The Catharsis Chronicles (Early Teenage Poetry)

Bottomless Pit of Content Ignorance

Reflecting on the past

The horrors of the past Sanity

No one holds a candle Consciousness

To your miserable heart Loneliness

Juvenile delinquency Depression

That term can save some face The
As opposed to the reality The
That the past's your personal cavity Past

Unless, of course Memories of what you never had Consciousness You remember all you said

The greatest masquerade of all How you felt the pain inside

Repressiveness? The embarrassment has grown now
If your sanity has no gall Since you've been in the abyss
A tortured soul Remembering the nothing
Is such a gift As opposed to all the truth
For you don't know The rich dysfunctional family
No, you don't know Nothing compared to you
NOTHING Hey, you lost a loved one

Look into the abyss Unlike ANYONE in this world NOTHING Unless you count abyss ones
The abyss looks into you The black hole of the psyche

Masquerade Now I have to go now

Now you're one and you're the same

I'm still stuck inside the well

You, yourself and NOTHING

NOTHING

The new alternative to knowing

And for only 20 bucks

We'll throw in a little madness Of course, the other choice

Twin Towers of Anarchy

I can see your slimy insides
I can see the dark inside

I can see what you've been hiding

What you left so far behind

I forget just what you meant
The farce that was my friend
The truth of someone different
And the way they met their end

Out, damned spot Can't handle this Thanks a lot You anarchist

All you see

Is all that's wrong You hate yourself You won't last long

Will he sink or will he swim
Will he sink or will he swim
Will your life come to an end
Or will your life come to an end

Pencil sharpened to a point
Lead poisoning, you almost might
Kill the one you didn't anoint
Or kill the one you do entice

If you're not weak Then you're not you You're living sleek You're dying too

Deck of cards Inside your head Shuffle them Alone in bed

Will she sink or will she swim Will she sink or will she swim

Anarchist You anarchist I'm living with An anarchist

I'm sick of you Your sibling too It's killing you You anarchist

Life in Hell

Oh, hello, it's just you

Time to set a good example

What the hell do you want now?
Time to throw me in the garden,

As I give get

Give me tools,

Nothing's ever quite the same when

Give me the bill?

I'm the nice one anyway.

Wait a second, hypocrite

Is it time to give me money
You're calling me a hypocrite?

Strings attached

Eggs to hatch
Nothing doing

Wait a minute, you were supposed to
No I weren't

How's it going?

Why the sad look on your face?
Yes you am

Wait a minute

Didn't you

Hold on a second

It's the door

Just a zombie

Just a zombie
Do this same thing
Just last week?

Didn't you try to seduce me

Just a zombie
Nothing more
Eat my brains

With your abnormality?

Suck my guts out with a straw

Pardon me if I'm sardonic

But I don't know what that means

Why, it's good ol' Mr. Postman

And my girlfriend is a whore

Remember me?

He delivers me the mail

It's hanging on a ten foot pole

I'm not your friend
You're my friend
You understand

Chip on my shoulder
You've got a suitcase in your hand

Forget me
Time to do this
Time to do that
Time to do that
Remember when

Knife inside
Gun inside
It's my choice

I didn't, too?

Now it's you And only you

Look around Here I am

What's inside?

As you stand across the room

There's a suitcase in your hand

As the stench of death surrounds you You turn slowly towards the door

Jeckyll's Hyde Pulling you away for now As I lie On the ground No one seems to make a sound Then I feel a gentle kiss A sound that's not unlike a hiss Turn around I don't dare Out of fear That nothing's there I recover Happiness A life of venom Bought at Hess Life anew Life askew Life in Hell Saved by the bell

Friend

Hello friend

You're welcome here

Just wipe your feet

And all is clear

Have a seat

A cup o' java

Take a load off

Rest your feet

I'll just be here

Out in the back

Drowning truths

In bags of crack

I never dreamed

My life would end

And leave another

Left to spend

Yet you are here

To watch TV

The irony

Is all we see

Eventually

I'm back to you

Your humble host

Propose a toast

Don't poor too much

Liquid attack

Eventually

The glass shall crack

You never know

What shards might see

And yet ignore

When next we meet

The next time, yes,

Real soon, I wish.

Our glass is cracked,

We'll try a dish...

Normality Fights Back

This is my hole

Decorated with the things

I don't see What I want

What I need

Nothing here can injure me Everything is as it seems

As reality is dreams

I climb out

Look about

Who is here,

What is there?

Who is there?

That is there. Sink back in,

Brood awhile,

I peek out,

Irony shouts.

I climb out

Look about

Stay awhile?

Sure, why not?

See what this world has to offer

When the haven is still there

Ever there

Here is fair

There is home

Here is wrong.

But I'm here,

Things are great.

Interesting

As of late.

So I'll stay,

Perhaps a while,

Perhaps forever,

No denial.

I miss denial,

I love this world.

Adventure,

(normality)

Things to see,

(normality)
Self-esteem,

(normality)

Just stop it all,

IT ALL MAKES SENSE!

God, I hate it when I make things

seem so complicated.

Mindlessness is Next To Godliness

Crucifix

Paralysis

Rip out my throat, feed on yourself.

Double mouth

I'm double mouthed

Spontaneous, ununified.

Death to Nazis

Death to you

Choosing for the both of us

Let me chew my tongue in peace

Conspire against you in peace

Crucifix

Paralysis

Never let me off the leash

Arrest development

Just like you

Scum of the earth

Ignorant you

Now it's me

You think you're right

Killing yourself

Giving me the knife

Insubordination

I'm sitting

(For it's the only way to gain a lap)

I'm sighing

(To relieve the stress off of my body)

I'm eating

(Stop talking to me, I just won't listen)

I'm nothing

(Oh, never mind, I'd expect that from you)

Why won't you let me comprehend this?

Why must you force me to disobey you?

Why am I hungry, why am I hyper?

When I'm eating, when I'm on sedatives?

Stop pressuring

(Did you see what it did to O.J. Simpson?)

Stop screaming

(If you want the truth just shut your trap)

Stop fighting

(If you trust in me, is disbelieving okay?)

Stop dying

('Cause eventually you'll be having to pay)

No For an Answer

I want to stare into your eyes

And yet you don't care for mine, and when I..

I try to make some contact with you

You spit in my face, and yet I...

Still I follow you around
From site to site, and yet I..
Don't understand just how or where or when
When I can see you again...

Once upon a ghost
I proposed a toast
And you politely declined
But still I dream...
When will I see you again?

I never wanted this to be, this...

This couldn't happen to me, I love my..

Immunity so sweet, and yet it seems

That nothing's certain...

Still there's no closure for me

Once upon a ghost
I proposed a toast
And you politely declined
But still I dream...
I need to see you again.

The Rest

For just once in my life
I would like to be certain
For never am I ever right
And when I look all around
To decide what my fate is,
The abyss keeps me conscious all night....

But for once in my life
Maybe I should stop whining
Go out and get a freakin' life.
And I'll accomplish something,
The world will then thank me,
Finally I shall sleep through the night...

And for once in my life
I would like to stop hurting
And let someone else carry on
But then I feel a slight weakness,
I start to feel queasy,
Whenever I see what goes on..
In their lives....

It's not right....

Though I'm here in the darkness,
And I'm all alone now,
I stand up and take it all in.
And I realize now what the world's given to me,
It's the strength to go on, not give in....

Still, for once
It just wouldn't be bad
If the world would just stop for a moment
Just a moment
Just a moment of peace when the people
would listen,
Perhaps they overreacted..

Self-esteem

once

once you were a man of weak endurance

friend

and once

once the words you spoke were so familiar in tone

but now

now the words you speak, they are so jumbled

jumbled they words so are

and now

nothing that you say i can believe

my friend

before

the times you spent with others were enjoyed

yes, you enjoyed it

but now

mere tolerance for you is just a chore

and there's no allowance

and when

i humbly make an attempt to just correct it

all i've attempted

it just

blows up in my face

albeit

softly

please don't tell on me, friend

your life's decaying, my friend

and now everything you try to do to you

it only comes right back to you

is it wrong
is it wrong for you to try to make life better
a wee bit better
and it is wrong
is it wrong for you to blame life
it's not better
it's not better

your life's decaying my friend
the cleanser gets you nowhere
everything you attempt
nothing makes life better
once you were king of thyself
the times are so much better to you
now you're gone
you've taken thyself nowhere

friend

Stunted Standstill

are you more than you seem

you pathologic saint

do i not know what you mean

you pathologic liar

i'd like to ask

cannibalistic young boy

what should i ask

you shan't even know yourself

let's listen

let's stand

is it too much for you just to lend a hand

let's call

let's fall

is adulthood just regression or am i not at all

two

plus two

there's no problem in it for you but to me there is

what's two

plus two

yet for me there is a six in there

somewhere

but for why

must you speak

so lowly of reflections in the mirror

can you not

indeed see

no longer will you listen to me

i can't know just what you see

good luck

A Fine Man

I knew a fine man
Aspirations so great
He was once a fine man
'Till he came upon hate

All at once his whole world was encompassed in darkness Still, it was his own world and now so was his darkness

Now all that was good
Was now all that was bad
And the man, when he could,
Realized he'd been had.

Now the man, in his life, When he now looked around, He now noticed the strife And the violence abound.

Was this all now for him?
This fine man now considered.
Of the homeless and him
All the streets were all littered.

But he had a great fall, And now this man is dead. And despite all my gall, I can't say what was said.

For the world loves to hide on us greatness and truths Still ignoring the boundaries, tying the noose

I try to live like the man, Yes, so plump, yet so slim Immune to the world, Its potential gone dim.

Twenty years hence the present, The past is revealed. Still immune to the sentiment, Humbly I kneel.

The skies open up as they call out my name,
And reveal to me finally, what is their game.
My life was lived poorly, I should've done better.
And as of today, none are now at all deader.
Yes! I scream out, I realize now myself
As I open the jar that's fermenting on shelf.
As the clouds then close up, I hear not but a laugh,
As I join the fine man a pointless piece of crap.

Remember

In a world unlike my own
Angels swimming all around
Am I really this alone?
My God, I really should've known.

In the night I'm in a world of dire subconsciousness
A distress call alerts me in slumber
In a world of upsetting speed in responsiveness
You will give me your number

But if I think that I know what I'm thinking And I think that I know what I see Well then, fate will erase my only linking To what I wish I could be

Do you remember when You and me were unrepressed No worries of consequence Living in the present tense

And do you remember when
You told me all that you had been
Your mother died when you were ten
Was I not listening then?

I still remember And I'm still listening Will you remind me? Will you spite me?

But if I think that I know what I'm thinking

And I think that I know what I see
Well then, fate will erase my only linking
To what I wish I could be
I will recite to you
That I'll never lie to you
Still nothing that I'll ever do
Will bring me ever as close to you

As I remember
The two of us being
Let me think about us two
You don't remember about us two

But I remember
The two of us sitting
Sharing all our memories
Still it all comes back to me
Close your eyes, give into sleep
And pray the lord your soul to keep
And still alone I'll be in deep
Nothing but your faithful sheep
For I'll always remember....

Odious Loving Malice

Please ignore

The condensation of my apathy

Please accept

This compensation for your irony

My negative anxiety

Please

I would appreciate sincerely if your life was lived solely for me

Please don't ignore the benefits of parasitic relationships

Listen to me

Listen to me

Flaming moth

Your life is Hell

And nothing that you do is ever right

Let me guide your way and all

You ever do will be for me

Please

I would really love a backrub

Since I'm your reason why to live and all

PLEASE, OH GOD, LORD ALMIGHTY, HELP ME PLEASE

As she won't listen, nothing's working, give me strength

And then a 2 x 4

I'll show you how to live

Believe me, out there all is evil, but in here

Oh, in here

Here

You're safe if you believe me

Obey me

Decay with me and do the dishes CONSTANLY

Now we're living life the way it should be

Just don't cry no more

You BITCH

Conflict by Definition

the scum of the earth is barbara walters kennedy deserved to be killed yesterday the person who i thought you wanted me to be is lying today motionless and cold fourteen lousy alibis myself conflicts with none they all conflict between each other still i never have the fun looking up as if there's universal sense is any number truly not a variable? look at me when i'm discussing with you yesterday you loved and kissed my face is today the final day when you won't talk to me? will tomorrow be a day for bitter remorse? tomorrow will i be expected to wear a sweatshirt if i can't get through should i just use brute force? hey, i happened to catch a glimpse of your animosity it really seemed to be attracted to me why are you so persistent with my anonymity? why are you not persistent there as well? why are you expecting to find a climax? in your mind is what i'm saying making sense? if an ending is an ending then perhaps you'll understand why when sometimes you feel fit there's more to tame

The Widely Accepted Fear of Giving into the Monstrosity That is Human Nature

it's all my fault,

she cries.

and all at once, everything she has ever striven to be

dissipates

and she is swept up into a new world

safe as anything

confusion she feels as the gateway is opened

NOT metaphorically speaking, of course

as the river of chastity

draining

flowing

hypocriticizing

not unlike the thoughts that also flow

throughout her permanently scarred psyche

i wish.

she cries,

if the pain would just stop

if the pleasure would stop

if indifference's grasp could envelop me so!

how will i live with myself when i have...

then a feeling, it stops her

and all is forgiven.

the day after next she will almost have forgotten

she had been destroying herself

in her mind

she'd been dying

until later that day

she'll again feel a longing

she dreams

and she sighs

nothing is equal to the pleasure
the immense stimulation
that will come
that will come
from self-loathing.
my god, i hate me, she does moan.

Hail to the Republic

Cynicism knows no boundaries

When the world you know

Speaks through a box

A mirror

A window

As the snow falls inch by inch by inch

The optimism felt by many

Is lost on you

For the trial of the century irked you much

And the pizza man may deliver you lunch

Do you wish that the things that you see would be better?

Do you wish that the things that you did just might matter?

Then leave your cat some fresh water.

The world does await

You'll miss Welcome Back Kotter

But you might get a date.

Pathetically Apathetic?

Writing is the basis of all apathy

Where another youth might be crying themselves to sleep

On a cold and empty nonexistent street

My world will instead settle for virtual telepathy

As though I cannot sleep at night

Counting the imperfections

In my ever-so-frequent ressurections

Of conversations not my plight

While I sit silently staring at the abyss

Which sits ever so silently

Ever so inticingly

As I think about how little of the world I'd miss

If I simply gave in to the pain

The suffering

The multiple sclerosis

Of which I DON'T feel the pain

And more often then not

I accept the reliability

Deny my responsibility

And become something time has forgot-

A pretty darn nice guy.

What Day Does Easter Fall On This Year?

Reconcile your differences with the man upstairs

He's your savior

YOU TRAITOR!

Get down on your knees, you must beg

MOTHERFUCKER!

YOU INGRATE!

After all He's done for you

You mourn Him and his death, but

HE'S STILL ALIVE, LOSER!

When's the last time you gave clothes off your back?

Sure, indecent exposure....

WOULD YOU RATHER DIE, DEMON?!

HE HUNG ON A CROSS LIKE A CHICKEN AT A POULTRY FARM!

YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE WORLD'S BEEN DOING TO HIM!

DIE! DIE!

YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

ROT IN HELL, MOTHERFUCKER!

I'll be relaxing in heaven.

Devil

We are afraid

To admit our wrongs

We are afraid

To sit here and cry

We are afraid

To listen to the sounds of the night

And hear nature's delight

We don't need

The peace offering

A riot ensues

We don't pay our dues

Looking at the world as a mindless spectrum of light

Perverted by the ways of the hypocritical aristocratic democratic enigmatic

court marshalled gays

We don't wish our ignorance would end

For the ignorance we all share is one

Whose existence is the devil in himself

Satan's kingdom's there for those who want to forgive it all

The devil's greatest accomplishment, they say,

Is his deception in our perception we live in every day

He's there, he's lurking, and this you'll find

In your mind

If you don't think in a perverted way

The Pledge of Allegiance

i pledge allegiance to the flag
which survived our rebellion against them
and to the republic which now is them
one nation
forgotten by god
stooping to imagery
with heresy and contradictions for all

Equilibrium

i saw you walking

i saw your hands running through your

dark hair

and your movements

something special overwhelmed me

and i wondered

though everything i thought

was far from possible

corner of my eye

until you spoke

contact

will the past ever leave me, i don't

i can't explain it in words

base of my skull

like... something

i've never experienced

i don't know

i don't know

and the thoughts, they haunt me

want to think of it!

demons that speak of you, i don't want

to hear it!

physical contact

eye contact

but we never truly bonded

was it crazy that your very touch

your presence there could change things

nothing mattered

i could not explain

how the hell it could happen like that

every moment i recall

they're all etched in my memory

my lifestyle reflects you

just like all those around me

i'm so goddamn pathetic

and words still fail me

the softness

the kindness

i never really liked you

the feeling

sensuality

and the worst part is

how nonchalant

the both of us

were

Potential

A child types silently at a typewriter
Six years old in chronological time
When he finishes the table of contents
He walks away with the intangibly sublime

As a boy plays guitar in the basement
Father's ego needs needs food to consume
As the world crashes loudly on the cement
For eternity he's sent to his room

An old man sits alone as he contemplates

And immediately, in an instant, he knows.

As he realizes why mankind chose the path of hate,

The coldness known as death grips him so.

So I look at myself in the mirror,
Wondering if for once, I truly understand.
Until the memories of irony's vigor
Melt away what securities I once had......

Think About It

confronting my demons
as i hope for the future
true happiness can come from
the one true adventure
that comes from inside
that so often is hidden
how to hope for the best
when your mind is guilt-ridden?

Helplessly Hoping

Echo

Echo

Echo

You're alone but they won't leave you that way

Loneliness and emptiness and

Annoyance

At the stupidity of it all

You feel hopeful that eventually you'll die as you came into this world

You hope you'll age like wine and die so quickly you won't notice

But the world will

And they'll mourn you and declare a national holiday

For you

The schools will let out for you

You

If only you were still alive

You rotting lazy walking corpse

Speculation

You woke up this morning

Had a piece of toast

You took a shower

You did your hair

And ran into me

Is my very existence

Destroying your life so?

Is my very existence

Destroying what you think you know?

At 7:30 AM

You see me walking past

Strange curiousity

No, certainly

There's no way it could last

Is my very existence

Affecting your life so?

Would I respond to you?

Would I walk through you?

There's no way to know (For sure)

So you'll leave me to rot (For sure)

As I grab my bag

And walk out the door

You see for a second

Does it mean what it should mean

Or does it mean more? (I don't know)

My rationale escapes you (This I know)

Will my very existence

Leave anything to show

For the hardships and the endurance

That I just can't show?

You sneer as I walk past you

You see what's in your mind

You live to kill that which isn't worthy

Inside your mind

Is my existence

So completely pointless

That it can be just stopped

In a moment's notice?

Do I care

Or not?

Still I search

I want just the truth

I want poetic justice

Eternal savation

The sacred talisman

Resolution

The end

Desire: Judge, Jury, and Executioner

Go easy on the child, says a man
As he stands awaiting the seating of the jury.
As the keys bring forth force to the hands,
The words flow in a hurry.

Though they might be rhymes that may not make sense Though they may speak contrary to the evidence Though they may talk reflectively of the future tense Well, they've gotten me this far.

Is the child a child, or is he a man?

A hush falls over the crowd.

Though I look upon myself with much humility, I'm sorry, I can't help but admit my great wealth of ability, I'm sorry.

Do apologies now signify a change, a growth, maturity?

Why, of course not,
Don't be ridiculous,
What the hell are you on, pot?!
Repeatedly he's hated himself
The acting's only failed
He doesn't care, he shouldn't care,

You're treating him like a neurotic!

But the problem I see there, if I may interrupt, Is you think I don't care, but I care a lot!

Yes, indeed, I don't show it,

Often times I don't know it,

But it catches up to me,

And only then am I free.

Till again with sarcasm

Stupidity, obscurity

In references pertaining to

That which is perverted

Will life ever live for

The full state of consciousness?

For now that's unheard of,

We now have no conscience!

My life, as I see it,

Is an extremely large book.

An incredible amount still lies unwritten

An infinite amount now still sits there unread, but

I dream of the progress reaction might show

If I could decipher what ails me,

For somewhere I know.

Am I searching for that still?

I am now close to knowing

The entryway to adulthood

Scarcely years after closing

The last time

Indeed

Yet I know it, I feel it,

For now I understand,

For indeed I have the courage

To fight like a man

Preparation is there

This I must try to do

While the whining is over,

I'm still paying my dues.

As the defense will soon rest Without making a sound, And an innocent human Is now starting to drown, Will illusion Creativity Again hinder my vision With lunacy Perception Will I understand again? I don't want to Too bad Never again understand Now instead reality I'm now king of this land May I now bring into evidence item 68-B? A little item he wrote about normality. Is normality reality? I crossexamine this witness Is it right if you're forced to take A class about fitness? ? In my dreams I might think not Perhaps that's still true But delusions don't suit me For they're never true. Normality can't exist If you're truly an adult

Normality persists

Only if there's space to haunt.

.

The prosecution rests with this one final thoughtIf you ever, only once, have at all a pure thought,
I'll be right there beside you, with scapel in hand.
I'll be there to remove your normality gland.
The defense also rests
And the sun also rises
Goodbye, hi, good luck
You'll now go many places.

The jury is out
Will the verdict come soon?
Come tomorrow at the same time
We'll confiscate your gloom.

Universal Integrity

Have you ever been trapped inside an esoteric trance

No clearing up of abstractions lurking in your head

Have you ever felt as soon as you take that one step back

That those 12 inches are now a chasm you must dread?

I often dream of times when indecisiveness is a thing of the past

I often wish that my returning consciousness would be a passing fad

I often wonder if the food I'm eating is interrupting my fast

I often realize that what's now vanished is something I never had

But still I'm good enough, I'm smart enough to be my precious sweetheart

I'm fast enough, enigmatic enough to allow my heart to laugh

When my self-esteem denies me of the wisdom of self-nullification

I crack a joke about a teacher and a janitor and a broom

Sustenance

I need sustenance

Still my life is one great big mirror

With which I'll dance my final dance

And my levity

And its longevity

I never dreamed that it would ever dissipate so

I never dreamed that I would have to stoop this low

But I'm happy enough, and truly fanatic enough

It's a great ol' trek, if an irratic one

I wish I had enough, I wish I needed it enough

For me to still want more

I've never felt this way before

As I grow up

Will I become a young republican?

When my zits clear up

Will I die?

I don't want anymore of pretty much anything

I have achieved a level of greatness rarely understood by any

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

If a true humanoid were to greet us

We would loathe it, our eternal adversary

And we would shoot it down, perhaps we'd name it Larry.

Self

Interpretation

Perhaps you'll yell at me again to try the teaching of a lesson

Perhaps soon you'll come again and make my life a living Hell

Perhaps you'll open up your mind and discover that no, I'm not a felon

Perhaps you'll listen to me

Perhaps you'll just shit on me

But I know I'm sad enough, absolutely radical enough to cleanse this wound of my own

I know of course I'm full of myself, insensitive enough to understand your ways

And your world.....

And yes, I've lived enough, I understand enough

And if I think I can make this world a better place

Well, then, it's not your place to tell me I'm an asshole

Look

At yourself

For

Once

Because you're good enough, and you've heard enough to realize that I'm not messed up

And you've had enough, and you've lied enough

Because you know you can make this a better place

You thank me for the advice, but this never happened

Millions

Are self-righteous

And it's

Right

Why don't you think I'M right?!

But I digress.....

The Telecommunications Decency Act of 1996

Melodramatically the rebel stands, Scepter grasped tightly in hand, While below the crowd braces itself For what shall tear apart their land.

The mothers cover their sons' ears,
But they are out of luck.
For the entire world will hear this day
The villain's outcry: "FUCK!"

Heart

will i ever truly understand what love, it really means? and when i find the truth behind the myths, will my desires then come clean? has my learning by osmosis been a cruel and horrid joke, or is love only superficial support, an aspirin on which you choke?

I Choke

Lchoke

Upon the ashes

Of yore

Won't you have a seat, sir

Before I throw it out the door

I wish I loved it

When you told me

How great it was

To watch me

As your toe tapped

Upon the floor

My head is sore

I'm Begging

You manipulate me

I scream but you don't stop cleansing my wounds

And I lash out at you

Then you're a human again and dying......

You love me

And that's why you pain me so

You help me

By ignoring my every plea

You celebrate me

We toast to my continued existence

You merely tolerate me

Until you can twist the knife some more

You must cultivate me

You sharpen your knife and I wake up bleeding

I must be all I can be

So you can torture me some more

You love me

And that's why you must destroy me

You help me

You put me out of my misery

think of me

dream of me

iust walk a little farther now

eat of me

sleep of me

just walk a little farther now

talk to me
make love to me
just walk a little farther now
closer to the EDGE

YOU LOVE ME

So you know you must destroy me and

YOU HATE ME

When you're here, I'm all alone

YOU STILL COMFORT ME

In my shallow pit of ignorance

WILL YOU JUST GO HOME

you think of me
you dream of me
i fall a little farther now
you eat of me
you sleep of me
into the great abyss again
you talk to me
make love to me
i'm feeling so alone right now so
WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

Cause I'm feeling so alone
Won't you please come home
I'll buy you that dress you wanted
I'll take you to that concert
I'll stop my smoking habit
If you just come home
And twist the knife some more

Manipulation

manipulation

please encompass me inside your

pointless grasp

as reality is wholly repugnant

the phase that shall not pass

though the wisdom i am blessed with

degrades remaining sensibilities

the control i dearly crave inside

i want another soul

but still i....

i hate you

i want you and i smell your stench around me

when i wake up

i check the sheets for you

with no sign around

i tighten up my hold around my pillow

and i feel you again

but do i want it???? no, i don't want this

i don't want any of this

all i'm asking for is a stage to act upon

will you allow me to conquer my fears

only to misdirect me

into some more

some more

i don't want you anymore

because you wound me

vou starve me still

i want some cultivation

again you lose me

amongst your children of angst

don't you refuse me, oh

lest you again ever choose me

for i have will

i have enough to pay this bill

but still i.....

i hate you

i want you

i detest the chores of anguish

will i ever find contentment where

the devil never sleeps

the chorus shall repeat

for my passion's not complete

and you still

you irk me

you love me

as you crumble before my might

And I see the child inside?

Kinda Nervous

Do I know you

Do I love you If I want to be Will I feel the same tomorrow Who I want to be? Will I hurt you Will you laugh at me

Will I feel you If I look at you

Slipping between my fingertips? I don't know much Will you awaken me? About the fates Will I awaken you?

That time shall bring So many interesting things

My love That I want to be But if it hurts Such satisfactory things Too much That I want to do At least give me warning But listen to you Now what do I do? My love

If I try to be all the things Will you deny me

Because of the things That I know you want me to be That you love me for? Then I know you'll hate me Will you hurt me? You're still gonna hate me

I don't know And so I hate you

Will you leave me free

To do the things That in your heart You know I can

And I will If you will Let me in Let me in

Will you love me Just the same

Even though I'm being sane?

Will you care

Action

Kill me

For existence is an atrocity

Let me

Be the best that I can be

Enjoy

The pain I feel as the venom flows throughout my veins

Let me die, let me die

Slit my throat

Leave me to die amongst the infidels

Let the rest

Look down upon me in their angst-ridden minds

When my children

Bring my carcass in to roast upon the fire

May I burn well

May I burn well

Crucify

My body, hang it out to dry

May the world

Become a safer place, free of my delusions

Justify

The anger I direct, and feed the youngsters valium

You will

You always will

Kill me

Let the children drink the acid as my blood drips down

Show them

How to make their lives improve by being shallow

Let all rejoice in my early passing

A leaf caught in the breeze

Meanwhile I rot

Still here I rot

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

leave me alone let me be i'm alone i am me i am dying because i am me i am wanting to be DIE fuck i am strange i am different and no not like you no because you must tell me i'm lower in that i am strange and in that i'm deranged but in that i am saved and you fuckers are GONE

Fuck

Winding Down

yes

death lies in my hands

my precious

will the life be drained

from inside

will the story end

with the greatest anticlimax

in the history of

aggravation?

will i go on to

live a happy happy life

will a person come along

and save me?

let me tell you

it is time

it shall stop upon a dime

if something doesn't happen FAST.

Lather, Rinse, Repeat

i hate myself

i hate this room

i'm full of love

i hate that too

i hate the fact

i love it all

i hate me since

i love myself

and yet the world

is full of hate

it fears i'm weird

it steals my heart

they never listen to their hearts

they're grounded by their fears

and now the longing in my heart

that oh-so-frequently appears

it's here again, to rape my mind

and tear me up inside

i realize i'm not enough

to satisfy your needs

but i need you

and i want you

as i think of you again

and i know you are a hollow shell

for me, inside my mind

that the world i hate and violate

will crush me down in time

and i know you don't appreciate

the difference i could make

and i know you don't appreciate

the risks that i would take

and i can't believe

it's happening

but still i do know why

and i hate myself

for knowing it

it happens all the time

tomorrow brings another day

another to replace you

but still i play the innocent

i'm dying all the time

though you i know are not the one

and i can hardly hear you

another symbol in my mind

to kick me from behind

i cannot help but wonder when

this poetry will end

a new happiness and sorrow

shall eventually begin

Give and Take

it's give and take

my life's at stake

you need to feel

what nothing feels

i am alone

beside my phone

it's give and take

what will it take

i'm not this way

just led astray

i always lie

i want to die

what shall it be, dear

you or me

i'm not grown-up

i'm just fucked up

i need a life

the happy type

will nothing break

will nothing fall

i need it all

something at all

i'm told i'm good

i'm told i could

i never do

what should i do

should i repent

and leave a dent

i shall repent, i shall repent

i need it all

i need to fall

Hypothetically Speaking

it's all insanely futile and it's all insanely pointless but i always think that we don't know just how each other feels so if we ignore the doubts we have and things we gravely fear then we'll have nothing to hide you are my dear you are my dear and i know you're not a miscreant you know i'm not insane you know i'm only joking and you've figured out my gave i know that what you promise me will eventually come through is it true i doubt it's true i think it's true

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

Love Cycle

love envelops
love entrusts
love develops
love is lust
love initiates
love employs
love alleviates
love destroys
love corrupts
love reforms
love is abrupt
love misinforms
love annihilates
love deforms
love procrastinates

love returns

Peers

As I'm living in a world that's not designed for those like me As the ignorants around me must contradict my every plea As I look at those in happiness, their animalistic nonsense As I dream of my lucidity, perhaps I may be free

Will the garbage I am laying on foul up my rented dress clothes? Will the garbage piled on top of me restict my need for breath? Will the garbage unbeknownst to me infect the ones I love?

Why is it real?.....
The pain is real

As I walk around retardedly and never act my age
As I don't say homosexuals deserve to die of AIDS
As I didn't study up on where I'm seething in the food chain
As I don't feel hatred towards the ones who utilize their brains

Will I feel corrupted, will I call on those possessing power?
Will Rapunzel get a haircut and stay locked inside the tower?
Will I let the world repress me as I write this down each hour?

Let the people do their worst and try to make me what they think
What they want is something different, their thoughts teeter on the brink
They do not know that they do this as they drive to death the genius
All they know is that it's stupid and magnificantly pointless

Let them be that way, I'm by myself
The outside looking in
Although I understand it all,
By now the novelty's worn thin

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

Let them be that way, I'm by myself And they decide I'm dumb I decide that they are hypocrites To emotions truly numb

Comfort in a Broken Chair

i am reaching for the stars, for what i could never achieve as i sit and drink and contemplate, excited as i grieve i am typing this out constantly, the widow of my own as i comment to myself of how exquisitely i've grown

may the future restrict what it will, for i adore a challenge may my inhibitions tear me open with their sharpened talons may the others who usurp my rage achieve fame and destruction may i choose a rarely traveled path when i reach the final junction

yes, i once would have explained it, why the feelings here persist yes, i once would have insisted that my mind cease and desist and i wonder what would happen if i let you know of this and you wonder why i'm laughing at your maddened risen fist

Another Pointless Waste of Space

a librarian notices what lies ahead and the class nerd, he knows we are already dead the tumultuous spirits are clogging our head we don't realize that which each other has bled

as refusal to be there denies what i say i am hypocrite, do not believe what i say do you understand i do not know what i say i will not die until i can say what i say

you have found that your ecstasy falls on deaf ears i shall not be the one for your rapture and tears you believe what you feel can replace all those years the horizons are solid, just far from the piers

Reiteration

i abstain from what is mine the rights inherited through class and though what i've felt is mostly gone i cannot break on though the glass the resulting peace of losing hope and gaining recognition is not in itself too self-contained so still i know i won't though the pain is gone i need so much now just to feel the same as the need is gone, i'm nothing now i'm nothing now i'm nothing now the hate was real, i knew it well a soldier armed against the world to find a wounded enemy and burial at sea

Perpetual Foresight

child of beauty, sparkle in the twilight
the edge of what is forever
approaching me upon the horizon
so out of reach i can sense your breath
were you close to me now, the sun graces my face
together to enlighten creation with compassion
were the magnetism i feel toward you intensified, unparalleled
keeping in check what the child once released
i would not fear what days i must face in this world
and the taste would not be that which one might disgrace
no eulogy bother would lavish the late
no nether-moisture would then darken in haste

Under the Pink

do you sense your life fading to black, as it were as you drift into slumber so deep, so deep let what life calls its justice sink deep, in deep let reality mold you its own world of sleep

you're in ecstasy now, with your new antiseptic you feel the entirety that once was so bleak you forget of the waking world, conscious and looming you love what is yours in the time indistinct

feel the clench of the softness you feel as you wake as along your soft skin the youth fabric will hate it is one, it is yours, as you cry nothing tears for the sunlight is beauty, your hatred is years

The Results of a Blind Taste Test As Announced Over a Supermarket Intercom

courting love in awkward ways, i am, the rendezvous impaired i'm surrounded by a daydream true, it's lovelier than kissing you so empty and so shallow that a mind as multiversed as mine may find the harm inherant in knowing that it's real this time

i am feeling you in awkward ways, the pansy that i am for now don't know that were we both to meet, the love so sweet would then complete i know that just for now we know that love is ours, apart we are i've found reasons to reject solstice, happiness afar

and the emptiness cannot be soothed as i am so confined i reject what life prepares me- do it right this time, all right this time so i stay and curse the animals who don't bide their time they stay in line

Loss

as the past now gives way to that not yet written and dreams are suppressed as the toy comes to rest in the heart and the soul are the scars and the fears that were once what we had what we needed to have and the pain is still there when we see what we had when we recognize not but the past which was now and comparisons pointless, analogies lacking we want what is now to be dreams which were true and what now is the truth? we must now ask ourselves as we see that the fruits of their labors still breathe as we have more to see, though the dreams are now fading in our hearts what was once is now always in truth

I am

i am the man whom you've desired for so long
you feel the worthiness benign that you will always need
ignore the fact that out there are millions silent out there
ignore the fact that once you know me,
you shall never again be free
for i am justice inescapable, the nature's call of compensation
i don't care for what you've done before, i need not worry about that now
believing is that which makes me me, i love you till you set it free

Sigh...

dreams, loving
it's the subtlety of passion
lost and indistinguished amongst it
all the broken mess
a cry for help, a wince of pain
and there's so much left to regain
and at love i glare
for it's just not fair..
the severed ties, the broken promises
i miss what never was
but in my mind, as a child
i was a child born into this
a this so different...
a this of somber hidden bliss
the point is gone

Bayer

what can i say? have mercy, this auspicious soul is closing

i want the love you offer now,
i want the smile above the rain and clouds
i want a new sensation

i'm not expecting anything from this my wings are melting, down

love
justify the sounds of hate and fear
and make me think it is for real

because i know you
this isn't good enough for you
i know the dreams you have shall overwhelm what is

and i'll remind you when this all is said and done that i once saw this so high we fly

have mercy for i know the fears you're facing and i realize if i were you i'd be the same...

Microcosm

renewed by a sense of distortion.. why can't i hear it, why can't i feel it, where has the pain gone, where is the past now, festering, waiting, where will the pain echo, what will the thoughts harbor, what will this past shimmer, how are the back payments, when will the thoughts cease, how is this happening, why can't i deal with it, why don't i leave it be, why not live in it, thrive in it, why am i questioning, why is it here, who is it here, and who is it there, who will it be here, who will it be there, who will it be there, who will is there, which tortured soul lies?

The Slaughter

living and sighing and dying to feel and to love and to watch explain to explain to explore all your fears as the world is enveloped in tears...

i love you as you stand pathetic i hate that i need make room a fascist fanatic, delusions and fears still i am lost as you cry your sad tears

poems are proems
and semen are seamen
and my life is perfectly nice

sugars are spices and everything nice is the weak and the poor and the loved...

Somebody Somewhere Writes Something About Somebody Else

object in motion a constant velocity loving the others' demise wondering where and the why and the when it's amazing what protestants think about zen grin as you smile as you writhe in denial and you know that your memories are through know that the beauty was part of the twilight and know that it's not about you nod as you know what will happen to me and i'll beg to you, please let me dream, let me dream know that the piercing sound does break my heart, dear still knowing you'll never know mine wondering how many seconds are left now and wondering why i should die wondering how much gas money is saved when instead you say you'd rather fly.. the end will come naturally, fragile and true now and you will soon wed me, you're wearing a black gown ladeeda sacrifice seething with passion ladeeda knowledge i've seen you in action months ago years ago i foresaw this ripping the flesh off your mad forlorn fist tempo denying the happiness flying the constant reminding of chimpanzees dying knowledge of bandaids applied to your foot i am the bandaid applied to your foot end of the world meets the cat in the hat i said that i hated you, i said you're fat sad and dejected you lactate impressions

mad and intense you will teach me your lessons

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

line one will rhyme with line stanza x-2 fascist fanatics are found in aisle two tell me to fuck off and drown it in gin blind me with makeup and let it begin fangs with intentions, around me they sing you know you you know you forgot everything so let me regain the self i never had and live a new starlight, it won't be that bad...

Hi

hello, my name is adam
the past shall never die
the past shall live forevermore
forever make it die
content, the yearning never burning
world not turning, butter churning
file a lawsuit against me
ignore the past to set you free
lambs and shepherds, kids and sports
the world at large, my self retorts
to know that i can't fill this page,
nor soothe the macarena's rage
harlots weighed as losers ate
now help the apathy abate

Exercise Futility in Only 20 Minutes a Day

fortuitous, smiling, relentless and dving. inadequate, trying, immaculate, lying. wonder of wonders of salmon and friends wondering how i could have loved all of them smelling the knowledge of unspoken truths spelling out cuss words in abc soup wishing i'd lick them and knowing i can't wanting to hug them, nothing given back the lame and the affable in campbell's soup they never will water the slimy, the goop standing in hallway, with scepter in hand to smash on the tiling, to rescue the damned i'd so like to do this, i'd so like to talk i know you're repressive, i know that i gawk i'll never make contact with yours, just with mine not without promised land and good wine salivate justly, look up in the shower, knowlege is evil, it gives you no power lather and rinse and repeat if desired never will i soothe your cynical fires...

The Emerald Conflagration

grandiose poets

died screaming in pain

fictional anarchists

needle in vein

rocky ground, solid ground

under his foot

shattered the wine glass

and under he put

a world of distortion

for all who could see

a death-dealing reason

for those who won't be

a horrible price

and a horrible pain

forever enticed

by what they could not gain

maimed and destroyed

he loved killing the saints

painting it all

with invisible paints

when done, he would breathe

and would take it all in

a world of the evil

they revel in sin

they love and they cherish

they live and they die

they cry when despondent

but never will lie

i hear him exclaim

as he hugs what was right

"divided forever

we've won the good fight!"

The Remarkable Monotony in Each Individual Case of That Which Could Never Be Truly Considered an Individual Case

you know it's the reason i've hated you so i've always delivered the laxatives so catharsis that never existed to you you know i exist as a permanent fool remarkable pain is inflicted by me a remarkable drug that will set you so free forever you're you and forever i'm me and together we'll never be never you me i smile as i know that though i'm never you forever you're me, that i live on in you you go about daily, you know what you aren't but not what you should have been, right from the start you pack up and leave and you have a nice laugh i see you, i feel you, the suds and the bath i feel i'm the razor, the guilt and the truth i feel i'm insulting you, stunting your youth i feel i am everything, feel i am you feel i'm fulfillment and feel i am truth greediness, hunger, it all slips away anger and violence, and filth and decay kill it and kill you, the water's still warm knowing i know that you never were born.

Postmortem Consentual Necrophilic Orgasmic Abstinence pale skin. soft heart. comfort in the OVERWHELMINGNESS of it all for nowhere could there be more and i curse myself with your absence for my lack of wishful thinking for my lack of wanting you back. one. two. and i slide down a bit and there's laughter and the pain cannot be ignored but nontheless i refuse to acknowledge it fun love. cataracts phosphorescent lighting two. two. TWO!

how to succomb? how to forget? how to release?

KINETIC ANXIETY: CHILDHOOD AND EARLY TEENAGE WRITINGS

how to contradict your own advice so readily by refusing to accept what could be (what probably wouldn't be)?

how to have your own words contradicted by reality itself? that the impossible shall become. possible and that you shall lose what you never even knew you wanted?

soft.

true.

impossible.

RELEASE

RELEASE patagonia reverie mastadons matadors meeting queen bees at the market square and dining on scooby snacks for we are all there is left i need you i want nothing i want a feeling deep inside me that i can't resist but hold on here it comes here comes the reason i abide by my own strict rules of dieting but not even bothering to cut down on my eating for who could ever care about such things?

because so often they're my inspiration and they keep me from fully