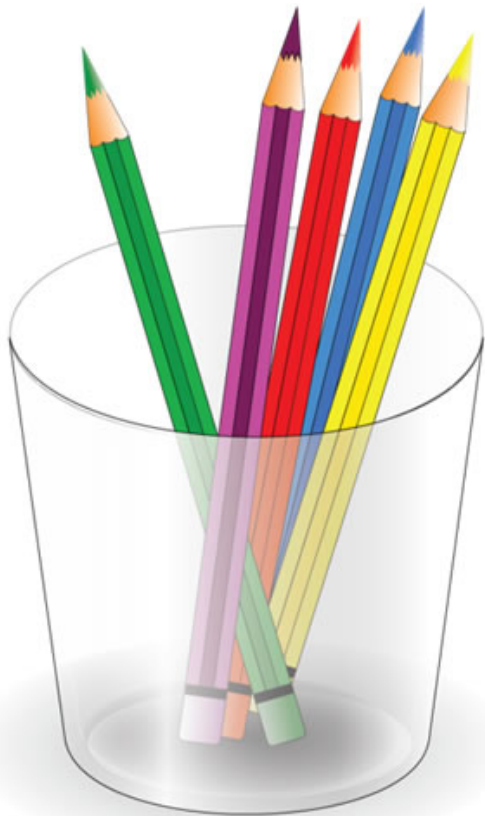


Anthology of George C. Biester



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

This is to all the people that have contributed to all the experiences that have made me who I am.

summary

Addicted

Only Human

To last the winter

Her space

Ascension.

My angel, she bleeds.

Alone in the dark.

Therapy session

Addicted

I had tasted finally, the drug that will end me if I do not keep her in my system.
She crept into my veins, and now my soul requires her to live.
Overdose is what I hope for.
Withdrawal is not an option.

-George. B

Only Human

You think I'm perfect.

It's ok cuz everybody does.

But in my mind I know that it's only just because.

I seem so put together from the outside looking in, but when it ends.... I hope the lord forgives me for my sins

To last the winter

I've lost my mind. Oh yes, it left me.

When it came home, it returned with viddles to last the winter.

-George B.

Her space

As I try to put the words together to describe how I feel, I draw nothing but blank space. As if nothing exists, and nothing moves on my planet. It might as well be pitch dark, and lifeless.

I know that across a vast amount of space and stars that there is another planet in which color exists.

There, is where things are crisp, and fresh, singing and alive! There is where my heart will beat... there with her.

I want to exist in her space.

As if a child who is bursting with excitement for something which is just out of reach... I feel myself helpless.

If I could draw a picture it would be of the silhouette of a man drawn in white. No features just the silhouette... he would be floating almost lifeless like in the center of a pitch black backdrop.

Nothing would exist except for a bright red human heart floating above him.

And when I had to explain the picture I would say "the man has been defeated and lost and alone for ages." "As he was merely existing in the void of time, from somewhere unknown... Love was about to fill his body" "the heart, represents the love, and it has travelled across a lot of space and time to find him." "He is about to live again."

Yes... he's is going to live again, and the heart has entered the body.... but until it takes him back where it came from it will not have the blood it needs to beat.

See. My heart has been taken by this world and broken...you found me floating and gave me yours... Im ready to live again,but until the day I am in your space, and can share your time... I will be a man, with a heart, without a beat.

Ascension.

Live, die, repeat. Once, twice, a million times.

Wisdom, pain, defeat.

Ascend.

My angel, she bleeds.

Long brown hair like the one in my dreams. The one with no face but she sings. Voice like an angel, she's frail at the seams. I wish I could save her, but instead I just watch as she bleeds.

She needs my attention, she wants my disease. "It's not mine to give" as I fall to my knees.

This mind I was given is fragile at best. I feel like it's broken.....she thinks it's a beautiful mess.

She picks up the pieces and piles them up, not even a thank you but she doesn't give up.

Patient she waits, it's all about me. It's time now angel, please.... go and be free.

Alone in the dark.

I haven't written in a while.

Probably because my hands have been bound by the paralyzing and looming anxiety and desperate thoughts that consume me daily.

Lately they have been worse.

Sometimes they hide, and I forget about them, but they are giggling while they stare at me from around a corner, waiting for me to stumble past them in the dark so they can let out a sudden shriek that catches me by surprise and scares the shit out of me.

It always works.

I wish they would just go away!

Wait!

No!

On second thought. dont go.....

If you go I will be alone again....

Stay....

Please?

Therapy session

I stay quite so I don't say something to make you even more mad.

That makes you more mad.

You yell about how much of a piece of shit I am.

I stay quite because I don't want to say something to make you more mad.

Im mad too, but more hurt.

Im tired of living like this.

Im a man, and I flinch every time you move your hand. Do you know how that makes me feel?

Pathetic. It makes me feel pathetic. Thats what you call me right? Pathetic?

Weak, ugly, fat....

I didn't believe those things about myself to be true before I met you. I didn't believe them a year or two or even three after you started saying them... but its been so long. It has to be true.

Driving in the rain. Everything is fine. You punch me in my nose while I am driving. Blood gushes from my nose.

I don't even react. I just keep driving. Im used to it. I don't need to know why you did it. It doesn't matter.

Oh but you tell me anyway. Because there was a woman walking on the sidewalk with short shorts. Sorry baby, I was so deep inside my head thinking about how much im afraid of the next fight we are going to have that I wasn't paying attention to the woman on the sidewalk in short shorts.

Keep driving. Thats what I do.

Do you remember when I came home from work and found that guy sitting on the couch watching a movie with you and our daughter.

How about the time when you went out with that guy and came home at 6am.

How was I ok with my wife going out with another man....

Oh yea. I forgot, because im weak an pathetic.

Do you remember putting me in jail... twice for putting my hands on you? Im a felon now....

Your not. Thats ok though....

I don't mind that you spent 6 years hitting me, and abusing me verbally, and openly cheating on me, all while I worked 70 hours a week to put food on the table while you sat home and talked to other men.

Im not mad... don't worry.

Haha I was so young when we met. 17 and alone after my family moved out of state.

I was selling drugs to get by. Its not the life I wanted. I wanted a family. So of course I latched on to you.

You where 24. You saw a scared and lonely boy who you could mold into who you wanted him to be.

You succeeded.

I defended you from my family. They where the bad guys. I gave up any friends I had. My life became dark, and my doors started to close.

I loved you, I fucking hated you! but I fucking loved you! AHHHHH!

get away from me! No come back, I need you. Without you im lost!

I cant keep living like this, but I cant do this without you.... there is only one option.

Im going to wait untill you fall asleep. I am going to drink this beer until I cant stand, and then I am going to put this gun to my head and im going to pull the trigger.

Click....

Fuck!!! I am a failure at everything, I cant even kill myself. I drink myself to sleep, and wake up with the gun next to me and realized that I had pulled the trigger last night. Is it loaded?

Its loaded. The firing pin had hit just left of the charge....

This is real.

I have to get out of this or I am going to end up in prison or dead.

I should have died last night.

I spent the next couple of years convincing myself I was strong. Looking for a way out. Hinting that im growing tired. You persisted in the same behavior.

What about my baby girl? I cant live without my daughter.... She has been the best part of my life for the last 6 years since I held her as she took her first breaths....

Ill figure it out. Its better for her this way, its causing to much damage.

I finally found the strength.

I want a divorce....

Ok...

Ok?

Thats it?

Well ok then.

Please, take everything leave me nothing.

That was it. Im free!

Wait, what do I do now.

Go to court. DNA test. Shes not my daughter.....

.....

Heart ripped out of my chest.

Thanks for the final farewell.

On to the next chapter...

The chapter of healing.

