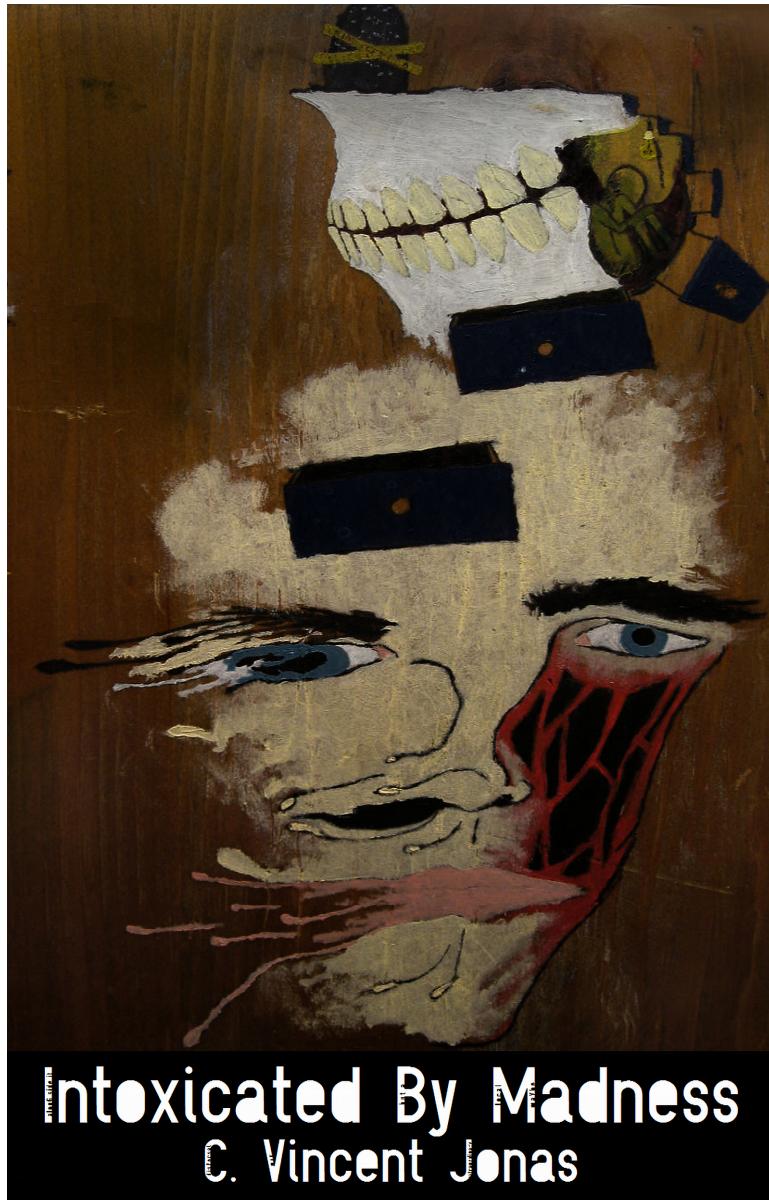


## Synopsis

**Intoxicated By Madness** is a short story about a crime scene investigator, not as a CSI, but rather the aftermath of being caught in the grip of a saturation point. The progression of the second half of the story is told through his poetic journal writings personifying memories, thoughts, and life itself which were crafted during a lengthy hospitalization.



**Intoxicated By Madness**  
C. Vincent Jonas

Intoxicated By Madness

C. Vincent Jonas

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For the shadows and the whispers.

It's a secret code.

If you have to ask,

I suppose that you shouldn't know.

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## **Prologue**

Statistically, men are more successful at suicide than women. This is because men are more likely to use firearms while women often use pills to overdose. Although my attempt may have been effeminate, it may have been successful if not for...well, random circumstances or divine intervention. I am actually more inclined toward the latter despite my spending the last year as an unapologetic atheist. At any rate, the reason for my deviation from the manly norm can be understood in three parts, which I will explain in order of significance beginning with the least. First, if I was going to die I wanted it to be peaceful, perhaps even pleasurable. Some good music and an excess of alcohol was promising in achieving this. I figured on having a good night in the process of accomplishing my desire. I'd have some fun and go to sleep and then – problem solved. Second, I am admittedly and unabashedly vain. Most people are. If they say otherwise they are kidding themselves. I have seen the grotesque product of firearm suicides and quite simply, I did not want my last action frozen in time, my last pose in this body, to be so revolting. Lastly, by attempting to overdose there was always a thin chance that I'd survive and once again be forced to face, to solve, my troubles. I did not want to die, per se, I just wanted out. I wanted the pain to stop and the troubles I perceived as my life, those untenable troubles, to go away. Deep down I wanted to live, I just didn't really know how. At least, I believed I didn't. I wasn't even afraid as I swallowed pills and whiskey one after the other. I was overjoyed to have a solution; to be taking action. But all along, what I really wanted the most was just to have my life back. I don't want to have to worry anymore and perhaps I had been going about this all wrong from the beginning. I loathe the world I live in and I detest the arrogance of authority but if I can just find contentment and live my life quietly, even, dare I say, peacefully then I won't have to spend every minute of every day worried and waiting for the hammer to fall. I believe my journey has been difficult for mainly one reason – I have no sense of family or belonging. I was raised in fragments and false starts punctuated by violence, fear, self hatred, and disgust of the world around me. This is a trend that I have carried with me. My fits of loneliness and rage, and

the troubles brought down upon myself in a ravenous search to fill an unknown void in my existence can be explained thusly:

“Love alone is capable of uniting living beings in such a way as to complete and fulfill them, for it alone takes them and joins them by what is deepest within themselves.” –Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

## **Lost in Time; Lost in Space**

I awoke around 9:30 in the morning to the sound of my cell phone. One of them anyway. It was the little black one. The very out of date model that served as my umbilical cord; my work phone. I had an overwhelming sense of anxiety as I reached for it. That innocuous little thing was like Pandora's Box to me. Nothing good ever came from it. More accurately, a great deal of bad things flowed from it incessantly like a runny nose if noses leaked dead bodies and large pools of disgusting, metallic smelling blood or long and exhausting hours. I picked up the misleadingly quiet black rectangle and looked at the small display screen. A text message from my boss. She preferred to interact by text message as most people these days. I did too. An age of impersonal interaction made people feel safe and cozy protected by a screen. I pressed a sequence of small keys. Even in this haze I could unlock the phone. I had done it so many times in the middle of the night. A learned action like a mouse pressing a small lever to receive a food pellet. I would much rather have had a little tasteless food pellet, a million little tasteless food pellets, than anything the small box in my hand had to offer. I looked at the tiny screen. "Where are you?" I didn't quite understand the question. I put my thumb in the center of the screen and slid the face of the phone sideways to reveal a minute keyboard on which my fingers slowly stumbled and stuttered out a response, "It's Wednesday." My midweek reprieve. Wasn't it? I felt like it was but I couldn't really think clearly and my memory was in the same shabby state of disrepair. I dropped the phone and lay back onto my makeshift bed upon the floor. Comfortable, I closed my eyes. I'm sure several minutes must have passed. Time was difficult to discern and quite meaningless in that blank moment but it felt like only seconds before my plastic tormentor chimed happily. In my grog, I slowly reached for it yet again. "It's Thursday." Shit. In the back of my mind I knew that Thursday meant work. I knew that 9:30 meant I was supposed to have been there two and a half hours ago. I had a vague realization that I usually get up at 5:30 to have enough time to get ready and make the long drive to the lab, so I wouldn't get there for a while despite already being quite late. This all flashed through the fog of my brain surprisingly fast. I

didn't even respond back to that little tidbit of information my boss had just revealed. At least, I don't remember responding if I had, but there are a great deal of things I don't remember so that doesn't say much. What I do remember was lying there in my makeshift bed as fragments of the night before danced into my consciousness. The music. The delicious honey whiskey. The shots, the pills, the mixed drinks. The entire bottle of whiskey gone. It had been so tasty. The empty pill bottle. I had enjoyed the evening. A night alone in my newly rented apartment. A peaceful night. But then what happened? Fragments of memory continued to patch random spaces across the blackness. A cigarette. Right, I had wanted to smoke. The front door. Standing on the landing of the stairs where I typically stood while enjoying a smoke. The fragments of memory began to get smaller and harder to piece together. Confusing little slivers separated by impenetrable blackness. I'm on the ground. My neighbor is there. Hollie. A nice girl that lived below me to whom I had spoken over the past few weeks. I hear her voice but I can't make out the words. Blackness. I'm on the floor of my apartment. Hollie is there. Blackness. She's making me vomit into some kind of container. Blackness. She's handing me a plate with two sandwiches, one is made with Nutella. My taste buds explode. It is so wonderful. Blackness. Heavy blackness until my boss texts me asking "Where are you?" My reverie at its end, I opened my bleary eyes. I was incredibly tired. My head hurt. My eyes hurt. The pieces came together into a final realization. Fuck. I was still alive.

Somehow I was standing in my apartment dressed in some of my work clothes. A navy blue shirt, black cargo pants, and zippered tactical style boots I had bought because they were resistant to blood borne pathogens. How long had it taken to get dressed? Were my teeth brushed; my hair combed? A mystery. I was in the car momentarily. For an instant I was driving on the freeway before I found myself pulling into my parking space. The bright sunshine poured down happily upon my unshaven face as I took a few steps from my car toward the blue door on the side of the building. There was a card reader there to restrict access. I wondered if I had my badge before realizing that it was required to get into the parking lot so it must be there, in the right cargo pocket of my pants where I always kept it. I took another step through the sunshine across the parking lot and I was standing in my boss's office. Interesting. "Are you drunk or on drugs?" she had asked me. "No," I answered. I think. I felt like the question was absurd. Of course I didn't do drugs and I seldom drank. Were I of sound enough mind to have actually

processed that question then, obviously, the answer would have been no. I didn't realize that I was probably both. I was operating on autopilot. I heard my own voice and yet again experienced the phenomenon of processing no language. Stranger still, my boss sat before me at her desk never noticing that she forgot to wear a face that day. My voice droned on feverishly as I watched myself furiously gesture with my hands. I blinked my eyes and I was sitting in my office with some kind of work in front of me and I busied myself typing something on the computer for a while. I paused and stood up from the rolling fake leather chair in my office and sun was now angry, raining down its derision hotly as I stood next to the tail end of my black sport utility vehicle. My watch read that it was time to go home. I shrugged it off and pulled my car keys from my pocket. Using the fob to unlock the doors, I pulled open the driver's door. In that moment, the vehicle appeared perfectly normal. As I crossed the threshold in preparation to sit, I realized that I was actually crossing through the threshold of my front door and was now standing on the wood paneled floor of the living room in my apartment. It felt good to be home; standing in the cool, darkened silence of my sanctuary. Like paint, the room around me began to run. It slowly changed into a dripping, swirling, colorful mass before it all melted away into nothingness. Dark, peaceful oblivion.

## **Just as I Suspected, I'm in a Jungle**

Dr. Edwards was quite beautiful for her age and status. It was more than I personally held the conviction that doctors in general were not attractive and psychiatrists in particular were old, serious men with glasses and hefty beards. Perhaps that stemmed from far too much reading of nonfiction textbooks on my part. But there she was before me as I sat looking down nervously at my socked feet, my shoes and studded belt having previously been removed from my belongings and safely locked away. Had I not been busy calculating various ways I could spell out my demise whilst in the confines of the very cramped quarters I found myself, I may have more fully appreciated her soft brown hair, clipped in front and feathered down to her shoulders. Each day when we met, she was wearing a girlish dress with various color pumps and a fat bracelet to accentuate the bright pastel blues and reds of the dresses. I imagine with the type of salary she must receive it would be fairly easy for one to be so perpetually in style. The third day of my hospitalization, a gaunt, unsightly woman with a squint came to speak to me. She ushered me from the comfort of my thin, hard mattress and into a small cubicle sectioned off from the day room. I sat down in a plastic chair a few uncomfortable inches from her. I leaned against the back of the chair to afford myself a fraction of an inch more personal space between our faces. She spoke with a slight lisp, "Did anyone tell you when you were being admitted that this hospital is out of network for your insurance?" She was met with my drug induced comatose gaze. "Uh, no," I finally managed. "The other hospital said they didn't have any beds so I ended up here," I explained. "You can stay at this hospital and pay the bill yourself or I can check with the other hospital and send you there." "Yeah just move me then," I grumbled before shambling back to my bed and falling asleep. The reprieve was sweet but not very long. They never were it seemed. She was soon back beside my bed, abruptly beginning a conversation as if she hadn't noticed I had been fast asleep. "I called the other hospital and they still don't have any beds so you may have to pay out of pocket." Her timing would have been humorous had she not been so completely indifferent. I was supposed to be dead, unthinking and unfeeling. I still wanted to be dead and yet here she was rambling on about a bill as if it was supposed to have any level of priority in my thought process. But, even doped up, I made a feeble attempt to play the role I

thought was suitable for the situation. "How much is my bill right now?" I asked trying to sound fully conscious and halfway sane. She silently leafed through a stack of papers piled on a stained wooden clipboard. After a minute she looked up, "For the three days you've already been here, your bill is just over ten thousand dollars and with out of network coverage, your insurance will pay about seven hundred and fifty of that." I chuckled humorlessly. "Well, will they just let me leave then?" I wondered. She looked up from the clipboard once more. "No," she stated matter-of-factly. I chuckled again and stopped playing my role. Perpetually in style. But I digress. Dr. Edwards was quite phenomenal and over the next few weeks, she proved to be very motherly. There was precisely the rub. In a sick, sad way I wanted a motherly and nurturing doctor. I enjoyed the comfort and stability it provided but motherly and attractive were two sentiments that did not readily mix. Although, to be fair, I may not have appreciated her mothering nature as much had she been an ugly old hag and so I decided that she was perfect. That's not to say I shared the same feelings as another patient, Derrick, a slow speaking portly fellow who constantly entertained the idea of taking the doctor out on a date. I was perfectly happy weathering the storm nuzzled under her wing. I found myself in the cramped little cubicle with Dr. Edwards. I noticed that I still leaned back against my chair for more space regardless of my fondness of the doctor's nature. We spent a long time discussing what had happened and various things that preempted my indefinite stay at the lovely hospital. "Doc," I said "I have to say, you could drag a squirming sack of children in here right now and murder them and I'd feel nothing but cold, unflinching indifference." Doctor Edwards stared hard at me for an excruciating moment. She leapt to her feet in indignation, sending the file of documents in her lap scattering across the floor. A look of disdain and fury came into her eyes. "Someone lock this sick son of a bitch up and throw away the key!" she shrieked shrilly, spittle clinging to her quivering lip. That's the reaction I wholeheartedly expected and braced myself for anyway. I was horrified of what had become of me. I was afraid of the way I felt and acted and what it might possibly mean. In the endless instant this scenario was playing out in my mind, Dr. Edwards must have noticed some tell tale sign and didn't miss a beat. "I want you to understand that the way you feel is very common with some of the problems you're dealing with. You're not the only one who has experienced this." She smiled a large, warm smile. "We can help you." I smiled too.

I had showered and redressed in the same clothes I had been wearing for so many days I'd lost count. I was wearing my favorite pair of jeans with a black t-shirt and mid-nineties style checkered short sleeve button up shirt, open in front. My jaw length black hair had become a tangled mess I attempted to tame by combing back behind my ears. I vaguely reminded myself of Matt Dillon from the movie Drugstore Cowboy although I couldn't really remember what he dressed like in the movie when I pressed myself so I chalked it up to a flight of fancy as I walked out of my room and toward the day room where warm trays of food were being distributed. The food wasn't bad. One thing that I particularly enjoyed was that we were given a range of choices to select from for our meals and I could never remember what choices I had made for any given meal so it was always a fun surprise. Fun was in painfully short supply so this was one of the daily activities I considered fun. As I approached, the nurse chose a tray from a large stainless steel rack and handed it to me. "Careful, it's hot." I grabbed the tray near the middle because the ends were always hottest. "Thanks," I replied, trying to sound pleasant. Another patient, Elisabeth, was already seated at one of the tables when I walked in. Elisabeth was chubby and looked kind of strange but was always in a pretty decent mood in spite of being so angry. I silently approached and sat my tray on the table then pulled out the chair to sit. "You look crazy today," she said with a big grin. The humor of being told such a thing in this place was not lost on me. I laughed heartily. "I look crazy?" I repeated, sounding incredulous. She seemed to understand what I had found so amusing and laughed too. "No, your hair, your hair looks all crazy today," she said correcting herself. "Oh right. Yeah it gets all curly and wild after a while," I said, shaking my shaggy hair then attempting to tuck it behind my ears once again. I took a bite of my hamburger as Elisabeth changed the subject. "I didn't like how Ryan's girlfriend kept looking at me earlier, it was making me mad." "Which one was that?" I questioned. "That one girl with the blonde hair who was sitting on the couch during visitation. She kept looking over at me the whole time." "Oh," I replied not really knowing or caring to whom she was referring. "You should have just stared at her and started growling. Considering where we are it probably would have scared the shit out her." Elisabeth broke into laughter. I finished my meal and put the empty tray back onto the stainless steel rack before making my way back toward my room. My roommate, Donnie, was already there. He was lying on his bed and staring at the wall. Donnie reminded me a lot of the guy that played the dad on the television show Grounded for Life. I got comfortable on my bed and joined him in staring at the bare wall. There wasn't much else to do

that was terribly engaging. Conversations with my roommate, however, always started out this way - we each sat staring at the wall in silence for a few moments until one of us thought of something worth saying. Our conversation began like usual and eventually we got onto the topic of movies. The two of us lay there laughing and quoting classic lines from epic movies. We had been iterating the entirety of Pulp Fiction for several minutes before a nurse stood in the doorway. "You guys need to keep it down and keep the cursing to a minimum please." Donnie threw his hands up defensively "No, no. It's not us swearing, we're quoting movie lines!" "Oh, well, if you're just quoting then..." she laughed and walked back toward the nurse's station. After that, Donnie spent an hour elaborating on why he believed firefighters to be arrogant glory hogs. "Not like the 9/11 firefighters. Those guys are legitimate heroes for what they did, but this guy on the local news complaining about how tough it is wearing all that gear out in the heat while they put out a car fire? Give me a break, you knew that was part of the job, it's in the name of your job: 'fire' fighter. Nobody ever puts me on the news and thanks me for doing my job. Or what about this guy who goes into the supermarket wearing a firefighter patch on every stitch of clothing he has on so everyone will know who he is? Or when they all go into a store at once wearing their firefighter pants and they all have their radios turned way up? Did the whole crowd really need to go to the store? And why don't they just take one radio, why do they all need a radio in the store turned way up?" I laughed the whole time. He promised me that I'd think of him the next time I saw a firefighter on the news or in the store. Eventually the conversation died so I reached for the brown notebook and tiny golf pencil the hospital had provided and continued writing.

## **Ravings of a Madman**

I wouldn't exactly have chosen madness if there had been any choice, but once such a thing has taken hold of you, you can't very well get out of it.

-Vincent Van Gogh

## **Prelude to Nightfall**

What makes a person what they are? A haircut; a job; a family? Suffice it to say that what we are is little more than a history of experiences congealed into thought and personality. What does one become with a history of monstrous experiences? Is there virtue to a life deflowered by angst and violence; when the single omnipresent experience seems to be disgust? How foolish it is that I enjoy the peaceful lullaby of trochaic tetrameter as if it matters. I had forgotten how desolate a wasteland my soul had become until I stopped long enough to hear the perfect silence; a perfect stillness in place of a beating heart. I did not realize the impenetrable depth of my own vacant eyes until I was swept away upon a cresting silver wave of euphoria with the incandescence of the breaking dawn. The nihilist in me wonders how this came to be and where it will lead. Obviously, this can't be mine. Obviously, I don't belong here. I know enough to realize that these things don't happen anywhere beyond the realm of my own imagination. Even dreams don't feel this real. I know enough to realize that I am merely an insignificant speck of filth in comparison to the beauty and majesty she wields so easily, as if the thing itself were insignificant. I know enough to realize that the plagues of this monstrous history have been more or less mercurial; that it is more or less dangerous to develop a fondness or expectation of a thing. I know enough to realize that should this wave break against the bleak, jagged shoreline, it will tear my sensitive flesh to a million parts and obliterate my very existence. What a massive burden to place on the delicate beauty of such a phenomenon. Although I recognize the risk of stealing upon the swift power of the tsunami, I refuse to betray the urgency I feel to be part of its radiant brilliance and to continue this journey into wild exhilaration. My life is a scrapbook of faded memories to which I will close my eyes. I will close my ears to the distant screams of a life in which I no longer care to take part. I know I will ride the glory of this wave into oblivion, knowing not whether that oblivion be in heaven or abandoned to the comforting warm embrace of my own pooling blood.

## **Autumn**

Never had I seen this coming,  
Lost among the children running.  
Such a summer's day was endless.  
Beauty, warmth completely endless.  
Laughing, playing, life was endless.  
  
Harbor in the smiling faces.  
Refuge within hidden places.  
Hiding in the mystic ether;  
In the swirling, mystic ether.  
Hidden dreams sway in the ether.  
  
Ice cream trucks in distant chorus.  
Clamor for the distant chorus.  
Limbs and flesh and breath lie twisted,  
Twisted in the undercarriage.  
Never had I seen this coming.

## **In the Night**

You probably don't remember me.

I'm the one who

You don't remember me, do you?

I wish you did.

You probably don't remember me.

Remember that time when

It's one of my favorite memories.

I wish you remembered.

## **Giving Up on Giving Up**

It's time to grow up boy,  
Better put away your toys,  
Better redefine your friends boy,  
Better redefine your trends boy,  
This promise isn't real.

Who would have thought,  
Who would have believed,  
You wouldn't have listened anyway  
Because you were one tough punk.

There's fuck all else to do but by god you'll do it your way.  
Tried and true, boy, they'll never tell you what to say.  
You never stopped to think, boy, there'll be hell to pay.  
Through fire and angst you never saw that right and wrong is not the play.  
But you're punk as fuck and you'll show them all.

Who would have believed it?  
How can this be real?  
But you wouldn't have listened anyway  
Because you were one cool punk.

I'm going to live my way.  
I'll destroy my life my way.  
I knew I'd die someday.  
I guess today's the day.

## **The Shadow Killing Me**

At first I thought it was just a dream,  
That none of this was real.  
I refused what my eyes had seen  
Because then I'd start to feel.  
So I feel I must be crazy  
When I feel your cold grip tight.  
Now my vision seems so hazy  
While my brain pleads fight or flight.  
I can't restrain the giddiness  
Now as victory seems so near.  
Had I just known you were pitiless,  
I'd have sense enough to fear.  
The shadow is so haunting;  
I run but still it stays.  
Each move now seems so daunting.  
I'll just stay in bed for days.  
But can you tell me maybe,  
Was I halfway right?  
If I had just been lazy  
Would I have to fight  
The shadow killing me?

## **Don't Flail Your Arms**

Liberty perceived,  
True happiness believed,  
An X upon the map,  
But the map is just a coat.  
  
The coat you wear from day to day,  
The map changing as you change.  
  
The scenery will abandon you momentarily,  
And the X slips away.  
  
It doesn't take a Mensa member  
To see your map is a joke;  
The illusion you shroud yourself in  
To keep out the cold.  
  
You'll never find the way  
Because the way just isn't there.  
  
When you finally realize you're alone,  
It's far too late to care.  
  
These memories felt so real  
And you feel so lost and cheated.  
  
You may feel stupid for falling  
For the lie and were elated.  
  
The tattered shroud slips away  
And you glimpse the truth now,  
But you see you're not what you thought,  
And you see there's no way out.

## **Purple Scrubs**

There's a mark on the wall I've been staring at for hours.

I think back to when I loved you but couldn't afford to buy you flowers.

Thirty-five pills later and an empty bottle of booze,

I remember quite against my will that I have nothing left to lose.

Now I sit here in these purple scrubs,

No belt and no shoe laces.

I wish I had done a better job

As I recall your famous faces.

Do you remember when you'd sing to me?

How can I forget?

I'll drain the memories through my wrists

And I'll escape you yet.

Locked inside this room and locked inside my head,

My weapons, fight, and spirit are all but left for dead.

But I'll never give up and I'll never let you back in,

Once upon a time was hope and maybe once again.

You're a phantom

In a vision

On a drug trip

In collision

With my brain stem

Still I listen

To the whispers

In indecision.

## **Ashes**

I have lost it,  
Something quite dear.  
I can't remember  
What it is now.  
Did it exist?  
Was it there then?  
Am I all there?  
So what was it?  
Did I lose it  
If I never  
Even had it?  
Just a feeling,  
Attached to nothing,  
Like a whisper  
In a dark room-  
Soft and fleeting.

## **Embers**

Hanging around with some friends,  
Having a few drinks.  
That was all way back when,  
Before the ship started to sink.  
Hammer out a few shitty chords,  
Play a made up card game or two.  
Smash a few bottles on the floor,  
There's nothing we won't do.  
We were killing time and having fun,  
It's one great night  
But there's never only one.

The friends you knew slip away  
Like deck chairs on that ship.  
The days and nights are long and gray  
As reality finally sets in.  
So I'll punch a hole in the wall again,  
Let the anger kill the pain.  
Do you remember that time way back when,  
Would you even know my name?  
Now I'm killing time getting numb,  
It's one long night  
But there's never only one.

## **In the Event of Madness, Break Glass and Scream**

You should get your head checked

If you think everything will be alright.

If you haven't noticed people are psychotic apes,

Or you have but it doesn't keep you up at night.

It seems there's little else to do but laugh at it all.

Are you quite sick of being the odd one out

As you puke in disgust and resentment.

No one else seems to care much while waiting for the axe to fall.

So you sit idly by and let the bugs burrow into your brain.

You bury the fear and shame of being powerless,

It doesn't hurt so much with a mild distraction.

They hollow you out to lay their eggs and you're gone but you still look sane.

The only signs are your sad, vacant eyes

And your cracked, empty smile.

You faintly remember everything you love is gone,

But you can sit and stare for a while.

With a nagging sense

Of loss and ambivalence.

## **Plastic Snowman**

I live life within a vacuum;  
Trapped within a happy vacuum.  
Watching others like it's TV,  
Standing still for no one sees me  
With this cold façade of plastic.

I have a house within a glass house.  
Don't throw stones within a glass house.  
Although even if I tried it-  
My arms, too, I found are plastic.  
Grimace; forced display of pleasure.

In a fit of pensive whimsy,  
A capricious fit of whimsy-  
Aimed to crack the glass partition;  
Heavy thoughts preclude commission.  
I am just a plastic snowman.

## **Hanging Chads**

What are you good for,  
What do you live for,  
What good do you do,  
Now who would want you?

What purpose do you serve,  
You'll get what you deserve?  
You thought you were so tough.  
It was all just a bluff.

Why did you do that?  
You better start to act  
Your age and grow up.  
It's so hard not to fuck up.

Well, you're not just a kid now.  
You have a kid now.  
It's been so hard to know what  
To do and to grow up.

You're so punk,  
You're too cool  
And you'll do what  
You want to.  
You won't stop.  
There's no time.  
You've wasted  
Your life.

## **Gently Let Go**

Just when you thought things could change,  
The rug gets pulled right out.  
When your legs are cut off at the knees  
You're left without a doubt  
That it's just too late.

I really thought things could really change.  
Could I really be that dumb?  
I've invested so hard into so much pain,  
Now I try to hold on and stay numb.  
But I know it's too late.

Did you really think you could live like this?  
Did you think you had control?  
Did you ignore the bull's-eye or intend to miss?  
I don't really know.  
Because it's far too late.

What was the point of the way you lived?  
Weren't you so fucking cool.  
Now you're halfway dead with nothing more to give,  
Go ahead and play the fool.  
It's just too late.

You did this to yourself  
When you could have had it all.  
I fucked up my own life  
Now I have to take the fall  
For all my shit.  
I have to take the fall for all my shit.

## **A Laughing Matter**

I thought I was somehow different  
And I thought I could stop time.  
I thought I could fly past the sun  
And I wouldn't melt my wings and die.

I guess I should have known better  
And I guess I should have learned.  
I guess it might have spared my feelings  
And kept my soul from being burned.

I sit here and remember  
Your eyes, your laugh, your smile.  
Now my smile is broken.  
I should have known all the while.

Sometimes I think this can't be real  
And if I think hard I can fix it.  
Sometimes I wonder if you know the truth,  
And I miss you, I know I should quit.

I think about your face  
And it makes me want to scream.  
There never was a place,  
Just move on to better things.  
I can't because I miss you so fucking much.

## **Possibly Impossible**

I once said you were  
Impossible to find,  
And I felt the world had  
Left me far behind.

I know I can't  
Bring you back with simple words.  
Though I picture you and burn up  
In what my heart affords.

You once said I was  
The reason you're alive,  
And I choked because I knew you were  
Impossible to find.

Leave me music on a disk,  
And I'll listen every day.  
Even though I hate that shit,  
I'll feel you and feel okay.

And you said  
You wouldn't  
Forget me,  
Now I can't forget you.

## **Ballad of the Lost**

You're my biggest weakness  
And greatest fear;  
A chink in my armor,  
My sweet tooth, my cure.

I know that I will never  
Ever see you again.  
It doesn't feel I've lost my love  
Or my best friend.

I can't quite believe  
The way things are now,  
The same as you exist,  
And I'm falling down.

I know the world has changed  
No matter else I do,  
And my life is a mess.  
I don't know what else to do.

I can't come find you  
And I can't say hi.  
I knew this would be the sum  
By and by, goodbye.

I've been wearing the same clothes  
Now for thirteen days,  
But I'll love you everyday forever  
No matter what we say.

I feel betrayed

And disillusioned;

A broken delusion.

I can't fight the confusion.

We were always innocent.

Now I'm lost and empty.

The world's against me;

So unfriendly,

And I'm my greatest enemy.

You're my greatest fear.

## **I Have No Brain, My Brain Is Dead**

Am I so quick?

Am I so clear?

How do I get

Home from this place?

Where is my mind?

These aren't my thoughts.

How did I get

In this darkness?

## **A Snake in the Sun, Complacently**

I'm sitting here

Waiting.

I'm sitting here

Rotting.

I'm sitting here

Planning.

I'm sitting here

Plotting.

Doesn't that sound bad?

I just want to go home.

Sounds somewhat violent.

I just want to see her.

But that's not violent.

I just want to eat there.

That part is normal.

I just want to play it.

## **Asleep at the Wheel**

Am I lost,  
Or am I bored?  
Is this a confused haze,  
A blinded daze?  
Or do I just need something to belong,  
To occupy my time,  
That won't erode my mind,  
Or lay waste to my life?  
It's a very nice thought.  
How do I do that?

## **Smoke Rising**

I feel  
I have burned up  
All the fuel for the fire.  
The pyre smolders  
And there is no wood.  
The coal box is empty  
And the dark, ominous engine  
Sits silent  
On the tracks.

## **Knife Fighting Monkeys**

I am sick.

I'd like to faint and puke at the same time,  
And I'm so thirsty.

I'll take my pick.

Would I rather a deluded mind or body?  
One always withering.

I hear the clock tick.

I'm pleased to hear it and I know if my body gives up now,  
I'd be me and happy.

## **Itty Bitty Pieces of Skull**

I get to go home.

Will I be a free man now,

Will I know how,

Are my chances blown?

So I finally get to leave.

Has the world changed,

Am I still to blame,

Will my heart be squeezed?

Today is the day.

Am I fixed now,

Will I still live with a frown,

Will I know what to do or say?

So here I go.

I'll write secret letters.

I hope I'm better.

How will I know?

## **Playing Four-Square**

You are standing in a small square  
Drawn in white upon the pavement.  
You are forward and to my right.  
I, too, am inside a small square  
Playing this old silly ball game.

I don't really like my neighbors-  
One in front and one to my right.  
I'm not too fond of myself either.  
Neither am I fond of playing,  
Playing this old sill ball game.

I can bounce a ball out to you;  
An extension of my own hand,  
Though with which I'll never touch you.  
We cannot be in the same square.  
Rules, apparently, forbid it.

You are happy where you're standing,  
Neatly shaded from the sunshine,  
Isolated from all factions  
By four stark and boldly drawn lines  
Wrapping you in warm exclusion.

I hate being cut off from you  
By imaginary boundaries.  
Though you'd hardly ever know it,  
I only play to be near you.  
I hate standing in a small square.

## **Afterword**

I have realized that one does not really have a lot of control over life; rather, there is merely an illusion of control. I had created so many of my own troubles under the illusion of control. The only remedy at such an advanced stage of decomposition was to let go and allow the chips to fall where they may. Having done so led me to have a small epiphany of sorts, no thanks to those who didn't have much interest in helping me back away from the edge of existential oblivion or had otherwise been driven away by my excessive social faux pas. No thanks to religious dogma and related fairy tales, drugs, parental advice, and a host of other what-have-yous. In a nutshell, I have been thrashing about like a frantic drowning victim in search of elusive metaphorical dry land in an otherwise ocean of deep seated nihilism. However, a fleeting thought had crashed through my consciousness like a bullet train. What I realized was that life itself can be thought of as being in the position of sitting through a very bad play in which there are two basic courses of action because bitching about the play, no matter how convincingly or ferociously, will not alter the existence of the play. One can choose to opt out of the ordeal which seems like it may entail a long, lonely period of waiting in an alley behind the theater. But that's just speculation. Who knows though, there could be a raucous barroom where you can go hang out but since you can't get back into the theater once you leave, none of us still in here has any real notion. The other choice is to simply hope the people sitting on either side of you will make fun of the play along with you causing the whole thing more amusing, tolerable, or generally just less painful to sit through. The rest of it, the rest of anything, Santa Claus, God, laws, toys – they're all tools to keep the massive crowd of restless theater goers quiet during the production. One would do well to remember that there is at least one place outside the theater; that which is reserved for those of us who dare to disrupt the experience. After all, the play may be an absurd farce but you'll still go to jail if you set the theater on fire. The best bet may just be to settle in for a long night and try to enjoy the time as best you can with those around you. Although I have found myself shushed by many people in my row, I owe thanks to certain others. The rest are shadowed faces to be made acquaintance with yet and so the uncertain sequence of events remains to be seen, although I can't help but to take note of the sinking disappointment that this is really the best there is. I have come to recognize the place my mind dwells is that of geniuses and madmen, a

place where it becomes exceedingly difficult to take life seriously and at face value. When one beholds the unspeakable nature of this place, it can only lead to enlightenment or madness. Be that as it may, I thought I'd put down my thoughts into words for anyone else who pines for something more profound to build upon that which I can convey. Your search will be your own but perhaps this might resonate with someone and maybe it can serve as food for thought somewhere along the way.

Intoxicated By Madness

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