

## I

Stop. Halt. Continue with the rambling and the talking and the consequential nonsense of the tyranny of men over human trust, that little bastard.

Come to me in hour of need, as I have come to thee.

Over flowered dust I'd lift thee up

And take ye on a ride,

Of pilgrimage and steel, and weapons

And real still shadows of tormented has-beens

We shall all, if I speak no word of wrong,

Call History.

Mystery.

Entropy.

Diphtheria.

And lies.

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## II

Surreal in thinking, optimists are blind; pessimists are cowards; none can see the truth. Mayhem destroys lives, few can rise to the occasion. Fear shall paralyze the souls of those in the dark. Light is a mistake of the eye. The concept of beauty, the real concept of beauty, lies within and varies from person to person. Could a rapist be beautiful? The world hands out shades of gray; seeing only in black and white creates endless limits. Life is an abyss that generates curiosity. Being apathetic is living dead. A smile can get you anywhere. Can it save a life? Truth is sought in meaning.

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### III

Unadorned, unrighteous, my soul the wind once blew. True, true, I owe you.

Scum, as she came, here I come, here I cum, on display, on a tray, a filthy rotting tray.

Ok, stay. Ok, behave.

My self exposed; heart, mind, life, eyes, soul. Between the clouds and the sea, the mirth, earth and sky, there she lies, the little fairy dancer. Bows, bows, on her hair, earthquakes in her stare. Do you dare? Will they care? Oh, fair, fair lady of Balance, come ye for me?, for her? Despair, and then, eternity.

I bleed for thee.

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### IV

Trichinosis caught a hold of him, I fear. He was in such a hurry to eat, he cared not for the undercooked pork. The trichinae leered at him and he did not see. He was never one to see...

GUESSTIMATE MY PAIN

(I dare you)

Shilly-shally, shilly-shally,

I totter when deciding.

The only way of total connection  
Is the exhumation of it all.  
A brutally honest one.

## INTEGRITY HAS NO NEED OF RULES

Battle not with monsters, lest becoming a monster. And if you  
gaze into the Abyss long enough, the Abyss  
will gaze into you.

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## V

This is the beauty of life, of the world, one day the barren land seems vast and inescapable, and night passes, with the solitude it conveys, solitude and silence -a murmur can be heard, so soft one must listen with something other than the ear, and yet it is in this soft murmur of the night that our minds can be cradled to sleep. For in sleep and illness one is as tender-hearted as an infant in the bosom of whoever wants it.

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## VI

Rainbows and butterflies, the river is glistening; but, a sudden wind drifts my boat that cannot row from the land of elephant skulls and dead trees. The current is mean, the wind is obscene, the bodies on the riverbed color the water with the blood they release. I carry on, for there's bound to be a crossroad at the end of all this.

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## VII

Threatening clouds before me; they cloud my vision, make a sunny day a menace. The rain will fall with force, for the tears of the angels run thick. As does my blood, my heart, and my freedom.

We're all so alone. One in a group is still one.

All around me people gather, like beggars round a fire, demanding silently: entertain us. The cars, the wind, the cigarettes, the sea, we come together, waiting, watching, joined by our morbidity. We're cruel and yet so tender; gullible, yet ever so cynical; rotting and yet so empathic.

If I write of you and say we, why don't I ever feel it? Because I may follow the idiosyncrasies, but they have been learnt. I am a paper doll, slashed at the heart, burned at the stomach. Stabbed, wounded, betrayed. By your hand or mine?

I'm not you, I'll never be you, and I may fall at the touch of your hand, but inside the beauty of the putrid will always burn. Like the art of the horrid, I'll always stay.

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## VIII

Dolls fell from the sky. Fake, plastic figures with long hair, snakelike, and empty black holes as eyes. They rushed down like rain, falling into broken glass which stabbed their lifeless bodies. Blood crept out, becoming a

river in which the children played. They splashed about, jumping in the puddles.

The house laughed, it is crumbling in, the walls are shedding. Inside, flipper babies moan, inside the womb. The walls are their moldable wombs. No arms, no legs, they push out with their noses. Trapped inside, they will not cease crying.

I am feeding off your chord. They are stabbing your safe womb. My protective, comfortable home. My blood is leaking out, I am losing air. I'm grabbing on to your umbilical chord, holding on to my life. You are cutting it.

I am rocking back and forth, swaying in the wind, hanging from a tree. I look around, I am not alone. They too are holding on, they too are being stabbed. Like parasites, they gnaw on our tubes. Our black blood stains the air, the snakes ride it like a wave. Cigarette butts stab our tree, we feed off nicotine.

Raining in my chest, the granites pull me down. Such a weight, such a waste. Dolls melt and I join them. Look at their beautiful, used faces deforming; now they are abstract. They cry in pain, the fire hurts their souls. They welcome death but it comes so slowly. The burning will not cease, the sting will not leave. They can see clearer. Watch them deform to hideousness. I am looking in a mirror.

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## IX

This society lacks humanity. It fails to aware us of the indoctrination we are put through while our minds are still virgin. We are told: THIS IS WRONG,

but we musn't question why. Corporate everything controls our minds. Pop culture ripens them. Could we open our minds, see this greedy guidance?

Governments like ours should be overcome; money domesticated. Flags should be put to rest; let's open our borders and unite as one. One nation, humans living as a whole. Religion only segregates if one allows it to. Beneath the skin we are all akin.

Dreams must not be feared. Do what you want to do, be what you want to be. Only I should control my mind. We are free, we are free. Political awareness is good when you're on their side. Allow no one to belittle you.

Look inside yourself, fear not what you will find. Everything's beautiful, perhaps it takes a second look. Don't blind yourself with what they sell. Don't forbid your beliefs. Live as you want, but don't forget your brothers and sisters, we are all bound together by our humanity. Don't censor your thoughts, they're what make you you. Don't be afraid to be original. Leave a mark. Life's too short, get on with it. Open your eyes, open your eyes. Remove the blindfold, step out of the cavern, let the light shine through. Don't be afraid, we'll be together all the way. Hold hands and make a circle, they cannot break us. Humanity is not just a word. It is us, we are it. Go, make your path, travel the road you wish. Lead the way, follow only is you must. Don't be afraid to see the world, see ourselves. We are one.

Have fun, enjoy. It is not the problem, but the way one looks at it. Don't let yourself be dragged down. Open your arms and let it in, we are free, we are free.

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