

Appendix

Poem

I began writing to see what pain looked like on paper.
And now I know: it's just black and white.

Laughter

Aloud in bouts of laughter, at the laughingstock,
Whom all the laughing people laugh at as they mock.
Silent is the laughing after all the laughter stops.

Regret

Will we let go of what's come before?
What is regret but what's come before, What is done that cannot be undone,
With guilt that remains guilt through guilt itself.

Nostalgia

I remember when...

It was better then.

Wither

Patience builds mountains,

And patiently wears them down.

Apathy

I am indifferent:
the glass is neither
half-empty,
nor
half-full;

it merely lingers
on an edged table,
wanting to spill,
perhaps,

and shatter clearly
the tension it constructs:
part truth
or
part lie?

Inexplicable

I sat on the edge of an inexplicable lake, and birds in the distance rose from the surface of the deep waters. But instead of the birds rising, it was that I was falling. And in falling, I was rising just as an echo would fade away as it rises from the deep below. Yet in rising, I sank in fear. For I knew that by ascending I must, in the end, surely fall... deeper and deeper I sank into the depths of the rising waters of the lake until I found myself as I reached for a ledge far above the dark sky that lay below the rising birds as I reflected inexplicably in the lake's deep end.

Windfall

Whilst the dead keep with the dead, a tree falls in silence: a shadow lurks along a path, which is laid down by a thousand footsteps taken a thousand times... a memory of eons in the depths of a primeval forest. The dead lay where they have fallen, bleached white bones on brown leaves, as a shadow of death descends, a shadow that dances about, a shadow that weighs on tiresome footsteps. In the periphery, the shadow follows a traveler as he wanders with his ax and makes fires of the deadfall. It stalks him as the drifter takes advantage of the path that stretches out before him. For, everything in the dark forest echoes to the traveler: remember that you must die. But he ignores this shadow that waits ahead... and on a wet stone, he sharpens his ax: a traveler's last words kept in silence, what say he to please eternity but nothing at all.

Insignificant

The leaf it falls, it lets go: they fall off golden yellow, shades of scarlet and dark mauve, but now are dry ... brown, a distant youth of fluorescent green fades from the eye: all and all they fall and fall one by one, two by two, three by three... yet they no longer belong, these leaves, to the tall trees from which they fall. They merge in solace, as freedom comes from no longer living but dying. Dead leaves, in piles here... there, swept in gusts of unmerciful wind, blown hither... thither; trampled upon, as they collect within themselves a rustling... leaf brushes upon leaf: as the eye looks now toward winter, where the leaves, raked up, gathered into a pyre, are burned until nothing remains but a smoldering, vermilion glow in a desperately cool final night of autumn; the leaves no longer leaves, gray and quietus ash upon ash.

Coma

They came one by one: Niece, in a yellow Sunday dress, waved timid little fingers, she sprang sprightly in the air before me as I lay in wonder: she would be, always be, this avid child. And then, on one wall appeared Father, drifting the room somewhere, Mother; and Brother and Brother; and they, those who did not come, did not come; but only Niece, only she, waved as to say hello once more before she waved goodbye. Last came the silent one, the sad one, for he was I, and I him. I watched him, as he lay still on a slab of stone, he turned from flesh to frost: from his face to his feet, the absolute cold consumed him; and as though he could no longer hold onto his frozen form, waft within waft he drifted away in gentle gusts of winter's wind like powdered snow.

Circles

I have sat into thought many times, many times, without compulsion or inspiration of something thoughtful to write, as many times all I have thought is that many times, many times, I have sat into thought...

Tattoo

He stood there waiting, evermore composed than he himself might fathom he could, but still was he that boy waiting like the opalescent white and dark red roses that lined the fabric of the isle to his anticipation of desire yet unbound in the cooling of a lukewarm afterglow this mid-Summer evening; and she filled all his thoughts as everyone stood and turned toward her, as he now stood at the stern of the ritual; but the union gathered in him, forced itself out through his eyes and met with hers as the movement of the rite orbited around the gravity that brought her toward him; and as if in his becoming a man, he would no longer walk but fly as in an endless lucid dream; for the weightlessness, he felt caused a nervous smile in him as that boy, who stood on the altar of a metamorphosis, left its cocoon to be a mature butterfly as would she:

&

Her bare feet curled over the edge of the stone she stood, and all her beauty fell downward through her into her feet so as I could not remove my unobserved gaze; for I was invisible in the twilight setting amid the center of the crowd, gathered in a crescent atmosphere like the white moon overhead in the parting blue sky of the day as the sun set in the Occident; each toe wrapped around each other as much as they wrapped around the edge of the stone; and as if her beauty gathered itself once more, it flowed back up through her regal pose like blood red mercury ascending within porcelain veins from the warming of her soul; for at that moment past was peeled from the present: the moment, suspended on perpetually, ephemeral only in that she was there as long as she could contain within herself that eternal ecstasy of breath: "I do."

Visage of Solitude

The room is too quiet. I need a new friend. Not that I am without beloved friends, just that no one ever bothers to contact me. But they do not even know where I am, lost here and there. I drift about. I have driven many miles to escape the silence. I pace the room looking for perspective.

Nothing in my reflections mitigate my mind.

I cannot bear the quiet boredom of this silence. I listen to the repetition of music. A melody plays again and again until these sounds begin to echo a melancholic muse.

The room is too quiet. All that is insignificant plays... I hear it in the music of silence. I am somewhere, but in no geographic location. I am without a vision of this future. Isolation: lost in self consumption, ill with indifference in a pestilent disinterest. Obliterate everything obscure and obsolete, only to begin again... This is all I desire. I will become such a loathing, sordid man there is no meaning to what I will become. There is no meaning to the languid, semblance I have become of my past disposition.

The room is too quiet. Oblivion is where I will stay. I have friendships with others, but they were shallow and specious. Someday... I will go to visit with a past master. I cannot even whisper it: I am the stranger that I fear. I walk around the room in circles. Impatient... I cannot sit still. I am up and pacing about the room, seething in apathy. It is a subtle change: The loss of reason in life, not understanding mirrors or memory. I give a lot, but I take too much in return. Perhaps I just have nothing worth giving.

Black Dream

I was in a vast and cool desert. The blue sky stretched out far above and around me, and from the horizon dunes of sand in the distance stretched to distant sandy dunes. In a hollow sat a black stone relic, out of it rose a wooden ladder into the blue sky. The black stone relic hovered atop a cool clear pool of water as blue as the sky itself. I could see a storm across the vast dark horizon, and with it came a black horse with white flowers mingled in its long mane. It stood by the wooden ladder and neighed, as if insisting that I climb it. I then ascended the wooden ladder with ease, as if flying, as a hole opened in the fabric of the sky that spoke of the sleeping stars in the night, this celestial body of the cosmos. I stood upon thin air and gazed upon the arid lands. A storm swept now across the parched desert. I looked down and watched as the black horse ran through the storm. It was as if the storm followed it into the distance. The black horse ran further as the rain began to pour harder until what was below me was no longer visible. The black storm ran away into dunes of sand in the distance that stretched to distant sandy dunes. I could see the vast and cool desert again. Mystical was the pool of water below the relic: It burned with a strange bluish flame.

The Turning of the Leaf

Spring. In all its fluorescence, a leaf was born. The happy leaf swayed in the wind, which it loved. The leaf made friends with the other leaves. One day the leaf noticed another leaf on a branch below. This leaf was sad. It said that it had talked to their creator the Tree. The Tree told the sad leaf that at the end of the Summer, all the leaves must fall to the ground. In the days that followed, the happy leaf began to question the ancient Tree.

“Why must we die when we’ll have kept you alive another year?” The now indifferent leaf asked. But all the Tree would say was, “At the end of the Summer, all leaves must fall to the ground.” This made the indifferent leaf sad. As the leaf worked, it lost the fluorescence of its youth.

Autumn stained the land. The wind that a now sad leaf once swayed happily, swept the leaves one by one, two by two, three by three to the ground. Some of the leaves took on beautiful shades before they drifted in ephemeral splendor to the Earth. The sad leaf turned the most deep, dark shade, then dry and brittle, then faded away.

November came, and in the cold rain, the leaf fell to the ground. Alone, in the darkness of a bitter Winter, the leaf decayed.

A Confession

I saw God. I was walking, and under a stone lay a mouthful of venom. What a filthy dog is God. And He lives just across the meadow from my home, by a Lake, such a cold, dark, and deep water of a pestilent memory. And God was a vile and disgusting beast, grotesque, and hideous, and malformed. His voice was rasped and unclear, and His face reflected dirt and filth; of such filth does God live. And God must have smelt my contempt for Him. But He asked no name and demanded no apology. But this I gave to Him, this apology. For, I would seize and penetrate, like a greedy child, this opening. I unfolded as if from a book, my hatred for Him, how I despised what He had created, how I would destroy Him. And so, I told God the weak and pitiful desire of my needs. I told God of my contempt for this mad act, this long and monotonous and repetitious Play. And I called Mother Nature a bitch, and a whore. And I was condescending, rude, and disrespectful. And there was truth in my lies and venom. But it did not matter, for God was a vulgar Man, profane and offensive and full of mediocrity. God was annoyed as I stood there on the bank of the Lake, and His bad breath had finally demanded my name. But I laughed at God and His arrogance. I mocked Him and called Him names. Every day now, I go throw stones at God, and every day, I see God the same... every day, the rocks only blot out my name. And so, lives a Cannibal on the corpses of dead souls, on the rotting carcasses of our kind. And so, too, shall Satan eat our souls and shit out gold? I smell God's foul, disgusting odor every day as if It were Death itself. I saw God. And this was the repulsion I felt for the Word. I saw God. He was dead, bloated, and rotting by a Lake. God lay face down with a knife in His back.

A Dead End

My old friends shun me, and I've ceased to contact all of them now. It just goes to show that: Family is forever. Friend becomes foe. All except for those friends who are dead. Their memories haunt me with worldly woes of what may be called my spirit or soul. Farewell, fair-weather friends. Have I let you go? I don't know. But peace be with you. And shall we not all be family in the end?

Black Flower

A black flower grows in a mystical meadow, but how does such a macabre flower, absorbing all the light of the sun, attract a butterfly to it like the simple white flower? It is that there exists a red butterfly, and it too is not the color of any other butterfly, for its wings are born of blood, as the red butterfly emerges from human beings, which a straight arrow of death brings forth a red butterfly from its metamorphosis, but the life of a red butterfly is ephemeral, and the human being it emerges must be in the mystical meadows of the black flower for this essential reincarnation to occur.

A spectral black flower unlike a natural white flower is immortal, for it can survive a thousand winters as it awaits a red butterfly to come visit it, paint its black petals red with the blood of the dead, and let go its seeds to be sowed in the ground of eons, as there is infinite migrations of a red butterfly in the eternal growth of a black flower I came upon such a mystical meadow on an excursion and got to pick a black flower: I held the spectral flower in one hand, and I grasped a death that was beautiful: Life had served its purpose, and all that is left of an existential being is a black flower.

The Opium Den

It was a dim delight. Lined with an array of oriental pleasures. We called it the Opium Den., deep regressions of the mind under strange hallucinations and euphoria. Time melts along with reason as we grasp at the pool of darkness that clouds the room. The bed took up a good portion of the space, but was of little significance since this tomb of soft pleasure and sleep is where all matter of the room was bound by the relentless effects of gravity, which were far beyond any movement a muscle could fathom. Silk screens lined the walls and several candles were distributed throughout the Opium Den. Food was shuttled to and from the place of incapacitation...

Deadwood

Deadwood,

You are indeed a quite useless and burdensome person... though, making yourself useless could be wise, for no one could ever use you, no one could ever, that is, exploit you; Deadwood, you bear the burden of being burdensome to us, for it is just as much a burden to you to be a burden to us. And this being said, who could now point the finger at you? Deadwood, listen poor lad, and I will altogether set you free, for what use is your useless burden to me.

Sincerely,

Alter-Ego

Deep End

His breath so taken by these waters
Deepening,
It cannot be held back anymore.

It's as he were beneath a thousand
Waters,
And beneath a thousand waters nothing.

Only at times find drenched eyes
opening,
silent shadows awaking in mourning.

Then an echo swells from a parting voice,
Rippling
On the blue surface of the conscious waters

And in the darkness, he ceases to be.

Requiem

Wet feathers of a dead crow, the past: a slithered surface of black conscious waters,
A silhouette of silvery rippling darkness, and shedding shadow upon shadow.

Epitaph

Death's breath
Whispers eternity.