

children *churches* & daddies

The Recovery



the late 1998 chapbook
by Janet Kuypers, of all
new work about hospitals
and recovery.

scarsuo!te3!qnd

Hasn't Happened Yet

I think there's so much about me that's ugly

and people can tell me otherwise
people can give me compliments

and the compliments are never enough
it's never what i want to hear

it would be nice if the right someone
came along and told me everything
I needed to hear

but that hasn't happened yet

people keep trying to make me feel better
they talk about the sunrises and the
stars in the sky and the babbling brook
that is a couple of blocks from my house
but I don't see those things
I never do
when I look right over my shoulder
to see the beauty in things
well, I never get to the beauty part

I never get there

so no, I don't know what the answers are
and I don't know how to make things better for me
things haven't gotten better yet
and I don't know what else I'm supposed to do

I guess my only choice is to keep trying

Like My Motto

It is so easy to hope for things

It is easy, I guess, when you've got nothing
to hope for something

because it is nice to think
that there is someone out there for you
and you will have a happy ending

I know women who think that
it would be nice if there was a nice rich guy
that would come along
and sweep them off their feet
and then for the rest of their lives
they could eat bon bons
and watch movies on their television
and they could decide where their adopted child
will go for private school

I never said I thought that way
but I know that ideology exists

And at times I just get tired of fighting it
I figure that no one is listening to me and
I figure that this whole hope thing
is over, well,
overdone
Over-rated
Overly confusing

Over-something

So I'm wondering that if
I'm getting tired of fighting it, well,

why am I even fighting any of this?
Everyone has been stepping all over me,
so why don't I just get used to
the whole cycle

Stop fighting
Get used to it
These are the words
I have to keep telling myself
until they are like my motto

We All Want That

Not a lot of people think about
killing themselves

I mean, not a lot of people think of it
as a real option, because I mean, when
things get tough, when you get the bad
breaks, well, they get better
eventually they do

and no one wants to think about the bad stuff
and everyone wants to see the light
at the end of the tunnel
and no one wants to think that bad things
can happen to them

it's like they think they are invincible or something

but sometimes things don't work out that way

and no, you don't want to think about the bad stuff
and you want to think about
the things that are supposed to
make life grand for you

we all want that, don't we

Are The Things That I Like

What I think I like the most about you
Are all the little details about you
That I can not remember

Maybe we never shared any of those moments together
Maybe I just need to think of moments with you
That we never really shared

I have only seen you remotely
I have never known how to approach you
I have always thought that I didn't want to act inconspicuous

But I have to admit, what I have seen of you
I have to admit that I like it
There are parts about you that are quirky, but I think that is okay

It is the things about you that no one else likes
And those are the things that I like
And maybe my problem is, well, thinking of you and

Making your image known in my head
And making you real in my head
I have seen how much you care about your work

And we may not share the same work
But I like how you think
I like how you think about work

And I like how you think about a lot of things
And if your quirks are a part of a large, strange package
Then I will take it

I like your height and your physique and
I like how intelligent you are and I like the fact
That you are partially color blind because you know

I like to think that there are some things about you
That are not perfect
because then you will have an excuse to claim that well, you are human

I would like to think that you are human
I would like to think that you are real because I know
That I am real and this could be a link for me

This could be something that would help me to prove in my own head
that I am not the only one
and that there is someone out there like ne too

Get Me Through My Life

there are so many times
when i have imagined things to be different

there was a time tonight
when i thought you would come up to me
and act like you had never met me before

and well, i did not know what else to say
and so i did the same

it is strange to be in a place
you have not been to before
because i think that is when
i see something familiar
and see something different

it is at times like that
when i try to come up with stories in my head
to get me through the days
and get me through my life

so yes, i think of you
sometimes
at times like this

I Know It's Not Going To Happen

There are so many things that I think about

maybe that is one of my curses

but I think of these things every once in a while
things that are supposed to make me smile
and things that are supposed to make me angry too

and sometimes I like to think about the good things
whether or not they happen to me

but I can think

and I know these things are not going to happen
but I can fantasize about it
every once in a while

and because I am here
and I have the time here to think about it
I can think about you
I can think about how you liked me
and I can think about how strong you were
and I can think that you could have been
a good challenge for me

that you would have put limits on me
that you would not have let me
do whatever I want

and maybe that would have been good for me

and I think about how nice it would be
just to hear that you still like me
even after a decade
and I know I should never have let you down
and I know I should never have
looked for someone else

well, for that I am still paying

and I do not know if you are married now
or if you ever got married and now
you are going through a divorce
I would like to think of it that way, you know

I suppose you could be single
but I assume that some woman
would have swept you up by now
and someone would have taken you away
from the rest of the women out there

including me

That Adorable Together

there are times when you feel
like the world is crashing all around you

and there are times when you get
a glimmer of hope

and it is at times like those
when you cling on to those glimmers of hope

and yes, sometimes it is nice
to have those glimmers of hope

you have to hope for something, you know

and now that i live here
and i see the places
i used to frequent
and i think of all the bad things
that have happened to me

bad things here, bad things there

well, sometimes, when i think of the things
that could go wrong in life
i oddly enough still come to you in my head

i think of all the nice things you used to do for me
i think of the way you used to be
so good to me

you acted like you cared

maybe at the time you
didn't know any better
and maybe at the time
i didn't know any better either

oh, what am i saying
still looking back
i think about how cute you were
and how nice you were

i wasn't looking for the football player type
and you just happened to be that adorable
and even though i didn't know any better
i still knew that you were a good guy
and you were worth it

yes, i might have
made you suffer
and i never meant to
my friend andy in school called you
mister superman
because he never saw you
and he knew you were a football player
and never had the chance to
associate you name with your face

i still have photos of you
ones i used to keep in my wallet
because i was not willing
to let go over every image of you

well, not that fast, that is

i remember how you met me
and my friend ellen at a hotel
in champaign illinois

i was able to use the excuse
“i need to see the town before i
decide to go there for school”
routine
but for me it was just
another opportunity to see you
and i didn't care about the guy that
drove with you
and i don't know if we were too
cutesy around each other
in front of your friend and in front of my friend ellen

i don't know if we were that adorable together

there are so many stories i could tell about you
about how smart you were,
about how strong you were

after all this time that has passed
i almost feel that it's not necessary
for me to tell these stories out loud again
because i know these stories
and i want them remembered
and i know all these stories
and i want someone to share them with me
i know

You Know What I'm Talking About

there are times when i have thought about you
and there are times when i have thought
less than perfect things

well, forgive me
unless you like that kind of thing

i know it has been years
since we have talked
and I know you probably hate me
and maybe you want something different in life
and maybe I would be a nice diversion for you

and maybe I could tell you
that I have gone through a lot too
and maybe we could find consolation
in each other

maybe we could provide relief

maybe you would like to be the kind of man
you could never be around me before
maybe you would talk to me
and say things that you could not tell anyone

well, at least not in open places

well, maybe you know what i am talking about
well, my point is
well, I have been looking for things
and maybe, just maybe
you are looking for things too

maybe something out of life
maybe some comic relief
maybe some attention

maybe I could be that for you
maybe you could be that for me

All The Details

I wonder if it's just easier sometimes
to think that you didn't die, that you
were just ignoring me. Would it be easier
then? Would I think that maybe
you're somewhere missing me,
feeling that hole in your heart
where a relationship with me would
go. Is it that way it's supposed to
be done? I know that if you were
alive you'd still want to call me,
and you still would expect something
out of me. But I want to be able to
talk to you, to pass the time with you,
to know that you're there to listen

Maybe if you were alive somewhere I
could just be angry with you. Maybe then
I wouldn't feel bad, maybe I wouldn't
miss you. Maybe then I wouldn't
want you near me, to make me
laugh, or just to let me scream out loud,
when I needed to let out a good yell

Maybe you are somewhere, listening.
That's a nice way to think about it.
Maybe you know that I cared about you,
maybe you know it hurt me when you
were gone. It hurts me still. Maybe you're
somewhere, just waiting to fill me in
on all the details I've been lacking,
all the details I've been wanting to know

Bad And Good

I just heard about an
unwarranted arrest for a
man who was technically a
couple of arrests in debt

One thing occurred to me
when I heard that thought:
there are bad people in
the world, and good people.

So why have I been
better than good all my life?
I hope someone who is bad
can give me the answer soon

Changing Garments

Agonies are
one of my changes of garments,

I do not ask the wounded person
how## he
feels
or
who he
is

I myself become the wounded person,
My hurts turn livid upon me
as I lean on a cane and observe

Conscious Of It

only when I think about it
only when I'm conscious of it
only sometime when I
think of you as alive

maybe I should have
gone to your funeral
maybe I should
have seen your body
maybe I could have seen
the color of your skin
or the needle marks
near your lips
they used to put
your mouth together

maybe I needed
to see these things

but I don't know
if I was ready
I still don't know
if I am ready

maybe I wouldn't have so
much to say to you
maybe I wouldn't
expect you to come back

maybe then I wouldn't want
to touch your face
and feel your skin

maybe it would be
easier that way

jarv

well it always
seems to me a day with you can
be a month and still it can be a month
where we can live a lifetime.

Why do the days seem so impossible
to overcome now?
why can't someone learn
the answers to these questions
and why can't someone solve
the mysteries of the day?

sometimes I wish that life would be easier
Why can't the simple answers be the answers
for some people like me?

months make time disappear
when you seem to disappear
from my thoughts, from my sight
and then someone has to go and remind me
and all my thoughts of you come rushing back
and I don't know where you go while you're gone
and I don't know why I'm forced to remember you
and I don't know what to do with all these questions
that no one can answer for me

no one seems to have the answers
that I have been looking for
So should I stop looking

How many times will I be forced to remember
the past, my saying good-bye to you,
my forgetting you, which seems to have happened
so many years and thoughts ago
I wish you

could know a fraction of the thoughts that have been
in my head, since your death, since mine

I keep wondering when my life will start, who will
protect me from all my bad dreams. The dreams
keep coming to me, just so you know
Not that you'd have
any of the ideas that have gone through my head about the
world, or the dreams about you, or about
me
That's something I'm just
supposed to forget
like magic

I wish that getting an answer from you would be
as easy as getting an answer from anyone you would
usually argue with. I've wanted to tell you for so
many minutes, so many months, so many years, that
I still miss you. I'm sure that doesn't sound like the
truth when i try to tell you, but I mean it. My sister,
when I got out of my latest car accident, brought me
one of your paintings. I remember it having a blue
background, not a red one, but maybe that was just my
memory creeping up on me again.

I wish I knew how you felt. About me. I wish about
things like that, at times. I wish
but I've had strange
thoughts like that in my lifetime
that thoughts could
be instantly different. I suppose I shouldn't think about
wishes that can't just come true, like that, but
this is the gist of dreams I still fruitlessly dream
about. This is my life now, just so you know, Just
so you can get a glimpse of what my life is like now.

I hope that somehow I managed to learn something
about you and about me in all of this. I

wish I could have given you more of that in life. Or
in death. There are times, just so you know, when I
wish things could be different for you, or for me, or even for us.

sometimes I wonder if there's just no sense in the world.
I mean, is that all there is to it? Is someone just
pulling one big joke on me,
pulling their hands over my eyes? When is everything
supposed to just get better and have a happy ending?

Every once in a while I see a painting that you did and I
think of you and I still feel sad
I wonder when the pain will go away, when I
will eventually just forget you and that will be the end
of it. Well, that hasn't come yet. I'm still waiting for
that day. Someone tell me when it comes? Someone?

I had the whole image in my head: I was in the hospital recovering from
surgery and the only way for you to visit me there would be through
the cars that I can see out my window.

And you came to the door and got rid of my family
that would have recognized you and would have said,
"hey, he's alive. Somebody stop him!" But my whole family wasn't
around, not in my little dream that I pictured, and
you came, and my doctors were mad and I was almost unconscious
and you tried to talk to me. And I tried to make sense in my head out of
what you were saying, and I kept asking you if you were alive.

That was all I could come up with to say
to you on such short notice. And
you kept asking me "what", and still wanted me to
never give you the right answer, the answer to whatever
you were asking. I wanted the answers I had for
you to just come spilling out of my mouth.

I wish the answers wouldn't come as easily as the truths do.

I think back to all of the good-byes we should have had, and
I think about all of the hellos we also should have had. I still

don't have the answers, but I DO have my thoughts and I still usually miss you. And I think of you while I'm in that house that aches in pain, with good and evil, that's what I get on a bad day, the house which holds all of my clothing now. With all of those demons that just won't go away.

I wanted to tell you so much over the years. I wanted to let you know that, even if you never hear it or even if you never believe it, there has always been a part of me and there will always be a part of me however little you want to believe it there will always be a part of me that will always love you. That seems like such a shallow thing to say, That seems like such a shallow thing to repeat. But I guess I said it. So there it is. I know you loved me, I know I never told you I loved you back. Maybe that was wrong for me to do. Maybe when you were alive I just didn't know any better. Maybe I just wanted to always be right. That could have been it.

I know you deserved so much more than me. Most people did, I was mean. That was how I felt. I hope you did and you will always understand that.

Sometimes the answers didn't come to me, and sometimes I didn't know what to tell you at the times when you needed it most. I wish I could fill in all of the gaps that were missing from my less-than-perfect education. I needed to learn. And so did you, I suppose. And maybe we can one day forgive each other, and maybe even teach each other a thing or two one day. I'll still always be sorry to you, just so you know. I hope for now that this is enough of an apology. I'll tell you I'm sorry later. Forgive me. Maybe One day I'll see you again and we can make this all works out somehow. I hope so. Let's reserve a date for it. We'll call it a time when we're supposed to get together. I'm marking the date. You do the same. August tenth sounds like a good date to me. Remember it. Remember the date, and thank you for nothing, and thank you for every-

thing.
I'll see you soon.

This Halloween Again

“head up my”

I have no plans for the
holiday this year. No parties.
Well, none that I'm going to.
I'm dressing up for Halloween,
though, in something that
almost doesn't look like a costume.
I want to be a Scotsman for
Halloween. Not because I'm
Scottish, I'm not. Not because I'm
male, I'm bot, In my costume,
people may not even think I'm
dressed up for Halloween. But
I'll know.

I never did anything with you for
Halloween. Well, when it was
Halloween a year or two ago
I put on a wig and dressed up
when I picked you up from the
airport

It's funny how easy it is to
remember little stories like that.

You were dressed as a cartoon
character for Halloween last year.
I never got to see you in
that outfit
I always thought I
could see it another time.

I didn't think you'd be gone

before the next Halloween rolled
around
I thought you'd always
be around, you always were,
you know
When I needed to talk
to you, I called. Or else you called
me instead.
It was almost like
I had a little brother there, who
was always willing to listen to
me, who was always wanting to
put up with me.

My question to you is this:
were you always willing to
put up with me? Did you think
things would end this way?

Just so you know, wherever you
are, that someone i am thinking about
you. Because I know the holidays
aren't the same without you here

I never thought about dressing up
for Halloween, or about Scotland,
or even other countries, but you,
well, you were Scottish, through
and through, and you wanted
a kilt, and you wanted the world
to know you were Scottish.

I always thought you'd be
around
I thought, even when
you aggravated me, that you would
always be there for me.

Now I just have to be there for myself.

I wonder how lonely people get,
if they lose someone they were close to,
do they feel like a piece of them is
missing too? Well, I do, in part

And I figure someone has to be a
Scotsman for Halloween, even if
this year it has to be me

What I Go Through

over the years
there are so many things that I have thought about

I always wonder if other people
think the way I do

but with everything
that has happened to me this year
I did think of you
really

I wondered what it was like
for you to be in pain
if you thought it was the end for you
if you knew what was going on

brian gave me one of your earrings yesterday
i think it was the last one you wore
and when i heard that he still had it
i wanted it
i wanted to have something
to remember you by
other than these damn memories

we should have had more memories together
you know that
maybe it's better this way
that's what I keep telling myself

i have to keep
telling myself things, you know
to keep me sane
but if they're right
and you know my thoughts
then i suppose you know what I go through

when all you've got
are memories
don't you have to fill
your time with something?

Enough So Far

okay, so you thought
that it would be a good idea
for me to be with him
and I appreciate your honesty

I'm not used to honesty, you know
I'm used to people trying
to screw me over
and I know I'm a girl
but I have to act like a guy sometimes
so that people don't try
to make my life tougher

hasn't it been
tough enough so far?

well, I appreciate your truthfulness

when you're so used to
not getting the truth from anyone
well, honesty is nice

and I know that when I started to tell you
about what I thought might happen
with me and him
you kept saying that
he has to be a lucky guy

well, I don't know if
he understands that, yet

and if he's supposed
to think everything is great
because he could have me in his life
well, I don't know if what I can do

for him is enough any of the time

if life was all candy, I might
think that there is hope for me

I would have thought that
hope was an option before, then

I just want to know
if he feels the kind of love
that I feel for him
that it is a kind of love
that doesn't go away

I want to know
if I should have hope
when you talk, you
give me reason to have hope

and I don't know if I should
but right now
I'll take whatever I can get

Had A Point

Maybe you had a point
maybe it's not just me that does the thinking
and maybe I have to stand up for myself

I know that there are limits
and I know what some people are capable of
and I want to think that you understand that

I know you want me to be happy
I know that

so maybe I'll have to take your advice
I know I'm supposed to take my time
but I don't have time
I want everything and I want it now
I know, I know, patience is not one of my virtues

and I know there are so many things I want
and I know there are so many things I need
and I want all my dreams to come true

and I've always been afraid to ask

I don't know how to ask any more

There has been so much going on with me
I've seen friends dying
I've seen loved ones dead
and they've tried to test me too
and I fought back
and I won
and this is all I have to show for it

there was so much I wanted

I've had to shut myself off
over and over again

and I keep waiting for the happiness to start
I don't know how it starts

But thanks for listening to me
and thanks for being one of the only people I know
that wants to listen
who thinks I have something to say

I need that sometimes, you know

You keep telling me
that he is a lucky man
because he gets to hold me at night
and he can talk to me
and he can touch my hair

but he doesn't

well, maybe that is one of my problems

Well, I don't know
what the answers are to
this little problem of mine
and I don't know if you can
help me on this one
but

well, I don't know what the "but" is for
I guess I should just say thanks
thanks for listening, thanks
for being supportive, thanks for
letting me feel like I'm not the

only one in the universe who
has feelings, who is human

well, thank you for that

Supposed To Be

You suggested to me that I
should tell him how I feel

I'm afraid that I would tell him too much
about me

And you're not the first to tell me that
okay, you're the second
but now I'm starting to think
that on some levels
this might be a good idea

He called me when he got
back in to town last night
he must have only been home
for five minutes

and to me, it's a good sign that he called
he's either honest
or he misses me
or something

or he thought of me
or he was bored
I don't know

and whatever the reason is
it's a good thing that he called
and i mentioned
getting a hotel room
for after or "night out"
which is tomorrow

you know, I said, getting a hotel would be good
because then I wouldn't have to worry

about getting home late

at least that's what I told him

So I was pushing that line
a little farther

far enough to still be safe
but far enough to still be a risk

he said we'd talk about it
when he called me today

well, he hasn't called me yet

Who knows if we'll get a
hotel room
I don't know
but the idea is there
and well, that's something

Maybe you were right
that I should take my time
but I'm an impatient girl
and I want the answers yesterday

And maybe something will happen
with me and him
and maybe it won't be
on my terms
and maybe I'll have to
get used to that

Yes, I know he loves me
and yes, I know he has
thought about marrying me

but there is no ring in my finger

and I know he has been confused

and I know I want to tell him
not to be confused any more
and I want to tell him
that I'm there for him
and if he lets me
I'll be there for him, too

So thanks for supporting this all
to me, and thanks for suggesting
this all to me, all without trying

well, so, thank you

A Select Few Things

If you wanted me to think of ways,
well, I could do that

Actually, I could think of a
variety of ways

But I think you
are ready to only think about
a few of them

As long as you're thinking about me,
well then, think whatever you want

I've wanted to feel you kissing me
I've wanted to have your lips on me
I've wanted so much out of life
but I can say that I know I want that

There are a lot of things I want
but right now
I can only think of a few things

A select few things

I've wanted to know that you are
willing to give me that
because i need to know that you feel that
and I need to know that you
feel it in the same way I do

That you want the same thing I do

There's only so much teasing
that a girl can take

At least that's what I hear

And I'm not going to tease you
about this
and I'm not going to make any promises
that I don't promise to keep

Because everything I say
is a promise to you

It's a promise to my life
it's a promise to our future
it's a promise to our love

You better believe in the same things
that I believe in

Because I don't like getting my hopes
up for nothing

So prove me wrong

Called Me Twice

there are certain rules
that people follow

and they claim to have
no beliefs of any
given subject
it's just that they choose
not to think about
their beliefs and
they choose not to think

but I know what people
think when they think of me

and I know that this one
person says he's concerned
but my phone isn't ringing
and yes, he called me once
since I've been trapped
in this cage

he hasn't called me twice

In The Room

that sounds like
such an unhappy message
you leave on your answering machine

maybe i'm reading too much into this

maybe you're unhappy with her
and you don't want to give
any wrong impressions
to anyone who calls

but I haven't heard
from you in so long
and the message on the
answering machine

well, it isn't happy

I wonder what you're like
when you are happy
when you're interested
in talking
and you want
to smile more
and you want to live more

I want to know you when
you're like that

maybe you act that way
when you're around me

it's been so long
since I've talked to you
I can't say that

I know for sure

or maybe if you were happy
around me
well, maybe
you were just acting that way

to impress me
or to make you feel
better about yourself
or to impress someone else
in the room
I don't know

It's Only The Tip

there are too many things that I want to say,
but after all these years I've forgotten how to speak

I've wanted to tell you how I feel
but I've always been afraid to do that
and I've always been afraid of looking like a fool

looking like a fool? well, I mean,
having ideas that others don't agree with

you know what I mean

well, maybe you don't, but now you see
why I haven't been able to tell you everything
and now I'm afraid that it's too late
too late for me
and now I'm going to have to live with the knowledge
of what I know

and I'll have no one to share that knowledge with

I want someone to share that knowledge with me
I want someone to spend their life with me

I know I should have wanted that before
but I'm telling you, at least I'm trying to tell you now

and I'm still afraid to tell all this to you
and this is only the tip of the ice berg

it's only the tip

Learn To Do That Too

Maybe there isn't
much of a chance for us
but other people get to
think about these things
other people get to have hopes
other people can function that way
so maybe I can learn
maybe I can too

Yeah, maybe I think you are cute

well, you're a cute guy, you know
and you've been judged on that before
I know that's
happened to me too

and maybe you're something
to pass the time with to me
and maybe I like
the positive attention you give me

maybe I need that, you know

I know we don't have
a lot in common
I know that on many things
we disagree
I know that you'd find
a lot of my beliefs
well, infuriating

well, maybe you still do

maybe you've been able to shut all that off
and like me anyway

maybe that's what people do
maybe I can learn to do that too

A beacon alone

I know I'm meant to be standing alone
I've done it all my life
and I'm fully used to the feeling
and I've been living without anyone for so long
and I wanted to let you know that I'm used to that
and I can do it on my own
and I don't need someone to help me pick up the pieces
and I don't need someone to wipe my nose or
tell me how and when to brush my teeth
and comb my hair and fold my clothes.
Have I said this to you before? Probably. Do I
think this needs repeating? Usually. Then no one
gets what I want and what I do. But this
is what I've been used to all my life,
this rejection, this feeling like I'm
supposed to be this way, this feeling
that there's no chance for me. You might
think it. The rest of the world does.
But let me tell you once, in the easiest
way I know how, let me tell you that I
am strong and I know what I need and I
know what to do and I've been fine on my own
all of this time. Maybe I've been just
waiting for someone to come along
and make it all better for me. Well,
maybe that's my job, to do what I've
been planning, and someone else
will notice that you don't have
to do it like everyone else. I don't know
if I'm a beacon, but it's nice to think of me
that way, whether or not it's accurate.

I don't know if I'm a beacon. But for now,
it's nice to think of me that way.

I wonder when someone will notice my
differences. I wonder when someone will think
I'm different. I wonder when someone will notice

Did you know I was watching?

Did you know I was watching?

you know, i watch you
when i'm sitting in the corner
and you're in your circle.
you know the circle, the ring
around you

that's what I've been
trying to avoid

and I've done a pretty good
job of it, haven't I

Do That For Me Then

Is there someone around
who is designed to tell everyone
what the problems are, and what you
have to do to solve them

people
like that would have been found
a while ago, if they existed

there would be no more
violence, there would be
a loving caring feeling among
people of different beliefs

maybe people
wouldn't have such strong beliefs

That's where the problems
come from
The problems come
from having ideas, having theories,
thinking they're the right ideas,
and then acting on those ideas
without checking your premises to
see if they were even the right ideas

I've done that

I've hoped, maybe it
wasn't exactly hope, but I thought,
that everything would fall into place
and everything would have a happy
ending for me
I've discovered that
after all of these years those happy

endings haven't come around, and that
there is no reason to have hope

But on some levels it's true
People want someone to deliver flowers
to them, for no reason, other than because
you wouldn't expect it and it would
be nice
People could say something
nice to you, out of the blue, to
brighten your day

Wouldn't it be nice if someone you knew
came up to you to tell you they loved you?
I mean, you know they love you, and you
love them, but sometimes it's nice to hear

I think men don't get that

They don't remember that
women like nice things for them, even if
it's not expensive
if it's not
something they'd normally think to do

I like nice things done for me
I want someone to call me when they
said they would
I want someone to
tell me I'm worth something

I've wanted that for years

I'm tired of wanting things

everyone else does it

it's funny how you get an image
in your head as to how to want
to lead your life, and you have
these ideas, and maybe they're
not like anyone else's ideas, but
is it funny that you think this way

Well, would you get tired of
thinking that way if everyone
else thought something different

well, you probably would start
thinking differently, but what
would you do with those ideas,
once you have them? Would you
just throw those thoughts into
the trash, into the garbage, you
could do that you know, I know
they're just your ideas, but everyone
else does that, you could do it too.

Get The Idea

I hate having to be the voice of reason, but here goes
you have to do nice things

okay, you knew that, but you don't think about the nice things
and maybe that could be part of the solution

you think, I can take a girl out to dinner
but have you ever cleaned up the living room
so you could have dinner there
and it would seem like a restaurant

you could give her flowers
but if it's near Valentine's Day, don't bother
but give them on a weekday
when she doesn't expect it
and tell her you got them for her
because you thought of her
and you thought she deserved them

well, there are other examples
but I won't get into them now
I think you get the idea

Pleasure and Pain

Sometimes I wonder what defines
the line between pleasure and pain
Sometimes they are not terribly
easy to tell apart, you know,
someone may say something nice
to lure in the average joe,
but the next day they'll turn around
to stab you in the back

I've seen people on the verge of
dying and on the verge of getting
new life
It may be a
problem that they and
sort of fell down to him

You'll have to
ask them, in order to find out.
Some people who never
learned how to stop drinking,
well, maybe they never
learned how to
solve their own
problems or maybe it was because
they never wanted to deal with
a problem and preferred
escapism

Someone Like Me

There are many things that make me angry
But underneath it all, there is a reason for me to go on

I could spend the rest of my life alone, I could find
no one who would want to weather out the days with me

Every once in a while I find someone who is worth
the struggle, someone who tells me the truth,
someone who lives by the same rules as I do

In all my life, in all that I've seen, I've found
one man who lives by those truths, who acts that way

I thought I thought I found another,
and they continually let me down

That's what society does for you, I suppose
so I found another

I found someone who lived the way I do
He loved the same things and I did and got aggravated at
the same things that I did

He didn't push it, he knew when to stop
badgering someone, so he like me was used to being alone

When you see a glimmer of that you think he
must be right
There must be someone out there like me

The truth is a powerful tool
If you want to believe
what someone says, well, you just believe it, And
with that you carry all the baggage that you don't
like thinking that it's okay, that at least you have

the basics covered

Even if you don't have the basics covered, Sometimes
the answers aren't there, sometimes you're lied to so
you can believe what you want to believe

You know, there are so many times where people have told me
something to make me feel better

It's strange to have ideas
I think it's strange
because no one thinks about their ideas or their morals

Am I the only one?
Well maybe
Maybe I'm meant to be alone
I know everyone will tell me
I'm not meant to be alone, that I could have
any one I wanted
But I don't want everyone
There are very few people that I like
And they are they
ones that hurt me when they let me down

But the thing is, sometimes you see that glimmer of hope,
and before you're told otherwise, you think that this
is a good move and you found someone you like

If only there was someone out there to inform you
of bad choices you can make, or choices in things that
you haven't made yet, or maybe if we only had
a little angel telling us, "You know, that wasn't a good
idea. Get over it."

Maybe that's what we need
Sometimes it's hard for
us to notice all the things that we want to change
and all the things we want to do

and something even when
we have all the right ideas we can still make bad
decisions

Is it possible to make bad decisions?

Yes

I have done it

Usually I don't talk about my
bad decisions with people, I think of them as
just stepping stones, ways to remember all the
mistakes I made and all the problems I had

Well, now that I think about it, maybe we don't
need an angel watching over us all the time

Maybe we just have to depend on ourselves

It gets to be a lot of work, doing things for
yourself, but it is possible, if you're willing to
try

I think you just have to get a point in your head
where you can't take any more of something,
and that's when you just have to cut the ties

Where you have to look at things and think,
yes, you misjudged things, Eric is not the man
of your dreams, get over it, accept the fact
that you're going to be alone, and move on

Well, I just made up the name Eric here,
maybe you need to think about someone else
and what they've done to you

Because I could tell you about the pain that people
have given to me
But some of it might have been my own pain,
because I wanted to believe that everything was right

Over the past few years
I've learned that there's no consolation
in knowing the answer you have is not always the
right answer
So maybe the key is to come up with
a few answers
And don't ever put all your hopes
into just one answer

the hunter and the fox

I've been a hunter, you know
I've been working at it for a while
I've gotten pretty good at it

I've been looking for the right prey
all this time
someone I could dominate
isn't that my role, you konw

Ive been looking for an animal
for a fox
someone that would be a good show-piece

I've been looking all this time
and I'm still looking

so where is he

Thinks That Through

I wonder how many times I've gone through this.
I always want something and I never get it.
Each time it happens, I just remind myself
that I have to kill a little part of me
and just go on without what I want

There are some things we don't have
control over
How other people act is one
of the things we don't have control over
Does that mean I deserve different
treatment
Well, I think I deserve it
Apparently no one else thinks that through

I've been wanting all of the pieces
to fall into place for me
At this rate,
I'm going to have to try to put all the
pieces in place for myself
At this rate,
I'm not going to get what I want, I'm
going to always be ten years late in
having needs and wants and I'm going to
ever get them, because for my usual
problems, well, people got over that ten
tears ago

What did I want
A happy ending, one I
wouldn't have to work so hard to get.
That hasn't happened yet
I wonder if other
people think like this
I wonder if I'm

the only one who thinks like this
Will I
be the only one hurting from the same things

Afraid of Telling The Truth

I don't know if I'm
supposed to have
a lot of thoughts jumping
around in my head.

I don't know if I
think about him too much,
or if I'm supposed to
think about him at all

There are only so many hopes
that you can basically have
in life, and I've turned off
most of my hopes

I can be afraid of telling
the truth, and if
there's anyone that can handle
it, that can quote unquote
"handle it," well then, I
guess that person would be me.

So in this case, I suppose it's
irrelevant that I want you
and that I need you too, and
it's probably irrelevant now that I
want you to play along
with this little part in my life,
and that you should take
all of my troubles away.

My fear is that I'll scare
you away, I'll scare you away if I

tell you the truth

So am I
supposed to
just sit here in silence and wait?

By Who I Don't Know

they told me that I needed to know
what to do if there was a problem
I didn't know they'd make a problem
out of trying to tell me

now who do I get my nightmares from?
are your problems from the people
in the nightmares
that should
have given me that pain
or do my nightmares come from you

are you the one that gave
me that pain
without trying

maybe you were trying
maybe you weren't
I can't think of it that way
even after all these years

I just have to think
that mistakes were made

by who,
I don't know

Crazy Women Talking: This Much I've Learned

I'm beginning to think
that the guy-side of me
is supposed to be the side
that makes all the decisions,
that knows what is right
and what isn't

People look at men
differently than they do
at women
This much I've learned

So maybe if I told you
all the things that
went through my head
and I said it like I was
a guy, maybe it wouldn't be
so bad then

maybe you could
handle the news then

Maybe I could tell you
that there's this girl I know
her name is Janet
and she can't be
strong all the time
and she doesn't know
how to speak sometimes

Maybe I could tell you
that she needs attention
and she needs to be helped
but here's the punch line:
she doesn't need
it from just anyone
she needs that from you

Maybe she wants to cry
and she doesn't know who
to cry to anymore
because she has no one
and she needs someone
and the thing is,
she needs that someone
to be you

And I know, I could say,
I know that some of this doesn't
make sense
and that some of it just sounds
like a crazy woman talking
but sometimes, that's what
women are

But crazy or not, man, (that's
what I would say to him)
crazy or not, is it
worth it to deal with it?

That's what I would
as a man
have to ask you

Isn't it worth it sometimes?

Maybe then, for a minute,

after I get all of this out,
maybe then I could stop
acting like a guy
and just be a girl for a while

and maybe then
you would listen
and maybe then you would know what to do for me
and maybe then you could
be the guy
and take control
and make a decision
so that I don't have
to make all the decisions

because I want you to make
some of the decisions too

Creatures Can Live In Worlds

okay, it's one thing to say that whales are not smarter than humans
because they can't build buildings
and if you want to think of it on just those levels
well, then, you have every right
but all people can think when you say that is
that whales don't have opposable thumbs
and they live in water

which I guess makes the construction of building a little difficult

we forget to think that creatures can live in words
or worlds
that are different from our own

For The Moment

Sometimes I wish there was more I could
do for you. Maybe that's just the pacifist in
me, but sometimes I feel the need to help
people out that are in troubl

Usually though
most people are in such trouble that my
simple worrying about them isn't going to help
them out or anything

Oh, I know that didn't make any real sense,
but it sort of did when I thought about all of the
problems that happen to the average person
on an average day

sometimes I just see what a person is going
through, and I want to make all their problems
go away for one brief moment, that would make
me feel a little better for the moment

Frisbee By The Lake

They're playing out in the yard
because that is what they're supposed to do

they're playing with a frisbee
by Lake Michigan, on the other side of Lake Shore Drive
and that part interests them, too

because this is new to them
and they
don't mind that the frisbee wobbles when
it goes through the air

oh wait, it's not a frisbee,
it's an "ultimate disk"
those differences matter to some people, you know

well? does it matter to me? no.
but I should care, because I'm supposed to care

so now they're playing frisbee by the lake
and this is new to them
even though I called it a frisbee and not a disk

and I can hear the cars on the expressway
and when you live here, you don't think about
the cars, they're just a background noise
but now to me they sound like a symphony, and
it's like music to my ears
and maybe right now there are things
that I don't hate all the time

I have to learn to hate less. And I have to learn
to like more, and not complain so much

Maybe I do like the beach Boys

and maybe I can practice at frisbee

I know, I know, it's ultimate, not frisbee

maybe the Water Tower ain't so bad after all
and maybe Navy Pier , well maybe I can deal with that too
Give it time. And maybe

Have To Ask

Elissa was surprised
she was surprised that I thought
that Eugene didn't have a photo of me in his wallet
but she never told me why she was surprised
so I'll have to ask

Is it just me

Is it just me
I remember how you used to be
and how you'd pay attention to me
and how you'd do nice things
and how you
wouldn't forget to call me back
or how you wouldn't forget
what was important to me

Is it just me
or do you do this to other people too
or do other people get used to it
or do other just assume
you'll forget them

that's what people are
supposed to do now, right

Is it just me
or are you on time with
other people
or is it just me that you're ignoring

because I've been in this hole
for a while
and I've needed someone
to listen to my problems
and I've needed someone to tell me
that everything was going to be okay

and I've got no one telling
me that now

Is it just me
is there anything you can do

to help yourself
because I lost hope for you a while ago

well, I haven't lost hope

but I'm getting close

Janet Being Alone

I know there that are certain thing
that I have wanted
I know I'm picky and
I know I need attention
and love and support
and all this time I thought
I could get that from you

and you know, I've been let down before
I've dealt with liars full time
and there have been so many times
where I've had to adjust my truths
and my perceptions
and there have been so many times
where I've had to adjust my schedule

and you know, I've had to
adjust my schedule for you, too
but I still had a schedule there
and I thought that you would come around
and eventually somehow adhere to it

maybe I'm getting tired of being let down
maybe I'm tired of all the bad
things happening to me
maybe I've had to keep to myself all this time
maybe I thought that you wouldn't do that to me too

maybe I wanted to see you
and it wasn't that I wanted to see your family
and I'm getting used to wanting to see your family
but I don't know what I'm trying for
if you're now even going to be there

I don't know what to expect any more

I don't know what to do any more
if you're not even listening

so I've had to learn how to be alone

that hasn't been the easy part to my job
there have been a lot of parts
to this job that aren't easy
and I was hoping for good news
I was hoping for someone to understand
I have been hoping for that
light at the end of the tunnel
sometimes I can learn from
something I can understand
something that can make me happy

and all this time,
I thought that something was you

I thought you were my light
at the end of the tunnel

that's another thing I've had
to learn to change too

I don't know how much nicer I can be
and I don't know how many times I'm going
to get kicked in the teeth for it
and no, I've come to realize
that there is no light at the end of the tunnel for me
that the waiting isn't enough

and no, I can not sit around and wait for you any more

I have to just move on
I don't know what I'm moving to
but I have to be moving to something

Makes Me Love To Hate You More

Over the course of my lifetime
There has been so many things
That I have wanted

And maybe the problem is with the urgency

They say I'm worth it and
They say you'd want me too
Because as they say,
You'd be a fool not to

but the problem is I want everything now
And because this isn't all up to me
I lose control in the process

I know this doesn't make sense to you
The way I'm saying these things
But it makes perfect sense to me
and I don't know if I'm supposed to just
Spell it you for you

Because I'm tired
of having to spell everything out
When all I want to do is think

I know I am an impatient little wench
And maybe you think that when I am angry
And my love for you will fade

But You've taken this all from me anyway
Well, so far you have

And maybe absence makes the heart grow fonder
And maybe it doesn't
And maybe it makes me love to hate you more

I just know that with my track record
I have to value the people around me
And you have to know that I care

That is my punishment for what I have been through
Maybe it will change
Maybe I'll get used to waiting for you
Maybe I'll get used to wanting you, too

Maybe You Can

1

there was so much that I wanted to tell you
but I didn't know how to get the words out

and there was so much that I wanted to live
and there was more that I wanted to live with you
and I don't know if anyone understands that

I've been angry, hurt, confused
I've even been smart, smarter than people like to admit

and there are many pieces to my puzzle that
I think are missing
and I don't know if you can help me with that

well, maybe you can

I've wanted attention for years and I've never
been given enough
and I've wanted someone to take charge of life
even though I am strong, even though I have my
head on my shoulders
we women could use that help every once in a while

so maybe it was just that I wanted someone to
tell me I was worth something, and that I was
intelligent
and that I was beautiful

I feel like I've lived a hard enough life, in some
respects, and I think it's my turn to enjoy life
for once, why can't that happen for me?

2

I've gotten good over the years at being a good liar when I have to be. And no one has to know - and no one can know - when I'm lying or when I'm telling the truth. As I said, I'm good at it. Well, I have to be good at something, right?

Well, maybe I don't have the answers to everything. But I've been trying. And no one can know how hard I tried at this game.

3

It's good to know you were worried about me at least I had that effect on you, at least I still have power but I know you're still with her and I know you've been with other women and I know that you probably haven't thought about me - much

well, those are the responses I expect and that is usually the correct answer anyway

I'm sure you weren't planning to save money and get a job and well, support me for the rest of our lives I didn't expect that of you and you know, I didn't expect that of anyone, for that matter

no, I haven't expected any answers, even, I haven't expected that for years. But now I want a change and I want someone to know that and I want someone to do something about it and I don't think that will come from you

My Turn

I want to get married.
Have I mentioned that before

I know it doesn't make much sense
for me to say it, I could have been married
for years now

One person asked for my hand in marriage.
I even got a ring out of the proposal

I still have that ring

my excuse was that
the ring was also a Christmas gift

But I can't
imagine anything ever working out in my life,
and I can't imagine anyone with any value
wanting to share their life with me too

It would be nice to have the ceremony,
and the flowers at the aisles, and the bride and
the bridesmaids could carry flowers too

And the men would have corsages, too

I wonder if they would have to pin their own
flowers on their tuxedos or if someone
would have to help them and do it for them

I don't know enough about marriages
so I would have to ask

Maybe I'd have something written or said
during the wedding

And I would make sure that
the musician wouldn't play any music I wouldn't
want to hear on my wedding

I don't know what the food would be like
at the reception
I'd have to plan that out when I actually
have the hope of getting married, I guess

I have no idea of what the honeymoon
would be like, either
I don't know
what kind of place I'd want to go to for my
honeymoon
Someplace I haven't been.
Someplace no one else would plan a vacation to go to

My father is arguing about an insurance bill
with someone over the phone now
This
is what I'm reduced to
Listening
to conversations that may or may not
have something to do with me

I'm wondering when it's going to be my turn
I'm wondering when the bad news for me if going to stop
I'm wondering if there's any chance I won't always be
alone

I'm wondering if there's anyone out there
for me
When does it become my turn

Needy Person

There are so many things
that I've wanted to say to you

I'm too afraid
would you know what I wanted too say

Then you would have
treated me differently

I'm not joking when
I say I love you,
and I don't mean the l word
the way most people mean it.
I wanted to spend my life
with you, and
I wanted you to want that, too.

I wanted you to feel
the kind of passion I've felt
I've wanted you to make that effort for me.

I've wanted to be able
to have that life with you
and I've never wanted to tell you that

I've wanted you to just know

What if something happened
to me, what if I couldn't talk,
or what if I died? Would
you know the things
I think? Probably not

Maybe you'd have an idea

Maybe you're just used
to not having to think
about things life this

But I do

Yes, this is what
I think about. You're tall,
have blonde hair and blue eyes.
You're not perfect, but
neither am I. I've been able to get
past all
the imperfections
with you, but are
you capable of doing that for me?

I'm a needy person sometimes
and sometimes my needs
seem obvious
and you never notice that I need

you never think there's anything
you can do to make me life better.

maybe I try
and work like a giant
and am good at what I do

but maybe sometimes
I can't do it alone

and that's what I need you for

Not For Me Yet

There are so many things
that I want to remember

and so many things
I want to remember about you
I don't know if I choose
to remember things
in a certain way
or if I see them
the way everyone else does

I'm sure it's not like that

I'm sure I come into
any given situation
with certain ideas
with certain hopes
with certain fears

and all the hopes and fears
never happen that way for me

I'm used to that too, you know

You started to rub my back today
before you guys were about to
take the long drive home
and I even had
to say out loud
that I didn't want this to end
that I was enjoying this too much

well, I knew it was because

I wanted you near me
and I didn't know
how to ask for that
and I didn't want to tell you
that you shouldn't go

I had no security yet from you
I had no assurances yet either

and nothing was resolved

not for me yet

And I always have hopes
I know that I do
and I know that all my hopes never
amount to anything
and you'll always look at life differently
this I know

but that doesn't mean
that I can't hope things
are different
I can't hope that yet

Right In Front Of Me

I'm tired of being alone so much
and I'm tired of missing you
and I'm tired of wanting a future with you
and I'm tired of wanting you around me

sometimes I think when I'm about
to go to sleep
that the extra pillow next to me
in my bed, well, that extra pillow could be you

as I said, maybe I'm just dying for attention
maybe I've been looking for
the wrong kind of attention

maybe everything what I was looking for
was right in front of me all along

Suspend My Beliefs

and I don't know what the answers
are supposed to be anymore

I'm tired of looking for the answers
sometimes, you know
and sometimes I just want someone
to come along and tell me that
everything is going to be okay
and that they are going to be there for me
and that they'll take care of me

and that they'll love me

and when i say love, I don't mean
the kind of garbage that you hear
people say to each other when they
don't even know what love is

I'm talking real love, lifetime love
the kind of love that doesn't go away

well, as I was saying, I want someone
to come along and tell me that everything
is going to be okay and that everything will
get better
and you know, just hearing someone say that
and mean it
would be enough

I'd be able to suspend my beliefs for a moment

so what should I make out of this world
what should I make out of this world that
doesn't make sense

what should I make out of it

I can hope, I suppose
but I've done that for years
and it gets me no where

this whole belief thing
in things you have no proof of
really doesn't get you anywhere
I've learned that much

So what do I want

I want someone to come along
and let me not think for a while

someone to come along
and excite me
and make me feel alive
and make me feel that I'm safe

I haven't felt that in so long

I've wanted you to be a part of my life
in so many ways
for so many years now
and I think I've wanted it
for so long
and I've never told you

well, maybe I should have told you
when you would have wanted to hear it

so many years ago

and then maybe I wouldn't feel so lonely for you
and maybe I wouldn't want so much more from you

and maybe then things would be different

Telling What you Want And Hearing What You Want

there are many things
you've got to learn
about how to deal with other people
and how to talk to other people

and some of the rules seem obvious
and some of them take
a little getting used to

to tell a man how to talk to
a woman, well, you might
as well tell them to read war and peace
and maybe that would be easier

for that matter, tell a woman how to talk to a man
and it's like telling her
that she can't go shopping anymore
it's just that drastic for her

and if there was a handy guide
to tell you how to deal with other people
well, that would make people get along
so much better

when someone wants to hear something
is it that hard
to actually tell them
what they want to hear?

or is it

that traumatic for you
to say the words
you want to say
or are you just
too scared

The Same For You

there are certain things I've learned in life
and there are certain things I have wanted

and I've gotten used to
never getting what I want

I'm used to that now

and yes
maybe my standards
are different from the average guy's standards

you would have to ask the average guy that

and I am at the point where
I am getting used to
not getting married when I want to

I mean, at the rate I am going
I may just not get married, I guess

and yes, I have been told
that you must be a lucky guy
because you get the chance
to hold me
and give me attention
and all that other gushy stuff

but you have not wanted
to take that chance
that is something I have learned too

and you kissed me
last night

and I kissed you too
and for me, well, that was with
all the hassle and aggravation
of not being around you
in your mind
in the first place

maybe it is not the same for you
I do not know

well, we made the comical references
of having sex for hours
and we knew we were both
saying it in jest
and so nothing ever happened

and if that is the way it is
got to be
well, then, I can deal with that, too

I have learned to deal
with a lot of things in my life
some are good, some are bad
but now all I want is some good news
and I want you to fill in the pieces
and make everything better for me

and maybe you do not have the answers
well, I know I don't have the answers
and maybe you have problems that
you are fed up with
and maybe I want to make all those problems
go away for you
and maybe you worry about things
that you should not worry about
because of our miscommunications

I told you that
maybe it was the accident
maybe it was my lack of a car
maybe it was my desperate need for attention
well, attention from you
you
know what I mean
but I told you that I
wanted to be held
And I
noticed that after I told you that
you held me more, and
you hugged me more,
and maybe it is just me reading into things
and maybe you were actually thinking of me

well, either way, thank you for that
because there are only
so many times where I got
nothing from you
before I lose my mind

yes, we didn't have the night of my dreams
and yes, I ask too many questions to you sometimes
and maybe it is for the best
that last night was not the night of my dreams

because I have to get used to that, you know

Things I've Needed

I got a massage the other day
it was one of those chairs
that they sell in the store
that rub your back
having it on display there is
the store excuse to call
the sample "a selling tool"

well, I sat in the chair
and I'm getting to the point
where I think it's worth the cost
so that I can get a massage
any time I want to

all I'd have to do
(after I get the chair)
is pay the electricity

that can't be too much

and sometimes you need
something good to happen to you
because sometimes you deserve it

and there are a lot of things I've deserved
and maybe you're one of those things
and maybe you could reach around
and move my hair out of the way
and kiss the back of my neck

because I don't think they
have a massage chair
that can do that

I don't think the massage chair
can give me attention

and that is something I've needed

well, there are a lot of things I've needed
I've wanted to be able to curl up
to go to bed
and know that you're there in bed too
just so I have you to lean on

you lose sight of things like that
unless you get used to being alone

I don't need to hear you complaining
I probably do enough complaining
for the both of us
I don't want to field the phone calls
for your business
I don't want to do your laundry

come to think of it,
I don't even WANT to do MY laundry

Want That Too You Know

I have heightened awareness
I have this tendency to notice the details

and I know, maybe I have this
heightened sense of awareness

I don't know what it is

but what I've noticed
is something other people wouldn't notice

I've noticed when you say something
in passing
and maybe you didn't
mean anything by it

well, I noticed the double meaning
and maybe you weren't trying to
give me any double meaning

maybe I'm just being too aware

maybe I need attention from you
maybe I want to hear you say
nice words to me

maybe I want something to
work out for me

we women want that too, you know

Which I Like

You know I know that you think about me
because I think, and I know you think

and I think about these things

And you know you're the only person
around here I feel comfortable
talking to, because you listen, you
listen to my ideas, and you talk to me

And you know, I know no one wants
to think, and people would rather
settle for brainless activity

I know this.

Does it mean there's a reason that
we're together
I don't know
I know that
my reason to exist is to make people think
And, as for you, well, it works, which I like

well, someone is

where do you draw the time
over what is too much
and what is not enough

I've been thinking about that

really, I've been thinking about you
and I've been wondering
how much thinking is too much
and how much is not nearly enough
where do you draw that line

you never want to see me
and yes, I'm beginning to get used to that

maybe that's what I should be thinking
that I can be used to you not caring

maybe you don't know that I care

well, I told you

you must have just changed your mind
or lied to me
one of the other

and I don't like either option

we were supposed to have a happy life together
we were supposed to get married
remember us talking about it?
I'm sure you don't remember.
I do. I remember

But now you don't think of marriage
that's one of your little ways
to let me know
how you feel

and yes, I'm beginning to understand
and I'm beginning to feel it

are you trying to make me
feel this way

well, someone is

Well, What About Me

How can I say goodbye to you
when you don't even know I was looking for you
when you weren't even listening

have I been letting myself down
all this time
have I been hoping for something that wasn't there

I've just wanted to be alive
and I don't know if that means anything to you

people tell me they care
and you know, if I died
they'd cry for a few days and
then they would get
used to the fact that I was gone

yes, I've thought of that
the person that thinks too much
who is a perfectionist
and a bitch
she has thought all of that too

I know you want to make everything better for everyone
I know you want everyone to be happy
I know you want to try to do everything
so that everyone is appeased

but what about me?

I've wanted those things
and that doesn't mean I get them

I don't know what to do anymore for your problems
and I don't know that if I had planned

on spending the rest of my life with you
if you would change

I can't be your beacon anymore
I need a beacon for me, you know
and it's not going to be just anyone
because I want too much

but I'm trying to learn
that that beacon isn't going to
be you anymore, either

I know what you have to do to make your life better
but I can't tell you that
because I have to draw the time somewhere
because I'm tired of giving all the time
and getting nothing in return

And It Was Fun

One thing that I thought was kind of cool
was that when my sister and her husband and
son came into town
the son, my nephew, he wanted to go swimming
even though it was night time
and you were not supposed to swim then

and I had not been in the pool
yet, at least not this week,
so I thought swimming at night would be
a good reason to actually go
swimming
so I did

and it was fun

And It's Wide

My sister gave me a few things to look forward to
while I'm on vacation
because usually when people hear
you're going to florida
they say, well, you'll be able
to enjoy the sun
and all i can say is
but i don't want to

i guess that's what makes me weird

but my sister reminded me
that while i was there
i could use the garden bath tub
that's in the bathroom
and I never think about bath tubs
because I'm so tall, you see
and I always get cold in them
because they are always too small
abd because i never fit in them

but there's this one bath tub
in my parent's bed room
and it's wide, and it's deep
and for just a few minutes
in the day
you can close yourself off to
the rest of the world
and well, enjoy the bath tub

which ain't a bad deal, you know

sometimes you just need someone around
to remind you of the good stuff

because there are so many times
where you don't think of the good stuff

because sometimes
well, sometimes the good stuff
is worth thinking about

But I Won't

have you ever driven a truck before?
that is something i have wanted to ask,
and it seems like a silly question, because
when you think of truck drivers you think
of people who live on the road and drive
semi trucks
and you probably don't know many people
like that, so you probably would just answer no

but the view from a truck like that, well, it's
higher and you feel like no one could hurt you
because even if they hit you with their car
there's a good chance they'll get more
damage than you will

they key to driving a truck is basically
what the truck comes with and how it handles the road
and i could probably give you more explanations
but i won't

But what i'd say
is that if you ever got a chance to drive one
just for a bit, just so you can say you have,
well, as long as you think it's safe
well, do it then

just so you can say you have

there are many things you want to do in life
and there are many things you want to accomplish
jumping our of an airplane might be an example
my philosophy is
well, don't do something dangerous
but if you get the chance to do something
well, do it

take that chance
because you don't know how many other
chances you'll get

But It Is Cute

Every time I go to the lake
well, sometimes I take a golf cart
and sometimes I just walk there

well, every time I go to the lake
I fewd the fish
and yes, I make small pieces
so that the little fish have a chance

yes, so that they have a chance
to be big fish
and eat other fish

survival of the fittest, I suppose

well, every once in a while
one big fish makes his move
he watches the little fish eat for a while
then the big fish moves quickly
and tries to eat a little fish

they move so fast
maybe they catch one
maybe they miss

but every once in a while
a little fish
in trying to get away
from the attacking big fish
well, every once in a while
a little fish
end up at the side of the lake

out of the water
flopping around

and when I get to see that
I think to myself,
well, wait, and see
if that little fish
flops his way back into the water

which he does

you can call this scene
something like divine intervention
something like, the little fish
was smart enough to get back
into the water
and maybe
the fish was just flopping around
until it was able to breathe again

but it is cute
cruel, but cute

But You Know What I Mean

When we were sitting in the water
and the water was warm
and it was like being in a bath tub

well, a bath tub with chlorine
and a light at the side and it was not like
you could be naked in it or anything

but you know what I mean

but when we were sitting in the water
we were looking at the sky for a bit
it was hard because it was not dark enough

because it is always better when there are no
lights on and you are not
in a mayor city or anything

we were just talking about how much
we loved astronomy
and we loved to look at stars

and we know where they are supposed to be in the sky
the stars
and what about cloud formations
that are the galaxy we are in

there is so much to know about astronomy
and I think it is the science of it
that makes us love it so much

you know, my old telescope is in the house here
and I think this is all a
good excuse to get it outside

at night and eventually use it

Deal With That Over The Years

Okay, I know I am a tall girl
And apparently most men are shorter than me
And I've had to learn to deal with that
Over the years

And no, it is not like you are
Just over five feet tall
You're not short
And I wasn't even looking at your height
Even though you are just about as tall as me

I was too busy thinking that you were cute
And I was too busy liking having
to have a conversation with you
And I liked how you flirted with me
And I liked that even when you talked to me
Even when it did not seem like flirting
Well, even when we were just talking
Well, I liked that, too

and yes, I know I am a tall girl
but I never thought that you were too short
and I never thought you were not adorable

In fact, I thought that I liked you
and I thought maybe you liked me too
and no, I never thought about your height

Do You Still Want To See Me

I should not be angry
That you have not called me
I should learn to expect that

I know, I know, you have a job
And I am on vacation
But do you still want to see me

You did not promise to call
I just hoped
And maybe it is just me that was let down

I know I have a lot going on in my life
I know there is a lot out there
And I seldom get to enjoy that

So that would be why I
was looking forward to hearing from you
well, I was

We got two messages on the answering machine
Today, both just hang ups
And that could have been you trying
But if it was, you didn't leave a message

Well, I can at least hope, you know

And I can say that I have been thinking about you
And that I have wanted you
And in such a short time
I think it is possible that I can miss you too

And I want to learn more about you
And I want to have more memories with you
And I want to be able to learn from you
And I want someone to teach me something

And that someone could be you

Each Morning

it is like a contest
me and the sky

I stare out
at the horizon
until it gets up

and comes to embrace
me
I feel it, I swear

I make believe
it is my father

This is known
as genetics

I go through this
each morning
I think this each morning

Feel So Much

There are some points where
you just have to stop caring about things

Well, maybe I care about too much stuff
and that is why I have to stop myself

Sometimes you just have to draw a line
to separate yourself from other people
because you can care too much
and sometimes others don't care enough

It's hard to draw that line, you know
because to say that you don't care any more
is like killing a part of yourself

Well, I've been doing that for years
am I dead yet

Does it seem cruel to want to kill
a part of yourself
Maybe
But
does it seem cruel to feel so much

First

I walked to the tight rope
through a decision in the
fact that now who has that
much will to live, to their life, to all life
that just one step could come
and they would be carried down.

I could tight rope,
I had thoughts when I
would see the tight rope walkers go
I had thoughts that they
would hold on to an extra
rope, when they should keep
their arms free. would a man
decide on a tight rope
well, decide to play it safe and
just once hold on to a rope?
I mean, if I was somebody
else, and it was just me
and that simple white light?

I would wonder if people like
that would ever get to that
place. can't it - can any
I wonder why I'll let get to
that point, like right before
that moment, when you think you're going to fall.

Genuinely Tired Of Looking

you want my Christmas wish
well, here it is

I have wanted things to work out for me
and not kick me in the teeth

There is so much I have wanted out of life
And there is so little that I have received

And I am getting tiered of looking
I am genuinely tired of looking

Getting Used To Something New

It is like, they let me take the golf cart to
drive around the park, and I am thinking,
Jeez, I have not been driving a car for months
so why are they giving me this cart?
And they tell me not to speed with the cart,
and I am thinking, I can not speed on the
seventy five mile per hour speedways when that is
the speed limit, that is when I am only going
seventy three miles per hour. I do not think
I would get in trouble if I broke
the break-neck speed of
ten miles per hour
in the golf cart

It is just a theory

I guess it is just a matter of
getting used to something new

It has been years
since I was in the park
in Florida and I had to drive a golf cart

Maybe it is just a matter of getting used
used to something new.

Given A Warning Early On

this is a warning:
the operation can continue, but
the files you are trying to save
should not be recovered on the same disk
because you may not in the future
be able to access other files

what they're trying to say
is that what you want to save
you might write over
something you'll want in the future

well, i can't see any of my files
and I can't solve any of my problems
and I don't know what my choices are

I wish instructions for life
were written on note cards,
in readable formats,
the way instructions are written
on a computer program you've never used

the decisions you'd have to make
wouldn't seem so daunting
when you're given a warning
early on

Going To A Rock Concert

Okay, so I know I'm an old lady
at least I feel that way some of the time
but I went to a concert last night
and it was for a band that I wanted to see
that I had seen before
and yes, I was dying to get out of the house
and yes, I wanted to be in
a new and different place
and I got that

and everyone that was there
was a good ten to twenty years
younger than me
unless of course, they were going with a parent
and when David Gahan would turn around
on stage
all the girls would scream
and that's when I realized how old I was

I mean, was I that way
when I was ten years younger?

well, maybe I was

Do I want to see this guy's butt
when he turns around on stage?

well, maybe I don't
I guess performers like that
make moves like that
to make all the little girls scream

well, I don't know
what the little girls were thinking
to see the stars of their dreams
that they bought tickets to see
with money they didn't earn and
got from their parents instead
well, I don't know
what the little girls were thinking

well, maybe they were thinking
that this time things
could be different for them
and maybe they would get
a chance to meet the stars
and maybe they would
become a famous singer too

well, maybe a famous groupie
that's probably a more appropriate guess

well, I don't know what they were thinking
I know what I was thinking
and I thought, boy, these people
are really being silly

I'm not that old, mind you,
but that's what I was thinking

maybe that's what I was supposed to think

Good Things Have Happened to Me Too

I've wanted to bawl my eyes out
but I don't think I have the emotion in me any longer.
My share of bad things has happened to me, and I can say
that the good things have happened to me too
But
when you're like me all you can think about is
the bad stuff, and you can fixate on that,
it doesn't matter how many months go by,
or years, or whatever, but you get my point

My point is that the bad stuff is there,
and there's nothing you're going to be able to do to get rid
of the bad stuff
You can try to deal with it
with a good attitude, or you can have a temper-tantrum
every time something bad happens to you,
or you can try to take all the bad stuff for as long as you can

I don't know how you deal with that pain
I suppose
that bawling your eyes out with a problem would help
for now, but the problem is not going to get any
easier just because you cry

No, the bad stuff doesn't go away
The key is
to be able to figure out
how to make all of the bad stuff go away,
like it was never there in the first place
Well,
I don't know if anyone has been able to
figure that out yet

I suppose there has to be some way
to make yourself just blink and then you can forget
all the bad stuff

People for the most part have been
able to do that most of their lives

Unless they kill themselves first, But
I'm not even going to go there
That just seems
like too touchy of a subject to even come near.

So I guess the burning question
is to figure out how to make all the bad stuff
go away, like it was never there in the first place

Well, it seems that no one so far has
come up with a way to figure out how to do that

If anyone has an idea, let me know. Thanks.

Gotten To That Part

So am I the only person
who thinks about all the unanswered questions
and am I the only one that thinks
everyone is in trouble
and that no one tries to make it better
am I the only one that thinks that way

I don't want to have to be
the only one, you know

I want someone to come along
and save the day for ME
and make MY life better somehow

because I have not figured
that part out yet

I have not learned the skill of
mastering other people's minds

I have not gotten to that part of it yet

Happy New Year, Janet

So this is how the year ends for me
I've got one guy interested in me
Well, maybe two
and I have another couple of million
That, well, aren't interested.

Kind of like last year

It's a shame
That I had to go through so much this year
And it has all made me think
That I should be doing more with my life
And I should be experiencing more
And I should be living more

It's like there is a little time bomb
In my head and it wants to go off
And now it's just biding time

I guess that is what I have been doing
All of these years too

So what do I have to show for it

A few more scars
Mental and physical ones
I suppose I'm healthier

That is a funny way to look at things, though

the scars
and I don't know what I have to show for it

All this time people have been telling me
That I am worth it
And that I have value
And it is as if I just don't want to listen

Or I just can't hear them
That's just how my mind works

I guess that is how my life goes

I'm one more year closer to the Millennium
And I am one more year closer to death

It's like that in a way I have a timer
I'm just waiting for everything to happen

So, Janet, Happy New Year
Hope it is better than last year
And hope you get everything you want
Happy New Year, Janet

Have You Ever Had

Have you ever had a bug sandwich before?
I'm sure that your answer is probably no,
even though there have probably been a few
bugs in your fast food sandwiches you bought

But for now, don't think about that

I know when you're in army training in the
United states you have to be prepared for
doing things like eating bugs, so I know that
some people have emotionally or mentally
prepared for eating a bug sandwich

That doesn't mean that anyone wants to buy
one, and that doesn't mean that anyone likes
the idea

So one year
when it was Christmas
time, a friend of mine gave me a bug sandwich

Only because she thought I had quote unquote
everything, but I probably didn't have a bug
sandwich

So it wasn't technically a real
sandwich, it had three plastic bugs inside a
plastic or rubber slice of bread sandwich.

I kept the bug sandwich on top of my fridge for
a few years

Not two plastic bugs, well, maybe
three, are at the bottom of my fish tank

So

in a way, I still have kept the memory of the
bug sandwich alive
because now the plastic
bugs are hanging out with the fish under water

So... If you're ever wondering what to get
for someone for Christmas, if you have to buy
a gift for the person who has everything, so to
speak, then go to a trick shop
and get then a bug
sandwich
In a strange way, I'm sure they'll like it

Here's your chance

Sometimes the most unconscious things
happen in life

Or I guess,
I should say that about
“my life,”

but then I'd sound like I was
complaining

So I have to keep it all
to myself,
and I just have to take all of
the crap that is dished out to me all
the time, and
then when I want to let my
anger out
no one wants to take the
time to listen to me

or even act like
they're listening to me

I kept my life
a secret from the rest of the world
for so many years,
and now that I feel
I have to let out my emotions and my
disgust with everything in the world
that is so wrong,
well then,
then no one
wants to take the time to be there for me

They'd rather bitch back instead of

attempt to make any attempts to help
That's my luck
I should just
get used to it
that's what the world does
everyone would rather
kick me when I'm down
Well, I'm down now
This is your chance
Go nuts

I have been told all of my life by certain
people
usually the ones that should be
considered the smart ones
well, I've been
told by of my life that I should talk more
and I should get over my problems and that
things will get better when I least expect it

Well, things aren't better, things are just
getting worse, and no one can help me
through this pain or this anger, and I want to
change so many things
in my life
and no one
will let me make any attempts
to make my life better
If I'm supposed to make a
difference in my life and I'm also not
allowed to change a god-damned thing
in my life either, then I suppose I should
just tell you all that this is your chance
and you can do with me what you will

Nobody knows how to live a life nowadays.
The people who know how to

how I imagine you

walking on the power line
like those success posters

I've seen you like that before
I've thought you were worth
all of that and more

is that silly of me
do I dream too much

do I imagine you
as something better than you are

is that how I imagine you

How many times I've done it

I wonder how long I've been like this
I wonder how long I've been forgetting things
where no one has been able to fill in the pieces for me
I wonder how many time I've gone thought this
how many times has it happened in my head
where I've had to put all the pieces back together
I wonder how many times I've done it

I wonder how crazy I'd sound
to always ask for help
if someone else
will put the pieces together for me
maybe then someone would know
what I go through and what I think
and maybe people would start to think something different of me
and maybe then people wouldn't think
i was something special

I Blow Bubbles

Imagine planning your life around
something you have no control over

Imagine losing your job because
they didn't like your performance

okay, imagine this: Imagine wanting
to blow bubbles whenever you

worked at the Champagne factory
imagine playing instead of working

Imagine you were working at Dom
Perignon, near the factory, and

if you didn't care about your job you
just wanted to drink so you looked

like a drunk whenever the executives
checked you out. Imagine when

someone asked you what you do,
you answered by saying with an

ethnic drawl, "I make bubbles."
Or maybe it was "I blow bubbles,"

or even "I bleed bubbles." You get
the idea. Are you supposed to

sound like you know what you're
talking about when you can only

talk about blowing bubbles while you are
drunk drinking champagne while you're

at work? That's something to think
about. Do you drink the free champagne?

I Want More Than That

What I am thinking
is that I am tired of the one night stands
And I want something more

And yes, I want attention
And you gave me that
And now I want more than that

I do not need attention
When it means nothing
So now when I have thought of you

I have thought that I wanted more
Than bland sex
And I was hoping you could give that to me
the something more
can you give me that

I have wanted to feel like
Someone could give me attention
And maybe I am barking up the wrong tree

Because I do not know
Who can do that for me
And I am hoping that you can be that someone

I'd Laugh More

I've been looking for something
that will make me smile
that for a little bit,
every once in a while,
well, I've been looking
for something that could
suspend my beliefs

something that will just make me laugh
something that will make me
think of nothing

well, and something that I won't mind

I've been looking for a reason to laugh
I've been looking for anything
that looks like a reason

and maybe that's my problem

maybe I should just let
the good things happen
and maybe I shouldn't get so worried
and maybe then I'd laugh more

I 'm Not Used To That

And I don't know what it is
about people in this town
but they are nice here

okay, maybe it is that
they lived a long life
and they don't feel
like being angry anymore

but they're nice

they're caring

if you're walking down the street
people say hi to you
even if they don't know your name

i'm not used to that

i wonder if i will get to that point
ask me in fifty years
and i'll let you know

I've Done That, So Have You

It's funny when you get used to life
being a certain way, and you assume
that nothing ever changes
and that's just the way it is

well, as time wears on
and as you're not thinking about the
details it's not hard to fall into that cycle
and it's easy to care about watching the weekly news show
and it's easy to take care of all the work
that is on your mind that is in your
thought
and it's easy to fall into that rut

i've done that
so have you

and my point is, it's easy
to just let life happen
and not try to change it or anything

i've done that
so have you

well, what i'm wondering here

when you get used to life being just
that way, the, well, the
just the days going by and just the work
and occasionally the movie you rent
at blockbusters so you don't have to
have another night out with the guys

well, when life becomes that big rut, when
life becomes just one big cycle, well, maybe
some people can't handle that rut
and maybe some people want something different
and maybe you don't mind the rut

and maybe the people that mind the rut
will just have to get used to having it

well, what if life is just one big rut

what i'm wondering is this:
will you be used to that?

just goes nuts

When my hair gets to that point
where it's just too long,
I mean, this is
not where it's past that
and it's long enough to that
it should just get longer,
well, when my hair
gets to that height,
where it gets to that point
where it just isn't
the right length, or should
I say the wrong length,
well, that's when the hair
just goes nuts on me.

Instead of the hair in question
just laying down
like your hair is supposed to do,
that's when it curls up,
it might possibly actually
even get up, the wrong way
When it's supposed to
go right, it goes left. Or
it goes backward and not forward.
If you don't use hair gel or
hair spray, you just have to
use water to dampen the hair
that's bothering you
well you do that and you hope
that this solution
will start to work.
I don't know if that's
something people normally
deal with when they have to
take care of their hair

and they don't want to look like
a circus clown when their hair
decides to start going
in the wrong direction

When my hair does
that to me,
that's when I know
my hair is too long,
or that it's not enough,
or that it's the
wrong length.
Usually when I know
that, it's when my hair
needs a hair cut
It desperately needs it

Keep Yourself Occupied

I'm getting to the point
where I start drinking water more now
because it's supposed to be good for me
because it's the healthy thing to do
and
I think underlyingly
I drink more water
because it stops me from eating more

It's not like I need to eat less
but it's just easier when you have nothing
to do with your hands to want to
instinctively turn to food to
occupy your fingers and your spare time

I mean, it's not like I sit around
thinking that I have to drink more water
because then the hunger pangs won't settle
in until later, but I suppose it is
something that on some levels
passes though my unconsciousness somehow

Does that mean I drink more water?
More than I did before. Yes. Does that
mean I'm becoming dependent on
water drinking? I don't think so. It
just seems to be one of the better choices
out of so many other options of things to
do to keep yourself occupied

Kill Yourself

what if you wanted to kill yourself

what if, after all the bad stuff that has happened to you,
you thought, I can hang myself or
I can take some pills or I can shoot myself
in the head or I can just lay there and wait for a car
to run me over

where would you be to get to that point
where you thought it was an option
that you'd rather be dead than alive

even if the family has to prepare your belongings
even if everyone who cared about you
has to mourn you

how do you get to that point
to want to let your life stop

to try to seek out and end to your life

how do you get to that point

how do you think of someone
who killed themselves
do you think, oh, they were nice,
they cared, I miss them,
they killed themselves

will you ever be able to
think of that person
in the same way again

would their death
be tainted to you
by their suicide

how did they get
to that point, you ask yourself

how did they get to that point

know how the truth is

How many times do you fight the same battles
and lose your battles against the world

How many
times are you going to keep fighting for the same causes,
knowing that no one is going to attempt to listen to you
and knowing that all of your efforts will be to no
good
that no one will notice or care or even act
like they're interested...

Let's not fool ourselves
let's just say it like it is
let's not try to get our
hopes up over all that normally goes wrong with the
world

We all know how the truth is
we all
know that each time we try to get anywhere in life
which is just this one big fantasy
this getting
through life thing
but
what i was trying to say
is that when you try to do well with your life and
you try to accomplish things that you never thought was
possible
when you try and try and try
well
it's usually at that point when someone tries and usually
succeeds at kicking you in the teeth and making

you feel like there's no hope in the world

Well
at least
they could be telling you subliminally that
well, there is no hope for you
even when you try and try

Well, you get what I'm getting at here
and sometimes
I'm not the best with words
but maybe I've said enough
without saying any more than I have to

Last Wednesday

Last wednesday, Alexandria saw something slippery

she was reading the newspaper, and saw, in the comics pages, the following notice:

Will someone please help me
make a smelly apple?
If you can, call me at 622-555,
between two o'clock and four o'clock.
I also have trouble making
my pet hamster jive,
and it needs help as
happily as possible!

Please help,
Shannon

Make Things Better

I don't know where the answers are supposed to be
I know it sounds trite to say that, but I've...

there it goes,
that woman that's always supposed to say something
of value is once again coming to a stumbling block
and I have nothing to add to this whole idea

but I wanted to finish it
I did

Okay, maybe I do have some ideas about this whole
answer thing, but don't think that anyone wants to hear them
So, I'll offer insight about this whole answer problem

No, I can say with some certainty that I don not know
where the answers are
it's tough
to see someone you care about die though
Even when you were
preparing for it in your head, before the death actually
happened
You could find out that someone you care
about is dead, and you might have to be the one to tell
the doctors and nurses in the hospital that they're not
living anymore

You can be the one that is expected
to give that news
And maybe you need help in
dealing with this, maybe you have to tell this
awful news and maybe just need to be held
because you don't know what else you can do to
make things better for you
But no one tells you

these things, and no one is there for you, because
well, they're suffering too, and you don't understand
what they feel and they don't understand what
you feel either

Well, maybe there are a lot of things that we can't know
everything about and therefore understand at the snap
of our fingers

I don't know those answers, either

But maybe we just have to remember every
once in a while that other people have pain too, just like
our own pain, or maybe they have a pain that could
be completely different from the kind of pain we are
used to

Maybe we just have to remember that
people hurt

Maybe we can't come up with the
answers for them either, but maybe they'll
appreciate the effort you make to try to make things better

Making Sense Out Of The Insane

There are many things that I have needed
And there are things that other people call mere wants
But to me they are the same thing

I have had too many things happen to me
And I am supposed to take the good with the bad
And I am supposed to see the silver lining for every cloud

And sometimes I can't see the silver lining
Sometimes I only get to see the dripping blood from
The wounds that were cut poorly

And haven't had a chance to heal

That's one of the things about modern life
Sometimes there is no happy ending
And sometimes you can look and look, but you can't find it

And sometimes making sense out of the insane is pointless
Because sometimes the insane starts to make sense
Maybe you can't understand that

Maybe you can't understand that because you haven't done what I have
And you haven't gone through what I have
And you haven't learned how to bottle up all the hate

I don't know where the silver lining is supposed to be and
I don't know where to look for the things
that are supposed to make me happy

Because I'm getting pretty tired of looking

I've changed all my goals in life
The short term ones and the long term ones too
And after a while that has an effect on you

After a while you start to feel like a prisoner who
Is just getting the life kicked out of you
By a bunch of other prisoners who for the moment have the edge

While all the other guards are paid to look away
It's funny how the prisoners get the coin from their

Drug deals to pay all the good guys off

When you start to see that
And when you start to feel like that
the line between sanity and insanity becomes blurred

Maybe That Is Enough

Sometimes things work out according to plan
And sometimes the plan is not exactly what you had in mind
But sometimes you can at least be happy with the plan

And I talked to you today
And I think neither one of us have plans for tonight
And there is a chance your mom will be in town for the holiday

And maybe that means I don't get to see you for the holiday
I still have to keep reminding myself
There is a chance
I mean something to you
And maybe that is enough

mean to me

i ain't got no money
and nothing's for free

how many times are you
going to pull on me

what do you have to gave me
what do you expect of me

when I've got nothing
what are you supposed
to mean to me

Men Are Dogs Is True

It was nice that you made the effort
For such a short term
If I didn't know any better
I would have fallen for it

I know people do not mean what they say
And they don't think
And they say what they have to
So they can get what they want

I guess the theory that men are dogs is true

My Height Any Longer

That's the thing
I hate the most
about being a girl

I mean, I won't even
make this an essay
about how men look at
women's hooters first
and how men think women are
stupid because, well,
they're girls

well, I'm smarter than you
that much I'm aware of
whether or not you
choose to believe it

but the one thing
that has bothered me
is not in the issue
that people think men
have to be different from women

well yes, in some ways they are

what bothered me
and granted I'm a girl,
and I'm almost five feet
eleven inches tall
well, I've been told more than once
from men that I can't be that tall
because they are five foot
ten and I can't be taller
than them

that's another problem altogether
trying to prove to men
that you're taller than they are

but I usually say
to them after they spew out a line like
"you can't be that tall"

well, that's when I usually say
"well, I'm wearing flat shoes now
and just standing here my
eyes are clearing your head
altogether

so either you slouch a lot
and you aren't five foot ten
or your doctor told you that
you were that high
because they assume that men
have to be tall and women
have to be shorter

so it has to be one of the other
either - you're not that tall
or your doctor was a liar
which is it?

they don't like that answer either

oh well

so I'm taller
just find me a tall man
and let's not talk
about my height any longer

My lunchtime dream:

Rito sat, eating a burrito smothered with potato chips while he waited for Deep Blue to make its next move. Would he win? Are burritos phat and low-fat all at the same time? Duh.

The burrito had replaced the Apple as Janet's favorite food.

As the Chicago Bulls won again, Jordan explained, "Rito is great to have after the game. My prediction: the veterans will return next year only if Rito comes back."

Yup, thought Rito as he checkmated Deep Blue, I'm hotter than David Duchovny.

no there isn't

I can stand alone
I don't need you
and you think there's
more to it than that,
but no, there isn't
well, sometimes you've
got to do what you've
got to do, and you just
get it done

when it's got
to get done, you have to
remember that people
(when actors and actresses)
who do it on television,
well, they and the
directors have no
idea how to get it done.
Well, sometimes the
world and everything kind of
shows what it's made of
and sometimes you have
to survive all the crap that's
thrown in your direction.

So sometimes it's important
to understand that I don't
need all the crutches that
people usually give
themselves, but it's true, I
don't need you, and I can
get along fine without you

three months since the
accident in the car do I

feel any different

Should the world
be now revolving
at a different pace

Or was everyone just used to the
change of the earth's speed
when it changed

as it something wthey just never
chose to think about

Was everyone just used to
the world when it
started to feel this way?

So many people go through
life with a lack of emotion,
or a lack of feeling, or a
lack of thought
And I've never been asked
to function that way
I've never
been able to just let life
go by.

Maybe life stepped on me a few times

Well, you know what I'm
getting at with these metaphors

Maybe if life is just cruel that
way maybe life is storming
away and if you happen to be
in the way, well maybe life will
just accidentally step on you on the
way out, like if life doesn't know

where it's going when it's just
trying to leave

Well, at times
like that you just have to be
ready for a battle, maybe it's
a battle you weren't expecting to
run into in the first place, but
sometimes you just have to be ready
for a conflict like that occasionally

Even if it never comes to get you,
you have to be ready for that
potential problem, just in case.
Just in case it happens

prepared for the worst

I was fully prepared for the worst when I thought it was going to happen. I had to be the strong one, I had to show everyone that they could count on me. The thought had never crossed my mind.

But I never thought about someone close to me dying, someone I just thought would always be around, someone that would live to their old age.

Well, I guess people worry about me and my health because bad things could happen to anyone, but I thought I proved myself before, I proved myself to all the doctors and the nurses and all the technicians

and even the cardiologists. I wonder if all of those people thought of me now. I'm sure they don't. They'd have to be reminded of me. They don't know me, why would they remember me, it's just me.

I fully prepared myself for the bad news, I was wondering if I would even get the chance to see the corpse, depending on our timing and when we got to the hospital. I don't deal with death much, I'm

usually not at the hospital as it's happening, I'm just not used to this. But I knew I'd have to emotionally clean up for this and I'd have to be ready for this and this was something I might have to

be prepared for, in case it happened. How do you prepare yourself for something like that? I mean, I'm a girl, I'm used to women wanting to

openly cry when they hear bad news. I'm used to

women falling apart at the seams and I'm used to men never falling apart at the seams. Is that something that makes men and women different, or is that something men and women just learn with time?

Anyway, I was busy preparing myself for the worst, so I wouldn't fall apart when the bad news was sent to my door. Am I supposed to deal with news like this when I just hear it, when it's just told to me, am I supposed

to just fall apart then, or am I supposed to be the strong one and take it all and be prepared for it?

Well, I was prepared for the worst and I was prepared for people to be crying when they got to the

hospital with me and I was prepared to be strong and help them through this. I made this decision that this was something I had to do and I was just going to have to deal with that fact, maybe

today, maybe later.

I got there and there was no bad news, no one was dead or dying, and everything was normal. Well, normal in a hospital as far as I can tell. I'm not an

expert on normalcy in hospitals. I'm not an expert on these things. But there was no bad news, and I visited people and talked a little in the hospital, and everyone wanted me to talk to prove

to everyone they knew me, well, they wanted me to talk to prove that I was normal and I was fine.

"And this could happen to you," I said, "And you have to want it and you have to make yourself better."

I didn't know what else I was supposed to say.

I still haven't entirely dealt with what that day could have been like if it was someone else's last day. But I prepared myself for it. Just in case.

Pressure On Me Again

Man, you put a lot of pressure on me
and I feel this pressure so many times
and there's nothing I can do about it

I'm so sick of not being in control of everything
I'm tired of defining how everything goes

I have to define my own life
and I don't know how to make all the changes
I want to happen well, happen in my life
it's hard for me to make these
changes actually, happen
when I'm all alone on this one
and have to do these things myself

I have to define my own life
I need to take a magic marker
a big black bold marker
and create the path that defines who I am

I need to make my own choices
and color them in
so no one can put that pressure on me again

Reads Wrong

I swear that scale is wrong
okay, maybe I'm over-reacting here
maybe I've lost weight
maybe I'm too worried
that I'll gain all that weight back
I can't see the lines
on the scale when I
weigh myself and I keep
thinking that someone is playing
a little joke on me
so I'll never know this information

I always want answers
and I wanted them yesterday
and I don't even have patience
to wait for somebody else

those are my reasons, I think

why does nobody notice
that I weigh less?
Maybe they do notice
but they don't bother
to mention it
that's what I
like to think, anyway

Okay, so maybe the scale reads wrong
but I feel that I feel
different
so does no one notice

Rhode Island Is Neither A Road Nor An Island

“give me a second, I’m almost done
with this silly game”

November 27, 1998

You can capitalize anything you want
but I can tell you to “capitalize this baby”
just to be mean, just to be cruel

there’s a reason why I don’t write poetry
and a reason for why I don’t live in Rhode Island
and why I’m mean, and cruel and unjust

it has something to do with capitalizing
people have always been capitalizing on me
and I’m getting tired of being there for everyone

Say It In The First Place

I've been told many things
in my lifetime

I've been told a lot of things
about myself, too

some are good things, some are bad
and I'm getting used

to hearing all the comments.
But when a

stranger tells you every day
that you're well,

beautiful, don't you think
that there's a

line being crossed? This is one
of the things

I think about. Why are you telling
me this? How is this

supposed to make me feel? Do I
even know you?

What are you supposed to say to some
stranger when

they compliment you daily. Do you
ignore them?

Do you hope it will go away?
Maybe it won't.

Maybe you should just
compliment them

back, maybe then they'll
realize how silly

it was to even say it in the
first place.

Seasons 1998

the entity of Earth lives
attacked by its denizens.
Spring follows winter.

Winter fire burns bright.
Warmth flows over my brick hearth.
Summer fire is shunned

Grandchildren bring joy,
vigor, love, fun, liveliness.
With age comes calm, peace, knowledge.

Soft loose wrinkled skin,
white coarse bristly chin whiskers
mark the wise woman.

Limbs etched against sky,
full white clouds gathered in close
foretell winter's snow.

Senses

What is it like to be
just missing your senses?
I can't really tell you,
because I can see,
and walk, and talk,
and cook and clean.
I try to occasionally
be social, so I like
to think that I do
enough, and I even try
enough, and if I try
I can even be interesting
enough

You might
be better off though,
if you'd just ask
someone other than me

But what if you suddenly
couldn't touch? That
would entail cooking, and
probably cleaning, and
maybe dressing and even
walking. Those tasks
would be hard to do if
you just couldn't feel
after your sense of touch
runs away from you

Would that mean that
you couldn't feel either?
I mean what if you
just couldn't feel
feeling, either

I mean,
what would life be like
if you couldn't feel
what you're so used to
feeling

What if you
couldn't feel a hug you'd
want to give someone you love

What if you knew you
couldn't feel the attention
from someone you needed
the attention desperately from

To touch
Is that a feeling
most people easily forget
about

Maybe you wouldn't
be so easy to forget when
you value something so much
when it slips away

Think
of the times when you need
a driver, or need a hug

Or when you need someone
to feel the new silk shirt
you're wearing

Think of it.

Do you think you'd miss what
food tastes like when you

can no longer cook, or no
longer taste

I guess all
those little details would
quickly slip away one by
one

Something to think
about
It's just a thought.

I wonder how many feelings
we'd have to miss when in
part we'd stop living life
I wonder how much time
would pass before you
would be ready for the
madness to end

short-term advice

I wonder why people have sides
on any political issue when the
political leaders are only trying
to serve the needs of the people for
this job

Well, besides that, I wonder
why people take sides on politics,
when no political people seem to
do anything for their country

Why
take sides

The politicians are usually
crooks, or people who cheat

The better political
leaders manage to hide their "bad"
side longer than the average person.

Well, they have a bunch of paid
people coming up with their speeches
so they can always look like they're
saving face

I need to learn how to save
face, for all of the things I do
wrong

So... Why take sides

They'll always use the same lines
over and over again until people
actually forget that the news isn't

even telling them what the problem was

How do you find someone honest
when you're used to people who cheat and
liars

Well, don't look in
politics, that's the best short-
term advice I can even give you

Slow Painful Death

I have to try to remember the good things
I am usually so filled with anger that
I can't help it but
I'll try

It's hard to remember the good things
When all you can think about
Are the bad things

Maybe it's just that I wanted someone
To care for me
I needed that a lot then, you know

But that wasn't a good enough reason

Looking back, I know that

It's funny how hindsight is twenty twenty
And it's funny how I was going to
Write something about you that was good

But you were are liar, and still are one
And I wasn't immune to your violence
And all of the good memories I have of you
Are clouded by your anger
And rage
And insolence
And idiocy

so I guess I can't do it this time
I have to write about things that matter to me
So I could write about how I
Want you to go through a
slow painful death

but you probably know I think that
And I probably don't need to go into that at length

Someone Give Me the Answers

I don't think I can respect
people Can anyone give me
the answers I've been looking
and looking, and none of the
solutions are coming to me

Have I been taught to be so different
from the rest of the world
Maybe I have been Maybe I'm the
one with the different answers,
and maybe I don't know where to begin.
And maybe no one can help me through this

My dictionary is older than my schooling
and my encyclopedia set is older than I am

I've been looking for answers to what
I thought were simple questions and the
people who are supposed to be smarter
than I am never have the answers for me

I've talked to a lot of people in my
lifetime, and with each day that passes I
lose more respect for the people I've known

This doesn't seem like a fair thing for me
to admit

I mean, to hear a woman complain
about how awful everyone else is isn't
nice, fair or reasonable

Maybe I've just had some bad breaks
I don't
know what my excuses are, or what my reasons
are--but the problem is that I don't think anyone
has a reason for the majority of the actions
they engage in

Or should I say commit instead of engage in

I can't even finish a sentence and I'm
expecting finished sentences and sense and
answers from all of the people I've already
lost so much faith in

But that's enough about me
I'll get back to a more
interesting subject right away

I was recently in the hospital for 6 weeks
When
I regained consciousness,
I was given the same meal three
times a day
Most every day I slept in the hospital,
I was physically strapped to my bed so that I would
stay in my bed all night

This is not meant as my defense against anyone's
actions, my own or others

This was not an
uncommon occurrence for my treatment
I don't
know how anyone else was treated,
but I am guessing
I was one of at least 20 patients in the same institution,
in the same ward, with the same teachers

Take from this what you will

Sometimes the answers don't come easy
The
answers haven't come to me for quite a while
not
since my accident, or since my hospital visits

Not since most of my school days
or since a lot of
my friendships

Maybe the events in my life haven't
given me the answers
but maybe the events in
everyone's life also have missing answers.

I don't know where the answers are
I don't know where
my answers were
I'll try to find the answers one day,
and if anyone can help me, let me know

Sometimes It's Not

there are many things you learn in life

the key is:
figuring out when you learn them
and what you can do about them

there are some things that you can't avoid
and there are some things you can put off
for as long as possible
and then you'll have to face them
there are some things you want to run to
and you want to do everything you can
to make sure you don't let go of those things

and sometimes that's enough
sometimes it's not

sometimes I look for the answers
and usually I can't find any answers
and that's supposed to make me feel better
and it doesn't

sometimes I wish I could
turn back the hands of time
and maybe I would think
that the things in life that are important to me
well, maybe I'd think they weren't so important

then again, I might still think
that I could live forever

well, we all have our hope
and we all have our dreams
and usually we don't think about them
and often we try to avoid them

but all those thoughts, well,
they still find a way to manage their way
back into you life like that

Supposed To Make Us Laugh

The whole time when we went out tonight
I kept thinking about
how a stupid retro song would
come on on the radio
and we'd sing along with it
and sometimes we would do a little
made-up dance to go along
with the song

and that was supposed to make us laugh
and it did

That I Get

there are so many things
that I've wanted
and there are so few things
that I get

and no, I don't know how
to get all the things I want
well, I've learned that that is
the hard part sometimes

and I've learned how to deal
with the good and the bad
and no, I don't know that
this is good
I just have to learn how to
take it all in stride

and yes, I can still dream
that my life is different
and I can dream
that you are by my side
and I can dream
that there will be a happy ending for me

yes, I suppose I can dream

people keep telling me
that it could be worse
that I'm a lucky girl
and no one can really know
what it's like
to wear my shoes
and live my life
and feel what I feel

but they try to tell me anyway

there are so many things
that I have wanted
and I always have to
rearrange my plans
and rearrange my ideas

well, at least on the surface I do

maybe this way I'll be able to
keep dreaming

this way the days don't seem so long

that we wish

There are so many times
I wish I had that - well,
that wish to get here. All
my life I have had the
high school and all of
the other useless dronings
and the high school proms
and I've always thought
I was good enough and it
was at those times when someone
would remind me that I might be
wrong because it was then that
someone else would always come
along and cover me with their hair
and their better clothes and
their pulitzer prizes. Wow.
I must really need all
people with the that

i must want that
just sort of naturally
came out of me like that.

But you know what I mean,
that some people always seemed
to have the better cars
with the nice red stripe
down the side of the car,
or maybe it was better
shoes or better clothes
or a better boyfriend.
Well, you get what I'm
talking about, even if you've
never directly experienced it
or anything. I mean,

doesn't it just suck how
sometimes people can be
the biggest jerks in their
day to day life to people
they don't even know and haven't
even met before. I mean, isn't
it funny how people can
sometimes be jerks, and
invariably they are the ones
who always end up with
the money from the parents
or they get married to
people who have money
and most of their life is
spent in this plush
life of heaven?

And then there's someone like
you or me, someone who has
always tried to do good
and always done the best they
could to help other people, and
sometime there's a person
like you or me

(and I just say
you or me, not because I'm
trying to pin anything on either
one of us, or anything like
that)

but you know, some-
times the average type of
person tries to do real good day
they never have enough money or
they never have the right
clothes or the right kind of car

and that list of what-ifs could probably go on and on, but I think you get the idea.

I mean, did some person's parents have bad luck with the stocks, or did somebody think they were doing the right thing for their family but just had to deal with a bad flood, or an equally irritating desert summer. I guess some people just have a run of bad luck and there is one kid who tries to make it all better but just can't quite do it.

I don't know what anyone's reason could be for misreading the news of the future about how computer industry will make a lot of money for the next thirty years. I guess all of us are faced with choices all of our lives, and it's only the combination of all the right choice and all the right decisions that make a difference in anyone's good or bad outcome.

I don't know, maybe it's just how you were raised that will show what you look at and what you need and what you want and how much you're willing to spend for it

that makes all the difference.

The Answers

Someone there
doesn't have the key to
getting answers for this now

Sometimes you kick and you
scream
for information
and no one
will give you any help and you'll
have no place to turn

That's what
the world is like, you know

just in case you hadn't figured
it all out and in case you were
still looking for someone to help you
save the day and magically make
everything turn better

I don't
know how all those Magician
people make everything
better, instantly, unless it's
all just one big hoax provided
by television tricks and the like

The Time To Myself

I worked hard all my years
and I worked so hard
that I didn't know
how to enjoy my time to myself

You get used to the bad stuff
when it happens as much as it does
and you look for good news
and you get tired of trying

to make your own good news
and so you work all day
and you get nowhere at it
and you don't know how to relax

that's always been one of my problems
I know, I know, I'm no good
at telling people how to relax
and I'm no good at doing things
for myself to make me happy

I've never been very good at that

And even when the bad stuff happens
you've got to stop and say
to yourself, you've got to say
it's time for me

it's so easy to do things to help others
and it's easy to try to make sure
that everyone else is happy
and no one is doing for you that same service
and you're the one suffering for it

and maybe you haven't been told this, but yes,

you are worth it
and you deserve good things every once in a while
we all do sometimes

so if you get the chance
to get a back rub
well, take it
and maybe splurge on yourself
every once in a while

it's easy when Christmas time is coming
to want to take care of everyone else
but year after year, if you
start to look at it and
think about it

well, I know that when Christmas is coming
it's easy to worry about everyone else
and sometimes you have to just
do something for yourself

Then That Too

I've known some things in my life
and some I've learned
I know what my limits are
I know then well
and I struggle with these limits
all the time
but that's who I am
that's what I've known
and I've learned what other people's
limits are, too
and they're always different from mine
they're different from my values

and I wonder how people
get to that point
where they don't care
about their life any more

did they learn that too?

when I see someone in a car
cut somebody else off
I think, how can they do that
how do they get to the point
where they think that's not
a potential accident

where they think that it's okay?

maybe I worry too much
maybe everyone else
doesn't worry enough
how do you make that
line for yourself?

Things I Find Charming

When there is so much hope
There are so many hopes I have had
And I have hoped for good things
Every once in a while

And maybe I couldn't have
Everything I ever wanted
And maybe I couldn't explain that all
To the average person

And sometimes things can go
According to plan
Whether it's my plan or not
It is still a plan and I'll take it

And when I heard that he liked me
Well, I gathered that much
 By his sign language
Well, then I ate that up with a spoon

And yes, maybe he is a nice guy
And maybe he acted like he liked me
And maybe he was bold enough to say
That I was nice and that I was attractive

Okay, fine, maybe he is shorter than me
And maybe he is younger than me
And maybe he doesn't live where I do
And maybe he's cocky and sometimes arrogant

Okay, and he is straight forward and maybe
Also obnoxious

But the problem is that
All of these traits that sound bad
Are things I find charming

Sometimes when you can't get the man
Of your dreams
You can take the good with the bad
And you can be happy with the good

And maybe I look forward to hearing from him again
If he calls me while I was in town
We will see if that happens
And I can hope

Think About It Much

what would you need done
if you were going to be here no longer
did you think about that one before
did you think about where you wanted
your money to go, or maybe
that painting you bought at a flea
market on the south side of
Chicago, where would that go

would you want someone to be
in charge of paying off your debts
would you want someone to be in charge
of getting your paintings published
or getting your name out there
after you're gone

that's a lot to think about
i know
but what do you do
with all the unfinished business

can you even get used to the idea of being dead
or do you have to plan for it
in a way where you don't
have to think about that much

To Get To That Point

I haven't figured out how to relax yet
I see people do it
I see people lounging around
but I'm always thinking
and I've been trying to figure out how to stop that

it's like, I wish there was just a switch
for your brain, so that
when you don't want to think you could just
shut the brain off, or put it in
"sleep mode," as they say
for computers

well anyway, I've just been thinking that
I need to learn how to relax

I even bought one of those
massage mats for chairs
that vibrate and stuff
and I have to admit, it's a nice mat
it is very relaxing
I enjoy it
but the key is, I have to
get me to the mat in the first place

because I could buy all the traps in the world
to help me relax more
but I have to want to use them

and I have to use them too, I guess

and that's where my dilemma is
I don't know how to get to that point

What Have I Won

There is so much
That I have wanted
And there is so little
That I have actually
Received

And there is so much
That I have hated

And there is nothing
I can do
And there is nothing more
I can ask
I know that much

they have tried to take away
my brain from me
but lucky for me,
I fought to get it back

and lucky for me
I won

But what have I won
What

what the truth looks like

It always seems
that when she starts typing
she has to have me in the room
with her and she seems to need
to say certain words out loud,
so she can say out loud to all
the world that there is an apostrophe
in any given word

She'll be silent, then
as she's writing she'll say, "can't,"
or "don't" or "won't" or even
"shouldn't"

Well, I sure I should
use this as my written thank you
to her for helping me type

It has been
a long month, and I'm getting
tired of hand-writing all of my
thoughts on to paper, so that I can
type them all out so people can
read my writing

Well
I thought
I'd do it anyway, so you have a bit
of insight into the craziness of
getting over some of the pain
someone has to go through in
their life

Well, maybe you'll also
understand why people want to get
out of a hospital or what they
want to live on their own and
have their life back

Well, that's just my little
theory

You'd have to ask everyone
else what they go through,
but maybe this all will give
you some idea of what the
truth looks little sometimes

When You Walk

Everyone says hello to you
when you're walking down the street
when you walk in the state
when you walk in their town
when you walk in the mobile home park

When You've Only Got You

there were so many things
I wanted to believe
and there were so many things
I felt like I could trust

it's funny when people are paid off
to tell you lies
and you can trust no one
because anyone can be paid off

that's when you've only got you

and I know that can be rough sometimes
and I've managed after all these years
and I've made it just fine on my own

and then you had to come along

and maybe it was my problem to trust you
maybe I thought that
you wouldn't lie to me

I wanted to get to know you
I've gotten to know you well
working together with you
I've learned about your love of pornography
and I thought that you did it
because you were so obsessed
with your work
and you had no time for
other people too

there were many things I wanted from life
you know, some women get married
and have kids
and depend on another man
for the money
and maybe I want that
and maybe I don't
but I have to know
that someone out there
is worth it

where i left off

I'm considering this the beginning of time.
A lot of things in the world don't make sense.
I could just write about nothing.
but still I get nothing

It's like most of the things
in my life, sometimes.
Okay, my jewelry, for the most
part, is mostly gone

I've eaten extra eggs
and extra beet soup
and extra hardships
since I have been pent up here

It's time for me to stop
and time for me to go away
ant I never get the chance
to make my own decisions
and life my own life

I wonder when the world
is going to come back again
so I can pick up
where I left off

Will You Let Me Know

there are many things that i've learned
and there are many that i wasn't supposed to learn
and i learned them anyway

and there are many things that aren't fair
and more that aren't right
and there are a lot of things which act
like little bugs with little pinchers
that manage to grab a hold of you
and pinch at you

and well, generally, make life miserable for you

i don't know how to avoid those things
you can stop thinking about the bad things
you can stop thinking about the little pinchers
and the ear wigs that may come up and
bite you while you are sleeping at night

that's one way to stop thinking
about all the bad stuff

i haven't figured out
how to do that
if you do, will you let me know

You Remembered Too

It's funny how you think about all the memories
It helps you remember the things you loved

You gave me a teddy bear for Christmas in 1988
It was blue
But I liked it anyway
And I still have it

I have a bracelet you gave me
It's silver
A friend of yours gave it to you
And I keep it in a box now
Storing it
So that it stays in tact for me

Then I know I wouldn't have lost it

I remember when we went up to
your apartment for dinner
And all your belongings were still in little boxes
And you left your desk centered in the room
And we brought in carry-out pizza
And you had two candles on your desk
And I thought it was the sweetest thing

And I remember how you
Would get me a rose every once in a while
And I thought it was nice of you
To think of me

It was nice that you would remember too

We all make decisions
Over what we choose to remember
And what we choose to value

you will

pieces of the puzzle:
i know how they fit

i've had to do this
puzzle thing for years
and i'm good at it

i make you whole

i know it won't take long
as i said, i'm good at this

you'll feel good
about it when it's done

you don't think
you will, but you will

A New Idea Pretty Quick

I don't know what everyone
says about the
world anymore. I know that
if anyone has anything
to the average mind, if they
actually say anymore about the
world, well. they
probably think the world us
just about as useless
as that great soap opera
they watch on television
every day. That's just
the average person's view of the world.

Take that scoop of
information into your own
head if you like it, and mold it
into your own opinion
of the world and come
up wit a better idea pretty quick

A New Patient

There's a child here who uses a color pack of crayons with his coloring book. I don't know how many colors are in the pack of crayons-- the brand name of the crayon pack is not Crayola, that much I've gathered. The boy is with his mother and the mom seems to have a better grasp of language than the average adult. Does the mother or the son have a patient here? I've heard about no new patients. I haven't heard about any new patients this week, but maybe there is one.

This little boy can speak well. And walk. That's important for little boys, to be able to walk and talk well, and do other simple tasks that are usually important for little boys and such. I wonder if the average patient learns to walk, or dress, or talk, or learn, or eat. This is just something I wonder about periodically. I don't usually interact with many patients, so I'm forced to wonder about these things from time to time.

and flowers and funerals

my head didn't hurt all the time
there are supposed to be grand kids, and meals
and flowers and funerals

that can't be more than I'd forget.

My life used to make sense
then I'd see something else.
I wonder how my grandfather was -
I wonder how my grandfather lived.
I can't imagine his life in the past -
I can't remember anything but the present -
I know he lived before me,
I know he lived with me,
and he'll never understand any after me.

I hope one day it all comes together.
I hope one day it all makes sense.

Hope I'll explain it all to him.
Maybe then he'll understand.

I wonder what details I lost in my life.
That he lived too.
That he lived too long,
That he cared too little.
Is that accurate?
I wish I knew him.
I wish I hated his face.
I'm sure it will mean something someday.
And now I write, and hope it all gets better.
Maybe that's when he gives me memories of myself.

With my dreams.

And I Don't Care

I'm sick of people telling me
that they're glad that I'm okay
and I'm tired of people asking me
and that condescending high-pitched voice
(which is supposed to mean that they care)
how I'm doing

well, I'm fine
I'm the same I've been
I know a lot has happened to me
and I know I've gone through a lot
and I know that nothing gets better

I know, I know, it all depends on your attitude
that's what they tell me
with amazing regularity
and it doesn't do me any good
and I'm still angry
and I've still lost part of my life

and maybe in theory I'll lose more
I don't know

I don't care about the beautiful trees
that are growing outside my home
and I don't care about the chirps I hear
from the birds outside

that's not a nice way to put it, I know

but there are a lot of things I don't care about
when the beautiful things have decided
to take a turn for the worse for me

Are things getting better?

Objectively, I can say that I don't know
and I don't care

Any Help At All

I don't know when the bad stuff
is supposed to end and when
the good stuff is supposed to begin

maybe I've been failing in my efforts
to find some good stuff, I don't know

I've been hoping for that happiness, though
and I don't know where to look any more

I'm tired of doing things myself
and I'm tired of looking for my own answers
for all the troubles I experience
I'm tired of looking
I want someone to help me out on this one

I don't know where I'm going to
find that help, though

maybe people kept seeing me
with my head on my shoulders
and they got tired of looking
in my direction
to see if I needed anything

but I always want
what others don't expect me to want

and I still don't know where I'm
going to, to find any help at all

As I Recovered

I was supposed to be
saving a life by turning the wheels
and avoiding an accident. Well,
I did. I turned the wheels
and that saved the other driver's life.
Since my wheels were turned I was
pushed into oncoming traffic
so another car could hit me,
i think the first car hitting me was
enough, but while we're at it, let's
get someone else to hit the car as well,
well as I was saying since
another car could and did hit me
they decided while they hit my car that
they would push me over 100 feet. That's
what I got for saving a life.

In the hospital, after I
got out of the coma, no one
even visited me. Oh, I know my
family was there and it would have been more
depressing if they couldn't have been
there for me, but when I say no one
visited me, I mean no one that did this to me
visited me. Not the people
who hit me, not the guy
who's life I saved. None of
those people even attempted to
pay me back. For my car,
or my time, or my coma, or my
feeling that this is natural, yet even
for being nice. I have the
physical scars and the
emotional scars from that
accident and from that day. And

no one ever apologized to me
for the pain they caused No one
even visited me as I recovered.

for my car or my life

I never once had the chance to grasp
that anything ever happened to me
for me it wasn't until after the hospital,
after what seemed like an endless stream of weeks.
Was I expected to move to another house and
move in with unexpected people and
face the fact that I had to move and
I had to put all of my belongings in storage,
that my car was gone
Was I expected to
go through all of this? That insurance
companies wouldn't even attempt to
fix the car. They gave me enough money
for my time, but not for my car or for my life

No one has paid me back for
all the time that I have now lost
I had
planned to take my time off to travel, to
take my car and do what I wanted
to do
Now I have no car, no time,
no chance
who is going to pay me
back for all that I have lost?

There is no one to pay me back
There
is no one to even apologize to me, and
I have no one to forgive for all of this
They
couldn't even give me that much

So who is going to pay me back
No one.
I knew that when it happened, when I was
angry, when I resigned myself to losing
anything that I used to value
There's nothing I
can do to get all of that back
It's gone
I've
never before thought that anything could
happen to me, because nothing did. I was
in the intensive care unit to the hospital,
I was on a respirator, I could say more of
the same, but I'd just bore you with the
details
The problem is that I have to deal
with all of this happening to me, and there
is no one around that can answer for all of
what has happened
I just have to let it
still sit inside myself, I still brood about
it, and I could hope that time is supposed to
heal all wounds
I don't know if that works
though, if time does in fact heal all wounds.
That's what people keep telling me
I don't
know how time could help me with this one
Ask
me in a few years if I forgot and everything is better

Get It Over With

I wonder how much time would
be before it would be woul before
the hurting would stop hurting, and when
you'd start to think that everything
was okay and that you for no
reason could be happy out of the
blue. I wonder how much time
would have to pass before you got
to that point, where the world
seemed good again and you could just
move on with life and get it over with.

Sometimes I think about the
number of people who I have
cared about and who have turned
around on me and died. It doesn't
seem fair when you think about
death on those terms, but it is
kind of sad when you think about
it that way. My father's parents
died when I was younger, and my
brother's ex-wife died, too. And
I've seen friends go off to war,
when I was sure they were
going to die, and they came
back, just fine. And I've seen
people that I've cared about
become hospitalized after they
were hit by a car. No, I
don't suppose much of it is
very happy or anything. Well,
death as a rule isn't very
happy or anything, and no one
likes to think about death, not
their own death or anyone else's

death, for that matter. So how do we get to that point, where the pain from such a potentially awful experience disappears from inside you. How many years does it take for that pain to be acknowledged before it can be forgotten so everything can be better?

I asked my mother today when someone I cared about died, I mean, what time of year did he die? You see, I couldn't remember being sad because he was dead or anything, and I couldn't think of what time of year it had happened. And my mother seemed shocked by my question, and she responded by saying, "he's not dead." And then it all came back to me, that he didn't die, that he was fine.

After I had that discussion with my mother, it had occurred to me that I should have mourned him, that I should have been sad. that no one seemed to miss me. It occurred to me then that I was missing a huge void in my life, and that I didn't know how to fill in all the gaps in my life that I was starting to feel and just starting to miss.

I only have another 60 years of this feeling in my life to go, if all goes according to plan.

I sometimes think about all
of the times in my life where
I have missed something that
should have been important,
something that could have made
me laugh. Those moments come all
too frequently, sometimes.
Sometimes you just forget life,
what you're living life for,
and life passes you by and you
feel like you've got nothing
to show for all the years
that you've lived that you can't
remember. I wonder how many people
that happens to, unexpectedly.

Today I thought of someone who
died recently, and I thought
that it would be nice if they
just came up to me and made
an effort to surprise me and
they tried to come up with
conversation and they tried
to make me laugh. And after I had
thought about that for a moment
I thought, wait, he's dead, he's
not going to do what he used
to do, and I'm going to have to remember
him this way. I didn't like that
idea at all, come to think of it.
I wanted him to just be him,
and I wanted him to crack a joke
and make me laugh and be his
usual self.

I think my problem is that I just
don't want people to stop being
themselves. I want to remember that

people can laugh, and crack jokes,
and be senseless and silly, sometimes,
like I like to be.

Well, to put it all that way I suppose
I just wanted him to be alive. I get
tired of thinking of people
as being dead, when they didn't deserve
their fates and they deserved to
live on. I just get angry to think that people
who didn't deserve this got this, and it was
awful luck, so to speak, and that they
needed more. Those are the times
when I try to make myself
remember what they liked and
how they lived. Well, that doesn't
make me feel much better, but I
try to think of the good stuff anyway.

Sometimes I wonder about things
like that. Who is it harder on when
someone dies? Is it harder on the
ones who have to die? Or is it
harder on the survivors who have to live
with only a handful of memories?

When I almost died, I didn't think about
death. I mean, I was unconscious,
I was in a coma. But when I felt like I
was starting to feel normal again,
well, all I could think about then was that
I had to get better. I had to teach myself
how to eat. And how to walk. And talk.
And I had to get out of that wheel-
chair that they wanted to keep me
seated in, even though I felt fine. When
people tried to make me different
from who I was, well, that's when I

learned how to have my own set of rules, and I also learned not to tell anyone about my rules. No one would want to hear my stupid little rules, anyway. They'll have to learn about their own rules on their own time.

Death is a pretty scary subject. It can cover a bunch of different territories that the average person isn't ready for. Even when some of us think we have it all together, well, that's when someone throws us the curve ball of death to tell us that we might have been wrong, that we might not have been prepared for everything.

How do you prepare for something like this, though? What do you do?

Is To Blame For It

When I think of all
the spots that hurt on my body,
it could be because I'm getting old,
it could be because I was in an accident,
I don't know

and I try not to talk about the problems
too much, even though I think about
the pain

it's like a regular thing
in my life

but at least I know that the
sinus problems aren't going away

the loud noise of my breathing
gets louder on one side of my head
that happens when my sinuses
are acting up on me

I'd rather breathe out of my mouth
than my nose
because the noise of my breathing
isn't so loud when I breathe
out of my mouth

and I keep getting reminded
that I should be breathing
out of my nose, not my mouth

I think I knew that.
thank you.

the pain is still loud in my head.

I still have that problem.

but no one wants to hear about
problems like that, do they?

I hear that they don't.

It's not allergy season
and I still have allergy problems

the pollen count should be
going down outside
but I still have this problem

maybe somebody's just hit my head
too many times
and now my sinuses aren't right

i've had this problem for months

but maybe someone else
is to blame for it

Janet Spinoto, Mother of 3

I knew so many people
If only I mourned so many people
I wonder if johannes remembers me
Am I supposed to cry for him?
Am I supposed to remember him?

I wish I knew of more than his name
I still respect you, to this day
Nineteen years after you died
For a cause you believed in. Or a chance moment
I'll bet. My memory of you
and a memory your grand kid remembers
This is what I'll carry with me.
And this is what I'll keep until death.

I'll always remember you this way
trust me on that one
I'll make it true to you
and your family

Sometimes I need more words, more signals
to answer all my questions
and fill in all the gaps and make our lives better.
Then I'll answer all the questions
for me and you
and everything in-between

This will be my way to save you,
you know, and me, and the rest of the world.
I wonder if this will be my way
to make sense of you,
and me - and love, and so much more.

I don't remember these details
about your life
and I don't remember
you disintegrating before me.
And before you cared about you
and when it meant nothing to me.

killling the tired

I know I should be able to do much better than this. I know that people should be leaving me free money, but I don't know what to do with myself. I should have people showering me with attention all the time, since everyone has nothing better to do with their time. Why do I think everyone has it harder than me? I'll come to the answer to that sooner or later, trust ne,

Now the new lawn chairs that are rented. they are having a party and the guests are here. When I was young I knew parking was not allowed in our driceway. Granted, mom swore this norning that guests couldn't park here, but now she doesn't seem to have a problem with decisioing anyone can. Except me, of coursre. I will always be the one who is busy doing something wrong.

I had a headache for over six hours, and no medication helped in the past six hours. Nothing gets better for me. I should have known that would have happened - I should have known that in advance.

It seems that sometomes I just get all the bad bre-aks. It makes me feel

sorry for myself, when I have nothing to
think about except my own sorry feelings.

My fingers are freezing in this stupid
house. The air conditioning has been on
all summer, and the air is on now, and
I'm wearing a sweater and slippers
right now
there's no one to
complain to, because no one is around here
that can answer the simplest air question
around here. That's the rule of the
day, I suppose. Maybe I should
start doing that, too. when everyone
realizes there's no one left to ask,
maybe then people will start trying
to answer their own useless questions.

Sometimes I wish it would just be
easier if someone just killed me and
got the whole process overwith, or if
I could be forced to live into old
age. I don't know if either option
would ever be anything to me.

This is what happens in my mind
when I've got nothing better to do

That's just my theory. Am I really
that sad? Do I really have nothing better
to do

It's always two in the afternoon
and there's nothing to eat for lunch in
the fridge
I wish
my soul makes an ounce of sense, I hate it
when people don't make any aense, so

apparently their ideas are well, the lord and master. I wish more things in the world made sense. Then I'd be able to make more sense out of things.

Everyone else has control over my decisions, my choices, and my life. That's it. That seems natural.

Sometimes I think that all people are just out to get me. Like if I drank too much, and then floated, that would be appropriate. Sometimes I think people just want me to be unhappy all the time. That would seem natural. I think I want to be unhappy all the time, anyway. That would be fitting. So to speak.

I wish I could just drown or something, and then just I could just float away. If I floated away or somsthung. That would be a good answer. I don't think I could do anything too much, or float away, or do anything too non-sensical that would seem like something that I could not have been capable of, I'll have to save that one for another day, then.

I know I am getter than all the fake meanings that means nothing to anyone, I know I am better than so much around here, and now I don't have a job, and now I don't have any money, and now I can't even have a good argument with someone about religion, or philosophy, or something I might have learned in school once. This is how it gets when you get older. When you wait for age to tear you apart. That's what life is all about. Get ready for it.

Late for a Class

When the answer seems
always quite that simple
the answer is never as
easy as that. I know
that the answers are
supposed to mean something
but no one will tell me
what the answers mean.

I don't know if I have
four hours of classes
today. The teachers
will never tell me in
advance until I am
late for a class and I
am late for somewhere
to quickly go.

I wonder if everyone's
life is filled with so many
questions. If so
many people are verging on
death or fighting for
basic rights that should
have been given to them
years ago.

I'll have 10 more minutes
to kill before I'll be late
for a class I
didn't know I was
supposed to be in

This
is a story you've possibly

heard repeated times
everyday of your life

When do people get
tired of it and fight back?

looking out for num- ber one

I'll be the first to tell you
when somebody has done
something wrong or someone
doesn't care about the people
closest to them or if people
go behind the backs of their
friends to steal from them,
or screw them over, or what-
ever

most people don't think
about when they're doing
right or wrong to anyone
else, they'd just rather be busy
looking out for themselves

for number one that is

my life changing

When he wanted something
wanted something from her
and he always asked her

and you know now, now that I
think about it, he never knew to ask
and he never knew how to want
and she never knew how to answer
and this was their little world

and this was how they argued
and she was always right
and she always wanted to argue

My Wishes Come True

I wonder if my bain is always this way
I wonder if
I'm always going to be like this
I wonder if I'm always
going to function this way

I know I wish
that life was easier sometimes

well, I know I wish
for a lot of things

that doesn't mean
my wishes come true

New

I wonder what it's like
to be a mother and have
a potentially happy, exuberant
child, who wants to learn, and
grow, and be strong, and be
a winner. My point from
this poem and this rambling
sentence was this: what if
you were a mother and you
had a little boy and you had
a cold?

Now, by nature, the cold
might not be so bad: you as a
mother may just feel an
itching in the nose or
need to wipe the stuffy
nose or something. Maybe,
you as a mother might
not have a cold - or
maybe you just have an
allergy where you need
to take medication or blow
or wipe your nose.

Sometimes life
and all of it's
questions
are harder than you
think. What if you were a
mother with a runny nose having
to take care of a little boy?
Would you have to wash
your hands? Would you
be afraid to touch his

toys
Would that answer
all your questions to life

No Place

Sometimes the easier answer
to getting answers

that ones tough

Sometimes you kick and you
scream for information and no one
will give you any help and you'll
have no place to turn

That's up what
the world it's like, you know,
just in case you hadn't figured
it all out and in case you were
still looking for someone to help you
to save the day and magically make
everything turn better

Not Getting Better

everyone is thinking
that I'm getting better

but no one knows what it's like
no one knows what pain
I still go through

yes, I've been fighting
but I still don't see the signs

that anything is getting better

people can tell me that it is
but that doesn't do me
any good

I don't wear my glasses
even though wearing them

would make it easier to see
but I don't,

because I have to train myself
to not need them anymore

maybe that will make me better
at least that's what I think

I've wanted things to be better
for three months now

I haven't wanted to wait
for everything to get better

and now I still have to wait

and it's already past due

this getting better thing isn't fair
at least not to me, it's not

people think my vision is better
because I'm not wearing my glasses

that's a good example,
but it's not

I still can't see, but I have
to come up with a way in my

head to make it better. So
no one can see the difference.

but i still feel it. I still feel the
difference, and it's not getting better.

On the Flip side

I don't know if there's anymore
sanity in the world. I just can't believe
that it exists anymore. I haven't seen
any proof
With that I'll trust that
there is no evidence I rest my case.

I've been missing love. That's my
problem, I guess. Sometimes I wish the
world would stop working, but the
people stuck on Earth would have to
deal with a planet that just didn't
know how to work anymore

Sometimes it seems that some people
are ready to work for others. On the
flip side of the same coin, sometimes there
are some people who don't want to
work for themselves, much less in a place
for anyone else. So how are you supposed
to make people work then they should,
and well, before we get to part two of the
question I suppose I should say that
I'll have no idea about how to
answer part one of the question.

Sometimes it's hard to go through the
hard parts. That's when I don't
even spend any time thinking about
the easy parts.

Pool Together Our Money

spill the beans and get it over
with - but that seems valid like such,
like a natural thing to say
that is very physical, well,
it's something we should all know
like something we were forced

if only we could have been
strong enough to pool together
our money and tried to
beat the bidding for blood
for the next to get the damage.

when i learned very little
I learned vas little.
Sometimes the most
insane people somehow
got in charge of teaching,
I'd guess that it would be
probably because they
lied their way to the
right job, but I haven't
done a lot of research
on this so I could be wrong,
but I think somehow,
somewhere, someone
was put in charge of deciding
who would learn what,
and I think those people
who really actually know
very little, decided to pull
one big joke over on the students

and the world, well, I think
that all of these
people, all the ones with no real brains to
speak of, all these people just
decided to screw up all
the good things that were
supposed to be
produced by intelligent
people in intelligent parts of
that we should think of as
the possible intelligent world.
Well, that's my story and I'm
sticking with it.

well, what I think happened
was that all of these people
with no real intelligence
decided to create a joke
or take over the world
or whatever and they
decided to make all the intelligence
they could find, and they
decided to destroy that
intelligence. There's really
no other way to explain it, other than
to just make people stupid, in a way that no one
could ever think to be
aware of
but no one would get it, and all the
stupid people would gain their
strength somehow. At
least that's my little theory.

and now, no one has the
skill to persons themselves,
much less the skill to set busy
defending anyone else. Well,
that would kind of be what

the world would be like if we lost all intelligence, but it would kind of also be like the way the world is kind of like Now. Don't get busy thinking about that idea now, let's just figure out what we can do about it.

so this is the way that people with no talent manage to screw people with talent over, so that the people without talent can rise in their fame and everyone can suffer in the process.

Princess Diana, 1 Year Later

I wonder what it's like
to lead a near-perfect life
to have servants clean up after you
or to prepare all of your meals. What if
you hated everyone, including
yourself, and you couldn't eat
food without throwing up or
gaining weight. What
would it be like if you
couldn't leave your building
because you might be
photographed by some
unknown stranger.

What must it be like to have
anything you want
sometimes, and sometimes
you can't have anything
you could even
remotely want

I wonder if that's
what it's like to be
royalty
That's what
it has to be like
to feel important
all the time
I wouldn't know
I wonder if any member
of royalty, on any given
morning, on any given day,

I wonder if someone
like that would ever feel
anything other than the
usual pain that they fee
would
you hear from everyone
that you were perfect,
but would you still
keep telling yourself
that you were nothing
with a
question like that, with
an issue like that, wouldn't
anyone wonder what
would win the daily battle?

So Many Lies

I wish that people wouldn't feel the need
to lie to me so often, I'm so sick of people
feeling condescending to my face and
telling me that I am the one that
doesn't understand or feel good

that they understand how they think and
how I think. i'm sure no one has any
idea of how I think. I'm sick of hearing
people that that I thought I could

because they have nothing to say to
me anymore. they lack something to
say, well, usually.

people I once trusted told me
well# wait, it is probably more
accurate to say that everyone
tells me
it's not that they
told me
it's past, present and
future
they tell me
they tell me
they tell me
over and over again.

people I used to know, people
I used to trust, well, these people
I once trusted told me so many
lies about what I know about life.

I wish that the understanding
world was easier, I wish that

ever once in a while people didn't
tell me so many lies.

So To Speak

i just thought I'd let the
average joe know what life is
really all about, and well, n
carse the average joe should also
know when people are lying and
what lies really mean to you
and me ad the otherwise
average guy. Go get ready

The average personal problems would that
not let the problems little the modern
world occupy their little brain. Well,
those average little problems are more
than a problem, Hell, they are more than
a slew of problems that seem disturbing
to the average joe, without inspection.
Well, the underlying problem with this whole
mess is with the problems is more than the
original mess the undoing of this mess of
problems could cause - the real potential
problem is in ignoring the problems,
which seems to be what the average
joe does with daunting problems.
Well, that's what the average joe does
with as many problems as he can hold
in his grocery basket. Well, you get the idea.

The problem here is that there are
too many problems, and no one is doing
anything about the side problems,
and the problems are just getting worse,
and no one is around to save us from
what we accidentally caused by trying
to do nothing about a non-existent problem.
Well, that's the problem, as I see it. So we

can instantly become all better again.

Well, the solving of this problem could be problematic, because no one might be able to tell that there is a problem, and no one might be able to solve said problems that no one was willing to previously tackle.

Oh, forget it. Maybe there is no solution to these problems. I figure that eventually someone has to come up with an answer, and then once someone does we can agree with it and then proceed to act upon it. That's just my theory. Well the current problem seems to be that no one can come up with a single solution for a single problem. Maybe the average joe needs to be reminded of the problems. So you go and get to work on that, and I'll attempt my little speech on solving all of the problems of the world shortly.

Stilts

I wish life just could get
automatically easier

There should be
more money, and if people would work,
I'd wish for more people
and come up with their own conclusions
the world would just be easier
if everyone automatically just got what
they wanted and needed.

Wouldn't it just be easier if
people always got tickets and lost
money and got screwed
That would
make life so much simpler, if some
people were just automatically punished
and some people just never got
punished

If I knew how many classes I
had today, if I knew how much
hell I'd be forced to go through
today, maybe then I'd be less
irritable.

Is this as good as it gets
does the usual pain
seldom end

I want to be
mean here but I have to be nice
and I have three more hours
and life still sucks
and I have four to five minutes

of time off before the new and
improved hell starts

I don't
know how the average person
deals with this lack of
patience with a lack of any
answers for hours a day
every day
Is this what
my life is supposed to be like
Is this the best of my news
Does anything in life ever get
any better than the pain I
usually feel

They who
don't know how to teach you
anything
made typed versions of
the schedule for the day for
everyone, including myself,
and I had a long day today
with long hours, like every other
day last week
No one has a
happy ending for anyone here.
I mean, people who were in
accidents and are in
wheelchairs 5 or 6 years after
their accident can't
feed themselves or talk to anyone or
even smile

Everything is still the same
I was
given a confusing test that had to do
with my lack of reading or vision.

So then I talked about my problems
and I'm sure it got me nowhere
I should have learned my lesson
years ago
Nothing ever gets
better in my life
I should
just know that it will never change
Does that mean I should just face
it
I guess it doesn't matter
Welcome to my life.

I'm getting tired of seeing people
here walking on stilts

take it all away

What is it like to be
almost on the verge of death
for a long time
I know
that seems like a silly
question
is it pointless to
actually go through it and life
for a brief moment to know
what it's like to almost fly

I found out weeks after I
was in the hospital
it was
then that I found out little
details about my being in the
hospital
what the
doctor did to me
while I was in there
and unconscious

whether or not
they were helping me or
hurting me
I wouldn't have known
if I was unconscious

they put a piece
of metal in my leg to stop
future possible blood clots from
travelling to my heart, or lungs,
or brain

I don't know

if I need one of these pieces of metal
in my body for the rest of my life,
but it would have been nice if
someone informed me of this after it
had already been done to me

there can be
all sorts of things done to you
when you are at a weak moment
these things being done
to you could have an effect on you
good or bad

X-rays were taken of me
a ventilator was on me for 6 days
All I knew at the time was that
most of my rights were being taken
away from me
and I didn't have my
car
and I couldn't live at home
I really just otherwise be myself

I mean, what if one day something went
wrong in your body, and while you
were laying in bed to take a nap, your
heart just stopped beating

what would happen to you
and your life if you heart just
went out, and then something just
happened and then almost suddenly,
what if just then you were slipping away

Okay, don't use that example, but maybe
it will help you think about what it
must be like to vanish

What if that happened to you

if something shocking just sort of
happened to you
and you made it just fine
and people were worrying about
you and they thought you might
not make it and they had to think
that you may be gone and they
had to come to terms with that

Would you clean up
your room

Would you stop making
all of the frivolous purchases
on things you don't really need
Would you try to be nicer

It answers
so many questions when you
suddenly start to think of things that way

the solutions to the answer

spill the beans and get it over
with - but you'll still hate
and your word will be against
anyone and everyone

if only we could have been
strong enough to pool together
our money and tried to
beat them by bidding for blood

by eating ourselves, or to
speak, it you want to take this
megaphone a little too far,

for the next to get the damage.

that would be a nice
way to put it, so to
speak. if you can take this
giant metaphor that way

it gets so easy when you
get so pent up about something
different altogether, how you can
let something that is bothering
you too much, and you can let that
anger out and make it look
entirely that you're enraged
about something else entirely

Sometimes the most
"insane" people some know

and they got in charge of teaching,
I'd guess that it would be
probably because they
lied their way to the
right job, somehow,
somewhere, someone
was put in charge of deciding
who would learn what,
and I think those people
who really actually know
very little, decided to pull
one big joke over on the students
and the world

I think
that all of these people,
all the ones with no real brains to
speak of, all these people just
decided to screw up all
the good things
what were the thinkers
supposed to have
everything produced by
intelligent
people in intelligent parts of
that we should think of as
the in possible intelligent world

real intelligence
decided to create a joke
or take over the world
or whatever and they
decided to make all the possible
“well” they could find, and they
decided to destroy that
intelligence.

make people stupid, in a way that

no one could ever think to be
aware of

so this is the way that is people
with no talent manage to screw
people with talent over, so that the
talent-less can rise in their
fame and everyone can suffer in the
process. That's today's nice little story.

Any answers yet? Anyone?

the things they did to you

when you hear that you were so close to death you don't think about it, but you feel fine, you couldn't have been that bad. But you were on a respirator to breathe for you while the doctors just hoped and waited for you to start breathing again. And you couldn't eat, you were unconscious for days, so they gave you food through a tube that went straight to your stomach. You've got the scar on your stomach to prove it, where the tube came out of your body from. There is a piece of metal in your body that the doctors put in there in case you had blood clots that tried to move through your arteries to your heart or lungs or brain. They had a brain activity/pressure circulation detector surgically attached to your head to they could measure if there was too much pressure on your brain. Yeah, I suppose it was fair to say that you almost died, but you're fine now. At least no one will tell you that, but I'm sure you know that information.

What does it feel like to be almost dead? If you had to think about your own life, and what it meant to you and to other generations, would any of this surgery matter? Well, you wouldn't be dead, I guess. But what if you were no longer here, on this planet, what if you were not alive? Would anyone miss you? Would anyone write poems about you, or cry for you?

Well, people might get used to the fact that you were gone. Time heals all wounds, as they say.

You, if you were thinking about it after you were gone, you'd still be angry, I'm sure. That doesn't go away. It never does. Get used to it.

The Third or fourth Fourth of September, 1998,

I tell you, some times you just
have to grin and bear it and take
the punches you have coming. I
think it's just appropriate to
admit to yourself that you've done
wrong and just grin and bear it
and roll with the punches. Just
take your medicine and get the
whole business over with.

Sometimes people just forget
when they might
actually deserve a punch. Don't
you think it would be nicer of
people to just walk out into the
street and admit all their
wrongs and get ready to take a
punch or two or a few from whomever happens
to be walking by at the time
of the person's admissions. If only
more people came forward and
made the effort to be openly honest

The Truth and Liars

I have been told so few
truths in my life, and as
more time progresses I trust
the average person less and less.

Forgive me, but some things
just call for straight-out
honesty. Seldom do I get the
chance to voice my opinion, or
speak out in opposition, or even
have my own voice.

I've let myself out of one hospital,
and want to get out of a second
one, by liars and people who
try to deceive for a living. Believe
me, I've seen it so many times,
that sometimes it just gets more
simple to tell apart the liars
from the people who tell truths.

The truth-tellers are very, very
difficult to find in this day
and age. When you give a
little power to a liar you'll be
faced with a lifetime of fighting
and failures. Well, when
you're a person faced with
liars, well let's just say that
the battle to win is almost impossible.

For a good part of my life I've
dealt with liars. Or should I
say, I think that all of my life,
when I've been aware of what

people are capable of, well, let's just say that as long as I can remember, well, let's just say that I have never been a better part of a liar's life.

No one seems to know how to earn a person feeling trust. It's a difficult job to do with me. People often fail, if they ever tried.

I suppose that an average person who tried to earn my trust would probably not succeed at it. Coming from someone who knows the truth, someone who thinks, let me say it for myself.

I've lived through good news and bad news. I've been through young people's deaths, old people's deaths. I've seen people in constant pain. I've seen no real attempts done by anyone to help me - ever. I have seen - and lived through both happiness and sadness. I have succeeded at the things I have tried. I have won when I have had to. I'm a ruthless winner. That comes with what I know.

I have cried for so many people that I can't even tell you. I wonder if that many tears have been shed over me.

I wonder if anyone, any -
where, has felt anything about me.

This year I was hit be a few
cars. I was driving my car.
My car is now useless, after the
accident. I was in a coma,
unconscious for 1 to 2 weeks.

I don't remember the accident.
This is the story from what others
have told me, since my recovery.

Right now I hear the chatter of 2
waitresses at the front of this
office. I still have to hear them.
I know the world deserves
more than mindless chatter.
Someone on this planet
has to deserve it. I have
to deserve it. I've already
taught myself how to stop
arguing, how to stop being
unpleasant, how to stop
making waves. If you can
fit in with those simple rules,
if you want, you can be
forgotten as soon as you're dead.

Sometimes it's not easy to just
give people what they want.
Usually you have to sell
yourself and your beliefs short.
Get ready for it. It will
happen in time. Brace yourself.

the world

Sometimes the world doesn't seem fair
I thought it was necessary to tell you that,
if you didn't know it and you didn't mind hearing it

I wanted to be the first to tell you about that

sometimes the world can see what everything is like
sometimes the world can be the first to stab you in the back

isn't it funny how the nicest things can hurt you,
always when you're not looking
always when you expect it the least.

there are so many times when I've wanted things different
they're never like anyone else's
and you never know how to go about solving the crisis
and everyone seems to have a better answer
and everyone seems to have everything under control
and everyone can't have it as good as you
and why does everyone else get the easy breaks
but you, this time, not you.

Their Crutches

Am I supposed to know
what it's like to go through
what you're about to go through?

I've never had an operation

but I guess I can imagine

they'll keep you drugged most of the time
you'll be unconscious for the operation
you'll be stuck in a hospital bed
for longer than you want

but this is supposed to be
what's best for you,
that's what they tell you

you could be tired of being in the hospital
you might want more visitors

no one will know
what to say to say
everything will think
you need rest, you need help
even if you're sure
you don't need their crutches

I didn't say it would be easy
and I haven't done this before

maybe I can say that
I'm sure that I'll visit
and I'm sure you'll be fine
I know you'll want to hear that
I can do that for you

They Know How You Feel

I don't have many friends. Well, I have a few, and the one thing that I've noticed is that I have more male friends than female friends. That's strange for me, well really, that's not strange for me, but I guess it's strange to not have many friends that are the same sex as you. Well, at least that's been the case with me. But when it comes to men I've always felt that men are more like real people, or maybe it's that I'm more like a man so I don't notice that there's anything wrong with just being able to talk to them. Well, now I'm going off on a tangent, and I didn't mean to. Sorry. My point from most of that speech was that I do have a few female friends, and some of them are nicer to me than other friends are. And one of my female friends acts like herself to me, and I act like myself to her. So that makes us feel more natural around each other.

I know this isn't coming together well, this isn't sounding like I planned it to. Forgive me. But I think you know what I was getting at. I was just trying to say that it's worth it sometimes. Sometimes you just make yourself think about it, about what matters to you, and this all becomes obvious. Then you can laugh about it all with your friends, the ones that understand you. Because they know how you feel, and they feel the same way.

Think of It

What if you are told
your entire life that
your brain doesn't work

I mean, if you were
strong enough to come up
with your own ideas
and people told you
your ideas were wrong
would you get tired of
telling people about your
new and improved ideas

Think about it
Think about the number of times you
are told your ideas
are wrong

Think of it

What if you worked all
your life and you made
something of yourself and
you made more money at what you
wanted to do and you lived
on your own time and life
was good
What if you had
accomplished all that
and what if then you hear from
everyone that you must be mistaken, that
you are wrong

what if family and friends told you that
you had to go see therapists

a number of times a week and that you
were wrong
How long would
you be forced to listen to a
bunch of people who don't
know any better tell you to
change, I mean, how long do you think
it would take before you wanted to join a new race,
or a new culture, where for once you
could spread your ideas and feel like
yourself without everyone telling
you that you had to always be wrong

If you worked all your life and
created a philosophy or a meaning
of life that you liked for yourself,
or maybe you created something that
a bunch of other people liked and
agreed with, and you were what everyone
else would have called successful

If you created all this, and then a bunch
of less intelligent people who
didn't know how to use their own
minds came up to you and took away
your life bit by bit
because they drank
all the time because
they didn't know any better
because they wanted
beliefs around that agreed with
everyone else's beliefs
what
it would have to be like to live and work
and beat everyone else and then have a bunch of mindless
people take your life away from you?

See what it would feel like

to go to a library and find
out that all of your books are
gone
Suddenly everyone managed
to take away proof of your
existence of the fact that you
had ideas, that you wrote books
that you were someone
Who are you now
It's like you never lived
How would that feel

Think of what the world
would seem like for a small
minute, where most of the world
lived in desolation, where there
was only a few remnants of old
fires that once burned down
things that could have been good
Imagine a
world that was mostly sad like
this, and maybe in it, while
you were walking down the deserted
street, you'd see a diamond. In
all the darkness and desperation
there would be one loose random
stone that glittered more than anything
else on the planet
Could you imagine a
world like that
Could you imagine a
simple diamond

What Do You do

what do you do
if you almost die

do you wear your seat belt more
do you not go for motorcycle rides
do you walk closer to the side of the road

someone can hit you there, you know

what do you do
if you almost die

do you tell people you love them
do you eat healthier foods
do you exercise more

what do you do

What It All Means

I don't know how many times
I have to hear the same story
over and over again.
How many people are going to tell me
the same news, each time a little
differently, with a little more
information. I wonder how many
time I will get to hear the
same news, each time told to me
just a little differently. I wonder how long
it will take before I get a real
picture of what happened
and what it all means to me.

I still didn't remember being there,
I think someone put something
into the diet soda I was
drinking from. I know I never took
that drink out of my eyesight,
that that drink had to be tainted
before I ever took my first sip
of it. Well, I know I was getting
lunch while I was at work, and that's
the last I remember of my work day.
I was at the Gorton's Cafe, where
you usually had lunch when I forgot
to bring my own food. The next thing I
remember was that I was in a hallway of
the building, I only discovered it was the
basement after I had escaped.

They had a witness there and they
were asking him questions on who he
thought was attractive, and if he lived
alone. I didn't know why I was there or if

they were going to ask me questions like that too. Then I saw one of the men asking question and I saw that he had a gun. So I figured I had to have been knocked out and I knew I had to keep myself together and so I thought for a brief moment and checked in my head whether any parts of my body were in pain. They weren't. I thought that had to be a good sign. So I pressed my forehead, and I tried to squint my eyes just a little, so that it looked like I was in pain. I thought that may be a natural way to act like I was in pain and still concentrate on what the other guy was saying. I might be next, I thought.

There were a couple of guys that were dressed the same way, wearing grey slacks and when i started to look I could see that they all had guns too. But just before I noticed that there had to be like ten of them in this room the water sprinklers came on only like five seconds after the fire alarms first started going off. Everyone in the room with me went into a sort of panic, and then the guy next to me, who was in regular business clothes, grabbed my hand and said, let's go around the side door on the right. I started to look around and I could see that everyone who was running this show, who had guns, was also in a state of panic of sorts, and so I followed this stranger out the door. No one even noticed us leaving the room in the basement.

He must have been conscious when he first went into the room. I didn't know my way

around the basement. I followed him until we got to the lobby level and this guy wanted to keep going out the front doors and I stopped and told the people at the front desk that there were men with guns in the basement. It was right by the elevators, that's what I told them.

Okay, so I wasn't a hero in that scene. I never get caught in scenes where I have to do something that I normally wouldn't do. If it wasn't for this guy, who was right next to me in the basement, I probably would never have moved from my seat. They guys with the guns got caught that day, they tried to take a hostage or two before they gave up. and they didn't get any of the money they wanted. I guess there was a happy ending, after all. No one got hurt. What does it mean to - to anyone - that sees this story on the news? Probably not much, because she didn't live through it. No. It was just I who lived it.

What Makes Me Real

(Not To Share My Dreams Again)

There are things about my brain
that I can't help but like

Well, I like having one, for instance
and I like making my mind work
and I like thinking
and it is what makes me real

And I am so angry
I know people think it is strange for me to be angry
about what has happened to me

I know, I can think, well, I lost my car
and I lost time

I could have been doing
what I wanted to do with all this time

but it is the loss of my brain
that makes me so angry

yes, I know, I've still got it
I've still got my brain
but someone tried to take that away from me

and to me that is worse than losing a couple
of my fingers

my mind is what makes me who I am
and it offends me
that I had to fight the unseen forces
to get it back

no one understands this struggle

everyone has different ideals from me

but I'm telling you, this is what hurts

and no, I don't hold this against anyone
I don't hold it against the people
that did this to me
because I know this was an accident
and I know it could have been worse

but a part of me is gone

and yes, I got most everything back
I even gained the memories from all this
but I still had to lose all this time

and maybe there's nothing I can do to get that back
and maybe I can still be angry at that
and maybe I can still feel anger
and resentment
and everyone may think I'm thinking that way
because I'm a cold, understanding bitch

well, let them think that
I'll just remember not to share
my dreams again

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