

Thing to do While Overseas

There's only so much a man can do while he's deployed:

Box, Drink, Buy whores,

Get tattoos, Jerk off like nobody's goddamn business,

And pray to God if you believe in a God that

You do not lose your sanity.

State of Mind

I am now in the worst state of mind

It is getting harder to come to my books
And escape with my Imagination
Especially when my mind is escaping from me

I do fear thinking to myself
I am scared of the answer my mind will give me.

I will not take the easy way out.

Home

I am dirt
You my love are the flower that comes out

I am Apathy
You are the aspiration i hope to be

I am yelling at you to Leave
You are the whisper that is saying
I am not going anywhere

I am the shot of whiskey
You are the sip of wine telling me to relax

I am a alley of filth in the night
You are the daylight at the park holding my hand
Telling me to look up and see the beauty.
I only see you

I hate myself
You love me and i don't know why

I am a empty hole
You make us

Home.

Numb

I pray to god that he
Takes this pain away

While I drown my liver in
The only thing that makes me feel
numb

While my mind drowns me
Under all the pressure on

What it means to be a man or
not to be a man

Maybe just a person
A person that is
Happy and loved

Where do i fall in?
I'm trying to follow

The orders that will give me the pursuit
Of happiness my

God damn god given right
My pursuit to feel something other then
numb

Happy me has been stripped away by
No one but
me.

Family history/family lesson

Do you know who you're not going to be like?
My mother would ask me when i was a boy

Who mom?

You're not going to be like my dad, your grandpa.
Why id ask

Then she started
He was a drunk and he
Was a thief

Did you know he stole?
It took the sun to give back the shadows he hid in.

No mom

I bet you didn't know he would leave us to?

Did you?

No mom i didn't know

Grandma would kick him out all the time
Hed leave come back with a stick and a bandana
Tied at the end of it with clothes he'd steal

Like a real bum!

And he never gave grandma money
Can you guess where it went?
To beer!

What did he do before id ask

He was a mechanic

And before that?
He was a Marine

*And he was a artist. He love to draw i actually kept all the little cartoons hed draw for
Me when he was in jail and i was a girl
And man he was so funny every day that
Crazy old man was getting himself into something.*

*Did you know
He taught you how to walk?*

*He gave you some beer to stop you crying for it
Thinking you hate it
But you loved it!*

*But don't be like him
Don't be a Marine
Don't be a thief
Don't be artistic
And please dont love alcohol as much as your grandpa..
It took him you know?*

I know mom
You don't have to
Worry about me.