

Contents:

1. Drowning!
2. A thin Pale-skinned Girl
3. Sycophants
4. GODDAMN YOU
5. Abuse Me

DROWNING!

Telling me that I must stay.

But I do not know the rules; how to play.

Do not have the words left to say:

“DROWNING!”

I AM DROWNING!”

People taking me down.

Like a school bus that is likely to drown.

Listen to their sullen words.

People trading speeches that cross like swords.

“DROWNING!”

WE ARE DROWNING!”

Hollow mouths that are filled to the brim.

Everything still does not look so grim.

“DROWNING!”

I AM DROWNING!”

Not bright, either.

Smoke burns that remind me of ether.

“DROWNING!”

WE ARE DROWNING!”

Right hand still is mangled.

Like shears that still raze.

Trying to hang through.

“DROWNING!”

I AM DROWNING!”

Down for the program like a bad habit.

Words choke and disappear.

like a mouth that is filled with maggots.

“DROWNING!”

WE ARE DROWNING!”

A magnet for their despair’

Manage and linger.

throughout the nighttime air.

“DROWNING!”

I AM DROWNING!”

Listen to the island beat.

It goes 1-2-3.

If only I understood the harsh streets.

“DROWNING!”

WE ARE DROWNING!”

Cannot stop a broken heart.

Try to explode.

But try not to pop.

“DROWNING!”

I AM DROWNING!”

Look at it from afar, though a bit bizarre,

Also, it continues; it never really stops.

“DROWNING!”

WE ARE DROWNING!”

Extensions like an unruly hair braid.

Weaves and sows,

Try to avoid a single raid.

“DROWNING!”

I AM DROWNING!”

Silly cockroach.

Stumbling towards an awkward approach.

“DROWNING!”

“WE ARE DROWNING!”

Linger and stay.

Trying to avoid
its violent reproach.
“DROWNING!”
“I AM DROWNING!”
Let life live.
If you claim to know what is best.
“DROWNING!”
“WE ARE DROWNING!”
Ignore the hate.
And let love replace.
All the rest.
“DROWNING!”
“I AM DROWNING!”
There is a pain.
It digs deep within her sunken breast.
“DROWNING!”
“OUR MOTHERS ARE DROWNING!”
Let them have their solitary rest.

A thin Pale-Skinned Girl

Some people may try for an entire lifetime.
Searching. Yearning.
For your promised land and time.
A thin pale skinned girl lying naked on the bed.
Auburn in her hair with strands of red, sat upon her head.
Something stinking on her breath.
A faint rising of her breast.
That awful smell expelled from underneath, Her rotten breath.
Meth: it must have been the meth.

Small hands sliding gently between round thighs.
A stroke. A touch.
A smell dancing upon her rotten breath.
Meth: it must have been the meth.
A tickle. A poke.
A hand pushing cheap lace away, revealing the softest breasts.
"This is the place."
Lights. Check.
Camera. Check.
"What am I even doing here?"
He muttered to himself underneath dying breath.
Meth: it must have been the meth.

SYCOPHANTS

Beware the imitators, sycophants, and phonies.
They come bearing gifts, false promises, and lies.
They smile, though joy has escaped from their tired eyes.
Hollow inside, they clasp, linger, and stay.
Desperate for the warmth of true creators.
Ignoring the blessings at their very own fingertips.
Beware the un-appreciative, those that take others for granted.
They hide in a bubble cast far aside from time.
We should love one another. Give thanks and hug our mothers.
Love our mothers! Otherwise, we sow the seeds of our own demise.
Weeping deeply, from everybody's weary eyes.
Fathers, rejoice!
The boys you have guided can lead the world through the muck and mire.

Hold our heads up high and inspire. Using words from the divine.
Not often sweet, we have not seen victory, nor defeat.
Only more pandering, and villainous deceit.
Sitting in a seat of power borrowed from the principal state's Final waning hour.
Nascent to a nation of change; it comes far too late.
Only more, Human vulture eyes, dangling shining razor blades.
Like putrid, rotting carrots spilling from a rusted bear-trap mouth.
In the words of Gil Scott:
"Where is my parallel to that? All I want is a good home,
And a wife, and a children.
And some food to feed them every night."
The only thing that I can say,
To a four-year politician,
With a timecard that cannot last,
Is this:
"Fuck up what you can,
In the name of ~~Donald Trump~~,
~~Killary Clinton~~, And dear old
~~Mike Pence~~. Leave all of the rest of us alone, please."

Build a new route to China if they will have you.
Who will survive in America?
Very few if we are all in love with a lie.

GODDAMN YOU

GODDAMN YOU.

I curse you.

While evoking your own reference,
to an unholy reverence.

GODDAMN YOU.

I loved you.

Blameless incarnation,
once shameless. But no more.

GODDAMN YOU.

Please.

You are the kind of people; that they warn you about in the church.

Steeple, and shout; Ridiculous ranting, and talentless power.

Vapid and dull, and quite perfectly, useless.

A pity, a shame. Disgrace is all that fills your iniquitous face.

Ubiquitous spate and short dealings, delirious, with hate.

Swirling from your very essence.

You lack the command you so desperately demand.

Seeking respect from your presence.

The way that you act, it is like you expect respect, right off the bat.

But I am the mirror that you place before your face.

Most unimpressive, disgusting display of disgrace.

I wonder what life must be like for you regular guys.

Only seen from the perspective of a benign or neutral guise.

Because I am the villain with every room that I enter.

Replacing love for fear, deep within my center.

A living black nightmare of the modern age.

Only seeking rage; caged, into a derelict state of mind.

You also lack relevance. And as for your existence?

You will live for all time as the ugliest.

A disgusting and vile piece of toad's shit.

Because, unfortunately, I will always remember you.

Get ~~fucked~~,

A Bastard with a Brain.

Abuse Me

Mother, what have I done?

What have I done to deserve all the abuse?

Some call it therapy, some call it a desperate but necessary ruse.

I am accustomed to all the abuse and can manage through all the refuse.

Recycle the abuse, then use it to help me manage and get through.

Silent rage is like a cage; a cage we employed to help and become amused.

Let it die, just like all the rest.

Your dagger hides deep within my breast.