



SEEKING IMMORTALITY  
BY  
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# 942DOT GRANDVIEW

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TO:  
MY GRANNIE,  
CAROLYN







## ECALPER

Replace our race with pterodactyls  
Then retrace the origin of species all the way back to  
A pigeon that's right a pigeon  
What a beautiful transformation from pigeon to pterodactyl  
A great spectacle if that is what you're after  
A mighty lunge forward in sophisticated body parts  
I know who you are  
Exchange the eyewitness accounts during every time of doubt  
As they refrain themselves with black magic and mental clout  
Vices of life surely we all have one,  
Only, try to replace it for just one month  
You'll see that we're pretty habit eaters,  
Dream wasters tasting the ether too many times  
Lost within our generation this time line is not straight either  
It is a circle, a loop de loop  
In which our human patience is measured  
Featured again and again until we get it right  
Make you think, monkey to man is not that grand in a bland  
'Oh my goodness our origin story is boring' sort of way  
The atypical circular curvature of our dimension  
Forcing peer review  
It's true it's true

# EGO PSYCHOSIS

Ego psychosis, I know this, controls us  
Released from the guise of our guides  
The insides and remnants mines  
Where sheep hide and string flies  
But they still cry wolf, and he still comes  
When push comes to shove  
Grabbing dementia to entice our new love  
We threw doves, into the air along with mud  
And let it be, let it chug  
Along the road we found narrow, filled with fluff  
The coffee window, showed a single cup  
So we went inside to try our luck  
Turns out there was happiness  
With a pocket full of change and a few bucks

## HALVES AND HAVE NOTS

Depression, Russian roulette  
Impression, barrel to the head  
Stop before it's said  
You have kids now, no time for death  
Wife, a house and new payments  
Is that all that's left?  
New day arising, sunlight theft  
The moon is disguising me, again as the best  
But mere pest  
Control is gone in attempt  
To master the personality test  
The Turing's rest, image is all that matters  
NO! Family matters  
A concept so solid, it never shatters  
Through time and space, cap-sized  
Underneath the iceberg, where most mass gathers  
4 interviews in one day, suit is all tattered  
Must continue onward until I cannot  
So my kids grow up a little more like halves  
And not 'have nots'

# DUNGEON BRONX

Saturated sickles,  
Sickly disguised as disgusted self-contaminates  
The dungeon Bronx is where we save them  
Sorry it has sadly come down to this  
Stagnant with so many solid Somalia pirates  
Its bliss  
Coming onto our mental shores  
Spinning up cosmic dust in our solar neighborhood  
Still no resolve towards an ancient pact once held  
We have failed to live up to it  
Creatures of the sea so sublime they must be for society  
Governed by sovereignty  
We kidnapped years before  
Sanctity is sanctuary  
Away from cellular coincidences that plague our daily life  
Quantum separation; probable to penetrate  
Because the dungeon Bronx is where we save them

## **DRAG AND ROLL THE DRAGON**

Start to roll the dragon with me  
I can feel it all surrounding me and thee  
I do believe I see the free right angled new degree  
No pitfall lets you leave  
It's static and I'm manic losing my cool starting to panic  
Tantric antics are all gone, bring on the new release  
Drag and roll, live and puff  
Pass the dragons with me  
Drag and roll the dragon with me  
Conjure forced fame all the same  
As other instances come up in this game  
What number are you?  
Scale a great wall sailing over seven times faster  
See the walls with tiny little gaps  
That's where we attack  
We have enough and with two more breaths  
Our goals will then be set  
Bacterial life microbial strife within a simple sneeze  
For alien dragons though it's enough to bring them to their knees  
Please oh, oh, oh, SNEEZE  
Bless you; bless me, gesundheit if you need it easy  
Do not dare to deceive  
I'm so free with this dragon rolling next to me

# CAROLYN SUE (GRANNIE, I MISS YOU)

Sometimes I just look up . . . staring at the computer,  
Dazed within a dream  
And then I get a rush of emotions  
Urging me to smash the Sync-Master 226 monitor screen  
To pieces, opening up the Antec tower cases  
Disassemble all wiring, loosening all the screws  
Melt away the thermal glue un-mounted the massive processor too  
Ride away from the scene of the crime  
In my Schwinn cruiser from 1982  
Leave the power supply all alone  
What is there left to live for?  
Consumed energy, torture for any binary soul  
Supply it if you ask me, which of course you didn't  
Needing to time-travel  
Something about having access to a working computer  
Sounds so much better  
Rejuvenation, FARCE!  
I'm masking my true intent for making crude lament  
In hopes to travel in reverse, across the time lines groove  
Barren and amazed at the stake rose in the state of being  
When I am wide awake  
Could I revive those times?  
Back to when my grandmother Carolyn Sue, was alive and able  
Could I have helped her at all, probably not?  
Did I try to help her, I did not  
I'm not a doctor, not not not  
Could I go back and change the physical past, or just in thought  
Impossible, she is so deeply missed

Seeking Immortality

Dealing with mixed emotions again with a blank computer

I hope my daughter Ivey Lynn

And son Dexter Allen are being watched by her

Guardian angel, I'm sure she laughs and grins

I won't forget your face Grannie, and neither will my kids



# ONE DAY

Nine to five,  
Nightmares...  
Clock out

## ANXIETY: STRESSFUL & QUEST-FUL

Anxious, anxious for . . .  
Nothing really but a fleeting feeling that still has not found a way to  
Well, um . . . fleet!  
I see it in my reflection  
The dragging down of eyelids  
Slowly becoming more apparent  
I doubt anyone will mention it though  
They see it nonetheless  
See it they must, I demand it  
I demand to not be ignored  
Something about noticing the same attributes a million times  
Has glazed their senses over  
Unsure of whether or not I should extend  
Outward, my own distraught amongst all thoughts  
Merely insane to extend my slender hand  
If I don't however, I will resist the very form of expression  
That allows my anxiety to . . . well um, fleet!  
Others stricken with the same ills, frozen with strict nine-tails  
Creating a loop, but not ready to yet spiral  
Unable to close the gap, or simply drop the fat and float away  
My eyes stare down to concrete, deep down, past my feet  
Avoiding the feeling, containing expression  
Set off to begin another 12 cycles of depression  
Getting the impression  
I ought to know better, feel better, and do better

## APPENDIX FIX

This rule is not expendable  
Held in high esteem and fully recommendable  
On this list of short comings  
Lives built out of stones and stuffing  
Bricks and mortar of nothing  
Hecklers avoided by revealing the big sticks  
Mandible claw is gripping while time keeps on ticking  
And the con artist is ripping your family off without nicking  
Main arteries of monetary value confine stitching  
That hopes to hold down the itch  
Supposed to have the repair call made so it gets fixed  
Except juggling at this altitude has me transfixed  
Drawn guns out to feel bliss  
Drew the goons out  
With loosened jaws sensing the first and fatal flaw  
Flying out throughout the air and landing a new job

## BURN SUNNED

Writing is mine, and it is a mirage  
Hidden behind quirky persiflage  
Demigod, holding this rod  
Lit with lightning cast down from the ancient mods  
Stones settling in, sinking into the bog  
Foundation giving way atop this burial sod  
Nodding off, naughty cough, no voice to talk  
No glands to rock, been bloody shot,  
Medicine's in the cabinet, but I think it's locked  
Preparation seems silly,  
Now the crowd can mock  
Watching as I slink down into dust,  
Stand-off, reaching outwards for the clutch  
But that win is gone  
The Sun has burned us for lunch  
Yet, prices for skin and bones hasn't changed much

# ON THE ROAD AGAIN

How ironic it is  
For the officer to first see at the scene of the crash  
The 'In Loving Memory' vinyl decal on the back of your truck  
While you struck me head on,  
Removing my memory, removing my love  
From the Earth's mantle to the way up above  
I don't even know though, because I'm gone  
Two thousand pounds of metal  
Two ton pickup shredded stuff  
Spewed over asphalt,  
Locked knees up to the dashboard  
Use the jaws of death to break my body free  
Don't forget to tell my family  
That now it's 'In Loving Memory' of me  
Just exclude the vinyl decal please

## BRAIN FREEZE

Try to think hard  
I don't think I am that smart  
If I go  
All the way back to the start  
Judging the people with your own two eyes  
Just like the rest of us do  
Words and deflections show lies  
Could it ever really be renewed?  
All of the scenes where rapture grew  
It's true; it's true we're mere flesh and bone  
At first we stood alone  
Now stand in crowds full grown  
Confused with high hopes of a wallet load of glory  
It was gory, watching this place turn all boring  
No place to tell a story  
Any longer and I'd implode  
On impact  
Check your pressure

## FROM:

1986 this is who I am  
Looking back I try  
To grasp how I managed it all  
My sober mind  
My biggest fear  
I have a full bank of blank rage  
Just like my father  
And his before him  
Not a man as I'd rather mask it  
Hide my true face in this digital age  
Skipping generations  
I hope my son is stronger  
What do you do . . . ?  
When born with many of their worst traits  
This is the path I chose  
Now just to find which way to go  
Ran out of real people to talk to  
Ran out of conversation  
I know I am not the only one  
With anxiety that seems like a battle  
Up the hill Sisyphus could never conquer  
Or did he even want too?  
Maybe he was afraid of success  
And all that it truly entails

Seeking Immortality

Success, fame, literally just a game  
Deep down every single one of us is the same  
But that's not what my teachers told me  
Grew up cradled thinking society would see my art  
Reach out and help me start  
Some new projects  
From: my heart



# SYNC THINKING

Work together to synchronize thinking  
Uniting thoughts to syncopate sinking  
Of our ship, to new depths making your brain sing  
Tip-toeing over neurons, spinning, dancing, oh so fancy  
The fashion that they're bringing while contemplating  
Each direction that the party ought to take them  
Creating a silence so awkward, but still flying  
Over tree trunks their now spying  
As they have eyes in the back of their heads  
No mythical poem to section off and tie in  
Resort now back to lying  
A lonely tiger gripped tightly to the ground  
No sounds as claws dig deeper down  
As a result he leaves a giant mound  
Of past dirt dug up to show his mighty pride and roaring sounds  
He puffs out his chest, but now inside  
His heart no longer cries  
No longer mourns for which has died  
Courageous template, symbolic remnant  
Creatures comparing the conjuring event  
With such mighty needs to invent  
A modern take on the human intent  
Extant on grossly dissected views of the present  
Patterns of thought that fuel our descent

# CONTEMPLATE

Contemplate, just stand there  
Let the stone colored face turn white, blank slate  
I begin to postulate and rearrange the quest, my fate  
In-sync, in-time to start to digress, so delicate  
As it infects, sliding down sliding down the neck  
Denouncing the mis-pronouncing of technical words  
For the unrest is nestled nicely up against my neck  
Veins pressed  
Cannot keep waiting  
Cannot wait  
Hibernate myself awake from a comatose state  
Doctors on their tippy toes in hopes to slightly relate  
So nervous are the lawyers too, waiting to retaliate  
Mindscape blown open like a ragged gate  
Poltergeists renewing faith you had in viewing licensed plates

# FREE TIME

Seconds ticking away...  
What to do to pass the time today?  
Call some family, or  
Hug your mom?  
Make a rocket with your son,  
Watching all the way until it's gone?  
Ride around the block,  
With your daughter and your dogs?  
Selfish is how I spend my time  
And it is wasted  
As this world intends to find  
But as for I, in the long run, when it's right  
My new project is too,  
Free up my time to help my family shine  
...If even only in our eyes  
Our own light  
For it truly is what matters  
Everything else, illusions and lies  
Live life

## CROWDED SPEECH

Don't know how to say this  
... It's out of the bag  
Rabbit's dead, back in the cage  
Never learned to be a magician  
Clap your feet  
Stomp your head  
Crash your hands and teeth  
Then wash, repeat before you drop your pocket  
It's going to be okay  
Not the kind of person to take it lightly?  
Especially when taunting  
So  
How about it then?  
My ideas and your money  
Sounding great, huh?  
Let's get this ball rolling, controlling with the soft fist of logic  
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious kind of sense is toxic  
Senseless prophet  
Atrocities to top it  
Swipe the notions of stupid little potions  
Wipe off your face  
Behave, do not retrace the circle; 1492  
Columbus landed from sailing the ocean blue  
Is that shit even true?

# TRY HARDER

I have two kids now I must protect  
A lifelong wife I should not neglect  
Respect to my father and grandfathers before me.  
The path of least resistance is to be single  
No responsibilities  
Wash of emotions like waves of oceans  
Swashing over me, splashing irony  
As I look to my recent past for answers I cannot now ask  
But I will press forward  
Onward thru murky waters  
Zombie state be gone  
Stasis it's been robbed  
Stop the knobs from turning clocks  
You're in control  
Master doom for more head room  
You're not crazy and if you are  
Learn to live with it your sight is far  
Lazy inside destroy it with new trips to mars  
Dreams and night scares  
Back before the scars, to the start when you wrote bars  
Just remember you cannot give up  
Ivee & Dexter still have much to learn from you  
When enough is enough it's you who needs love  
Try harder, get serious and take off the gloves

## FEAR FARE

Trapped inside the Stratosphere  
Daredevil I am without fear  
Tear it down, let it fall to Earth  
Asunder  
Crashing down, tidal waves and thunder  
Head filled with pure wonder  
Cave like decadent blunder  
Double digit widget sidebar hunger  
Careful what you label that under  
Be humble and let your ego crumble

# GOLDEN RULE GRIND

Right now still trying to find myself  
After so long it seems, alive  
What is the meaning of my life?  
Still searching, reaching, and teaching my kids  
While doubt remains inside  
To find and say the way to go, the way to pave  
Should we search together, search in hopes to find  
A meaning, which is meaningful, with means their own  
Is life plight?  
Sleight of hand thoughts though show  
The things kept out of sight, never glow  
Hidden while I remain confident, confidant  
Confides these golden rules for me to grind  
Down into minds and mental attitudes with signs  
That point to their existence, stamped with resistance  
Themselves: they are not who they think they are  
True things remembered over time  
Even if it turns out to be just for their kids  
Like I hope goes for me and all mine

## LOST ITS MEANING (REPETITION)

Always, always, always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, always,  
Always, always, always, always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, always,  
Always, always, always, always, always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, always,  
Always, always, always, always, always, always, always, always,  
always,  
Always, always, always, always, always, always, always,  
Always, always, never. . .



# 7 YEAR GROWTH

Cells flaked up  
Peeling off  
Past is hidden beneath its camouflage  
The total sum and all its cost  
Added up with tangled moss  
Likened unto flesh of cells that fell off  
Scrape tops, 7 years bad luck from mirrors with broke knobs  
Lock jawed, wired shut but haggard like torn cloth  
Glowing burned moths, eyes to the flame  
Drawn all the same, altogether into fame  
Infamous appeal of this game, to ever change, evolve and gut gains  
Without pain, the passion is renamed  
Loaded barrel to my head without blame  
The taming way I 'mamed' men and wet lanes  
So insane I trek plains  
Putting mountain men down with much shame  
Lame duck in the pond with the luck to blast off  
Taking aim on grown wings  
7 years then on to new names

## WHO ME?

It is not necessary  
But is anything?  
Are you aware of me?  
And all the things that surround our family tree . . .?  
Oh please,  
You swear you're not afraid?  
That! I think I can believe  
You see, between me and this hill  
Beneath the tiny town of Trupill  
I found scrolls of men who traveled across the sea  
Outside comfort zone and personal, inner sanctum  
Safety  
Someone may agree that this is not what it may seem to be  
As the most enduring way to live;  
Is to conceive ideas and breathe

# HOW DO YOU SLEEP

Disintegrated from within  
Synapses on fire,  
Swollen and inflamed  
When memories of you begin  
Neurons retired early  
Put to bed by my bad habits  
Just to get to sleep  
How do you sleep?  
At night  
In day  
Anytime

## WHERE'D HE GO

Verses and stories and quotes and theories  
On spoken word queries describing other souls  
Blowing smoke right at the mirror  
Reciting back that I am a bad mother  
Shut your mouth  
Painting the town multi-shades of blue  
Saving the red for when my blood gets viewed  
Oxygen cued abroad I feel alone at home I feel entombed  
Atoned with new beliefs that shrivel faster than before  
Shriveled long ago, as a thought so empty and cold  
Scrolling alongside all synced up within and inside  
Matching time with SMPT code for video sound design  
Full resolution this time out  
My past, playing back again the inner dialogue I shout  
Such tract and trust within the sack of worthless hope and flack  
Grating and demeaning the grateful troll  
Rolling away from hope

## HUSKS (BOREDOM)

I'll burn it all in a day  
To keep my mind out the way  
Bum-rush a crowd just for play  
So they all know me by name  
And speak it back just the same  
Now hear the words that I say  
Hold out the paper to flame  
To make out rules for the game  
And rape the world without blame

# I DON'T THINK I'M READY

Bite your tongue they say  
Mine is just about bit clean fucking off  
Bide your time they say  
Age is just a number but it's only going up  
Have you ever yielded to an impulse?  
A spur of emotional kicks to the brain  
Jump starting a mental turret  
Anxiety flurried  
Sentences so damned unorganized  
Hurried on their way out of the barrel  
Only bullets unprepared: not enough  
Empty shells and crusted rails  
To guide us into the future  
White knuckle grip teeth and gums shredded and ripped  
Sharing tendrils laced around true desire  
Follow it and it will unravel  
In a nook where no one stands  
For I truly have never been tethered  
To a single living thing  
But the illusion will continue  
Until I'm ready and exposed

# SPACE TRAPEZE: MISSION DIRECTIVE

You are here because you volunteered to be here  
You felt you were the best,  
The cream of the crop that you were grown among  
Now prove it  
Mission directive will be ready within moments  
You have all been trained for this day, for this task  
The flight will last approximately 42 minutes  
Upon deployment of your individual vessels  
You will have 3 minutes to perform your designated task  
And connect your links to fellow team members  
Once linked we will have the first tether line laid between  
Our Moon and Saturn's  
This data link, supply chain, transport line  
Will morph and evolve in the coming years  
There will be changes required, but this will become the next  
Oregon Trail if you will  
The next path to enlightenment, to new development  
This is how the human race will survive  
Welcome to the Space Trapeze Command Center cadets...  
You are Earth's final, and last ditch effort and preservation  
Good luck, and good riddance

# SPECTACULAR TALES OF SUBJECTIVITY

Is this a real thing?  
This table I mean...is only  
A perceived nuance, a disturbance of light  
Refracting through what we call space-time, right?  
Manipulating senses and sight  
Input data documented and sent to the brain  
Calculating past break-neck speeds  
Ludacris speeds  
Faster than light speeds  
Some sort of secret link here  
Philosophically describing the experience  
Of humans perceiving a passage of time; timeless  
Like Einstein's simple explanation of Relativity  
An hour with a pretty lady seems like a minute,  
While a minute with a hand to a hot stove feels like an hour  
Relativity man, what a crack, patent office madman  
All these things playing a small part  
Bringing everything a little more closer, more tangible  
Simply light diffracting and reaching our eyes  
Giving it life, oh and it is...  
What we know of as a table!  
What a trip, to take a look at it like this  
Or?  
It's just like, a table man



# BREAK THE APOCALYPSE

Creating chaos from nothing, a void  
Sucked right from its vacuous state  
Inanimate objects grasp for life when touching my hands  
Obtained obtuse dioxide poisoning  
Earth turned again last night,  
Without noise in  
My inner ear, space-time consciousness  
Now enabled; conjure colloquial counterparts  
Conclude the complex you used  
Connected chronologically in a crafted creature-like sense,  
Using the time of Chronos  
Tantalizing two traitors for their treatment  
A tactical touché  
Aimed towards the throat  
Creating something from nothing  
Antimatter, alchemy glow  
Dancing with colleagues letting the percentage partake  
Partition off the hours of enjoyment before it tapers off  
Pieces of premature matter partly  
Protruding off of peculiar planes  
Pitched black palace enter gods so proud

## KLONDIKE STYLE

What would you do for a Klondike bar?  
How to explain a new midnight scar  
By far the best card to play and live large  
Intact I build cars  
Nailed, hammer to feather without tar  
Ride out, give out, and fake out; live proud  
Slide out, slip out, and take out; sit loud  
Take charge and use nouns  
Verbs and proper grammar to build mounds  
Cause money doesn't matter and matter don't money  
Ancient Egyptiac honey reserved for those with much cunning  
I'm tough stunning, buzzed and love running  
Amuck, with amulets and King Tut  
Disclaimers are lost inside of mud huts  
Locust piles in street ruts  
First born survivor call me ENUP-CHUCK  
Meteorites rough, diamond plated and teeth cut  
Laser focused, the new image advertised to the right bunch  
Now an army from not much  
Building pyramids, tombs and such  
Amongst the backing of deserted landscape  
We see slave workers, but un-cuffed

# WILDLY MISINFORMED

How much wood could a wood chuck, chuck  
If a wood chuck could chuck wood?  
I think a wood chuck would chuck a whole 'lotta wood,  
If a wood chuck could chuck wood  
So how much, like in pounds per day are you thinking?  
Oh I don't know . . .  
About 15lbs per day, of wood chuck that is  
Alright, thanks for the numbers Jim  
See you next week

## THE OLDEST OF 5,6,7,8

I was the oldest of five

Then six

Then seven

Then eight

Growing up the ruffian; pretender is more right

Always out of line; but I stayed right out of sight

And sadly tried to lie about it all to cause spite

Of some useless facts about the known

And that one time, don't forget that show

Buckets of bonding barrels filled up with wisdom

I've burned examples of the modern wise

Be a role model an example and make contagious life experience

True purpose here lies within, role model modeled after some kids

Who were drowned and swaddled with books

Devoured by youth with day to day

Attempting to ride out the haze in a glaze ridden daze

Prodigy with hopes of fame

Fixed upon my eyes knowledge that I am not as smart as they think

Heavily weighing mistakes taking flight now

My heart conquers a rate of irregularity

False confirmations, mistaken positives aground, flailing in muck

I know for sure my siblings, are of higher quality

And that's okay with me

Daily motto

'I must experience everything of this world'

True path for my life

Uncovered over time passing puberty's prime

# LAUGHTER//ACTOR

Such an actor but hold your applause  
Cause there'll be laughter right after  
I finish my sentence with ranting and banter  
Since I'm a better liar driving to Saturn with flame, fuel and fire  
Just to spin rings away from what matters and what I aspire  
His or her I'm not sure but I'm feeling light as a feather  
As I'm climbing this spire  
Staircase towards the moon, its light outside, so no twilight required  
Feeling tired, aching bones, body feels like it's wrapped in barbwire  
So I hired a personal assistant to help me watch for blown our tires  
Driving a road in which my life passes by and perspires  
Realize how the situation may seem dire from outside  
But many still admire  
Even though I'm building my grave  
My own stacked up wooden pyre  
Two pennies over eyes to inquire  
The right man on the other side of this ceasefire  
But I was laughing all the way home,  
Sitting on bags of green stones that never expire  
Singing the blues to myself in the room with four walls  
Like a million man choir  
Have another binge session in which you inquire  
How many Netflix episodes does it take?  
To get the center of the soul to inspire?  
Something more with the time allotted  
By the advertisement provider

## SELF-SABOTEUR

I am the self-saboteur like the genre I stand for  
But I don't feel real core  
Like hardcore with punk don't give a fuck  
DIY luck from before  
I've built myself into a box, I can't escape its locks  
Mind is racing, never stops  
Off the block and off the rocker  
Slept through the last chance to see a doctor  
And now it's rather difficult to feed the beast  
An internal monster evolved from gremlins  
Making sure my brain was the main item for their feast  
Stand tall on two feet, one last, super deep  
Breath inward, hold it, letting it out slow  
Time to attack, the panic in the room is manic  
And seemingly rivaling that of unseen pandemic  
Out in the world, where the vaccination-less,  
Enlist on new government conspiracy lists  
Expanding the mentality that paranoia is right 100% of the time  
There is not always someone behind you  
Someone is not trying to turn your family into cyborgs  
Trying to give out autism  
If anything just be smart and realize from the start  
Mistakes are present everywhere in life  
So take the time to figure out what's right for you

Cause the truth is as long as you're not messing with

The 3 F's

Don't fuck with!

The family, the funds, and the future

And were good

# LOVE

Is it all you need . . . ?  
If so give me some  
No . . . ?  
Tell me then,  
Where is the love?  
Hard to say all you need is  
Something that is only an idea  
Something not tangible in physical form  
I need it . . . it's all I need  
All I need is a word that holds a meaning  
Like floating around me?  
Like a sidekick or something...  
That's it?  
Sound easy enough



## TACT: WHEN TO HAVE IT

My jaw has been tested and it is glass  
But my liver can take a beating  
Better than a whipping boy's ass  
Forget the straight and narrow path  
No lines hold me in within their grasp  
Hidden tasks at hand to highlight the miserably sad  
Depressed to smiles, roller coaster ride all the while  
Emotions do their very best to make it through today in style  
Use tact to avoid the past  
Every ounce of vocalized warnings  
Weighing up to one big shout of reform  
Mental morph  
Changed with thinking patterns leaving the brain scorched  
Perturbed to report, that nothing said resorts  
Back to any responsibility, twisted toward contort  
Failing the free falling frenzy within the fort  
But, frankly, the feelings full and finally fatal

## NATIVE ALIEN

Float upon this shoreline without help from anchors or ties  
I see it's docile here, empty from what I see  
This basic sight from 30 feet away and in only 3 hours' time  
I found a new pile of earth to stomp my feet upon  
No one ever showed  
After hours and hours sitting off that shore  
It's all mine  
A perfect island out of mind and void of any living, breathing, life  
Except my own that is  
Feeling a little seasick  
As I jump right overboard  
It's not my time to shine and swim up onto land tonight  
This land is mine, I found it first  
Let's fight

# A LITTLE TOO MANY THINGS GOING ON

Such a nervous itch, checking and checking and checking my lists  
I make them every morning because I could not live without  
    Except right now  
        With piles now littering the ground  
I wonder if I am running my self-ragged  
    Stretching myself to thin?  
    I hope not as I'm in it for the win  
Unsure how to accurately handle all the mental battles  
    Scribbled onto paper like mere parables  
    The emphasis was all wrong on the last line  
        Makes it better;  
        Refined its fine print without signs  
I have no boundaries so I make another list and tell myself  
    Ok, this is it  
    But it's not; I have to do this simply to exist  
Found some manners by achieving goals, amidst  
    All daily tasks I write about  
    Of which my creative life consists

## NEW METHODS OF MEASUREMENT

Switches may be used, but no wider than the width of your thumb

Stick out your tongue

Blue in the lungs

Running out of breathe is no fun

Asthmatics are all done

P.E. class go up and at 'em son

What other divisible is now equal to one

New methods of measuring out madness to none

# NEXT UP

Forever edging towards the brink of . . .  
Psychosis, remember sitting ragged  
Like parallel lines destined never to meet  
Contacts setup, so complex  
Step-up  
Resend  
'Hey, who the hell is up next?'

## OBNOXIOUSLY ABSENT

I swear it won't happen again, I'll be there in a few minutes  
I didn't hear my alarm!  
Traffic is really bad this morning  
Wow, looks like a crash over here at the freeway on ramp  
Trying to make it in ASAP  
Need coffee soooooooooo bad, see you soon  
I'm going to be late, I'll skip my lunch to make it up  
Do I get a 10 minute grace period since it's my first day?  
I was told we started at 10am,  
That's when I was planning on clocking in  
I had no idea it was Monday  
Woke up thinking it was Sunday and had the day off  
My stomach is just not cooperating with me today,  
See you this afternoon  
Totally last minute funeral this morning for my long lost uncle  
My dogs got out,  
I'm currently running around neighborhood to find them  
Struggling this morning, will text you updates  
Sorry going to be late, my phone is dying  
Missed the bus transfer, looking like I'll be about 30 minutes late  
Wait, so there is NO late start every other Wednesday?  
I couldn't find the building so I just went home,  
Can I start Monday instead?  
What do you mean 'I'm Fired?'

## OH, IT'S OCCUPIED

The adjacent cubicle is open  
Another warm body to throw into the fire  
Another spot where sales may stem  
Grow up and bubble into monetary value  
Continuation of momentum, even at less than desired speeds  
Uphill; regardless of the best way to guard us  
My wallet still feels empty though  
Yet this was not my intention  
This was not my invention; this is not my start-up plan  
Not my intervention, but I'll keep on pretending  
As I am fully aware of the effect it had on your affect  
Exact numbers quantified to fit the required lines  
Tax withheld at gunpoint, a wage removing fear  
Exhaustion rowing near  
Two person canoe to float the river Styx  
Forgotten tolls, two pennies over eyes  
Lights turn from bright to dull, void and null  
The existence of this entire building up to cull  
Left behind, with nothing but a corpse to show  
The worth of their work  
Transferred to the next occupant  
Continuing to build the heaping mound of shit and dirt

## PATTERNS

The summer's colors yellowed, frenzy  
The spring's vibrant blue hue, fury  
The autumns shadings greened, envy  
The winters contrast way grey, flurry  
Another section of the quarterly divide  
Inside a hollow husk where emotional seasons hide  
The only way to escape this repeating 3 month slide  
Is to realize the world has the ability to break down lines  
That separate and confide  
Every needed secret known, down to atomic design  
It's just not that big of deal, the pattern holds  
For another year at least



# RISK MANAGEMENT

When I was younger I'd approach the edge and jump  
But now with more age and wisdom I approach...  
Stuck with my body contorted into a slump  
Into a mode of thinking that is mere revenge  
A sinful taste sinks in  
What's at the bottom, how far is the drop?  
Should I tuck and roll?  
Can I even get back to the top?  
So hard to say, without weighing out each risk it's got  
I have kids, so management of every detail will never stop  
Is it worth the shot?  
Still free-spirited  
Yet head is filled with this hesitant thought  
Risk management throughout the movie's plot  
The film of life, flowing only forward,  
Forever searching for the spot  
To lay your head with peace of mind,  
Your place where patience never rots

## SPHERICAL MOTION

Ease up a bit  
Sneeze up the shit  
Cough up the blitz  
Knots up in this  
Side fits and twists  
Divide this by six  
Sly and confide my own mix  
I'm strengthened with hits  
Lengthened in width, straightened not fixed  
Seeing tunnels without squints  
Fiend for provisions  
Tool, thoughts, and omissions  
Aborted brain of concisions  
I ride the wall with decisions  
Circus performer, junkie informer  
Informally forming inglorious mourning  
And spheres in my hand without warning  
The dead or past lives lived  
I'm fed up, run the gauntlet's enough  
Maze within it, I'm stuck  
Riddled path, well good luck  
This stuff is still tough  
Tuck up excess baggage  
To just conquer this, FUCK

# TETHERS

Bones, feathers, flowers, tethered to Earth  
Flair, unaware, secret air, breathing in words  
Flint, sparking, ignited, lighting with burns  
Doubt, no faith, always pray, asking for worth  
    So recluse that it hurts?  
        Bursting with thirst  
        Lives lived in Hurst's  
        Inserting subverts  
        Diverting excerpts  
        Averting perverts  
    Ash, soil, brittle, sounds of alert  
    Turned, turmoil, battled, noise from all hertz  
Late, oscillate, compressed, and contracted concerts  
    Truth, love, lying too, convert the exerts

# VROOOOM

Vroooooom, mmmrrrrrrrooooooom,  
vvrrrrrooooooaaaaarrrrrrr  
I'm awake, stumbling downstairs for some water of course  
Quick glance to the left reveals the stack of comics  
I've been meaning to read for a whole week  
Mind seems weak, wants some coffee  
None left, no change either  
I better hop into some clothes, and jump into the car,  
Then soar in to work  
Out of time, but still time to shower  
Reading as well  
Watching the amount of times  
I'm late slowly swell  
Can I cram a little more within, inside my mind?  
Work, oh damn  
Turok always sounds better than work,  
Manhattan Projects even more so  
100% of the time that is  
Reminiscing through modern comics my childhood video antics  
And first person shooting dinosaur panic  
Such a vivid storyline for a 13 year old to find,  
Video game heaven inside  
My imagination was so young and starting out, bloating all around  
Wonderful past times, passing time while I press and hold rewind  
On my life and on my soul  
Awakened character strings with secret moves to find  
Today is a new day, or just another time, either way  
I'm cramming play into my day around my scheduled grind

# BOUND TO HAPPEN

I'm buckled in  
Ready for take-off  
Ready when you are  
Ready and able  
Like Cain was for Abel  
Blinded by text like a fable  
Strung up, linked like a cable  
Twine now enforced  
I'm strapped and unable  
To let loose from this table  
Operating room, feeling stable  
Both in theory and real life  
Felt the knife slide past eyesight  
As is, it's ignored by the light  
Transformed through the night  
From the might of your fight  
Manifested as strife, grown up over grime  
Manipulating the line  
While life passes by  
Now you question divine  
As if...  
Lightning inside bottles wasn't syncing our time

## DETOXIFY

Conjuring the vitamins  
Cleaning chemicals needed so the body can vent  
By mouth, take two each day and do not call me in the morning  
Remember this, and write down what I say  
Deep in this trench, for give or take about a week  
Is that long enough?  
Walking on a timing tight rope, right on the cusp  
Time to steady the intake, watch what I consume  
Prepare my mind to wake, with everything else at stake  
Creating waves to knock off useless flakes  
Fake sands ingest my inner penal gland, diet now refined and fake  
Will I be able to conquer myself this time?  
Dealing words out of my window  
No, no, no  
Is that all it really takes?  
Maybe if I just add a lucid dream  
Awakened resting mind, move and shake  
Away the cobwebs; the daily grime  
Built-up over time, years ago left to rust and die  
Dropping dust and something of myself  
In case you didn't know, it's time to detoxify

**THE END**





