

DO NOT READ THIS BOOK

David O'Neil

Do Not Read **This eBook**

By David O'Neil

For my wives and their husbands

ATTENTION

This book has not been tested on animals.

No animals were hurt in the making of this book, only trees.

Only trees and the animals nesting in and feeding off the particular trees that were harmed in the making of this book have been harmed in the making of this book.

Ok, some animals and trees have been completely destroyed in the making of this book so by purchasing it you are a bad person who doesn't care about anything.

Many brain cells were harmed in the making of this book.

This book contains language and some scenes.

This book should burn at a satisfying 451 degrees Fahrenheit.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ATTENTION!

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An important note from the author.

I was born one day, some years ago at a time when I can't remember but as I have often been told when I have forgotten what I was just about to say, "If you can't remember then it can't have been all that important," so I guess it wasn't.

So what is important? Is anything important? I mean really important to everybody. And why are really important things really important? I suppose things like food and water and air and maybe your actual physical self are important because if we did not have them then we would not be here. But then I suppose if we were not here then food and water and air and your actual physical self would not be important anymore and wherever not here is, we all have to go there anyway one day for god knows how long so I suppose important things are just made up by us to fill the time before we go.

Anyway, listen to me rambling on and on about important things when I could be talking about something else.

I hope the following thoughts will help you in some way with dealing with any feelings of despair and many other common complaints...

Halves

My soul ripped in two when I found that I'd lost her,
Now I smash mirrors whilst screaming "Impostor!"
 Inside my brain I know things aren't the same
And my face can't replace the fact I am to blame.

 But is it the same for the rest of humanity?
When you lose half your soul do you lose half your
 sanity?
 Or is it just me being twisted and free
To be hollow and wallow in self centred vanity?

 Half of me thinks that I'm long due some luck
But the other half thinks I should shut the fuck up
Because all I can do is feel down, well boo hoo,
 I deserve all I get for creating this muck.

 Well shit'll still happen and one day we'll die,
I'll feel better tomorrow, yeah, and pigs fucking fly.
I'll feel worse and worse 'til I'm crashed in a hearse
And then both of my halves will lie quiet side by side.

Descending to black

Descending to black,
Thought I'd gone - now I'm back
Only this time it's darker and deeper and stronger
And something within me knows it's for longer
Than ever before and there's definitely more
Sense of impending doom
In this windowless room.

A clock ticks and then tocks
The door's still fucking locked
And as time wanders through there's still nothing to do
Except sigh, maybe cry, question why, not die,
Tell others I'm well while I'm living in hell,
Shout hurrahs through the bars
of my tight little cell.

(cont.)

I can write little poems but the problem's ongoing
And I shout to get out but there's no way of knowing

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If ever I will, or I can, or I should,
Maybe this torment is for my own good,
There's no gain without pain
And the spilling of blood
But if I could avoid it I definitely would.

I need out of this hole while I still have a soul
And that last fraction of sanity the rest of humanity
Hasn't deprived me of might just survive because
I can't remain in this place in my brain
Where it's cold and unhealthy
Because I have decided to die old and wealthy.

Christmas number one

It's cold inside
The TV's died
This time of year

It's heat they fear
Warm homes
Strong bones
Old phones
Good news
Short queues
Calm

Help me please, I'm trying to breathe
And not to bleed, but failing
I'm trying to shout but tuning out
I'm short of time, gone sailing.
I'm twenty-five, I'm just alive,
I might survive, I'm wishing,
I can't quite cry, I smoke – get high
I don't know why, just fishing.

Winters here
Christmas cheer
Late night shops
No full stops
Gift wrapped
Pre-packed
Well stacked
Spent well
Meant well
Why?

(cont.)

I don't mind rain, I don't feel pain,
I'm not insane just drinking.
I'm not that old, can't keep hold
I'm in this world, now sinking.
I waste good time, I drink cheap wine,

I should be fine not frowning.
I walk, talk, eat. I sometimes sleep,
My thoughts run deep, I'm drowning.

Have to go
Wish for snow
Spend some cash
Try not to crash
Late nights
Bar fights
Weird lights
New phones
Tired bones
Cold homes
Long queues
Wrong news
Short fuse
Well spent
Well meant
Why?

Dreamlife

Don't mix dreams with real life,
It cuts far deeper than any knife,

In hidden places best kept unreachable,
Where instinct and passion and other unteachable
Talents and skills lie
Waiting on standby
For use when abuse from life feels like too much
And your thoughts are all sore spots too tender to
touch
But you have to keep testing, sod fucking resting,
So you think them again, and all over again
Till your brain, through the strain with the pain,
Accepts them as real as a cold steel chain
That is dragging you further away from the sane.

The Listener

I sat in the darkness and listened,
Listened as the sounds of the day passed on.
Into quietness they passed
And I listened.

A new sound could be heard as I listened,
Listened as the new sound took hold.

It had my undivided attention
And I listened.

The sound was now loud as I listened,
Listened as my thoughts were explained.
The sounds of the day changed in meaning
And I listened.

The sound took control as I listened,
Listened to every word it spoke.
It gave out its orders, for war to commence
And I listened.

The sound had new power as I listened,
Listened to its evil decree.
It told me to die and I listened,
Are you listening to me?

Vigil

It was my turn to keep vigil last night
While everybody slept,
And again the day and the night before
Whilst everyone else swept
Along and on and on along
Unaware the song that be:
Life by definition is tragedy

Empty

Empty faces watching, staring.
Empty minds thinking empty thoughts.
Empty lives of empty pleasures.
Empty homes and empty hearts.

Empty people stand in line,
Empty of love, overflowing with hate.
Empty faces look down in empty shame,
Empty souls with an empty fate.

Logical nonsense

Once upon a time I was an everyday child
With normal thoughts, normal emotions, normal
desires.
Then one day I did something stupid which shattered
All my delusions of normality...
I opened my mind and thought for myself,
Why does this happen? What does it mean?
Who is right? Who is anybody anyway?
Why is science unsatisfactory for me?

And religion so vague?
The proofs prove nothing.
Logic is nonsense.
Order is chaotic.
Good is bad and bad is good.
What is right for me could be wrong for you.
Either we stand divinely judged as sinners
Or evolution warped and buckled.
Knowledge is theory and theories are attacked from all
sides
By people who do not know what it is they are siding
against.
Your meaning of life is down to your own logic.
Mine is caught in a vicious circle.
There's no way out alive.

Suicide Note

I'm deep within my coldest season
Where everything demands cold reason.
So here it is, my final quote
Safe within this suicide note.

As everything races on downhill
I wish I'd took the other pill.
It seems for me too much to cope,
Hence this little suicide note.

When happy things to me seem bleak
And healthy bones feel tired and weak,
So weak I cannot keep afloat

It's time to write a suicide note.

I can't trust those who have the power.
I'm fed lies hour after hour
And there's no one good to give my vote,
I'd rather write my suicide note.

There's poison pumped into the air
For us to breathe and not to care.
No apologies, no antidote,
Another page in my suicide note.

We can live our lives on the Internet
But I'm chained to mine by etiquette,
Like ice cold hands tight round my throat,
The final line in my suicide note.

Half-try

When the moon hits your eye with a hideous cry
And you smile for a while, with a tear in your eye,
As you mope with a rope by your favourite tree
Contemplating, debating eternity;

When you know – well you think – that your life's on
the brink
And you're sure that you're sure that it's not just the
drink
And your choice is (the voices have chosen your fate)
To end it and spare yourself dying too late;

As you dare to prepare your life's final act,
You're a man with a plan but consider one fact:

Who are you to assume that you think you know best?
You are the one who has fucked up the rest
Of your worthless and pitiful half-try at life so much
All your decisions gave been proved fucking wrong so
such
Thoughts about anything inside your head
Are probably wrong like all else that you've said.

Do Not Read

I do not advise that this book you should read
Buy it, by all means and pamper my greed
But please lose it or burn it or eat it I plead.

For there are things that I've said that should never be
read, and when read things I've said
Can get lodged in your brain
And lie dormant, inactive, asleep and inane
Then they'll rot, when forgot and go bad and infect
And take over and feed you thoughts you can't reject
'Cause they're in you, they are you, the new you who
know you
And hate you and bait you and constantly show you
Your cares and your dreams as nightmares and
screams
Solidly on at you constant and strong as you
Lose all your hope and you'll no longer cope

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In your head with it's dead
Thought processes
And obsesses.

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Ordinary Man

Ordinary man in an ordinary place
With an ordinary look on his ordinary face.
In ordinary ways he does ordinary things
And on an ordinary day he would normally sing
But today he's away and has nothing to say,
Not a word to be heard or a joke to be spoke,
Just a sigh and a cry and sometimes a "why?"
But no one can tell why he's going through hell.

He's an ordinary man with an ordinary life
With an ordinary child and an ordinary wife
In an ordinary house on an ordinary road,
Just an ordinary struggle with an ordinary load.
But he's become of being admired
For his child and his wife and his ordinary life
And thinks back to a time when he still had a dream,
A chance to be different, a chance to be seen
As more than a man with an ordinary life
So he ended it there with an ordinary knife.

Dead Fucked

Head fucked fuck head
Fucked up, now he's dead
Fucked up head fuck,
Fuck head fucking dead,

Head fuck fucked up
Fuck head's head fucked.
Dead fucked head fuck,
Fuck head fucking dead.

Fuck head's head fuck
Fucked up, dead fuck.
Fucked up fuck head,
Fuck head fucking dead.

Someone

Someone once told me to listen,
I listened and believe it was true.
I liked what I heard so I followed the call
And wandered along with the few.

Someone once told me to stand,
I stood and was singled out.
I was put in a box and labelled and filed
And left there with no-one about.

Someone once told me to think,
I thought and my brain became tired.
I thought about thinking and slowly went mad
And my brain said "up yours" and retired.

Someone once told me to speak,
I spoke and my words were a lie.
Some people laughed but the rest ran away
I was left on my own there to die.

Someone once told me to die,
I died and things didn't go well.
I screamed at the world to listen to me

But they're dying and are going to hell.

Too late

I ended it all just the other day
But none of my problems went away,
Now I stare helplessly down from above
At the pain that remains with the people I love.

Hear the wind? That's me sighing.
Feel the rain? That's me crying
But it's too fucking late to find reasons for dying
'cause it's already done, all is lost, nothing's won,
I was wrong all along and death's no fucking fun.

Be

Cry and cry and question why
And tell another pointless lie
'Cause no one has informed you.
Run and fly, try not to die,
Least not just yet, but don't forget
There's no one to perform to.

Run and run, go have your fun
You know it might not be that long
Before you're not around.
Jump and splash, try not to crash,
Don't care because there's no one there
To watch you falling down.

Be rich, have cool, be no one's fool,
The bitch that no one else can rule,
Be something that you're not.
Be hard, be fast, come first not last,
Be rude, be screwed, be fucking class,
Be easily forgot.

Be shy, be nice, be cold as ice,
Plan your way, decide on dice,
You'll get there all the same.
Have no cares or say your prayers,
Laugh because your epitaph reads
Life's a fucking game.