

"I WROTE THIS STORY FOR YOU"

THIS IS A TALE OF DISSATISFACTION,
DISSAPPOINTMENT & DESPAIR.

I MAKE IT A POINT AS A WRITER
TO DRAW MY WORDS DIRECTLY FROM
THE HEART, AND I'M ASHAMED TO SAY
THESE ARE THE ONLY THINGS I HAVE
TO SHARE WITH YOU.

I WISH MY HEART WERE DIFFERENT,
AND THAT MY LIFE HAD WORKED OUT
DIFFERENTLY.

BUT IT ALWAYS FELT LIKE FATE
WAS AHEAD OF ME AT EVERY TURN,
AND THAT MAYBE GOD HAD PLAYED
ONE BIG JOKE ON ME,
ONE I COULDNT ESCAPE FROM,
NO MATTER WHAT I TRIED.

I KNOW BY NOW I MUST ALREADY
BE MAKING YOU FEEL SICK, DISCOURAGED,
MAYBE EVEN PITIFUL. I PROMISE YOU
I DONT WANT YOUR DIRTY.
I ONLY WANT TO SHARE WITH YOU THE TRUTH.
I DONT EVEN KNOW YOU, DEAR READER,
BUT I WOULD NEVER LIE TO YOU.
YOU ARE FREE TO SCORN ME. YOU ARE FREE
TO DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE. THESE WORDS
WILL EXIST WITHOUT YOU READER, UNKNOWN,
MAYBE UNBORN READER! DEAR READER,
CAN I WRITE YOU A POEM? A LOVE POEM?

BECAUSE I DO LOVE YOU!

(IF YOU ARE WONDERING WHEN -
THE STORY IS GOING TO START -
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH - THIS IS IT)

So, A LOVE POEM.

FORCED UPON A PILLOW,
TEARY EYES
LONELINESS, ALONE, ALONE & COLD
MY SAD LONELY READER
I AM A SAD & LONELY WRITER
MAYBE WE COULD EXCHANGE NUMBERS?
GO OUT FOR A DRINK SOME TIME?
NEVERMIND ...

MY LONELY READER,
I REALLY DO LOVE YOU
YOUNG SO CUTE!

LOOK AT YOU, LOOKING AT THIS PAGE,
READING THE WORDS, KNEW YOU'D READ,
BECAUSE I WROTE THEM JUST FOR YOU.

YOUNG SPECIAL, READER.

DO YOU SENSE A HINT OF SARCASM
IN THAT? YOU THINK MAYBE I'M TAKING
A SHOT? NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER
FROM THE TRUTH. YOU REALLY ARE
SPECIAL. DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?

LET ME ASK YOU READER, DO YOU
BELIEVE IN GOD?

THAT'S WHAT THIS ALL COMES DOWN TO.

I'M NOT AN ANIMATED FLESH GUY.
I BELIEVE IN SPIRIT. YOU KNOW
WHAT SOUNDS COOL? KNOWLEDGE OF SELF.
INCUBATING, INCULCATING KNOWLEDGE OF SELF.

I PROMISE YOU READER,
I AM NOT A WHORE.

I AM JUST A MAN IN DESPERATE
NEEDS. CASH RULES EVERYTHING
AROUND ME, AND EVERYDAY
THE WORLD SEEMS MORE BLEAK.

HAVE I SOLD MY SPIRIT?
THAT'S SOMETHIN' I ASK MYSELF,
NOT THAT I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE,
BUT I'D LIKE TO BE SURE.

OK FINE, ILL ADMIT IT. IVE BEEN
A LITTLE SLUTTY. BUT WHAT
CAN YOU EXPECT IN THIS DAY & AGE!
OH STOP, NOW I WANT TO CRY.
I REALLY FEEL EMBARRASSED, I REALLY DO.

IVE THOUGHT ABOUT KILLING MYSELF.
BE HONEST, HAVENT YOU? NOT IN AS A
REAL THOUGHT, A REAL PREMEDITATED
DECISION LEADING TO A CONCRETE
AND FINAL SPLAT.

YOU HAVENT EVEN CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY?
THE FACT THAT YOU COULD?
OF COURSE YOU HAVE, LOVELY READER,
OR ELSE YAU WOULDNT BE READING
THIS SAD TALE, YOUD PROBABLY BE OUT
LAUGHING & HAVING FUN WITH FRIENDS & LOVED ONES.

DO THOSE REALLY EXIST?

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THEM.

I'M SKEPTICAL YOU SEE, A REAL SKEPTIC,
DOWN TO THE BONES. BUT I DO BELIEVE
IN GOD. ALTHOUGH I SUSPECT HE MAY
BE AN ASSHOLE (IM SORRY).

LETS GET BACK ON TRACK.

THIS IS A SAD TALE (, THINK)
A TALE FULL OF SADNESS & DESPAIR (MAYBE)
A TALE REFLECTED UPON A MIRROR,
AND THE MIRROR IS FACE TO FACE
WITH MY HEART, I LOVE YOU READER
(DID I ALREADY TELL YOU THAT?)
DON'T LET ME GET DISTRACTED NOW—
I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT THIS TALE,
THIS SAD TALE. BUT, THE TRUTH IS
(I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU)
THE TRUTH IS I DON'T REALLY KNOW
IF THE TALE IS REALLY GOING TO BE
SAD OR NOT BECAUSE I HAVEN'T
WRITTEN IT YET. IN FACT,
I'M WRITING IT RIGHT NOW.

WHAT IF MY HEART WERE TO EXPLODE
LIKE A RAINBOW, GUSHING INDIGO
AND CREAMY TANGERINE?

WHAT IF I WAS TO FIND MYSELF
IN A HAREM OF BIG TITTED GIRLS,
AND ALL THEIR TITS WERE AROMATIC
AND FRESH, FRESH LIKE THE SPRING,
SOFT LIKE A BABY'S MARSHMALLOW BELLY?

TELL ME READER, WHAT SORT
OF TALE WOULD WE HAVE THEN?

You see, my heart is a strange thing.
You could call it oversensitive.
And that's where the sluttiness
comes from. But enough with the smut
(I've heard that's what sells)
and onto the heart of the matter.

You see, I'm awfully (only recently)
concerned with love.
Romance & soft hues & delicate fingertips.
These are the things I'd like to learn
to enjoy.

Have you ever thought about that?
Liking to be learning to be enjoying
something new? Not yet liking it,
and not yet even knowing how to
like it. What sorts of weird
experiments we could conduct on
the heart if only we had the care!
~~If only we could put down our
phones and actually live!~~
(I'm sorry - I hate corniness)

Where was I at?
I've already covered how much I love you,
and how big of a whore I am,
and then we talked about God
and all that stuff for a bit...
What else was there?

Oh yes, this sad tale.
So sad, so dark, it really makes
me want to sob in self-pity.
Not your pity - no thank you,
you can take that back.

IM NOT UNAPPRECIATIVE READER,
BUT I STILL NEED TO MAINTAIN
A MODERATION OF SELF-RESPECT.

NOTICE ALL THESE SELF-WOROS
SELF-LOVE, SELF-HARM,
SELF-ANNIHILATION, OVERCOMPASSING
THE SHELF LIFE OF YOUR INNER PASSIONS
BURNING LITTLE FLAMES ON LITTLE CANDLES
THAT MELT EVER SO QUICKLY INTO
PILES OF GOO.

OH READER, i LOVE YOU!
LETS FORGET ABOUT ME, LETS TALK
ABOUT YOU! THATS SOMETHING TO LIKE
TO LEARN TO DO! ARE YOU REALLY
SAD & LONELY READER? ☺ I HOPE NOT.
JUST SO YOU KNOW, IM HERE WITH YOU,
AND I CARE, I REALLY DO.
BUT YOUVE GOT TO GROW UP. NO ONE
LIKES A WHINGER, DONT YOU KNOW?

THATS RIGHT, CHIN-UP!

YOUVE GOT THIS! WHATEVER THAT IS.

SO AS YOU CAN SEE, IVE LEFT YOU
ON A POSITIVE NOTE (CHECK).
DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING TODAY? GOOD!
(IVE ALREADY TAKEN THAT AS A YES).
DO YOU LOOK FORWARD TO THE NEXT TIME WE MEET?
I KNOW I DO (WINK WINK).

I DONT WANT TO OVERSTAY MY WELCOME,
I JUST HAVE ONE FINAL THING TO TELL YOU.
AND THAT IS —

OOPS! Ha-ha. Sorry. I actually HAVE
NOTHING LEFT TO SAY. SILLY ME.
GOODBYE!