation of the free world  
        So there is nothing for those inside to be distracted by  
            Be inspired by  
                For inspiration causes foolishness  
                    Revolt  
                        Which could bring the circus down

And there I stand

Wandered in boredom and confusion

And blind desperation

To the sounds of the organ grinder

And canned laughter

Staring at the fence

Back turned to the carnival

Spirit already on the other side

And I've got dozens of plans

But I didn't survive this long by being reckless,

Or stupid

So I bide my time, and wait

And then...

I'm going over the fence

## Angel

During my life I seek to fill with my spirit  
To find inner peace, and speak with Gaea  
To let my aura increase every day  
Explore every corner I see, to learn even more  
Find out what makes my heartbeat, and what drives my soul  
My ears would bleed to hear it  
The answers to questions I didn't ask  
Hear all the wisdom that left us to the task  
Inquire the lord on high throne why he made the sun  
During the hours it shone to observe everyone

And when the sun fell down from the mountain  
I would take off my clothes and run into the night  
Feel the grass between my toes and the beauty of life  
I was one with the world, and all that I see  
I never dreamed a girl could keep up with me  
I was drinking from eternity's fountain  
Felt the blessing of the sacred run through my veins  
Never heard the faithless who called me insane  
I would follow my mind and the stars above  
As they twinkled and shined, they spelled out "Love"

The man on the corner, he showed me a safe place  
But you only get what you find, and not what you need  
And it'll cost you your mind, and a warm place to sleep  
But you'll be secure that your heart will never break  
Never be torn apart for another's sake  
In the darkness I always see your face  
I know I'd be a fool to pass it by  
Let the fears inside rule under lonely skies  
Ignore the beauty and wonder I so desire  
While the angel and thunder both expire

I'd walk through hell just to be with you  
You are the angel who came down to make the earth bright  
The princess to frown while the selfish fight  
So innocent and kind, all dark thoughts melt  
Not a word in my mind for how I felt  
I'll stand beside you in all that you might do

You can climb on my shoulders to stand tall  
I'll be your boulder if you should fall  
While you sleep, I'll stand by to keep out harm  
Make sure your blankets always keep you warm

When I'm lost, your soul would guide me  
And when your there, I'll feel no pain  
I can't deny these feelings inside me  
So pure and clean like the rain  
The life in your eyes is gleaming  
They tear the shadows apart  
The angel who gives life meaning  
The angel who drives my heart

You're the perfection that is so un-seeming  
The inspiration that guides the writer's pen  
I'll keep you in my eye 'till I see you again  
Cause you're the angel who gives life meaning  
And the angel who drives my heart

[Once upon a time, a DJ at one of our local radio stations, Jayn, opened up phone and e-mail every afternoon for a little contest. Called the 'My Life Sucks' request, if you could convince Jayn that you had the worst day of all her listeners, she would play whatever you wanted. This e-mail made me both a winner and a loser at once, and was, in fact, used again twice more on slow days. The song in question was Junky, by Slowrush, and I was way off on the lyrics. The true lyrics involved the phrase 'I don't mind telling you that I miss fucking you,' which may just be the most romantic thing I have ever heard.]

### *Up Until Now...*

Okay. As that I haven't looked at a watch in a piece, I know not if you have chosen a "my life sucks." If you haven't, then, hear me out. If you have, please find it in your heart to hear me out anyway, because I need to kvetch to someone. So, basically, my day starts out at 4, when I wake up in the morning for work. My car has had a hell of a time with its radiator, what with leakage and all, and has been in the shop for a week. During said week, I was driving this ugly creation called a "mini-van", which handles poorly and has, like, NO acceleration. I finally got my car back last night, and was looking forward to driving it to work. Along the highway I ran into several police officers, which forced me to drive at a slower pace, and the only stretch that was police free, was clogged by a truck and a Honda, side by side, going the exact same speed-55 MPH. So I was forced to go the speed limit or slower the entire way to work. THE ENTIRE WAY!!! But, I get there eventually, and all is well. Well, relatively well, considering I no longer have a CD player in my car. I only have one tape that I can find, which happens to be 20 of the best Irish drinking songs ever recorded live from bars in Ireland. Fast-forward about an hour, and you find me opening up stock with the guy who helps me in the stockroom (who was, by the way, only 5 minutes late today, which is leaps and bounds for him). One of the items I opened was a passel of wooden elephants, hand carved from Zimbabwe, with little white tusks I had to put in myself. Only, did they want to stay in the tusk-holes? no, they would have none of it. "So", I said, menacingly, to the elephants

"reject your tusks if you will. I shall teach you a lesson you'll not soon forget." and off I went to find the super-glue. Upon squeezing the tube, attempting to apply a nice coating to the end of the tusk, I noticed the squirt-hole was plugged. I reached for my name-tag, and stabbed it, to clear the pathway. Too much pressure had built from the squeeze, and it pissed glue all over me. In moments, not only were my fingers all glued together to form one giant super-finger, but I was glued to the super-glue itself. So, I faced a decision. I could either pull apart my hands, and yell as my skin came free of my body, or go to Safeway, looking like an ass who glued himself to a super-glue tube. Wincing, I chose option one. After much pulling, and a shed tear, I got my fingers apart. With a flat razor, I removed the left over glue, by shaving off a top layer of skin or two. But I was free. And I learned my lesson. Back to work for me.

Now, go forward in time about two more hours. I finally goaded the fellow worker into some interesting debate-like conversation (you wouldn't believe how hard it is to get decent conversation above small-talk with some people). However, this conversation ended abruptly when he got frustrated, confused, and refused to accept that he was not 100 percent right. Further taunting got me nowhere. I gave up, and turned up the stereo. This kept me occupied until the end of my shift, when it was time to pull out the dumpster to clean up. As we were rolling this dumpster, I stumbled over a curb which I somehow missed. As I regained my footing, saving myself from falling...CRUNCH. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!!!" I yelled, as the big steel dumpster rolled up onto my toes, with the coworker pushing it to move it on "Bloody 'ell!! It's on my toes!!! This really hurts, stop pushing the dumpster Dammit!!!" and with that I gave it a good shove, and yanked my foot free. I removed my shoe and sock to reveal two dark purple toes (along with some unsightly toe-stubble, but we shan't get into that). Pain abounds. My shift finally ended, and so I headed home, stopping off along the way to visit a girl I seem to have taken a shine to, and to get a Zuka-turned-Jamba juice. A nice mango-a-go-go. It was somewhat busy, and took awhile. For some reason, out of all the people in there, most of which ordered after me, I was the last served. Happy to have my smoothie, I left, not noticing that...hey...it was pink, not orange, as it should have been. One sip and I knew for sure I had the wrong drink. It was berry-like, mostly blueberry, which I am not fond of, with

calcium, soy milk (ew?), and honey. It was terrible tasting, and, after having consumed it, I now feel quite ill. I fear I will have the trots come tomorrow. And you know what would make me feel better? The one cure all? A song. Yes, you heard me right, Jayn, a song would clear it all up. I do not know what its called, however. I can tell you that I think its new, that it starts out with female vocals saying "Doo-doo- dooo", in what seems to be mild distortion, and that its a relatively hard song. I think the chorus goes something like "I don't mind telling you, that I'm as fucked as you, just give me back what's mine, something that rhymes with mine" also, if its at all possible, whether you decide I am the sorriest most pathetic Joe of the day, or not, could you pretty, pretty please write back and let me know what the song is called, who sings it, and, if possible, whether the rest of their stuff is as cool as that song? Thank you ever so much, I am forever indebted, and I am very gracious of the time you spent reading.

Your humble listener  
~Tyler

*Joy of One*

The burns are hidden in a blanket of flame  
Fresh, and never allowed to heal  
Whispering shadows call out my name  
It's my spirit they're trying to steal

Groaning and frowning and lurking about  
Even as angels stand to sing  
What is thought as a whisper is voiced as a shout  
With all the vehemence that hatred could bring

The wounded lay crying on the ground  
As the creatures search them for the gold  
Then wander away with what they've found  
As death takes his final hold

The oppression of pain and misery  
Surrounding on every side  
Destroyers of truth and chivalry  
Crushing life with every stride

But in the center stands the light  
Love and hope, standing proud and tall  
She alone beckons me to fight  
To resist the demons and their call

With inspiration and faith I rise above  
Knowing through the angel I'll reach the sun  
Strong, and impoverished, guided by love  
To a future of joy, to the one

*Introspects*

Pounding, pounding

An angry god, smashing at walls in rage

In a cramped, clustered cell

The center of all logical thought,

    He wants out

    He wants vengeance

        Against those who put him there

        Those who fill his cell with pain

        Those who taunt him with pictures,

        And tease him with wishes he can't have

    He screams curses at his captor

    Twists the world around the cell as much as he can

    And threatens the lives of the families

        The loved ones

        Of that lone, dreary captor

Coiled and catlike

With serpentine scales, and cold blood

The dragon uncurls, and stretches

Trying to avoid the barbed cages

The bars of ivory that wrap around

    Preventing flight

    Or a respite from sore muscles

Been so long, since he felt the wind rushing by

    The air against his scaly skin

    Since he flew on high, and controlled his own fate

Almost since the beginning of time, in this cage

Was he ever free?

Was he born on captivity?

    But the cage was bigger then

Was the escape a dream?

    No, he could feel the sharpened teeth

    The muscles gained from flight

He stretches again, pushing against the bars

    Hoping, maybe, they will break

And curls back up to sleep

Two wounded soldiers

Continuing by sheer will and concentration

Devotion to a purpose  
A unified goal  
Crippled and bleeding  
    Barely able to stand  
    Yet walking,  
        And more, fighting,  
    For only a lack of another option  
Forced to bear the pain  
And trudge onward

And a priest  
Tired, cold  
    With a flock of empty pews  
    And lying alter-boys  
Still preaching the good ways  
    The kindness, the faith,  
With one beautiful heaven in front of him  
One vision of inspiration  
The Sun the ancient Persians writers spoke of  
The wisdom of the Cherokee  
    Convicted to the vision he shares  
        The one love,  
            The driving divinities  
And through the chosen few have wandered off,  
    He will continue to preach,  
        To speak his words of truth and honesty,  
            Of permanence and devotion,  
For her, only her, who watches and drives him.  
    And his words will travel the universe  
        Free the angry god  
            Let loose the dragon  
            Heal the wounded  
                And shine as an unending beacon of  
                His lasting love  
                    For Her, and Her alone

*Something to Believe In*

There is a hush, as the wind in the door  
The only sound is a whisper, as it blows down the aisle  
To a silence that's been born a thousand times before  
As the altar boys stand single file

A man in robes walks to his place  
Before our savior on a golden cross  
Book in his hands, a scowl on his face  
At a future balanced in a coin toss

And as he stands before the waiting flock  
Eager to hear all he has to say  
He knows what he's about to say is all talk  
And will be proven wrong by light of day

But he needs something to believe in  
Because this world is wearing him away  
He just wants something to believe in  
To pull him to tomorrow, to last another day

Hiding behind a book and cross  
They can't remember why  
Why they ever took that battle  
Why they even try  
Can't see the light through the tunnel  
And they sure can't see the sky  
With nothing but time to offer  
All they do is lie

Listening to his every word  
Hearing nothing more than sound  
The message is never understood  
Salvation never found

Do as the good book said to  
And hate just the way they're told  
It's their duty only to intend to do  
Their souls long since sold

They just need something to believe in  
Because they seem to have lost their way  
They all want something to believe in  
To absolve their sins at the end of the day

Hiding behind a book and cross  
They can't remember why  
Why they ever took that battle  
Why they even try  
Can't see the light through the tunnel  
And they sure can't see the sky  
With nothing but time to offer  
All they do is lie

Watching from the world above  
As her children profess a half-assed faith  
Giving them absolute love  
But withering away, a faded wraith

In the land of the free, where no God can live  
Because the spirits need faith to exist  
The people spend it all, nothing left to give  
Sealing a fate for their maker, who lacks strength to resist

She just needs someone to believe in  
A flock of those who won't sway  
She wants a future to believe in  
Cause she's fading away

Hiding behind a book and cross  
They can't remember why  
Why they ever took that battle  
Why they even try  
Can't see the light through the tunnel  
And they sure can't see the sky  
With nothing but time to offer  
All they do is lie

We all need something to believe in  
To get us through the day  
We just want something to believe in  
Something to give us faith in our own way

So give me something to believe in  
A reason for being that way  
Just an answer to believe in  
Or I don't think I'll stay

Yeah give me something to believe in  
Give them something to believe in  
Give her something to believe in  
Give us something to believe in

To get us through the day

[A bizarre, if not a little lame, horror-based dream. The condensed typing reads more like work notes than anything, which is what happens when I type first thing when I wake up. As a result, I'm going to be keeping my eyes open for lame horror movies, in the future, and I issue the warning: it is copyrighted, and I will sue. That's right, I'm talking to you. I'm watching you, you son of a bitch. I am both poor and litigious. Fear me.]

### *Night at the Movies (A Dream)*

Dreaming has always been a source of entertainment for me. Aside from the dreams which end up being completely terrifying, and traumatizing, almost any dream provides an interesting, of not confusing, picture show. For the most part, the stories that dreams tell are fun, and realistic, but almost all of them are personal in some way, and more of a real-life adventure, however un-realistic, than simply watching a movie. It's one of the things that makes them great. It's a chance to escape real life, and do things that aren't legally or humanly possible to do when awake. One night, though, I had an experience that was, for me, new and unusual. Instead of an adventure, or vision, or anything like that, I dreamt a movie. Not a movie, starring me, not a movie I had seen before. A brand new, original movie, a creation of my subconscious mind. Starring real actors, too. And Tiara, from work. (That's right). She played the bad guy (or girl, or thing). The movie was about an alien disease, which was killing everyone. It came into an area in the form of a kind of fog, and could also be spread from person to person, so, anyone in the fog died, anyone who escaped the fog to another area, infected more people, and died. Various rates of death, but everyone died. They would become delusional, bleed from pores, and openings, and especially from the feet. Gushed from the bottom of the foot. Nobody knew the cause. Turned out to be some kind of alien, hell-bent on killing humanity. The disease was a weapon. The alien was Tiara. She was kickin' it in disguise (A.k.a. the disguise of an extra-hot college girl; the Tiara you know) with a group of people trying to find a bomb shelter, where they were convinced they would be safe. They not only had to worry about the disease, but crazed people infected with it, and mass hysteria, as well as an alien, who was pissed that they weren't dead yet. (Apparently some people could develop a

vaccine, which would lead to a cure, as with all diseases). I remember it all okay, I guess, but, I remember the end parts especially. (The oddest thing is that aside from watching it, I could feel it. Like, feel the characters movements, and sensations, but not control them, or change camera angles). So, at he end, they are in this school, and get separated. Looking for school's old bomb shelter, cause they heard it was rumored to have had one. Some end up in a garage, and Tiaralien stalks them like some kind of sexy wild beast, and slaughters them. Now, the school was the...crisis center, I guess, for the sick to go to try and get help. And, since everyone was sure they were going to die, a lot of people were trying to live super-normally, to not worry about it too much. A lot of the people who were well enough were playing sports. They were still having co-ed athletics outside, to keep everyone's mind off the disease. Some of the people got caught up watching the game, and were sucked under the bleachers and gutted. Heehee. And then, one little Gomer, the last Gomer, was running panicked, and ended up in a locker room. He says "great, I'm going to die in a room filled with sweaty jockstraps" and then notices a bra hanging off one of the locker doors. Says to himself "hey, this isn't so bad", and meanders around. It becomes obvious through his words and actions that he's definitely cracked a bit, from the stress and pressures of it all. So he's walking through the shower room (which is actually quite large, with little divider walls between stalls, like right at eye-forehead level, down to about a foot and a half above the ground. So, he's trying to imagine what it looks like full of naked girls, when he hears people coming. He hides in a stall. He realizes that the game is over, and the girls have come to shower off. He then waits 'till he thinks everyone is naked, and peers over one side. Empty. Curses his luck. Looks over the other side. Sees Tiaralien starting to take off her clothes. Doesn't notice that they aren't athletic clothes. Notices an odd mark on her shoulder, ignored it, trying to see her breasts. She stops at her underwear, looking cautiously around. He mistakes this for insecurity, and slips into her stall. (This is really funny in such a lame way). So, Gomer (who was played by that kid from that Third Rock show), starts talking to the girl about how she should never be ashamed of her body, she's absolutely gorgeous, and everyone has birthmarks. Hey, he's got a big one the size of a dime right on his left cheek! (Not face cheek). And, so, as he's trying to be Mr. Charming, supportive, he starts to slip

off her bra. She allows this, looking at him innocently, as he's talking, and getting her naked, which he succeeds in doing, thinking he's pretty damn brilliant, or smoothe. So, he's fondling her vigorously, all over (at which time, I must say, it was nice to have that whole feeling thing going, and nice not to have had control, because then I would have stopped, and...it wasn't a bad feeling). She thanks him so much for helping her, and kisses him. Reaches down pull him closer by his unit, comments that she can feel his heart beating through it, and licks her lips. He thinks this is a turn on. So, she starts necking, and, as he's convinced he's about to get nailed, she bites his ear off, and starts licking up the blood with a cat-like alien tongue. He panics, and freaks, and looks down to notice the blood from his ear mix with that from his feet, and bolts out of the stall, and out the door to outside. Outside, the army, in their oh-so-useless gas masks are coming over a hill, as part of their sweep in trying to secure the area. They see dorkus-boy, bleeding, wet, frantic, and having the disease. They toast him. Then hurry inside to contain the damage, or disease. The shower room is pretty steamy by that time, what with the showering and all, and so they don't notice that in with the steam is disease fog. As they examine the feet under the stalls, they see many start to bleed. One solider, who is a bit freaked himself, shoots one of the diseased. All hell breaks loose in panic and frenzy, and people all start dying. Army shooting everyone, the disease killing everyone else. Zoom out, to see the fog enveloping the school, zoom out, blocks of a city, zoom out, most of the town. Then you see Tiaralien walking along a highway, wrapped in an old blanket, as the town dies, and a truck pulls up and asks if she managed to get away before all hell breaks loose, and takes pity on her (I mean, c'mon, a gorgeous young girl walking naked under a blanket along a road is pretty much going to get any help she wants, and a ride to anywhere she wants). And she boards, and drives off in the truck, and thus, the movie ends. A mental curtain fell, and the dream fades away. Free entertainment, no admission, lines, noisy movie patrons, or ghastly prices for popcorn. Since then, I've had a few similar, though not as detailed, or full-length as this one was, but I don't doubt I'll get another feature some day. That's just the way my mind seems to work: Evolution in the form of poor entertainment. God bless a television filled childhood.

*Fallen Angels*

Didn't I say the sky would fall down on us?  
The sky will fall  
The sky will fall down now  
Run for the shelter of the holy temple  
Get on your knees and they will show you how  
How to see  
How to see the savior  
How to live to see the coming light  
Don't you know that he will bring the answers?  
Don't you know he is beyond your sight?

Hey, won't you please turn your eyes up?  
Won't you choose to see the falling rain?  
Why don't you try to realize that  
It's come to wash away the pain?

The pain of one  
The pain of all  
The pain that drains  
Your very soul  
The burning fire  
The freezing cold  
The fear that comes  
With growing old  
The lonely shakes  
The angry cloud  
All the pain that makes  
You cry out loud

Didn't you know that the angels look down?  
They look down  
They look down on you  
Taking notes on your every movement  
For a judgment day that came to soon.  
Too soon  
Too soon for salvation  
All those commanding figures you took advice from  
Were all the wrong side's agents

All you did was point your finger  
Finger points  
Finger points your way  
Pay up for all the lies and hatred  
Pay for rules broken every day  
Every day  
Every day you'd play, yeah  
Bending the rules like it was all a game  
Never once heard us say

Hey, won't you please turn your eyes up?  
Won't you choose to see the falling rain?  
Why don't you try to realize that  
It's come to wash away the pain?

The pain of one  
The pain of all  
The pain that drains  
Your very soul  
The burning fire  
The freezing cold  
The fear that comes  
With growing old  
The lonely shakes  
The angry cloud  
All the pain that makes  
You cry out loud

Can't you hear the angel's coming  
The angels come  
The angels come down now  
They come to take you to your eternal future  
They come to hear you scream and howl

The angels come  
The angels come down now

*Sorrow of the Lonely*

There is a beauty hanging over this place  
It comes from the skies  
From the great Lord above  
From the Greek gods of old  
They show me the glory of the world  
Of all the little things around me  
Every second, there is something wonderful  
Something amazing happening somewhere  
So all Pain is balanced  
And all joy is magnified  
As the beauty surrounds me  
Tightens my chest  
I am filled with this Love  
For every living thing,  
Every soul, animal, planet,  
For all the world  
But as the beauty grows  
I am separated from it  
Still have no beauty to hold,  
To call my own  
Thus there is one taint to this beauty  
As it cannot be shared with another  
In the same way that I see it

This is the sorrow of Loneliness

**Left Handed**

How long have you been inside those eyes?  
The Persian sun through summer's skies  
A cool breeze is the perfect friend  
Balance and direction floating in the wind  
Toys that inspire the entire race  
Give heavenly angels, at last, a face  
You, dear spirit, are the heaven I seek  
The love of my life, from my own lips I speak

I love you as the birds love the air  
My breath stolen my chest as I feel your soft hair  
My troubles are lost in the depths of your eyes  
Forcing stuttering words from the mouth of the wise

## *The Thick and Thin of Things*

I was once one of the smart kids. For most of my life, actually. Since I was small. I grew up in what could be called lower middle class. Moving from place to place: small apartment to trailer house. Never had much money. It just wasn't in the family to be rich and successful. Lots of military time, because, where do you turn when there's nowhere else to go? My own father was a heavy alcoholic, which destroyed his life, as it was, and eventually drove him to death. I always saw it as my job to beat the cycle of failure, to overcome all the continuous wheels that haunted the generations. I refused or indulge in alcohol, or any drugs. Stood against any smoking. Worked hard in everything I did. It seemed it was my destiny, because not only was I sure about my future, but it was easy for me. I learned fast, answered questions right, almost every time. I was smart, and I would be the way to break the chains.

My progress got better, faster. I matured faster, learned faster. Eighth grade level work was easy for me at sixth grade. I felt eighteen when I was sixteen. I started college my junior year of high school, fulltime. Was working 56 hours a week at age fifteen. By the time my senior year started, I was halfway to an associate's degree, working fulltime as a job I loved. I had a band going, had friends, coworkers I really liked, and I was working up to a promotion. I had even gotten over my last relationship, and was ready to start dating again. And, to top it all off, I was even getting along with my family. I was moving forward as fast as I possibly could. I was on top of the world, and still climbing. I didn't even notice things starting to slip. I guess it started before, with the girlfriend I had just gotten over. While I was with her, I was confident, and I had plans. Losing her showed me that I couldn't be sure my plans would come true. And, worse still, was that I wasn't even sure they were all the dreams come true they seem to be. I discovered that my art, writing, and music, was far more important to me than I thought. Being a doctor, on the other hand, wasn't how I saw myself at all. So, all of my classes, my working, driving myself to the point where I was too tired even to think, was all for a future where I'd be as miserable as I was getting there, if not more so, having worked all my life for hollow dreams. It didn't make any sense. Without that drive, I couldn't

focus as much on school. Not the work, because that never took much concentration, but the actual school scene; the rules, the teachers. I've always had trouble with those aspects of it. I hate being told how I learn, and that, by working with people, I learn faster. Wasting time learning the same things again and again, making sure even the slowest get the point of the lesson. It took more strength than I had to give. My scholastic interest slipped. I failed a class for the first time in my life, and when it was time to enroll for my next quarter's classes, I couldn't get myself to do it. I needed a break. Since I wasn't taking classes in the college, I wasn't allowed to stay enrolled in high school. I dropped out, at the order of my counselor, under the understanding that I'd be able to enroll again in the following trimester, and graduate on time, since I had pretty much all the credits I needed. Later, I was informed that I wouldn't be allowed to do this, and my only other option was an adult diploma, from Clark College.

Around the same time, I had an automobile accident, while driving my mother's van to deliver a large cabinet to the mother of a friend of mine. It was a minor accident, but the vehicle I hit was a truck, with a raised bumper, so it struck the frame directly, twisting it, to the van had to be totaled out. This accident caused a huge amount of family discomfort. The amount of it is actually sad, considering the state of things lately. I have never tried to be a pain in my mother's ass. I admit that I haven't been the best behaved, but I certainly was never terrible. I was always a good kid, followed directions. Never swore in front of her, or let my friends do so. Never let anyone into the house drunk or stoned. Was cautious about what I did in the home with my girlfriend (we did break the no sex in the house rule, but only because there was nowhere else to go, and we never made it blatantly obvious, giving cover noise, and being quiet). I never asked for much, rarely complained. Helped out whenever I could. Recently, I signed over my social security checks to her, to pay for my car, and its repairs, and I paid all of her taxes myself, without a single complaint, on my birthday. But when I got in an accident, which I tried to avoid, and was responsible about, I am suddenly a terrible son.

The job, which I had loved, worked hard at, and earned a promotion in, changed. Not long after I became an assistant manager, the company changed policies, and restructured its management. Which meant that my position no longer technically existed. I was still expected to do the same work, only I now had

to ask to open the freight door, show up later, when the other managers felt like waking up, and the guy who helps in the back room no longer felt he had to listen to me. My workload increased, and I could do nothing. The guy I work with has decided he won't listen to me, doesn't really want to work, but doesn't really want to leave, either. After all, where else where he find work where his supervisor is a kid who doesn't believe in corporate management techniques, and who he doesn't actually have to obey? I dread work every morning when I wake up, and every night when I go to sleep. I shudder when I see the worker in the mornings, and again when I see the new managers. It's a chore, terrible, long, boring, but I can't be without a job, or the money, so I can't quit.

My friends have waned, also without my notice. The new ones I was developing completely disappeared. I haven't been able to reach a one, and they haven't tried to do the same with me. Danny I don't see at all since I left the band. Brody only calls when he has nobody else to hang out with, or wants a favor, or just a night of free entertainment. Otherwise, he's impossible to get a hold of, and, if I can manage to find him, all he'll talk about are his problems until its time for him to go somewhere, to some plan he forgot to mention before. And then there's Brian. I don't see much of him anymore. When I do see him, we don't talk much. Only about his life situations, problems, and plans. In the past months, he hasn't ever asked me how I am, or about my life. Since almost a year ago, in fact. And he's *never* asked about anything I've written, aside from homework assignments, or about my paintings, or anything I've created. Even when I had slices on my arms, and had just tried to kill myself with a knife and several bottles of pills, he asked nothing. I have a best friend who, by looking at him, or spending time with him, wouldn't care if I live or die.

And as for my art, it is everything to me. Only I'm too exhausted after work to work on it, and my schedule keeps me from being up when inspiration hits. And when I do get the drive, and energy, and create, it sits, unnoticed, by anyone except myself. Yet it is all I have. I live in mortal fear that something will happen to it. That a fire will destroy it, or a freak accident will occur, swallowing my work whole. Id lose everything I have left in my life, all my work. I would almost certainly die along with it, and with I had every second of the day, were I still alive.

So there's where I am now. Fighting destiny. Fighting it most of my life. The shakes, the darkness, the loneliness. Holding back the blade from falling, but feeling the rope slip in my hands. The burn as it slides, no matter how I try to tighten my grip. I push, and Death goes no further away. The Void, looming, threatening to swallow me, and I am losing all my strength to even hold it off. And to think, that at one point, I was a smart kid, on the fast track to a happy, successful future, the stuff of dreams.

**Incredible**

Tomorrow I will see  
The girl of my dreams  
I don't know how it's gonna go  
But I know it'll be incredible

Will I hold her in my arms?  
Will we stare up at the stars?  
Will it just be a night  
Or the start of something beautiful

Cause when I'm thinking of her  
There's no pain in the world  
Only the glory of life  
And a beautiful girl  
Wanna hold her in my arms  
And see myself in her eyes  
To make her dreams come true  
And share our lives

When I look at her face  
No frown it can't erase  
Don't know how she feels  
But she'll always have a place in my heart

She takes my breath away  
And I have to say  
If I could be with her  
I'd want to stay with her forever

*Cold Winds*

Cold Wind

Mercury Raindrops

Gates Closed For The Night

Only The Fool Cries

Sentries On Guard

Soldiers On Patrol

Must Protect The Empty Room

The Still Air

The Screaming Silence

Protect With Honor

Fight Or Die

Mountains Fall Over

Spread Out On The Winds

Become Home To Trees

Oceans Move In To Surround

Rivers Grow Short

Trickle Away

And The Stolen Stars

Fly Back To The Skies

Bermuda Clouds

And The Alaskan Winds







### **About the Author**

What is there to say about the Author that you do not know?

Well, for starters, in that picture he was wearing a very tight, very shiny metallic undershirt that you cannot really see. The shirt had a run in it that looked like a racing stripe, and then a smudge that he blames on the girl he was dating when he got it. Always had to go touching the shirt with her greasy little vegan hands. He didn't mind the touching so much, but he hated smelling like soy afterwards.

At the time he did many of the things in this book, he was attending college. That picture above is his smug I'm-in-college face. Despite what it looks like, there is not a white thing on his cheek. That was the camera. In college, The Author spent a lot of time taking classes that had nothing to do with his professed scholastic goals, such as metal sculpture, art, keyboarding, and French. He felt the science department were pompous jerks who used antiquated teaching methods and intentionally worked in ways counter-productive to education, simply because it was the teaching environment THEY remembered from college some five decades earlier. The Author attempted to point out that educational process had changed in half a century, but his insight in the matter was not appreciated. Aside from dinking around in fun, useless classes, The Author intentionally scheduled in blocks of time he could use to better himself. Five days a week he went to the gym, he did a lot of writing, even more reading, and spent countless hours finding new and crushing ways to be rejected by the girls of his school. At one point, he threw confetti in the air and gave a girl a \$50 dollar gift certificate for being the 500<sup>th</sup> girl to reject him. There was no actual counting involved, because he lost count after the number reached triple digits, but he thinks it was pretty damn close, and he was feeling bad for himself using money and humor. The girl in question looked closer to the verge of tears than any girl who just won \$50 buck ought to be, but that could have been the speech he gave during the prize ceremony.

The author feels that he was getting a good writing stride in this collection, and that while not all of it is gold, there are certainly some nuggets that show promise. He was learning that less is more, and that he didn't need to MAKE himself feel things, which helped a lot.