

Lucid Ponderings

Johnny's Bathroom Confessionals

Johnny was a young boy
who liked to laugh and play,
but Johnny had a lazy eye
made fun of every day.

Johnny was a nice boy
so he tried to laugh along,
but deep inside he cried aloud.
He heard those jokes too long.

The pain kept digging deeper
and deeper in his heart.
The laughing masked his outsides
but broke his heart apart.

Years and years went slowly by
and kids kept growing older,
but instead of understanding
the kids kept growing colder.

At first he had no friends
because his lazy eye,
but alimnet moved to rumors
that slyly whistled by.

Now he was left alone
in a world so full of hate.
Bitter toward all the boys
at the young sweet age of eight.

So one day he went inside
an empty bathroom stall.
He grabbed a knife not meant for him
and etched upon the wall:
*I am lonely and really sad
of everything done to me.
I wish I had someone close
who wants to be friends with me.
I really don't think I will...*

*and I don't know why I know...
But should I kill myself?
Tell me: Yes or No?*

Days and days passed slowly by
with no answer back at all.
But Johnny decided quick one day
to return within the stall.

The answer wasn't something
the boy had hoped to see.
Fag was written under Yes
along with, *Hey Johnny*.

The boy took this to heart
and he followed the stall's advice.
He used the knife that wrote the words
without ever thinking twice.

And now we all say:

“Johnny was a young boy
who liked to laugh and play,
but Johnny had a lazy eye.”
and that's what's written on his grave...

Immortal Thoughts

I am a writer.

Worlds of infinite imagination
rush through synapses and muscle.
Electrical triggers from cell to cell connect
brain to forefinger,
twisting ink into shrill voices, soft skin,
and broken hearts.

In a moment
I create moment.
I pen a decision forced upon a character
that they must live with
(or not),
for I choose their fate.
Never is a decision their own.
Will-power's lost within the blank space on a page.
Black and white.
Write and wrong.

I am their ill, literate God.
They are my subjects.

Yet, how can I be a God
when they outlive me?
I am mortal.
They are immortal.
Who is the God now?
I may force their hand,
but at least their beat-less hearts
will continue long passed my own.

Words are timeless and permanent.
Even as I write,
my hand ages one moment more toward death,
but once the word is on the page
is it not living there forever more?
Death can't kill Irony.
I'm sure my characters can live with that.

I have immortal thoughts.
Are my characters my way of hoping for salvation?
Do I create characters in my likeness
with the hope that every time they come to life by being read,
I will too?
Do I create new worlds

with the hope that one day they will pull me inside
and welcome me as a member of their own?

Probably not.

Because this world isn't real either.
I am but another subject on a page
helplessly scribbled by a drunken author
hoping for the big times.

I am a character writing about
characters.
I am a writer being
written.

I don't believe in God,
but he makes me pray for eternal salvation.

So I'll watch this world wrinkle before me
and blame You...

Unpredictable Predictability

Costumer after costumer.

“They are always right!”

The pale white florescents shine down from above,
reminding me of life outside of these walls.

But I don't mind.

Life in here is predictable, but peaceful.

The occasional mystery.

Need an answer.

“Price check, please!”

Predictable.

Peace.

Unpredictable predictability.

The monotony disrupted by a pair of round spectacles.

The flourecents shine off of his golden rims
but fail to brighten his day.

He is alone;

carrying nothing but a packaged razor-blade.

I ring it up.

Beep.

“Have a nice day!”

I say with a smile.

Anything to break the spiderwebs from this man's lips.

Day after day.

“They are always right.”

I am always wrong.

Always.

I can't handle it.

Life in here is predictable and I hate it.

The occasional mystery.

Need an answer.

“Help me, please!”

Predictable.

Hell.

Unpredictable predictability.

The monotony disrupted by a pair of blue eyes.

The flourecents shine off of her golden blonde hair
and I can hardly move.

She is alone;

carrying nothing but my packaged razor-blade.

She rings it up.

Beep.

“Have a nice day!”

She says with a smile.

For the first time in my eternity, I smile.

Now falling down my trembling

(but smiling!) lips

is a tear.

I wipe it away.

“Are you okay, sir?” she says.

I nod,

but I am more than okay,

I am smiling...

and crying.

Tears of joy.

“I haven't smiled in a long time” I say.

She hands me the razor-blade.

Thoughts run through my mind.

Conflicting.

Winning.

I drop it to the ground.

“I don't need that anymore.

Thank you.”

I walk away from the store

and into a new world.

The blade to end my life

was defeated by a stranger's smile.

Lucid

Then I heard the screaming of metal
and the splintering of glass.
It took only a moment for the fetid smell of
burning flesh
to fill my nostrils,
burning my insides as well,
churning them into acidic repulsion.

That's when I awoke.

The familiar sand in my eyes
and heavy lids
vanished this morning
as I jumped to my phone
and dialed.

I heard her voice-
a perfect tone of
everything my dream girl could hardly imitate.
I could hear her giggling
and sighing as I explained my dream:
“You were in a car crash.”
Her response was everything I had dreamed of:
a mixture of perfect laughs and “I love you.”

Then I heard the screaming of metal
and the splintering of glass.

Still Water

Waterfalls
surround me
swallowing
my vision.

I open my eyes to light.
The sun shines from the heavens,
illuminating your hair in orange tones.
A tangerine color cascading down your shoulders framing
your smile:
Soft lips extending to your cheeks,
teeth bright and shining.
Just as you shine.

We are running.
Running through fields.
Endless fields of sunflowers.
My long legs can hardly keep up.
The yellow is reflecting off of your white dress.
You're glowing.
You turn to me, laughing.
I laugh back,
gripping your hand tightly as you pull me along.
I can see the diamond
glistening against the sun on your finger.
I smile without you knowing...
because I never stop smiling around you.

"I Love You," you said to me.

I remember back to when I first met you:
it was dark then.
The fog rolled through the foothills
swallowing the massive pines with ravenous tendrils.
But your body (your light!)
was a beacon in the darkness
and I was drawn to you.
Even if my mind resisted,
my heart won.
I spoke to you nervously:
teeth chattering,
hidden behind my dry lips.
I had nothing to talk about but I had to speak;
it seemed as if my life depended on it.
It did.
I tried to walk away, but I couldn't.

I was lost in the darkness
without a compass.
You were my north star.

We quickly grew together.
Days into months.
Months into years.
Everything led up to the day I gave you the ring.
I remember it clearly:
me on one knee, you in the grass.
Your smile, the brightest I've ever seen it,
streaking across your face.
There were tears, of course,
but joyful tears.
Tears we didn't want to wipe away.
Tears we held as trophies on our faces.
Tears I will never forget.

The sunflowers are melting away now,
sinking into the mud this field has become.
Everything is dark.
The sun fell into a mass of twisting clouds.
Even the ring on your finger has stopped shining.
I look up into your face and there are
tears.
Tears I don't want to see.
Tears I want to wipe away.
Tears I wish I could forget.
I hold out my hand to you
but the tendrils of darkness don't fear a dying star,
and I'm ripped away from your fading glow.

"I Love You too!" I scream.

Water rushes in from all sides as my car plunges into the lake.
My head slams into the steering wheel.
Blood drips from my temple.
My life has just flashed before my eyes
and I thought of only one thing:
You.