

# Time is a Bastard

by Royce Icon

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"it's so easy to be a poet and so hard to be a man"  
- Charles Bukowski

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## **Bus Station Blues**

My hands smell like shit  
And my hair looks horrible  
I have 7 days worth of stubble  
Rotting on my face  
Making me look like a homeless man  
Not that I'm far from being one

The bus station is crowded  
And everything is expensive  
We have a 3 hour wait here  
And I feel like screaming

I watch the television on the wall  
It's CNN and they're talking  
Some bullshit about immigration  
The government wants to crack down  
On the immigrants coming up from Mexico  
They say that they're all criminals  
I don't know about that

Later on they're talking about Jesus  
Wondering if Jesus really existed  
Some scientist wrote a book  
That said Jesus was a myth

All I can think is no shit;  
It's sad that people still hold on  
To their bullshit dead religions

.....

### **Candy boy.**

He drags the cigarette  
Slowly across his flesh  
Pretending to wince  
At this mundane routine

His skin is so used to pain  
That he feels nothing  
But he would much  
Rather pretend to feel

Than to admit the  
Certain failure that  
He has been trying  
To ignore his whole life

.....

### **Day by day.**

I woke up one day  
Feeling refreshed

The sun was shining,  
Birds were singing  
My penis was erect  
And my wife was beautiful

I had a nice car  
And a barking dog  
I had three great kids  
With sparkling teeth  
And a housemaid who  
Looked great in her uniform

But when I woke up  
The next day  
The world was shit  
Just like it had been  
The day before last

.....

**6:49 pm**

Madhouse lovers  
Disposable friends  
Who can you trust  
When everyone is scum?

The universe is disingenuous  
We're all full of shit

You're either selling something  
Or buying something  
It makes me want to vomit

But I am not exempt  
I am a vulture like the rest  
But I can smell my filth  
I can see the joke

It seems like so many of us  
Are really quite blind to it

Don't you think it's funny how  
We're all so naive?  
Don't you find it amusing that  
We're all so simple?  
Don't you find yourself laughing  
At how we're all stupid monkeys  
Working our lives away,  
Fucking, sucking, and worrying  
About our mortgage payments?

Maybe you don't  
But I do.

.....

**Faith is the mother of all fuckups.**

The dripping sound  
Of an empty head  
Floating beneath the lights

Catches me off guard

I scratch my eyes  
And lick the wound

The puss is healing slowly  
And my ears have yet  
To stop twitching

But the day is  
Bright and sunny  
And I know everything  
Will be fine.

.....

**6:03 PM**

You shoot me in the head  
I fall down and smile  
I drift into parallel dimensions  
I live in a glass cage

I can't hear the things you say here  
But I can feel your vibrations  
My sense of taste has died  
But I can still lick your skin

Have you ever wanted to burn?  
Have you ever wanted to crawl?  
I used to, but I lost interest

In my dreams you are a moth  
In my dreams you are salvation  
In my dreams you are Jesus  
In my dreams you are drowning  
In my dreams I don't exist

The men with teeth take us away  
They peel off our hides  
And sell them for bread crumbs  
They sing the songs  
That God taught them  
They breed in sweet silence

Some days it pays to not give a shit.

.....

### **Cracks in the floor**

The cracks on the floor  
Remind me of you:  
Of the sirens we chased  
Of the blood we consumed  
Of the nights we died  
Of the years we wasted  
Of the sex we had  
Both bad and good  
Of the drugs we shot  
Of the bridges we burned  
Of the times we choked  
Of our inabilities

Of our flaws  
Of our defects  
Of our few perfections  
Of the jokes we made  
Of the truths we hid  
Of the look on your face  
As you took your last breath  
In that hospital in L.A.  
I'm not sure why  
The cracks on this floor  
Bring back these memories  
But it makes me wonder  
How you are  
If you are at all  
And if I'll ever  
See you again  
.....

### **Asshole.**

She tells me that she loves me  
As we sit on the grass and wait for the bus  
She asks me if I love her  
But I can't seem to give a response  
Other than trying to change the subject  
Or mumbling something incoherent

I know that I don't love her  
And I'm not sure why she thinks she loves me  
I can't even talk around her  
Without hearing some contradiction

Or some offended squeal

Yet she says she loves me  
And stares at me with big stupid eyes  
And I feel like an asshole  
Because I don't want to hurt her feelings

.....

### **Marion.**

A young boy about the age of 10  
Is being chased by a group of children  
Some his own age, others older  
They scream obscenities at him  
And he knows that they will hurt him

In his state of total fear  
He doesn't see the car in front of him  
He hears breaks squealing  
And an angry woman screaming at him,  
Telling him to watch where he's fucking going  
The kids who were chasing him run away  
And he wishes the car had hit him

.....

### **Sprocket the wet toad.**

Glowing eyes  
Spit semen  
Under lava lamp tendrils

Meanwhile at  
The police station:

A sweet proclivity  
For Malice stands tall  
In a purple suit  
Made of human flesh  
Begging me for another hit  
While sucking silently  
On his mother's left testicle

All these things  
Have me thinking  
That there will simply  
Be no after party

.....

**Time is a bastard.**

The older you get,  
The more he lies to you

He puts a blanket  
Over your face,  
Morphing your thoughts,  
Distorting your memories,  
Tricking you into  
Thinking that things  
Were better than  
They ever really were

When you are  
Deprived of something  
You glamorize it,  
You turn fact into myth  
To the point where  
Your memory of something  
Is much more important  
And so much more appealing  
Than the reality ever was  
In the first place

.....

## **Argument No.2**

We're talking about  
Something or another  
And she gets that  
Familiar irritated tone  
And I can tell that  
We're going to fight

I try in vain  
To avoid the argument,  
Attempting to use  
My fumbling words  
As some type of  
Deterrent to no success

She tells me that I'm  
A condescending asshole,  
And I think that

She's probably right,  
But that doesn't  
Change the fact  
That she's angry  
Only because  
My opinion  
Is not the same  
As her own  
.....

### **Sex is Fun!**

My first sexual experience ended  
With the girl crying and sobbing

I felt like such an asshole,  
I was so damn confused  
And full of self hatred

One minute everything was cool  
It seemed like I was making her happy  
And then it all crashed down

And I was just sitting there  
Awkward and clueless,  
Wondering how I could help her  
And what I did wrong  
.....

**Raymond Walters.**

I'm eating celery  
That tastes faintly  
Of Novocain  
And thinking about  
How much of a dick I am  
When someone  
Knocks on the door

I open the door,  
And standing before me  
Is a police officer

The officer asks me  
If my name is Raymond Walters  
I tell him that it isn't  
He asks me for Identification

I slowly reach into my wallet  
And hand him my I.D.  
He looks at it skeptically  
For a minute or two  
Then hands it back  
And apologizes for bothering me

He leaves,  
I shut the door,  
And go back to doing nothing.

.....

**The Rage.**

The rage burns deep  
And the fear burns deeper  
I don't want to die like you  
Worthless and forgotten  
Just another peg in the sand  
But I wonder if I have what it takes  
I fear that I do not

I can't be a part of your world  
But I hope I can be a part of someone's  
It seems so stupid at times  
To think that I could change someone  
That I could help anyone  
It's a joke for sure

But this dream is all that I have  
To make a dent in this world  
To push my way into the hall of tumors  
To be a virus that never quite dies  
That lingers in the shadows,  
There but invisible to most

If there were a god or a devil  
I would sell my soul for this  
I would cut off my limbs for this  
To know that people cared  
To know that I reached someone  
To know that when I die  
There will be people crying  
That a part of me will live on in my art

Is it so horrible to want these things?  
It seems so funny, so impossible  
That anyone would ever care about my words  
That anyone could take me seriously

But the rage burns deep  
And it's all I fucking have now  
So the demon will be quenched  
I will do what I can

I will claw my way up this mountain  
Because I don't have any choice  
Maybe I will fall down and break my back  
Maybe I will die forgotten  
But I am trying to do what I can  
And I will die trying

.....

### **When we are Queens**

The hands bleed on my shoulders  
The little girl licks the carpet  
My eyes rot and fall from my head  
Smashing like grapes on the sterile floor

She tells me that she is dying  
She tells me that the past  
Is now obsolete

We bite off our tongues  
And fly in the air

Hoping the world will end soon

We are waiting for the maggots  
To pick our tiny bones  
They say that we are innocent  
But innocence is just  
Another word for stupid

And when we are queens  
Your flesh will boil and bake

.....

## **Junkfuck**

Long arms  
And hard lines  
On her face,  
She smiles a junkie smile;

Genuine, but full  
Of want and need,  
Hungry despite  
The junk in her veins

We talk for awhile  
About nothing  
And then we  
Shed our clothes  
Slapping bones  
And skin together,  
Fucking slow and hard

She screams my name  
But I know by now  
That she's faking it  
That her orgasms  
Are quiet at best  
And are usually  
Nonexistent  
Just like mine

We put our clothes on  
And shoot some more  
Then we're off  
To wherever we go  
When we're not  
Dying together

.....

### **Delicate Boy**

She screamed  
At me again today  
I did something wrong  
But I'm not sure what

I hate this shit  
So much sometimes  
She acts like  
I'm a fucking dog  
Like I'm some  
Retarded kid

Maybe I am  
But I don't deserve this  
Her words are so crippling  
They make me want  
To pry my eyes out  
They make me want  
To destroy

It never lasts for long  
But when it's there  
I hate her  
I do my share  
Of shit too  
So I guess we're even  
But that doesn't mean  
It doesn't hurt.

.....

### **The Nuclear Men.**

The sun is shining  
The moon is bleeding  
The nuclear men  
Have died and gone

I'm wearing their skins  
As umbrellas  
Running in fear  
Of the radioactive rain

Telling myself  
That everything is okay  
Trying to believe the bullshit

It's like trying  
To sew your eyes shut

.....

### **Maple Tree.**

There was an  
Old maple tree  
In the back yard  
Of the first house  
I ever lived in

The tree was  
Tall and rugged,  
Full of strong limbs  
And a benevolent presence

I used to play  
In the tree every day  
After school  
I imagined that  
The tree was an  
Alternate universe,  
That it was my own world,  
And in many ways it was

One day I looked

At the maple tree  
And saw a man  
Hanging from it,  
His face fixed  
In an odd expression,  
His eyes bulging  
From his head  
Like they wanted  
To run away

That day we moved  
From the house  
And I never saw  
The maple tree again  
.....

### **We're the revolution?**

Violence plays cricket  
In the court of whores  
As my mouth chews a hole  
In the fabric of time

The dissonant boys  
Break their legs  
And the unichs  
Seize the moment  
With Iron limbs

Castrating purity  
In one brief gesture

A signal to the rest  
That the time is now

The men in black  
Shake a fist  
As the women in white  
Drink menstrual fluid  
Given to them by the god  
Of the lambs

.....

### **Homicidal urges towards co-worker**

John was an okay guy  
But I never liked him much  
I can't really say why  
He just irritated me  
For some reason

Maybe it was the  
Way he dressed  
Or maybe it was  
The things he said  
Maybe it was  
His stupid tie  
With the horrible  
Cross patterns

Whatever the reason  
I used to imagine  
Killing him a lot,

Usually with a chainsaw

I'm not sure why  
I hated him  
But I was rather  
Glad when I quit  
That horrid job  
And I never had  
To see him again

.....

### **Cunty Heroin Girl.**

She was all jazzed up  
On an assortment of drugs  
And I could tell that it would be  
One of those nights

We would stay up screaming  
And bitching  
Until we eventually passed out  
Due to exertion  
Or ended up fucking  
Out of mutual frustration

Some people seem to chill out  
When they're on heroin  
But it turned her into  
A complete and total cunt

Or at the very least

That's how I remember it

.....

### **An ode to indolence**

Some days take too long to end  
On these days I wake up  
And I just want to bury my head  
Back into the pillow

On these days everything  
Is monolithic and a hassle  
Everything is sludgy and  
I succumb to my indolence

As much as I hate routine  
I hate my inability to be routine  
Because at least then maybe  
I would have something to do

At times I think  
It would be great  
To have a boss and a ruler  
To be a good little slave

Because maybe then  
I would get things done  
Because I'm just not responsible  
Enough sometimes

But I know that

I don't have the option  
That I must deal with my bullshit  
But I can't help but dream  
About being a normal person  
Sometimes

.....

### **7ivets**

He was a pillpopping lunatic  
But he was like my brother  
Or at least I wanted him to be

Even when he screamed at me  
And spat in my face  
Even when he punched me  
And grabbed me by the neck

I could identify with him  
I could see the nice guy  
Maybe I just wanted to see  
Things that weren't really there

Either way I had enough  
And told him to leave  
But I still miss him  
As stupid as it is

.....

**Sex beats hunger.**

When I get home from work  
She's lying on the couch  
Her legs spread,  
A vibrator in her cunt

She looks at me  
Like she wants to fuck  
But I'm tired and sore  
I just want to eat something  
And chill out in front  
Of the television

But a few minutes of  
Looking at her naked  
Makes me horny  
And I drop my pants off  
Put on a hat  
And slip it in

.....

### **Brown Bag.**

The brown bag  
Moves in his hands

His thoughts are  
Neurotic and slippery  
Like a sea of  
Rabid jellyfish,  
Amorphous yet solid  
Fading like my sanity

He juggles the bag a bit  
It's contents  
Are warm and slimy  
He wonders what's inside  
But knows that it must be  
Certain death if he opens it

So he keeps on walking  
Careful not to drop it  
Guessing what's inside

As phantoms bleed in the wind  
And masters beat their slaves

.....

## **Smoke Mountain**

The smoke is ominous  
And my emotions are running  
Like thick mascara dripping  
Down my face like fresh blood

I want to be human  
I want to be filth  
I need to be loved  
But we both know it's a joke

Lets just hack off our fingers  
And dance in the mountains  
While we wait for the fluid

To pour out of our veins

.....

### **Easy Solution.**

Everyone is looking:  
Looking for a solution  
Looking for an answer  
Looking for an omen

I have the answers!  
I have the solutions!  
I have the omen!

It's a proven formula,  
And it costs only \$99:  
To end your problems  
Just shut your eyes  
And put your hands  
Over your ears

.....

### **Paying Penance**

If I had any sort of spine  
I would have shot you in the face  
That day in June when we first met

But I don't so here we are  
Bickering and fighting  
Like stupid dogs

Showing our teeth and barking  
Screaming for hours until  
The lady below us  
Pounds on her ceiling

Every day it's the same bullshit  
Every day I wonder what's going on  
Every day I wonder what the fuck  
I did to deserve this torment;

Was I a rapist in a past life?  
Or maybe a murderer? A priest?  
Whatever it was that I did,  
Being around you  
Has made up for it  
Tenfold

.....

### **I was once...**

I was once a butcher of children  
I was once a father of chaos  
I was once the daughter of God  
I was once the man in the gutter  
I was once a nun in heat  
I was once the zodiac killer  
I was once a man with a mission  
I was once the cause of the war  
I was once a bloated corpse  
I was once waiting for death  
I was once a small child

I was once an old man  
I was once a bleeding heart liberal  
I was once the taste on your tongue  
I was once a frozen cancer  
I was once a severed limb  
I was once John F. Kennedy  
I was once the man in black  
I was once the martyr of words  
I was once a dying virgin  
I was once Elvis' voice  
I was once an empty coward  
I was once a prison snitch  
I was once a toothless bastard  
I was once a holocaust victim  
I was once the pain in your heart  
I was once the silence in your head  
I was once a smile on a pig  
I was once a Japanese geisha  
I was once a diplomat  
But now I am nothing

.....

### **One Last Song.**

The soothing sounds of self deceit  
Crash loudly on the brainwaves  
Your denial is thick and humid  
The silencer is large and bulky

You sit on the floor and sweat  
A shrill voice talking in your head

It is the sound of a world collapsing  
The sound of your mother nude

These dissonant notes of failure  
Ring long and hard and true  
These songs of broken promises  
Reflections of wasted time

The music is abrasive and ugly  
The tension is dense and overpowering;  
Remnants of what you wanted,  
But never tried to touch

The steel is comforting on your tongue  
The bulk and weight of your pain  
Is now somewhere else  
Lost for eternity in a loophole  
The sounds dead forever,  
Mimicking their maker

.....

## **A Disappointment**

A smile crossed her lips  
When he entered the room  
She had been waiting  
For him to come home  
Ever since she woke up

He seemed cold and distant  
As if something were wrong

She tried to comfort him  
But it was like talking to a wall

They fucked but it was empty  
And she felt like crying afterward  
The happiness that she had felt  
Just minutes before was gone  
Replaced with the sad truth  
Of everyday existence

.....

### **Hindsight.**

I know what you're thinking  
But it doesn't matter  
It's too late now  
You can't change the past  
I'm dead and gone  
I'm wormfood now

There was a time  
When I was alive  
When I had emotions  
When I had feelings  
But those times are long past  
And all of the regret in the world  
Will not change reality  
You cannot bring me back  
So stop thinking about me

Focus on your life

Start doing the things you want to do  
Because you only get one shot  
It's easy to get sucked into  
All of the bullshit that life throws at you  
But believe me, it's not worth it

I decided to kill myself  
It wasn't your fault  
It wasn't anyone's fault but my own  
I was a coward  
I gave up

Please don't do the same

.....

## **Slave Boy**

Rotten ego drowning  
In a bucket of warm piss  
She screams his name  
And he is off to serve again

These times are endless  
Summers that kill  
His identity is forgotten  
All that remains is the slave  
The competent worker

A boy lost inside a shell  
A man who cannot think  
She screams his name again

He is quick and silent  
Dancing on razor footsteps

She is large and hideous  
He plays her games  
An obedient dog  
He knows nothing else

Someday he will find himself  
Someday things will change  
Someday the world will implode  
And someday god will exist

.....

## **Relentless**

The room is small and dark  
In it's center a single candle burns bright  
In the far left corner stands a tall man

The man is covered in shadow  
But you can tell that he is nude  
And that his body is hideously scarred  
The man pounds his fists into the wall

Slowly at first and then faster  
Until his hands start to bleed  
Eventually the skin peels off  
And he is pounding nerves and bone  
Eventually the bones break  
And he is pounding dead tissue

But the pounding never stops  
And he never makes a sound

.....

## **Liar**

His glass is empty  
Flies swarm around him  
His cage stinks of shit  
He isn't dead but may as well be

His eyes move  
But he doesn't see anything  
His senses are numb  
And his mind is far gone

All that remains  
Is the physical shell;  
The thing that always lied

.....

## **Step 2; Learn to Care**

Bleeding,  
Crawling through the sewer stench  
She holds a cross in her hand

Her long black dress is torn and wet  
She ignores the pain as she ignores the blood  
Dripping slowly from her arms

This is the end, the last thought  
All else escapes her  
The church lay at the river's end  
A monstrous waste of stone  
The darkness exaggerates it's distance

Far off, a branch breaks and falls  
She carries the cross above her head  
Lightning strikes her  
It begins to rain.

.....

## **Compromise**

I don't want  
To be your comforter  
I don't want you  
To cry on my shoulder

I'm tired  
Of living  
By your rules  
I don't want  
My actions  
To rest on yours  
I don't want  
To ask permission

I don't want  
To have to think

About your side

Relationships  
Are give and take  
They require  
A certain compromise

I accept this fully  
Yet I hate it often

.....

### **False Truths.**

She's wearing leather  
And stiff high heels,  
Bitching about everything  
That I have ever done wrong

She takes another drag  
From her cigarette  
And looks at me like an insect

It's been like this for months  
It's always like this  
I say the wrong thing  
And the world turns to shit

Whenever it happens  
I tell myself that this is it  
That I'm not putting up with her  
One second longer

I say I'm going to fucking leave  
But with everything else I say  
It never happens and never will  
.....

### **Greasy man from the past**

His hair was bright red  
And he had hideous skin  
Grease literally dripped from him  
Like some kind of ooze

If you shook his hand  
Your skin would be stained  
You don't believe me  
I know, but it's true

His name was Bill  
Or Tom, or something  
Some bland shitty name

He was my sister's first boyfriend  
And he always seemed  
Like a used car salesman

Anyway, I saw him the other day  
It had been at least a decade  
Since I last saw him

He was standing outside of my bank

Dressed in rags and smelling like piss  
He had the same horrid skin and bright hair  
But his eyes were much older

He didn't recognize me  
And I didn't say anything to him  
But it was weird seeing him  
And I was curious what happened

I called my sister  
To ask if she knew anything  
But she didn't have a clue either

.....

### **Voice.**

The other day  
I was dreaming  
Of nuclear war  
Caused by fat paychecks  
And milky paws

When I heard  
An echo in my ears  
Ringing breath of humiliation

The sounds were sweet and violent  
They made me think of winter;  
White layers of fat  
Pristine in their hatred  
Pure in their unfiltered odium

Dripping from my senses

It was too much for me to take  
I ended up puking in the bathroom  
My vomit was green and inhuman  
And my eyes were silver dollars

But the vomiting didn't help  
The voice of armageddon continued  
So I stretched out my hands  
And prepared for the worst

If there is anything left  
For the parasites to eat  
Our bones will laugh  
And time will stop

.....

### **Gunman.**

Over and out  
Said the man with the gun  
His eyes were tornados  
Sucking me into darkness,  
Blinding my intuition

His uniform was black  
His belt buckle was shining  
An inhuman shine,  
A nefarious shine

He pinned my wrists  
Behind my back  
And nailed them both together  
With a hammer  
And a rusty piece of metal

I watched with much ardor  
As the blood dripped down  
On the hot summer sidewalk

He pushed me into the car  
And the world began to melt.

.....

### **Warning call.**

No solutions  
Only problems  
Can be found  
In this land of bullshit

This land of  
Asskissing paybacks  
And sentimental fools

This land of  
Pro-life murderers  
And fear-mongering cowards

No thought  
Only disturbance

And lies  
Will be tolerated  
Or permitted in this world

Those who violate  
These immaculate rites  
Will be shot in the head  
On sight, execution style

In this world there is no jury  
No judge to hear your story  
No lawyers to suck you off

There is only the fist  
The fist of the chosen  
The fist of the new gods

And their fists are not kind  
Their fists are not caring  
Their fists will eat you alive  
And rape your children

This is not the home of salvation  
No answers will be found here  
All you will find here is death,  
Decay and a bullet in the mouth  
.....

### **Sweet abortion 'o mine**

A man flicks a switch

The universe explodes  
The aftermath is chaotic  
Pleasant yet humid

A film is playing in my head  
It's some European flick  
About slaughterhouses  
In the 1930's

Just as I'm watching a horse  
Get a nail driven through it's skull  
The sun begins to eclipse  
And all I can see is dead birds  
Ravens, hawks, crows, flamingos  
The world is now covered  
With dead and decaying poultry

It makes me want to get a suntan,  
It makes me want to kill a tourist,  
It makes me want to breed  
It makes me want to implode

These times are best dealt with  
By destroying your mind  
And consuming a large assortment of drugs

Trust me, I am the danger man,  
I know these things  
Or maybe I am not and I know nothing  
Either way you have no choice  
You have been assimilated

And your wishes and desires  
Are now rotting pages  
From a phone book trapped  
In a gutter in New Jersey

.....

### **Cleptomorph**

Sifting through the placenta  
Running backwards in time  
I got caught up in your assumptions  
Lost somewhere in yesterday's paycheck

The days blend together  
But the semen is always sticky  
And the sunburns last forever  
And the heat is eternal  
Just like the bullshit

And the roaches and the pain  
But for some reason  
Your voice always sounds different  
When I wake up in the morning

.....

### **Investments**

You know it's a joke  
This whole compassion thing  
This whole peace thing

This whole human nature thing  
I just don't get it  
I just don't see it  
Maybe I'm blind  
But I think it's one big sham  
I think it's one big circle-jerk  
Sure, I feel empathy sometimes  
Sometimes I want to help my fellow man  
Sometimes I want to have friends  
But sometimes I want to fly too  
And sometimes I want to fuck Madonna  
And sometimes I want to shoot myself in the head  
Sometimes I think bullshit thoughts  
But deep down inside my shriveled heart  
Past the bullet-proof vest  
Past the do not disturb sign  
Past the broken ribs  
Lives an angry old man  
Who simply refuses to buy into any of it  
A man with no arms or legs  
A man who has constant nosebleeds  
A man who is essentially myself  
A man who has no faith in humans  
Who won't invest stock in good will towards man  
Who understands that the road to hell  
Is paved with altruistic good-doers  
And that the path to true wisdom  
Is isolation, hate, solipsism, hedonism  
And too much self reflection

.....

## **Eventful Day.**

I opened the door  
And in came Jesus,  
His beard all bloody  
And his feet in cement shoes

I handed him a paper towel  
And he said that I should go  
To church more often

I pointed to the door  
And he gave me a look  
Like some sort of zoned out  
Hippy version of contempt  
And he slammed the door

I went back to the couch,  
Turned the game back on,  
Opened up another beer

It was an eventful day for sure.

.....

## **Another poem about time**

Ghost memories linger on my lips  
The noises ring loud outside  
I can't remember places anymore  
I can't touch anything  
The derelicts are endless

Hanging onto their needles  
Like kids hold on to youth  
Its seems like nowadays  
I only lie when I speak  
I only hurt when I think  
I only bleed when I'm awake  
I'm only awake when I can't help it  
I like sleeping more than living  
Or that's how I feel sometimes  
It's hard to be objective  
When all you see is red or black  
Or when all you see is everything  
Everything makes you numb  
Everything beats you down  
It all creates lies  
It all creates order  
And order is the biggest lie  
Structure is the big fat lie  
Life has no rules  
Life is pure chaos  
It's only rules are death,  
Cruelty and creation  
Not always in that order  
But those are the staples  
Not that I'm an expert  
No, I'm just an asinine fool  
But sometimes  
Good things leak out of my mind  
Or at least I like to think so  
One thing I am certain of  
Is that my mind is a vault

Full of useless shit  
Mostly ghost memories  
Mostly forgotten dreams  
It's funny how all we have  
Are memories  
And it's funny how  
It is so easy to forget  
So easy to distort  
Time is a liar  
There is no doubting that  
.....

### **The Song.**

A song came slow  
Through the window in the hole  
I spat it out and stabbed it in the arms,  
In the face and in the cheeks  
But still it came to me

I told it to go away  
I told it I would rape it and maim it  
And fuck it up just like anything else

But it just looked at me like a cat,  
It gave me that do what I say now  
You stupid human look  
And I had no choice but to obey  
The song's insane big eyes  
And hematic sharp teeth

So I sat down and wrote it  
I recorded it and then left it  
In the bottom of my drawer for weeks

When I came back to look at it  
It had grown six legs and five heads  
And it was a beast in it's own right  
I smiled at it and it disappeared

And I thought hey,  
There goes a good nights work.

.....

### **Stepping on syllables:**

The madness is soothing  
The quiet is frightening  
The eyes are dotted  
The stomachs are flabby  
The patience is shot  
The seals are all broken  
The paper is shredded  
The milk is rotten  
The disposition is insane  
The jugular is cut  
The mouths are open  
The spit is drying  
The cum is dripping  
The wounds are healing  
The blood is congealing  
The ulcers have bloomed

The checks stop coming  
The buses stopped running  
The mind is slow at best

.....

### **Pit Stop of the Stars.**

A quick glance to the right  
And my headache advances  
All I can see is silhouettes of  
Little girls swimming in paradox

Breaking through the code in my heart  
Jumping on my spine,  
Using my nervous system like a trampoline  
Cutting off my fingers and mailing them  
To forgotten and despised relatives

All of this lasts until dawn  
When the sun eats me alive,  
Making the girls grin in silence  
As their brains flow from their skulls.

.....

### **Perspective**

The fingers will break  
And the tits will sag  
Your voice will crack  
And your sweat will dry

The people you thought  
You could rely on  
Are miles away

And all you have now  
Is my gun in your face,  
Laughing at your tears  
Laughing at that asinine glare,  
At your indignant posture

Soon enough you will be  
Lying on the floor  
Covered in your own shit and blood  
And your fortune will be cast  
And the dogs will feed  
But I wanted to give you

Awhile to take this in  
So you can have some perspective  
When I'm ripping you apart

.....

### **Death of a machine.**

Tonight is not a good night  
I killed an old friend today  
She was a rotting machine  
She was leaking and bleeding  
Acid and liquid metal  
Making everything bad  
By starting electrical fires

When I saw her on the street  
She had a big grin on her face  
Like she knew what was coming  
And really didn't mind

But even if she didn't  
I still cried and screamed  
When I dug the screwdriver  
Into her mainframe.

.....

**Safe from home.**

Open the chamber  
Hang the jury  
Close the door  
Bury the grudge  
Rape the village  
Sour the milk  
Taint the child  
Burn the crops  
Wipe the prints  
Molest the flesh  
Smack the mother  
Seduce the father  
Raise the family  
Milk the worm

Forget your dreams  
Remember your pain

Suck in your gut  
Tighten your noose  
Toughen your skin  
Erase your pleasure  
Build your empire  
Crush your bones  
Taste your defeat  
Lick your blood  
Embrace your ignorance  
Smile at your funeral  
Dance in your misery  
Cut your cords  
Slash your wrists  
Melt your guns  
Forgive your parents  
Destroy your ambitions

Now is the time  
Yesterday is dead  
Tomorrow is forgotten  
The throat is dry  
The revolution is void  
Our hope is futile  
Our life is wasted  
The vault is closed  
Communication is null  
The book is burnt  
The money is spent  
The system is hacked  
The patience is lost  
Our vacation is permanent

.....

## **Open/ in/ out**

Open your window  
Let me in  
I am your abortion  
I am your bastard  
I am your whipping boy  
I am your confidant

Open your door  
Push me out  
I am your dunce  
I am your sin eater  
I am your ulcer  
I am your death wish

Open your mouth  
Pull me in  
I am your execution  
I am your implosion  
I am your child  
I am eternity

Bite your tongue  
Bleed me out  
I am your failures  
I am your nightmares  
I am your shortcomings  
I am your last thought

.....

## **Pain.**

He pounds the table  
With his fists until  
They begin to bleed

This is not the life  
He wanted  
But he has no one  
To blame but himself  
He tries to drink it away  
But all it does is paint it  
A few shades darker

His pain will not be fooled  
His pain is indestructible  
His pain is eternal  
His pain is a cunt

But still he goes on:  
Waking up every morning  
Drinking his coffee  
Going to work  
Hanging out at the bar  
Seeing the occasional female

The pain is deep  
And the pain is hard  
But at the end of the day

The pain is better than nothing

.....

### **Watching the humans no.1**

It looks like  
It's going to rain  
And I'm sitting in the  
Wal-Mart parking lot  
Watching the cars zoom by  
While geese roam around,  
Decorating the pavement  
With their white shit

I think they're drawn  
By the nearby retention pond  
But maybe they just have  
A thing for human filth

Regardless of their motives,  
The geese are proving to be  
A good source of entertainment  
Because whenever a car enters  
The lot, a school of the birds  
Jump right in front of it

The geese stand in front of  
The vehicle for a minute,  
As if they're saying  
"Go ahead motherfucker  
Try and run us over"

But despite their notion  
Of strength, it is of course a bluff  
And the geese eventually move  
Out of the car's way

But the looks of helplessness  
On the driver's faces  
For those few moments  
When the geese are in control  
Are nothing short of beautiful

.....

## **Watching the humans no.2**

Young girls twitch awkwardly  
While the boys act cocky and confident  
But everyone with eyes can see  
That both parties are full of shit

I'm sitting at the library  
Trapped in this wooden box  
And my only source of amusement  
Is the predictable mating habits  
Of my fellow humans

I really don't know how  
Women fall for this courtship nonsense  
I simply cannot grasp how these  
Asinine empty words  
Can melt them like butter

Yeah, sure, he "loves" you  
You've known the guy for five minutes  
But you suck it up  
Are most girls so desperate?  
Are they really so naive?  
Don't they understand  
That love is just an empty word  
Without action and connection?

Don't they understand  
That what matters is not the word  
But the things around the word?  
Love is action, not verbiage  
The word itself is meaningless

Sure, love can exist  
In a short burst of emotion  
But that's not what I see here  
What I see is a boy wanting to get  
Inside a girl's pants  
So he says the magic words  
And she spreads herself willingly  
Left to wonder what went wrong  
When she wakes up alone  
The next morning

.....

### **Prognosis.**

The doctors fuck  
On the operating table.

They dig their scalpels  
Into their assholes.  
The orderlies take pictures  
While the nurses suck them off.

The patients watch it all  
With smug and bitter amusement,  
For they know that tonight  
They are the ones who will  
Make the final prognosis

.....

**Glass houses always shatter.**

The church collapses  
Minds flutter in guilt  
I stroke my cock  
The night resumes it's posture

A man reads lines  
The tires slash themselves  
Mold grows on my face  
Adding to my beard

Water consumes the world  
The apathy gets drunk  
On sour tasting piss  
The messiahs eat their young

Old men die alone  
Birds crash in flocks

A shotgun explodes in my hands  
My fingers fall with ardor

But the skin burns slow  
And the smell is nasty  
All mermaids are unisex  
Through a reeking glow of change

The colors burst alive  
A silent mourning blossoms  
All the shaved heads frown  
A swastika shines in the air

I peddle my flesh  
To the highest bidder  
The empty cows laugh  
And I am untouchable

The one who needs  
Is never the one who gets  
Such is the reality  
Of broken glass.

.....

## **Ulcerations**

Simulations resonate  
Bright dots blur the vision  
Corruption is imminent  
Deformity is mandatory

A small ulcer grows  
Like a morbid flower  
Sprung by God

To free me from myself  
I water the wounds  
And feed this child  
As any mother would  
To such a loving parasite

Everyday the ulcer grows  
And everyday I become it  
More and more

Eventually this affliction  
Will override me  
Soon it will consume me  
And I will welcome it

With open eyes.

.....

### **Something to do.**

Isolated desires  
Build up;  
My fingers break  
In order to  
Relieve tension

I'm tired

Of this existence  
And I'm convinced  
My eyes are  
Going to pop out

I look around  
My bedroom  
For something to do  
I see it and smile

I strap on a knife  
And a dildo  
I begin fucking  
And stabbing myself

It's funny  
Because the pain  
Is more pleasurable  
Than the fucking

Eventually I cum  
And die simultaneously  
I have no last thoughts  
No last words

Just the simple knowledge  
That life is  
The ultimate contradiction

.....

**"You have big dick!"**

The asian girl  
Has little tits  
And a grin on her face

We met at some bar  
I don't remember  
The name of  
And we're both  
Plastered  
Out of our minds

As I take off  
My pants  
She tells me  
"You have big dick!!"  
I say I don't  
But she insists

A few minutes later  
I stick it in,  
We grind for a few,  
And she fakes an orgasm

Or at least  
I think it's fake

It just seems unlikely

That I could really  
Make a woman scream

With that much intensity

But maybe I'm wrong  
Maybe she did  
Have an orgasm  
Maybe she had the  
Biggest orgasm ever  
And maybe my dick  
Really is big

But I doubt it.

.....

**Beauty is useless.**

She is a virgin  
Of pastel pink purity  
Her hair is immaculate  
As is everything else about her

Her skin glows  
A beautiful bronze  
And her eyes  
Are Nazi blue

Her tits are firm  
And rather perky  
Her ass is shapely and ideal

Her face is perfection  
Her legs are toned and fit

Her smile is warm and emotional  
And she is the  
Goddess of the party

But when she speaks  
None of it matters  
Because the words that drop  
From her exquisite lips  
Are the most foul and asinine  
Things that I've ever heard

.....

**7-20-06**

Blurry vision  
Fragmented thoughts  
Caffeine shakes  
Motorized growls

These things molest  
My better judgment,  
Bashing my head in  
With a metal pipe

I'm sick and tired  
And bitter and dead  
I'm not very old  
But I feel like I am

Every day drips together  
I'm in constant Deja Vu

Always going crazy  
Always bitching  
Always full of shit  
Always disappointing  
Always on the verge  
Always waiting for  
Everything to change

.....

## **It's 2 am**

The television is on  
But the sound is muted  
It makes me think  
Of Bob Flannagan

He spent some of  
His last days alive  
Watching TV at night  
Taking hits of oxygen  
While listening  
To his partner snore

I can't imagine what  
It must be like  
To go through all that pain,  
To have your body  
Betray you in such a way,  
To have it strangle you  
To have it murder you

How does it feel  
When your lungs fill  
With thick mucus fluid?

How does it feel  
To live your whole life  
Knowing that it will end soon?

Sure, I've been aware  
That I would die  
Since I was a kid  
But it must be horrible  
To know for a fact  
That you don't have  
Very much time left

But Bob was a trooper  
He did what he could  
And by sheer will  
He was able to extend his life  
Far beyond the expectations  
Of the rest of the world

Things like Cystic Fibrosis  
Really make you understand  
That there is no God  
And that if there were  
He'd be one sick motherfucker

.....

**2-25-06**

The other night  
A woman was shot  
A few miles  
Away from my home

She isn't dead  
But she's in  
Critical condition

I think that  
I should feel  
Empathetic  
And compassionate  
But I don't

I think I should  
At the very least  
Feel scared  
Or concerned  
Or cautious

But for the most part  
It hasn't affected me  
Very much at all

.....

### **First time**

Standing in the woods  
about 14 or 13 years old

we gather in a circle  
passing the joint to one another

This is my first time  
yet I lie and say it isn't  
I don't inhale properly  
and they tell me if I don't do it right  
they're gunna start punching me

So I try to mimic their breathing  
and the result seems satisfactory  
though I feel no different  
than I did before the drug  
only now my lungs hurt  
and I keep suppressing the urge to cough