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Something Deep And Profound

A collection of alternative poetry and prose
For the undiscerning mind

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Foreword

I've always wanted to write a book, although I've never fancied myself a writer. *Songwriter*, maybe. *Lyricist*. *Poet*. I've, also, always felt it quite self-serving for one to call himself or herself a poet. It never seemed like a title someone could give themselves, only something that can be given by said person's audience. Being humble has never been my strong suite, yet I could never bring myself to actually say that I'm a poet.

I'm not a poet. Over the past decade throughout which I've written most of the work in this collection, I've only put to paper (digital paper, mostly, in this case) what I've felt and gone through. I can't distinctly remember sitting at the screen with the intent of writing something. The words never came out when forced, and there have been times when I've gone through months, or even years, where I couldn't write a single word. And others where they seemed to flow like a never-ending river. This foreword is somewhere in between.

I considered for a while not writing one, and just getting straight to business. Like I said, I've never fancied myself a writer. So in a way, this foreword is a forced work, and therefore not my best. But I felt it needed to be said that the contents of this "collection" are the result of years of experienced emotions that were sometimes beautiful, and sometimes feelings I wouldn't wish on my worst of enemies. And of those I seem to have collected quite a bit.

I've never made money off of my art, whether it had been any of the bands or musical endeavors I've been through, my painting or my writing, and so I decided to distribute this collection of my work freely. I ask you to understand that this is essentially me bearing my heart and soul, for my work is merely a reflection of who I am, and a mirror for the deepest corners of my psyche. It leaves me vulnerable and exposed, but I choose to share it with you either way. If you find inspiration, connection, or any form of release through my work, then I have made a difference.

Lastly, I have a certain visual style to a lot of my poetry that you may find strange at first, but I promise you'll get used to it. This collection spans almost a decade of work, so the poetry may seem disjointed, although that can also be attributed to the fact that I don't follow any rigid rules for stanzas or verses. I make my own.

You are free to distribute this work as long as it is kept in its original state and properly credited.

Like Blue Cheese

I tried
Like in one of those horror games where you run
From the bad guy
And try to open the locked door, uselessly

Until he eats you

I prefer my fate triple sec
And straight
Off the rocks
On the table, face up
But life isn't a deck of cards, now, is it?

Or a walk in the park, while eating blue cheese

She asked me, "What does blue cheese have to do with anything?"
But what does anything have to do with anything, really?
We connect the dots, and dot the connections

Speaking of connections, I doubt there are hardly any left
I remember you pulling the plugs out
One by one

Like a rat-race to the cheese

Blue cheese, to be exact

You know blue cheese is technically rotting
And you know me, I'm always technical
But today
I'd rather be rotting than be technical

Technically (rottenly) speaking, I'd rather be nothing

(E v e n t u a l l y I will)

If I traced the contours of your mind, I might just end up going in circles
Or seemingly so, because there is no end to how you can creatively flatten
me
Spread me evenly (or un ev en ly) like blue cheese on toast

But this isn't a carousel, just the spinning of our hell

If I tried
To care enough to stay
Or care enough to walk away?

I watched you
Come and go

and

Come and go again

Though if I
Stripped naked and ran through the streets
You still wouldn't notice me

If I spread open my chest with a scalpel
And dug out my heart with a spoon
You would just eat it

(Like blue cheese

It's just as rotten)

The bad guy would've eaten me whole
So who cares more?

Fish don't fuck
So the water is clean to drink

Or seemingly so

Because whales and dolphins
do.

The Closest Thing

There you were, all dressed in black
Or was that your heart
 Staining your shirt

When you wore it on your sleeve?

 I can't quite recall
(Though I can call back later)

I built monuments out of goodbyes
To stand
 Tall
And strong
As visible as dust
Showering long left portraits
Through the day's sunlight

Forgive me, I lost your
 Number
In the multitudes of excuses you left
Piled up in the corner

I had your name filed under "E"
For "Everything"
And I assume you had mine the same
But I guess the last time you tried
To look me up, it slipped down

 To "F"
For "Forgotten"

Little by little
It inched by to "G"
For "Gone"

Or maybe you just switched me for
Your heart back
And filed it again under "E"
For "Empty"

(How about "N" for "Nonexistent"?)

I know you form
Your words, with the one intention
Of breaking me
And mine

Bringing me up, to slam be back down and
"Scatter brains on the Berber carpet"

Lovely, no?

Yes, like the sweet nectar of honey
Mixed with blood and human feces

"The closest thing to love you'll ever find"

The Fact

I don't like the fact
That we

Keep our toast in the freezer
And not in the fridge

Paint our lives in curves instead of
Straight lines

And stop at point C
When going from point A to
Point B

I don't like the fact
That you

Count the days I walked left
And seem to forget the days when
I was right

Make up excuses in your spare time
Pile them up
In your pink ego box
And hand them out when convenient

Bring down my walls and
Leave me naked, while asking for the truth
And calling me a liar

I don't like the fact
That I

Wake up everyday
On the wrong side
Of my one sided bed

Mindfuck

Like a brick

Wishing I could just sink
Deeper
Than I already am
Weighted down with
A heart made of stone
Which I long to possess

Like a brick

Or like a prick
Whichever comes last
Sometimes

I wish I couldn't feel
Sorry for you
Sorry for myself
Sorry. Period.

No wonder I can't sleep
The construction workers downstairs
Seem like
Beethoven compared
To the echoes of your
Constant [m i n d f u c k]

Why does it seem like this body
Is a loadstone to all that is
Painful?

I'll work on new ways to
Fix this
And that
Cure cancer
Split the atom

While you work on new ways to
Play with your cell phone

While watching me slowly kill myself
As I try to balance the Cosmos

And then blame me for our exile from Heaven

I drink coffee because
You like it so much
 Not because
It keeps me awake
(As I try to split the atom/cure cancer
 /put it all [us] back together)

I don't need coffee to
Keep me
 Awake
I've got
 You

I pollute your personal space
With roses and
 White chocolate

And you ask why I wasn't there yesterday
 Forgetting that I'm here today

Instead of pondering what
 Tomorrow
 Would be like
 If I wasn't

It's In Your Fridge

Delve deeper into this poison created *exclusively* by me and mine. I am not faint of heart and I am not akin to illusion. If my voice can't be heard than my ultimate sacrifice will surely be felt. Throw pennies? Throw hearts out one by one like some sick horseshoe and pole game. Arrange them on your shelf, name-tagged and bleeding. Take my soul and place it deep in the fountain, make your last wish and **wish it would be your last**. Break me into several minuscule pieces and plaster me along your walls so I can keep you safe at night, but small enough so I would never be seen.

But I am felt.

Keep my every misdeed on record. Paint them on the back of my heart and **shove it in my face** each and every day. And don't forget to forget anything true I've done. Erase it all like some bad memory, scrawl it out with ink corrector and tape it _{down}, staple it through, and nail it shut. But it will seep out through the seams. No good deed goes unnoticed.

Not even mine.

Play your cards. Go on, bet *all* you have on the roll of a die. I'll deal you an ace. I'll deal you a *houseful* of aces. And then I'll take them all away and **leave you dry without climax**. I will stay put and never move my ground. Sacrifice my position for a killing blow? *Never*.

It's not who I am inside, but what I do that defines me.

Bullshit. If that is so, we're all liars and cheats and fucking **rapists of the mind**. Bask in your gluttony, envy others' lust. Love everyone but yourself and you will surely hate the world. It *is* who I am inside. Pandora's box is open, and it's not full of pretty lights and lost dreams.

She'll sleep sound tonight while you are wide awake.

Sleep is something I haven't had since you woke me up. Woke me up to cold harsh reality and petty disputes over curfew. I *liked* the dream. **And so did you**. So maybe we should go on sleeping. A man can dream. And hey, Women's Rights, so can a woman.

Bleed. Bleed. Goddammit, bleed.

Trace your ever-succulent curves with **cold stainless steel**. Stainless? Stainless... How so? It's deep burgundy with blotches of velvet. No use, the soul can never escape from those kind of exits. I know very well it can't. And it's not a disease, to be bled out and purged. It doesn't need a cure. **It is the cure**.

Two people. One choice.

A unanimous decision is futile, especially when both parties disagree. One will overcome the other, and force a course of action. **It's called dictatorship, and it's all around us.** It's in your government. It's in your home. It's in your marriage. It's in your *fridge*. It's in your blood. Or you wouldn't be human.

Look down at your feet. They brought you here. Say thank you.

My choices have led me. I was a dictator upon myself. For I wouldn't agree with some of the choices I've made, but made them anyway. We have a few more choices left to make. Let's be more considerate about them, shall we?

Let's bring down these dictatorship walls, end the war, shake hands and declare peace.

Peace isn't for pussies. *War* is for pussies **insecure about the size of their dicks**. A true brave man (or woman) is courageous enough to commit to peace.

And war, isn't always about Sherman tanks and F-22s.

Sometimes, it's a war within yourself.

Drive safely. I *care*.

It Has Come To This

It has come to this

The utter

Silence

Broken only by the reverberating

Beats of a dead

Broken heart

I remember

We used to spend hours

On the phone

And spend hours

Looking for a phone

When it wasn't available

Now

We spend hours sitting back to back

Without uttering a single syllable

Isn't it ironic? Because I know

We both have a lot to say

I'd give both arms and legs

Stand forever in the cold rain

With nothing but the skin on my bones

If it could bring me back to you

It has come to that

The bitter

Severance

Spoken slowly by the exonerating

Distance that we've

Created

I remember

We used to spend hours

Laying side by side

One under the other

Arms intertwined

Without a single word said

And yet in that silence, the whole world
Was made clear to you and I
Isn't it ironic? Because I know
In those moments, nothing needed to be said

I'd give both flesh and blood
Sleep forever on nails
With nothing to look forward to but the grave
If it would bring me back to you

It has come to this

Tin Can Phone

You make me feel
Hollow and pointless
When I know I'm not

Striving to be a non-function
Of your vengeance
These moments turn into centuries

Blatant disregard, you're making my own mistakes
And I am forced to watch
Logic defeats the heart, when one is heartless
And oceans apart

When there's no one to blame but yourself
You blame fate, the world, God
But never yourself
And I, the fool I am, blame myself

Like a lung, I loved you
And still do
Couldn't breath right without you
And so I suffocate, asphyxiate
And choke, on your
Second hand smoke

You'd believe their lies
And disprove my truth
Just because their lies are worse
And you'd do anything to bring me lower
Than I already am
(I have to look up, to see a snake)

I am crushed and thrown away like
Every letter of mine that has passed your hand
Like every attempt at a white flag
To end this perpetual war waged against me

I am empty, and yet I do not complain
It makes more room to keep it all in
That which does not kill you
Will make you wish it had

You would prefer others in my place
When I place you above all others
But if I was a lie
I wouldn't be here now

Would I?

Everything is
Tasteless
Colorless
Soundless
I'm a deaf, blind mute
Because you were all my organs
Not just my heart

The Thief and The Saint

The spiteful thief that stole my pride
Gave it back with holes inside
Fed with glee on my ruptured core
And coated truth with cyanide

Vengeance is a dish best served sweet
To hide the bitter taste of intentional deceit
Not even a mirror can face you anymore
Not even the ground below your feet

The ardent saint that saved my life
Took off the mask and spoke of strife
She lingered close and calmed my soul
Then in my back she eased her knife

To build a mountain, to tear it down
To watch it all crumble to the ground

To never sleep and make hell my home
Is easier than letting you go

What If I Live Tomorrow

The light of dawn
Marks another day
Slipping through my fingertips

Never-ending time
Forms a constant rhyme
With every beat that my heart

Skips

As if I was just
A moment in eternity
Inconsequential

Dismissed and forgotten

What if all we've built crumbles like
A castle made of sand
Making its last stand
Against a tidal wave?

What if I live tomorrow?

Can't help but feel like a two-year stand
While waking up the next morning with bad breath
And a hangover

From being drunk on confusion

High on illusion

Compulsively disordered

This is my freezer
Where I keep my memories on ice
Until they are placed in the microwave
and I hit

Defrost

What if all our dreams are stolen like
Candy from a baby?
So easy, but maybe
So hard on the heart

What if I live tomorrow?

For the longest time
Every morning I've paid
Tribute to my torment
In my own *flesh and blood*

Given a piece of my sanity
My soul
Myself
Just to keep breathing

But not anymore

I denounce my pain

What if all our hopes are murdered like
A cripple in their bed?
Even if already half-dead
You'd wonder which is better

What if I live
tomorrow?

What if I **fucking** live tomorrow?

I've held that castle
That castle made of sand
Against tidal waves and storms
With my own *bare hands*

Stickmen On The Wall

What's the point of making the bed?
The mark you left
Can never fade

I don't know where to turn
The past is haunting
The future an empty promise
And the present, stale

The taste of tin invades my mouth

Because all the roads
End just the same
All the roads
Lead back to you

Does he keep you warm?
Does he know your fears?
Can he claim to have shed
Enough blood and tears

Like I did?

The only one allowed to see
The deep marks on my face
The scars I bear, inside and out
The torment that keeps me company
The slight shaking of my hand
Whenever I put on your shoes

Is me

I can never show you
My bloodstained clothes

You wake up
To your make up
And I wake up
To my own

The smile I paint everyday
To tell the world my follicles are breathing
The crutch I wedge
Between chest and chin
To hold my head up high

I am a walking lie

I've played this role
For so damn long
I no longer know to which my soul belongs

One day I am weak
One day I am strong

I am the winning loser
The hero in a tragedy
I claim victory over myself
And that only proves my loss

What's the point of making the bed?
The warm spot you left
Is now colder than hell

I don't know where to drive
There's no one back home
You're not at your own
And the passenger seat will always be empty

Because all the roads
End just the same
All the roads
Lead back to you

Have I built a bridge
Back to my own misery?

But I cannot show
The living or the dead
A fraction of my pain

I cannot let the scales of your pride in me
Fall any lower

People change
But a promise never does
A promise is a promise
To the bitter or joyful end

A Sequential Harmony of Events

Reflecting the sun
With strands just alike
Like a crown she wore
Her hair, made of light

And a face so white

I could almost see through
If I wasn't already
Lost, in eyes of blue

Running my finger down
The bridge of her nose, and crossing
Her smile reveals the walls of ivory
Guarded by the fortress of her lips

Her smile breaks down my walls of pain
And reduces my fortress of torment
To nothing but hope

Her mere movement
Seemed to quicken my
Convalescent state
As she walked towards me

The opposite way you

Walked in

Walked out

Of my life

And she through the door
You left open

The door to this heart
Bled to this day, unrelenting
And all she did, was lay a hand

With fingers like Heaven
Each a threefold utopian dream
A band on one
With my essence
Inscribed within

The door to this heart
Bled to this day, unrequited
And all she did, was lay a hand
On this bleeding door

How could hands so pure
Keep something so horrible at bay?

I told her what is left of this heart
Is somewhere far from here
With someone far from me

Yet somehow she reached
Deep within a dream
And brought it back in one piece

I have flaws
As tall as the Empire State
And as long as the Nile

Yet she braved those heights
And went the distance
Mile by mile

She wouldn't flinch
But simply smiled

When I said I was broken

And put me back together
With stitches of hope
And patches of joy

I told her what is left of this soul
Is somewhere far from here
With someone far from me

Yet somehow she reached
Deep within a design
And brought it back in one piece

And she said she was mine
And with all my new heart and soul
I believed

This is the day
That I promised
 Would never come

To hell with the promises I've made
To hell With the things I've done

Take your redneck reasons
Dip them in your Starbucks coffee
 And shove them

Let betraying arms keep you warm at night
I hear York can be very cold
 This time of year

But not as cold as my heart can be
When my back is stabbed
 And my truth repealed

On Waking

Let's skip the drama
And start chasing trains

A love in chains
Is a love in vain

Waking up to your voice sets the day in motion
Better than butterflies in my cereal would
With every spoonful I tingle

Let's jump off this bridge
And burn it behind us

Get lost in this city
Where no one can find us

Waking up with your hand on my chest
Is like waking up with my hand in Heaven
I'd pick you some stars
And make a constellation out of your name

Let's stop pretending
And start building dreams

Out of paper hearts and cinnamon sticks
Love seeps through the seams

Waking up to the scent of your hair on my pillow
Is like always having the cool side
At the tip of my fingers

I can see, your fingers interlaced with mine
Like a weave of truth, our hearts coincide

Let's live our lives
Even with miles between us

We'll turn the world inside out
And still meet at the terminus

Waking up with your smile next to me
Is something I wouldn't trade for a thousand windows
There is more sun in here, than on the sun itself

We'll trade our hearts and bargain for joy
But in the end, we'll meet, just the same

Let's crawl back into bed
In here, there's more than we need

Tomorrow's another day, today can wait
For now, let's lose speed

Inamorata

Silence

The windows seem to speak
Through eclipsing curtains
Of tales of a new advent
Where rapture is certain

Though weary, I stumble
And gaze through the fulgor
Where promises are scripture
Unlike what I remember

Memory

The dust will never settle
To form barriers that block the past
Always in motion, never to rest
How long can oxygen last?

These trips are intoxicating
And ominous for the clever
My armor grows thinner
With every antecedent endeavor

Stimulation

When simple glances
Could stir the impossible
Move mountains and monuments
That were seemingly impassable

Catalyst to the dormant
We awaken the dream
We are but humble actors
In this play of consequence

Finality

We tread and lose our way
On these roads that twist and bend
But no matter how far we stray
They always bring us to the same end

Our fates converged before
And once again they will
There is no certitude in life, nor in death
And so we make our own until

Anamnesis

I didn't mean to sound so lost

The bed sheets left no space
Between skin
And taste

And even if it all seems to fall apart
I promise, there's no need to escape

Elevators and the top bunk
Wood benches behind pools
Our memories are etched
On every corner

Time cannot play us for fools

I didn't mean to sound so lost

These scents invade
Every part of your brain
The smoothness of thought
Every part of my day

This pillow is filled
Not with feathers
But prayers

Lay your head down
And let me guide your way

I didn't mean to sound so lost

There's no need to dream
No need to pretend

It can happen again
And it will before the end

Just lay your head down
And wipe away those tears
Tomorrow you'll remember
Why you and I are still here

You didn't mean to sound so lost
But home is here
 Home is here

Where the heart is
 Home is here

Impetus

Fragile

This room is adorned with promises
Suspended like wind chimes
Our whispers the only impetus
Breathing élan into this still life

Our secrets arrayed
Neatly along this thread, that
Ties us in tandem
Such a fragile thread

Please

Please

Please

Don't remember me for hurt
I've done
Don't remember me for words
I've said
Remember me for how I made you feel

Embrace the warmth instead

I love you, I hate you
And I
Commemorate you
For giving life to every feeling
That can be felt by a human being

I *everything* you

What's ours is ours
No matter what they say
We've bled and cried
Too much to walk away

This room is adorned with dreams
Hovering like molecules of faith
Our secret the only witness
To how far we've come

The ultimate test
Is yet to come

Forgiveness

There is no closure in this

Your reasons reek of rot
Like trailer park trash

I've made friends with your enemies
And I've slept with my mistakes
I'd go back to every dead end
But never again touch your face

[Keep looking at the bright side
Until you go blind]

There is no closure in this

Your promises are hollow and fake
Like makeshift cardboard hope

Forgiveness is so far from you
Nothing but a notion, a desperate dream
I don't hand out grace twice on Sundays
And certainly not for you

[Keep your head up in the clouds
Until you run out of air]

There is no closure in this

You're now excluded from my dreams
Like you always did. You always did

Never again will you cross my mind
I've grown tired of that twisted presence
So little do you know of the man I am
You've made your choice, now and forever

[Keep thinking you're better off
Until you find yourself on again]

There is no closure in this

You surprise me with the fate I've had
 How your hand-eye coordination
 Could be so bad

Your rusty arrows and rotting bow
 Require quick replacing, no wonder
 You aimed so low

Since when have you preferred
 Daggers over arrows
 And aimed for backs
 Instead of
 Hearts?

Even your golden tipped
 Darts

Are now laced with lead
 No longer do they spread
 Love, but hatred instead

You martyred all that's pure
 Went against all your own rules
 Ran out of luck, you little fuck?

It's no mystery why
 Naked, you fly
 Your performance is so comme ci
 Comme ça, you can't afford a decent
 Ensemble

My dear Cupid
 Don't be so stupid
 And aim those arrows
 Up your own this time

Against All Odds And Reason

Why?

Why do the hands tremble
While navigating through pixels
Spelling out your name?

Why does it hurt to laugh
As if it's a crime?

Ever since the dust settled
It left nothing but a layer of past
Blocking my lungs

I cannot breathe

Why does this heart beat
In tandem with your sobs
As if it's a manifestation of sadism?

Why does it seem wrong
To love and sing?

Ever since she licked my ear
And wrapped her legs around mine
I felt trapped

I cannot dream

Why do these white walls
And florescent lights
Seem like a mental ward?

Why are my office walls
Closing in on me?

Ever since I cast you out
Of my this and that
These four walls seem closer than ever

I cannot breathe

Why does the mind falter
When the heart decides
Against all odds and reason?

Why do I forget you
When you're already everywhere I am?

Why not?

The Grand Betrayal

If I sever the past
And turn my back on memory
Will it ever last
This makeshift remedy?

There is not an inch of space
On my back left, for you to place
Another blade

Four walls
And not a single door
Nor a window to shed
Light, on this treacherous floor

There is not a single segment
Of my heart left, for you to fragment
Just let me be

A drink to escape
This vodka tastes like freedom

When friends and foes collide
And blur the lines between
I know not whether you're true
I know not, I know not

A pill to escape
This Valium tastes like liberty

I felt contrite
But I still feel, I swear I do
That is the only reason
I walked away from you

For there is not an inch of trust
On my back left, for you to thrust
Another blade

False hope
Bad faith
And a hint of shame

If I sever the past
And turn my back on memory
Will it ever last?

Will it ever last?

But I'm A Liar, Honestly

The world is a beautiful place, as long as you don't wear out your welcome. And you, my friend, have worn out your welcome. Welcome to hell. Come, we'll sail down Acheron and I'll drown you myself. Only a couple of coins and we'll get you through Styxx. But my ardent grin is the last thing you'll see as I tie you down with my hatred/jealousy/whatever you want to call it and leave you choking on your own flowing regret. Sorrow populates your veins as you come to realize the full error of your ways. Today might not be the day. And neither might tomorrow, but that day will come as surely as the sun will set on your makeshift joy. You're a skilled liar, that I must admit. You're so good, you've fooled yourself. I learned from the best. Love leads to hate, hate leads to anger, and anger leads to apathy. Apathy, leads to me. Take whichever road you wish, I am Rome. You'll find me at the terminus, still keeping that grin safe for you.

I'll Fed-Ex your bones back to you, sorry I've kept them so long. Though I'm afraid they've been corrupted down the marrow. This place reeks of used latex and cheap water based lubricants, you've fucked with my head for too damn long. I watch as my friend(ships) sink and my loyalties tear at the seams. I sit and observe the complete deconstruction of my temple, and the decomposition of my emotion. But I'll build it all again in less than a heartbeat. I'M that good. And I'll watch you tear it down again. And I'll rearrange the pieces to fit once more. One day one of us will grow tired, and it won't be me. It will never be me. Never.

The world is a humorous place, as well. As I watch the innocent pay for the crimes of the guilty. As I watch those with truth sold out as liars. As I watch those with aspirations put to a dreamless sleep. You bashed me in the face with your ten-ton hammer/decision/illusion. You didn't even bother using a nice, clean stiletto. But you're right, I should've paid attention, I should've seen it coming. I shouldn't have trusted this.

Next time, aim for the back, and get the heart on the exit.

Get the heart. Don't leave the heart beating. The heart is capable of so many horrors beyond your wildest nightmares. Your only mistake is that you spared my heart. We should've completely destroyed one another. As long as we're both alive, our brains won't stop firing neurons labeled "Him and I/Her and I" and we're stuck in this vicious cycle. I love the denial. Call me a liar and I won't give two shits about it. You're shoving your own household table salt into your own open wound. Believe the lies you've created to justify this and find another reason to sever. But if you open your eyes, you'll see the truth.

No, I don't love you. But I'm a liar. Or have you finally opened your eyes?

Your only mistake, is that you left me standing. Now bear the consequences.

Via Dolorosa

Only this
And nothing more

The ice that drifted
Through this capitulated chest
Was the one unforeseen price
I had to pay

I walked this line
No sweat, no sway
Said everything I had to say

Under siege
My sanity lay

I orchestrated the perfect demise of everything I held dear
Every fleeting thought a testament to my own undoing
And I apologize for the inconvenience

My fingertips pinned, on the
Searing surface of this hope

I wouldn't let go
I couldn't let go

I shouldn't let go

I opened the door for pain, and said
"Welcome, my friend
A home in me, you shall find"

And I didn't let go

Via dolorosa
I walked this line
No sway It's true
Done everything I had to do

This onslaught
My heart lived through

I masterminded the flawless downfall of everything I revered
Every transient reverie, stood witness to my own defeat
And this monument of torment, I built with my own hands

My feet stood still, on the
Scorching surface of this circumstance

I shouldn't walk away
I couldn't walk away

I will not

I opened the door for pain, and said
"There's only room for one in here"

Giggles

Little air pockets rise up and simmer from the pit of my stomach. They tickle up my spine and crawl up slowly behind my back. Catch me off guard. Like water I've forgotten boiling. It creeps up through my throat and spreads my lips apart, and I can't help but,

laugh.

You're funny.

The kind of 'I got hit by the bus I was trying to catch' funny.

But I strangle these notions. I grip them at the neck of conception and drown them while they're still at the infant stages of growth. Hope is overrated.

I drank too much amnesty last night and now I'm hungover on a politically correct Monday morning. I raise your bars. I raise all your bars. You are free to fuck up and fall. Refrigerators will scream and microwaves will rebel. You will miss out on the revolution.

Idiot box boxed you within four walls and the infinite number of channels channeled straight through your retina and into your ever shrinking cerebellum. Your sanity is impossible to retain. Impossible to contain. Refrain from thinking. We do the thinking for you. You just 'do'. Your own home is your own cage. Your homepage. Pass the popcorn, prop your feet up and enjoy grand theft memoria.

But we still love you. Because we still control you.

Have you taken your pills today? The blue pill. The red pill. The green pill. The happy pill. The sad pill. The Dr. Phil pill. The Aspirin. The Spasmocibalgins. The Antinal. The Valium. The birth control pills. The weight control pills. The bowel movement control pills. The remote control pills. Control. Control. Control.

Blow me.

Between the eloquent ass-kissing and complimentary rim jobs resides nothing but a hollow conscience. Sodomized and eternally violated by the corporate cock.

I could go on and on. But frankly, I could care even less when it comes to politics, economics, capitalism, and your choice of faith.

Though I could talk about it, if you desire, as if I were the president, businessman, entrepreneur, and/or Jesus.

But I still could care less.

I am content in my cage, with my idiot box and popcorn.

And your memories.

Crisis

This emptiness I feel
Is catastrophic

For when my lungs collapsed
Every breath I took
Was agony

Why does everything I touch turn to rust?

Sometimes it feels as if
I'd be more productive as a paperweight
Just sitting here by the phone
Waiting for my pulse to
Skip a beat

For when my chest was pried open
And my heart left bare
All I did was bleed
And you did nothing, nothing but
An empty stare

(It seems as if you never cared)

I've held my breath
Since you walked away
So afraid of oxygen
Such a foreign scent
Such a crooked line

Even that old shell, I cannot call mine

This emptiness I feel
Is catastrophic

For when my heart was ruptured
Every beat that ensued
Was agony

Why does everything I adore fade away?

(Left confused and unconvinced)

Sometimes it feels as if
Twenty three years of distress compounded
Just piled up in this thorax
Waiting to turn around, and
 Say "I told you so"

For when my torment took over
And my sight went astray
All I did was plead
And you did nothing, nothing but
 Walk away

I've kept my word
Through thick and thicker
 So afraid of losing
Such a precious moment
Such a withered truce

Even that old crutch, is now shattered and without use

This emptiness I feel
 Is catastrophic

Let Down

As I bite down on every memory
Same as the pain searing through my fingertips
As I try to put together what you left
Of the shards of my dignity

How could you mean so much
When I mean so little
To you?

As I drag down every thought
Much like the pain swelling in me
Somewhere deep and ignored
Down to that same place where you belong

As I brush away every feeling
Like every word hanging on my tongue
The disillusion of you seems to wrap
Tighter and tighter around my neck

How could you mean so much
When I mean so little
To you?

As I turn my gaze away
From every surface that seems to reflect
That intoxicating image of yours
I'd rather go blind than have to endure

Your scent invades every sense I have
To the point where I can't call any my own

I'd ask you to stay
But I'm not sure you'd stay still
For if what I felt was rationed ten-part
Each an able man it would kill

And yet still
How could you mean so much
When I mean so little
To you?

Neither Time Nor Tide

It's no surprise
When neither time nor tide
Would wait for any man

If only you could understand

I care less and less
With each passing day
And these walls might be
Closer than they seem

But I find myself wondering
Why they can't close in any faster

One of these days
I will learn to be afraid
Instead of dying from laughter

Love is nothing
But a game of war
Each side scrambling
For emotional ammunition

To break a heart
Is to win the battle
But to crush a spirit
Is to win the war

I shiver at the thought
Of what you have in store

Your sticks and stones
Mean nothing here
For your words and thoughts
Will cut under my armor

I care less and less
Whether it's today or tomorrow
Or yesteryear, even
As long as the moment comes

But if only you could understand

Neither time nor tide
Would wait for any man

My Compliments to The Chef

How was I to know
that I've run out of time?

All the clocks point to **you**.

They've cooked quite a meal
of quid pro quo.
Only you're the pro
and I'm the, well, *squid*.

My compliments to the chef.

How he picked me apart
and put me together
from memory and spare parts
and skin tight as leather.

How was I to know
that I've run out of time?

All my fate points to **you**.

Don't fix me, I'm broken
but I'd like to fix me myself.

Why,
when life gives you lemons
burn them.
Middle fingers up high.

They've cooked quite a meal
of this and that.
That is quite true
and this is where I *spat*.

My compliments to the chef.

As Long As It Comes

As I sit and ponder
with pen on paper
I usually realize
it's just easier to type

It's easier to fight
than to endure
or take flight

While I formulate solutions
to this never ending equation
And develop cures
For this contagion

Only to find
That the variables were wrong
And the samples someone else's
Maybe I should give up?

Hell, someone else might
I should just stay out of sight

I'm safe, here in my den
Not a care for how and when
As long as it comes
Either way, I'm never right

Maybe I'm the one who's blind
The one whose sanity is in question
But, the world looks fine to me
It doesn't twist and turn

Try as hard as I might
The world still seems right

I Was Wrong.

There used to be a time when I had no trouble expressing myself. It seems that time is, well.. long gone.

The words of the contemporary English vocabulary never escaped me, but at the moment they've all run off to little hiding places that even my own average stature cannot fit into.

There's a burning sensation behind my eyes. I can't quite put a finger (or any other kind of appendage) on what it is exactly. A tightening in the chest accompanies each clutching spasm, and that burning sensation seems to sear each and every tear that never comes, away. Just like cold water on a hot pan.

I would say I cannot breathe, but alas, I can breathe just fine. And I wish I couldn't.

Out of desperation I strive to find a comfort zone. Anything to occupy my turbulent mind. One reason to paint a smile, if even fake, on my thin lips and sallow face. But life shines in monochrome. Everything tastes like air and sounds like silence.

Even clowns cry sometimes.

I stood before you, and like a fool I spewed out a litany of emotions that only moments later I wished I could sweep up and shove back inside me. And when you smile and touch my hand, it only serves to make it worse. "There's close enough, and there's too far. It won't change an empty stare."

I wish I could measure, quantize, and qualify what I feel. Place it on a scale of 1 to 10 and watch how the zeros pile up. This is a state I wouldn't wish on my worst enemies.

When every pulse resonates your name, and every breath feels like you, my senses are under constant assault.

After days of mental exhaustion, physical fatigue, and emotional stress, all it takes is one piece of trivial news to break a back. I thought I was stronger, that I could carry the weight of the entire world and run a marathon. But I was wrong.

And it takes a lot for me to admit I was wrong.

I've dealt with this many times before, and they say it gets easier every time. But it seems to hurt a tenfold worse with each passing moment. I've fought on a daily basis, but finally, I am losing this battle.

No, I am losing the war.

But I would still stand and challenge every soul, living or dead, to feel for you more than I do. And that battle, I would watch them lose.

There Is No Place Like Hell

If this line I walk
Does nothing but stray
What choice do I have
But to hurt and betray?

You **always** come back
To this agony I sell
Again and again
There is no place like Hell

With each passing day
I grow less of a man
 And more of a shell

With each passing day
The higher I climbed
 The further I fell

With Hell above me
And Hell below me
Again and again
This is home, I can tell

If this line I walk
Is not straight and is not fair
What choice do I have
But to lay down and despair?

I **always** go back
To the comfort of this cell
Again and again
There is no place like Hell

If I strip the skin
Off this carcass of a man
 Will I find a heart?

If I gouge these eyes
And peer into my soul
 Will it tear me

Apart?

With nothing above me
Except everything that was below me
Again and again
This was home from the start

If this line I walk
Is no line at all
What choice do I have
But to take the fall?

I **always** go back
To how I'm not well
Again and again

There is no place like Hell

Comedown

As I sit here and watch you all drown in the deep end of your shallow lives, I can't help but think to myself, maybe I should invest in a sturdy marine vessel.

I waste time. A lot of time. Probably because I hate the idea of a road not taken (or I'm contemplating yachts). So I walk down every road. And back again. And then pick another fork to trot down. It's like walking the edge of a knife.

My heroine. There is no spoon.

You never feel more alive than the first time someone puts a gun to your favorite head and tells you to dance.

Dance, puppet. Dance.

If there is such a thing as Hell, it was made for people like you. And you were made for people like me.

You are my Hell. And I love you for it.

I love the searing heat of your pretentious existence against my face. How you leave me raw and wanting. How I need your high heels and designer drugs to make me feel alive. You course through every vessel of my heat-sunk veins.

I love you. I hate you. I propagate your stereotypical senselessness because the more there are of you the less there are of me. Being a dying breed is so in these days.

And I drown along with you.

The worst part is, when all is said and done, when you're lying around in a come-down and all you want is for me to touch your face, sing you a song, and whisper in your ear about how beautifully hopeless this moment is, I realize the one staggering truth about myself, and it destroys me more than your Hell ever could:

My river runs no deeper. I am just as shallow as you.

Grunt.

There are days when I wonder if the struggle is even worth it. The strength that I've built up is nothing more than a callous heart. Scar tissue. Blood, sweat and tears, they say. They got here through blood, sweat and tears. Well, our dreams might as well be nothing more than sculptures of dry blood, sweat and tears.

As I breathe in this caustic air, my heart melts. Disintegrates. Dissolves, and retroactively pumps itself back through my veins. Nothing can describe the sensation of having your entire belief structure collapse.

Over, and over again.

I built this castle of steel-wrought nylon with my own two hands. And you just waltz in and cut the strings. This was my home. This was my heart. But yeah, sure, it was your vodka.

Cheers.

As you sleep sound while I am wide awake, I hope you dream of me sound asleep. That's about as much as I can do in your presence. Lie still. Still lie.

It was only happenstance that I happened to have this stance, this self destructive dance, as you waltzed (or was it tangoed?) into my ball(s)room. You left, and left just a room.

You left me a hot, steaming mess. Nobody likes a hot, steaming male mess (although, for some reason, hot, steaming female messes are all the rage). So I have to paint faces and wear armor. This clunky armor, to hide my scars. This crutch wedged between my chest and chin to keep my head held high. And I'm no longer myself. And it's no longer your mess.

It's hard to move in armor. It's hard to breath with a crutch lodged above your ribs. It's hard to have to not be yourself so people don't run away as if the entire zombie apocalypse is gushing out of your own face.

Here's my plastic happiness. All wrapped up for the masses. The messes. The missus. The miss. Us.

Sometimes, I get jealous of your justified pain.

It's funny. I have entire libraries of things I want to say and yet all I could muster was a shrug. A grunt. A tired "I don't know".

But I do know. And I wish I didn't know.

I wish I didn't know.

Wreck.

I am not a lover
And I am not a fighter

I am a wreck
And this noose
Around my neck

Is getting tighter

Building houses made of glass
And paper thin principles
Has never been an act of sense
Of pride or joy,
or terrible perseverance

I act in total and utter
Disregard
Of personal safety
Sanity, and common logic

When I tell you to cut me some slack
To go off yourself
To go off yourself
To just go,

and never come back

Because I am not a saint
And I am not a sinner

I am a wreck
And this blood
Staining the deck

Is getting thinner

I am begging you to save me
And not leave me
In this flood
This crucifying mess,
that I have made

When I tell you to give me a break
To let me breathe
To let me believe
To just let me,

frame this ache

And burn the mastertape

Because I am not a monster
And I am not a machine

I am a wreck
And you will see
Every time you check

I am more than I seem

Marionette

Incessant and unappealing.

That nagging feeling, in the back of my heart. Telling me to fold. To cash out. To quit, not while I'm ahead, but before I lose my head.

One. Two. Three hundred and sixty five. Times ten. Multitudes of spatial events that work to undermine my self confidence, the destructive value of which is proportionate to absolutely zero Tinder matches across a time period equal to or greater than infinity.

The horizon is nothing but a straight line leading nowhere. As my past blends and bleeds into my future, history repeats itself. A vicious octahedron. Polygonal hell.

I stagnate. I sit still, waiting to be killed. Move me. Displace me. I will weave a web stretching from the deepest darkest depths of my heart to every single extremity of your body. So you can play me like a marionette.

Hell, I just want to be a real boy.

Flop

There were people as close to me as my own skin and bone. Time, circumstance, and neglect, maybe even all three, have put them at a distance as painful as having said skin and bone separated.

The words escape me.

They run off and hide in little holes even my own small stature can't get through.

But it's easy, isn't it? Losing people is as easy as keeping them. In a world so technologically advanced that trees might as well be made of fiber optic cable and dirt nothing more than rusted circuitry, we still find an excuse to drift away.

The human condition. I find it laughable that we call this civilization. Our penultimate regression coalesces into nothing more than arguments over phones bending in tight hipster pants. If your brushed aluminum casing is crying out, imagine how your scrotum is feeling. But we never listen.

We are not civilized. We are broadband and narrow-minded.

We are Starbucks and moonshine, starstruck and far from grounded.

Day by day I'm caring less and less for touch screens and teraflops, but oh, what wouldn't I give for fingertips. Any one else's fingertips across mine. I would trade the heat of that laptop across my legs for the warmth of a breath against my neck, any day. We can simulate universes and Turing test the hell out of your new artificial intelligence, but it will never replace a smile.

Here I am, early adopter, transhumanist, futurist, star gazer and already part machine, and yet I want nothing more than to truly be human again.

Would I still love you if you were nothing more than a brain in a jar?

My dear, we are all already nothing more than a brain in a jar.

But I miss you, nevertheless.

Cheer up

And I am crushed by the gravity of the situation. The life I am and was seeps through the seams of my hurriedly stitched leathers. No amount of pressure applied can stop the bleeding of the reality I had constructed around myself.

This fine line I walk between giving in, and giving up. A line blurred and phased by the lies we tell ourselves to sleep better at night. The fine line between the lies we tell ourselves and the lies we tell others, for ourselves.

And yet, that better sleep comes not.

I am nothing if not painfully complex. The severity of my cognitive high-rise, the laughable foundation, and the inevitable vertical descent of this construct. How could I ever hope to see if I've purposefully lifted myself above anything worth seeing? This whole charade of rising above the things that aren't good for your soul only works to disconnect you from the very things that build your soul.

I am nothing if not the amalgamation of my experiences. I wallow in the things that are bad for my soul. I revel in the things that are bad for my soul. I take pride in the things that are bad for my soul. The jury is still out, though, on the actual nature of my soul.

Do I become what I fear the most?

I refuse to see the downward spiral of our collective consciousness. And yet, I am painfully aware of the degrading quality of existence that we all, unavoidably and unwillingly, must adhere to. And so, I take my leave with only one last thing to say.

Cheer up, it'll only get worse.

Dichotomy

What good is it?

I waste a lot of time on seemingly trivial things. Like watching my cigarette slowly burn away, sitting there, in the ashtray. It's like looking at a mirror.

I pride myself on being able to turn thoughts into words, words into sentences, sentences into emotions.

Then I go and turn those emotions into prisons. Thereby effectively negating the whole creative process.

What good is it, if I can't vent the pressure?

To feel, or not to feel. That is not a question. These are my two states.

I never know which is preferable. The grass is always greener, I suppose.

The yard is always cleaner.

The neighbor is always meaner.

I sedate, medicate and obfuscate my way through this rat race, shit faced. Fast paced and hate laced.

But what good is it? These are my two states.

The further you stretch a rubber band (assuming it doesn't reach breaking point), the more it'll sting on the way back. The polarity of these extremes, the bilateral nature of this dull two toned spectrum exhausts me.

The emotional range of a brick wall. Not a concert hall.

What good is dichotomy when you won't even look at me?

Bah.

That's actually a word. Late 19th century. Probably French.

And on that note, I'll close the curtains. The opera is over.

Perspective

I cannot imagine anything worse than that moment when the things that brought you joy become morose.

When your safe haven and place of comfort becomes your hell.

When what used to pluck the strings of your heart now wraps its arms around your neck and chokes you out.

And you cannot (will not) escape.

How can such a paradigm shift exist?

It is a testament to how flawed our perspective can be. To how bipolar and schizophrenic our feeble hearts are. To our damaged psyche. Our failed enlightenment. Our hopeless pursuit of all things ever changing.

The only constant is you. And even you cannot be a rock.

The waves that crash on these shores are nothing more than echoes of a past life that might've never existed anywhere beyond your own mind. And even then, they still scatter all the other rocks this way and that.

The floodgates that kept your memories in check are safe and secure. And you are trapped right there behind them. No solace. No escape.

Compartmentalized, bottled up and sold as elixir.

Cheap perfume for cheap occasions. And even cheaper means to cheaper ends.

How insignificant your biggest dream must be, for this one moment to wake you up.

Ultimatum (Afterword)

It's 7:43 AM.

I can't sleep. I haven't really slept in a... Very long time, it seems. I'm talking about real sleep, Where you feel at ease and wake up refreshed after a night of so called sweet dreams, not fainting on the bed after tossing and turning for hours.

The sun is rising on another terminally ill night, only to start another infinitely painful day.

It makes me wonder, why I maintain this charade over and over only to have the shit I've done and sins I've committed recited from A to Z by a certain person that shall remain nameless, as they well should be, in my most dire of times.

Dramatic? Pessimistic? Obsessive and manically depressive?

You haven't seen shit yet.

I keep the darkest side of my ever tortured soul to the one person I trust the most. At least, used to trust the most.

Myself.

It's not something I'd talk about openly, publicly, and mindlessly freely to whomever it may concern. Unless you get me drunk first. If anybody feels left out, well, too bad for you then. Because I've felt left out, too. Countless times. By even you.

Yes, you.

Where should I start?

At the beginning seems like the most logical choice. But I'm not a logical nor rational person.

Well, I've made mistakes. Who hasn't? I've lied, cheated, hated, sinned, hurt, driven away and abused the trust of even those closest to my heart. My friends, my parents, my lovers. Nobody was beyond the wrath of this suffering entity. And I can't even put a finger on why I was/am this way.

But I've also loved. I've also sacrificed and gone beyond what is expected of a normal human being within the constraints, pressures, limits and circumstances of this situation and that. I'm still human. I am nothing more, and nothing less. That is the paradox, then. Am I human simply because I am this way, or am I this way because I'm simply human?

Or is this behavior not human at all?

I don't know. If I did, I wouldn't be talking about it.

We've all been through hell and back, or so each of us says. Why then, can I not simply let go of a dark past? Why can't I put one foot in front of the other without looking back and deciding to just walk again to the start? Why can't I smile without it being half pretentious?

I've put my friend circles on rotation simply to have something, or someone, to fall back on. Because at some point in time, one circle will seem redundant and another feasible.

Is that bad? Evil? Or just amazingly cunning?

Cunnilingus.

No, that has nothing to do with the story. Or does it? Either way, if you don't know what it is, don't go looking it up. You won't like it.

Told you.

Someone once told me, yes that same person that shall remain nameless, that I can pop a joke about anything at any time, even if the situation involves something tragic, and be able to laugh about it.

That's just a compensatory reflex, because if I didn't do that, I'd be crying my ass off. Seems better to laugh about it than to cry about it.

But then again, it's still a pretentious laugh.

How does it feel, to have your own knife eased into your back?

Pretty. That's all I can come up with.

I feel... Lonesome. But hey, that's my own fault, isn't it? Friends become foes and lives become lies. I like sitting alone in my room and then I feel bad about being alone. I've lost it.

This is it, isn't it? I *like* being unhappy. That's logical, right? Yes, that's the logical, rational explanation. I like being upset. Being upset makes me happy, right?

Of fucking course not.

I'm taking you in circles, aren't I? You're confused and by now you probably don't even know what I'm talking about anymore, right?

That's what I do best. Confuse people. Drive them away. Scare them. Intimidate and belittle them.

Who needs faith when you have fear?

Stab them in their fucking back, just like they deserve.

It eases my anger. That anger I have so much of, with nowhere to go.

Fittingly so.

Pretty.

And so I've made a few decisions. First and foremost, I'll let everything slide. Slide so smoothly like an android's ass. You love me? Good. You hate me? Even better. Gives me a reason to hate you back. You want to talk? I'm all ears. You want to sever? I'm a fucking wall. You're happy, sad, angry, hungry, sleepy, horny? Have fun with it. I *could* care less.

I don't care. Or, I care too much, it doesn't make a difference anymore. It's all good.

I'm better than this, and I can also be worse than your darkest nightmare.

I'm a big bundle of joy, aren't I?

Second. I won't call. You want to see/talk to/hang out with/fuck/or hear about me, you call me. I've been ignored way too much to make the effort at this point. Pick up that fucking phone and give me a missed call even. Send me a fucking "Call me, thank you" message. There are no excuses. If you want something, you find a way. If you don't, don't expect me to want it either.

So Merry Christmas, happy New Year, Easter, Hanukkah, and motherfucker's day.

If I've been blunt, then that's good. Time to be honest, already. If I've confused you, then hey, that's a reason to notice. Maybe even... call? If I've driven you away, then I'd like to say I'm sorry, but I don't have the capacity to be sorry at this time. I'm too busy feeling sorry for myself.

True friends will bear it. Opportunists will turn away, and that saves me the trouble of driving them away. And the fake... The fake will show their true colors.

If you have been offended, then you have been cured.