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

# Table of Contents

A Broken Poet

The Marketplace

Blah Blah

Greed

Little Lies

Lettre de l’ Enfer

Letter from Hell

Nice Guy

The Shut In

Deathly Throe

The Roadside Paleontologist

Withered and Torn

Old White Bones

Next Door

Uncle Obama’s Cabin

Time in Silence

Thief and a Liar

The Bridge is Burning

Tell Me How

The Sadist and the Masochist

Scream in My Dreams

Poetry of My Mind

Regrets are a Part of Life

Petal Sea

No More Mr. Nice Guy

My Love

Happy Birthday

Love is (Never) Free

The Ashtray

I just wanna Job

Get a Job

I am Rich

Hanging

The Half-man

Fat Moe

Fairy Tales are Real

Epiphany of Alpha

Drink Before You Drive

Dream Together

Deep Inside

Dead Sixteen

Dark River

Closer to Heaven

Burn

Blonde Bimbo

Blue Sky Morning

What is Friendship?

Waddle of Shame

The Frozen Ground

Strength

Stay

Sonnet of Decay

One Hundred

Divine

A Song of Race and Creed

Another Song for Racists

Death on Live Stream

Deity of Hell

The Abyss

Every time I see you

Growing Old

A Small Book

An Empty Place 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 écris 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 réalise que je t’écris de l’enfer

Depuis un endroit où tu te sentiras vraiment a la maison

Je t’enverrai des démons qui te tortureront sur terre

Jusqu’à ce que tu gaspille 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 minimalize

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

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

Love keeps on trying

Even if it is vain

# 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 imaging 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

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

We've got all night to dream together

# 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 run 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

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

When all others scream, to remain calmly silent

# 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 Soverence

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 hear

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 rythmic song

So you fall deep into unconsciousness

In velour carpeted calming softness

Your eyes gaze upon the pulsing ceiling

Totally awakend in state of dreaming

Around your hands fairies dance in synchronization

Revelling in all of glorious creation

The mushrooms sprout and the dance begins

For tomorrow came and 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