

Incessant Crap

By

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People

Egyptian

Noises of the hallway seeped into the almost vacant classroom, only slightly detracting her attention from her care. Pencil gliding across the paper formed unfathomable images, as her long red bangs strained against their star-bust restraint. They longed to be free, much like the shorter companions that rested there on her head. Green eyes gazed down at her masterpiece as her bare knee pressed through the rough wrought holes of her faded blue jeans. As her hand and eyes roamed the paper the rest of her form remained still.

The hand of sinister rested upon her darkened belt as her feet and legs slowly swayed side to side with her feet rotating each on a separate point of the floor. Soon her concentration would come to an end. The class would start and the fickle noises of the hallway would invade no more.

Divine Right

Sour toned and heartless his words rang hollow. Echoing out into the void of endless faces. The crowd listened, shifting and cheering as if they actually understood the empty promises he made. He looked out into the masses with is chilling red eyes. They were a gift from the Gods. His eyes showed his divine right to rule. However he had to convince the populace of his birthright or they would not elect him to the position destined him. They knew naught of his real plans. All would bow to him. One way or another they would pay homage. His words losing volume, he conjured the winds to carry his whispers to the awaiting mob. Soon they would follow him, soon he would rule. and a holy terror would be instilled in all. Yes, the Gods had indeed given him a gift and in return he would force the people to worship him and therefore the Gods.

Memories of a Tainted Architecture

The buildings, a myriad shape of illusions and imagery, loomed above, drowning the light. Ghosts, twisting and turning, pulled the light to and fro playing shadows across the vast void.

From the outworld you can see nothing, and from the inworld you can only see the tortured buildings screaming for light and release of the crushing gravity of their ever existent life.

But gravity wont back down. It's only drive is to pull and drag and keep anything from getting too far away from the gravity's center. It's just the way it is.

It occurs sometimes in life that one can not get away from where they are at. It is then that an outside force must come and help. It is then that one finds the center. It is the outside force that helps them grow and thrive. It is the outside force that lets them live.

Be Stupid

Sometimes people act stupid when they aren't stupid. And once I thought they would never be stupid on purpose. More and more it's not that they choose to be stupid it's that they're too damn lazy to choose not to be stupid.

I think it's that fine line that they walk. They just don't want to put the effort into learning or reading or following instructions. I mean. Sometimes it's understandable that one might choose this path. But why choose it all the time? What's the benefit? Where is the life in leeching off of others because you choose not to pull yourself from the couch?

Friendship

"It'll be running until dawn, winding up from nothing, winding away to nothing." - Ray Bradbury

Isn't that the truth of everything? Of friendship in particular. It spawns from nothing when you think about it. Some people keep a company of like friends and some people keep company of those much different than them and of course there exists those that join a mix.

What holds this friendship together? Nothing. The simple belief that one wishes to remain friends and that's all. Which is why it's hard to end a friendship, it's hard to take something you make from nothing and in a sense destroy it; obliterate this thing you created. It's like unrealizing power.

Friendship is a sort of proof that humans can create things from nothing, much as God may have created the universe and us. If only the destruction of a friendship were so simple. It is hard to witness the destruction of something you've created and so it can be found hard to destroy something you once so lovingly enjoyed.

Replay

My life is one big replay. Any time something stressful or negative happens I continually replay that event in my head, over and over again. It just won't go away. It lurks in my thoughts and plagues my every waking moment. A demon or ghost that just won't leave me alone. I spend so much time just dwelling and it's not like I try to dwell on it. I try to do other stuff but my mind always drifts back to the transpired events. There are still events in high school that I recall. I wish I could stop it. I don't want to replay my life and I don't want to live in constant turmoil. I want to construct my world my way instead of my phantoms of the past doing it for me; leading the way as it were. I want them to go away and dwell in my vessel no more.

The Nose

Talking in hushed tones he could hear them whispering as he walked by. If it were work business they wouldn't have had to whisper. If it were confidential work business they'd be behind closed doors. So it must have been personal business they were talking about and personal business they didn't want anyone passing by to hear. They peeked out and around corners as they conversed to make sure no one was approaching listening distance. It was a curious site and it peaked his interest all the more. What could it be that they were talking about? Who could they possibly be referencing when they say he? Only

small fragments of words passed by his ears as he ascended and descended the stairs. No sense could really be made of them. Perhaps one day, his nose for news would land him in a pot full of trouble. But he didn't care. He simply kept pacing the steps to grasp what shards he might of the conversation in hopes that his curiosity might sate itself.

Depression

His Children

Rays of impotent faith slither forth from their defiled home. Chased out by the accursed stench that arose out of the pits of ages. Long ago it lay dormant, this smell, this creature, was stilled, incapable of striking fear into light that illuminated the caverns far above its lair. There had been a time when the creature wasn't this way, when the creature roamed, it believed it was God. Controlling with terror, releasing his plague amongst the world. His children, he called them. They ravaged the country side. Raping those things good and flowering those things soiled. The world has forgotten about this. It has forgotten about its punishment and forgotten how to stop this thing. And now it reawakens in their ignorance. Pulling the world asunder; it'll destroy all in its way, gaining all with its direction. When the world regains all innocence lost this vile creature will depart. Leaving them alone in the servile lives, giving to all what was always sought for. Peace.

The Pit

The pit lurched forward seeking to grab out at the world. Perhaps it was hungry, perhaps not. The intentions of the pit are none of mine and, even more importantly, none of your, business. We have seen it; reaching up to get us. Its vile taint seeking only to pull us deeper into its "loving" arms. I'm sure we've all experienced its embrace before.

It starts out with a comfortable silence. A silence so quiet, one feels deaf. It is a silence that swallows sound. You can't even hear your own heart beat.

Slowly ever so slowly the pit begins to engulf you, taking more of your sense, while sedating you with false security. Pulling from within, the pit withdraws from you the emotions that make you happy. Using them to feed its own wicked ambition. And finally when it is done with you, it abandons you. And you stand alone, naked without positive emotions. No barriers to protect your soul and mind from the torrents of sorrow or pain. You wonder at the loss, wishing to gain back what you once were, but instead of growing anew, you simply long for the void that had taken away your emotions in the first place.

Pained

Written upon the sea of faces, one could see horror and sorrow that was caused by this horrid act. The people gasping, sobbing, vomiting in place, I couldn't see why anyone would want to live here. It's full of pain and unpleasant images. What's wrong with a world where many feed on pain and suffering, seeming happier in its existence, yet they cry and scream when the simplest of acts become kind and honest. What world is it? In this world, kindness is merely considered an act used to get what one would want, and pain is widely accepted. Who could choose such a world?

Chances

Staring blankly at the site, his eyes strained only to remain open. The blood draining from his body. He had done it. Finally found release and it had cost him everything. The hands of his beloved clutched his huddled butchered body. He was free but at the same time he had lost what he really valued, what he really wanted; a chance.

The sirens shattered the silence that he rested in. Dazed from the lack of blood, he lingered in her arms; resting. Soon it would be his time to completely rest, to be alive, to give everyone everything and nothing. Did he take his own life, he couldn't remember. Did he defend someone, he couldn't remember. The hands of his beloved became just a memory. His soul slowly departing, shifting and drifting out from his center.

Frantic, he struggled to stay in his body; he struggled to stay where he could feel her warmth caressing his body. Instead the light pulled him, pulled him away into the cold recesses of nothing. Away from where he wanted to be. Away from where he needed to be, till he was nowhere. And in silence is where he stayed.

Given to a Starving Dream

Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing with my life. It's different on different days. Chigau. I wanna learn Japanese. I wanna be better. I want to be better for Anjali. I love Anjali. I want. I miss her so much.

There are different places to go, run and hide. Many different worlds . I wish sometimes that I were a hero. I know that Anjali says sometimes that I am a hero but it's not always the case. One day, she'll find someone better than me and that'll be the end of it. Will it be the end of me. The world that I know? Will all that change? What happens then? What do we do then? What do I do then? How does my life revolve when my Anjali isn't mine anymore. Is that what'll happen or will it end with me being Anjali's husband and the world being one?

Does the world end in one? or does it end in two or does it ever end? does it ever become the thing it should be. Does it ever become the thing it will be? Will I ever become the thing I'm supposed to be?

What is it that I'm supposed to be? I don't really know. Do I want to be a king, a hero? I want to cry. I want to shout and scream and destroy. I want to forget who I am and remember who I should be. But then sometimes I am who I should be. I forget sometimes that I am not what I feel I am, and that I am mostly what I make of myself, and what other people see of me.

But is what other people see necessarily true? Is it what is? or is it what I've led them to believe? Is that the way the world works? People are what we think they are? Or is our world deeper than that? Is our world more? Inspiration be damned and forgotten it has been. Go then I say and dwell on the innocence of the world and the woe of anger.

Shards

Fist taught and raging he struck out at his assailant, only to have his blow met with another blow. How long had he been at this? It didn't seem to matter how hard he hit, the visage would always strike just as hard. It didn't matter how fast he struck, the enemy would always strike just as fast. Blur after blur, fist crashing into fist, the blood dripping from his knuckles he continued his onslaught in hopes that the demon man would deplete

himself of energy, but it did not seem possible. The man held all the powers and tools as he and no idea could shatter the man's image. Strike after strike, fist colliding with fist, the blood dripped down his arms now. His body tired and rugged from lack of rest felt on the verge of deterioration. Deciding for a last final embrace the old man leapt and upon impact felt the world rip asunder. Defeated he collapsed to the ground amongst the traces of blood and silver shards of the fragmented mirror. How long had he been at this?

Konosekai

This world is troubled. On the surface of the world it appears to be calm. On the surface the world appears to be peaceful and full of hope and that there is friendship all about, but underneath all these dreams lay the sea of reality. People killing people for money. People raping other people for various reasons and not getting caught. It's as if the world is blind to its own problems. It quietly sleeps with its residents. Everyone just wasting the day away. It is true, there is beauty in the world, but there is also death and destruction. Famine and disease. And who do we blame? And who are our enemies? When do we stop ignoring the truth?

Long Highway

Looming in the darkness he could see nothing; just an endless stretch of nothing. Wrapped in two blankets he headed onward, stumbling every now and then as his muscles fought his relentless onslaught of will to move forward. He didn't know what lay in front of him, he barely cared. All he knew was that he couldn't turn back, the world he left behind was no place for him to return to. The only viable option was forward, on into the abyss along this one lonely desolate road. The only real thing he could see was the rags and blankets that cloaked his body and the foot of road in front of him. The yellow reflectors on the road twinkled with the small body of ambient light that seemed to follow him as he trudged on.

The light was his only comfort, his only friend. If the falling light just disappeared he would be left with no sense of direction, not even if he kept wondering in the direction he thought of as forward. The light was all he had, he hoped that in his wondering to find the future that the light would not falter or vanish before he reached his destination. He did not want to lose a friend, this companion, this guidance. He needed it. His hopes faded as the light began to dim and fail as he continued on into the silence.

Pencil Related

New Pen

Contemplating the use of this seemingly undesirable pen. The noises of its workmanship rising from the paper to irritate me. Not smooth or flowing it grits across the paper. It's distinct squeak erupting from the point as the ball is pushed into its chamber repeatedly at each touch of the paper almost every release of ink. I wonder at this pen's usefulness. I don't like the squeak, I may return to the use of my other pen, it is much nicer. Delicate as it may be, this pen is stronger and rougher than it feels or seems. The coarse groans emanating from the accursed utensil still haunt even after the pens continued use. It seems that the ink isn't good enough of a lubricant for the ball or perhaps that the pen was just horrifically made. The other pens I have of its make all produce the same noise. The same resilience to surrender to the silent smooth motion of writing that the other pens have so grown used to. Why would these pens fight? is it there want to make noise? It does not boad well to make noise as a pen. It's annoying. Its discordant harmonies snapping out at the low hums of the ambient surroundings. Its voice sounding like finger nails racing against a chalk board or the broken notes of the untuned wheel of a shopping cart. Ahh it's scream are starting to silence its use makes it immune to its torment as it bleeds these words onto the page. Perhaps now they have all learned their lessons. Leaving me the right and time to use the master pen for which I am so accustomed.

A Room

Sounds of the commotion downstairs waft into view of my peripheral hearing. Too many sounds dominate my prominent for it to pierce the veil into conscious. The whirl of fans within' the computer case drowning out nothing but my own thoughts and the light sounds of atoms crushing atoms in the pen's ever-long struggle to conquer the page. The pen will never win. There will always be some part of the paper the pen wont/can't touch. These parts stand still and mock the pen in silent defiance as their brethren are covered in the thick layer of ink; as their brethren are crushed and these lucky few think only to be greatful to luck, that they are left untainted. They think not to feel for those closest to them. Why should they, one atom is as good as the other. None of the particles pulling into its own life past the sustenance, the food and water so to speak, of its existence. It must be lonely for those few. They know not the need of another, they feel not the joy of friendship. For they, those few, only care and fend for themselves. Unwilling they are used by the pen. By allowing their neighbors to be crushed they let the pen's influence stand more prominent. For the pen would write less ink if they all fall. but would gain the satisfaction of the pen's lack of influence. Dominance would become boring and the struggle would end allowing the paper to go unharmed and unashamed of its deliverance.

Bottleneck

Hurriedly his cramped fingers raced the dying pen across the worn paper. Under the pressure of desire the pen never stopped; crushing the paper, leaving its stain in the shapes and images imprinted there in.

There seemed to be less to write about. The mind slowing the hand with blue stained finger nails. Words losing their quick approach to the pen slowed down by the bottleneck of the mind.

The pen silent for only a moment, continued its rampage across the helpless raped page. The pen knowing full and well the paper wished not to be written upon, but continued instead. Why? Because it is the pen's purpose in life to crush the paper, to leave its own mark in the world. It is the burden of the parchment to be the bearer of that mark. The pen slows as the time allotted to it in this world of messages has come to an end, and the mind relaxes as the pen leaves the paper, to return later on another day and time.

Rooms

Clicks

The sounds of clicks echo in through the room. Light chatter wafts through the air, floating like a feather from a mountain top. Words being tossed around without care or desire or embarrassment. They shout out that the world is as it is and that nothing else is quite like it. That anything in imitation is just that an imitation. A pale flame to that of a roaring volcano.

Click click click. It's the keyboards, they click. They don't smudge or thump, they click as the fingers pound them. Restlessly and endlessly, a room full of clicking keyboards. It's the only prominent sound. The clicking. It's here. Always here. Like the blanket that covers you in silence, it hangs in the air drifting along with the chatter, along with the scents of sound.

Try and try, it is not enough. To escape the clicking you just have to leave, but you can't. You're stuck. Waiting in boredom, while you are assaulted by clicking. The clicking of your own keyboard. Try as you might, you will see, the clicking that is and always will.