

Beneath the Lies of Laughter, I Cry

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Memories

We scream at the World in
wonderment, virgin senses at birth.
Each sensation, a piercing image,
remaining long after the discovery
becomes a common breath.
Harvesters of Time ? we reap the
experience sown from infancy to
prime; of triumph and tragedy ? the
offspring of choice or fate ? firmly
embedded in our mind.
We will carry our memories with us
throughout our lives; and those we
meet, will see our past projected
from the clarity or dullness of our
eyes.

For My Children (When They Are Ready)

Everything in Life has its opposite which comes
full circle throughout Time.

For all the Love given and received; you will hate
and be hated as much. Though you don't wish it
to be so, it will occur nonetheless.

For all the sorrow and regret you feel during your
years, you will be isolated by your happiness and
immune to loss. Though you wish to know why
it is so, it will escape your reasoning.

You will make and keep many friends throughout
your journey and have others say "enemy" and
slander your name behind your back.

Remember that true friends are kept by brutal
honesty; and enemies are maintained by fear of
true self they can't understand or obtain.

You will be praised and exalted as well as shunned
and ignored. No matter what others say about you,
it will only matter if you allow it; so be yourself.

You will know great health and unbearable sickness,
wealth and poverty; good luck and bad. Feast
and famine. May you live long enough to experience
it all. Live and learn...that's the key.

There will be moments of bare existence when everything
whirls past and you hang on for a simple breath. Though
you want the World to stop, it will spin onand continue
to do so long after you are gone.

As All are born; one day we shall die, completing the
Circle. Don't focus too much on the details. It's only
Life, so enjoy it as it unfolds.

You are part of the Mysterious Play, intertwined with
all "actors", awaiting the movement of the Quill to mark
down Time.

I Want to Release My Tears

Please teach me to how to cry.
Though pain has all but severed my Soul
and made me beg to die, the impregnable
shield that guards my emotions won't release
the fluid that's built up over the years...
...that bittersweet ocean of salty white wine.
I remember as a small child how I wept at
almost everything.
Though in some instances, the action that triggered
my tears may have been mild; I still felt relieved
after releasing my anguish in a flood of abandonment
that somehow seemed to extinguish Anger and Pain's
self-destructive fires.
But over many years, Society and countless
insecure and angry adults, told, begged - no
forced me to suppress my painful feelings.
That's right boy; you'd better bring those
silly tears to a halt!
They'll do you no good in a football game or
or out on the battlefield of Life! Nietzsche
wrote, "What does not destroy me, makes me
stronger." but his mind had long since flown when
he finally died of loneliness and strife.
I want to destroy the dam. I want to release my
tears! Society and a thousand rifles pointed at
my skull can't hold them back this time, as they
have so painfully these many dark years.
Then finally, like a long lost brother that's
returned home to stand by my side; tears begin to
run down my cheek - cooling my face and flushing my
skin; performing that spiritual cleansing to heal
my wounds yet another time, once again.
Such sacred love pain seems to bring when

acknowledged and let out in the air, but bottle it
up inside you and die a thousand horrid deaths!
No more. For me, blessed tears, you'll always
be there.

For the love of God, Edgar!

My twin spirit will always be a man
named Poe. While in a dream, he mystically
loaned me his poetic soul.

His thoughts now flow forever through my
creative mind, but searching for happiness
is impossible now. He obscures my
sanity and twists my thoughts, making
them so unkind!

We will walk together through this life
of pain alone. Tears will be shed but
never to be shown! Insanity to the bitter
end! Not knowing what it's like to have a
true friend!

My heart stopped beating! My dream was
for real!

Dear God, I'd give all that I have in the whole
World right now just to feel!

I'll never know when my poor soul cries.

NO! I'll never know which soul is for real,
until the painful imposter DIES!

Media Overkill

I tell you what to eat, drink, feel,
think, wear, what's in and what's out.
I am the Media; you act according to my
input.
I can make you feel fabulous or inferior.
I make others praise or put you
down for following or failing to use my
omnipotent suggestions.
I can make you feel uneasy and insecure
about yourself...you can't make a decision
without me.
I am the Media; I control your thought
processes.
I sit in judgment over all. You must adhere
to what I say, for you are my slave.
'Don't think for yourself; what do you
know?'
I will be around as long as people
can't decide: why, what, where, when,
and how?
I am the Media; I control your life.
It simply amazes me how much power I
possess. Why stare in awe? You gave birth
to me. I am your guardian/conscience child.
I am a censor and shaper, given control by
those who chose not to think for themselves.
I am the Media.
I am your savior in a world begging to be controlled
from cradle to grave.
I am the Media!

Smiles and Rainbows

Sing to me the sweet song of summer!
Call to my mind the youthful abandon
that accompanied me there.
The breeze softly swaying the trees to
the melody of morning; with the Sun
brightly inviting my senses to the
miracles of Life so fair.
Let's go dancing in the meadows and
sleep in the fields; caress the day
with singing and laughter and fling to
the soft night all our cares.
We can work magic, you know, with our
mind as a child's. Regain consciousness
and begin anew.
Flush all fears away with salvation's tears
and smile forever like the morning dew!
At the close of day, say a prayer; beg
forgiveness for being blind. Beauty
and glory forever, amen; thank you Lord
for this moment in time!
However ages the flesh, our Spirit lives
on; and through the eyes of this child...
...a brand new day is about to dawn!

LOVE

In a court of law, stood a man accused. His
head hung low, feeling sad and used. He
tried to show the beauty of love and peace to
a world filled with hate and fear. Meekly
wept for our souls, as He was beaten and
pained to tears.

Jury cried, "Death!", and He was nailed to a
Tree. The crowd mocked the prisoner yet He
emitted no plea. Said, "With the sealing of
My fate, I set you All Free!".

His Soul rose to His Father and said, "Thy will
be done. Today, Satan has been caged;
power over him, has been won!"

And the guards shook in awe as the ground
crumbled, day turned to night; lightning
cracked and thunder boomed. The ultimate
ironic paradox; with Man's most savage act
of innocent slaughter, he has been saved
from Eternal Doom!

Now the price of Man seemed too much for
its worth, yet through blood, sweat and tears,
He lovingly paid the fare, and when it was
finished, He sighed and asked His Father, "Do
you think their hearts will continue to be
bare?"

"My Son, if they desire, believe, and are True;
the very Love you have displayed today can
be found each time they fall to their knees
and ask for guidance, through You!"

When Reality Becomes the Dream

The battle for the Soul is as
brutal as the battles of men,
but sight of justice is the pleasure
of God alone.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

I

I used to dream! Yes, there once was a time,
but they never seemed to come true. So over the
taunting time that elapsed, my reality became
violently twisted and composed of chaotic hues!
Sometimes I wish I could just sleep forever
beneath the dawn of escape and never awake...
Yes, never awake!

O, how I wish I were a young lad again, full
of hopes and dreams that someday when...I would
be grown and the truth would be known. But now
that I am, I find the truth not at all very
kind!

So now, my dreams have become reality and
my waking life, but an illusion from the blind
eyes of a philosopher!

II

FANT/LUSION

LIFE is indeed the big illusion!

A dark and weary Dream!

An infinite recycling circus!

The ultimate gamble!

Throw down thy soul upon the Roulette
wheel of Chance and give her a
SPIN!

Round and round, watch it go.

Where will it stop? Only one knows!

Tis judged by your actions committed

on a physical sphere. By the power
of which spirit will you pray? To
what voice, will you adhere?
How up, if at all, will you end?
Eternal celestial Paradise you could
hold freely in the palm of your hand OR
Darken your Soul wallowing about in the
ashes of Sin and a perpetual furnace of
tormenting agony you shall...
win?

III

Be you a Wise Man or a Fool, in the End,
all will be Judged the same. All that truly
matters is how you play the GAME.

IV

The hand that hurts can also become the
instrument that heals. Like a razor blade
sealing an open wound with sterile precision.
A master of undying compassion!

V

I'm slowly digging my grave with each Word
that I write! And in the End, I'll be buried
DEEP, forever left to sleep, yet awakened every
so often to be tortured by the Demons that have
possessed me during my life and will follow me
into Eternity!

VI

We must shelter the innocent from Life's
corrupting rain and temptation's beautiful
yet deadly web of inevitable destruction!

VII

Beneath the neon Sun, the night explodes with
both passion and pain. Couples in Love walk
hand in hand past an alley sheltering a battered
woman and her child dressed in rags, faces expressionless;
yet the agony easily slips through their not so tough

exterior Wall in the form of blood and tears!

VIII

Though lost you are in the blackest of nights, I
will comfort thee and give you new Life! Shed not
those tears and abandon your fears. I will give you
Peace and for your Soul, I shall grant Eternal Happiness!

Even as I sit on my throne, by the blinded Fool

I am convicted, but in judgment, the tables will
be turned against them; yet for those who believe,
no more wounds upon thy Soul will be inflicted!

Peace for the pure!

Poverty for those who possess riches, attempting
to shield their insecurity and lack of Love with
tarnished glitter!

Watch the innocent myrmidons labor for their masters!

Blindly and slowly dying with each passing
breath spent working beneath the Sun! No Life to
lead is one spent in bondage, but it's only physical
and just a fraction of the Time that you will someday
know!

Fear not, for ye shall receive your reward where
Love is forever present. Your master's fortune was
built all in VAIN! The wealth will bury their bodies
and melt down their heart and Soul unless they rid
themselves of false fortune and gain Real tangible
glory through Love and repentance!

Not so easy giving up All your Worldly goods and
knowledge to follow a Prophecy designed in another
Realm which solely exists because of your faith.

Living on an Earthly kingdom whose gods are physical
and temptation is forever present, most of these dwellers
don't recognize the Laws of this Ethereal Doctrine!

But that's okay! Become a martyr! Die in Vain, if
that's what they say but ye shall reap the harvest of
your suffering and never know Pain!

We're all just chasing after an illusion of Light

created by our unconscious minds, but when the Truth is revealed, your darkness will be shown...Nevermore to be sealed! YOU HYPOCRITE!!

IX

Just in case your wondering about the poet's sanity:

It seems to come and go from time to time but as of right now, everything's ALMOST fine! HA!

YES! There will be no Reality for me as long as I have the ability to create!!

Now I begin to wonder.

My thoughts haunt me as my mind begins to drift and inquisitively ponder:

what is to become of me once I cross over into the Afterlife? The twisted Cross and horrors of Hell or the Sacred tears of Heaven?

STOP!

O piercing eyes and bleeding heart, for one moment please release me from the torturous knowledge of facts that so burden my soul with PAIN!

I wish to know nothing! I will not leave my mark on this world, for I have never even existed physically.

Only mentally in the nightmares that your easily influenced mind possesses!

Listen to me!

Insanity occurs when your mind can't accept your true present reality, so you unconsciously create your own and try to live up to it!

Then you lose it! HA! HA! HA! Madness is so much fun!

But it's perfectly normal on this planet. I have seen many cases before but not as acute or perfected as mine!

You see. I've already recognized my illness and can keep it in constant balance with reality. Reality?

What's that? Switching over in an instant. controlling the thoughts. Directing them. like kinetic energy being

drawn forth from the vortex of the mind! HA! HA! HA!
Insanity! The most painful disease known to Mankind!
Neither Cancer nor AIDS can eat away at you as fierce
as this cold Bitch can!

Yes, the Beast knows not mercy, for he has never been
granted any himself! Beaten, electrocuted and locked
away to rot! Yes, I guess you could say his temper got
rather hot. Lovely vengeance, let's play games. You're
first...and the last!!

It's the disease of all poets, philosophers and dreamers
everywhere. I still can't believe it's shunned and looked
down upon the way it is since it's shared the company of
so many great men and women throughout the ages!
Once the mind goes, it's over! You'll never be truly
reborn or resurrected again! Cast in Hell on Earth!
Led blindly into the fire to be slowly consumed by human
hatred and mockery! Lucifer rules Earth with a hungry
grin. It's his monopoly. He wants you to SIN!!

X

Earth is Satan's playground and people, merely rides!
See how easily his powers can overcome you? His
transmissions, through our own devices, can unconsciously
hypnotize!

If you make this place your kingdom, in a similar domain
you will abide. Please, relinquish your grasp on this
false haven for your Soul and ye shall finally know the
Truth. Never again will it hide!

Blind eyes, they mislead you! How could you let your
faith be shattered by lies? You give up Eternity for
fast salvation!

Remember this: Once your Soul falls, never again
shall it rise!

XI

The farther I slip away from Reality's loose grasp,
much harder it becomes to answer the riddles I ask.
In this World's oldest question, I humbly asked, "WHY?"

It's for you to know my son...AFTER YOU DIE!!!

XII

In my agony I left behind, a world torn and tortured,
unkind. Tears stream down my pale cheeks as I fly
high above the desolate ground on wings of sorrow with
a song that only the deaf can hear! How unwise you
were to have wasted my gift to you! I thought you would
have learned by now: Once you fall, the cold ground is
quite near.

XIII

Vices are nice when reality's no fun but take them
away...and you're on the RUN! HA! HA!
I know it's hard to fight a losing battle without a
shield but stand tall and give Life your best.
Just unfurl your Flag of Denial toward Temptation and
your problems will surely yield!

XIV

Things or people you know nothing about cannot be
judged accordingly! Ignorance of an issue means you
have no business inquiring in the first place. So unless
you want to be killed by your own curiosity:
Stay away unless your willing to play!
Dark is your mind, kept lit only by your desire to
douse my raging inferno. You say I lie? Do you have
another version of the Truth?
Everyone does! Only when we try to prove the validity
of our truths do we have conflict! Right and wrong become
divided concepts in each of the debaters minds!
Your truth, to them, are just Lies and their Reality,
to you, are but Dreams! Incomprehensible logic to minds
that are closed! Knowledge is your only way to gain freedom!

XV

My immortality, I will not deny. Death claimed me in
the end only to sacrifice me later to the god of perpetual
incarnations!

XVI

Dreams cast out to the public unaware, are but misty vapors, invisible logic...not there. Yes, it's sad but true, too often we find our personal convictions being overruled by the harsh truth set forth by temporary gods...unkind!

Please tell me, why must I be cursed with this gift of second sight? Locked inside this fortress and tortured by my phantasmal might?

I don't know, do you?

XVII

THE MIND LEARNS, THE HEART YEARNS

O LOVE, why hast thou not cast your shadow on thee?

I know...It was my fault! You were never invited into my life.

In my blind pursuit of fortune and glory, Avarice, that lustful fellow, took hold of my heart and suspended it most painfully for what seemed like Eternity until I was forcibly dropped to my knees and made to beg for your divine gift!

In my blatant stupidity, I was wrong!

Riches do not warm your heart with happiness nor fill your Soul with Peace! Never again will I stray, for I dare not take that lonely path again!

XVIII

When you first entered into Life's world of Power and Lies, did you ever think you were contributing to your own demise? I think not!

So torn apart in mind and heart, your wounds will never heal. You wanted excitement, money and fame, so with your own greed, you struck a deal!

XIX

In God's eyes, Everything is One under the Sun!

Only humans Divide.

Life is like a fist full of sand. You hold it in your palm for a brief moment, then it easily slips through

your fingers like it was never meant to be!
Tis not for fame that I wrote this, but for some
lonely dream child to read it and blow me a kiss:
Honoring the precious fluid spilt from my still
Bleeding Heart!

XX

I have learned this: If you have something that
you love, someone out there in this cold world is
going to take it away from you if you make your
pleasure known to them!
Let no one know your true feelings, for you will
be condemned by your own release!

XXI

Our naked faces hide behind many masks, granting
us expression. Our thoughts remain unheard by
mortal ears yet surface, like a thief in the night,
through Painting, Song and Poetry, the voices of
the gods!

XXII

Close your eyes sweet child and dream! Thou
needst not awake only to be blinded by that which
I have tried to shield you from!
Sweet Sorrow, please abandon me!
Begone darkness! Shroud me not with your curses
of Death! Alas, in other days I might have wished you
to claim me yet...not now! God how I savor each
passing breath!
Your angels, they caress me with their tranquil songs.
How peaceful they seem...yet still so far away from a
mortal's touch...much too long.
Humans have longed for immortality ever since the beginning
of Time, but it's that uncertainty of what follows
Death...it makes that Bell... they wish it not
to chime!
And that struggle for survival; the animal instinct
within us all, it makes us fight to the bitter end.

Yet even if Time is infinite, mere flesh alone cannot
yield the soul's request to be free! So eventually, it
decays and returns to it's pristine state...

...Grains of golden glitter awaiting rebirth into the
Dawn!

XXIII

APOCALYPSE

O Horsemen of Doom, Man's image in different form,
why have you brought forth destruction every since
the Earth was born?

Temporary Paradise once held you in your stall but
that soon vanished upon Sin's introduction to Man...
now only darkness falls!

Your hooves claw deep this mangled Land. War has
made his appearance as many a Ruler with a greedy and
lustful hand.

Death abounds, bringing Night to people so ill, yet
if disease doesn't do you in, someone else will try
to kill!

Someday, Good will overcome Evil forever! It has been
written. But not soon enough to stop the World's
progressive suicide before her destruction and rebirth!

Morally, spiritually, ethically!

No not physically!

You see, Satan's familiars embody our souls and blind
us unknowingly, for we cannot see or touch them. They do
their damage working through our thoughts and actions and
are unavoidable to Worldly dwellers not yet Saved!

Destined since the beginning of Time. All of Mankind
must pay for the first Sin every day that they live
on Earth. Praying for release from their sentence but
there will be no Pardon...only Death and Judgment!

We are but ripples in the puddle of Life. Made to run,
then disappear, never to be seen again!

Our real purpose, none of which there is, kept hidden
by tasks conjured up from ethereal hands because

Miracles sinned!

DUST! Crystallized organs and intelligence! Just add
water and blood with a little divine influence thrown in
to make the miracle complete!

Build yourselves a kingdom, you need me not. I have
abandoned you temporarily, just as backs have been turned
on me, to see how well you handle Temptation! You curse
me when something goes wrong but it's not I hearing your
hypocritical screams!

Foolish mortals, you'll never believe me until it's too
LATE!

XXIV

As the fallen rise up and the past risen return to
their kingdoms beneath, Time once again repeats itself.
Same plot, scene, script. Different actors, actresses
and setting!

This time, it's now!

Beware of the Bitch with a dagger in her hand! Turn
not your back and close your heart! If you let her get
too close, she'll tear you apart! Do it with a smile
baby!

Love aborted, pain abounds. Your flesh once caressed
mine, now only coldness surrounds!

In the midst of my dreams, I prayed not to awake. I
could have held you there for Eternity yet you slapped
me from my peaceful slumber and told me it was a mistake!
O please do not shatter my Life this way! Can't you
give me just one more chance? You've made me realize how
foolish I've been. How can you write about Love when you've
never known true Romance?

I am exposed now! Poison me with your impurities!

XXV

THE JUDGMENT

My God, why hast thou forsaken me during my hour of
trial? What sin has cursed me to deserve your denial
of help?

Upon the wings of all that is Holy, I humbly come before
you...on my knees...to seek your forgiveness, yet even
with a tear in my eye you forcefully penetrate my true
Soul and see through my hypocrisy.

Only you God, can read me true.

Never a year will escape me now, for I will live forever!
Awake in the midst of Insanity and sleep deep beneath
the burning coals of HELL!

In the midst of my Dreams I was awakened by harsh
Reality!

WHY? WHY? WHY?

Your Love Revived My Spirit

You CAN bring ash to flame again but
there must be something still burning deep
within!

To give death life, one must breathe upon
it warmth and light, so that what once was
coal, will become fire to warm the skin.

My heart was so cold, having known nothing
but pain. I gave up all hope for love and
life...feeling only guilt and endless shame.

When your soul came upon mine, I was shivering
and desolate, emitting pleas and cries!

"How could a man be so fragile and sad," you
asked? "Please," you screamed! "don't let
him die!"

Your innocence...it must illuminate, for from
around my being came a magnificent glow. I
cried, "dear God, true love has finally come
to claim me!" We kissed, you softly wiped
away my tears of sorrow and said, "Lord, now
I know."

The flame STILL burns! Your love revived
my spirit and let me know, that darkness will
haunt me no longer, for I will always be safe
from harm, shrouded by your ethereal soul!

Will You?

If I open up my heart to you, will
you embrace my love with sterile and
tender hands?
Will you promise to never leave me
and cause me more pain? Will you reject
and laugh at my attempt for true
love, leaving me to die, sick and lame?
Will you love me for who I am; not
try to change my heart and mind?
Will you be there when I need you most,
and comfort me when Life's not being kind?
When the whole World is against me,
will you be there to stand by my side?
Will you love me forever, until Death,
and once again our souls collide?
Will you?

Smell of Fear

An animal senses fear and quickly
devours it's prey. No less evil do
humans perform on each other, during
their business from day to day.

Weakness leads to quick death, it's
the "Law of the Land"; so if you're
not quite feeling up to snuff, you
better flee from your fellow Man!
They'll search for flaws and justify
your doubt; so-called experts trying
to control your life, and they've got
gold cards and degrees to prove their
clout.

Their goal is to be alone at the top;
obtained by your slaving for them
around the clock.

They'll auction you off without your
consent, but when you ask for thanks
and payment, they'll politely laugh at
your ignorance and tell you it was
...well spent!

Savage beasts devouring their prey,
don't pause to take in the beauty of
a fresh spring day. So if you stop to
smell the roses; don't take too long,
because they're waiting in the shadows
to do you wrong!

Love thyself and others will follow

All my life I've longed for love, yet
failed to look within. I sought acceptance
from total strangers until I finally
realized that...I was my true best friend!
With time, I learned to love myself by
forgiving and forgetting all the mistakes
of the past. I began to accept myself
for who I really was, and built a high
confidence level that was sure to last!
I applied my newfound knowledge to
others, and after awhile I found...
...true Love was in my midst at last.
All I had to do was search INSIDE before
I looked around.

Lessons to Live by

We will all return to dust, just as solid
metals collapse from rust; just as all rivers
flow out to sea, to crash and foam on
distant shores endlessly!

Like the caterpillar emerging from his
cocoon like a rainbow so free, we must live each day. like it was our last, for who
really knows, tomorrow might be!

We must not give in to the wicked World
or become a part of its destruction we will.

Like a demented man whose gun owns HIM and forces him blindly to kill!

Say what's on your mind but speak not from your unbridled tongue. Countless souls have died from
careless words, and actions not birthed from thought...

...so weigh carefully all you say or do, and
happiness, with these wages of wisdom, you will have bought.

These are but a few lessons to live by.

Many more will come to you in time. Now go live your life the best you can.

I hope everything works out real fine!

Eternal Love

Look into My eyes and cast your burdens
upon My soul. Leave your troubles a
memory...take My hand and walk with Me
through Heaven's Gates!

I know for you the path has been long.
Many trials and hardships have tried more
than once to break your faith; but your
nightmare is over, soul free at last...

Nevermore to be haunted by your cruel,
Earthly past!

Your sins are forgiven. Life shall
begin anew! Amongst the arms of love you shall be received.

And so now, and until the end of time, when ALL seems lost and darkness is all that you see, open
your eyes to a light that forever burns, and cherish My love for Eternity!

Nowhere to Hide

I am here and no one is near. Far
away I have run. Now, I am alone!
Kept company only by my shadow and
the Paranoia of silence!
In mental disarray, I fled society
today, seeking freedom and peace of
mind. But now that it's found, I am
lost, a poor stranger to my soul! I
can identify with nill!
Peace, you torturous villain! I
once thought you my only saviour but
now your tranquil haze envelops my
conscience and mocks it with irradicable
transmissions of false hope!
Invisible to all but one, myself!
Am I really free? Have I finally
won? Why is there no prize to be
gained but solitude? Tortured by
my thoughts and lack of gratitude?
My God, what have I done?
Though from chains I have broken,
a noose still encompasses my soul,
constricting my cry of Victory!
My physical agony, amplifying the
simplest possessions, now treasured
that were once taken for granted because
of my foolish pride!
Hear me now O World.....I was wrong!
Now matter how far you try to run away
from your troubles, there will
they be also!
I have learned my lesson.
Life is never quite fair to those who truly

care; but if your problems you choose
to ignore, in the end, they will hunt
you down like a starving beast, leaving
you with nowhere to HIDE!!

Schizophrenic Scribblings of the Lost Union

...and the children of Melrose strut their
stuff...is absolute zero cold enough...and
out in the valley, warm and clean, the
little one's sit by their TV screens.
No thoughts to think. No tears to cry.
All sucked dry...down to the very last
breath.

Bartender, what is wrong with me?
Why am I so out of breath? The captain
said, "excuse me ma'am.....this species
has amused itself to death!"

Roger Waters from "Amused to Death" title track 1992

I

Every moment of logical thought that
plows through my skull like a
thundering herd of cattle, utterly
destroys years of creativity and
passionate thinking!

The more you accept other people's
thoughts as the correct and undeniable
"truth", the more you will notice that
your wits have dulled and you can't
seem to remember simple names and
dates.

You have given up control of your
mental faculties and thus become a
dimwitted puppet of your superiors and
will grovel in the mud and beg on your
face for a meager financial reward
that's not really yours to begin with!
After you pay for a room just to sleep
in, cool/warm air to keep you from
sweating/freezing to death, a

harassment line, and Zombie Vision,
you don't have a piece of paper to
wipe your ass with!

Of course, I'm talking about a JOB, or
to put it more bluntly - PAID SLAVERY!

II

The Truth has always been perceived as
the way things are, rather than the
way things ought to be!

Death is but existence, camouflaged as
Life, pretending to be happiness!

III

Humans are the only animals that
perform an action just to see what the
end result will be, even if they don't
know what will come of it.

All other animals act according to
what they know will produce a given
result, so they are less likely to
cause harm to themselves or others if
the action goes wrong.

If humans don't like the end result of
an action, or if it backfires and
blows a couple thousand people up,
they just shrug it off, call their
insurance company, and dub it
unsuccessful in the name of Progress!
And Life goes on and on and on and on
and on and on and on and on

IV

Reap what you sow, can't forget what
you know. I feel beyond mere words
and isolated from the Human Herd!
Strayed and wish to stay that way;
don't want to be saved, just left
alone, but that's too easy; tomorrow

I'll be sold for \$2.00 lb. as W/D

Choice, so let it be!

Tee hee hee, not much left of me. Try
so hard, and for WHAT?! Nada in the
sky with diamonds, picture yourself
then leave; it's okay, we were never
here!

4(a)

Lord, if thy will be done to finish
The Game, take me now and erase my
name!

v

THE GAME

In today's age, we are force-fed Life
and Power! It does not matter what we,
as individuals want for ourselves;
that which is the ideal lifestyle is
beamed at us, beaten over our heads,
and crammed down our throats, with
mandibular restraints pulling apart
our chops, as we choke helplessly on
the overkill that is Humanity's
Desire!

There is no way out! Every possible
"escape route" has been bought and
regulated by the Government! You may
"pursue happiness" but only if you
have the means, and even then, it's
not for real, because you pay for
permission to utilize the toys that
amuse you!

It's all a play! We stumble from
scene to scene, waiting eagerly for
some climax and finale which never
seems to come. And when we can no
longer continue and are sprawled

prone, weak, and near-death on the
stage floor, we cast a glassy-eye
toward" the faceless, burning light
and hear the bellowing instructions
over the loud speaker, "get up and do
it again; it wasn't good enough!
And of course, we pull our puppet's
corpse to its feet and dance the last
number again; because we believe that
it will get better (at least that's
what They say!),
You will move forward and win the game if
you continue to give 350% and bust your butt!
Yes! It can happen!
But what if the game kills the player
in the process? Well, then of course
the game is over. But not for the
other players, "get back to work!"
The loudspeaker and crowd cheers your
efforts, the band strikes up a
farewell march and the stretcher
carries you out of the Arena and
stacks you on top of the other
stinking bodies far from civilization,
where none can see (or smell) them and
change their mind about playing!
Everyone plays! Those who refuse are
forced to play a different game. All
lies, false smiles, and loose
handshakes aside!
This game is for real and it will
force you back into the fold or it
will kill you before your time is due!
Not many can hold out to a martyr's
death.
Give em a couple of weeks and they'll

be smiling again, on their knees, and
dancing a jig!

INTERMISSION

(popcorn, peanuts, and piss break)

LOVELY POEM

Where were you my love when my heart
sank, and my Soul fled for some
glimpse of hope beyond that horizon of
confused Love?

Shut up, hon, I'm right here! Oh yes,
of course (clears throat), now where
was I? Oh yes:

I feel your pulse through my cheek on
your skin; wanting to stay close
forever, lest our love be tainted by
Sin.

Our breath sustains us both, hovering
between our lips. We kiss and all is
bliss; a cup of passion, pure ecstasy,
yet even more than this. (Give it up
Romeo, you're not getting any
tonight).

Shut up pumpkin, I'm trying to romance
ya!

No words be spoken, no actions or
sighs. All is known through Love's
wise heart to protect us from Life's
evil, lust, greed, corruption, filth,
greasy capitalists, perverted and
twisted preachers, back-stabbing
preschoolers, no good for nothing...
oh, did I forget to mention lies?
I hope it will last forever, yet it's
impossible to say; nations have
promised the same only to crumble to
decay!

Let's just say we love each other, if
only for today; then we'll see where
we stand tomorrow as the morning Sun
prepares our way! "Ah, that's nice
dear, awright, come and get it."

Fame costs more than it pays!
(Don't forget to Vomit, I mean Vote!)

She Just Wanted a Ride
(To Patricia)

I was walking down the street to the
rhythm of nonchalant thinking when she
paused my walk to inquire about the
bus schedule.

"You're too late", I said, as a bus
rode by, mocking my statement. "Well,
maybe you could give me a ride", she
asked. "Sure thing", and we walked to
my car, talking about Life, the World,
and our fears and dreams.

We hit it off at once, I thought;
subscribing to the same musical, moral
and ethical views as we talked and I
drove, so I asked her for a date.
She just smiled, took down my number,
threw me two bucks for gas, and was
gone.

I felt reborn, isolation coming to an
end; yet many days later, she still
hadn't called and my patience and hope
grew terribly thin.

But I guess she got what she wanted,
although it hurt very deeply and
stirred so many emotions inside.

All I wanted was a friend and maybe
more, in time; yet this dream was only
shared by my imagination, because

alas, all she really wanted was a
ride!

(Places everybody)

(3, 2, 1, and ACTION!)

VI

Life, in itself, is a beautiful thing.

It is the way we live it and treat

it's offspring that is the Tragedy!

DEATH TO DEATH

(Thrash/Punk/Metal Lyrics)

Death to all who oppose opposition!

Death to criminals against sinning!

Death to lawyers eradicating laws!

Death to politicians against lying!

Death to suicidal punks afraid to die!

Death to birds afraid to fly!

Death to clowns in polka-dot ties!

Death to potatoes afraid to be fries!

Death to Truth, suffocated by Lies!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, death to
death, love, peace, and trust!

I don't want to be a Human Being
anymore; it hurts too much to feel!

I want to be cold, lifeless, absorbing
nothing. Nothing, at least, is real!

VII

STREET SMARTS

When you roam the street, let no gaze

attract your eye! The leeches will

steal your curiosity, all the while

pocketing your trust and cash, sending

you away a used zombie, sucked dry!

Does it sanctify your conscience that

you helped him out, when tomorrow and
years more, he'll be doing the same?

Now you're further in debt and he's

closer to Death, because he used the
five bucks you gave him to buy a
"rock" of crack cocaine!

And his stomach still growls and the
liberals howl and you just keep
getting screwed at whatever you do!
So you give up on Society, sell your
home, flee to the woods; then it snows
and you catch the flu!

What's a guy to do?

VIII

I gave it my best shot, but I lost!
I lost the game which we sarcastically
call "Life"!

I tried to play it their way. I did
what I thought they wanted me to do.
I acted the way I thought they wanted
me to act.

I tried to rid myself of useless
emotions and feelings which are so
harmful to a business and the way it
runs.

I even tricked myself; or at least, I
tried to convince myself that I had no
feelings or emotions toward anything,
but I lied!

I couldn't escape from who I was! I
had a weakness! I actually cared for
people and their identity! Damn me
and my spineless self for caring! I
wanted so much to think logically
without emotion but I just couldn't!

Now, I must hang for my humanistic
treason! Fuck me! Let me die and
forget who I was, so I may leave this
Hell!

IX

(the violin plays on)

I searched my mind and there was
nothing. I pondered my heart and
there was nothing. I'm trying to
write this poem and there is nothing!
Wait a second, coming up dry.
Let's start over.

Wanted to be a Poet.

Wanted to prove or show to others what
I knew. Revealed everything until it
got too deep; then ran off to hide
behind confused words, forsaking the
Truth for entertaining rhymes meant to
distract from reality than to gaze
upon directly, unafraid.

Wanted to tell the Truth, until it was
about me. Poetry became a false haven
where I hid to escape from myself;
afraid of uncontrolled circumstances,
which led me toward the false horizon
of deceptive thought, turned against
me in chaotic half-smiles of reversed
pride! A Schmuck!

Public Service Announcement

(from Ted Kennedy)

Burp! Oh, I'm sorry. Are we on the
air? My fellow Americans, on behalf
of this being National Bible Week, I'd
like to unleash this on ya. (Chuckle,
chuckle) No, not that (clears throat)
Now listen:

"When the Bible gets dusty,
your Soul becomes rusty!"
Hey, you're kinda of cute, maybe after
this is over you and I could

CUT!

X

(no, not Malcolm)

DUSK

Twilight, soft night, awaiting the
curtain call of day. Stillness, sweet
mess, of children hard at play.

Old men, lounge chairs, cool brew, ask
what's new. Same as ever was, nothing
much, reaching for another one, want
one? How about you?

Young kids, homework blues, tracking
up the house with mud on their shoes.

Boob tube, car needs a lube.

This ain't no poem, I've got the "Bob
Dylan Blues."

XI

Everything in my life has become too
common; no more adventures except
false expeditions to get away from my
desperation and fears, and a World I
have grown weary of!

Too late to fix a faulty wire that
must be connected in order to power
and continue on!

Nonsense, in other words!

Absolutely, no more sense, yet I'll
gladly write you a sweet poem to
molest your soul for the paltry sum of
three pence!

Waiting, I guess. For what, I know
not. Just tired of eating

Capitalistic shit burgers covered with
lies and slandering snot!

The Indians handed over this land (not
by choice) in the exact mint condition

it had been in when they first
inhabited it many moons ago.
We've only had it for 200 years and
we're already choking on our own
vomit. Maybe much more than the devil
and lazy, mindless philosophies in
that peaceful salvation which is
POT??! !

XII

Reading Walden by candlelight, to
escape the cold, rational fright.
Looking back seems easier than
forward; yet tomorrow will fill itself
in; as if Destiny herself had already
come and gone, like a butterfly racing
out his first/last day to usher in the
Void w/out ticket.

No thoughts of tomorrow, only
suffering of today! How I am I
supposed to welcome the dawn of
technology with open arms when, with
our fellow Man, we haven't even
learned to do the same?

Boy, I sure do wish I were dumb; I'd
smile at insults and laugh if I stayed
out too long in the Sun.

Yet I know and am afraid; not quite sure
what to do. Please send an angel to
instruct me before I seek out other
possibilities which only fellow ghosts
knew! (On the run from reality)

You know, I never asked to be a Poet;
last thing on my mind when I was
young, just ask my ma. Yet here I am,
and you are, suffering along side me,
raptured in thought and emotion.

Gotta be against the Law to be so
bold!

I hold noose in one hand and blindfold
in the other, as I step forth to the
executioner to hand him his wares. No
wrong have I done, less thought and
feeling sum. Okay! I'm a scoundrel!
Wrap rope round neck and pull hard!
Cures all ills, I'm told!

Pink Floyd on the disc, Peroni Beer
quenching thirst, madness swimming in
mind; on a roll toward Hades and I
ain't got much time.

Closing in, yet no set day; like a
thief in the night, isn't that what
the Lord did say? My only hope when
the vote is tallied and I'm standing
before Judgement's Gate, is that He'll
bear in mind all the suffering we had
to deal with day to day.

Go easy, I'll cry! We're only Your
Creation beyond Your realization; all
Your power come back to haunt Your
expectations ! (shit-eating grin on
face)

But then He'll remind me of Calvary
and the Supreme Sacrifice: the blood,
tears, and pain. And I'll hang my
head low and drop to my knees and be
smitten to Eternal Damnation because
my paltry life was all in vain!

Oh well, see ya in Hell! Boy this
place sure does smell. How ya doing
Mr. Evil Dude; you sure know how to
party, got any food?

And he'll look at me and laugh. This

job is too easy, he'll say. Crack his
knuckles and pop the whip; come, my
little droogs, it's time to play!
Phooey! No fun in transition; all
fears are very real! No fax machine.
to save you now; no 24 hour bondsman
to post your bail. Fucked, I say!
Oh, excuse my Portuguese.
So, I'm a Poet huh? Great! Why don't
they just have a test to give us at
birth. Here's a Poet, doc. Great,
good work, intern. Go ahead and kill
it and I'll meet you at Chez Logic for
brunch.
Uh, okay. Good thing we got him
before he grew; no telling what kind of
damage he might have done, huh?
No shit! Might have started people
thinking. Wouldn't want that now,
would we? Hell no! Good job, intern.
Now before we eat, we need to scrub up
for that lobotomy on this English
professor that slipped through the
System. We'll tame his shrew,
awright...chuckle...chuckle...chuckle.
It's not that I'm special/cursed, as a
Poet, or favored/stiffed by the (gods);
all Humanity has a special gift they pass
down to their fellow Man. Unseen and
unappreciated in its simple form, yet
powerful as Hell when known as the Truth;
I dare ya!
The mute speaks greater truths than a
fool who rambles on (like me) and knows
more, yet doesn't expose his knowledge to
those without saved senses, not

enlightened (like I do); i.e., those
seeking a chair on the NYSE or a position
fondling people's futures!

PART FINAL

(More Sarcasms)

I

So beautiful and marvelous is Life, when
properly revealed. No deceptive coloring
to conceal it's truth, only Love and
warmth to the feel.

Radiant, bold, encompassing all; more
majestic than a mountain, more savory
than a cheek full of chaw.

I love this old land and it loves me;
although I probably took from her a
hellava lot more than she ever gave me.

I like to recycle, if it helps to pay the
rent; and I don't mind using a rubber,
cause it might just save your ass after
you've spent.

I have no idea what I'm talking about!
Good thing nobody reads what I write.
My thoughts come in gushes; an endless
spout; but you might just learn something
in spite!

II

Drinking again, but so what. What have I
to stay sober for? I hate everything
about my life: job; well, I guess
that's it because it is my life. Now I
know why people have families! At least
you can come home to some kind of love
and support; not emptiness!

If only I had someone to love me, yet how
many times have I cried for that to no
avail? They say you must love yourself

before someone else will love you. Great!
Put restrictions on Love, too! If that's
the case, I'm dead already; no wonder
eyes divert when coming across mine; they
don't want to be sucked into the Void of
Desolation!
Of course I have my Pop to blame for my
total cynical views toward life. Talk
about a man born dead, whew!
No wonder we cry when we come out of the
womb; take one look around and say, "no
thanks, this isn't my stop, hey! whatcha
doin? Put me back in; hell no, I won't
go, hell no, I won't go (spank) waaahhh!
pacifier restraint and law-abiding tyke;
you will learn!
I remember when there was a time when I
looked upon every new day as my first day
of Life; I'd see everything through "new
eyes", touching, feeling, caressing!
But the World doesn't want dreamers!
Only laborers to pull the levers, push
the buttons and balance the books! What
a pity, I'd yell at them. What a loser,
they'd laugh at me!
At war against opposition, searching for
conflict! Well, it's like the saying
goes, if you can't beaten, you get
beaten by them! So you're on their side
whether you like it or not!
Sorry about the cynicism and sarcasm;
I'll say 50 "Hail Capitalisms" before I
go to bed tonight. Ouch! Hey! I said I
was sorry!
I know I need help but it's hard to turn
to the source of the problem for

guidance. So who's to blame for my
mental illness?

I can't really blame my father for
telling me that Life sucks since the day
I was born; because, in fact, it does! I
can't blame my mother because, as a saint
and angel, she disqualifies for blame!

I can't blame my teachers for
disciplining my every creative effort and
for trying to think for myself, because,
in today's modern World, you're not being
useful unless you do your job without
complaint, hear/speak/see no evil, and
stay out of the way of other people's
progress!

I can't blame my coaches for pushing so
hard, because, I suppose a team
championship is the most valuable thing
in life; not to mention, it looks good on
a resume'.

I can't blame my employers for getting on
to me for botching my job and making
countless errors, because, in fact, I
really have screwed everything that I
touch up! (Trying to think for myself
again. I suppose it'll kill me in the
end!)

I guess it's time to blame myself! I
don't know why it's so hard to do!
Everybody else can do it without losing a
night's sleep; I guess I can, too!

Here goes: I'm a fucking loser okay!?
I'm a mentally deranged reject; is that
what you want to hear? I was born the
bastard child of Insanity and even she
threw me to the dogs!

What's to become of me now that my Soul
is transparent and I've revealed all? Do
I get to be a part of the Human Race
again and no longer an outcast with
unsound ideas?

Do I get to work and do as I'm told
without thinking and be thankful for
being blessed with such a wonderful life
and drop to my knees before the Powers
that Be and kiss the Gold Ring of
Supremacy and cry out, "I am saved, I am
saved, Lord have mercy, I am saved!"

Or what?

People ask me why I'm so bitter after
being forced to give up all the things I
hold most dear.? I guess I'm just the
eternal child denying growth, because
growth means death; and my logic is
simple: even if you are alive but not
living, you are, in my opinion, quite
dead!

Because, hell, even tree stumps exist,
but the don't grow no more, cause they're
dead! Do you follow what I'm saying,
buckwheat? o'tay!

I know people realize this, because
they're not stupid! (It's Media death to
insult the public without their
consent) They just don't want to be
awakened to face their fears!

Hell, I greet fear and pain with open
arms! They're my Saturday night whores
with open legs waiting to taint me with
their diseased twats; while I scream for
more and more; till I climax and don't
wish to be bothered no more! (Too much?)

Damn! I have had it good in Life,
though! If it hadn't been for my
father's sacrifices throughout his life,
I wouldn't even have these fancy
thoughts!

It's like they say, philosophies are only
afforded the few! The rest latch on to
cold logic and call it their own, cling
to their breast and savor as an eternal
lover, quieting a restless heart!

But even if you come from a good
upbringing, does that mean you have to
pay debt to the System by existing in
quiet desperation and smiling only in
closed company?

Boy! I sure would like to say
these things out loud, but they'd lock me
up for sure! Yet write idiocies and
they'll place you at the highest echelon
of human thought! (What was that?

They're coming to take me away? I'd
better hurry up and finish this peace!)

I suppose we have too much in this
generation; yet it's not like we praise
others sacrifices for getting us here; if
anything, we bitch and moan because we
want MORE!

Nothing will ever be fast, powerful, or
small enough for our spoiled hearts! I'm
probably considered stupid by Society and
a genius by those on skid row. Yet which
is better overall? What can bums give me
that a corporation can't? and vice-versa?

Neither can give me what's most
important, and that is???

Did I ever tell you how great my

childhood was? Man, was I a prince among
men; the eats, sleeps, beaches, parks,
and amusements of a modern day god!
Spoiled by a mother with too big of a
heart and, even though the money came
from him to finance our fairy-tale World,
we were still mentally beaten by a father
who had already given up on life and
couldn't stand to see anyone happy when
he wasn't! (I still feel sorry for you!)
No life while others are dying. No
celebration in the Valley of the Damned!
Too much pain in life to smile. All
there is is work, eat, sleep, and death!
Your sentence for living is to drudge
through each day hating yourself and
others for not having spine enough to
rise above the deceptive views of your
forefathers!
But then again, we live in a different
world than our fathers did growing up.
And although he made us feel guilty
about having a good time and for
expressing our feelings, I still love him
for not giving up on us after all the
things we went through.
Behold! A new Sun is upon the Horizon!
Old at heart but new to young eyes.
Don't you understand that the children
see through open eyes, feel with a more
fragile heart, and think with a cleansed
mind, rather than your crusty adult
pulse, waiting to die a thousand cynical
deaths?
Myself, I'm a dead man! Not much longer
till my fate is sealed and I'm shuffled

off this mortal coil with steel toed
boots! Nothing personal though, I'm
sure!

What happens to a person when they no
longer can make a contribution to
Society? The previously mentioned, of
course (mortal coil). So sorry, didn't
mean to conflict with the Plan, but now
that I have, what's to become of me?
No more lessons, no more teaching,
already had a chance to conform, yet
chose not to; you bastard! Begone now,
say good-bye to yourself! This writing
will end in insanity! Need to stop
writing now, not making sense, too much
beer in me. See you at part three!

III

I really don't care the way things are
today. I just don't want to be a part of
history unfolding and crushing us; like a
carpet unrolled onto tiny insects to
accommodate royal feet, in mockery to our
declaration of so-called independence!
(Total denial)

We drive through fog and smog to get to
work, where we're treated like dogs who
either do as we're told and get a bone,
or deny power to the Whip and are given
the bone!

We fade through walls and stumble about
doing as we're told; the only thing we
actually hear being the signal to go to
lunch or home; yet very aware of not
letting others on to personal matters
that will incriminate us to the gallows
pole at noon!

Ghosts floating aimlessly toward a
phantom tomorrow! Not quite realizing or
wanting to believe that our past botched
actions brought us to where we are today.
Just how much of your Life can you
justify before erasing yourself to
oblivion!?

The Truth, as it was known at it's
inception, is kept locked away at Fort
Knox and the guards themselves don't know
where it is hid. No human eye dare meet
with it's gaze for fear of being struck
down to atomic particles on site,
Ptoohey!

Because the Truth had been hid for so
long, scientists, theologists, and other
professors of bungling haste, set out to
create another truth; microscopic against
the "Real McCoy", yet nonetheless, more
powerful because of it's ability to
metamorphosize at another's will!

This worked out well in favor of those
with power. They would say something
mesmerizing and the truth would mark it
down to posterity. So let it be written,
so let it be dumb.

And this went on for years until the
truth decided it wanted to cut out and
speak it's own mind. So the leaders no
longer had the skill to harness it's
power; the truth made up it's own stories
and sold them to tabloids for a small
fortune, ate caviar, drove a Porsche,
sunned in the Med, and made it with
Lies in bed.

That is what I contribute, of course, to

the 2nd truth's falling out. But it
wasn't quite over. Other truths came
forth to vie for succession to the most
powerful position in the world.
After a while, countless truths were
occupying every nation and congress and
parliament in the world, lobbying for
votes from the politicians. And by God,
they got em!

Z

So beautifully cold outside today; what
truth shall I seek to light my way?
Horoscope visions so impersonal and
false or faith in my fellow Man to guide
me through this frigid waltz?
Gimme the paper!
If we can't have Truth, we can conspire a
good Lie, to put our mind at ease and
subdue that scoundrel, "Why?"
There is Hope, but it costs more each
year. What are we to do when people toast
happiness with strangers, yet look upon
Peace with fear?!

Who cares? We have fax machines so we
don't have to talk face to face, and
voice mail to do the same. Phone sex with
no strings attached, just a phone bill
with figures to fuel a shuttle blast!
It costs so much more to be independent
than to admit we are helpless, in need of
ONE!

That's all for today, see ya tomorrow; for
now, my scribblings are done!

Just Glad to be Alive

I stepped out into the World today
and gave it everything I had; and
although my performance was rather
lacking in style, I really don't feel
half bad!

Because I wasn't added to the ever-growing
death toll or held hostage by terrorists on
some plane. No, I was one of the lucky ones;
not plastered all over the media and posthumously
granted instant fame!

I made it to work without getting in a wreck
and I even made it there on time; so if our world
leaders decide not to blow us to bits, I might just
make it back home alive!

My needs are not elaborate. Love and
friendship, for me, will do. I just hope
you feel the same.

If so, tonight when you're alone, you'll
thank God to still be alive and for the World not
claiming you!

A Combination of Quotes and Philosophical Insights

I

Poetry is the womb from which I was
born! Life, the muse, from which my
words are torn!

II

Poetry doesn't cost you anything to
write except your soul!

III

Writers are a product of their
imagination!

IV

Great Poetry is able to make its own
music!

V

I want to ABSORB, CARESS, TASTE, and,
BREATHE in the whole Universe so I can
spit it forth in my own tongue!

VI

You can't kill a Philosopher because
they're born dead!

VII

The only way you can hurt a book is
by not reading it!

VIII

It's true that words are cheap, but
it can be very costly sometimes if
they're not heeded!

IX

The pen may be mightier than the sword but the
blind ignorance of politics is more potent than
any poison known to man!

X

Tonight I dance the Dance of Death

and bow to my Soul as it departs me:
During the "Final Battle" what counts
the most, is which Soul is saved by the
Holy Ghost! !

XI

Living just for the present will
eventually make you fear tomorrow!

XII

Everyone deserves their day in the
Sun. Just don't stay out too long or
you'll get burned!

XIII

If you judge others without their
defense, prepare to be judged without
yours!

XIV

Insecurity of the corrupt will be the
destruction of the innocent!

XV

It's true that no man is an island,
but it sure doesn't take very long to
surround yourself with water!

XVI

You've got to make your own Heaven
when you're in Hell!

XVII

The Common laborer as opposed to
the dreamer/innovator:

We are either the manufacturer of
someone else's dream or the dream's
issuer; awaiting skilled, yet indifferent,
maybe even jealous hands to shape our
thoughts to form a Capitalistic reality!

XIII

I saw Truth once. It cornered me in
a dark alleyway when I was without mask

and my soul bare.

Without light to chase it away, I was illuminated:
never again to live as this World commanded!

IX

Philosophy is a lot like Russian
Roulette. You come closer and closer to
the truth of things and smile because
you've caught glimpses of it without
serious repercussions. Then the Truth
hits you full force and you're blown
away!

XX

How can you call me a rebel? I only
did what I really felt at the time! If
anything, I administered the Truth to
closed minds!

XXI

Your only true enemies are those you
create, then choose to keep, when
someone or some thing shadows you with
fear or oppression!

XXII

Everything is permissible if your
mind allows it to take form! Keeping
this in mind; nothing is illegal until
you get caught by someone whose moral
and ethical boundaries are limited
compared to yours!

XXIII

What is it about Death that we fear?
Is it not the truth of our very existence through the
eyes of an omnipotent judge?

XXIV

On the "stage" of Life it seems that
most of what "we" say or do, is really
just a mask that hides the real you!

XXV

Love is a tear of truth shed for
someone with needs far greater than your
own!

XXVI

Life can get pretty rough; on that
matter, there's no denial. So, every
now and then, what's wrong with
partaking of some form of escape to
alleviate your pains for awhile?
It seems that Life is made tolerable
only by submerging yourself in many
vices, appearing in various forms and
functions!

XXVII

In order to perfectly see through the
atomized portion of a person's psyche,
one must first be able to swallow
knowledge whole, digest the Truth, then
vomit forth all the lies meant to poison
the Soul!

XXVIII

It's true I am a dreamer; a flame
cast out by the sun. And although I may
lose a few battles every now and then
and paradoxically get burned, I've still
gained a lot more than others have from
the victories I have won!

XXIX

Life is but a bad dream that I will
wake from only when the light of
Eternity's flame uncloses my weeping
eyes!

XXX

That which Society considers to be
"insane", is usually just the "truth"

presented in comical form!

XXXI

When you finally realize that which
was never meant to be known, prepare to
die!

XXXII

When you become "larger than life",
Life gets jealous, then swallows you
whole, digesting your power and growing
in size!

XXXIII

It seems that Love and Death are
brothers of the same passion. When you
can't find the first, you eventually
seek out the other; and He is more than
willing to accommodate your request!

XXXIV

Usually, one only begins to realize
their mortality when they are but a few
breaths away from Immortality's Gate!

XXXV

Vice makes mice of us all without our
realization. Morals and beliefs
deteriorate and soon we find ourselves
scampering about in the dark filth of
self-deception!

We hide for so long
that soon we become strangers to
ourselves ... and when that happens, we
cease to live!

XXXVI

Freedom knows not defeat!

XXXVII

We know nothing of love without
loving. We know nothing of life
without living. We know nothing of

repentance without sinning. We know
nothing of humor without grinning.
Let's face it WE KNOW NOTHING!!
XXXVIII

Isn't it ironic that most
hallucinogenic and "escapist" drugs are
banned by the same society which drives
you to use them? It's because we LIVE
in a World which won't allow you to
realize the primordial and basic truths
of our very existence without chemical
assistance!

The sad part is that we must employ their
help at all to reach such states!
XXXIX

Objects possess not colors when
absent of light, nor does your soul
possess life when absent of God's
eternal gift of salvation!
XXXX

In the midst of separation, I have
become whole and in the death of flesh
and fantasy, I have found my true soul!
XXXXI

Awake! Sleep not, for the night is on fire!
Why drown your dreary day in dreams?
Embrace the shadows only visualized
by the dark side of your mind!
Out of obscurity and into the light,
I come forth to haunt you and bring
eternal night!
Dark is the night that moves like a
shroud over the day's dead!
XXXXII

From the depths of insanity's well
unpure, come demons waiting to entice

those who wish to escape reality, with
their oblivious lure!

XXXXIII

All you see before your eyes will do
nothing more than hypnotize.

Words speak not from mouth nor tongue
nor do they speak to those who care not
if the soul grows into physical heights of
truth! Come forth and gain knowledge!

I will grant thee experience and time to
perfect thy craft of enticing the
willing!

XXXXIV

After your death, I held my breath.

As vain an attempt to restore you.

Although I realize that we are born to
die, found to be lost, and try only to
fail, I still refuse to sing the blues.

I know my true voice has already been
used!

The secrets of Death will never be
known until you first embrace Life's
gifts and knowledge to the fullest.

XXXXVI

It's not truly wings that let that
newborn bird fly. It's the belief that
he can soar through the air with the
greatest of ease; racing through space,
climbing so high!

XXXXVII

That which we choose to call Life is
usually just the complete opposite, out
to destroy the real article!

XXXXVIII

When you tell someone they can't do
something, you wake from their inner consciousness

the demon's "Curiosity" and "Rebellion"!

XXXXIX

Music is the most powerful religion
in the world today! We construct alters
to convey the message that we wish to
caress our soul, if only for the moment;
then sacrifice all that we are for that
feeling over and over again! It's a
very personal experience!

L

O Lord, let me salvage the last
sunset of my youth, to guide my future
beyond the limits set before me by
previous men!

LI

O sweet Life, let me savor thy
powerful music through the ill sounds
that Humanity produces in an attempt to
drown out your caressing chords of
Truth!

LII

Wouldn't it be great if we could stop
"living" and actually become a part of
"LIFE", the eternal process?!

LIII

I don't think we realize just how
wondrous each moment of Life really is.
Behold the birds: they sing praises to
God for His gift of Life at Dawn, live
that day to the fullest, then usher in
the night with their song of thanks!
And what do we do? Curse the Sun for
waking us from a dream of "wishful
life", drudge through the day, seeking
its end, feel a sense of relief that the
day is done

Yet that lasts only for a brief second;
until we visualize the whole pitiful process;
that endless cycle called "existence" that will begin
the next day when that damn bright star
and alarm clock slaps us from the only
peace most of us will ever know....dreams
and sub-conscious thoughts of what we
wish could some day be!

LIV

I shall continue to write until the
Passionate Pen of Power is plucked from
my cold, dying hand!

Freedom/Escape

I want to get away.

I need to take a trip.

Punch Society in the nose

and give Reality the slip!

Cast off the shackles of

labor, collect my wages

and split! Let's do it

now, man, before we're

too old and sick!

Let's take some memories

with us into the future;

not regrets and incomplete

dreams!

Follow me! I know the way,

attuned with Life which holds

the means!

Dance on Fire

Dance is primitive emotions on fire,
a burning desire,
to unleash the hidden spirit within!
It's having the confidence to believe
in yourself and show your pride,
the knowledge to speak your mind and
hold your head up high.
It's the blood coursing through your
pulsing veins, it's contortions on
your face, signifying passion or
grieving in Pain.
It's the World in harmony, moving as
one, the glow of the neon night,
the crowded streets, the lovers, the
young.
It's the beat within your heart, whether
alone or in a pair, longing for Peace
and hoping someone will care. It's two
people in Love and having the wisdom to
share.
It's never having to light that funeral
pyre! Yes! Forever we shall continue....
.... to Dance On Fire!!

The Quest

I want to laugh,
I want to cry,
I want to LIVE
before I die!
I want to know;
please tell me
why? If you don't
have the answers,
I'll get them
myself; somehow
I'll get by!
Life's hardest
paths must be
trod alone. In
order to obtain
enlightenment,
you must be
willing to
enter the
labyrinth
of
the
UNKNOWN!

Perception

To look! To cast your eyes
upon! To caress everything
with your soul and mind!

To be stronger than, and to toss
to the side, everything that
blinds!

To become ONE with, and
acknowledge, all that lies between
the lines...

...THAT is what perception is: what one
fails to see with mortal eyes!

Later Days

O Pain, cradle me once again in your
desolate arms of sorrow! Squeeze me so
tight that I burst into tiny fragments,
falling like bloody tears into vast, empty
space; searching for that lost horizon of
childhood, love and happiness!
Insanity, I welcome your familiar embrace
once again but why do you look so
grim this time? We've always had a great
time together, and got away with just about
everything before. God, what hysterical
laughs I got with you by my side.
I guess that's all over between us, because now, I
see you're accompanied by your twin brother,
Suicide but why is HE laughing and not you?
Does this mean it's HIS turn to take
control of my actions and roll the Dice
of Fate? Does this mean it's all over?
O precious Life, I wish not to part
with you at this moment but all my senses
have flown and my soul grows weary of
living in disharmony!
I must leave you both my brothers, for
now, but we'll all get together for a bite
to eat and a few drinks...beyond Eternity's
Gate!

Resignation

Countless faces, throughout my Life,
fought to keep me from being Free!
But alas, in the End, it was I, myself,
who finally resigned in Spirit, that
truly broke Me!

A Mother's Love

If she had her way, there would be
no rainy days. The skies would always
be blue; and all of this and so much
more, she would lovingly hand to you.
Your face would never be dirty, your
belly, forever full. She would always
keep her promises and help you achieve
your dreams; and if you couldn't do
something yourself, she would more than
likely be the means.

She would always keep you by her
side, safe from any harm; never let
you travel alone and unprotected
down the paths of this evil world, lest
you fall under some wrongdoer's charm.
She'd gladly take away your worries
and pains and thrust them upon herself;
nothing is too good for you.

She would give you everything she possibly
could and sometimes things she couldn't;
for baby, there's nothing she wouldn't do.

Upon laying you down to sleep, she
would whisper a special prayer to keep
you safe through the night.

She would kiss you on the forehead and
tell you how much you mean, then
wink and smile before leaving until
the morrow...as you slip into Love's
warm and peaceful dream.

Sunset

The day was over.
All was finally quiet and at
peace with the world; as the Sun
burst into a thousand tranquil hues
of radiant streaks across the sky.
And the illuminated veil of dusk
swept across the fallen horizon;
ushering in a void of darkness...
...and a silence so sanctified, it
dare not be broken, till dawn graces
us with her presence once again.

The Poet's Creed

I am a Poet! My mind forged by
the gods; with dreams and insight
like that of a thousand children
who have lived then regretted their
birth for having known the Truth
and too much Knowledge!
To myself, I am dead to the Physical
World yet reborn in the spirit
of the Universe! Immortal amongst
mortals yet destined to be destroyed
by their swift hand!

Hope in the midst of Despair

Soon twilight will fade, as night
caresses it's sleeping babes; down till
morn...when midnight's locks once again
are shorn.

And the Sun beams out...madness
ensues over the Earth, men
kill for cash, countries war, and God
looks out over the Great Tragedy and
sighs at the whole bore!

Temptation, no longer a test, but a
by-passing of faith; lesser time spent
going awry, we arrive in Hell long
before we die.

Satan's news stand barkers mock and cry, "executive
shoots wife...kids...himself...page five!"

We laugh at our fear, defending it
with, "desensitvity, nothing bothers
me anymore"; as we leave our friends
with a cruel joke and cower down in the
aisle at the local beer store.

Hope to drown your pain, yet acts as fuel on
the flame; so you rage out into the night and blaze
tomorrow's headlines with an early grave!

I am quite certain we haven't long to
go; had a dream last night to warn my
soul. I feel I'm not prepared, going
the wrong way in this time of despair.

Yet I hope my true acts will shine, as my
Life is read line by line, and I get to
walk through the gates of Glory, and
everything will be...just Fine.

Spring: A time for change and new hope

Spring at last! The sweet smell of new birth fills the atmosphere with its warm fragrance divine.

Virgin petals charge forth from the thawing Earth in search of the Sun's glowing smile, and sparrows triumphantly sing, in perfect harmony, that long awaited melody about the resurrection of Life!

Mothers proudly cradle their newborn young as the old look on reminiscently with an omnipotent grin.

The shadows of a long, cold winter have now given way to a solid foundation that will soon house a new world of living creatures.

Couples embrace the dawn of a new horizon, giving them a chance to patch their futile differences. Harsh words and thoughtless blows may have been exchanged before, but now only the inspired language of Eros comes forth from their sanctified lips!

The Sun's golden rays beam down, like welcome spirits from Heaven, in a metaphorical display of God's eternal love for the World.

For even after the frigid shackles of Life imprison us, He continues to stand by our side, releasing that icy grasp on our soul!

Then once He melts away all the evil, He will cleanse then enlighten our whole being to the message of His divine Truth!

Spring - thou art truly a Godsend; a symbol of fresh hope for the World!

One can only pray that your silent yet healing
messages are heard and that one day, the winter
storms of hatred, deception, prejudice and evil
are abolished FOREVER!

Satan's Song of Sorrow

Everywhere, the human Soul stands between a
hemisphere of light and another of darkness!

Thomas Carlyle

(1795-1881)

Speak to me so gently that I cannot hear
your voice. I want you more than Life
itself. It doesn't seem like I have much choice.
The truth is... I am lonely...a man that knows
true pain! I'll give you all that I have because
quite simply, all I can do is gain.
A life that knows not love, is not a life at all!
There are times that I wish I could climb the
highest mountain, look over the edge, close my
eyes and just fall!
Please don't send me away. My heart will truly
burst! I hunger for your body and I know you're the
only one that could ever quench my thirst!
Never again shall I hold you in my arms!
I sing a song of sadness for all of my kind to
hear. It's not that hard to fall in love but it's
one of the only things we fear.
Love is but a dream that never comes true. I
did everything I could to make it a reality, now,
there's nothing left for me to do!
Oh, I could put a gun to my head or slit my wrist
until the whole floor turned red but that would be
much too easy!
Pain has become my friend and I would never
desert him! It's much better to live and suffer
than to peacefully wonder throughout the realm's
of non-existence alone.
Please save me! My mind is gone and I'm tired of

singing the same old song!

Father, my job on Earth is done and your name
has been scattered to every man, woman and son. I
did the best I could but there is still much left
to do. My disciple's will spread your word even
further and ALL will be made to believe, someday
soon.

Father, please give them your voice. I don't
think their voice alone is strong enough to
overcome the ear-piercing scream of Evil!
I will pray for them but I will not pray for the world.
I pray only for those willing to accept me and my
word because all that they have is mine and all I have
is theirs. With that balance, our voices will eventually
be heard!

Carrying a device of Death upon his back, Christ
slowly makes his way up the Hill of Sorrow where he
will be called up to forever join his father!

Tormented and mocked by thousands along the
passageway, he begins to cry because of all the
hatred that he sees but loves them just the same.
He begins to realize that this is why he must
die. He must save the imperfect mortals from Satan's
temptations and grasp. Once before and forever,
again!

To the World, he is a criminal. His words are
all false prophesy. But if the truth shall set you
free, only a few will receive his gift of Love and
the rest will be denied because of their lack
of faith!

They will be locked up, along with their
mediocre World, as prisoners of their own device!
They will be on fire and the Saved will be as cool
as ice!

Upon the cross he died to save our souls from
Hell. He must have done this in vain, for by our

actions on Earth, this must be the place we all
wish to dwell!

Please don't cry for me. Your tears, I don't
deserve. Time will go on to wash away the pain but
my memory, you must forever preserve!

Cast out of thy heart the Evil within and absorb
my kindness and love. Empty your mind til all
thoughts are nil and start seeking forgiveness above.
The ice melts flowing in the warm liquid unknowingly
then evaporates into the mist of delusions without
a care.

Somewhere along a lonely shore, a desolate, empty
man sits crying but it's not by chance that he dwells
painfully there. His soul has flown yet his body lives
on, infinite til all life has ceased.

Then, like a withering leaf, he will leave the World
behind him when the last ash stops smoldering!
His debt must be paid, for he alone represents the sins
of Man and his responsibility is the weight of all the
souls that he must carry to the grave and beyond!

The full Moon pales gently beside the still
waters, casting her shadow for all to see. Hippies
dancing naked, hot with lust and lure. Alone without
fulfillment, their flesh is fresh and pure.

Beside me sits a maiden with arms. Ready to kill
if anyone harms, myself or this cross that I carry.
Until the Boatman of Death bears my ashes in his ferry!
The Sun will be blackened upon my departure into
eternal night and many a soul will be scared with fright.
But fear not my people, it must be done! We've got to
fight against our lives if Death's going to be won!
Chains are licorice that can be consumed without
hardship and blood is wine that truly overflows every
cup.

The cloud's white and billowy, engulf my head with softness
and I feel no pain. The birds fly by and whisper into my

ear sweet thoughts of Love that never got a chance to participate in.

But I know that love is just a dream with no truth but to end a conflict with the piercing of one's flesh because of mixed diabolical deeds!

I emerge from the mountains and fly high above my land on wings of gold! Racing through the pink and blue sky, I drop bombs on my enemies that wish to shoot me down and boil my remains in my own blood!

I laugh and turn the water orange because it's a nice color. Just like when I was in grade school, I always broke that crayon! Illusions of fame sway gently through my brain yet I know that they are but dreams destined to be unfulfilled!

Farther than light can cast it's emanating glare!
Colder than a dead man's Evil stare! My feelings and dreams have all been lies! Try to kill me if you wish but I will never die!

My friends are all dead but I live on because I prayed that I could stop living, so they let me die by keeping me alive! That was my biggest mistake!

The world we live in is all fake! People are not real. They are phantoms from Hell! Your true pain makes you laugh and feel good but happiness and love causes you to tremble with fear from the honesty and freedom not left in your useless emotions! Remember the pledge and forget that you ever felt such kindness!

Beware, for you will not be warned again! I am the true light when the other false gods fade out into space beyond the outreaches of men! A name instead of a number! Flesh instead of steel! I only wish to slumber while the whole world long to Kill, kill, kill!!!

The rushing waters become violently peaceful now as a still breeze creates ripples in the midst of my mind.

O that your young heart and soul were but newly

emancipated wings, fluttering softly toward the setting
Sun, peacefully sinking beneath my shallow horizon.
Filling my emptiness with your very being and
rejuvenating my soul with just the mere touch of
your sweet lips pressed gently into mine. I long
to kiss those lips and run my hands gently across
your sultry thighs.

Our thoughts are molded together as one and we feel
no pain as I forcefully penetrate your inner folds
of ecstasy!

Caress me and the universe is ours! Waiting to
be explored like two newly born nymphs hungry for a
flesh-filled feast.

Hardly a care in the world when we are together, for
there is no reality except that which we choose to
initiate in our youthful dreams!

Why did she have to die and leave me here all
alone? Sinking quickly in the boundless sand with
no way out except to become a spirit, enabling me
to join my lost love in an ethereal reunion?

And I cried as she quickly vanished into the
clouds, entombing her soul forever in oblivion.

Words are cheap to a nation that sleeps, never
quite hearing our useless cries! But if we don't wake
her up soon, our world will surely be doomed but I
guess it doesn't really matter all that much if we
Die!

Dancing naked on hot coals, heartless wonders
everywhere swear that pain is a gift from the gods!
A broken man cries out in pain! Life never lived
up to his expectations. Sure, it's not always
supposed to be joyful but why all of this suffering?
Thrown into the arena of Death and told to fight or
die, the shaken man instinctively picks up a nearby
stick and begins to fend off the great evil all around
him!

But how much longer can he keep it up?
Sooner or later, he's going to question and quarrel
about his awkward way of survival. Then, at the peak of
his violent inquisition, he may even choose a new reality!
Just as well...peacefully fade off into the dim night
never to be seen again.

Not to touch the Earth, not to see the Sun. We
were all destined to die from birth but the torture
has just begun!

Mountains are flattened into hills. Forests are
smoldering in flame! Life on Earth is just a battle
between wills but it's not much fun playing it's
senseless games.

Pain is the price that you pay to live, until tears
and blood are all you have left to give! Death is your
friend that will never betray you. To seek him, there
is nothing special that you have to do.

Just follow your feelings and dreams to the edge
of the rainbow that's filled with no laws. Then say,
"please don't cry for me sweet child. I'm doing this
for a justified cause."

Blood paints many a picture for all of us to see.
If it were never spilt, we probably wouldn't even be.
The stars are like angels, watching us from above.

There once was a time when the Four Horseman never
rode across our sphere but every since people have
lived on it, there has been no such thing as Love!
Even in the midst of multitudes, I stand alone.

I call thousands of numbers yet no one will answer the
phone. There is plenty of food and water to go around
but I hunger and thirst because I can't be seen.

My heart has stopped bleeding and my blood boils over,
waiting to be drunk by the Slaves of the Underworld!
Flames protrude from my nostrils and smoke envelops
my soul. I have a whole lifetime to travel and see
places but I have nowhere to go!

The river Styx flows backwards to take away the
years of your life and make you become a spirit,
begging to be of physical form and cause pain to
those who believe in the afterlife when they close their
eyes forever!

I can't see you. I'm in a different plane of some
sorts. I'm floating high above the planets and soaring
past the stars as I puff away on this funny tasting
cigarette!

Oh man, don't you know that the rapture relies on your
own ability to resist resurrection?

Yes it's true. Your loneliness can only be shared by the
one who truly loves you when your blind eyes can't see the
truth hidden within his or her heart!

I carry a cross upon my back to cleanse this world of sin.
I die so that the World might live and I'll do it again and
again!

On the street's of pain, there is no such thing
as gain. Only heartache, poverty and Death! Our
society composed of selfish people is who we've got to
blame. See the little children suffer? Their cries
are heard but never cured! On the street's of pain,
everyone is fucked!

Eyes filled with hatred, a heart burns with lust.
Did you even hear a word that I said? There will be
no more pain when we are finally reduced to dust!
Darker than light with no fuel to burn, my soul
cries out for help yearning to learn. Teach me master
or I will forever burn!

Behold the great Evil lurking in the damp and
dark hallway, lit only by your darkest fears and
dreams. Prepare now to sleep forever in your custom
made bed of Death! Sincerely, I bid you a sweet
goodnight.

Awake now from your slumber O Angel of Blood and
bathe me in your divine fluid and lovely scarlet hue!

I haven't a trickle left in my rotting veins but wish
to give freely to you all that I have left with no
hardships or compromises since we are one with the
sacrificial Beast!

Arrogant flames, arise from Hell and scour my
flesh with your insatiable hunger! Disturb me no more
with your ludicrous absence and denial of submission to
your games of psychological torture!

Prepare now to meet your fate as you are hurled
deep into the inner-most regions of unconsciousness!
Spherical soul's of delusion hold the key to this
gift. Reach deep within the invisible plane, obtain
the sacred Jewel of Enlightenment then seek it no more!

Lucky you are to have survived the excruciating
test of Loyalty to the forlorn presences in a false
paradise!

How many people must die before we finally figure
it out? Intelligence is pure ignorance and logic will
bury our future before its birth!

Martyr's have tried to save us but failed. It
just wasn't meant to be. Slow suicide to eyes that are
blind but the Truth shall be revealed in the end and
ONLY THEN will we finally realize how great our
mistakes have been!

Human: the Caretaker's of the Earth. Little did we know
that they would also destroy themselves as Ruler's of their
own Hell! See the sunlight on my face? The smile that
spreads like a disease amongst the people I come in
contact with?

HA! I laugh when the world cries! Hy heart beats faster
when your's stops forever! I fly high when your dreams
get shot down in a blaze of confusion! My flag unfurls
and waves in the wind when your's gets ignited by a
political spark of ignorance!

I eat when you hunger! I drink my fill when your
throat is parched! I am that which you cannot be!

Your paltry World will be destroyed but mine will
continue to populate and flourish in a utopian manner!
I WILL CONTINUE TO LIVE LONG AFTER YOU DIE!!!!
Drifting freely, reality slowly fading, the pain
has finally ceased and a warm, omniscient womb now
encloses my being and nourishes my soul.
Exist no more in this world of Death! Instead,
remain suspended in Time...alone...for Eternity!

The Sun's Salvation

Do you know what's it's like to walk through
the park in the midst of rain, feeling pain?
So low the grass envelops your head, nature
laughing at your position, mocking your inferiority?
Tears all in vain; the rain washes away any
trace of sorrow, not even acknowledging your
suffering state!

Nature hidden beneath the Earth, waiting for
the Sun to rise so it can shine while you, all
alone, bear witness as the bleak shroud of anguish
envelops the shivering night.

"Oh my God, where have the flowers gone", I
cry out for no one to hear! Only the bums on
the park bench stir. Their drunken slumber
hides them from the hideous World with dreams
of what could have been.

Sun, O my sweet star of fire, erase the stormy
clouds with thy presence so bright! Obliterate
the shadows and leave only light. Cast away the
gray skies of unhappiness and bring the festive
colors back into sight!

Brother rain has left us weary and nature
has withdrawn into herself being leery. Unleash
the rainbow and let her smile so sincere,
remembering God's promise to the World, letting
us know not to fear.

And in the days of darkness, all will not be
lost, for the Son of Man has paid the final cost!
So fear not the World or the evil it does produce,
for the white light of tomorrow will unveil its
hidden truth!

Unconscious Acts of Self Inflicted Agony

So tired, my mind sleeps beneath reality's
dark shadow untouched. Scarcely waking, only
to recite words and figures that belong to a
World of which I have long since parted.
The silent portion, begging to remain unconscious
forever! Whispering, pleading, "please don't
disturb my unsound rest. You blindly and carelessly
cut me day after day with your insults yet care not of
my bloodshed and suffering!"
Self-inflicted? I know my faults. Even if I accidentally
grant you access to my darkest secrets, it doesn't
give you permission to disclose them to the public!
That makes you an accomplice, doesn't it?
It's simple really. Caress me and I'll scream in agony
but stab me in the heart like I'm accustomed to and
I'll reap the harvest of that truth, while I dance in
celebration, keeping in rhythm with your laughter!
Let us feast on my departure from these games I
speak of from distant dreams!
When I am but a shadow, a phantom visiting the physical
plane, what will they say about me? How will I be
remembered?
As a poor, insane man with thoughts and ideas no mind
could ever comprehend? Or lonely because I wouldn't
let anyone enter the gates that guarded my true identity and
self?
O God! When I forever sleep in Fire or Forgiveness, will
I look back and finally realize the full tragedy of my mistakes?
No! I don't think so! I need not die to be exposed to what
is already known. I know vividly the pain which I speak
of, yet can do nothing but pray for an expedient end to my suffering!

The Eternal Quest for Answers

Nothing ever said or questioned is a
concept totally new! Be it by word, phrase
or even a thought, our ancestors wondered
too.

We are but defenders of that quest, the
keepers of the flame. It may smolder through
ages of dictatorship and ash, but it'll always
be relit again!

In the churches and universities, ancient
knowledge is being released and relearned,
but history proves to us that a society possessing
too much is cursed by its own existence.

Is that why government officials order all
all those books of Truth burned?

There are reasons. They secretly call it
CONTROL; but is it really for the good of the
people or themselves, programmers supreme?!

In Truth there IS freedom but it could easily
be turned against you. Sometimes truth and knowledge
can be more frightening than your worst
nightmare!

Society's unwritten laws, that restrict our
rights to think and feel freely, are all part
of Life's most terrifying games, or so we find,
but it's that "Fool" who is not so easily shaken
by these rapers of pride that displays the
most stable intellect, for he alone controls
his own mind!

When a tired soul cries out for the freedom
that truth brings; but darkness blinds him from
the enlightenment which he so desperately seeks,
nothing will keep him down, not a petty law or
a judges frown, for in the end, knowledge will

be his triumph and crown!

A True Poet at Last

Words written on paper mean nothing
without understanding! A writer's soul
bleeds but unless you can sense the pain
also, his suffering has been for nothing.
It's not merely for fame or fortune that
he writes but for spreading his feelings,
thoughts and messages to everyone who
seeks the Truth!
He can make you laugh, cry, live and die.
Strings dangle from your helpless mind as
he proceeds to control you with the constricting skill of a master puppeteer!
So give in to his hypnotic power and don't
be angry just because you lost control
of reality for a small fraction of time.
Instead, feel grateful that you got to experience a different view toward lifethrough the eyes of a
true poet!

SIN

Darkness fell like a tranquilly soft
illusion, then there was no more light.
My soul grew cold, I was cradled by
fright.
Held hostage by my dark side in a
World that was evil and dim.
Please dear Lord, would you kindly
forgive me? I didn't mean to sin.

Mist of Delusion (Manic Depression)

I

Resilient youth, better say your prayers,
for tomorrow, Lord knows, how you'll fare!

II

We will never truly learn from our
mistakes; merely imitate certain traits
and promote them with style and idealism.

III

(Corporate Man)

I have been siphoned into the Death March
of work, eat, and sleep.

All is logic, committees, and polls,
issued on command, to the corporate beat.

I have no opinion, nor partake of any form
of fun. My existence is only fulfilled
when I'm a rat put on the run.

I am a clone of the company policy; not
mere words; my life, identity and creed.
Philosophical ideals I freely betray with
my condo, BMW, and unquenchable greed.

I am a number assigned at will, yet the
world respects my sum. If I make a
decision, it's done collectively; to think
on your own requires Tums.

Stocks and bonds are all I read, and I
dabble a little in futures. And so what
if my life is micro-managed; I like being
held together by this political suture.

IV

People are so afraid of legal action if
they hurt someone's feelings or express
their opinions, they often go through life
denying their own existence altogether.

What's better - the Truth or a vacuum?

V

O, if only I could die believing the same
thing as the day I was born!

VI

I don't wish to live a lie, but it seems
the only way to get by. If everyone told
the truth, we would kill each other much
faster; as law and order, would by the
roadside, die!

When a person acts on their inner-most
workings, a criminal they are deemed; yet
march to the beat of deceitful conformity,
and be praised as Powerful...while you
dangle from the System's strings!

No one looks anyone in the eye anymore! No
one gives it their all or tries anymore!

People just want to lay down and die!

But even a bird with a broken wing will
still try to FLY!

Superior race, my ass!

VII

How many lies must be told before we bury
our head in doubt and scour our face with
fear?!

How can there be hope without Truth,
laying waste all helplessness?

We know where the answers lie, but are too
afraid to seek them out for fear we might
have to be responsible for our actions once
knowledge is upon us!

VIII

I watch with horror as pain and fear
scratch out the eyes of the once faithful!
I feel the greed of exception as I run my
calloused hands across the swollen belly

of starving legions inheriting the
emptiness of uncertainty!
I hear the mortar shells and rocket blasts
and am forced to my knees in prayer,
begging forgiveness for the mindless
betrayal of Humanity for a brief moment of
Power in the Void of Temptation's circus!
I cry out for HELP!! but there is silence.
I cry no more ... I must move on.

IX

Time moves on whether you fill it with
significant moments or not. Of course,
what is meaningful to one, may be absolute
folly to another.
Most People live through others desires,
untrue to themselves, forgotten by All!

X

Too tired. Too tired to continue mocking
the motions of existence any longer.
Happiness is not a commercial piece of
property that can bring about exaltation
upon impact with my sold-out senses!
Never again a smile unless it be given by
a Saved soul, no longer in denial of his
purpose!
I see your depression and raise you a
nervous breakdown! Oh sure, up the ante
with your negative narcissistic delusions
of lostness.
I think we have too many expectations for
our life. We see others who have it all
from outside glances but don't know what
lies inside the shell yet to be cracked,
contents openly explored.
We are promised the world by the Media we
feed off of, but when we try to collect

our portion, we get our own spoon shoved
up our ass, hot fudge sundae for dessert!
Tumultuous motion spewing forth laws and
ideas; unconscious of our own mortality.
Mocking the World and Life like a child
pouring grape juice on the carpet,
laughing, then going outside to play in
the sandbox with his invisible friend!
We work like slaves during the prime of
our life only to contribute to the
Government's appropriation of more war
machines, space shuttles, and the
obligatory \$400 hammers!
Yet when it comes our time to collect what
is owed to us, they politely say, I am sorry
we sold out America to Japan, Russia,
Somalia.

And anybody else who wants money...
besides our own people, such as a 45 year
old Vietnam Veteran who lost his legs and
Soul to a land mine defending America's
greed and selfishness; gotta preserve the
Capitalist spirit at ALL costs!

XI

(Trying to Understand)

It's seems you're not worth anything as a
Human Being, to any person or organization,
unless you are adhering to their rules
and beliefs!

If you want to lose a job or a friend
really fast, tell them what you truly feel
and think!

In order to remain popular and avoid
attracting attention and enemies, zip your
lip and avoid the thinking trip. No one
will understand anyhow.

Nor does anyone care! We are all locked
inside our own inner-world from which we
draw on our personalized promptings to
guide us through our days, to get us
through Life's enigmatic haze.

But somehow it works out. No one's life
is ever a failure! All things good and
bad in our life have a purpose and give us
a certain understanding and insight to
what Life is about!

XII

I ponder upon Life's awesome gaze, within
my stirring mind, as midnight wanes.
Whose tragic offerings, I freely drank,
till I ceased the cynical lie and feel to
my knees in thanks.

Complaints are for culprits afraid of the
Truth. The silent man pleads not for
himself, except to be wise and sleep under
some roof.

(a)

My heart, like the Sun, shines on through
the rain; not revealed in dark skies, yet
present, even in pain.

What lights up the sky day after day? It
is hope, faith and love that touches us
all with a thought or action...the warmth
of a ray!

(b)

In your face is etched Humanity. Every
wrinkle and scar, an emotion and thought
marking down time.

O, your bright eyes, how they radiate the
warm Sun of youthful summer days of sweet
play gone by!

(c)

O Love, I used to hold you sacred, but now
your usury has me baffled to your purpose!

XIII

(If I Ever...)

If I ever feel out loud, break my jaw and
set me straight.

If I ever love too much, remove my heart
before it's too late.

If I ever start to understand, send the
men in white suits with a ragtime band.

If I ever get in your way, have me removed
and be on with your day.

If I ever expose to you my fears, make
them a reality and bring me to tears!

If I ever live too long, shoot me dead and
finish this song...

XIV

A distant shadow have I become, for lack
of substance, from faith undone!

A distant shadow have I become, for lack
of substance, from faith undone!

A distant shadow have I become, for lack
of substance, from faith undone!

XV

(No Free Ride)

What if I were an illusion, cast in motion
to protect my soul and mind? My real self
would be unaware of any actions taken in
this world, both good-natured and unkind.

At the end of my life, I would awake, just
as the day I was born; with no memory of
my life to be judged, praised or scorned.

I suppose that would be too easy, I say
with a frown. No one gets a free ride
uptown, until they've done some living and
soul-searching around.

XVI

I drank myself into oblivion. I sought to
enlighten my senses and obtain alternate
realities, but lost myself in the process!
Now I stare into the mirror at a foreign
reflection whose soul dwells not within my
own corpse.

I only want love but I receive all except
that which I covet the most.

I see other couples years younger than I,
caressing and loving each other; isolated
by their togetherness.

Yet I am left alone to relieve myself by
fantasizing to images on paper and celluloid,
which leaves me feeling used myself!

Death be not proud! You only take without
a fight! When all is lost, you gather up
the last remnants of existence and claim
victory.

No one is a winner - only a player and the
played!

(a)

Let me call up the last piece of thought
I have left and say, "please listen to
what I once said, because I used to know
a few things before I lost my head!"

Inebriated Icons

I

Drunk as a skunk in his Sunday
best; greeting friends with
spray and flipping off the
rest.

II

No more words, at least not today; I
fear all my thoughts have flown away.
Where they'll land, I do not know, but
they better be back inside my head
before it snows.

Emptiness, surrounded by doubt,
alienated itself en route. Don't
quite know what to do. Insanity, over
the years, has accrued. What do the
psychiatrists call it? Oh, yes:
SCREWED!

Things really aren't too clear these
days. It's hard to find the answers
when your future is a haze, and you
feel like a lab rat cast into an
eternal maze, and you keep babbling
over and over again, that same
nonsensical phrase, and ... and ...
and ... Oh, shut up! Hey! I was on a
roll! Yeah, Ham and cheese!

III

Don't forget to wipe the blood off the
knife; if mommy sees it, she will get
mad. Do you think sixty times is
enough? Of course, any more would be
BAD! That will teach him to take my
lunch money!

Let's go play Barbie!

IV

In the mirror are eyes, and
little besides, the gleam that
was Life, has dimmed.

Not all at once, but slowly
each day, I'd sneak a quick
glimpse...and witness with horror
...that another part of me had
faded away!

So fast and far we've come, to
see nothing more than we
already knew!

A quick breath, and we're
there!

Say good-bye to the Human Zoo!

V

If I were to tell you the Truth about
what you want to know, would you run
away to hide in the warm womb of lies,
crying yourself to Death; feeding off
the umbilical cord of disease,
corruption and insanity?

Yes, you would!

It's so much more comfortable being
led through existence with an electric
cattle prodder with the Herd than to
mosey through the barren canyon walls
obscured by isolation...friendless,
misplaced, non-conformist Commie
Bastard!

But seriously folks, have you ever had
the courage/stupidity to find out who
you really are; to finally come face
to face with the Soul imprisoned
behind your frightened eyes?

Well, folks, it's not recommended by
noted authorities, including myself!
Once you break on through to the other
side, there's no way back - EVER!!!
Of course, be tween you and me, the
trip is DEFINITELY worth it!

VI

I lost everything waiting for something
to come around.
Looking out my window toward the
horizon, it just quietly passed by,
behind my searching eyes, without even
greeting or teasing me with it's offerings.
I've dreamed about that moment since
I can remember, yet never worked
toward its realization.
Yet, I was told that all dreams come true
if you give them time. Thus said an old
man on the streets still waiting for his
dog, Lester, to return after leaving
30 years ago, "dreams keep you alive",
he said, gumming the words.
Not this time, I'm afraid. I
stretched forth my neck to look ahead,
yet behind me stood an executioner
with a heavy blade, waiting to snip my
naked neck and claim my head for his
folly.
It all slipped quietly away as I
dreamed of unobtainable horizons and
sweet, sensual interludes with my nose
buried in books and head swimming
through the clouds.
Can't see a thing from here.
Everything is swirling in madness.
Let's just go home.

Don't know where "home" is.

Good-bye, then!

Sure thing.

Later Daze!

VII

O, to be young again, but then,
would it be any different now that I
know, or would confusion still be my
friend?

Nothing, I suppose - only fragments of
my past/future life now. Don't want
to start over, just continue on
rather than die stagnant, stinking
Here!

Salvation, if thou be more than a
word, show thyself and do thy work
NOW!

VIII

Who am I?

Why am I here?

What is my purpose?

Where am I going when I
leave this place?

WAIT!

Don't tell me!

I want to find out

MYSELF!

Fine.

Answer away!

IX

There's something very wrong here, yet
I must continue...push forward to show
I am running full speed with the
current program.

No slack here, I'll do whatever you
say; just tell me what to do and I'll

"Yes Sir - No Sir", to everything you
request.

Ass kissing? Hell, yes! We deliver,
man - right on the cheek, or is that
left? I'm not sure which. So bend
over, Sir!

Just kidding - got a crowbar that
needs lubing - yessssirreeeee!

OOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPHiffiHH!!

X

When you say, "I love you", do you
ever really mean it? So few words
have more meaning than these, yet we
say them to each other like it was our
duty rather than a true expression of
our feelings.

Don't hurt your lover so. Tell them
the Truth! If you really love them,
tell them and mean it; if not, leave
and stir up no more unrest.

Move on and go where your heart leads

Die no more in shackles of doubt.

What is it? Are you not sure of your
destiny?

Do you really know what you want or are
you but a deserter of the true faith,
waiting to arrive at your destiny guided
by angels of mercy?

Or what, then?

XI

Twilight, before the haze and blur,
that's where all the answers lie! To
arrive there is a crime...pure
thought leads to Death; yet in a ring
of Truth you shall Die!

XII

Begin the dream; slip beneath
Reality's cold scream! A stifled
breath becomes humbled as a
belligerent cry echoes defeat!
Hope, where are you now as we drown in
our own helplessness, forgotten by our
own blood?!

Follow your desire until you can once
again feel true and passionate Love!
Only one promise left to keep; to
yourself and Death before you Sleep!
What then is left to chance but war
and romance...when all you want is a
quick way out...to consecrate the
passing of the Truth which weeps
everlasting from Above!

XIII

Life? I knew her well; she left me
stranded in the Valley of Hope with a
quick smile and promise of eternal
happiness.

No, she never did come back to check
on me, but she did leave a tootsie
roll pop to forever remind me of a
what a Sucker I was!

Illuminated Isolation

I must travel into the Wilderness and
leave all physical possessions behind. The
tempters of vice, begone! I must cleanse
my soul with nature's purity and loving
embrace.

Sleep out under night's crystal spheres
of light and bathe in their subtle glow of
inner warmth!

Welcome all brothers and sisters whom I
meet on the trail to Paradise with my undying
kindness and sincerity, but only if
they believe in Truth!

If not, I'll gladly show them how and where they
can find it by taking Insight as a guide and informative
host along the journey to that which is already
subconsciously known to them.

Forget all about Society's troubles and
toils and become a part of the living Earth!
Just now am I truly learning to live in Freedom!
O God, why have I waited until this
moment to repent and beg for rebirth?

I must quench my thirst with water drawn
from illuminated streams, rivers and ponds,
then feast from the table of Nature's banquet
everlasting, which has been set by the
wave of God's omnipotent wand!

Become naturally perceptive once again
and merge as ONE with ALL living things;
yes - transcend!

Clouds will be my roof-top, as will trees
and dark mountain caves to grant my skin
soothing shade from the piercing Sun.
And maybe, every now and then, a little forest

nymph will come along; and being under her
persuasive spell, I'll get thoroughly laid
in her treetop castle for fun!
O what folly there lies in the future
unfathomed!

The Dawn of Dreams

I embrace the dawn with a smile come
morning and ride the Sun until last
light.

Every breath of fresh air fills my
being with fire and that energy guides
me on an endless flight.

Learning to appreciate the simple
pleasures of Life takes time and letting
go of pain from the past.

It's so easy to give in to all those
bad memories and forsake tomorrow, but
welcome the future with all of its dreams
and promises, and true happiness will eventually
come, and last!

No constrictions or weight will I bear
as I soar through the air, guiding the
Sun with its reins.

My body does not burn, for it is strength that
I have learned; never again will my soul live
in vain!

Looking Through the Eyes of a Starving Child

Mama, please forgive me if I ask you for
food again but lately it seems that Hunger
has become my only friend. He plays with my
mind and evaporates my soul, then He turns
our crops into dust and laughs at my tear dimmed
eyes as I hold out an empty bowl!
You've seen my picture in magazines all
throughout the land but neglected to
lift a finger to save me; better yet, a
helping hand.
Your love of money is killing me, I've known this all
along, but forever I shall beg for your mercy...
till you hear my tragic song!
Your land is filled with milk and honey
while ours just crumbles to dust. We've
thought about asking other countries for
help but yours is the only one we could
truly ever trust!
So what do you say America? Will you
give this kid a chance? You've got so
much to offer us if you'd just give this
situation a second glance.
All I can do is pray that someday you'll
hear my cry, but that someday may be too
late!
A mother holds her newborn babe,
watching with tear-filled eyes, as another
starving child gives in to their final destiny
and just ???????? DIES!

Mental Madness

Outside the World goes by, but I
sit helplessly tortured, locked inside
my twisted mind!
I can't scream for help because
no one, not even myself, knows what
ails me.
I can't escape, for the bars have
been strengthened over the course of
many painful years, holding me fast.
Sub-consciously, I know what my problem
is but if I ever told anyone, they'd
never believe me or understand!
They'd lock me away for questioning
and conforming or call me an outcast;
not even a MAN!
"You're INSANE", they'd scream!
Awake young child. You'll be alright
now. Why are you shivering and scared?
You were only having a bad dream.
GOODNIGHT!

Lost in Search of a Saved Child

O youth! O passion for living, embrace
me once again!

Open the gates of freedom so I can cross over and bathe in thy lovely streams of innocence.

I carry upon my being the filth
and deception of adulthood. As my
years have grown, my happiness, strength
and lust for life have faded!

I no longer ask that most dreadful question "Why?" and have accepted all Worldly lies as truth.

Survival is now the game I play. It's
a new form of hide and seek. I'll try
to get away with as much as possible
while you prove I did something wrong!

HA! Lies are now my alibis and truth
is but treason to my living soul!

I dare not say what's on my mind, for fear that the guardians of manipulation and ignorance will beat
me to a pulp until my desire to exist became null!

I no longer live a REAL life!

I admit now that reality is but a two-way mirror that I am unaware of!
Maybe one day that mirror will be broken and I'll become whole again.

Who knows?

I can only pray for such a Heavenly illusion!

Burning Death

While the blood drips from my severed
wound, I look around dazed and watch the
flowers bloom. How could I die in such a
beautiful place? I should be bound by
leather or chains, not surrounded by delicate
lace.

When my blood hit the flowers, they
turned into barbed wire. It gives and
takes away life from flesh as well as substance.

I tried to run far but still couldn't
escape from the light. Death is inevitable
now. Why even put up a fight?

The inferno flashed across! I felt nothing, saw
only darkness.

We're just killing ourselves with our own
technology. How can we call this World advanced?
Is that some sort of psychology?

The battle has been won but no one can claim
the prize! It's not just a matter of strength
or size!

It's all over now and we can't go back.

Doomed from creation by our ever wondering
minds. Caught up in an infinite
cycle of greed, lust and power that's as old
as the beginning of Time!

So long and hard we worked to build the
Human Empire. Nevertheless, in a second...
it's gone.

We never even existed.