

Junk Head

Micheal D Rogers

Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Kerouac

Lustful friends

Empty room

Listen

Fire and Desire

The End

PTSD

Soil

Bittersweet but Better Me

The Saints of New Orleans

Hold on

not the losng kind

Keep Breathing

Love Life

Untitled

Kerouac

The time has come for my journey to begin
I don't know where I am going nor what I will see
The beautiful landscape of the west or the always enduring Atlantic coast
Maine or Arizona
Florida to Oregon
The Joshua trees or the maple leaves
The road has called me and I must answer
I may get stuck somewhere and stay a while
Or I may speed through just counting the miles
I'm taking nothing with and leaving a season of my life behind
There may be people in need of my company
There may be prisons that want to institutionalize me
There may be some good news and bad
There may be soft women or there may be hard times
I may become a vagrant and in need of a hand up
I may become rich in Vegas and can loan you a buck
The tires are antsy just wanting me to point out the way
To a cities crowded street or a long lonesome highway
The hills and rivers of Appalachia or the San Francisco bay
The snowy Rocky mountains or a downtown park with it's beautiful fountain
This thirst is unquenchable I think if I stay my mind may get worse
I have never been homesick and I never will
My home is the highway the road is my thrill
I'm going now don't beg me to stay
If I don't call or write for a while, don't worry I'm ok
It's not you that I'm leaving but our season has come
You should find excitement, you really need some
I'm going to be driving real fast and chasing my dream
Day and night, low and high beam

Lustful friends

Maybe I am
Maybe I'm not
maybe all my veins are shot
Maybe she's here maybe she's queer
Maybe all flesh is gay
Maybe all gods are ok
Maybe you'll be the one
That I don't break
Try hard not to make a mistake
So many features of so many makes
If love is for one then love is for all
I watched all the pieces fall
Out of place
And in-between
I never meant to be mean
But some of your personality is too thin
Just like her face
Just like his dick
Falling in love doesn't require any tricks
If you're the one
Then baby you won
I hope you like the prize
When you realize what's me and what's you
Then maybe you'll be gone in the morning too
Wipe off my face
And put on some clothes
I'm tired of this straw up my nose
The junk in my bloodstream
Like the gymnast on the main beam
If off balance
We'll hit the floor
Just being me can be such a bore
I hate that your thighs are sore

But staying in place
Is much like a race
Moan as I pick up the pace
The better you act the more I pay
I love that you have nothing to say

Empty room

The empty room that you asked me to build
It is now full of cobwebs and mold on the windowsill
My how dirty the window is I can't even see the old mill
The door is falling off the hinges
I finally stopped going on binges
The curtains have lost their fringes
The marks are still there where the fire singed it
The steps are broken
And the azaleas are being choked
By the weeds the old natives used to smoke
I don't know if I am able to fix her up
But I'll try until my back gives up
My old bones cant cut the mustard and my back ain't up to snuff
At least you didn't have to see everything go downhill
Everyone left the town when they shut down that old mill
It was passed time though, that's how I feel
I moved back in cause your son went up on my rent bill
I stuck out like a third wheel
Anyway just wanted to say hi and see if you love me still
I'll be with you soon not much time left now to kill
You were smart to get out when you did but see you soon I will
I'm going to be going now I'm already at the bottom of the hill.
MDR

Listen

Listen to my voices
Helping me with my choices
They don't like one word answers
The word, no, to them is cancerous
Exploding ear drums
That may be next to come
The truth may surprise you
The voices may deny you
The cops may find you
The lights may blind you
Their sirens you can't hear
The hot nights that are hard to bare
Wading across the creek so shallow
Creeping over the ground, so hallowed
Through the switchgrass and the mud
You can barely see your clothes are covered in blood
You should be locked up for good
What did you do?
Find out, you probably should
Ask yourself if it was a body slain
Or was just your friend and her menstrual pains
Find yourself and learn all the facts
Or suffer your choice by the executioners axe

Fire and Desire

This burning
The constant yearning
Stomach acids churning
Like a coal furnace
Heat burns from inside of my chest
I try writing songs but I'm not the best
But I don't care anymore
Putting myself through the test
Not caring about pride ego or any of that mess
Losing my pride was like speaking through a Lip that's cleft
It took time and lots of people that left
Careless I write because my heart feels heft
Scribbles and scratches
On napkins or a box of matches
Writing is a passion
Like a junky crashing
Someone is grabbing my heart and mashing
So I let it bleed onto paper nothing flashy
Just my fire and desire
To make something that someone may admire
Or it may just spark their own fire
Just my fire and desire
It wakes me at night
No I'm not a liar
Sometimes it does it in fright
Maybe my demons just want a good fight
Maybe they want me to break in their sight
Someday I just might
Then the night becomes light
And I continue to write.

The End

This is the end
Time is beginning to bend
They've wore out all the trends
All the taking of what the earth lends
No intention of ever returning sends
Nature into a frenzy, hurricane force winds
Birds and Ash fall from the sky
Just like the reverend
Spoke of in his fire and brimstone mind
Too little to late to bother with our kind
Demons and devil's stand side to side
their hellborn tanks with the gears that grind
Rapiers and bastard blades combined
Cutting through father's, brothers, mothers, and sisters sons and daughters leaving no one behind
What have we concocted in our unholy minds
All the innocent animals beckon and cry
For pity as they don't know why
They didn't agree to the greed,
Nor did they try
Smoke filled lungs Can't even speak to cry
For help nor mercy oh my
The air is so burned it's dry
Like dragons tearing across the sky
I just watch and sigh.

PTSD

Blood splatter over the hospital walls and hospital floors
A massacre of one
Using no guns nor swords
Awaken in fright
Ripping out the drip tube
Spraying everything in sight
With the crimson liquid of life
Slaying my demons
As I laid asleep
So close to dying
I awoke standing several feet from my bed
Backed into a corner
Covered in red
Alarms started buzzing
Still a bit fuzzy
Where am I I shouted
Remembering nothing about it
Not the fight over
The helicopter as it hovered
Me inside
Just along for the ride
The fresh smell of burning flesh
Still in my nose
Down my throat a thick black hose
Catheters and burnt clothes
None of these would I have chose
Better me than he or she I suppose
If only the sacrifice I made for them were a contract that binds

Soil

Make way for me oh dear soil
I am rushing forward towards you
I'll be in need of your service soon
Don't make me rush and don't hold me back
Everything is on schedule so no need to force
I have no idea when I'll be ready
But I know that I will
No money or trinkets will I bring with me
No desire will be left unfulfilled and no sight left unseen
Time keeps moving forward as does my conscience
There will be plenty in need of your service before I arrive
So hold up no others nor speed them ahead
Enjoy the roots of the trees scratching your surface
Take pleasure in the sea and it's depths
Take pride in the mountains and their glory
Enjoy the company of the animals that inhabit your woods
Love the warmth of the sun that rises from the east of your horizon as it sleeps in the west
Contemplate the neighboring moon and all the stars
You can feel me walking on your surface for now
As I will lay forever down in the soil below

Bittersweet but Better Me

You stole my heart and you wrecked my head
Around your finger I was wrapped so you I did wed
Forsaken all others only you shall I bed
As you spooned out my heart and it was all I was fed
No passionate kisses nor life long wishes
No equality as our love was one sided
Breaking me down until our possessions we divided
My pride has been crumbled while under your breath you did mumble
You lied when I asked what you just said
You broke my trust and you broke my bed
The worst pain I've ever felt was in the heart that is barely still beating Just under my head
Was my love a game and my emotions your toys
Or did you find something better in some other boys
I didn't think I would grow to love another again
Yet I received pity from a dear friend
Although it faltered also my heart it did mend
Your promiscuity deserves some gratuity
For I have found love in myself if only just for now
I'm looking deep inside myself
further down than ever before
I've pulled out feelings that I've never felt
Of that much I am sure
I'm grabbing words and writing them down
Trying to make it all make sense
This new me that I found
You caused a revolution in my very soul
Ever since I climbed up out of the hole
Hitting bottom was simple and I know that now
The climb was grueling yet I endured
even took time to wipe my brow
Looking inside at the mess you did make
Finding that the heartstrings they bend so they won't break
I'm a new man now and no longer naive

I'll never give myself again fully this you should believe
Maybe not all clouds have a silver lining
but this one sure did
I tucked my weakest faults way down inside
And now that's where they're hid
No one else will ever reach them
They are reserved just for me
Do I even care to hold another again
This we shall see
I'm fully healed now
In only 5 years time
Yet I'm still not sure of the crime
Who would have guessed
Not the tar heroin not the cocaine
But isolation is what did me the best
I'll always despise you
Through this year and the rest
Don't call me don't write me
just leave me alone
Just allow me to live
and you can stay gone

The Saints of New Orleans

Chapter 1

Day started like All the rest down here in Mississippi. Hot and muggy as soon as the daylight broke through the dark night. My little brother still asleep like usual, leaving me to make breakfast and do all the morning chores. He was 20 years my junior and I was pretty much the only father figure he had ever known. Ma and pa died of the scarlet fever not long after he was born. I was 26 and off fighting a war that I had no business in. As soon as I got my discharge papers I was on my way back home. That's where I found this ferrel little child with eyes like mine. He must have been born just after I left. It took some learning and several whippings to get him back into a form that resembles humanity. Sometimes I think that the whipping hurt me more than it did him. After a few years he had become a model child that others would base their thoughts of a good boy on. I can't imagine what he saw before I showed up.

We had neighbors about a mile down the road. A nice black family that with all the girls they had could have made their own church choir. The old man would always tip his hat to me if we ever crossed paths. He told me that the tried to leave food out for the boy as often as they could never get a sight of him, but he must've ate it cause the next day they would come retrieve the plate and even the chicken bones would be sucked dry.

They had a beautiful creole looking daughter about my age that I remember fondly as she used to be my fishing partner. She would always play with my hair because it was shaggy and curly and nothing like her own. When we were kids we had no idea about race or judgement of one's color. It was pure innocence just enjoying each other's company.

After returning from war everything was different. Blacks and whites kept to their own company. So when I asked Maylene to go fishing with me her daddy abruptly refused my request and said " she ain't here noways."

On the walk home I heard a loud screech as if it were an owl howling, but it was broad daylight.

That's when I saw 2 assailants brutally handling Maylene as if she were a ragdoll. I ran down, grabbed a knife from my boot and shoved it into the first mans neck I could reach. The other backed away as if he had seen a ghost. It was the mayor's boy Jeffrey. The other was just some vagrant no one would ever miss. But Jeffrey pleaded for his life so I took the heel of my boot and cracked him in his kneecap. He wailed louder than the girl he was attempting to rape.

I tied him to his horse and after making sure that Maylene was alright I rode him into town to the sheriff. Being the mayor's son and all his trial was the next day. They asked me to be in attendance. It was a pig circus. They had their minds made up, and Maylene wasn't going to get any justice. So I had to get it for her myself. I rose and asked to speak to the judge as I walked forward I pulled back the hammer on my .38 that was restless on my pocket. I said your honor, is there anyway that we can guarantee this not happen again. He stated, it didn't happen this time. So I placed the barrel against the judges podium and let the first of six bullets loose. Hit the judge right in his gutless torso. The next two bullets were for the mayor's boy. Hit him in the knee and the groin. I wanted him alive to suffer. The last three were for the bailsman because I wasn't going to jail just for serving justice to those that tried to escape it. I grabbed Maylene by the arm and stole two horses that were tied out front of the courthouse. Coincidentally they both belonged to the mayor. We rode for days with no sight of anyone following us.

We rode for what seemed like a week. Only stopping to water the horses and catch a short nap. We both being country folk we knew what plants we could eat and not get sick from, but weeds and

roots don't fill the belly and by the time we reached Louisiana we were famished. We figured New Orleans was a big enough place that the two of us wouldn't be paid any mind. They have their own brand of trouble there and we may as well have been Saints in this city.

We found a place on the outskirts that welcomed both white and colored Patrons. I had just enough money to get us a room and a hot meal. I wasn't worried about money because I could always make more doing whatever needed doing. Even covered in road dust and grime Maylene was still looked angelic in my eyes. The room was just that a room. Bed ,toilet, running water for the bathtub and sink and a window looking out over the French Quarter, but no walls. Privacy was not an option in this room. So I told Maylene I would step out and see if I could find a second hand store to get her some suitable clothing. She thanked me in that soft sweet southern drawl. Every word that ever came out her mouth I think I could recite verbatim as it sounded sweeter than any other sound I had ever heard. She started removing her shoulder straps before I could get out the door and I had to remove my hat because I thought I may just faint. I quickly and clumsily opened the door and removed my gaze from her.

I walked down through the small hotel and out into the streets of the quarter. I looked at every booth I passed trying to find something fitting for Maylene. I finally found a peddler about the same height and build as Maylene that was selling her clothes they may or may not have been stolen, but for two dimes I found her a nice skirt and shirt to match and I talked her into a pair of socks and loafers for a nickel. She threw in a pair of slacks that were meant for a boy but would fit her just the same. A few blocks down I found a fella selling men's clothes and I offered to trade my untattered clothes that just needed a wash for some of his wares and of course he happily obliged. With my last four dollars I spent two of the on I a sterling silver pair of earrings and a small bottle of french perfume that I wanted to surprise my beautiful friend with. That left us two dollars for a couple of drinks at the pub in the hotel lobby and breakfast in the morning.

I had been gone for at least an hour. Plenty of time for her to bathe and get comfortable. I returned to the room knocking before I used the key to enter. What a sight, as beautiful as she was awake she looked heavenly as she was sleeping under the cotton blankets. I laid the goods I had purchased on the chest of drawers and the earrings and perfume on the pillow in front of her so she would see it when she woke.

Me being as dirty as a ditch digger I took the sheet from the other bed and fashioned a make shift curtain in front of the tub just in case she did awaken I wouldn't make a crude scene. That hot bathe felt so good on my aching muscles and I am not sure how long I was in there before falling asleep but I awoke to Maylene pouring water on my hair washing out the soap she used to wash it with. I was startled at first and I placed a rag over my manhood. Not as if she hadn't been able to see it already, although the water was a bit murky do to how filthy I was. She just smiled a big smile with her white teeth that were accentuated by her cocoa brown lips. "First thing tomorrow I'm going to trim this mop of hair of yours because you look like a vagrant," she said. "A shave wouldn't hurt either". Then she looked in my eyes as if she could see my very soul as she bent down and gave my lips a peck. "Thank you for the earrings and perfume" she said. She was already wearing the earrings but she said the perfume is only for special occasions. "Tomorrow maybe," she said. "Dry off and come to bed your going to get waterlogged in there if you stay in much longer." We had separate beds and as tired as we both were, I don't believe that if we only had a single that anything would happen anyway. She said "thank you for everything you did for me and sweet dreams." "Sweet dreams" I replied back as I faded off to sleep.

I woke with a startle, "My little brother I thought".

Maylene was already awake brushing her long black hair that she always kept in a braid that went down to the middle of her back. I said, "Maylene, I have to go back to fetch my brother". She replied that he was in safe hands at her daddy's. "As soon as he heard that you were going to be at the

courthouse also, he went and got him that morning." I felt a huge relief. Her daddy was not someone that invited any badge wearing son of a bitch into his home. So I knew Sam would be safe. I got my breaches on and put on my shirt cleaned my boots off in the tub and we made our way down to the hotel lobby for breakfast. We had a good meal and handed the keys back to the desk clerk. I noticed as we were walking out another fella walking in with a stack of papers. "Oh hell" I said to Maylene. " Our photos were right there on the front page, May, " I whispered to her. "We need to get out of town and fast." We didn't have but a satchel with all our belongings, so we saddled the horses and headed west towards Texas.

We made it a few miles out of New Orleans by noon. We came to a town with a general store where I traded my .38 for a Winchester lever action .44 caliber rifle. Much longer distance and I didn't want to have to get close enough to someone to get a good shot in with that little revolver. After the horses were watered we set out with the sun directly overhead. We made it through the swamps of the Atchafalaya before dark and we set up camp on the other side. This would give us plenty of time to tuck tail and run if we saw lights heading in our direction. Two long grueling days on horseback through the swamps and sugar cane fields of Louisiana would wear out any man or horse. Still 2 days away from the Texas border. We found some old moonshiner tending his still and he could see we meant no trouble so he set us up for the night in his barn. We drank our fill of shine and ate whatever it was he put in front of us. We were so hungry we didn't bother asking what it was. He played the banjo and his brother on the washboard and it seemed like every shiner for miles came down and enjoyed the music and drink. Maylene and I danced like we had the spirit in us. This was the second time I had the pleasure to kiss those beautiful lips of hers but it felt like the first all over. I could have waited forever for that and it would have still been better than anything I had ever lay my lips upon.

After everyone was either leaving or passed out. We made our way to the hay loft in the old man's barn. We made love with more passion than I ever knew possible. When we kissed it was like taking in the holy communion. It was as if we were one body, knowing each other's move before ever making it. It was surreal and so real at the same time. The most beautiful thing I have ever experienced in my life.

The morning came quicker than I can remember. The old shiner had fixed us some sandwiches and gave us a bottle of his liquor. He had already fed and saddled our horses for us. He bid us safe travels and told us not to worry about him telling any lawman shit. We were back on our way to Texas.

Hold on

My old chair has a worn spot
When I have to hold on
When I can't move on
It's a friend of mine
It used to hold the caring kind
She had to move on
So now I hold on
She wasn't my mom but she used to hold on me
Like I was her son
Like I was the only one
Now I hold on
When I can't move on
When the rain starts running down
When I can't help but frown
Thoughts of her sitting here
In my old chair
That woman was the only one that cared
If I was broken or barren
So now I just have to hold on
Before she left me
Her mind left her
She would lay in the bed
Screaming out her head
for
her mom and dad that had been long gone
The rain started falling out my eyes
I couldn't stand hearing her cry for home
That house has a voice and it talks to me
She has a plan and won't leave me be
She wants my mind and all the rest of me
That house holds the spirits
of the land of a people that came way before me

not the losng kind

I'm not the losing kind
I'm not the losing kind.
I'm about to lose my mind
You're always on my mind
Thoughts don't expire
Your face in my dreams I admire
You're still here
You didn't leave me completely
You left me with thoughts of the things you taught me
Sometimes I feel you haunt me
Like you're on my shoulder
Weight like a Boulder
I wish I could thank you
For molding me into someone like you
You were the perfect man
I'll follow your footsteps as much as I can
I'll never live up to the height that I thought of you
You didn't have to guide me
But you never denied me
If you weren't still here with me I'd miss you more
But you are still in my thoughts so hardcore
Ghosts keep me alive
Make me happy most of the time
Sometime they make me cry
Sometimes I just want to die
Just to see you one more time
Just to shake your hand again
Say I love you old man
Then I hear your voice saying stop that shit man
You'll see me in time so don't rush
Wipe your eyes and hush
My ghosts are my guides
Leading me from the other side.'m not the losing kind

I'm not the losing kind.

Keep Breathing

It took me camping and revamping to realize life may sometimes be a long bad day but if you allow it, it will began amping up
No one stays low forevermore
Sometimes you just have to unbolt the door.
There's a light maybe not in death but in life
Sometimes you just need a little strife
With all bad moments there come good hours
You just have to knock at the tower
It may provide some power
Just enough to continue
So you don't end up on the worms menu
Or just a maggots venue.
Checking out limits your choices
No matter if you've been forged in fire
Or are plagued by voices
You've made it halfway
What else can I say
It's downhill from here
There's no one left to steer you down the right path
No one left to teach you math
Your only other choice is to get a catheter or a colostomy bag
Trying to check out now would be a drag
No grandkids to see
Nothing left to be
Fertilizer for a tree
Is that your goal
Being food for a pole
I'm not sure but everytime it happened to me I just saw dark
No light leading to st Peter's Park
No gates no angels
Just a mess for your family left tangled
It can get worse
Your last car ride is in a hearse

Formaldehyde in your veins so you look pretty and don't burst
Is that your dream
When your casket reams
The 6 foot hole
Full of moles and voles
Roots and clay
Sure this isn't the way
You pictured it that day
When you slit your wrists
Or the heroin whose dose you missed
Can't stop it now
Your already in the ground.

Love Life

Love is a guillotine
It takes a man who's mean
And cuts him down nice and clean
While the woman holds the string
Pulls it and listens to the blade ring
Cuts a man down
As she stands there watching in her gown
Takes his soul
Makes his head roll
Puts it up on her wall
With the other ones who's head she made fall
Trophies for her
Doom to him

Don't forget what I say
It'll happen to you one day
Women can make a man
Or they can break a man
Stay away if you can
I know you're not going listen
You don't know what you're missing

Love can be fulfilling
If giving her your soul you are willing
Or it can be cruel
If you're a fool
Do what I did
What a slippery slope I slid
What was it she said I did
Cheat on her with my meds
I don't know what would happen if was off them
I don't really want to know
Because I'm not even stable on them

Don't forget what I say
It'll happen to you one day
Women can make a man
Or they can break a man
Stay away if you can
I know you're not going listen
You don't know what you're missing

Untitled

Blood stained floors
Empty chest of drawers
That thousand yard stare
Looking at a home that's bare
Grown people don't always care
Sl.e are just children that don't understand
Like they bought a relationship at a lemonade stand
Hearts grow heavy and thoughts run deep
A tattered soul is all I'll keep
A hopeless romantic feeling hopelessly frantic
Living myself was easy when some one else did
Fear and desperation
No penance and no salvation
Just a hollow soul searching for devotion
A thousand lovers before
AnD a thousand left behind
Can't seem to get them off mind