

Gregory Wilder Presents...

A UNIVERSAL MONSTER

A Big Budget Horror Flick - \$15 a Bag, 100 a Bundle, one too many, a thousand never enough
A long night in the ER after drunken cocaine stupor fall from rooftop, tolerance almost as high as
I was, the Fentanyl having no effect at all, the first try unsuccessful and the Doctor's having to
re-SNAP my arm and then set it back the right way.. You know what they say:

“A Good Cast is Worth Repeating”

A shock, back from the dead, from Police Narcan shot to this fresh corpse in the front seat of my
mother's car – “It's Alive! Alive!”

Oh what a time. To be alive.

Even though I love dead.. Hate living..

Wise in my generation – A modern Prometheus

In this world of Gods and Monsters

So I must ask myself

Am I really a Monster?

Or just the sum of all these parts that are not my own

And run by this abnormal brain – this criminal brain

But all-the-while still innocent – somewhat clumsy

And just misunderstood – Just looking to fit in

Following command – Chugging down cups with a “Drink. Gooooood”

Just looking for a... “Friend”

But leave it to society to always mistake you for what it was that created you

This society with its mob mentality to chase the Monsters away

Trial by fire - “We Belong Dead”

And even though the laboratory where it all started may be blown to pieces and crumble to the
ground

All it takes is just one electrical impulse

For the Monster to return

The same Monster who lead your children to the waters of revelry and unknowingly threw them
in to rebellion

Remembering as a kid how bad I wanted to be Batman

But grew up to be Emotional Dracula

Sucking the life out everything and everyone around me

Unable to even look myself in the mirror

Remaining in solitude from the sunlight

Taking chemicals to make me Invisible to the World

Panic! At the Opera – Phantom of the Disco

Mad – Raving til dawn with all of the night children

What music they make!

And no, I'm not a killer but don't push me

No harm shall befall you lest you try removing this mask – This facade to hide my true horrible
nature from a world which can never love me

And I try to go with the flow but sometimes my spirit becomes a Black Lagoon

And although something beautiful may swim by just remember, there is always something evil
lurking just below the surface

The blessings of sobriety also housing this curse

These feelings – These feelings that I had locked away – had entombed – had sealed up in
Golden Shrine Sarcophagi
These feelings I had spent so long trying to bury deep, deep away from the world
Until one day some asshole has to come along and dig it all up, perhaps unintentionally
disturbing the centuries long rest and asking for a cigarette at the bus stop while I'm already
thoroughly annoyed on a bad afternoon
And force me to once again become resurrected in gauze bandage dressings of old wounds
Force me to once again walk amongst the living – to Walk like an Egyptian
Wrapped up in all my old self-righteous Bullshit
But still every Monster demands its mate
Reincarnations of Ancient Love
Ankh-es-en-Eamon – Scroll of Thoth
My Egyptian Princess
My return to this world is only for your sake
My love for you has lasted longer than the Temple of our Gods
But with every needle I stuck into my vein like a stake driven into my heart
No matter how many Coors Light Silver Bullets combined with handfuls of sleeping pills
When all I wanted was just to die and be rid of this beast I have become
But after every attempt I always found myself somehow awakened for another sick sequel
And for what? - For the entertainment of others?
To just be another cog in a corporate machine being brought back time after time just to make
the Studio money?
Why can't they just let this Wolf-Man die?
But No! - No more. I refuse!
I have played the role of this victim long enough
Marked for death with Pentagram vision on hand
Because even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night
Knows not what lies waiting on darkened paths
Obscured from the Full Moon's light
Something worse than fogged graveyards and cobweb crypts
Something ghastlier than cliché Jekyll/Hyde Complex
Something scarier than comical Abbott/Costello Encounters
It's something that lies in wait in abandoned Traphouse Castles
It's sleeping in the dirt and waking up in boxes
Nosferatu! Undead Spirit!
Your poor, misinformed fools – All of you!
Thinking that your Garlic necklaces can keep you safe form the terrors that await
All of these horror stories
Tales told around 12 Step campfires
Submitted for the approval of the Midnight Society...
The most terrifying thought of all, is this Monster one day returning
Because you know how it works in the movies... They come back.
They ALWAYS come back.

- Troy, July 2018

Pet Detective

The writing's on the wall
I see Missing Cat Posters all over the neighborhood
On telephone poles, in store windows, in Libraries
And I wonder... Where have our furry feline friends gone off to? When there are no woods to explore or wild natural predators in our midst to speak of
Where do all the runaway cats go, out here in the big, big city?
Many people may stupidly say it's the seemingly endless surplus of Chinese Restaurants in the area
But no, I do not believe this...
I believe that something sinister is at play
I believe an even worse fate has befallen these Collar City creatures
I just hope that they didn't run into that killer, Curiosity
But you'd be hard-pressed to hope the best has eventually worked out for all the missing pets
That maybe they went off to Cat College and perused a Bachelor's Degree in Business
Becoming Bankers and Wall Street Corporate Fat Cats, clad in Top Hat Bow Tie and Monocle, gathered around Dinner Tables with shouts of "Indubitably my Good Man!" over a large spread of Caviar and Fancy Feast
But no, that can't always be the case – Maybe only for the 1% –
What is to really become of society's Lost Pets?
I think this warrants some further investigation
Business had been slow, but that's where she comes in to the picture...
This beautiful blond dame comes walking into my office, black dress and a veiled hat, a long tipped cigarette holder resting between the fingers of her long black gloved hands
She sat across the desk from me crossing her soft long legs and God I wanted her right then and there, but I had to be professional – "Sure sweetheart, I'll help you find your kitty cat"
Let's start from the beginning, I poured us each a Highball – "Here's Lookin' at You Kid" – As she gave me the low down on this Troubled Tabby, Missing since August 18th
You see, his Mother was a Minx... A real Wildcat
She used to sneak out to prowl the streets in Heat
Letting any mangy beast have their way with her
Till one day she found herself knocked up
And the Father, not ready to raise a kitten, took the first train to Splits-ville and stopped returning her Cat Calls
Now stuck with a litter on the way she wasn't able to support by herself, she had no other option but to stay in Section 8 Subsidized Cat Shelter and apply for Cat Food Stamps
A real sad case indeed
Now our Tabby here was the real runt of the bunch, and always found himself having to fight for his food
So I hear when he got a little bit older things started getting a bit rough
He dropped out of Obedience School and got himself mixed up with a group of some Bad Kitties over on the East Side
And at the time there was a lot of neighborhood tension between breeds so every day was Cat Fight
One night when the claws came out he even lost part of an ear in a Back Alley Rumble with the

gang of Black Cats that claimed their territory on the block back towards Home
He had a run-in with the Police Dogs for Pawed Robbery of a Fish Market and got put in the Pound
The Judge released him on Parole and told him to keep his mitts clean – Easy enough?
Oh but how this Town can just be one giant Litter Box...
Now it was just around then that the Tabby started spending a lot of time over at the Local Scratching Post and got caught up with a couple of Cool Kittens that performed Jazz and knew how to Scat – Because a Cat's the Only Cat Who Knows Where it's At – Man I hear those Cats could really wail!
But it wasn't long before he ended up developing a pretty nasty Nip Habit, dig?
Found himself back in and out of the Kennel a couple more times
And that's before things got really bad...
So word on the streets was our Tabby here grew pretty partial to placing bets on the Boxers – He took a 50 to 1 shot on this Underdog on a False Tip that his opponent was gonna throw the bone in the next big Dog Fight – But he really Screwed the Pooch on that one and ended up in about 20 Large with a mean pack of Persians
Now that's quite a bit of Scratch – And the last thing you want to be is in a bad batch of Meow-Mix with the Mob
So our boy had to take a real Flee Bath if you know what I mean, skip town and brush them off before the situation got too hairy and they sent some Maine Coon Goons to Hack off his Furrballs
This is where his Incredible Journey begins...
He first met up with a pair of Siamese Twins and got himself work in the traveling Cat Circus
When that ran its course he hit the high seas off the coast, on a Tuna Fishing Boat with a gang of Somali Pirates
He made pals with Arabian Maus
Crossed Serengeti and saw Sphinx
He even spent some time playing with the Bengals
But through it all he still hadn't found a place he could call Home
Until one day he happened upon a nice quiet little town
Got himself a job and a beautiful Calico girlfriend and made plans to settle down and maybe raise a litter of his own... But the past always has a funny way of catching up with you
It seems as though the Persians figured out where he landed on his feet and his poor woman became an unfortunate causality – Murdered in a Mob Hit – The police having to put him in Witness Protection
Gave him the name of “Mittens” and placed him in the care of the beautiful young lady sitting across from me and now we're almost up to speed – Our Tabby finally had a Home, an owner, and was happy
And everything was going not too shabby – Or so it seemed...
You can take the Cat out of the Hood but not the Hood from the Cat – Because one night he just up and disappeared – Did he go back? Man where's he at?
Did the Mob somehow manage to come and follow in his tracks?
Or did the Nip Habit come back calling? Was he off somewhere getting high – In a tree that he climbed – And couldn't find his way back down from fear of falling?
No clues left to where he went to
But I know I'll get him back

Now it's time to get out on the case and get my suitcase packed
You know the usual things: A bag of treats, a squeaky mouse
A fishing pole toy with a feather on a string
So has your furry pal run off and become a member of the dark recesses of the animal
underworld?
Is that pussy stuck?.. In a basement or a dumpster
Did your kitty seem to up and hit the skids?
That's where I come in...
Just call me! Greg Wilder.
Pet Detective.

- *Troy, September 2018*

Post-Acute Withdrawal Soliloquy

The Tao is flowing against me
Ready to crash down with the force of a massive tidal wave
Should I close the flood gates or stand firm
Allowing myself to become caught up in all of this?
Batten down the hatches.
Am I to always remain Jon Snow
The bastard child
Only to be sent off to this wall of my own creation?
Stacked endlessly in every direction, All in All,
With Bricks of Guilt, and Pain, and Devastation.
Plastered with Anxiety
On a solid foundation of Depression. Desperation.
Made with no Architecture Major
We Don't Need No Education!
In this structure they can't break
Things feel structured, things feel safe.
2:30 and 10:30 Lock-Ins. 3 Hots and a Cot.
A prisoner of my own Devices
Only I control the lock.
Numb in comfort in this Box.
Numbers I can call Collect.
Is There Anybody Out There?
I'm starting to forget.
Calling out when I feel helpless
But when I call Nobody's Home.
Is There Anybody Out There?!..
"You're Call Was Not Accepted"
Why do I always come here to get away when all I really want is to not just feel so alone?
But Out There everything's unsure
Out There everything's unknown.
Out There, Beyond the Wall, they say The Others roam
Coming up and asking for change.
So I have to stop and look down
Grab ahold of my arm and double check to see if I must look like I'm made of money
To you. But no...
Out There it's DSS, SNAP, TANF,
The Waiting is the Hardest Part.
163 a Month, Tom Petty Cash.

Rest In Peace my Personal Needs Allowance
Out There dense clouds of emotion form from my empathy, and I am but a Lightning Rod for the
Drama.
Tropical Storm Cindy showed up for the Ball without a Dress.
Bippity Boppity Boo-Yah Bitch.
What's the forecast Sexy Weather Girl?
Out There it's a Torrential Downpour of paperwork and appointments.
Catch the 11:44 Under the Bridge
Red Hot Chili Pepper Speedball.
Poli-ticking Paris Climate Change Time Bomb
And it's obvious that Trump doesn't have SHIT on me,
When it comes to putting up walls!
Broken promises. Broke and in need.
Broken pipes and syringes flood the streets
Schenectady Sanitation doesn't do enough to keep us clean
As the Cop Sires, Fireworks, and ignorant people scream
Can't find a Peaceful place to Sleep, or Read
Or even THINK!...
They smoke Loud because quiet doesn't exist in this City.
And Out There things aren't always as they seem
Roofie Pill Pudding Pop
Bill Cosby Benadryl Dream.
Out There Cash Rules Everything Around Me
C.R.E.A.M! But I'm Asset
 Limited
 Income
 Constrained
 Employed
 In Wonderland..
Out There we end up broken when coming off the Wall
Humpty Dumpty Dark Knight
Bruce, Why Do We Fall?
And All the King's Horses, and All the King's Men
Can't quite ever make the pieces fit right again
Potato Head Picasso Portrait Mode.
Out There I can't find Service
Out There it's always Buffering
My senses have finally begun to return and I see that the world is suffering.
So I Meditate for 40 years under the Tree of Knowledge.
The Serpent tells me to eat its fruit and I feel Shameful and Exposed.

And the Fear that I will fail
Is the snake that eats its tail.
I don't believe. And that is why.
Out There it's Do or Do Not
There Is No Try.
Out There I search for answers but all I ever get is questioned.
But Why?
Why should I have to answer to anything but a Higher Calling
When I stopped answering the Call to get High?
Outside this Pandora's Box where I'm confined
I have to limp forward without a crutch now to face my Demons.
But my Spirit Gate is Closed.
Out There are roads paved with Good Intentions
But Out There I feel lost without direction.
At least when you hit bottom
There's nowhere to go but up, up this Stairway to Heaven
I take 8 Steps forward, 10 Steps back
12 Step Programs and Repentance
Acceptance.
"Keep Coming Back" After a Brief Word from Our Sponsors
Count your Blessings, Do the Step Work
Ain't No - Half Steppin
Just wanna go for a run like Forrest Gump
But the Justice System has me tethered.
Drug Court Dates and UDSes
Call my Color, Gotta Pee, like I drank 15 Dr. Peppers..
So maybe if I pass them all
And maybe if I pray
My Higher Power, or Red Bull, will give me wings
To fly far, far away. While Lynyrd Skynyrd plays
I'll be Free as a Bird and This Bird You Cannot Change!
Yes. Free At Least, Free At Last!
Free the Nipple
Free Bus Pass
Oh The Places We Will Go...
The Nightmares our Future's Hold Will Be Dreams Compared To Our Pasts
And That's All, I Got To Say, About That.

- *Purcell House, June 2017*

My Nature

“I'm not used to being in Nature”

is what comes to mind as I stand out at this Still Point Retreat Center staring up into space
Feeling somewhat out of place

I'm not used to being in Nature

I'm not used to such sounds of silence

Not even in my own mind

I'm used to 3am stupid neighbor's screaming matches, screeching tires, and Fire and Rescue sirens

I'm not used to this

I'm only used to hearing the chirping of crickets at an Open Mic – When I say Cardi B is a piece of shit or make fun of Hillary Clinton

You see, I'm not used to being in Nature

The only R and R I seem to get is Rehab and Running from Bus Stop to Bus Stop

From Classes to Court

And the fear of prison system Recidivism Rates

May I not just be another Statistic

Because Nature for me isn't spacious and spiritually serene – It's Wine and Spirits store on every street, the Homeless and the Hustlers on every corner

My Nature isn't Campfires and S'mores and Sleeping Bags and Tents

My Nature is Dopesick and Poor and Sleeping on a Bench

Or the Slumlord's random stop-bys since you still are late on rent

My Nature is Back Alley littered with broken furniture and burnt mattresses

Garbage Bag Tumbleweeds blowing in the breeze

My Nature is big dogs barking behind fences at everyone that passes, squirrels tearing through all the trashes, and course the Raccoon in the Backyard who ran up on our porch for a pack of Newport's and snatched it, and I can't make this kinda shit up by the way cause that ACTUALLY HAPPENED!

My Nature isn't Row Boats and Fishing, Rope Swings and Swimming Holes

My Nature is a polluted pond in the middle of a Lower-class Suburban Neighborhood that hasn't been safe to swim in since I was six

My Nature is a Wilderness of Concrete, Steel, and Red Brick Low Income Housing

Developments – The unknown which lies in the Jungle of a lawn of the abandoned building next door that they haven't cut in 5 months

My Nature is crowded Cell Block Sleepaway Camp

I'll be Locked-In at 10 o'clock in “Cabin” #206

So as I look around at the forests and farms

I'm not used to all of this

I'm not used to being out in Nature – In case I haven't made that clear

I'm not used to being in Nature

But I guess it's better than having to be here...

- Troy
August 27, 2018

Vicious Ending

On a cold February Morning
outside the New York City Courthouse.
Released into the care of the Mother that birthed
and enabled my Demons – and the Horse
on which I can ride off into Eternal Night.

I can't remember if I killed her
and I'm not sure which was worse:
Withdrawing on the cold hard prison floor
or the pain, of what's not known,
For 5 months building like anticipation of that first dope sick hit then suddenly
The party ends.

Only 2 Hours passed since revived from a blue lipped oblivion
and asking for more – I can't do this on my own. Mother, please
Fill my veins with the only love I have left in this life.
Help me to end the suffering – Bury me in Leather

I want to go be with Nancy.

- *Rensselaer, January 1 2019*