

# RUNNING FROM

# SANITY

Jeremiah Donaldson

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## A Note from the Author

THE contents of this book was originally published in two separate volumes entitled 'To the Edge of Nothing and Back Again' and 'Twisted Delusions of Earthly Dreams'. Now, since the content is so similar and I was never really happy with splitting it up, these various poems and essays written over a period of more then ten years are combined in one volume. Written between 1994 and 2005, this motley crew covers a wide range of subjects and mental states. Other pieces like these lurk about in old paperwork, and maybe they'll see the light of day at some point in the future, but for the most part, except for some of the essays written for a college English class, this stuff is the product of not feeling like writing anything else, yet having to pick up a pen and write something.

Jeremiah Donaldson  
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# ESSAYS



# What is Normal?

CAN there be a simplified basis for normal? Who is to say what normal is? Everyone is different and for each person there is a different 'normal', everything that happens to you shapes your life or how you think. How can anyone be allowed to judge that someone is normal? Unless they are an axe-wielding maniac, then there may be something wrong somewhere. On the whole people aren't, in public at least, and we have little need to fear. Of course many of us run about shuddering in fear that the next tap on the door will be one of these people.

For the most part people fear what they are ignorant about. Show a radio to an aborigine and he may think his god is talking to him. Whip a joint out in front of a 'good Christian' and you'll be cursed for being an evil 'drug user'. Make that one small comment that 'being gay may not be so bad' and people begin talking. Say that you're an atheist, listen to different music, or watch or don't watch some specific television show and you've just fundamentally changed what people think about you. Everyone has a picture of himself or herself as perfectly normal, and an idea of what is 'normal' for the people they know. But all those pictures aren't always the same, and in some way everyone is punished for being normal.

## With a Bang or a Whimper?

MOMENTS after entering the atmosphere, the meteorite begins glowing. Traveling at more than 25 times the speed of sound, it creates a sonic boom felt in Tokyo, Japan. On its brief trip through the atmosphere, it incinerates several flocks of birds, two 747's and a few air force jets, or would have if the jets had 'been there'. Then it hits the Gulf of Mexico some 250 miles west of Tampa, FL. Cubic miles of salt water are vaporized, a billion tons of ocean mud rockets skyward, and a three mile high tsunami races away at 600 miles an hour. Domsday has arrived.

Of course this is but one picture of the many ways that people think the world will end. Whatever you call it: Apocalypse, the revelation, doomsday, the second coming, or judgment day is the end of the world, as we know it. It may be by some device that we have the means to control or something as simple as a rather large rock landing in our backyard. It happened to Jupiter, who knows when the crosshairs will fall on us? Some of these things are based on scientific facts, some rely on theology for support, but most are opinions and educated guesses. They all have something in common; most of us would rather do without.

People think the world is going to end. The world isn't going to just fall apart one day. The end of the world is just the end of the civilization as we know it, but our civilization is our world, so indeed the world would end. If a meteorite did indeed strike the earth, the devastation wrought would be beyond comprehension. With so much dust and water vapor in the upper atmosphere reflecting sunlight away the temperature would plummet. Starvation would be the rule. This isn't only for us, but also for everything else on this planet from the fish to the trees, the wonderful chain of life. Society would break down as the cloud slowly covered the earth sending it into an ice age from which it may not wake for a million years. But that's only what the survivors of the tidal waves, floods, earthquakes, miscellaneous flying debris, and raving, cracked lunatics would get to enjoy. Truly, it would be the end of the world.

It seems to me that certain percentages look forward to an end of the world. Do not people flock to churches to rejoice in the

coming of a new world order? Does Revelation not say that four horses with riders will come down from the heavens to spread a variation of the seven plagues upon the whole earth? Unbelievers will be judged and sentenced and only the good shall inherit the earth. Christ will then rule on earth for a thousand years and then the devil and evil would be destroyed for good. Theology: The study of depressing ass ideas. Religion doesn't want anyone to be happy for long; if you don't look forward to your own possible death then you're unbelievers.

The early Christians called it Millennialism, ring a bell? They looked forward to the first century AD to be the end of the world. It didn't happen; people are still running about squandering resources and believing that the world is going to end. To beat it all, instead of being happy that they could continue their lives in peace, these people instead begin to build more churches and look more toward god, and they say that unbelievers have a negative outlook on life. Perhaps religion is where the first notions of the end of the world came from, based on man's feelings of in superiority of some divine being, or maybe someone figured out that people will follow you if you convince them that the reward is great enough. Even if you have to die to achieve the goal. Sort of says something about human beings as a whole and their strive to be perfect in the eyes of someone or something better than they are.

These are but two pictures of our possibly coming doomsday. Some believe that the human genome will break down in the years ahead causing us to lose our ability to adapt. The greenhouse gases such as carbon dioxide, methane, CFC's, nitrous oxide, and common water vapor could get out of control and raise the surface temperature to intolerable levels; if everyone isn't killed by the flood of water caused by the ice caps melting. Atomic war, resource depletion, polar shift, a plague, or aliens, almost everyone thinks that the world will end in some way, and it will. Nothing can stay the same forever, change will come and it will have to be dealt with.

# Compare and Contrast: A Compare and Contrast Essay

## A Compare and Contrast Essay

IN the history of the world have there ever been two things so different that finding similarities would be an impossibility? Everything is in some way connected such as people via technology and every living creature on each via the food chain of life. Knowledge itself has tendrils spreading into everything. One idea spawns another, and breeds, therefore, creating our 20th century civilization. Several of the world's languages are closely related, bringing with them words, words that are similar by definition, the context they are used in, and the nearness of them in the dictionary.

Compare is: To find out or point out how persons or things are alike and how they are different. Contrast is: To place two things side by side and show their differences. Uh, sounds fishy. What is the human language doing with these two separate words in use? Imagine the money, paper, and time saved if one were erased from use, but you couldn't. Protestors would protest 'Save our language'. Then all would fall and Saddam Hussein would take over the world. So, we must keep them both safe and sound, even though one is almost the same as the other. On the other hand, if you look in a thesaurus you will find that many words that mean the same as compare are not so easily connected to words that mean the same as contrast. Compare shares a similar definition with connect, associate, link, and distinguish. Contrast means the same as such things as disagree, conflict, or difference. We could say "distinguished differences" and turn in a DD essay instead of a CC paper.

But wait! I found a reason for the being of these two words that have stolen so much from each other. Compare is a choice word for optimists. It sounds nice and friendly, a tender hug and kiss, then it rolls right off your tongue. Compare is a sweet word that sounds nice in speech and looks good on paper. Contrast sounds ugly and ends ugly. Contrast leaps from your mouth and

slaps a few faces before settling into the flow of communication. Contrast was cursed to be a pessimistic word. Contrast is what happened when a depressed, psychotic, pessimist, librarian looks through a dictionary too long and decides that there is a word missing. Even synonyms of compare and contrast carry on the good guy, bad guy theme. Associate, link, distinguish; they all have an air of cleanliness to them. Not a harsh sound in the house. Contradict, disagree, conflict; not so. They are words you would use while describing something inferior, or at least while describing the conversation a drunken redneck would have while slobbering for another beer that the bartender won't give him.

On the other hand, could it be any more convenient with them so close in the dictionary? Just flip a few pages to the left or right to go from one to the other. Compare it to another popular phrase: The dog ran. The illegal immigrants would need to flip through half the dictionary and understand past tense for them to have any chance of comprehending so short of a sentence. With compare and contrast they only need to look up two words, which are but a few pages from each other, to understand what the English teacher is talking about. Then they would miss the remaining class time looking up a reason for the two separate words while wondering: "This is a conspiracy, these Americans are trying to confuse us". Maybe, they would be correct; we're doing a good enough job of confusing ourselves.

Spider webs are everywhere, holding things in place. We walk and think along these paths everyday. Nothing is really new; it is just another version of something else. In some way everything in our lives is related somehow. We only need to look at things in a different way. We need to turn things upside down, inside out, and break them apart to see how it is put together. We need to examine new thoughts and places, we need to pick everything up and fondle it till our curiosity is satisfied. If we stop looking at the connections between everything around us, if we stop wanting to learn something new, if we loose interest in what we have, and in combining new things, what will happen other than the breakdown of society? Everything is important in some way, even if it is two words that mean almost the same thing. Therefore, I cannot say which is better, compare, or contrast. Both are nice words, but they are small words and the effect small things can have are often taken for granted?

# Heaven and Hell

I had religion shoved down my throat while I was growing up and developed a bad taste for it. I've read the bible, and I feel that it is nothing more than a collection of stories describing things that no one at the time understood. If someone doesn't know something the first thing they do is guess, if that guess somehow makes sense to them then the next step is believing it. After telling a few people about it the guess becomes a fact until someone comes along that can disprove it. This is what I think happened with the bible, it has been translated so many times into so many different languages how can we even remotely accept it as truth? Maybe at one time it was but we don't know how clouded the original picture is. But it still stands as truth for millions of people simply because no one can prove that god doesn't exist. Neither can anyone prove that he does.

But, I do not believe that it isn't possible. Every day we discover that something completely impossible isn't so impossible after all. It wasn't so long ago that people knew that the earth was flat, that man couldn't possibly fly, that everything that could be invented has been, that cloning a living creature could never happen outside a movie. One day we may learn that we may not have to die, but I think science will solve that problem, not theology. Yes, I do leave open the possibility, but I cannot bet money on it, and I will not listen to people telling me what I should believe. Faith comes in many forms, not just in little black books. Faith isn't something that we should be told where to find, everyone must make up their own mind, even though not wanting to listen to someone else's idea of god has killed so many people it isn't even funny.

# Christmas

WHAT do you think of when you think of Christmas? Most people think of pine trees covered in lights, glass globes, fake snow, and candy canes; the usual items that go with a modern Christmas. Maybe you think of Jesus and the wise men, or the gifts that you receive from family and friends; some of which you haven't seen for a year. These are the things that matter during the Christmas season: But what would happen if common knowledge included the story, not of wise men and mangers, but of how Christmas came to be?

Christmas has always been a time of giving, or so we think. The truth is about control over people and maintaining that control. In the third century AD the Romans had a problem; their subjects were fighting among themselves about religion even though they were all 'Christians'. Where was the one thing that would bring them together and make them easier to manage? There was not anything so the counsel had an idea: Let's give them a holiday to celebrate together. Needless to say, it worked and Christmas was born from a pagan celebration that recognized the winter solstice. The Romans proclaimed it to be the birthday of Jesus and people cheered.

Not that it was called Christmas, that would come later as the holiday came to be recognized by the English. When first confronted by Christmas celebrations, the church proclaimed it to be unholy and a sinner's day. Not surprising. Christmas was a day of reckless parties that very often spilled into the next day, and the next, and the next...and the next: Similar to what Mardi Gra is today. Realizing that this day was a powerful tool, the Catholic Church lifted the ban on the holiday and held mass to draw people in. Christ's Mass, soon came to be Christmas, but still not as we know it.

The Germans had an unusual way of celebrating. Instead of parties, the day came to be focused on children, partly because of the work of the real St. Nick who wandered the streets during the celebrations giving homeless children food. Soon after, it became

customary to decorate a tree with apples and candles. A pine tree was used, or another type of evergreen, because they survived during the bleak German winters that drove all but the hardiest inside. Eventually, a decorated tree made it's way into the homes of everyone who wanted a 'traditional' Christmas.

The last addition to Christmas was Santa Clause. Based on a poem describing St. Nick as a jolly fat man who gave children presents, who would believe there was a time when Santa was seen as a fat drunkard on a sleigh pulled by wild turkeys? No, it couldn't be! Christmas is holy and good to most people, even if all that is based on a lie.

# Condemned Savior

**"...and God gave man all the seed bearing plants and herbs to use..." 1 Genesis**

WHAT product would drastically alter society, affecting everything from your healthcare to your police protection to maybe even your economic standing? It is the same product that could relieve people's pain, relax the mind and body, and maybe even improves your quality of life. The product is legalized marijuana.

Marijuana was mentioned in Chinese herbal remedies dating back to 2700 BC where it was used as a sedative or analgesic. The primary active substance in marijuana is THC. By textbook definition it: 'Produces a dreamy, euphoric state of altered consciousness with feelings of detachment and gaiety, appetite and sex drive may be increased or decreased'. Yeah, it makes you feel good. It is also a small piece of medical heaven. Many countries in the world condone the United State's 'War on Drugs' as a waste of money, and not just certain South and Central American countries. Marijuana, in fact, could change the economics, medical care, and law enforcement in this country. All for the positive. Why is this easily grown natural resource ignored and looked down upon as if it were hell spawned?

Well, in the 1950's it started. Out of thirty subjects involved in a test, one reported having a bad reaction to smoking marijuana. Out of thirty reports it was the one released to the press. The government backed it up and people believed it. After all, no one wants to disagree with the government, do they? Now millions disagree, but laws aren't as easily removed as they are added.

The hemp plant, or annual herb, was native to Asia. It traveled by trade to be widely cultivated in Europe. A wide range of products can be made from the hemp plant, this name referring to the marijuana plant but highlighting the material use of the plant. Some of the items include rope, paper, and cloth but paints, varnish, and soap can be made from oil extracted from the seeds. All these products are easy to produce. It is estimated that one acre

of marijuana, which takes nine months to grow, can produce more than ten times the paper that an acre of suitable forest can. The only problem is that the U.S. government will not allow the hemp plant to be legally grown. After all, the government has already spent so much money fighting marijuana cultivation that they don't want to answer one little question: Why wasn't this considered a viable move in the past? Maybe, they just feel stupid in the face of all the evidence in favor of marijuana as a legitimate medicine and its lack of dangerous side effects.

In 1995, Lestor Grinspoon and James B. Bahalar praised marijuana for its safety as a drug. It is estimated that the lethal dose is 40,000 times the effective dose, and that was with it being injected all at once. You would have to smoke about eight pounds in one hour to try it out. Yet, every day people accidentally overdose on 'good drugs' ordered by a doctor. Two of the biggest medical myths about marijuana are that it suppresses the immune system and that it can make you brain dead. It is true that it was proved to suppress the immune system, but in mice given nearly lethal doses of pure THC over a long period of time. As far as making you brain dead, well some people maybe, but many more have likely been born fucked up. In studies marijuana was shown to increase alpha brain waves. These waves are produced during times of meditation and relaxation and are thought to increase a person's creativity. The concrete evidence shows a decrease in brain activity while under the influence of marijuana; what is never pointed out in all the anti drug commercials taking advantage of this find is that increased alpha waves means that the person is relaxed, that the person is in a calm mood and it is natural for the brain activity to slow while a person is relaxed. No one claims that sleep kills brain cells, and brain activity is decreased even more so during most periods of sleep. Adverse reactions to marijuana are also rare. Normally they include things such as nausea, caused from smoking too much, and headaches, mostly after coming down from the high. Many of these complaints can be traced to impurities in the product.

In 1970, researchers found that THC reduced the tumor size in mice by 25 to as much as 82 percent depending on the dosage and the length of treatment. Recently it was found to be beneficial to those with multiple sclerosis (MS). Marijuana relieves the tremors and spastically, letting the sufferer live a more normal life. One of the most common uses for medical marijuana is for treating glaucoma, an increase in the pressure around the inner eye. If the

pressure becomes too high or stays high for too long then vision can be severely damaged. Marijuana is a simpler, safer, more efficient, and cheaper cure than any of the current medications, many of which don't even work on some people. None of the studies have ever shown marijuana to have any life threatening effects. The list of evils caused by smoking pot are: Short term memory loss, but only while under the influence, and over time it could cause cancer similar to cigarettes, but this opinion stands under the fact that marijuana and tobacco share some of the same chemicals. Once again we aren't reminded that most of the cancer caused by cigarettes may come from substances in the fertilizer which when burned produce some amounts of radiation. Comparing THC to nicotine is like comparing a wooden club to an atom bomb. THC has never been proved to cause cancer nor has it ever become addictive in any study. On the other hand, if you take a pack of cigarettes, boil them in water, and let that concentrate then you have in your hands very deadly poison, less than 5 mg of nicotine can kill a fully grown man. Do that to marijuana and you have hashish, and you just get really high. Nicotine claims 90 percent of its users as addicts; marijuana is no more addictive than caffeine. Tobacco is legal and kills people every day. Marijuana is illegal and all you can expect is a dry throat and the munchies.

**Attorney Gregory Schmid: "Growing marijuana in your house for personal use is no worse than growing rosemary in your house for soup."**

Why are so many people so scared of marijuana being made legal? No one would suffer. The police and other individuals fear an increase in traffic accidents. There is not a need for that; studies show less risk than alcohol. Random sampling of accident reports show marijuana to be involved in almost the same number of accidents as alcohol, but look again, 85 percent of those accidents involving marijuana also involved alcohol. The fear of marijuana being a gateway drug also runs rampant, but in Holland and Amsterdam where it is easily obtainable, the use of heroin and cocaine have declined with the increased use of marijuana. With marijuana made legal millions of dollars of taxpayers money could be more wisely spent. Policemen would have more time to devote to other more serious crimes than locking someone up for having a joint. In 1997, 640,000 arrests were made in the US involving

marijuana. Out of them 500,000 involved quantities of an ounce or less, but this time and money should have been spent on finding those who really pose a risk to everyone else. Not only does this waste time and money otherwise better spent, but often violent offenders are pushed out of the system and back into society just to make room for someone who likes to smoke a little weed. Where is the common sense in this thinking?

What is wrong with this picture? Why does a perfectly safe, beneficial, profitable natural resource get beat down while others that are known to kill and rot brain cells are sold on the open market? All you need is an ID. How long is it going to take for people to see the error of the ways?

## Good? Bad?

WHEN are the good things considered bad and the bad considered good? What is wrong to begin with? Who are we to judge anyone but ourselves? Everyone has his or her own answer to the question of what's good or evil. To one person bad may be a term only assigned to the most evil of deeds and good is anything that individual does. After all, most of us don't see ourselves as bad, some don't think they're evil even while washing baby brains off their hands. In the opposite extreme, you have the people who think that anything that they don't do themselves is bad, even such things as buying a lotto ticket, 'Oh, my god honey, that man's gambling!'.

Good and bad is nothing more than a perspective from which a person views the world. We use it to decide on how to react to something or someone and also gives the world around us a basic picture of what kind of person we are. Everyone has good and bad in them. Some bad things people do are just more acceptable in society. In the end, though, none of us have the right to judge someone. We have all done things better left unsaid, and many of the faults we point out in others are the same we see in ourselves. But as people in general go, no one wants to admit the things they have done wrong; instead they try to make themselves feel better by advertising the fact that someone else did it.

# The Bar

SOMETIMES it's the small things that someday change how you live your life and examine the people around you. Often times it isn't, and the experiences you have are easily forgotten; erased by other more important things or just faded from memory. All I know is that some things change you: Even if you don't think much about it. To this day I can't feel comfortable in a bar or club. Not that people scare me, but because of one old man in a bar and what he said to me one night.

I was about 12 when I entered my first bar. A pub really, in Baltimore, Maryland. It was a short, squat building painted a drab brownish color that looked as if it could never be clean. Dirty, distasteful and unpleasant to the eye, I could almost imagine a sign in front reading: Here there be monsters. The parking lot matched the buildings; old and worn from too many cars and stumbling drunk feet. Faded yellow lines marked the spots where countless men and women had parked so that they could go inside and transform themselves into a mindless lush. How many people had puked, fought, bled, been arrested, danced or ran about naked after leaving this dungeon called 'Pat's Pub'?

This night I was going in. My dad, tired after a hard, long day work, stopped here for a drink. The sun was gone, swallowed by the ever-increasing darkness. A large neon 'Budweiser' sign showed us the way into this place of no windows, broken dreams, and loud country music that seemed to leak out into the cool night sky.

Dad held the door, and I stepped in; only to be confronted by blinding strobe lights, incredibly loud music, the muttering of voices and the occasional sound of a billiards ball striking another. God hate the smell though, the smell of stale cigarette smoke was a permanent fixture. Thick and overpowering, it was a living creature trying to choke everyone. My eyes watered as they tried to adjust as I followed my dad. I couldn't see across the room, through the haze that swirled among the dozens of men and women sitting at the bar and tables. Dad led the way to a table and we sat down.

I'd never been in a place like this before and I didn't like it. I wanted to leave and that's what I did, I went to the bathroom. I carefully picked my way around the tables and legs; to the claustrophobic hallway leading to salvation for my aching bladder. The large front room was dim, but the hall was darker still with nothing but a bare 60 watt bulb to illuminate it. Then I found the men's room, the first right. Cautiously, I pushed the door open and stepped into the dark, musty smelling room that reeked of urine and unashed puke. A single urinal hung on the left wall and a battered metal door was in front of me. I didn't even want to see the toilet in this place. I did my business while reading such beauties as: 'Suck me hard' and 'For a good time call...'. I wondered why people came here, and I tried to hurry.

I was washing my hands in cold water from the 'hot' tap when he walked in. He was tall but hunched over as if carrying the world's weight on his back. His clothes were nasty and hanging off him like potato sacks. Watery blue eyes glanced at me from over a red nose. His face was dark brown but his beard, mustache and hair were once white; now stained yellow from too many cigarettes. I grabbed a paper towel and dried my hands as he burped and leaned his forehead against the wall over the urinal. Suddenly, he bent over at the waist and puked with almost practiced movements. Then as I started to leave, he turned and I saw him for what he was: A tired old man. Maybe he was once a professor, the manager of a store, a ditch digger, a hero of our country; but not now. All he was now was an old man taking a leak on top of his own puke.

"Don't let yourself end up like this," he said as I exited the restroom. I haven't.

## Outside the Window at Work

HAVE you ever had a job where you could sit around in a spot to just watch? Watch what, you may say. Watch people, of course. You get a good laugh out of it if nothing else. Maybe a good scare, but it depends on the level of stupidity that those watched let themselves sink too. A little stupidity is funny, a lot kills. Not that I have seen anyone killed outside the window at work, but I have only been watching for about a year now. Just got to give things a little time. Most of the things that I see are simple, offenses to the eye and soul if not to skin and limb. If you have not had the chance to get a good watching job then you really should one day.

The most important thing about the job is that it not be very intensive. If you are running around a lot then you don't have time to watch out the window. The window, of course, is the other vital part of the puzzle. No window = no watching. It just makes sense if you think about it. Now, it is best if you have a counter and a desk. You can lean on a counter. You can sit at the desk. I recommend 50/50. Otherwise your ass will start hurting after a while. That isn't all, however. Another thing you must be aware of is how loud you can laugh and not be heard outside on the sidewalk. After all, that is where the real action is at, and it is not a good idea for a place of business to have its own laugh track every time someone walks by. Once the basics are taken care of, all that is left is to sit back and watch the show. And what a show it could turn out to be.

The most common sight you will have the pleasure of seeing involves things of the skintight variety. You will see the likes of huge, 300 lb beasts slothing by on two legs, gasping for breath. Rolls of fat and cellulite hang like slabs of meat from hooks in a butchers warehouse. Swaying this way and that, jiggling to the vibration of each ponderous step taken by the monstrosity that you are watching. All of it covered in brightly colored spandex. If you are lucky a dingy t-shirt will cover the upper half, if so you will get a look at sweat lines crisscrossing over the top of each roll that is underneath and oozing smelly, salty substance with every movement. Just as bad are the old people that dress in spandex. The only thing worse than watching fat jiggle and wiggle is watching

loose, wrinkled skin bob about like slack balloons.

One of the other more common sights visible is that of people chasing their kids down the sidewalk. Just how hard is it to hang onto your brat? I bet it's not as hard as watching them run into the street and getting their heads crushed into the pavement as a car rolls over their small frail form. Maybe the people chasing their kids wouldn't be so bad if they weren't so out of shape that they begin panting and wheezing after five running steps. Maybe. Doubt it though. What would really help them is to drop the load of junk food and packaged cholesterol hanging from one arm. I bet they would run faster if their kid was running away with their junk food. If none of this was bad enough, you can almost always hear them calling out to the kid: "Johnny," pant, wheeze, "get back here," pant, wheeze, "or you'll get it at the house." You know the kid never "gets it", if the kid "got it" then it would not be running like hell down the sidewalk ignoring the parent's command. The child should not "get it" though, not first anyway. The parent should "get it" first with a big paddle with holes drilled into it. Then, every time they sit down, the pain from the blisters will remind them of the golden rule: Children learn what you teach them. In that lies the real problem. If a child is running around like a jackass in public then the blame falls no farther then on their parents head.

The third most common sight you will be guaranteed to get a look at while watching a public parking lot and sidewalk from the interior side of a pane of glass is the random violation of traffic laws. Stop signs? They don't mean anything when posted inside a parking lot. Speed limits? Whose car will only go 15 mph anyway? Right of way? Only if you cut the other person off first. For some reason people seem to think that the normal driving laws only apply when they are on some sort of road. Mishaps involving cars happen fast, so you have to be sharp, on the ball, and not doing a damn thing if you want to catch any vehicle related problems firsthand. Otherwise you may just hear the screech of brakes and the alarmed profane shout of the almost victim. Sometimes you will have plenty of time to take a look, maybe even the chance to walk outside and do a little rubber necking because sooner or later the close call turns into a real problem. People walking across the parking lot lanes just down from a corner are in the most danger. Time and time again people who should not have a drivers license, much less driving in public, try to act like the "cool guy" and goose the gas to provoke a chirp from their tires as they round a corner.

Most of the time they can get away with it. Sometimes they do not. It is not because a cop catches them, the cops are never around when they should be and only after it is too late to prevent a disaster do they show up brushing donut crumbs off their shirt, but because sooner or later there is going to be someone to run over in front of them. At times it is the random kid that has not learned the proper way of behaving in public, sometimes it is the old guy shuffling across the blacktop painfully dragging an oxygen container on the way to a car they should not be driving, but no matter who it is, sooner or later someone is going to be directly in the path of that idiot who likes to drag race around parking lot corners. Hardly anyone ever gets hurt, but stay alert, this is some of the best free entertainment you can get.

Ah, the sights and sounds of a slow work day. So much to see, so little to do. Do not be confused, this is not all the sights you can enjoy while looking out the window at work, there are many more random happenings that could arise and lighten a dull day. Ah, the fun you can have watching out the window at work. Just make sure you keep an eye on the back door too, or someone might come in and pound you over the head prior their robbery and the only excuse you'll have is, "I was watching the nuts in *front*".

# The Snake: Stupid Things You Should Never Do

Stupid Things You Should Never Do

IF you are reading this, then you have the pleasure of reading the first essay in what will be a series spread out over an unknown length of time and be written as I get to them. The series will be about things that I have done and that I have seen done in my lifetime that has topped my 'idiot chart'. As the title says, these are things you should never do. Unless of course, you are not turned away by the threat of personal injury leaving you with nothing but your own stupidity to blame for your spilled vital fluid. If you are one of the rare breed of human who values the rush of a risk over the blood that may be spilled, then by all means, try out any of the things that I will be advising you not to over the course of my essays. Just don't blame me for any broken bones, brain damage, or soft tissue destruction, because, as the title says, these stories will be about stupid things you should never do.

The first story I will be telling you comes out of my childhood, or rather my teenage years, and deals with a subject that we try to teach kids at an early age. Sometimes, however, a child does not learn the lesson that they should learn from reading 'The Boy of Cried Wolf', so the day comes when they end up picking up on it the hard way. The younger a child is when they learn the lesson the better. The older someone is when he or she learns the lesson, the harsher the learning experience can turn out to be.

This story begins on a hot summer day in Kentucky many, many moons ago, when three friends get together and try to find something to do. The friends were I, Jacob, and Ernie (names have been changed to protect the guilty) and like all teenagers on a beautiful summer day with nothing to do, we wanted to rectify the situation. In the 'neighborhood', if anyone would be so generous to attach that term to the rural area my friend lived in, there were many houses lining the two-lane country road that winded across the flat bottom of the valley with tall hills blocking it in. No

sidewalks, but it was a simple matter to walk on the grass when traveling via road. A couple houses down was the elementary school that we all had gone to together. Behind my friend's house the hill went almost straight up. A logging road had been cut up the side of the hill, and a small dirt road led around from it to the community's water tanks which sat on a flat spot carved out of the natural landscape.

Once on the logging road the way was easy, plus this was familiar territory for us so not much slowed us down as we walked along. As we walked we did the things that boys do. We threw rocks and branches at trees, animals, and, of course, each other. We were terrors of the woods, no guns today however; nothing was in season to shoot at. That would be a few months from now. Suddenly, Ernie jumped, turned around and took off tearing back the way we came screaming, "Snake!". Jacob and me jumped at the yell and took two steps in Ernie's direction before we realized that he was laughing. He got us that first time. We called Ernie a stupid asshole and continued along the way we had been going, he ran to catch up to us.

Around the hill the road started to angle up to the ridge running along the top of the conjoined hills. For about half a mile we walked along the top of this ridge before the road started to dip down the other side. This was the farthest I had been going this way. The hill ridge continued off to the left, that is where we went to hunt. Jacob and Ernie had been on down the road before and already knew that it went down into a heavily wooded valley a good ways down. The entrance to the valley opened onto a large grassy field where cattle were sometimes kept. The grass and weeds in the field had grown as high as our knees and thighs; it depended on where you were at in the field. The sun blazed down on us and a hot wind blew. We were reminded that we had failed to bring anything to drink, by this time we had been walking for about an hour. About a hundred yards across the field was a line of small trees and greener foliage. Ernie said that there was a creek that might have some drinkable water in it. As we pushed forward toward the possible drink of contaminated water, Ernie slowed and dropped behind us. Soon, we realized why as he screamed, "Help!" at the top of his lungs and ran between Jacob and me. We turned toward him. Ernie took the opportunity to rack us both in the head on his way past. We tried to trip him, missed, and settled on pulling a clump of weeds out of the ground and throwing the root

supported dirt wad at him in retaliation. I grazed his shoulder. Jacob nailed Ernie in the chest covering him in dirt from the neck down.

"One of these days you're going to get it." Jacob said. "Can you try and keep from being a dumbass today?"

Ernie laughed and flipped us off. "Let's go."

"Where, exactly, are we going to?" I said.

We all looked at each other. We had not started off with a destination that I knew off.

"Let's go check out the hill we need to come back out to when there's snow on the ground. You didn't come out here with me and Mark last year I don't think." Jacob said to me. "We'll be able to see it not too far on the other side of the creek."

"Sounds good to me." I said. Several times I had heard Jacob and Mark's stories about 'the hill' they had found last winter. Supposedly, in the winter when the cold killed all the bushes and bramble on the slope it was the mother off all sledding places. Hard to tell what the ground was like, during the summer the junk growth hid most of the contours of the land, but at least I would know where 'the hill' was.

"If it was winter we'd be able to see it from here. That's how Mark and me found it. We slid down the logging road into the field here and were able to see it. We gotta get across the water before we can see it today though."

Across the field we continued. Sweat stung our eyes. Hitchhikers stuck to our pants legs. The wind made waves in the tall grasses as gusts blew over the field. Every once in a while the weeds would grab a leg, or a foot would set down partly in a hole and one of us would stumble. It took about 10 minutes for us to walk the remaining 100 yards to the creek. As we approached, we could see where the break in the lightly wooded lane had a break in it. Cow tracks and four wheeler tire marks could clearly be seen in the mud. It had not rained for several days; the tracks could have been 3-4 days old. The water slowly flowing past were we stood at the edge was slightly muddy, and about six inches deep and ten feet across. Rocks stood up above the surface that we could partially walk on to cross. More thirsty then adventurous at this time, we fought our way through the bush farther upstream until we found what looked to be clean water. None of us died or got sick, so it must not have been too poisoned, but it is one more stupid thing that no one should ever be doing. Unless, of course, you are not

against taking insane risks that could result in a miserable passing.

Cooled and refreshed by the water we drank and splashed on our faces, we continued on. All of us got wet crossing the creek. Not soaked, but not far from it, from mid-shin down. The field on the other side was a carbon copy of what we just left behind except we now had a hill in front of us instead of behind. After a few steps Jacob stopped us and pointed to the side of the hill a few hundred yards from where we stood. The ground slopped upward at about a 45-degree angle from the level ground just before the creek. About 200 yards up the hill the tree line started, but half of the slope was covered in briar patches and other painful obstacles.

"That is it." Jacob said. "The biggest cleared hill I know of. We gotta come back out here this winter."

I had to agree. It would be one hell of a ride from the tree line to the flat ground. It would be one hell of a ride.

"Snake!" Ernie screamed.

Jacob and me flipped him off in unison.

"If there is one, I'm going to hold you down so it can bite you." Jacob said.

I rolled my eyes at Ernie. "Let's go, it's just as far back as it was here."

With that we all turned around and started back the way we'd come. Ernie, being the dumb, smartass that he normally was, splashed across the creek in an attempt to get Jacob and me as wet as he got himself. He only partially succeeded. As we started into the field, Ernie once more started dropping behind Jacob and me. Every few steps one of us would turn to look at him to make sure he wasn't sneaking back up on us unaware. Suddenly, Ernie started screaming.

"Help!" Ernie screamed so loudly I thought it had to have hurt his throat. "Get this fucking thing off of me!" He yelled as me and Jacob turned. After that he just started screaming incoherent swearing and he crawled on the ground toward us but oddly enough didn't seem to get any closer.

If we had not been tired of his antics we may have noticed that when he crawled the grasses on either side of him as far away as ten feet seemed to move and shake with him. We may have noticed that a thin strand of wire was mostly hidden by the grass and attached to wooden stakes laying on their sides and poking out of the weeds a few feet from either side of him. We may have noticed that the strand of wire of wrapped around his wet pant leg

just above his ankle. But we didn't notice and we didn't care. Instead we shook our heads and started walking away as he screamed and cursed at us to help him. We didn't even look back. By the time we were about 20 yards away the screams finally stopped and we heard him running to catch up to us. When we turned around his face was red, tears streaked his cheeks, and his hands were balled into tight fists.

"Why the fuck didn't you faggots help me?" Ernie said as he walked toward us.

"Help you with what?" I asked.

"I had a piece of electric fence wrapped around my leg, you dick."

"Sure it wasn't a snake?" Jacob said. We laughed.

"Stupid pieces of shit." Ernie growled walking past us. "Just wait till you need help."

"If I need help it will be for real the first time." I said smiling.

From then on there was normally blood when he started screaming.

# Fry Them All

ELECTRICITY, it is a power for good. Electricity powers our world of computers and...computers. Without it people would freeze, starve, and go without Internet porn. Electricity makes the world go round and only the smallest flickering signals the power drain as another criminal meets his demise. Texas, now they have the plan. We need more barbeques! Since when is it common sense to lock up rapists, murderers, and child molesters and letting the public pay for them to have an easy life of doing nothing while everyone else pays their own way. We don't need these people hanging out in our system for the next 40, 50, 60; years or more until they finally get shanked or die of old age.

Over crowded in there? "Raise your hand if you have killed someone. Okay, you, you, and you follow the large, imposing, but not very bright, guard. You, you, and you, take those bunks." Such simple and clean ways of easing the population problem in today's prisons and create some needed space. But no, we can't do it from have to fight with the protestors. Well, at least they have heart; it could just be redirected a bit.

A smaller prison population would also save taxpayers money from the important things. Like SCHOOLS and FINANCIAL AID for COLLEGE. Instead millions are burned to make sure some murdering piece of shit gets to continue a miserable existence behind bars. Those that are guilty are a pox on society, not just for what they did but what it shows about us and how 'civilized' society can screw up and produce monsters. This burden will have to be lifted one day, one way or another.

Give the death penalty to anyone convicted of a murder, rape, or child molestation. This will cut down on the dangerous people the guards have to deal with. Plus if inmates escaped chances are they wouldn't be the really dangerous people because they all have already been cooked up. After all, whom would you like to escape from prison? Bob the man who, while drunk, ran over three old ladies and a poodle in a 55+ community, or would you like

to meet Fred. Fred who beat his neighbor over the head with a lamp until this same neighbor choked on the pieces of brain hammered through the back of this throat, all because the branches he cut were from Fred's tree, on Fred's property and it wasn't any of the neighbors business to touch a single fucking branch on Fred's property. See, if we just kill them all we wouldn't have any Freds to worry about.

This country needs an automatic death penalty for some crimes. What is the point in keeping someone alive until they die of old age in a cage? Or better yet, let us release a multiple violent offender so we can put in some other guy who got busted for a bag of weed. It happens all the time. They are nothing but a waste of resources; let's pump all that money into our school systems or anything else worthwhile.



# POETRY

## Another Day

Another day is dawning  
Another day to be lonely  
And crawl through what  
I call life  
Just to live and repeat every day

The days are long  
The nights are forever  
I about go crazy  
Before the sun shines

But it reveals nothing new  
For today is yesterday

# Death

You go through life  
    with it just ahead,  
But you believe yourself  
    in a safe cocoon  
It oozes around the corner  
    into your sight  
And you feel that you know what  
    the deepest horror is like  
Slowly creeping up on you  
At times you can even feel  
    its icy tentacles  
You could be next  
Screaming in terror  
Or going silently, without a tear  
But you'll still be claimed  
By the man above or the damned  
    you can't know now  
So fling a die,  
And guess and hope and pray  
That this isn't your day

## Eternal Taker

Death, he is  
Death, he lives  
Death, he ends

When it's your time to die  
You'll see the reaper in the sky  
He floats above us looking down  
For we are but insects on the ground

Death, he comes  
Death, he waits  
Death, he takes

It's not his job to forgive  
Nor is it to let us live  
It's only what he does so well  
And that is to ring our bell

Death, he is immortal  
Death, he brings the end  
Death, he leaves nothing to mend

Our own tone we each know  
We must go when we hear the toll  
No one can stop him, no one can run  
Death will claim us everyone

## Everyday Life

How low can you go?  
How high can you fly?  
Take a sip  
Have a puff  
Take a pill  
That is enough  
Can you see what you are now?  
Can you believe how you feel?  
Can you think enough to stand?  
Will you fall down?  
Will you fall down?  
Will you fall down?  
How did you get there?  
How is your peace of mind?  
Pay no attention, you are blind  
When will you leave?  
When will you walk?  
When will you run?  
From the hell that you have bought

## The Giver Taker

Time leaves the past,  
buries the present,  
and reveals the future.

It stops for no one,  
as it marches onward,  
in the only direction it knows.

Time is immortal,  
only mortals care for it's passage,  
as they are pushed to the end.

It doesn't care,  
nor does it learn,  
but will continue after the world is gone.

Time is death,  
without it we can't live,  
for we would never have been born.

## A Gray Blanket

The emptiness has come  
that chases me through the day  
Nowhere to turn  
Nowhere to hide  
hollow until the day I die  
I stand out in the rain  
No one but myself to blame  
Shit decisions  
No revisions  
Can't change the past  
The first chance you have could also be your last  
Right and wrong  
Good and bad  
The meaning of each is in your head  
Nothing is black  
Nothing is white  
A darker shade of gray  
    is all we should see  
Depending on our perspective  
    of what should be

## Handful of Nothing

What we want isn't what we get  
What we see isn't what we thought  
What we kick isn't what we trip over  
What we catch isn't what is thrown  
What we hold isn't what we have  
Nothing is everything and nothing at all

If it seems one thing then it's another  
If we need it, we throw it away  
If it can be used, we smash it up  
The glass has been filled to the top  
    it's bigger than it seems, so don't stop

Nothing is nothing at any time  
Nothing is nothing that we need  
Who we are isn't who we grow up to be  
Nothing is nothing, what we'll always see

## In a World

I look for something I can't see,  
I dream a dream that isn't a dream,  
I hope to find some hope,  
    in a world of apathy.

I care for someone who doesn't care,  
I talk to someone who doesn't hear,  
I look for order in disorder,  
    in a world of chaos.

I run from something that makes no sense,  
I believe in something unbelievable,  
I work for something I can't reach,  
    in a world drifting apart.

I try to make something that won't form,  
I tear apart what I can't hold,  
I look everywhere and don't see a thing,  
    in a world gone totally insane.

## It Continues

Life goes on  
Even when you want it to end  
To continue onward  
Is hard when the road is rocky  
And the distance seems too far

The people around you  
Don't give a damn  
They have their own fears  
To live with  
And run from

Sometimes thoughts of death  
Will come to mind  
It happens most  
When you push everything inside  
And want to give up

Life is like a roller coaster  
Always up and down  
And out of control  
Even if you use the brakes  
One day you're going to wreck

## Just a Man

I am just a man  
And I shouldn't debate  
On why no one gives a damn

I am just a man  
Where is it  
In my heart to give a damn

I am just a man  
Nothing less, nothing more  
Walking alone everywhere I go  
Singing the songs that I've now forgotten  
Running from the pain  
I witness everyday

I am just a man  
Nothing special, nothing grand  
I am just a man

# Life

Nothing is sure  
Behind the door  
Of life we live  
You can get stabbed in the back  
    or stuffed in a sack  
But the towel you should never throw in  
Sometimes degrading  
Sometimes despairing  
But towards all you should be caring  
If something happens  
Make sure you're not napping  
Or you'll be washed away and forgotten  
As time passes you by  
And you'll just look back and sigh  
At all the good times  
You could have had

## The Long Hard Road

Life is hard  
    when you're alone  
Having no one to lean on  
    when a tire is blown  
The road stretches  
    out of your sight  
Many miles you must trudge  
    as the heat steals your might  
The past is dead  
    from it you must learn  
If by the heat  
    you don't want burned  
Nothing gives mercy  
    in this fight  
Of life and death  
    of day and night  
Into darkness  
    you must not slip  
When you're over your head  
    it's easy to lose your grip  
Yes, life is hard  
    and the road is lonely  
But try to remember  
    you aren't the only

## Lost in Yourself

Ignorance and greed  
    is all that you need  
    in this world, to spread your seed  
Cowardness and stupidity  
    is what keeps you alive  
    to frightened to risk a dive  
Why don't you just walk away?  
For you tomorrow is the same fucking day  
Nothing I can ever say  
    will make you changed your screwed up ways  
No one cares  
Nor ever will  
Just walk away  
    say the hell with you  
Irritating me  
    is the only thing you do  
Your small ideas  
Dead set mind  
You'll just fall apart given time

## Nature's Way, Butterflies

Flapping this way and that,  
    with much less grace than a cat.  
Blue, black, red and yellow,  
    they do nothing for a fellow.

In the meadow they should stay,  
    where kids can chase them away.  
They always are a child's delight,  
    and you never see them fight.

Collectors come and put them on tacks,  
    cars come and they go . . . SPLATT!  
Just like the toad,  
    no one told them about the road.

## Part of Us

If this is life,  
    why do we live it  
No one cares,  
    about themselves  
No one cares,  
    about anyone else  
Disease ridden,  
    and slowly dieing.  
A malignant cancer,  
    eats at our society  
Too slowly,  
    to be fatal on its own  
Too crafty,  
    to be noticed by anyone  
Too much a part of us,  
    to ever die off

# Rolling Stone

Deadly dreams  
Unearthly screams  
    everything sinks into insanity

Buried demons  
Skirting dementia  
    everyone has turned against me

Locked in my illusions  
    with nowhere to go  
My life is a delusion  
    nothing else do I know

Living inside this shell  
    unable to break free  
Rolling toward hell  
    no one can help me

## It is so Nice to Smoke Out

Come and run  
It is so much fun  
Hopping about  
Smoking out  
Just can't regress  
These feelings I guess  
The touch of the pipe  
The sound of the bong  
You're not stoned? Come on!  
Come and run  
Have some fun  
Fuck the winning punt  
Hit the fucking blunt!  
Then just sit back and take it easy  
Vegetate and watch a movie

## Let's Take a Stroll

Why do you take my hand,  
    when you fear where I'll lead?  
How can you know me  
    when you've no idea of what I've seen?  
The difficult journeys always end,  
    even if you fell time and again.

Where you go doesn't matter,  
    how you get there changes what you find.  
What you get,  
    isn't what's pictured in your mind.

So, do you dare take a walk,  
    so we can chat and talk.  
Let's walk down this road,  
    with only our clothes on our backs  
Looking into the sunrise,  
    thinking of life and where it lies.

# Time

It's the thing from which we run  
It's the victor when the day is done  
It will continue after we're gone  
Every battle fought it has won  
Every foe faced is pushed to the ground  
Everything lost it has found  
It is then  
It is now  
Forever into the past  
And how far into the future we cannot guess

## Untitled 0

The glass is glazed  
Our minds are razzed  
No one cares  
About what they hear  
We don't need to dream  
When life is a nightmare  
Imagined realities  
Aren't as bad as the truth  
Everything will fall apart  
Nothing lasts forever  
If it endures for a lifetime  
It's deemed unusual  
Even those who look  
Can't see a way  
To end the insanity

## Untitled I

Where others will fall  
as if pushed by the wind  
some stand firm and tall  
with defiance as a cane  
hobbling along  
looking for something to take

Where the strong can fall  
betrayed by the confidence  
that ruled their lives  
some walk unhurt  
without a care  
nothing to expect  
and nothing to lose  
just wishing for something  
between which to choose

Where the foolish fall  
anyone can find gain  
but we will all fall  
for that is the nature  
of the grave

## Untitled III

Hell I looked for  
hell I found  
now it's where I am bound

Nothing to live for  
nothing to say  
I only wait for my day

Loneliness rules  
draining my life  
I know it's wrong but that makes it right

Everything is falling  
into a hole  
before we die how far will we go

We can't look forward  
nor into the past  
nothing we have will ever last

## Unified State of Apathy (USA)

On those days  
when you feel down  
The sky is dark  
in this fucking town

Be glad we are in America  
where we can fight and cuss  
Argue the point  
of fucked or just  
Learn everything is school  
that the public wants you to

Where our taxes lock you up for pot  
if you're caught  
Your daughter kidnapped and fucked  
sale the story, make a buck  
Kill your family? Plead insanity!  
they'll let you free  
In the land of the tame  
the home of the "sane"

## Your Life

You go through life watching  
You go through life acting  
You live your life not knowing what to do  
Turning at every corner  
Stopping at every sign  
Hoping to find a meaning before you die  
Praying to the gods  
Paying everyone  
Only one life  
Only one chance to live  
Got to be careful or you'll piss it away  
You're on a freeway  
With only two lanes  
Be careful in the fast or you may die today

## The Gladiator

He fights for the crowd  
He fights for his life  
    but his freedom he craves  
This fight he will win,  
    he can see it in the stars  
His lord watches,  
    with much gold on his head  
The crowd watches amused,  
    not caring if he falls  
His lover watches short of breath,  
    for she holds his heart close to her chest  
The battle is joined,  
    and he is happy  
For after this fight,  
    he'll fight no more  
The swords sing,  
    and the crowd cheers  
Suddenly, he falls to the floor  
As he dies,  
    he has only one wish  
That he had replaced  
    the worn sandal strap,  
    that had held its last

## Intruder

Sneaking silently  
    though the night  
Until I see your house  
    up ahead  
Sneaky, sneaky I am  
    as I creep to your door  
No dead bolt  
    why have the door  
I'm an expert  
    at what I do  
The darkness hides me  
    as I pick my way  
And presently I find  
    the room I want  
My favorite room  
    the bedroom  
To your dresser  
    I pitter-pat  
Discover at once  
    your collection of XXX  
Nice videos  
    I take the ones I don't have  
Then I find it  
    what I was looking for  
Silk and cotton and leather  
    black and pink and purple  
Thong panties  
    and up lifting bras  
At once I see  
    you have more than me  
Into my sack  
    I stuff every last article  
Grinning to myself  
    at the nights work  
I slip silently out

into the clear, warm night

Excited

I run all the way home

To try on

all my new clothes

## Lessons

Nothing is as it seems  
Constantly changing streams  
Whirling and twirling  
This way and that  
never perfect  
Always flawed  
Possesses the beauty to awe

Everything flows  
Even if the wind does not blow  
Mixing and matching  
A kaleidoscope of colors  
never clear  
Always blurred  
Able to reveal any door

It is never too late  
hone the ability to communicate  
When nothing else works  
Tries to fall apart  
Sometimes crude  
Sometimes bright  
Can make everything alright

## The Heavy Burden

Who among you walks alone,  
    forever searching for a place to call home?  
Dreaming dreams of love and life  
That will never come true,  
    except in a lie  
Dragging a bag of broken memories,  
    so heavy you can not carry  
Running away from your broken heart  
Trying to find a new start  
Everything falls apart  
Nothing lasts  
Even friendship vanishes into the past  
All the walls crumble  
the barriers break  
So confused you can't think  
Wrack you mind, pry your brain,  
    deciding what to do  
Would it hurt worse if I died,  
    or my memory of you?  
So cast the bones and draw a lot  
Everything falls apart  
Nothing lasts  
Just watch it melt into the past  
Do not blame yourself,  
    for all your falls  
Sometimes the center just can't hold  
Forgiveness is a gift of the soul,  
    can we find it to be whole?

## Deeper

Look and see  
this reflection of me  
the casing of this shell  
the bucket for this well

Look and you will see  
everything but me  
just my covering  
only what you can see

If you can only perceive  
the things you can not see  
if you can open your mind  
open the door  
a new vision could be born

## An Excuse

An excuse is a hole  
    you dig underneath you  
Pulling you down  
    till you don't know who's you  
Blaming all your faults  
    and the times you trip  
On anything and anyone  
    other then yourself  
If you can not accept your actions  
    all the things that you do  
Then you do not know yourself  
    and no one knows you

## All That

What is this fucking shit  
I need someone to hit  
Fuck all that is  
and all that could be  
Fuck all that was  
and all that should be  
Fuck all that I know  
and all I have forgot  
Fuck all that's lost  
and everything that costs  
I am tired of this shit  
I just want to cry  
I am bored stiff

## My Name

Run from me  
I am dumb and deaf and can not see  
I am the Horror  
That frightens you all  
Creeping around the corner  
Stalking you down the hall  
I am in every place  
You can not avoid me  
You can not run  
My name is death  
I will claim you every one

## My Solution to You

How do you feel  
    when you are told to heel  
To follow someone  
    you would rather kill  
Matching their footsteps  
    with your very own  
That is all  
    you should ever fear  
Do not believe  
    everything you see  
Even the people on the street  
    could all be a dream  
So damn stupid  
    like a cow  
Do yourself a favor  
    put yourself down

## Falling

What are we to do  
With this life we live  
When everything tumbles  
What is worth to save

Reaching out to ourselves  
Finding nothing to grip  
Tripping down the stairs  
That we just built

Lost inside ourselves  
Nothing we see  
Drawn to a daze  
Lost inside a maze

Running from the darkness  
Forgetting where we have been  
Nowhere to turn  
When will it all end

## Ode to Someone

How are you doing  
    without me  
Have you passed  
    without a memory  
Said that you could love  
    just a lie

Go to hell  
Leave me alone  
Did not even care  
You caused my downfall  
Hope you are happy now  
You can not hurt any again  
Now you are gone  
Forgotten by all

## Salute to Poets

We are the few  
Who look at the world  
Through open eyes  
We observe  
We think  
We learn  
We express ourselves  
    through our words  
Showing people the beauty  
That exists in the world  
Revealing the humor  
That pulses in our souls  
Relaxing people with simple words  
Telling them they are not alone  
Show people the world  
That is our home  
Telling stories  
Of the bold  
Of the evil  
Of the young  
Of the old  
We express in words  
The best of life  
All that we would rather not know  
Bring it all  
To people of all kinds  
We are the poets  
We will be here for all time  
Till worlds are gone  
Till stars have faded  
Look to the future  
Remembering yesterday

## Till the Day We Die

When will we die?  
How will we cry  
when we die  
In the day or night  
who will see us cry as we die  
and exit the world  
Into nothing  
our past will fade  
the future is blurry  
We could die if we weaken  
with tears in our eyes  
As our mind goes blank  
We will leave behind  
all those who will cry  
When we die, as we pass by life  
we look and we see  
a endless dream  
It is not wrong  
It is not right  
It is the way of things  
try as you might  
We will all die  
No matter how hard we cry  
We will all die  
becoming part of the past  
Nothing can ever last  
All drifts apart  
All the knots we tie will fall open one day  
They will set us loose  
Dropping us down into the past  
Memory can not last  
As our mind fades

## Senseless

Blind fools rush to their end  
Fools just wait for it to come  
End is the same  
wherever you look  
The world is a fool's castle  
waiting to crumble  
with a single word  
All the warnings meant nothing  
All the words are unheard  
From days gone to days come  
nothing means nothing to us

## Life of Rain

The storm clouds  
    are gathering everyday now  
Can not seem  
    to shake this bad feeling  
My thoughts grow dark  
    my brow hardens  
Thinking of where I am now  
    of places past been  
Listening to what my mind says  
    what my heart yells  
Everyone has felt  
    that they don't fit in  
It should go away  
    only turn up now and then  
Most times  
    you won't fall down  
Sometimes you do  
    leaving some skin behind  
Your mind says leave  
    no one cares  
The heart yells stay  
    for you haven't given time  
Your mind says leave  
    there is nothing here  
The heart yells stay  
    there is much to learn  
Your mind says go and find  
    better things on another shore  
The heart rants stay and find  
    treasures buried around  
Your mind says go  
    you have nothing to lose  
The heart whispers stay  
    do you believe anyone should?  
Why even ponder

where any should be  
The one who  
does not belong is free  
Free to leave as you wish  
Free to give till broke  
Free to cry and moan  
Free to die tired and alone  
Free to wonder  
Free to think  
Free to walk through the rain  
broken and alone  
To afraid  
to call anyplace home

## Why?

Why do we try  
    when there is nothing to lose  
Why do we hope  
    when all gained is lost  
Why look into the future  
    when the past is all we know  
Why does not anything last  
Why is all clouded with pain  
Why is all out of reach  
Why does everything fall away  
Why does it  
    get farther away everyday

## Rant to Idiots

Jerk off

Day and night

People are so fucking stupid  
please get out of my sight

Patience is fading  
drifting away everyday

Be so nice to yell  
"FUCK YOU ALL, GO TO HELL!"

Reserve my opinion

Hold it back

They can not help  
what they made of themselves

Doze off and dream  
of a better place

Where intelligent communication  
isn't a lost art

Where there are people with the gray matter  
to produce coherent thought

## Once Upon a Time

A long time ago  
far, far away  
There lived a young man  
who gave but could not pay  
He lived a hard life  
always alone  
No one to hold  
everyone was gone  
Nowhere to run  
Nowhere to hide  
Nothing to look for  
Nothing to find  
Lived his life  
Till his soul was gone  
Decayed by a disease  
called alone

## Chasing a Vision

If this is life  
    why do we live  
It is pointless and frustrating  
All before you really  
    ever begin to understand  
Without a cherry on top  
Or a good sight on the road  
Long you try  
Long you long  
For a better day  
For a place to feel at home  
It is found  
What will it look like  
Would we know it  
If it were to be found  
Would we recognize  
    it as a mirage  
If we tried  
Maybe we would see  
Why we care about something  
    that is nothing to see

## Fuck Off

Locked in your illusions  
Not knowing where to go  
Listening to me  
As if I should know  
You can not think  
You can not feel  
You are dead  
I just stop and stare  
Glance around,  
    see no one cares  
You are dead  
Gone from this world  
Lost to this life  
Lost to all  
You are dead,  
    no one cares

# I Do Not Care

Lost  
Dead  
Dreaming dreams of broken insanity  
Tired  
Falling  
Tied tight to a life of shame  
Gone  
High  
Flying fast into darkness  
Feeling down  
Can not stop the pain  
Join in and go insane  
Do not damn me till I am dead  
No matter how you think  
    I'm fucked in the head  
You do not know me  
Nor ever will  
To you I am a nobody  
But I do not care

## My Gift to You

What is this feeling  
Why am I dreaming  
Flying feeling  
Inside of me  
The smoke drifts  
As I fall  
Wish you were here  
Wish you could be there  
I have something for you  
Your gift to me  
    is my gift to you  
What is this wanting  
Why am I feeling  
Like I want to die  
Fuck this goddamn lie  
I want to give it all  
I need to give it all  
I have to give it all  
All the pain  
Back to you

## Join in the Ride

Look in a mirror  
what do you see  
A reflection of me  
in your mind  
out of your dreams  
Are you going insane  
That is where you have drove me  
Out of my mind  
into my dreams  
I can not see me  
Look into the mirror  
I know what you see  
chaotic feelings and deadly dreams  
Welcome to the world  
of the insane  
Come and join me  
You lead me here  
Floating above illusions  
Drowning in tears  
Come and join me  
share in my fear  
Breathe it in  
Can you feel the pain  
Touching you  
Releasing you  
Freeing your mind  
and smashing your dreams

Come with me, let's go insane  
You are killing me, but I did not do a thing

## Mental Anguish

Cold feelings  
tearing at my mind  
Devil's dreams  
chasing me  
killing me  
dragging me  
down

Can not see  
Only want to be  
Dead inside  
Trying to hide  
Lost to what should be

Empty feelings  
Floating by  
Look at me  
With empty eyes  
Share my pain  
Let it make you cry

Can not see  
Do not want to be  
Dead inside  
Trying to hide  
Lost in all the fear

## Hold Me

Hold me  
I am paralyzed by fear  
Why do I feel this way  
Why do I not care

Hold me  
I am weak  
I stumble all the time  
Why can I not find my feet

Hold me  
I am tired  
I burn for you  
Hotter than any fire

Hold me  
I am scared  
Why do I cry so  
Not shedding a tear

Hold me  
I am weak  
I need you more  
Then you could ever see

Hold me  
I am tired  
Hold me tight  
Maybe I can sleep

## Wide Open Eyes

If we open our eyes  
    looking around us  
What will we see  
    in all the mess  
A meaning, an answer  
    to all our questions  
That eludes us everyday  
Look at us all running about  
Not knowing which way is down  
To the end we push ourselves  
    till our backs are to the wall  
Only then do we see  
    this is hopeless reality

## The Trip

Running down the road  
A direction to take  
    no one is told  
A rolling stone  
Can not gather moss  
Each day is a coin toss  
Never know where you will be  
The future no one can see  
Racing along with recklessness  
The sane would not dare copy  
Dance to the end  
Leave nothing behind to mend

If you find yourself alone  
For far too long  
You fight being an empty husk  
Pushing forward to each dusk  
Do not look into my eyes  
I would not like a part  
    of what is eating at you  
Just go to your death  
Get yourself some rest

If you will not be missed  
Just leave your ass to kiss  
Good day now  
I wish you well  
As you slip into your hell

## The Voices

The voices are calling  
to me from far away  
They urge and pull  
at my heart  
Telling me it is time  
leave everything and go away

It does not even matter  
where I am anymore  
Nothing to stay for  
nothing to go to  
I do not think  
I should listen anymore

## The Tide

My knees are weak  
My hope is gone  
How much longer can I go on?

I keep fighting the tide  
Just will not leave me alone  
Pulls and tugs  
Pushes and shoves

If I fall  
Then I am lost  
Just another soul  
That can not pay the toll  
I yell and scream and beg  
All I hear  
Are the voices in my head

My knees are weak  
My hope is gone  
No longer can I go on

## The End is Near

The end is near  
    toward it we race  
At it we know not  
    what we will face  
The end is near  
    it grows closer  
At the end we die  
    who will miss us from their lives?  
The end is near  
Closer now  
We can not live forever  
    just till our sand runs out  
We will all face it  
We will all try to run  
Time never stops  
Nothing can be done  
The end is near  
Upon us now  
As the new day dawns  
You will see no one around

## Something Called Nothing

What we want  
    is not what we get  
What we see  
    is not what we thought  
What we kick  
    is not what we trip over  
What we catch  
    is not what is thrown  
Nothing is nothing  
    everything at once  
If it seems one thing  
    it turns to another  
If we need it  
    then it is tossed away  
If it can be used  
    it is broken up  
Nothing is nothing  
    in each and every way  
Everything turns out to be  
    something else we do not need  
What we hold  
    is not what we have  
Who we are  
    is not who we grow up to be  
Nothing is nothing  
    what it will always be

## Rocks

Walk right up to God  
    and spit in his face  
Because of him  
    we now live with hate  
Hate that is growing  
Hate that is breeding  
Hate that has no meaning  
He gave us different tongues  
He gave us different colors  
He gave us different feelings  
    that are tearing us apart  
If he cared  
    then he would help  
We can not stop ourselves  
    we race like rats to the end  
God pushed us over the hill  
    keeps getting steeper  
The rocks at the bottom  
    smile and are eager

## What I Got from You

You screw me over  
You take my pride  
You laugh behind my back  
    you think that is alright  
You mess with my mind  
You waste my time  
You live your life  
    by ruining mine  
You do not care  
You would not dare  
Look into my eyes  
    to see the reflection of your own  
Nothing you can do  
Nothing you can say  
    will ever make me change my ways  
I will stand up tall  
I will take the hit  
Then walk away  
    with the present you give  
Nothing but shit

## Questions

Why do I feel so tired?  
Why do I feel so worn?  
Why do I struggle when  
    the enemy has won the war?  
Why do I hope?  
Why do I wish?  
Who do I wait for the day I will die  
    with a smile upon my face  
If every question were so hard  
    nothing would have been learned  
The answers to these  
    are all that I would like  
Why do I try?  
Why do I keep it up?  
Why do I care  
    when no one else gives a shit?  
Some questions can not be answered  
    with a no or a nod  
Or any amount of help  
    if you do not look inside

## Does Anything Matter?

I ask myself over again  
Does anything matter?  
When it is good  
When it is bad  
Does anything matter at all?  
The sun goes down  
Nighttime falls  
It buries the day  
The sun comes up  
    ready for a new start  
Does anything matter  
    that we did yesterday?  
We look around  
We try so hard  
Nothing seems to matter  
    once it is done  
The end of time  
The end of life  
The end of a moment  
That is forgotten  
    as the act is complete  
What can I say  
Nothing matters to me  
    does it matter to you?

## Dirt

I am okay now  
Getting on my feet  
    is all I need  
Just turn around  
    get away from me  
I do not need you in my face  
I do not need told my place  
I do not need anyone  
    to make me strong  
I do not need anyone  
Everyone is wrong  
Running down the street  
    trying to flee that inside me  
I will not turn  
    from my path  
From my mistakes  
    I try to learn  
Enough to live  
    until I am dirt

## Untitled IV

The sky is beyond my reach  
    but to it I could fly  
    with you at my side  
I need you in the night  
    you are a bright star  
    shedding light on my dark life  
I want to be at your side  
    to turn away your problems  
    and make everything alright  
You are an angel  
    my guiding light  
You can do no wrong  
    everything is right

## Untitled II

Running through this world  
    with nothing to loose  
People take lives  
    with knives, guns, and booze  
We are in love with dieing  
If you say no you are lying  
We run from our lives  
We live only to die  
We all jumped into a well  
Where the bottom is  
    no one can tell  
The end will stop  
    us in our tracks  
There is no turning back

## Untitled VI

Life is a train ride  
    with ups and downs  
Into the valleys we must sink  
If to see ourselves complete  
For the good is but one part  
The opposite is just as important  
    for it also decides who you are  
Only so many good things to pass out  
Of the flawed  
    the number is closer to infinity  
We tell ourselves  
    that only good is good  
The wrong is as much needed  
But we do not care  
We only listen  
    to what we want to hear

# Eternity

I have lived  
    alone so long  
I fear that my soul  
    may have slipped away  
I find now  
    I no longer care  
What is the since in living  
We are all dieing  
Life carries on  
    but not for you  
    and not for me  
    as we disappear  
    into eternity

## The River

Rain drops are falling on my head  
As I stand wishing I were dead  
I am tired of crying in the rain  
no one but myself to blame

The count is started, at ten  
At zero the life I live will end  
The river is closing in  
I will never try to love again

I wanted money  
I wanted fame  
Those goals are frivolous and lame  
On many I have closed the door  
To be happy is all I wished for

I tired to be the very last  
All I have is buried in the past  
I never found what I need  
The river is closing in  
I do not have another chance

## My Heart

Cold winds have blown  
    your love from me  
Leaving me here to rot  
    as a rose is withering  
I can not go on without you  
    live I must  
Until he has paid his due  
Who took your life  
That sweat gift  
    yours alone  
Now to him  
    I carry the strife  
He pruned the rose  
    that was my heart

## Along for the Ride

Times are hard, baby, no one cares  
There is not a god to answer our prayers  
Out in the streets children are dying  
While all around people live by lying  
We are all here along for the ride  
Turn the cheek and swallow your pride  
The road to hell is where we are led  
Freedom is a bullet to our head  
Here we are, here we will stay  
Nothing we can do, nothing we can say  
Let us live each and every day  
Times are hard, baby, no one cares  
Just be yourself, take a dare

## Why? II

Why do we love

Why do we hate

Why do we live

Why do we die

Why do we give

Why do we take

It is the reason we are who we are

It is the excuse we have for being

It is the reason we are not perfect

It is the reason we are all different

## Darkness

The master calls  
into the light  
Wanting to be free  
With the extinguishing of the lamp  
Nothing can avoid it  
Nothing can run  
Darkness seeps into everyone

It is the maser of all  
Never to be underbid  
Never to be out done  
Out of everything it can take the fun  
Without it we can not live  
either it be nightfall or sin  
We shut the door  
do not want it in  
it just has to wait  
Till we slip or fall  
Then it will take a toll  
Maybe even your soul

## Thoughts

Turn around and look at me,  
    in your eyes I see the gleam  
Please do not do it,  
    I too feel your pain  
I know it hurts  
    for me and you are one  
It is dark and overcast  
    tomorrow is a new day  
Things go up  
    then they come down  
Just take your time  
    you will come around  
The game of life  
    is hardest to play  
Sometimes we lose track  
    forgetting to stay sane

## Resistance

A long hard road  
    is sometimes best  
It builds you up  
    for future tests  
When it seems to difficult  
    strains your mind  
Just push yourself forward  
    you never know what you will find  
The easy road  
    always looks good  
Nice and slow  
    easily understood  
Nothing to fight for  
    nothing to gain  
Nothing to fear  
    just yourself to blame

## What?

Why must people be the way they are  
Why must thoughts wonder where they do  
Why must things hurt so in the heart  
Why must everything be over and done

Is it not that we hope and pray  
Is it not what we wish everyday  
Is it not capable of rising to the top  
Is it not possible to start what is stopped

If things could be like yesterday  
But everyday does not bring the same  
We never know what to say  
We never know what to think  
We never know what to yell  
That will bring release from our own hell

# Fade

I fade to clear  
Refreshing my mind  
Erasing the thoughts  
To find more time

I fade to black  
Blurring my sight  
Killing the light  
Wasting my time

I fade to gray  
Enlightening my vision  
Opening the doors  
Enjoying the time

# Everything

Is this lost  
All the sacrifice  
Everything it cost  
If losing is all  
There is in the end  
What is the reason  
For it all to begin  
When the day comes  
Shining on all that is gone  
We wonder where  
We wonder why  
Everything has to die

## Story of You

Lost in all the things you believe  
Searching for all the things you can not find  
You are gone from this world  
    and from mine  
Can not believe that you fell  
Your fucking fault  
    can not blame anyone else  
You can not think  
You can not talk  
You can not scream  
    for any help  
Sink below the surface  
Out of my sight  
Die slowly  
    surrounded by pain  
Laughing in joy  
    as you wither away

## Throw it Away

What are you doing  
Sitting there thinking  
Lost in your dreams  
Questioning reality

If you could  
Would you leave now  
Throw it all away  
Try to kill the pain

What do you know now  
That you did not know then  
Can you make the change  
That would bring peace of mind

The wall is built  
to keep it all inside  
I do not give a damn  
If you leave now  
Throw it all away  
Then I will be free  
Then I can live again

## Mental Instability

Lost in your ways  
Lost in your endless daze  
When will you open your eyes  
Can you see what is around

Come and sit with me  
Come and share your insanity  
Tell me all that you feel  
All that you think  
All that you would like to steal

Feel it now, I know you can  
Fear is all that you know  
All you feel, all you blame  
Wish on a star and hope to die  
Fuck the world and tell your lies

## Disease of Mankind

Look around, all things so hollow  
How much of this shit can you swallow  
Raping the world  
Fucking what was pure  
Just need something  
to take it all away  
Why are you doing this to me  
I am fucking blind and you can not see  
The disease is spreading its arms  
dragging us down, breaking us apart  
I just wish for something to take me away  
Away from the insanity  
Away from the pain  
Away from the apathy  
Away from the life you choked out of me

## The One Thing

Heart flutters.  
Stomach churns.  
Knees are shaky.  
The head spins.  
Take you to places  
    you have never been.

Opens the eyes.  
Fires the loins.  
Rattles the brain.  
Wakes you to things  
    you can not tame.

Gasping for air.  
Can barely stand.  
Love is the one thing.  
Keeps you together  
    singing and sane.

## Working Joe's Rant

Work, work, work.

Does not matter

if you drag your butt out of bed at 6 am  
force yourself to begin the daily grind,  
or if you sit around dreading the coming afternoon  
the lunatics that you must go face.

You just square your shoulders, straighten your back,  
take a shot or two of Jose Cuervo,

face the daily ritual of  
“Can’t you work faster? Dammit, man! I have 500 people  
beating my door down for your job!”.

And that’s a good day.

Matters little that the same person  
smooches your behind five minutes later.

They just enjoy the power.

They enjoy the image of themselves  
beating your working class butt  
into what they believe is submission.

They enjoy wielding the mighty whip of authority  
thrashing it back and forth in an uncontrollable frenzy  
screaming, “God I love power tripping!  
BOW BEFORE ME INFIDALS!!!! MAWHHAHAHAHAHA!!!!”.

Ah, the joys of work.

Can not live with work, can not live without it.

Unless, of course, you think that you have a great future  
in holding up signs for food.

But until then, you got to square your shoulders,  
straighten your back,  
buy a flask to carry Jose with you,  
do your best to avoid the cruel whip of the taskmaster  
or be too drunk to feel the lash.

## Orim Gets Stewed

They thought he was crazy  
They thought he was nuts  
Orim the young thief  
Who dared all when drunk  
“I can do anything”  
He bragged time and again  
For him life hadn't yet begin

One such night  
As fog rolled in  
He strode on his way from the tavern  
He'd just heard a story  
Of a man outside of town  
With a wall around his house  
And great riches stored away inside

Daring to go  
And ignoring common sense  
For he was very bored  
And his senses twisted with drink  
But enough was remembered  
So he was on his way  
And nothing could stop him that anyone could say

He found the house  
He scaled the wall  
Scanning the ground he barely prevented a fall  
The grass was clean  
As he could see  
For the moon was full  
Its face lit the surroundings

Quickly, to the first window  
He ran like a flash

Not making a noise  
He was careful  
And alarm didn't ring  
Through the window he could make out  
An empty dining room

With skill he slipped through the opening  
Looked around quickly  
And headed for the stairs  
Then in the background  
He heard a sound  
Someone screaming  
Very loud  
As if their soul was ripped from its shell  
At a door he paused  
And drink lent balls

He pushed the door open  
What he saw  
Curdled his blood  
He shook like a leaf  
The owners of the house were consuming another thief  
Ratty looking men, three or four  
Shadows prevailed, maybe more  
In a room with no windows  
Where just a few candles burned

Stretched across a table  
And tied fast  
Forms danced around him like devils  
Clawed hands ripped at flesh  
Then red eyes met red eyes  
And they noticed Orim  
Laughter erupted and evil faces grinned  
Slick as cats they closed in

His heart dropped and he turned  
But another was walking down the hall  
With a gasp Orim charged  
Knocked him to the wall  
Jumped down the stairway

And scrambled for the window

Orim raced across the yard  
Lunging and grasping he made the wall  
Behind him evil footsteps fell  
His breath gasped  
His lungs burned  
He raced toward the city in which he was born

Furious sounds followed him close  
Footsteps sounded from over his shoulder  
And he ran  
Fears making him feel older  
When up ahead he seen the gate  
A guard stood up straight  
“Let me through,” Orim yelled  
“Beasts from hell are on my tail!”  
Before he could speak  
The guard was died  
Falling over, clutching at his side

Without pausing, Orim screamed  
Fear lent him strength  
And without two finger nails  
He reached the top of the gate  
Below him the beasts growled  
But did not chase him into city ground

Cursing his luck  
Shaking all over  
He made his way back to the tavern  
It was time to drink  
Till he couldn't see straight  
Till he forgot the sights he'd seen  
Going where he shouldn't have been

## The Christian, the Atheist and I

It was a dreary day in May  
When the birds didn't even play  
I passed the stop for the bus  
Just in time to hear a hoodlum cuss  
It to my ears brought pain  
and to my heart great shame  
But with great curiosity I stepped under the overhang  
The excuse I used was to get out of the rain  
On one end of the bench sat an old fellow  
the kind that normally stay mellow  
The gent next to him had a shaven head  
and wore clothes picturing "The Grateful Dead"  
At my entrance they looked me in the face  
before rambling on with great haste  
Minutes passed and they calmed down  
and to leave I meant when I turned around  
I was stopped by the black-robed man  
who sat straight up with book in hand  
"stay and help us resolve this debate  
not long will you have to wait  
for me to confirm that he's wrong  
that his confidence in the wrong being is strong."  
I didn't want to be in the middle of this  
and I had to go, I needed to piss  
But I let out a breath and a sigh  
and sat down, we let the bus pass us by  
"What is all this buzz  
that sounds like the thing down under and the man above?"  
At this they both begin to chatter  
and I hushed them till only the rain  
went pitter-patter  
I looked at the pale old man and told him first  
for his white skin and shaking hands suggested in his near future a  
need for a hearse  
He talked very quick

with a New York accent that was very thick  
As he begin his voice was low  
but before long strong words came to flow  
"The man next to me must be dumb  
but what would you expect, he resembles a bum  
He doesn't trust in the god up high  
who watches us carefully with x-ray eyes  
Just gaze at all you see  
You the man and me  
God has power beyond belief  
He created everything to the smallest leaf  
Without Him we wouldn't be  
nor all the China tea  
We couldn't command this life we live  
so benediction to Him we should give."  
He stopped suddenly and sat like stone  
my arm itched down to the bone  
I rubbed it till relief came  
as I watched a man with umbrella and cane  
The hoodlum watched with eyes of gray  
as I shifted and forced myself to stay  
He began in a raspy voice  
and briefly mentioned our free choice  
"Man, we can do anything we want  
controlling even how we talk  
God is just a bogus lie  
made up by someone ready to die  
Goodness isn't in the devil's heart

I will admit, I do have some smarts  
At least he's honest in what he wants  
To take our souls with death, the well aimed dart  
I have nothing else to tell  
I know I'm full of sin  
but I'm not afraid of Hell."  
Rain beat loudly on the window  
I thought of a reply but it wasn't simple  
They sat silent awaiting my words  
and my eyes were diverted by a speeding car, a ford  
The air in the booth was getting stale  
and somewhere down the street sounded a bell

At last crept to my face a smile  
and I looked at them like they were an open file  
To the robed man I said, "You are right, you are  
wrong."  
To the hoodlum I said, "You are right, you are wrong."  
"I don't know what to say  
I can't tell you how to behave  
But look at the storm and trees  
and see how they are at an uneasy peace  
That is how you two must be  
Be tolerant of the other but stand firm, and be free."  
Without another word I walked into the rain  
being careful not to trip in the drain  
I'm not one for many words  
I think talking too much is a curse  
So I didn't express my true feelings  
to get out of all those religious dealings  
But I thank I picked my words with enough guile  
and I was right, when I looked back they smiled  
They may be at each others throat another day  
but hopefully someone who cares will be in the way

## Quest's End

The thunder rolls in the dark of night  
Rain pours out of the sky  
While lightening flashes bright blue fire  
Men stay inside the comfort of their homes  
Fearful to venture into the weather  
That rips apart the night all around

Then out of the darkness, out of the night  
Comes to farmer Power an amazing sight  
He was on his porch taking a pee  
When he saw something that caused him to forget his bad knee  
Into the light produced from his lantern  
Road a rain soaked knight on horseback  
Water ran in rivets from his armor  
Wet leather creaked eerily  
The horse's head hung down low  
He was tired of carrying such a load  
The knight spoke first to the startled man

“Ho, good fellow, could you lend me a bed,  
the night is cold and wet,  
weariness forces me to stop and rest.  
If you can't it's okay,  
I've slept outside on much worse days.”

“Come, I have a spare room and extra stew,  
take your horse around back  
into the shed where there is grain.”

The knight cared for his horse in back  
The farmer stoked more life into the fire  
Soon the stew was hot again  
And waited to be consumed

The knight found his way inside and discarded his armor

Rubbed it down and set it in front of the fire  
Wrapped in a blanket he sat at the table  
And the farmer dipped the stew with a wooden ladle

“Why do you ride so late on such a bad night?”  
The farmer poured a mug of beer for the knight and himself

“It’s a very long story, but if you want to hear, I’ll tell.”  
“Please do, but first finish your food,  
there’s time to talk in the future.”

With a nod the knight quickly ate  
With a wooden spoon, from a deep plate  
When he was done he drained his mug  
Sat back in the chair and looked up

“It began long ago in times long past  
When a baby boy was born in the west  
He was loved by all but dead by fall  
A wizard stole the body  
And carried it far away one night in the dark  
The baby’s soul was long gone  
Searchers finally found the wizard’s tower  
A tall black spear not far from Centros  
Some demons were called upon  
Battles fought and won  
But the baby was found alive and weak  
And taken back to town  
Years passed and the boy grew  
Into a man everyone knew  
Then one day something terrible passed  
The young man turned into a beast  
A side effect of the wizard’s spell  
He killed all in the town with tooth and nail  
All but one that I know well  
He had gone into the city Centros to see a fight  
Between the champions of the north and the south  
When he returned he was greeted  
With burnt buildings and ripped flesh  
He swore revenge on the one he knew  
Who’s body was not there

He searched long and hard and finally found  
That the young man's soul was hell bound  
By the magic that saved his life  
And changed him to beast at night  
And now I hunt for my friend who is ill  
The demon that must be killed."

"You are on a valiant quest  
That won't succeed, summon spirits and you could ask the rest.  
You have one chance to leave and never look back."

The knight stiffened  
"So it's you that ran, you can't face a human?"

"Death to you all, I stand on my own ground."

With a roar the knight leapt up  
Banishing a dagger he always kept  
The farmer grinned, stood up tall  
And with one swipe splashed blood on the walls  
A sideways kick sent the head into the fireplace  
A huff and a puff sent the body tumbling into the cellar  
Sighing at the knight's stupidity  
He lay down to get some sleep  
If he kept having so many visitors he'd never need to buy meat  
But dammit, when would he get some peace?

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