There are times when I have no motivation (or is it desire) to live, but can I have the courage for that much hate? Since ---, I have been suffering the crisis of existence, and have manipulated myself, or been manipulated into, the mental health regime and saved by the state with an income, which otherwise would have seen me in the streets, forgotten. I occupy the place of a hearth with family, of which I work and labor and despair. Music surrounds my internal and external instigations, coupled with a photography of self, family, and the BLVD. Even when living with others, I am always only living with myself, longer than any before has truly lived with themselves. I desperately reach out to something in my dreams, and then marvel at the empty grasp in my waking hours, the hand that grasps only myself, yes! even the member of myself. Some share their beds with a loved one, but I only share it with a romanticism ignored and alienated. But then the children of Lendee come to me, Paislee, who is significantly enthralled with my companionship, marvels over my character and spirit; and then there's Rylee, who finds me peculiar and endearing. But I yearn for half open gates that lead to closed doors and in these attempts to seek out of the family I find only a world toppled over and deserted. The child in me yearns to shop, but only walks by these half open-door shops with their playthings for those demarcated better than me.

Being bi-polar schizophrenic, I experience highs and lows too welcomed in their diversity, and photography is that mood elevator that gives me a life with some meaning in its ability to express things that no one would otherwise see or care to understand, if not for my tyrannical expression: look at what my eye reveals! For those who care to look, look; for those who care to read, read. Nothing about me is safe, I am the man from underground, once again. Even in the midst of what emerges above. At least there's popcorn, second only to the nut.

