

Dedicated to all victims of domestic violence

Trigger warning.

This book contains profanity, bad language, dark humor and outright racism (in context obviously)

The poems are a collection of near 30 years of pen to paper while being homeless, living in tents and generally surviving at all costs.

Upon continuing to read this book you agree to be offended at your own risk. You agree to not sue the author if you find yourself offended and recognize that the content of this book is for documentation and entertainment purposes only.

The poems are romantic, dark, twisted, humorous and very tongue in cheek. I tried to keep the whole spectrum of humanity into account when compiling my notes

Enjoy

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A Broken Poet

I once wrote a poem
Of bizarre words that were
broken
I chopped them up and tore
them apart
Like the words that wreaked
havoc upon my heart
It was not so much what was said
or done
It was the blunder of ignorance
emitted from every one
Because the very words that
wreaked despair
Were those same words I wrote
with care
I crumpled these things precious
to me and burned them with fire
Lest if not me no one else it may
inspire
Because words are just letters if
they are not read
An excruciating alphabet of a
poet existing only in his head
If thy audience be thyself then
what is passion if not bled?
If thy reward be thy own echo
aren't thou completely dead?

The Marketplace

At the marketplace, it is quiet
inside that old rusty shell
Its timeless eyes watch the
oblivious people in this fog
Hush whispers the wind
Long tolls the old bell
It is not that cold yet I seem to
shiver
Sky of concrete gray, no warmth
here
People pass that have emptied
their smiles
Maybe they are numb, crying
invisible tears
Still here I stand quietly in rain
A statue that cries yet no one sees
Faded smile hiding steely pain
Hardened and weathered, I'm
starting to freeze
Something lies dead in silent
snow,
Its frosty sting you can taste in the
air
I must find the strength to keep
life's embers glow
Even when I am frozen and all
alone
I stared too long down this
bottomless well
Of repetitious existing in living hell
An immortal being trapped inside
a hollow shell
Dreaming in silence
It's so cold that I seem to shiver
The asphalt gray transforms to
white

My thoughts are but meaningless
blither

I can never rest from this
perpetual flight
Maybe I'm just filled with fear
But you'll never see my invisible
tears

Blah Blah

Blah blah your beach house
Blah blah your swimming pool
blah blah BMW
fuck you Rolex collection too
does her make up and perfume
spell out easy to get whore for you
you would have a better chance
with the animals in a petting zoo
She will never call you
You've never read a book in your
life
If she were dumb enough to take
you home
Her momma would just start to cry
you are such a creep
blah blah sexual fantasies
it disgusts her that you see
yourself lying all over her
Her pretty eyes pretend to listen
but inside her head you're snoring
so what if you got lots of money
Your advances are so annoying
I hope she gives you her number
and makes you believe you've got
a date
Then watches from a distance
laughing with her girls while you
wait
I've seen you workout at the gym
Getting a semi from your own
reflection
Probably if you'd be all alone
It would be a full blown erection

Greed

Just one of a million flowers
Reaching for the sun wherever it
will shine
In its own precious life so pretty
Light windy day, soft still night

One kiss like a thousand years
In one glimpse that stops time
The moment is gone I still
remember
That strange look in your prowling
eyes

One life like a million slain
Is extinguished, riddled with lead
rain
It means nothing for blank eyes
that stare
Those eyes are empty it's dark
over there

Just one of a thousand people, one
of a billion needs
Some god thought we are all
content
So he cursed us with greed

Little Lies

Don't come to me with your little lies
great looks and dreamy seductive eyes
I've seen this all too much before
It makes my head ache and my eyes sore

Don't come to me with promises
Of true love and faithfulness
Honesty and virtue do not reside with you
I'm not impressed you would take me for a fool

Don't come to me with hate then feign to apologize
It's what you do not say that reveals the lie
You are not sincere I see it in your face
Kind words never mask a smile that hates

Don't come to me with tacky politics
Your privacy invasions make me sick
It's disgusting your lust for total control
Over lives and bodies our freedom and souls

Don't come to me with your promises

As if we all lacked decency and respect
Honesty and virtue do not walk with you
It makes me sad you would take us all for a fool

Don't come to me with ancient fantasies
A god in the sky that cures disease
Hates abortion and gays, starving children for his name's sake
His mercy of genocide and therapeutic rape

Don't come to me with fashion codes and rules
Identifying me with heteronomous tools
It's so wonderful being just myself
Why would anyone want to emulate someone else?

Don't come to me with promises
Of making a change helping those in need
Don't flaunt it for the whole world to see
All it takes is you and me

Lettre de l'enfer

Je t'ai écrit une lettre une fois
Et maintenant tu ne te rappelles
plus de mon nom
T'avoir laissé dans mon coeur
a été une erreur dès le début
Pour cela je peux envouloir qu'à
moi

Il n'y a pas longtemps, nous
étions jeunes
Comme les fleurs de printemps
des jeunes années heureuses
Bientôt l'été arriva
Avec toutes ses autres fleurs
Tu n'as qu'utilisé cette fleur bon
marché pour du sex

A l'époque je t'ai donné de la
confiance et de l'amour et je n'ai
rien eu de retour
Devant d'autres femmes tu te
gênais pour notre amour
Non seulement tu m'as trahi
Mais tu m'as également ridiculisé
et j'en étais la victime
Au point de vouloir me suicider

Cette lettre n'est pas une
menace, c'est une promesse
Une malédiction libérée par ces
paroles
Pour avoir rejeté mon amour
C'est pour cela que tu payeras
Je méprise l'essence de ton âme
Je maudis l'essence de l'âme

C'est maintenant que tu réalises
que je t'écris de l'enfer
Depuis un endroit où tu te
sentiras vraiment à la maison
Je t'enverrai des démons qui te
tortureront sur terre
Jusqu'à ce que tu gaspilles ton
dernier souffle (depuis ta
naissance)
Les bras ouverts je te rejoindrai
Bienvenue à la maison

Letter from hell

I once wrote you a letter
Yet you didn't remember my
name
Letting you in my heart
Was a mistake from the start
For this only myself is to blame

Not so long ago we were young
Like the spring flowers juvenile
happy years
Soon came the summer
With all the other flowers
You only used this cheap flower
for sex

I used to serve trust and love you
for no gain
In front of other women of our
love you were ashamed
Not only did you betray
ridicule and victimize
You stole my virtue , dignity and
pride
To the point of me committing
suicide

This letter is not a threat it's a
promise
A curse released from these
words
For throwing my love away
This is what you will pay
I despise the essence of your soul
I curse the essence of soul

By now you will realize I'm
writing you from hell

A place you will feel very much at
home

I will send demons to torture you
on earth

Until your last breath since birth

With open arms I will say

Welcome home

Nice guy

Oh that morning when he
opened his eyes
To a gray outside even cloudier
his mind
To tired to make coffee
Feeling sleepy and a little horny

Zombie you smoke Zombie
you're broke
It's all a joke this endless trip
Taking a toke of an endless splif

Stumbling outside into the drizzle
His eyes are red his stomach is
shriveled
He laughs at his misery
Living in his own weird dream

Outside in the world
He's trying to survive
Pretending to be Mr. nice guy

People say to Mr. Nice guy,
"Hello where are you from? How
are you?"
Every fucking night the same
spiel
The same fucking tools

"You sing so fucking great do you
also have a band?
Did you know your songs sound
just like this other famous man?"

Mr. Nice Guy thinks
"Fuck all of you idiots why should
I care"

But to insult his fans, he would
never dare.

He bottles up the rage,
frustration and anxiety
To outsiders he's just a leech on
society

Every night he's in a different city
fucking a different girl
He drinks till his brain is numb
and his mouth hurls
He wipes his lips and goes at it
again
For he's got a fun dick but no real
friends

Every morning the ladies says to
Mr. Nice Guy
"It was nice but I'm with another
man
You see you can't be part of any
future plans"
"You're a drunk, an addict and a
loser too
No smart girl would ever marry
you"

Mr. Nice Guy starts to crack after
years of misery
He hates his music his guitar and
loathes the whole scene
One day he smashes his guitar
He vows to no more use his voice
But the same night he's at it
again
Because he's got no other fucking
choice

The Shut In

Imitating other people's voices
Insecure of the already owned
Reciting foreign lines
Having forgotten how to
compose originality
Following other people's moves
Lacking the courage
To autonomous creations
Congregations approve
heteronymous cloaks
Shunning the individual
It commits to passive submission

A shut in whispers to himself in
frustration
To afraid to go outside
Wishing a surrogate
The mind games he plays alone
each day
Seeking approval from imagined
people that he emulates

Every face looks on in disapproval
For he lacks self esteem and self
respect
This feeling of exposure
Turns smiles in vicious venom
and pathetic regret
Laughter is met with his cold
denial
The shut in believes he is
worthless
His stark self-contentions are
deriding
His character in sarcasm
Escaping self built confines
Hungry eyes seeking affection

A shut in whispers to himself in
frustration...
"Something happened long ago a
terrible mistake
The sweetest moment only the
beginning of heartache"
He cannot find sunshine in this
darkness
But in disappointment and
despair
He finds happiness

Deathly Throe

I must confess I cannot sleep for
my thoughts do persist

Engraved in my soul a smile, her
voice beckons and I cannot resist

Slipping along on the fine
borderline between passion and
obsession

Fear and panic, do cease from
chiding me, I already shiver from
my own derision

Every contemplation is tearing
my heart asunder

Slowly crushed by this boulder I
find myself under

Dirty nails claw in my chest
causing my own demise

Throbbing, bleeding slipping to
the ground my heart now lies

I lust for nothing except to no
longer be bound

By her every word, gaze and
touch that engulfs me all around

Upraise me now before I drown
within this lake of sorrow

Where once laughter was is now
darkness, an echo into empty
hollow

Every word carefully chosen I
care not to minimize

So many times I want to push you
away before you will realize

That everything and anything you
are, leaves me craving with
desire

Causing me to sabotage my own
existence. I'm setting myself on
fire

These moments in life is when I
start to understand true torment

Love you are poison to me,
beguiling seductive yet truly
abhorrent

A story is told an image unfolds,
icicles form in wintry freeze

Footsteps followed by a brawny
man, hands outstretched for he
no longer sees

He stumbles ever onward toward
a faint scent that lingers sweet

Leaving everything to follow her
trail, but the footsteps never
cease

Hoping one day this path might
return his sight of her laughter,
love and soul

This path of wish he should not
cherish for it will only end in
deathly throe

For him she has left in the forest
bereft, but he is blind and cannot
know

That she has left many moons
ago, only her perfume is what
lingers in the snow

Yet onwards he stumbles so that
he can say to her the words that
fill him with such fear

Anxious of meaning she has fled
for she knows those words he
wants her to hear

Silence is vicious when feelings
ambitious, could never be more
honest or true

No three words are as frightening
like being struck by lightning, as
to say I love you

The Roadside Paleontologist

Guess who I am, you've seen me
before

In natural history books, finding
bones of dinosaurs

Digging up femurs of lemurs

Analyzing coprolites

Polishing my artifacts, travelling
where I like

I'm a roadside Paleontologist

Driving down the dusty road,

Looking left and right

Sometimes I get lucky, an
archaeopteryx remnant on site

My trunk is full of precious things

A world of science the joy they
bring

I'm a roadside Paleontologist

So cheers to Paleontology,

adventure pure and bare

No more of these dark ages,
omnipotent holy scare

It's so sweet, history under feet,
beauty of finding something rare

You just have to dig it up, to find
out what's real, what's there

Withered and torn

Seeing it all through eyes
That have lost their color
Black as white

I Tasted her warm sensuous lips
From a pale cold stone floor
Strewn with moldy hay

Rigid limbs no value for speed
Tattered hands they point to the
east
Remain there

Innocence once a frail virtue
Flies curiously to the future
To come back exhausted and
used

Used, used, it's all exhausted and
used
Once the shy gaze of a child
Now a glassy stare withered and
torn

Seeing it all through eyes that
have lost their color, black as
white

Old White Bones

Old white bones is it true
These well, worn words we hear
from you?
Sitting on the train reading of
suffering and pain
Millions of lives lost yet god will
reign
Staring into my smartphone app
Distractions galore and so much
crap
A distorted view of casualties
Conspiracy views on epidemic
disease
Yet religions cry out we are just
Our creed is pure our sacrifice of
lust
Redeeming mankind since
creation
Killing god's unwanted
abominations
Protection is death civilization of
murder
Our vengeance is pure to meet
your maker
Stand before god with blood on
your hands
Profiting from wars in other lands

World politics are poison to the
touch
From being lied to I've had
enough
Each psychopath claims that only
they are right
It's the dead children who pay
the price

That's not our problem we
disagree
That our crime is murder through
apathy
Yet each one of us is guilty of
greed
Segregating each other in the
hour of need
It's sad when nobody trusts
another
Politicians use us to murder each
other
Because of resources, culture,
language and land
We destroy the earth and god's
loving plan
Old dry bones you are so called
wise
If you speak the truth who is
telling these lies
I am wiser than them I raise my
kids better
I have a phony smile I am not a
quitter
Climbing the ladder of success
I don't care about you and all the
rest
I sell you mortgages that you
can't pay
You will be homeless while I
make bombs rain

My yearly bonus is bona fide
While you sit in a dark cold room
and cry
Your daughter is sick daddy lost
his job
Your son was shot for doing
nothing wrong

Yet the police will call it malice
with intent
The phone in his pocket could
have been a weapon
As his blood and future runs
down the drain
You scream and protest but it's
all in vain
You find comfort in drink or Jesus
Christ
While I continue to run and
control your life
Running after stability all day
long
Living in fear that it all will be
gone
Hard work laid out for a future
less grim
Then the banks destroy it in one
quick profit skim

Next Door

Take my heart
As I whisper your name
When I look into your eyes
The fire burns hot in mine

All the while you are so close
You see me when we pass on the
stairs
Exchanging looks I'm longing for
the words
To break my hungry stare

Take my lips
Dark as rubies like sweet wine
I see you and I lose all words
I don't know what else to say

You are not meant for him
He doesn't treat you right
I cried as you screamed
While he beat you up last night

I want to be your man
Find the courage to stand up and
fight
Take you away from him
I can't bear to see you cry

We both know
No matter what I say
You still love him
You will never see me that way

Uncle Tyrant's Cabin

Uncle Tyrant had some drones
Bombed farmers armed with
tractors and stones
CIA, coup d'état lots of fun
You send more troops, warships
and guns
Guantanamo bay still open now
You want torture they'll show
you how
Waterboarding and electro
shocks
Everyday around the clock

Welcome to uncle Tyrant's cabin

Most people be listening to
2Pac Ice T or 2 Live Crew
If I took one look at you
I'd guess you're a fan of Pat
Boone
While homies watch Sanford and
sons
Archie Bunker shows you how
things are done
Your idols must be Elvis and John
Wayne too
Should I mention David Duke?

Welcome to uncle Tyrant's cabin

If Martin Luther King saw you
today
He'd roll over in his grave
You are a cooperate owned tool
While they poison our air and
water too
People go to prison everyday

So they can work as freedom
slaves
That's alright that's ok
There's no jobs in America
anyway

Time in Silence

Her smile melts all
She's quiet and unsure
Tapping her fingers
Measuring time in silence

Will she be indifferent when she
wakes
I won't ask her to stay or dream
Unless she tells me
This is where she wants to be

Softly moving her gently hands
She whispers in my ear
Gentle sighs exclaim as she lands
She's been there so many times

She will be indifferent when she
wakes
Alas this is but a dream
For I am a poor man living on the
street
My tent is my home, she will not
stay with me

Thief and a Liar

Questions all these questions
Finding lies leading lies
Is that all you are getting from
me these alibies, realize
To smile a lot is such a fake glory
You invent such great stories
Avoiding the shame of taking the
blame

Your rhetoric is prehistoric
So convinced in your game
Of make-believe sing song lyric
Still maybe your aim is to blame
the self-inflicted pain
Pompous sacrifice whips you
harder as the blood bursts forth
Right from your veins

In self-righteousness you bathe
While your monsters crouch low
Seeking the week on which to
prey
Without delay they attack
As the heat of the day withdraws
These monsters kill silently with
one slash of their claws

Demons and ghouls lurking
beneath your shadow in the
street
Your innermost fear, as you
scream in your dreams
Barraging me with superstitions
Yet you fall into your own trap
I will never give you the
satisfaction of complete control
over me

You commit incest with yourself
You are the holy being you are
most in love with
You will never give up your
unholy crusade
Until there is not a body left on
this earth
You have not already consumed

Clothed in arrogance, scientific
facts you choose to ignore
You would take away medicine
vaccinations education and more
Your white picket fence life is lies
A rotting lord of the flies
Feigned holiness while sleeping
with whores
Believing in a deity that after
death will reward

Your regurgitated proclamations
echo that Christ has risen
While you mutilate genitalia and
give psychotropic drugs to
children
Hoarding trillions of dollars yet
starving families ignored
You've executed millions in the
name of the lord
Impoverished men your wars
they must fight
Coercing them to believe you are
god's emissary of might

Wither away conqueror of dirt
king of nothing
You sing praises to yourself
because no else will sing

In the reflection of a dungeon
puddle you will see your true
face
Shivering and broken after your
merciless fall from grace
On the stone floor you lie naked
and bare
The ghosts of mutilated children
surround you in this lair

I remember you drinking wine as
you boasted of mighty deeds
Now you hungrily stare at your
rotting feet as if they were a
feast
Decrepit alone in solitude no one
will care
All the while in the distance fresh
baked bread perforates the air

Above you the laughter of
children and giggles of women
sweet
Their sounds torment you as you
suffer beneath these streets
There will be no wine for you or
even morsel of food
For you have robbed hospitable
villagers and stolen their goods

They will let you starve and spit
when they hear your name
Death is most just when it
begged for in vain
They have cut in your face a
message
Carved deep by the town friars
Forever branded
Murderer, thief and a liar

The Bridge is Burning

Strange to think almost ten years
have past
Since I started out from here
All I saw grew sharper
All I felt, most sincere

I see the bridge is burning
My senses learning to feel again
I see the bridge is burning
My heart returning to life

Ten years on and I sit here again
On top of this middle arch
I gaze so reflectively down
At my life flowing past
I see love turn selfish
Self-denied, escaping on, no
more
All I have to decide is face on to
the shore

Bridges stood low they held up
my fears
Their stalwart sides buttressed
my tears
Pain is needed to burn all of this
down
Move back up the hill

By Brian Robert Pearce

Tell Me How

Tell me how
Do you tell someone
You love them
As they sit by your side

Tell me how
Do you tell someone
You love them
When they are gone

It may be that one chance in your
life
It may never come around twice
Use each moment you have
today
Tomorrow you might regret
Yesterday

He sits alone
In the corner of a bar
Across his way
Sits the girl he's always been
Pining for

He's too shy
To go over and say "how are
you?"
She glances at him
Winks him a smile as she walks
out the door

It may be that one chance in your
life
It may never come around twice
Use each moment you have
today
Tomorrow you might regret
Yesterday

Love is a painful arrow
I know it is
It gets stuck in you
Only to be pulled out again
Try to stand on your two feet
Things might work out
In the end

So tell me how
Do you tell someone
You love them
When they are gone

The Sadist and the Masochist

Steely eyes burning, turning pale
black

The hyperactive, sadistic maniac
emerges

Steely eyes locked, not holding
back

Sick and dark indulging in
perversion

Salty sweat bringing sweeter
tears

Pain is a virtue, its sacrifice
feared

Deriding the innocent in its own
pretense

As bared sore muscles flex

Embrace the solace of the leather
whip

Tortured and gagged in a lightless
pit

Flesh eating, sexual lust is found
most abundant

Still the ultimate destructive
climax

Remains old and redundant

Seeking to lift out from the
gasping tidal wave

Of self-pity who is happily
holding hands with graves

Self-indulgence is more
resourceful

Lying bent over his own vomiting
head

Next to him lies arrogance in bed
that once was beautiful

He has not yet realized, she is
rotten and dead

The sadistic maniac is frail and
old

His mind burnt, His body covered
in mold

All the lovely women that once
adored him

For fulfilling all their dreams and
granting each whim

His bed now mildew shades of
grey

His toys broken, he's gone
completely insane

Realizing on the final day

Broken dreams and carnal games

Traded now for long, lonely hours

Abused souls seeking ultimate
power

Hang now disfigured and broken
By their necks, in suicidal

embrace

Steely eyes close exhausted from
fear

Suicide creeps up close, drinking
its tears

The bruised masochistic maniac
emerges

Begging for pain, torture and
humiliation

Embracing the slashing of the
barbed leather whip

Satisfied he return to his lightless
pit
Fed only on blood mixed with
milk
At last his body ripped asunder
lying on sheets of finest silk
Pornographic displays of the
slaughtered and dismembered
Displayed proudly over the
master's bed

In the kitchen rings loudly the
buzz of a chainsaw
Meat roasting over an open fire,
still bloody and raw
In the grand hall a banquet is
now seated, the masters with
their slaves
They contentedly drool blood
while chewing on razor blades

Queasy smell in the kitchen of
rotten human meat
Tantalize their senses as they
begin to devour the feast

I will never see the sunshine
For my master has gouged out
my eyes
Under most grueling pain
Is when I feel most alive

Scream in My Dreams

Nightmare after nightmare
I am running fast
Where the screams stop
The daylight penetrates my eyes
I am tired of rolling over
To relive the past
It's not as bad
As waking to this miserable
existence
I used to have a thousand friends
They all had their issues
I went on so many benders
My doctor says I laugh at cruelty
too much
Why should I listen what will it
change
The way I see it hatred and
paranoia
They remain my only friends

I can only scream in my dreams
I can only feel good in my sleep
I can only suffocate the confusion
of the state of mind
That plagues me when i am
awake

The wish to fly away from it all
To rip off my head
and bang it against a wall
To escape this waking nightmare
Reconnect to the outside world
I wish I could just go back to
sleep
Stay there forever

Night after night demons rise
Lurking in my memories of
childhood
Isolation brainwashing and rape
Found me gagging for air
Lonely nights in the cold
With nothing but my tattered
blanket to hold
Was better than my so called
family

I can only scream in my dreams
I can only feel good in my sleep
I can only suffocate the confusion
of the state of mind
That plagues me when i am
awake

Poetry of my Mind

Won't somebody just start to
smile
It's so easy to laugh awhile
Cigar smoke shades and poker
face
It's so easy to slip up die and fade
Reading his cards will he call my
raise
Seeking out weakness will he
match the ace
Ignoring growing fear of
retribution
Suffering in nervous endless
confusion

The poetry of my mind
The silent memory of the good
times

She's engaged it's complicated
Lost for words translate
frustrated
Equally scared yet no one's
admitting
Playing mind games insulting
deriding
She screams he's immature and
dumb wit spoken
Tearstained her face fingernails
broken
Sobbing she embeds mascara in
his shirt
Wine bottle shatters blood
soaking her skirt

Out in new city new friends such
class
Looking like he's walking on
cracking glass
Believing his shrewdness will
earn him level
Lying through his teeth the score
he will settle
One slip and he's back under the
bridge
Cigar-burnt tailored suit reeking
of binge
Tonight his fake Rolex gleams his
shoes shone bright
His bluff will be fatal if not done
right

Regrets are a Part of Life

Regrets are just a part of life
Like I regret killing my wife
Stabbed her with a kitchen knife
As I was cleaning up the mess I
realized
Regrets are just a part of life

Regrets are just a part of life
Like that one fateful night
I was too cheap to take a cab
Ending up in emergency multiply
stabbed

It is true I've killed a few
Had everything to gain nothing to
lose
Bad decisions through and
through
When I opened up my eyes it was
too late
For this toxic junkie with no
restraint

I went and stuck it to the girl
next door
The perfect creature a complete
whore
She could turn tricks so sick that
god forbade
At least I didn't pay for getting
aids

Oh baby when I was still in
control
Brains and brawn I had for show
Money, power, girls and blow
Now I'm just a sucker on death
row

Petal Sea

Petal Sea blows everything away
As life's clock ticks away quietly
At least strife and mundane
sadness
Leave the harbor to never return

Smiling eyes conceal polished lies
The floods of truth wash away
both the weak and the mighty
As they stare in disbelief with
wide open eyelids
Nothing stays untouched

Control it's so easy to lose
A choleric beast of rage lurks
within
Search for strength to find what
is lost
These pieces of broken will to put
them back together

You said you would save yourself
for me
Are we even living in the same
dream?
These walls we create because
maybe we are afraid of the open
space

It's so easy to forget our will
Its so easy to forget all these
promises we make to ourselves
This pattern if it continues
We stack ourselves up in little
cages
Only we hold the key yet choose
to throw it away and stay
confined

Turn off the TV and forget
Turning on the TV to forget

No More Mr. Nice Guy

No more Mr. nice guy
I am tired of being pushed
around
No more Mr. nice guy
It's me the biggest loser in town
No more Mr. nice guy
Try your luck you might see
The monster within me

I am the rainbow and sunshine
Giving until it hurts every time
Lately though I've become a joke
Paying my friends' drinks till I am
broke
Walking penniless down the
streets
Not a dollar will my friends offer
me

You are my closest and dearest
friend
We promised love and trust till
the end
Lately though you've been acting
weird
Till I had to see what brought me
tears
Coming home early from a gig
what a surprise
To see you in the kitchen fucking
my wife

Gonna leave this all and start
anew
one thing though that's left to do
After plotting for quite awhile
I'm gonna carve you a new smile

My Love

Winter said she didn't care now
Snow blowing through her hair
Wisdom breathes to feed us air
Knowing not that it takes us it
takes us there
There is where we shiver fear off
our shoulders
through years living loving mad
Can you hear, hear the scent
the scent of the silent tears now

Baby can't you see that I'm
hurting
Looking way too deep in the
bottle
Your a headache and you're here
to stay
Drink it in, drown it out
Call me mellow call me shallow
Call me anything at all
Don't care, because I'm not here
when I'm happy
I'm going insane because I'm not
here now

I will wait for you my love
Can't you see that we're
patiently waiting?
And hundred million faces all
standing in line now
To see you coming through on
your own
Are you at home?

Last night I dreamt so real that it
felt like,
Like I started dreaming the...
The moment I awoke

Reality just doesn't mean
anything to me
Wish that I was a little bit
smarter
I've always had trouble finding
me way
But it doesn't take an idiot to
know that life is what you make it
"What you making, what you
making?"

It's insane though, it's insane
though
It's insane to wait for you to
come through that door on your
own
It's insane though, it's insane
though
It's insane to wait for you to
come through that door on your
own

Lyrics by Adina and Phil

Happy Birthday

Yesterday I called to say
Happy birthday to you so far
away
You were surprised
I realized
You wondered if this day I'd
memorize

You mean to me
More than you know
I can't let you see
The way you make
My love grow

Sheltered by an over ledge
We laid our blankets down by the
river bed
River flow was loud and swift
Hypnotic serenade was
Nature's gift to us

Turn over babe
Tell to me
The deepest secrets of your
fantasy
I'd like to see
When you're with me
Each moment lasting
Eternally

By Brian Robert Pearce

Love is (Never) Free

Love keeps on trying
Even if it is vain

Walking down a winding road
Longing for something real
Not superficial glittered gold
Something to hold and feel
Lonely eyes
Staring through the fear
Drowning out the sorrow
Holding back the tears

Because love is never free
It's much bigger than you or me
Love hurts and it heals
While you can only see and feel
Like reaching for the sun
And passing it on

Love is like laughter
Timeless, everlasting
The selfless acts of a child
Its' love is comprising
An emaciated man
Sharing his last fragment
A gravely injured soldier
Drags a foe from certain death

Because love is never free
It's much bigger than you or me
Love hurts and it heals
While you can only see and feel
Like reaching for the sun
And passing it on

Love has no religion
No race and no creed
Angered by corruption
Extortion and greed
Love is sorrow
Love wants no gain

The Ashtray

A sleepless night like all the others
My brain won't switch off
Sweating I'm shivering from cold
A faint stir of loved ones resting
As my head continues rambling on
excessively
In my mind the TV runs endlessly
A villainous hero
Who does not know what he's doing
The ashtray is filled to overflowing
So much wine I have already washed down
Yet sleep eludes me like an evil fairy tale
Whether I choose to believe
It makes no difference
My eyes are burning my energy spent

Feeling so old as my life was a million and one nights
Feeling so weak I must be dreaming of a thousand nights of sleep
Where each second is an eternity long
Every hour sixty years more
I beg for unconsciousness
For this wretched spell to finally be gone

An exhausting day like all the others
Every mirror I want to smash, I want to bash in with my face
People stare at me like statues
No expression can move me, I'm just alone in monologue tirade
In my mind I am falling thousands of miles
I never reach the ground I never reach my goals
The ashtray is filled to overflowing
So many pills I have already washed down
With whiskey to finally carry me home
On the wings of an evil fairytale
My eyes are burning my life spent

A sleepless night like all the others
Staring at the ceiling imagining your face
Smiling in the dimly lit shadows
Hoping you will take me in warm soft embrace
In my mind you are always there
Since you left this earth
I feel your presence everywhere
The ashtray is now empty
No more pills of booze in sight
Should I end it all
I cannot decide

I just wanna Job

Original version

It's been over half a year
I'm all out of ideas
All out of stash got to get me
some cash
I just wanna job

The desk is stacked full of bills
Not a dollar for booze or cheap
thrills
Endless ill mill grill kill pill nil will
I just wanna a job

I just wanna job
I just need a hit of weed man
Or I'll become a gun slinging hit
man
I just wanna job

Know a girl so sweet cute and
neat
Tidy busty and petite
She says you gotta have bread
before I give you some head
I just wanna job

Bozo the clown got no nose or
ears
Yet he's the one that pays my
beers
A girl fingers his cash
He gonna buy him some snatch
Dammit he's gotta job

No heat or light today
The police come to take me away

Unpaid fines and overdue rent
hey hey
Mayday! I'm homeless hell no
way
I got to get a job

All the companies turn me down
My tattered clothes aren't
fooling them now
I'm a drunk fuck skunk bunk hell
outta luck
Sunk to living outta my trunk
Why can't I get a job?

Get a job

Born in a hippie cult one day
They believed God would pay
their way
Talking in tongues and nonsense
to say
They should get a job

Refusing medicine to children
that were ill
God will heal or else he kills
It's a lottery game such a thrill
They should get a job

So I ran away just thirteen
Hungry and cold, skinny so lean
So I tried again when I turned
fifteen
Get myself a job

I just wanna job
Tired of slackers
Bearded religious backpackers
I just wanna job

A pair of bongos for fifty bucks
The cataclysm that would change
my luck
Living on the street really sucked
But hey, I had a job

I became the pupil of a street
musician
To buy a guitar was the new
mission
In late August came the
transition
And a slightly better job

So I played guitar for many years
Lots of parties, drugs and beers
An endless treadmill I soon
feared
I should get a normal job

I just wanna job
Tired of dirt hippies, I think
they're creepy
I just wanna job

I now have three kids I love and
adore
So I traded my guitar for
telemarketing
Such a bore chore, I feel like a
whore
At least I have a job

Soon they will be grown up one
day
I can quit my job hiphip hurrah
I'll be singing in the streets and
doing okay
Because that is really my job

My goal in life is to be heard
Millions of dollars to me is absurd
Too many pop star brats with too
much cash
They should get a job

I just wanna job
Just please not astrology or
reading tea
I just wanna job

I am Rich

I eat whole countries for
breakfast
I wash them down with a military
coup
I swim in the ocean with the
great white shark
I am Ferocious as a tiger brute
strength of a bear

For lunch I think I'll have a
congress
As dessert a prime minister or
president
I'll wash them down with blood
of masses
Extorting my slaves down to the
last cent

I am rich
get in my way you must be
insane
I am rich so filthy fucking rich
Get in my way
I'll put you in chains

I am an evil empiric sadistic
motherfucker
My fires burning down the
homes of my brothers
My bombs commit genocide all
around
Children lie faces buried in the
ground

At dinner Satan sits at my right
hand

Feasting on newborn babies
drinking the blood of the lamb
With his all seeing eyes and his
methodical lies
You best believe we control most
of the world

They say money is the root of all
evil
But that is because they are
jealous and that they are broke
Believe me having tons of money
Is really fucking awesome
It means your life is but a joke
Because I am rich

I watch children die of starvation
While I buy a fifty million dollar
house
I exterminate every creature in
the ocean
Chop every single stupid
rainforest down

Hanging

I Spent my life, waiting to die
Today is the time so here I go

I wrote my mother
A letter in apology
Asking forgiveness
For all the pain and grief
All my victims
That I put to the knife
I am now required
To repay with my life

I will be hanging between the
platform in the courtyard

The prisoners around,
they pity themselves
Standing in line,
for the last time
waiting to die
Bloodthirsty officers
come to watch now
The crowd around is cheering to
see us

Hanging between the platform in
the courtyard

Our mothers are quietly crying,
watching their sons walk to the
scaffold,
here we go

We will be hanging between the
platform in the courtyard

Half-man

Long ago a half-man was born in
dirt, covered in flies
The villagers gathered shouting,
demanding that it dies
His mother was screaming as
they tore her son from her thighs
They cast him into the sewers
and left him there to die

His mother was still very young
When she conceived her son
One day in the forest
She met a great strong beast
Over time she could no longer
abstain
And gave herself to him in the
rain

The villagers found them out
Put the beast in chains
It was not to go unpunished
That her innocence had been
claimed
As she had conceived from him
The beast was slain
For in this village no half man
shall ever draw breath

They forced his mother to plunge
a knife into her own son's heart
Yet she gave him life through the
tears that she cried
Into his open wounds as she lay
him aside
The baby's eyes looked up at her
ever asking why
She stroked his cheek and wept

"Please little boy, you need you
to die"

Left for dead, in the mud of
civilization
The baby became a half-man
Feeding on the population
Learning the smell of fear
Parents would tell their children
The half-man is lurking near

A now grown immortal made of
flesh and mud
No one can match his strength
Crushing skulls tearing limbs
With his bare hands
No mortal man has the strength
to escape his rage

The half-man found his mother
as she lay dying old and gray
Her last words were "My sweet
boy! I knew you'd find me
someday"
"They would have killed us both
what else could I have done?
Yet here you stand before me,
my beautiful only son."

He growled "I have slaughtered
every man
That murdered my father and did
you harm"
He picks up her dying body
Cradling her in his blood dripping
arms

As she gazed into his eyes
She drew her final breath
The half-man bellowed loudly

“I have nothing left”

He dug her a pit

Gently laid her into her grave

“Your tears would not let me die.

Now sleep little mother giver of
life”

Fat Moe

He was just a boy of tender age
when he first met big fat Moe
Stood on the corner of 29th
of Main
Selling grass heroin and blow

They shot big fat Moe

Old Moe he wasn't really that
bad
Despite selling heroin and blow
The police tried to catch him and
he tried to run away
That's about all we know

They shot big fat Moe

Probably doesn't matter anyway
If they caught he'd a rotted in jail
Because old Moe's family
Couldn't afford a lawyer or bail

They shot big fat Moe

Now we sit by old Moe's grave
drinking whisky and wine
thinking about how sad it is
the police ruined our good time

When they shot big fat Moe

By John Pohlman

Fairy Tales are Real

Baby, hold me tighter
I still can't quite believe
that you have come to be with
me
and in my hour of need

Is the whole world smiling
or am I in a dream?
But everywhere I go
there seems
such beauty to be seen

The Summer breeze caressed me
when you told me how you feel
and the city lights winked fondly
saying, "Fairy tales are real!"

The scars that tried to break my
heart
You kissed them all away
Your glowing eyes say, "I love
you
and welcome to today"

I thought I'd lived enough of life
to have seen it all before
Hey, I used to laugh
at fairy tales
but now
I'm not so sure

The Summer breeze caressed me
when you told me how you feel
and the city lights winked fondly
saying, "Fairy Tales are Real!"

By Brian Robert Pearce

Epiphany of Alpha

The alcohol induced intrigues of a hyperactive, mental five year old

What is that dark abyss that looms over the skies?

He wondered while running faster

He didn't mean outer space of course

He was talking about the thickest blackness that is only visible in dreams and nightmares

Perhaps visible in death

If the tiger caught up with him, his flesh would become sustenance

Perhaps it was an alternate reality or the absence of everything

As his feet flew perilously before him so shaky with every step

He should rather concentrate on running

That's so me! He thought, thinking about all sorts of abstract nonsense

Trying to multitask while running for my life

If one step falters or god forbid a sprained ankle, it would be over

They might collapse and seal his fate, inviting the tiger to lunch

He could feel the hot breath on his neck, the smell of many an unlucky chap

Still rotting between the tiger's teeth

It seems like hours and days flew by, since this chase began

If only the tiger would lose his scent

He could hide in the dilapidated urban jungle he now called home

Yet this was hardly the case as whiskers were now scraping his neck

One faulty step and it would be over in the blink of an eye

He found himself screaming I was not born for digestion in a tiger's stomach

I will not be dinner to a lower, (however muscularly impressive) beast of prey

He dashed a sharp right into an old sewer pipe

The spray of tiger spit hitting him on the tip of his ear

Is this what humanity has devolved to him?

Fighting for his life only now to possibly be dinner

The glorious end of the so called human race

Digesting in the foul intestines of
a creature that could not solve a
simply riddle

Oh, the humanity!

It was a terrible choice that right
turn, as the sewer came to its
foreseeable end

Unwittingly he realized the
terrible decision just seconds
before the tiger made his final
blow

Looming in the shadows it
seemed as dozens of predators of
all sorts

Had come to bid adieu to the
human race

In an ironic feeding frenzy

He cannot and will not die being
eaten gruesomely, his intestines
still warm in the mouths of
beasts

His legs and genitals being torn
asunder while screaming in death
defying agony

The life that his mother gave him,
the life he always told himself
was so special

What was it now? Is this over?

The so-called destiny, karma,
meaning of life, philosophy,
religion, morals, love and
potatoes with

Beef?

Mother used to always say how
special he was that he was Gods'
greatest gift to her

She said He gave her an only son
of Immaculate Conception

Indeed, probably the most
muscular well-proportioned and
handsome man to ever walk the
earth

Now she too was rotting in the
mouth of that same tiger that
had every intention of claiming

Gods' special gift as his lunch

Every war, every fight just
everything seemed so pointless
now.

If he could go back in time he
would scream

Everyone!

Lay down your arms and
embrace each other in brotherly
love

Not so much that I care about
bad life decisions

However, the last human on
earth being eaten alive in a
pathetic bid of man versus beast

Is not how I picture the end of
mans' cruel and god forsaken
reign of the earth

I am sure you all would agree

If mankind had known how this
would play out

We would have skinned every
last tiger into cozy fireside skins

Where we would make love to
our women while drinking sweet
wine

In front of him the sewer now at
an end, water cascading over the
edge into mountain tops

Thousands of feet below

The untouched wilderness as far
as the eye could see

Never anything more beautiful
had he laid his eyes upon

The mountain peaks glistening
with snow

Lush forests and vegetation
thrived beside rivers and lakes so
clean that the tiniest fish were
visible

On the edge of the horizon great
oceans fought with the land in an
ever-ceaseless bid to destroy it

Suddenly he felt ashamed

He scolded himself for his
arrogance

Fooling himself to be so much
more than just another creature
of equal value on this planet

Yes, perhaps the tiger couldn't
solve riddles

How was he to know for sure?

If all the intelligence and
technology could not save the
human race

Maybe we were wrong about the
tigers too

His whole body drenched in
sweat, his muscles shivering in
fear

Urethra now gushing forth every
ounce of liquid

All bodily functions seem to have
a life of their own

He guessed the fight would be
over before it even began

Now not even his limbs would
move how he wanted but rather
flopped lazily at his sides

Except one limb that
inappropriately stood at full
mast

Perhaps making it literally its' last
stand

His feet burning with exhaustion
frozen solid in their tracks

The tiger halted as if for a
second, he somehow understood
the anguish and the pain

Soon to be inflicted on this now
very wet and shaking all you can
eat buffet

Nonetheless his hunger was
greater than his pity

Am I capable of pity? He thought
to himself, and why am I thinking
in English?

What I really meant to say is grrr
(translation problem)

Decisions, decisions, the others
are getting impatient and hungry

Waiting for the stupid narrator to
stop yakking about the meaning
of life and nonsense

Please dear author, let us finally
eat him after all isn't this how the
story ends?

Death inevitable to life? The
strong devour the weak? Natural
selection

Hush now my minions, for in your
fantasy world you may do as you
please

However, I am writing this story,
therefore stop interjecting or you
will all remain hungry

I have not decided to kill off my
only character just yet!

His eyes interlock with those of
the tiger the showdown has
begun

He can see every detail on the
tiger's face the crusted blood
matted against its' fur and snout

Ironically, like watching a David
Attenborough Blu-ray movie.

Only though, the first rule of
filming in nature is to not
interfere

However gruesome and
heartbreaking it may seem

Unlucky for him I guess

Oh, how he missed those long
hours curled up on the couch
with his wife under a blanket

Fondling her breasts, while
watching animals get about their
business

Sometimes ignoring the show on
TV altogether, as a more
promising entertainment opened
up to

him on the couch

The condensed breath of human
and beast interlock in a whimsical
cloud between the two of them

Sharing each other's breath, the
very air keeping them both alive
passing from him into tiger and

back into him again

Soon perhaps only the tiger will
breathe and bits of him will be
wedged in its' teeth

Together at last in flesh joining
his mother and wife

The tiger strikes

Nothing could prepare him for
this moment no martial arts or
meditation

No prayers to God and Jesus

Self-righteous holy piousness
asking for forgiveness, magic or
Satanism

No donating all your belongings
to charity, good will or visiting
old folks

Being the bleached teeth,
chewing gum chewing, all
American chum

No wine bibbing, fake French
babbling, baguette and cheese
feasting for this fellow

In stereoscopic flash the tiger
flanks at him left and right claws
simultaneously

His hands push out feeling the
wet darkened red fur of the
tiger's face

The blood of former kills now
dripping through his fingers and
spraying his face

Their noses touching and foul
breath envelops them, as he is
gasping for air

Claws ripping at his face he feels
his skin opening up to dirty claws
entering his body

Raping his face of comeliness

Teeth penetrate his larynx,
stifling heroic screams

The tiger's beard feels soft and
cuddly against his face

His destiny as apparent now as a
man being hit by a bus

Man, and beast precariously
close to the edge of the abyss

The old world behind them
where nothing remained after
the Great War that killed billions

Both man and beast were
severely decimated and many
species, now extinct

Live only in the memory of one
last human being who is being
shaken around

Suspended by jaws sunk firmly in
his neck his feet lifted straight off
the ground

Ironically flopping back and forth
like a rag doll

Buildings reduced to dangerous
rubble and predators who scour
the landscape for prey

An especially hungry tiger who
seemed to really have it in for
humans

Perhaps it used to live in a zoo or
god forbid even worse it was
doomed to be a celebrity's pet

Maybe this was payback for
everything, good old fashioned
tiger style

The flesh in his neck gives way
and severs partially beheading
him

The tiger loses his grip and he
momentarily breaks free

Notwithstanding the
hopelessness of the situation
with his last seeming moment of
consciousness

With every muscle in his body in
synchronized motion he decides
to throw his body off the abyss

At least a partial victory knowing
that after death the tiger will be
denied his meal

Maybe now he will finally see
beyond the darkest blackness

That he always sees in the skies
while flying in his dreams

He has tried many times to fly
through the blackness but always
either fell back to the earth

Or woke up drenched in sweat
his hands and feet tingling with
excitement

He tries to imagine what the
impact to the ground and the
transition of life to death will feel
like

He remembers being born; will
he remember death?

Will his being continue its
consciousness after his body
splatters all over the mountains
below?

He laughs to himself

People always looked at him
weirdly when he told them he
could remember his birth

The looks said "Who are you
trying to fool? Are you so
pathetic that this is how you try
to get

attention to yourself?"

Sometimes the look would be
more bewildered and even
intrigued.

Sometimes rarely he had the
notion that someone actually
believed him

After all his story was not at all
extraordinary

No big explosions, little teenage
girls shrieking and fainting as
they do when pop star trash
passes by

No showdown of wit or thunder
and lightning in the sky

No plagues scorching the land or
prophecies foretelling his arrival
and wise men bearing gifts

None of that bullshit

Just little old him being pushed
out of his mother's vagina

Transcending from pitch black to
dark red and then out into
blinding white light

Which he later realized to be just
an ordinary neon light bulb

Sometimes he wondered why he
can't remember what it was like
before the pitch dark

Before he felt all sticky, gross and
tired being cut off from his
mother at the life source

Ginormous heads and eyes
looking down at him with their
huge teeth

His eyes trying to make sense of
the images, sounds and a million
other things

There were definitely sensations
of hunger and cold

He felt water run down his body
as a huge hand caressed his bare
skin

Then being wrapped in a large
towel of some sort and carried
through the air yet again

Now finally enveloped in a loving
mother's arms and suckling at
her breasts

The smell was wonderful and he
fell asleep the first and the best
sleep of his life

See? Told you! Nothing
extraordinary at all

What is extraordinary however is
the fact that he was still
breathing

Even though most of his blood if
not all of it was either in the
tiger, on the tiger or next to the
tiger

His trachea no longer connected
to anything and his spinal cord
severely shattered from the
attack

He found himself not falling to his
death at all

Rather he was floating in the air,
his blood dripping from his bare
feet

Far down on to the snow coloring
it pink

The mountains and forests below
the blue sky above

That ever so curious blackness
just out of reach

His gaze meets that of the tiger's

The tiger now a complete loss for
words is bewildered to see his
lunch just suspended in the air

As the tiger pants, three severed
fingers fall out of his mouth

The tiger licks them up again and
swallows

Almost as if on purpose he never
leaves the man's gaze

Taunting and ridiculing this
bizarre change of events

As if the tiger would say "I may
not have gotten to eat you, but I
have at least disfigured you"

A small satisfaction perhaps?

The man's body starts to
rejuvenate while still floating in
the air

His fingers start to grow, and his
throat reassembles itself

His memories from before birth
start to unlock themselves

Somehow his essence has
triggered his cellular structure to
change and mend itself at will

Although he still is not quite sure
how

He remembers what is beyond
the blackness

He remembers everything, all the
knowledge in the world floods his
conscious

His whole body now immaculate
and completely naked for he has
no need to hide

He is the most beautiful human
creature that has ever existed

He shouts to the tiger

“You are no match for me, I have
lived millions of lives, since the
dawn of time

My consciousness has
transcended through every death

I cannot be destroyed. You are an
alpha tiger I grant you that

However, I am stronger, older
and much more powerful than
you.

When you die you will return to
dust and your consciousness will
lay to rest

I thank you kindly for you
services tiger

For in hunting me down and
almost killing me you have
severed me from weakness, from
mortality

In the eyes of death, I have
remembered who I am, who I
always was.

I am the oldest existing creature
since before the dawn of
mankind.

I was born unto millions of
women

I am Alpha”

Drink before u drive

When the light goes on and the
sun goes down

I'm just about ready to go out

I've been pissed all day and I
stink like a skunk

My momma says I shouldn't drive
cause I already drunk

So, drink before u drive

Let's go for a nice long ride

Don't be scared u will see

I have destroyed more cars than
u will ever dream

I had me a Chevy a Mustang a
Ford

Even crashed an airplane

Through my neighbor's front
door

I've owned BMW Mercedes and I
guess the fucking rest

But I never had a car for three
days or less

I woke up in hell and the devil
said to me

You're d dumbest drunken retard
I ever seen

In hell there's no place for a
drunken bastard like you

I'm freaking sick n tired of
cleaning up your spew

Dream Together

We've got all night to dream
together

Totally out of breath you and me
You make me love to me sweet
harmony
You and I melt into a shapeless
mold
Intertwining with you
You fill my soul

Ooh I just can't get enough
I love the way you touch me
Oh, let's take it slow
We've got all night to dream
together

Something tingles when I see
your eyes
It throws me back into paradise
Mm I want to spend my life
With your sweetness right by my
side

Oh, let's take it slow
We've got all night to dream
together
Ooh I just can't get enough
I love the way you touch me

Totally out of breath you and me
You make me love to me sweet
harmony
You and I melt into a shapeless
mold
Intertwining with you
You fill my soul

Ooh I just can't get enough
I love the way you touch me
Oh, let's take it slow

Deep Inside

Sitting here enjoying the time
My dream is real in this silence
So many places I can find
When I explore the rooms of my
mind

I'll sit then I'll fly
I'm gone for hours in short
seconds
Hearing the oceans' tide
Whisper gently deep inside

Words can be so useless
Words are so beautiful
Will I ever find the magic of
expression
In the still and the unspoken
In thoughts and memories
In quiet patience waiting
For these words to be born
Born again

Dead Sixteen

I started to drink at the early age
of three
My parents would often collapse
and pass out on the floor
Leaving some whiskey or beer for
me

Soon enough at the age of five
My father just kind of up and
died
Mother fell into a drunk binge
remorse
For her anger I became the
source

In abandoned subway halls I
sleep every night
I've been stabbed and robbed
before
I fear for my life
Smeared old subway walls
I now call them my home
My imaginary friends making
sure I am not alone

At the age of eleven
Pretty sure momma went down
to hell not heaven
Since then, I've been on my own
The world of the street became
my home

Now at the age of just fifteen
My liver is bloated to proportions
extreme
My brain poisoned with years of
abuse

I'd still feel lucky with another
year to go

The angels come down from the
sky
Showing kindness to an urchin
wretched as I
Through no sins of my own
A corpse lies here cold as stone

In abandoned subway halls I've
slept every night
I've been stabbed and robbed
before
I feared for my life
Smeared old subway walls
I called them my home
My imaginary friends made sure I
was not alone

Now I lie in a cold unmarked
grave
Because nobody on this earth
ever knew my name
Trying not to resent my
childhood past
Being dead at sixteen never had a
chance

Dark River

His heart is broken
He thinks to himself alone
Will he decide to hold on
Will he let go and drown

The dark flowing river
It has seen so much pain
It flows on endlessly
Through my veins

He stands there now
On the bridge in tears
As I watch him fall down
Giving in to his fear

I ask myself
Why this waste of life?
Is it really what you hate the
most?
That you'd rather die

I screamed you are blind you are
blind
Why did you cut short your time?
Only god knows what goes
through your mind
But you can never take that back

Closer to Heaven

There is something enchanting
As the bells chime eleven
He hears her panting
Reaching closer to heaven
Beneath the blanket of the night
Our bodies join as one
Souls they intertwine
Before the night is gone

I'm Closer to heaven
When I'm lying in your arms
Making love
To every inch of your body

You're closer to heaven
When I'm holding you tight
Making sure
Everything is alright
Closer to heaven

Paradise would be lost
If interjoining would cease
Even though sometimes we lose
hope
And often disagree
From times that change
One remains the same
Without my love for you
I'd go completely insane

Every moment of everyday
Finally has a meaning
You found me broken and made
me whole
I'm no longer scared of being
alone

Burn

Sometimes you may think
Tomorrow will never come
You ask yourself if the sun shines
for you as well

I took my telephone book
I felt invisible
So many strangers I see from my
life
I have heard them all through the
receiver many times
I will not call them

I can't use their good advice
Because it's not good advice

Instead, I will try to avoid
To derail myself from this world
with my feelings alone
In my room I will burn

Where is the source of comfort
that day to day haunts me
I've known her such a long time
Once I kissed her softly

She gave my earth
When I started to fly too far away
I'll not call her

I won't use her good advice
Because it's not good advice

Where are the memories you
know
When you start to approach me
I feel like I've never known you
It's no use to run from the pain

That has long been forgotten

I will not call you or ask you for
advice
Because it's not good advice

Instead, I will try to avoid
Derailing myself from this world
With my feelings alone
In my room, I will burn

Blonde Bimbo

Blonde Bimbo in the pool hall
Them fools stare at her titties, as
she rack them balls
Her perfume is so strong that it
fill the room
But if you play against her it will
be your doom

She clean out your wallet and
leave you like a bum
She fakes being nice, so sweet
and dumb

(and gives you a fake phone
number)

Blonde Bimbo in the pool hall
the boys come running she don't
have to call
You owe her three hundred
dollars and you better pay
Her gang is all too happy
To beat you and break your face

You might have even thought
you'll bed her but its all lies
You never get nothing from her
Except empty alibies

(and maybe a fake phone
number)

blond bimbo in the pool hall
Always causing a bar room brawl
Because all the boys are thinking
they're going to get some
in the end no one is getting none

Except the big daddy getting
ready in his Cadillac
Happily cleaning his baseball bat

(He'll even wink, wink you a real
phone number)

So boys beware
If you think of riding her thighs
You'll be left with an empty
wallet
And even big black eyes

(and a fake phone number)

Blue Sky Morning

Blue-sky morning

After a cold long winter

The ground is wet

Tearstained by the weather
jester

Scattered clouds

Scattered people

I'm all wrapped up in this shroud

Scattered death

Scattered resurrection

Spring's breath

Scattered thoughts

As I wake up this morning

My soul is drifting

Through these spaces called
reality

Still slightly dazed by this maze

We call

Life, and death

What is friendship?

A friend is someone who is there for you

A friend is someone you are there for

A friend is someone whom you have no need to explain yourself to because they know you

A friend is someone who runs towards you when everyone else is running away

A friend talks to you about themselves but also listens

A friend defends you and expects you to reciprocate

A friend dances with you in the rain

A friend doesn't know the word betrayal

A friend will let you go and rejoice when they see you again

A friend will smile when reading your eulogy, because you were worth remembering

Waddle of Shame

Only when my rear was lifted
Did I feel its crack
Touched by gentle easy breeze
But toilet paper it lacked
Most embarrassing of all
conundrums
It was I that was to blame
My jeans hugging my ankles alas
I started waddling off in shame

It was many days ago
I noticed the toilet paper was
getting low
Procrastination my friends is an
evil foe
For toilet paper lack now is my
every woe
To purchase it were many
opportunities
I ignored all despite incessant
need
Regretfully I waddle aimlessly
Bracing myself, hands upon my
knees

I stripped off my clothes and
decided to shower
It was then I noticed there was
no heat nor power
To warm up my cold dirty ass
For I had not paid my bills alas
So, I washed off my balls my
shaft and my rump
Feeling like a miserable frumpy
old grump
As I dried off my pubes and
remaining bollock

Between my feet sharted out a
Jackson Pollock

The Frozen Ground

The meat on the ground
Frozen it lies
A screech from above through
the air it flies
The buzzard spawns wing and
thrusts below
To the tired frozen frog
inanimate by cold
Buzzard claws tear apart froggy's
innards within
Yet no frog capable of immortal
sin
Will froggy fly to the heavens or
to hell down below
Least not up to me does it lack
immortal soul
Only human fantasy curates such
delight
Of sending froggy to its gloomy
afterlife
For of God and Satan a froggy's
conscious would never share
Its brain inept to make belief
consequence
of which humans bear

Strength

When all others scream, to
remain calmly silent

Strength is the will to fulfill
another human's rights
To fighting malfeasance at cost of
one's own life
Strength is the courage to speak
out against inequality
Holding the head high against
unjust cruelty
Strength is living when a loss can
never be undone
Like a mother witnessing the
birth and death of her bleeding
son

Strength ignores the ranting of
idiotic conspiracists
Fanatics screaming that fraternity
is evil and communist
Divine favoritism lays heavily
embedded in partisanal
propensity
Potential murderers that are
blinded by their own hypocrisy
Strength is to lay down the gun
and truly care
To seek dialogue with an enemy
when no one else dare

Strength finds itself in silence and
alone
In reverence and self-restraint its
true power honed
Strength is shedding of
intolerance
Self-recognition of own faults
and ignorance
Strength is pushing forward when
the body is scarred and bent

Stay

A picture sketched in pencil
An old man sitting still
His eyes gaze beyond to nowhere
Clutches an oversized teddy bear
Its fur matted its eyes now dim
Skin drops off showing
lifelessness within
The rocking chair creaks and then
stops
His boney fingers a soft rhythm
knock
A childhood rhymes a melodic
tune
He forms a sound his tongue
once knew
Alas it has long vanished into
dust
His memory fleeting like
powdered rust
A soft wind blows his last strands
of hair
Translucent mother wipes the
tear he cannot cry
The bones in his face glisten
white and bare
Radiating under pale moonlight
they lie
"Come my child" whispers the
wind

"You've lived a long full life it's
time to rescind"
"Your friends and loved ones are
all passed away"
Crumbling teddy bears plead "we
beg you to stay"
A figure appears to stumble in
eerie candle glow
It cannot quite walk as it casts
twisted shadow
"Don't listen to the wind" it
snarls and clicks its teeth
"She stole all my friends" As
forward it creeps
The old man with last strength
turns his head
And retorts aloud to what the
creature said
"I love my bears I cannot let them
go"
I will miss them but they me even
more so
When I die my consciousness, my
soul shall be free
But these bears are trapped here,
it is their destiny
So, I will sit here forever biding
sands of time
Until the last bear crumbles into
dust, for I am kind
I am theirs, and they are mine

Sonnet of Decay

The world spins carefree in
pulsing breath

As one watch like many slows
then stops

Embedding in a final grin a
melodic sonnet

Dissonance of ultimate decay

Mind wanders in loving embrace

Accomplishment, love, loss and
gratitude

The heart struggles to keep its
pace

A gentle touch a tear gently
creeps

A lifelong love beneath wrinkled
skin

A howling void, a soul does weep

Doth not one leave untouched

Life has gone it has left us in
silence

Yet the world turns in blatant
ignorance

Of the universe turned to
darkness

It meaning nothing to you

But it meant the world to me

One Hundred

One hundred thoughts flew past
her mind

That fateful morning, she realized
she had died

However, it was not painful

As she hovered, she realized

The ache was felt by the image
mesmerized

Of her children and husband
crying below

How long have I been dead for?

She whispered quietly to falling
snow

As her body was lowered gently
to the ground

Stifled cries of anguish to hear a
dreadful sound

She reaches out to touch her
children's hair

But her hand is like a wisp it only
cradles thin air

One hundred thoughts are
questions

Who will answer her incessant
plea?

For she is alone hovering in the
air now

Hoping this all is just a dream

Divine

I once paused to do some
research
Create from the Bible a poetic
verse
God's language I was sure
Would be epic, beautiful and
pure
For a moment everything was
bliss
The first man and then woman
Were touched by God, his divine
kiss
As I turned the pages to read on
I noticed something horribly
wrong
Mankind descended to
anarchism
Fratricide, incest and nepotism
Hundreds of pages of blood and
gore
Tales of deceit and disgusting
lore
Murder rape and cannibalism
Genocide dictated by divine
fascism
The Bible supposedly written by
godly decree
Yet all I could see was anguish
and misery

Why would a father send down
his son?
To be tortured and pierced and
then finally hung,
On a cross for mankind's
salvation?
What a disgusting arbitration
To create man and then curse
him
With so called original sin
Then comes the book of
revelations
With angelic exaltations
As God kills off his own creations
That supposedly committed such
aberrations
As simply not believing
In this divine deceiving
If God is so omnipotent
Why does he seem so frustrated
and impotent?
To constantly demand of his own
creation
To praise and adore his
reverberation
All this fear and dread was too
much for my head
So I went outside to bask in the
sunlight instead

A Song of Race and Creed

In every culture racism abounds
If you listen closely, you may hear
its sound
It's not plain to see but it's all
around
As so as your foot, steps on
foreign ground
You may notice it's hard to find
well paid work
While the nationals ignore you
and act like jerks
You may find it tough to truly get
ahead
You may wonder what it's like to
rather be dead
Can't get credit or a loan the
bank it will eschew
A risk they will not take with little
dirty foreign you
God forbid you may be a refugee
Fleeing for your life and war-torn
misery
Come to a country to be locked
up in a cell
Your children snatched away to
another living hell
An animal a rapist, a drug dealer
too
Are insults you will live through
Little dirty foreign you

Even if you've been here for
generations
But your color just isn't right
Condemned because of
conjugations
Prejudiced law makers write
You scream of injustice and are
beaten black and blue
Only because you are, little dirty
foreign you
When you walk through town
everyone still stares
Because of your choice of
clothing and the identity it bears
And of terrorism affiliation they
will accuse
Because you speak different,
little dirty foreign you
Even your name denies you a
living because it ends with "ed"
The local employer denies your
need
To earn your daily bread
This cataclysm I'm afraid is
growing and will only get bigger
People can be such racists
without ever saying

Another Song for Racists

Several different men could not quite agree

About religion, race and sexuality

The first man proclaimed intellect is important and his race is smarter

Immediately someone shouted out shut up cracker

He retorted that's so eloquent coming from a kike

Whose race stabbed our savior in the back with a knife?

A third man shouted out what's all this insolence

Allah is the only God all praise his Sovereign

Another woman piped up yes but I can't quite agree

Your version of God it surely troubles me

For you make my vagina a place of evil I should cover my body in shame

And when I am molested and raped

It is I who's to blame

A couple of gays decided to join in with this derision

But the other men berated them for not getting a circumcision

What right do you have to tell me to cut my penis skin?

Shall we mutilate her clitoris too? For causing thoughts of sin?

The first three men were quite disgusted and threatened the gay men with violence

Because they flaunted their presence boldly and refused to be silenced

It doesn't matter whether you hate women or queers, kikes or crackers when you have the gun

If you pull the trigger you will kill, you become the evil one

Innocent blood will flow red as human as are you

Blood will be on your hands because of the bigoted things you do

Death on Live Stream

I am fatigued, my lungs are
slowly giving up on me

This must be it, what it's like to
die

To be so tired that you long for
sleep

I would willingly close my eyes
for the last time

Will my soul awaken to revel in
Hare Rama?

I see no light at the end of this
tunnel

No rainbows and glory hallelujah
A solemn unsolved puzzle

No Hindus, Buddhists, Christians
or Muslims

Running around chanting,
praising Jesus or Allah

No thundering Deus roar of self-
righteous schisms

Tranquility of Holy darkness, Sela.

I could talk of killing myself today
and no human being would care

Unless I did a YouTube live
stream

So, subscribers can witness the
naked truth I'd bare

After they skip the
advertisement for prostate
cream

So many messages the dead have
died to share

Tick tock some girl's time's run
out, she's been accidentally
strangled

So challenge much stupid such
dare

Lying on the bathroom floor,
blue, cold and mangled

Heartbroken parents' lives never
will be the same

They will never find peace
because with them sleeps the
blame

Their daughter cannot accept
that she's now dead

So she creeps up out of the earth
every night, to lie with them in
bed

Pubescents take duck face selfies
in slutty cosplay dress

Because they want other human
beings, to be slightly impressed

A Social media influencer posts to
her fans that she's down and sad

One thousand likes, thoughts,
prayers, and well wishes, just for
feeling bad

Last time I killed myself I just
went ahead and undertook

Tying the rope to my neck,
without announcing it on
Facebook

I was clinically dead yet
somehow, I survived

Luckily my neck hadn't broken, I
thought while being revived

"I have friends too; don't they
know that I almost died?"

Not like they realized my
existence at all, when I was alive

With my letter complete,
barbiturate laced whiskey
beckons me

I cut my goodbyes into my wrist,
deadly blissful tranquility

Anguish only wakes in realization

Of my ungodly self-desecration

Since I never plan to wake

No difference shall it make

The creature what was I lives
nevermore

A bloated body washed up on
immortal shore

These words end my live stream
solemnly

Death was here it has come for
me

Deity of Hell

I laud my demons
They suit me well
Stitched to my soul
By finest tailors in hell
Each needle threads supreme
Thorough woven patterns in my skin
The story it does seam
Is the glowing darkness within
Dark powers grow within me
Ever since I was a boy
God's soldier ordained to be
A vassal, deictic toy
My destiny obliged
Four horsemen come to kill
Unleash unmitigated wrath
Vengeful chilling thrill
My reward is in death
Then I shall no longer be?
If eternal life would remain?
What heartbreak might I see?
That my sacrifice is a curse
For those who did not believe?
In sordid Bible verse
Its con-artistic deceit?
Yet we will all live forever

To praise a sadistic monster
Choose eternal retribution
Over everlasting joyous fear
We smile in bliss of sweet heaven above
Gloria hallelujah and our savior's genuine love
To ask questions we should never dare
Or this eternal fire we all shall share
I backslid out of father's favor
For whispering doubt, but a whim
His forgiveness, exculpatory magnitude
Why must we be born, with original sin?
As believers chant of God's love and woe
Priests cast out devils, fighting imaginary foe
Assaulting humanity, with fallacies, stupendous beliefs
Replacing divine will, with deadlier disease
The greatest demon, he laughs in the heavens
As soothsayers interpret sixes and sevens
He has murdered god and taken her place

Thus, commencing to proselytize
our very stupid race

Because mankind is the fallen
angel

We warm our corpses in religious
mirth

The realization all too painful

We already live in hell on earth

I love my demons

They suit me well

My new skin now complete

A deity of hell

The Abyss

Open shut,
And open shut,
With such ease you start to cut,
I see you standing over me,
and feel as though it's hard to
breathe

Your eyes they weep,
My soul it bleeds
I feel time begins to freeze
Memories of our last kiss
As I fall into the abyss

You're falling, darkness taking
hold
Breathless and so alone
Skyline meets an abandoned
place
Slamming in violent embrace

Sonic boom the message clear
Sleep now child no need to fear

I feel things that can't be real
I see things I've never seen
When I wake up I'm still asleep
Your face lights up everything

I sense the darkness take ahold
Pulling me to this void below
Open shut and open shut
Everything I loved is gone

You're falling, darkness taking
hold
Breathless and so alone
Skyline meets an abandoned
place

Slamming in violent embrace

None of this is at all our fault
My time has come it's our loss
Someday you and me will stay
Where time no longer causes
pain
The clock is ticking

Every time I see you

Turn you back to me
unapologetically
It's plain to see there's no love
for me
You'd wish I'd be a distant
memory
You're a beautiful catch, stunning
intellect
A chiseled perfect sweet deflect
Now suddenly unremorsefully
Excusing your loss of use for me

Were you just an adventure kiss
bang bang
a fast ride and a thrill
Because my trampled heart is in
shatters,
like that vase fallen off your
window sill
I walk as I weep, shivering I look
crying to the skies
Because every time I see you,
something dies

I'm ashamed to say I've lost my
way it feels so gray
Mundane days are all the same
I regret I can't forget that letter
you left and crept out as I slept
Jilted wilted trash thrown away
beaten scarred and jagged
My mind is cracked spirit hacked
I tear at myself till I'm naked
bloody and ragged

Were you just an adventure kiss
bang bang

a fast ride and a thrill
Because my trampled heart is in
shatters,
like that vase fallen off your
window sill
I walk as I weep, shivering I look
crying to the skies
Because every time I see you,
something dies
I warned you. Something dies

You turn your face to me so
apologetically
You claim you lost your way
you've changed
Expect my life now to be
rearranged
It's impossible because you see
All this damaged you've done to
me
Makes me realize your selfish lies
I'm no longer victim of your
narcissistic mind

You were just an adventure kiss
bang bang
A fast ride and a thrill
I'm no longer broken by those
words you've spoken
There's nothing I want you can
fulfill
You try to embrace me with
those salty tears running from
your eyes
Because now every time you see
me
Something dies

I warned you, something dies

Growing Old

Twenty-five years ago, I played
guitar
In blistering heat and cold, the
pouring rain
Twelve hours and more never
bothered me
I even lost my voice a few times
While living on the street

Every day was a struggle to
survive
No one cared if I lived, felt love or
cried
Overdose from addictions
So many times, I nearly died
Yet somehow, I woke each
morning
And found myself alive

Now I'm growing old

Ten years ago, I nearly
committed suicide
Turned myself off punched out
my time
The frustration and anger were
so much
My spirit totally broken, I had
enough
But I thought of my children who
need me
To help them on life's journey
So, they won't suffer like me
And I get to be that father that
never did raise me

We're all growing old

Now I work every day
Carrying boxes or serving coffee,
a little guitar play
I'm no celebrity and I don't want
to be
I'm just proud of my children
I hope one day
They might be proud of me

A Small Book

There lies a small book with blank
pages
When you look upon it reminds
you of what brought you here
Visualizing sweet memories
entering your mind
The drums echo dissolving fear
A cave deep in the ground
Echoing softly your footstep
sound
Memories held in the well of
space
Dissonant like everything we are
The cave holds water to refresh
Lying hidden for so long
Remembering the ancient
tradition
Singing flowing stream its
rhythmic song
So you fall deep into
unconsciousness
In velvet carpeted calming
softness
Your eyes gaze upon the pulsing
ceiling
Totally awakened in state of
dreaming
Around your hands fairies dance
in synchronization
Reveling in all of glorious
creation
The mushrooms sprout and the
dance begins
For tomorrow came and all
sorrow thins
In this world of space death and
life hold each other's hand

Floating over yesterday and
never-ending sand
The waters washing over sunlit
shore
Beckoning at last a beautiful
nevermore

An Empty Place

I saw you last in a vast empty
place
Darkness forgot time we were
floating in space
Formless and shapeless and yet
you were there
No need for words for each
moment we shared
I didn't want to leave you yet
away I was torn
Descending rapidly into my now
human form
My last memory a promise to you
since lingers inside
I would search high and low in
the hope to find
This never ending wish, such was
the desire I yearned
To at last hear your voice and the
joy when it was heard
My heart fluttered when the
touch of your skin
Caused unlocked secrets to
awaken within
When our eyes met my thoughts
imploded into naught
Every atom stood breathless as
for words I sought
Even though decades had past
mere seconds had gone by
As I stared at this beautiful soul
wandering as I
Because time beyond this world
is indeed strange place
Hundreds mortal years pass in
the flash of embrace

Hence I was not even sure if I
would ever catch a glimpse
Of my kindred spirit oh how I've
missed her since
Because ever since I was born
I've always felt torn
And somehow I knew I was never
forlorn
Because somewhere under these
skies and their beautiful hue
There was formed this incredible,
magical you