

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white two-piece suit, stands in a field with trees in the background. She is smiling and has her arms crossed. The background shows a grassy area with fallen leaves and a large evergreen tree.

Welcome to  
Troy Press'

The  
Recovery

the late 1998  
chapbook by  
Janet Kuypers,  
this is work  
about  
hospitals and  
recovery.

# 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 me 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 everything. 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 trouble

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 out 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 is 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 through 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't 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 they 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 like 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 is  
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 with 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  
ho 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.



# killing 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 decisiong anyone can. Except me, of couse. 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 better 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 number 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 bairn 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 why 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 live  
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 your 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 so 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 by 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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