



*Poetry of my mind*

*by Philip Seibel*

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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

## Uptown Susie

Uptown Suzy had a thing with  
Murray  
I guess he knew it and it made  
him worry  
Cos he never answered  
She sure don't call  
And they're both waiting  
for the axe to fall

Uptown Suzy had this thing with  
Murray  
She went and left him  
cos he would not hurry  
Now he hasn't  
heard from her at all  
But he's still waiting  
for the axe to fall

Bright-eyed Sally said to restless  
Murray  
"Stop being restless  
Try and stop your scurry  
She's fucking all your friends  
Yet she might even call"  
But they're both waiting  
for the axe to fall

People think it's strange  
This thing 'bout Murray  
"She went and left him  
so why should he worry?"  
They look for angles  
but they don't know at all  
And he's still waiting  
for the axe to fall

(By Brian Robert Pearce)  
Additions and changes by Philip Seibel

## 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 Obama's Cabin

Uncle Obama had some drones  
Bombed farmers armed with  
tractors and stones

After Pulitzer peace prize was  
won

He sent more troops, missiles  
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 Obama's cabin

Most brothers be listening to

2Pac Ice T or 2 Live Crew

If I took one look at you

I'd guess you're fan of Pat Boone

While your homies watch

Stanford 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 Obama'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 with 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 and Ria Trowbridge

## 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 bluray 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  
tigers 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

Gigormous 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 was 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 go 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 neighbors 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  
Mmmh I wanna 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 are 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 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 sort 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 stand 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

Between my feet sharted out a  
Jackson Pollock

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

## 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  
knocks  
A childhood rhyme 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 tears  
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 past 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 nigger

## Another Song for Racists

Several different men could not quite agree

About religion, race and sexuality

The first man proclaimed size is important and his race is bigger

Immediately someone shouted out shut up you 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 if you're a sand digger, kike or cracker 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 fathers favor  
For whispering doubt, but a  
whim  
His forgiveness, exculpatory  
magnitude  
Why must we be born, with  
original sin?  
As the 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

