

## **BRIGHTER THE DAY, DARKER THE NIGHT**

He woke up to a bright sunshine and chirping birds;  
but his self was covered in goosebumps. He knew the birds  
were singing songs of death and destruction :  
language can be ignorant, but music never is.  
He put on his mask and prepared for murder –  
It was a beautiful day and he had many dreams to kill.  
He was applauded, praised and loved, but all he  
gave himself was a cold sandwich with guilt and pity on the side.  
“Happiness is the conch shell that invites misery”, he thought,  
“life is good. Life is dark. Life is shit. Life is good.”, and then he smiled.  
It was the most radiant of smiles, the one that comes only from  
the darkest depths of despair, and his eyes shone  
with the brilliance of stars, the one that comes only from  
the shattered scraps of hopes and aspirations. Just as dark  
matter fuels the universe, perhaps darkness fuels our life –  
for the sweetness of x comes from the bitterness of y,  
and the ecstasy of existence comes from the agony of isolation.  
He smiled as he sharpened his scythe, his gut full of puke  
and bile trying to seep out of his skin. His resilience was taking blow after blow,  
much like how he slaughtered those who secretly smiled.  
It was a beautiful day, but for the sheep and lambs  
walking around with stretched smiles and painted faces,  
he felt sorry, sorry for their ignorance, but also  
jealous of their oblivion.  
He laughed aloud like a madman would –  
“How ironic it is that we call “mad” a person who laughs  
without a reason, what of those who do not even when they have one?”  
done laughing, he dropped his scythe and walked back  
as the sun went down, singing  
“Sweeter the kiss, bitter the longing,  
brighter the day, darker the night  
louder the laughter, muter the cry  
brighter the day, darker the night.”  
He found the scythe and his body  
the next morning – “The night was too long.”  
And now it was just another day – once again  
he put on his mask, and you know the drill.

## THE FOOD WAS GOOD

There was an old man at the Chinese buffet yesterday. I think he was feeding his grief - his plate was full, but his eyes were empty. his years were dwindling, but his dreams were breeding and the massive weight of the deaths of them was crushing him before the earth would.

There was an old man at the Chinese buffet yesterday. His cracked face had a made up smile which was still sweeter than the warmest of mine. But his eyes, his brown eyes were done - I never thought a shade of brown could be more sad - I looked away and glanced at my phone.

There was an old man at the Chinese buffet and the old man was me. I waved at me and I waved back - the food was good, but I was not. He got up, nodded and left. I smiled a brief smile, tossed my plate at the server and walked in to the meat grinder.

The food was good.

## RED

Red from head to toe.  
Hair in gradient, face  
flushed out by Maine  
winds - spots of smooth  
white skin interspersed with the  
redness, oh, the sweet redness of  
your face as you tried to remember  
the derivative of Sine. Your red coat  
shimmered in the flickering of  
the room light, and

my red pen was writing symbols and  
numbers while your smell etched  
a memory in me like a newborn tattoo -  
red and glorious.

Farewell forces beautiful things visible -  
your lovely smile, your lost in thought face,  
your nervous chewing of the pen,  
your vulnerable hesitation in writing your thoughts  
and my dumb falling for it.

Alas, as you glanced in to  
your red phone, and grabbed  
your red bag to pay me,

it was time for you to fade  
in to the was-red sun.

and for me to sink  
in to my was-fed soul.

## MERCI

I rage and rant  
and you listen,  
quietly  
soaking in my tears,  
laughter, and my  
agonizing arguments  
between living  
or not.

You always give  
and never ask  
nor question.  
How do you bear with  
me? Even as I defile  
your skin with scratches  
and symbols, you  
let me.

Even as I tear you down,  
Crumble your spirit,  
Spit on you and hide  
You like a deep shame  
From childhood, you  
Let me.

Time nor place  
stops me or you my  
friend, my  
confidante, my  
lover, my  
slave?

Merci,  
for keeping my sanity  
and insanity  
where they belong.  
Merci.

## **RIP RIP RIP**

Rip, rip, rip  
your skin, blood and bones.  
Be naked for once,  
it sucks I know, to  
shed these layers.  
But when you know you must  
and a time as such will come  
it always does,  
do it.  
Do it because it may  
not come back ever, and  
you will not know  
the one thing that you must.  
And it will be the thing  
that you have always been seeking.  
It will be the poison at the base of your identity.  
It will be the stench you wake up to every morning.  
It will be the only thing that will ever  
be worth knowing.  
But like me, don't do it when you're drunk  
don't do it when you're high,  
don't do it when you are out in your porch  
at 3AM on a cold Maine winter night  
chain smoking cigars thinking  
"I don't have the balls to kill myself swiftly  
So I will do it 10gms of smoke at a time."  
Don't do it then, because  
it will be easy.

If and when you do it,  
you will stop to question, to doubt  
to frame reasons, contradictions, falsehoods;  
and the more of these you find, the  
closer you are to the nude.  
Perhaps, when you see it  
you will hate it.  
But at least, you will know.  
Rip, rip, rip  
your skin, blood and bones.  
Rip your pretenses,  
and I mean it.  
Rip your charming niceness,

and I mean it.  
Oh! It will be hard, I know it.  
But,  
you  
must.

Rip, rip, rip  
your skin, blood and bones.  
You will find there hidden the one secret  
that otherwise you will always seek –  
You will seek it in friends,  
You will seek it in family,  
You will seek it in liquor  
You will seek it in drugs  
You will seek it in love  
You will seek it in sex  
You will seek it until  
It kills you, or you it –  
and then it will all be in vain.  
So, start now, if you know what I am talking about  
and I know you know.

Rip, rip, rip  
your skin, blood and bones.  
Go in and grab  
who you are.

Then decide if you want to  
let it  
Live, or  
Die.