

BE HAPPY.

This child is what I have created
another sack of meat
that'll stand straight someday
and propagate waste – from the mouth and other holes,
I have created.

This is what I have given up to
resigned to maybe,
because I didn't want to lose my progeny
 like a priest
because I don't want to be more
than a bag of flesh...
 -thought comes last.

and it is always a disconnect

instead reflection is what we – the thinking take
beyond our purpose to breed
to our purpose to create
 but, but, but,
there is no top because there is no heaven

my child will know this:
no Santa, no Jesus
 but God

dammit I want to be selfish.

I am finally important
to someone
I am more than just a guy
I am closer to God
but that will fade
as thought comes stronger than the body

-- for now -- I am important to one –

helpless creature.
other than that
it's a deep dissatisfaction
that can't be filled
no matter how much love and light I make
I take and keep a tiny dot of black that
destroys. I love to destroy.
this is my nastyness.
I give to you, my baby girl.

SPIN A WEB

tonight my mind is far from racing. I feel I am leaving. I don't want to go. I sat outside until it got dark. I watched some leaves fall from a tree. I got up and tried to catch one. I was too slow. My mind is far from racing. Maybe I caught up with all my indecisions. I sat outside until it got dark. No dogs or squirrels came to me. I've run out of things to do. The sun is down now but I'm sure it will come up tomorrow. I'm in no hurry. No one knows me in this town. It's nice but I've run out of ways to entertain myself. I need to spin a web and catch a fly. I'm afraid of people and I'm tired of pretending I'm not. What an unimportant day. Tomorrow I will check my email, then I will sit outside until it gets dark. Maybe it will rain, that will give me an excuse not to go outside. I've been getting scared to go to sleep. I've had to turn on my lights. Something is happening to me. I never needed a nightlight as a child. I am a child. I would hope more things out of my control happened, that makes life more interesting – maybe a natural disaster, like a tree falling. I'd have to dive out of the way before it crushed me. That would make my day more interesting. I could email my story to my friends. There is no point in getting carried away, it didn't happen. It won't happen. I used to spend entire days

thinking about what I would do when I won the lottery. I'd be let down when I realized I hadn't even purchased a ticket, so I stopped fantasizing. It's like waking up from a good dream and realizing a whole real day is ahead of you. I've decided to stop building castles in the air and live in disappointment, until that tree tries to crush me.

SWINGING AWAY

This bitch and that bitch

They walkin in hur

Insultin me

This bitch

That bitch

They all givin me no ansy respect

I was talking to *Terrence*

Now he's a *real* pimp

He tells me

If a bitch get out a line

You gotta smack her back in a line

He says you can make ten gs a week *Caaaaaaaaaash*

He working at *davanni's* pizza right now

The bitch don't even know about it

You can be pimpin

And she don't even know

...Well, you-rr ladies in the 110th percentile

You can't smak dos bitches cause they right up call the po

And you don't want no po up in yo ass

Hey where you goin?

St yoassdownboy

Hey

You want da cali green?

I got da cali GREENpack

Pack it up

Nahnah man

Jus use the dong

[He pulls out a bong that looks like a cock How clean in the water?]

It's clean. Hey yo ugotstinkystink too? Yeeeeeaaah.

Eh, you fuckin hear what me 'n ZORO did?
Me n hims were at the Tavern.
By the way, I gotssumma Rum
Want some? Man. Takea shot with me
thirty six dollar *Jamaican* Rum
Dere we go. Yeeeeeaaah. Man, I'm so happy you came
Shit man, that was a sip. Take a shot with me.
Aight.
Man did you hear what me and ZORO did?
Shit we was at the Tavern
and this *gay* guy comes up
starts mackin all over me n ZO
...so He gives me a call
I'm up out 5 blocks
The dude starts necking him

It sall fucked up.
I come up and swoop him in ma ride
He was runnin down t h e street
trying to hold his pantsup
Wee swoop back to the alley where he just knocked him *out*
Check this out
ZO thinks he gave me thirty bucks but look...
Well this,
PLSS+ +he cali greens
mathafucka gives me 90

[So that's how he paid off his debt and bought a quarter.]

Zo's comin back her in about 5
Here.takesome brandy
spent 26 bucks on dis bitch
You want a chaser?
Aight
Mitty was all up in my arms tonight. She was swhisperin
ZO don't mean a thing.
That btich was all over my lap.

I was like slappin that ass . No. But she wants to suck my dick.
She told me.
She told me zo was a hooch, didn't me a thang.
Dude, Have you heard what me anZO did?
We fuckin....
Well, If a fuckin fag ever comes and starts neckin me
I'd let him do it.
I fuckin'him get him all hot
have him take me to his place
let him think he has me, then
then I'd fuckin hogtie him up
and rob his mothafuckin ass for everythin he got.
He has it coming,

Well, I mean, if you gotta be gay I'm cool with that. ey Jus don't
want no motha fucker necking me, schno what I mean?

I sit here. In my room waiting for action to come. The sun rays are on my wall. My time is coming. Mack bursts in. I come and give him a hug. I tell him to keep the money clean. he puts his head down. His head snaps back up.

He's angry. A fight has been looming for some time. he's been wanting it since we first met. he doesn't know why he wants it though.

That's awfully strange.

He insults me tonight. He calls me an asshole. I ask why. He calls me high and mighty. I say I don't want stolen money... anymore. He leaves.

Days later he enters my home. Angry. He comes to calm down. It's been harder and harder to do that. Other people are here in the kitchen. I am talking to a beautiful woman who isn't mine. Mack comes up. Speaks. I walk away. He calls me weird loud enough for me to hear. I don't care. It only hurts him. His two faces wear thin on me.

He says he doesn't want to be stinky or hairy. She calls him a metro. I keep my mouth shut. Step up! He says to me. Everyone looks. It is silent in my kitchen. I say I'll only use my words and that his size does not matter to me.

He says that I am no man. I tell him does not know what that means. He swings down on me with his left arm. A massive clobber I fall to the ground. He turns around and charges away, frightened.

HEY MACK! I call. I think I know what your problem is... and I ask, *Are you gay?* He stops at the door. Turns to me furiously walks forward, slowly. Because I think you are, I say, getting to my feet. Why else would you be so angry at this question? You're going to hit me over asking a question? I feel his rage subside, I am able to talk him down again, but I'm sick of this. I decide to push my words into another's action. I say, That's why you try and make out with dudes in alleys behind bars, right?

His swings are heavy as I fall to the ground. I kick him in the balls to make him more violent. Then All I think about is how much I know Mack, and how good he is. And my head swings back and forth and I feel farther and farther away. Swinging away. My head keeps swinging. Swinging away.

Then, he sees it. he sees me and realizes who I am. a friend. he sees it. underneath my skin. My bloody face. jaw bone poking through my skin. He stop his punch and unstraddles me. He falls to his ass and finds it too hard to believe. His eyes are hurt that can't be expressed. or maybe and arrow went through his heart.

My eyes open through their massy pits. I *jump to* his chest and he falls backwards. He's already dead. *Yergay yergay yergay!* I whisper loudly into him. broken nose to his face. My blood dripping all over him. I say the only thing to bring his heart back to life. I call Out. **Mack is Gay! lifting his hand like a champ.** The crowd in my kitchen cheers louder than they possibly could have. His rage soared our first. But *it* was greeted by cheers of love. *It* was leaving him and being filled with something better.

He stood up with me and grinned. People patted him on the back and made hoorahs. I headed to the bathroom and then to my room and was pampered by lovely ladies until I regained health.

CIRCUIT BREAKER

I'm whoring my self out
Everytime I log in
]I'm giving in[

my computer
she loves me

she gives me porn to show it
I love her too
She loves me
She gives me porn to show it
I go to her when there is no one else
And Always

The cloud of frustration

My puniness

Is given when she has nothing left to give

But she loves me the same
Though she can't know me
Maybe someday, I think
Maybe someday
She lets me know
Someone is there

Ah, the sunshine of my smallness

It's scary to think
There may not be a human behind it all
A repressed male is a productive male
Sexually frustrate
Drain our energy
Make me work
Sample clips
of Giant Cocks
Unsurpassed performance

So I walk around
And can't bark
And cast out my right eye
Hold it in
Keep it inside
Repress it
Frustrate it

Now get to work

THE FLIES FROM MY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

So there's this fly, right?
and he keeps buzzing by my ear
buzzing by my ear
and I'm trying to sleep, right?
and every time I just about pass into
This fly, dive bombs straight at my ear
and I'm half out of it
Swatting at nothing
Hitting my own head harder than I should
and every 5-10 minutes
This fly, would buzz at me,
A persistent little fucker.

I almost got him one time
There was a long break between ear attacks
So I let my guard down and went into .
Right then
When my mind completely left lucidity
Bzzzzzrrrrrrmmmmmm. Kamikaze style
Right into my F-ing ear
and he got in there good, right?
and I pounce up
Beating on the side of my head
Making my ears ring from slapping them so hard
and then I see him
Right there
Chillin' on my bedspread
Unafraid
So I give him a big powerful backhand
Flinging him off.

Now, finally
I'm ready to get some sleep, right?
I close my eyes

Nothing

I had already re-awoke

I try

No go, my mind wouldn't stop thinking

Then I started to feel the strangest thing

Guilt

For hurting this fly

I couldn't believe it

This pest had made me feel guilty

I thought about how hard he kept trying to get in

Over and over

With no sign of letting up

Buzzing straight to my ear

Again and Again

He was brave

Then it struck me

This fly had something to say

That was why he kept trying to get into my ear

He just wanted to let me in on the secret

I felt awful

He had a message for me

and I kept declining to hear.

I decided, if the fly did live

and tries to get into my ear again

That I'll let him this time

and see what he has to say

All that guilt & thinking tired me

I went close and closer into.

Right then. The fly comes buzzin' in!

Straight to my ear

Snapping me out of my sleep

I jerk my hand to ear

And I kill him on the first swat.