

# Fuck everybody! I?m out! ?

Charlie Martineau



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*Dedicated to every single backwards hillbilly that thinks that having a mental illness means you should be locked up. To all of those people, FUCK YOU!!!!*

## **Acknowledgement**

I am a sucky person. I tried to change that. I learned that sharing feelings is basically pleading guilty to a charge that results in life in prison.

## About the author

The author is a loving husband and father who has a mental illness. He loves his family more than life itself and is going to do his very best to create one more incredible memory for each of his children before he takes his own life.

## summary

Can I protect her from me?

A Place not so Far

Checkmate

Death Unmasked

It is Time

Happily Never After

I am Death

My Angel

Punching the Clock

Requiem for a Fool

Where Love Dies

The Demons

The Last Stand

The Less Than

The Train Wreck

## Can I protect her from me?

I'd walk straight through hell with no flinching from pain.  
I'd burn down the world and set fire to rain.  
I'd pull down the heavens,  
rip the roof off of hell,  
make molehills of mountains  
'Til the best of them fell.  
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,  
Is it possible I can protect her from me?  
I'd catch lightning and make it retreat to the clouds  
Take every last life form and wrap it in shrouds.  
I'd fight every demon, make satan take flight,  
And demand that the heavens still shone through the night.  
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,  
Is it possible I can protect her from me?  
I knew from the moment I saw her, she'd win.  
I'd fight any devil and shirk any sin.  
But, how could I know of my darkness inside?  
That black that my ignorant soul chose to hide.  
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,  
Is it possible I can protect her from me?  
When each foe is conquered and daylight streaks through,  
When angels remember the hymns they once knew,  
When hope is in sight and the fear out of view.  
Why do I wonder if I'm safe for you?  
Still only one doubt, in my consciousness be,  
Is it possible I can protect her from me?  
Courage may conquer.  
Rage may strike fear.  
Chivalry writes its own poetry dear.  
Death may beat drums and make the ground shake.  
But, it's the ones that we love who have power to break.  
And only one doubt, in my consciousness be,  
Is it possible I can protect her from me?

If E'er I were granted a wish sure to be,  
I would wish I could simply protect her from me.

## A Place not so Far

***There is a place that is not so far; with trail well worn and path always trod. Sought by some and found by most.***

*A beacon of refuge for the weary traveler, is this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far; where the land is quiet and still, it is warm on the face but sprinkled with shade and filled with grass that beckons the tired soul.***

*An oasis of peace in a world of pain, is this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far; where grows in abundance, rest and relief. It welcomes the fatigued with fruit of mediocrity and flowers of leisure.***

*Absent the weeds of work and toil, is this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far; Without a clock or concern for time. Minutes become hours, hours turn to days, the sand softly sprinkling through the hourglass of life.***

*None but distraction interrupt the routine and only Inertia tend to the grounds of this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far; with prison walls that are built from within; with chains that bind the hands that made them; with shackles that hold the heart and mind.***

*Gladly they come, but seldom they leave, from this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far; where family and lovers gather and meet. With smiles and laughter they congregate, sitting together in close isolation. Numb from the glow of the glass that they love.***

*Immoderately they watch, intensely they stare, silent they remain, in this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far; where connections and relationships yearn to go. Each is devoured quietly, peacefully, without resistance or signs of distress.***

***There is a place love goes to die and it is a place that is not so far.***



## Checkmate

Fear, guilt, pain and despair,  
All feelings my conscience adeptly provides.  
Action, inaction, scrap or repair,  
All choices that end with guilt on all sides.

There is no protection from my wrecking-ball soul,  
It eagerly breaks every person I love.  
I can't drop the shovel that's digging this hole.  
It digs until quenching all light from above.

But, I promise myself and all those around,  
"Of course I'll do better, just give me a shot!"  
Then, no searching needed, the demon is found  
And he grins as he kills every dream that I've got.

Except for the nightmares,  
He would never take those.  
They spread like a parasite seeking those free.  
The demon would use them to strengthen the blows.  
Destroy every shred of what's precious to me.

No ears could imagine the tormenting cries.  
Removing my eyes couldn't stop what I see.  
A Bedtime story is, "Lord of the Flies"  
when compared to the cautionary tale of me.

I cannot move forward, diagonal or straight,  
Nor can I hold still,  
In a word:

**CHECKMATE**

## Death Unmasked

I am death.

All who meet me leave broken.

None stand in my path without soul crushing pain.

I am the killer of dreams, a thief in the night.

I am the deliverer of suffering and despair.

I roam this earth as a hollow being resembling a man.

Within that hollow vessel is contained a dark curse.

The bastardly curse of the Sadim touch.

With only a glance, I make weary.

Without emotional berth I crush souls.

Despite my darkness and misery, many are lured into my presence to witness my abilities and powers.

But, when the night has come and the laughter has silenced; when daylight's confidence wanes and the moon shines it's eerie light, the trap is then sprung, surprising both the victim and the hunter.

Indeed, I am a dark, but light traveler. I carry and offer nothing but pain.

I am Death.

My parent's have hidden my true identity. Hidden, with a name that I've never deserved.

I am Death. Concealed by alias, but Death all the same.

What a pleasure to meet you,

I am Death.

## **It is Time**

**It's time to repair the walls that I built.**

**Time to restore the fortress of steel.**

**To fill in the cracks with the mortar of guilt**

**Destroy the last piece that still wants me to feel.**

**It's time to protect the ones that I love**

**To cut off their bindings that tie them to me.**

**It's time to set free everyone that I love**

**And pray that my demons won't stalk them once free.**

**It's time to atone for the fact I exist**

**Karma has spoken and the verdict's been judged.**

**With the gnashing of teeth and the clenching of fist.**

**With spirit destroyed and thinking begrudged,**

**Now is the moment where sadness begins**

**Now is the final atoning of sins.**

## Happily Never After

Once upon a time there was a good man.

Once upon a time his goodness died.

They lived happily never after.

## I am Death

I am death.

All who meet me leave broken.

None stand in my path without soul crushing pain.

I am the killer of dreams, a thief in the night.

I am the deliverer of suffering and despair.

I roam this earth as a hollow being resembling a man.

Within that hollow vessel is contained a dark curse.

The bastardly curse of the Sadim touch.

With only a glance, I make weary.

Without emotional berth I crush souls.

Despite my darkness and misery, many are lured into my presence to witness my abilities and powers.

But, when the night has come and the laughter has silenced; when daylight's confidence wanes and the moon shines it's eerie light, the trap is then sprung, surprising both the victim and the hunter.

Indeed, I am a dark, but light traveler. I carry and offer nothing but pain.

I am Death.

My parent's have hidden my true identity. Hidden, with a name that I've never deserved.

I am Death. Concealed by alias, but Death all the same.

What a pleasure to meet you,

I am Death.

## My Angel

Grandeur: Not found on the most majestic mountain peaks as they greet the sun each morning.

Depth: More than quiet, the wisdom and understanding of the darkest waters and deepest seas.

Strength: not equaled by oxen, armies, or mighty men.

Steady: a word not understood by the oldest trees.

Power: watching on as even the strongest falter.

Humility: the unassuming beauty of the morning dew.

Love: only rivaled by what I feel in my heart each morning as I look into your eyes, each day when I see the tender love and sacrifice offered so freely to all you meet,

and every single time that God grants me one more chance to kiss you goodnight.

Gratitude: what fills my heart when I think of you, my Angel.

## Punching the Clock

It's done. It's over. The fight has been lost.  
I can't stand my impact or collateral cost.  
There is no redemption, no asylum with friends,  
my motives are tarnished with suspicion's dark lens.  
My hapless cold heartbeat that nobody hears,  
Is quickened by shame, sorrow and tears.  
I'm yelling and crying and screaming for hope.  
But all that is given is a noose on my rope.  
Why did I ever divulge what's inside?  
To those who have ears: don't tell, just hide.  
Happy ever after: the most vicious of lies.  
The road of love always ends where it dies.  
I once asked a question, one that still in me breathes,  
is it possible I can protect her from me?  
I solved the equation and it's clear to me now.  
The answer is no, there's not any way how.  
I was built to cause damage and I've mastered my trade.  
To myself and my loved ones, what a mess I have made?  
What a mess I will make every day I exist?  
Each day I move forward, to one more abyss.

Do the right thing. Stop moving on.  
The wounds will all heal when the tormentor's gone.

## Requiem for a Fool

**Oh Fear, I remember you.**

The hated hero lurking in the recesses of a dark memory.  
The beast who acts toward me as both predator and protector.  
How did you find me?

**I was once your master**, yet here I am your slave.

I beat you, bound you, and banished you from my mind.  
So what is this new found strength that breaks your bands of bondage and torments my soul?  
You are not welcome here!

**I watch you feeding** ferociously on the scraps of uncertainty,  
strewn foolishly about and littering my mind.  
With each doubt you grow. With each mistake you strengthen.  
How could I be so careless? How could I gamble my one true love?

**Here I stand**, my future so uncertain and my past so clear.  
How can it be that it was I who released this being?  
How can it be that it was I that lit the flame of this inferno?  
I was deceived by the feigned security and ignorance of a thankless heart.

**Here I stand**, caught in the trap of fools;  
Watching helplessly, hopelessly, as the consequences unfold.  
How is it that those with sight are void of power, yet those who are blind wield the sword?

**Oh that I could reach my foolish self.**

That careless and sightless self of old.  
What treasures I'd give just to utter a phrase.  
Two words and I would rest.  
Two words are all that I would speak.  
Two words is all that I would need  
Two words and everything would change.  
Those two absentee words of the absconded and derelict man:



**Cherish her.**

## Where Love Dies

***There is a place that is not so far;*** with trail well worn and path always trod, sought by some and found by most.

*A beacon of refuge for the weary traveler, is this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far;*** where the land is quiet and still, it is warm on the face but sprinkled with shade and filled with grass that beckons the tired soul.

*An oasis of peace in a world of pain, is this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far;*** where grows in abundance, rest and relief. It welcomes the fatigued with fruit of mediocrity and flowers of leisure.

*Absent the weeds of work and toil, is this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far;***

*without a clock or concern for time, the minutes become hours, hours turn to days, the sand softly sprinkling through the hourglass of life.*

*None but distraction interrupt the routine and only Inertia tend to the grounds of this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far;*** with prison walls that are built from within; with chains that bind the hands that made them; with shackles that hold the heart and mind.

*Gladly they come, but seldom they leave, from this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far;*** where family and lovers gather and meet. With smiles and laughter they congregate, sitting together in close isolation, numb from the glow of the glass that they love.

*Immoderately they watch, intensely they stare, silent they remain, in this place that is not so far.*

***There is a place that is not so far;*** where connections and relationships yearn to go. Each is devoured quietly, peacefully, without resistance or signs of distress.

***There is a place love goes to die and it is a place that is not so far.***

## The Demons

Those demon voices rage within,  
Never gone when they go away.  
Those demons who followed me long before sin,  
Who hooked to my soul before I could pray.  
Demonic drive for violence and pain.  
I cannot recall the silence before.  
Before the violence fell like rain  
And power consumed to my very core.  
The power was welcomed to banish the fear.  
I still do not miss that feeling today.  
Yet, the bargain came with a cost so dear.  
A cost that all those around me must pay.  
Still, nobody sees the demons inside.  
I've cleverly hid them deep, deep within.  
They eat at the soul in which they abide.  
Patiently waiting for the fight to begin.  
and then...

## The Last Stand

The last gasp.

The desperate fight against despair.

The pain, drive, and burning; somewhere deep inside, under the straining muscles, trying to escape the deep.

With wrenching gut and anxious nerves,

the last battle between the glimmer of hope that is tenuously flickering against the assault of raven-black winds and the endless abyss of the dark empty.

Uncertain of all.

Unyielding in might.

Fighting a blind fight;

thrashing, screeching, tearing, and then...

**Silence.**

## The Less Than

*Here's to all those who are less than!*  
*Here's to the ones that don't measure up*  
*The unstable, the weak, and the broken*  
*We are beaten to the ground but we stand back up*

**Nobody cares about our hurting**  
**Not from the throne that they stole with our pain**  
**And nobody cares if we deserve it**  
**They judge from their lofty heights with disdain**  
**So Fuck all you pretentious Masters!**  
**You act like you earned that spot that you hold**  
**But you don't know shit about disasters**  
**Bereft of the hand you were dealt you would fold**  
**We were born to this world as the rejects**  
**You tell us that we'll never do shit on our own**  
**You were born to this world as a pretext**  
**Pretending you're reaping the crop that you've sown**  
**But we see through fallacious bullshit**  
**You're convincing yourself that you've conquered with ease**  
**But you're just posing as a pundit**  
**A sophistic bitch that still needs our disease**

*So, here's to all those who are less than!*  
*Here's to the ones that don't measure up*  
*The unstable, the weak, and the broken*  
*We get beat to the ground but we stand back up*  
**Don't try to teach us how to fix it**  
**Don't ever think you have value to us**  
**The fact is you don't really know shit!**  
**You just give your advice to feel better than us**  
**So, don't breathe a word about your progress**  
**With your winnings attached to your ticket to earth**  
**The time will come for us to redress**

**And you won't stand a chance with your plush life from birth  
Here I stand as a less than  
This is the place that I'm not giving up  
And here I stand as the broken  
And here I'll stay till you don't measure up  
Yes, I'm not as weak as you imagine  
I have more fight than the sage could portend  
I've fought back my share of demons  
And I will rage with my might in the fight till the end.**

*So, here's to all those who are less than!  
Here's to the ones that don't measure up  
The unstable, the weak, and the broken*

*We get beat to the ground but we stand back up*  
**And Fuck you who think that you are more than!  
Fuck you who think that we don't measure up!  
And Fuck you for thinking we are broken!  
We may start from the ground but we stand back up  
Always from the ground do we stand back up!**

## The Train Wreck

I need them to hate me.  
I need feelings strong.  
I need them to never look back when I'm gone.  
It's important to hurt them, even when it hurts me.  
I can shoulder the pain if the pain sets them free.  
I'm not a good person, the good person died.  
But, I wish they could know how hard I have tried.  
There should be no distress when I hear their words seethe.  
I need only venom to come out when they breathe.  
I hope with all holy, that the guilt is alive.  
If it follows through death, then in hell I'll survive.  
Survive isn't pleasant when you hate who you are.  
survive is for people who are lacking in scars.  
To say I have scars would make anyone laugh.  
My scars are contagious, it's all part of my craft.  
please keep your distance, you do not want to see,  
the ridiculous train wreck that's the essence of me.