

RUNNING FROM

SANITY

Jeremiah L. Donaldson

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Ephitroll Productions
www.ephitroll.com

Running from Sanity

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Published by Ephiroll Productions

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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
Nov '06

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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. Doomsday 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 unlashd 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 since 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 than 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 lead 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 than 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 refecion 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!!!! MAWHAHAHAHAHA!!!”.

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 think 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
Rubbbed 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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