

...from scars publications
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Aeon Logan



A New Idea Pretty Quick

September 10, 1998

what does everyone say
about the world anymore

they probably think the world
is just about as useless
as that great soap opera
they watch on television
every day

i mean,
what does everyone say?

Take that scoop of
information into your own
head if you like it, and mold it
into your own opinion
of the world and
that is the only way you'll come
up wit a better idea pretty quick

i mean,
what does everyone say?





for my car or my life

October 16, 1998

I never once had the chance to grasp
that anything ever happened to me

it wasn't until after the hospital,
an endless stream of weeks,
moving to another house
with unexpected people

face the facts, girl

put all of my belongings in storage,
my car was gone

was I expected to go through this?

insurance companies wouldn't 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 lost

I have no car
no time
no chance

who is going to pay me
for all that I have lost

no one apologizes to me
I have no one to forgive
they couldn't even give me that

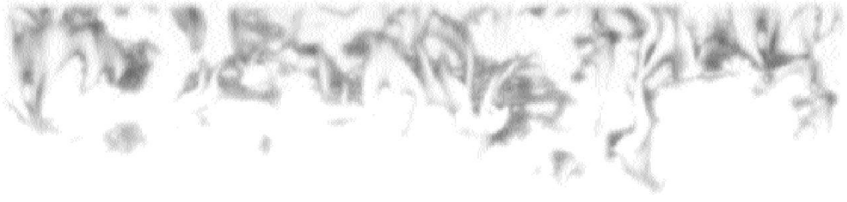
who will pay me back

when I was angry
when I resigned myself to losing any-
thing I valued
There's nothing I can do
to get all of that back
It's gone

I was invincible, you know
nothing could happen to me
because nothing did
I was in the intensive care unit
I was on a respirator
and I survived it

I could hope that time heals all wounds
that's what people keep telling me
I don't know how time could help,
though
ask me in a few years
if I forgot
and everything is better





As I Recovered

October 16, 1998

I was supposed to be saving a life by turning the wheels and avoiding an accident. Well, I did. I turned the wheels of my car and that saved the motorcyclist's life. Since my wheels were turned I was pushed by someone else 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 my car as well, 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.

After the hospital, after I got out of the coma, no one even visited me. Oh, I know my family was in the hospital and it would have been more depressing if they couldn't have been there for me, but friends rarely came by,





but no one that did this to me
visited me. Not the people
who hit me, not the guy
who's life I saved. Did he even know
I saved his life? Did he even know
he could have been dead that day?
None of those people even attempted to
pay me back. For my car,
or my time, or my coma. They gave me the
feeling that this is natural, that's what
I get for being nice. I have the
physical and emotional scars
from that day. And
no one ever apologized to me
for the pain they caused. No one
even visited me as I recovered.





Get It Over With

September 17, 1998

I wonder how much time would pass
before it you'd start to think that
everything was okay and that you
for no reason could be happy
I wonder how much time
would have to pass
to get to that point, where the world
seemed good again and you could just
move on with life

sometimes I think about the
number of people I have
cared about and who have died
My mother's parents died
when i was born and
My father's parents
died when I was younger, and my
brother's ex-wife died, too
and a man i dated for over a year,
closer to two,
dies at an early age -





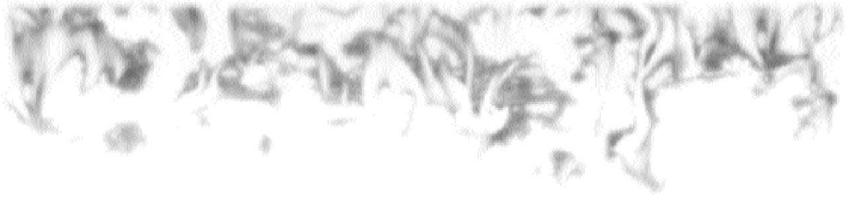
and I've seen friends go off to war,
when I was sure they were
going to die, they came back, just fine.

so how do we get to that point, where
the pain from the death of someone
disappears from inside you. How many years
does it take for that pain to be
acknowledged before it can
be forgotten

I asked my mother today when
someone I cared about died, it thought,
I should have mourned him, and
i should have been sad, and I wanted
to know what time of year did he die

I couldn't remember being
sad because he was dead and I couldn't
think of what time of year it
happened. And my mother responded
by saying, "he's not dead."
And then it all came back to me





I hate it, and I hate myself for it
but no one missed me
I had a huge void in my life,
and I didn't know how to fill in the gaps

do I have another 60 years of this to go

sometimes you just forget life
what you're living life for
life passes you by
you've got nothing to show for the years

what if someone I loved once,
someone I love still,
what if someone who is dead were alive
and tried to come to me to and they tried
to make me laugh

I'd think, wait, he's dead
I'm going to have to remember
him this way
I wanted him to just be him
I wanted him to crack a joke
make me laugh and be his usual self

I want people to laugh, and crack jokes
and be senseless and silly, sometimes
like I like to be.





who is it harder on when someone dies?
Is it harder on the ones who have to die?
or the survivors who have to live
with only a handful of memories?

When I almost died, I didn't think about death
I had to get better
I had to teach myself how to eat
and walk
and talk
and people can make fun of me for it
but they don't have to start from scratch
they can't start with noting

I had to get out of that wheelchair
when people imposed rules on me
I made my own rules
no one would want to hear my stupid rules anyway
they'll have to learn their rules on their own time

Even when some of us
think we have it all together
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





On the Flip side

August 31, 1998

is there any more 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
and so I rest my case





and flowers and funerals

September 1, 1998

There are supposed to be grand kids, and meals
And flowers and funerals

My head didn't hurt all the time before
And now all I have is this lack of memory
This all can't be more than I'd forget

My life used to make sense

I wonder how my grandfather was -
I wonder how my grandfather lived.
I can't imagine his life in the past -

Hope I'll explain it all to him.
Maybe then he'll understand.

Will I understand
That he lived too long
That he cared too little
Is that accurate?

I wonder what details I lost in my life
I wish I knew him
I wish I hated his face
I'm sure it will mean something someday
I record what is left of my memories
I attempt to rescue what is left of my memories
and hope that is enough





Pool Together Our Money

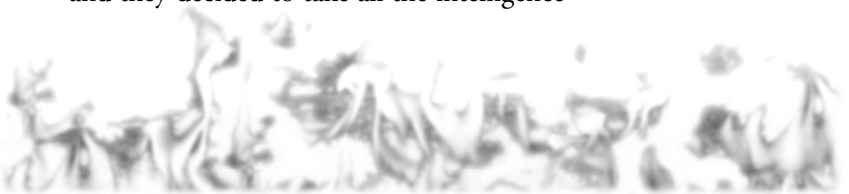
September 2, 1998

the most insane people got in charge
of teaching, they probably
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 really actually know
very little decided to pull one big joke
over on the students and the world

spill the beans and get it over with
it's something we should all know
if only we could have been strong enough
to pool together our money and tried
to beat the extracting of blood

all of these people with no real brains
decided to screw up all the good things
that were supposed to be produced by intelligent
people in intelligent parts of the world

all of these people with no real intelligence
decided to create a joke
and they decided to take all the intelligence





they could find, and they decided to destroy that

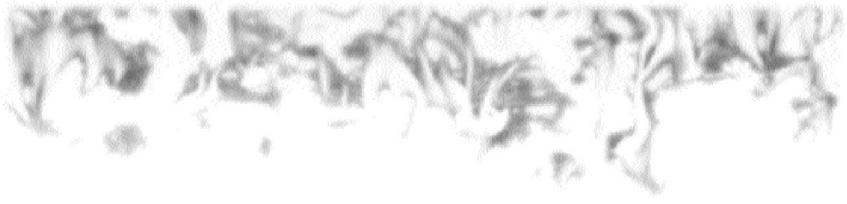
just make people stupid, in a way that no one
could ever think of
all the stupid people would gain their strength

so this is the way that people with no talent
manage to rise in their fame
and everyone can suffer in the process

no one has the skill to defend
themselves or anyone else
that is the world if we lost all intelligence

isn't that the world now





So To Speak

September 10, 1998

the average joe knows what life is all about
the average joe should also know
when people are lying and
well,
what do lies really mean to you
and me and the otherwise
average guy. Go get ready

the little problems of the modern
world occupy their little brains

those average little problems
are more than a problem

they are more than a slew of problems

the underlying problem
is that the real problem is
ignoring those problems,
which is what everyone does

the average joe can only handle
problems he can hold in his grocery cart

there are too many problems

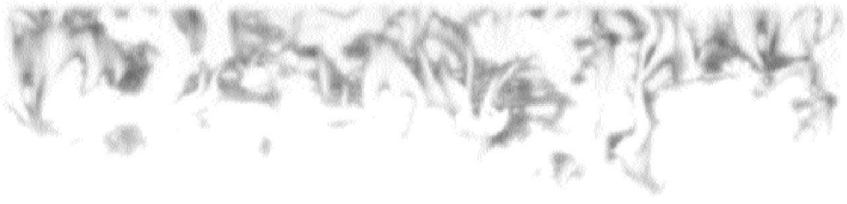
that are just getting worse
no one is around to save us from
what we caused

no one can tell that there is a problem
no one can solve the problems
and no one is willing to tackle them

maybe there is no solution

the current problem
is that no one can come up with
a single solution for a single problem





Stilts

August 31, 1998

I'd wish for more people
to come up with their own conclusions

If I knew how much hell
I'd be forced to go through today,
then I could be less irritable

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
before the new and improved hell starts

I don't know how people deal
with this lack of patience
does anything in life ever get better
than this pain I usually feel

No one has a happy ending for anyone here
people who are in wheelchairs 5 or 6 years
after their accident can't feed themselves
or talk to anyone or even smile

I was given a confusing test that had to do

with my lack of reading or vision.
so then I talked about my problems
that got me nowhere

I should have learned my lesson years ago
does that mean I should just face it
because I'm getting tired of seeing people
here walking on stilts





The bad stuff that could be


October 14, 1998

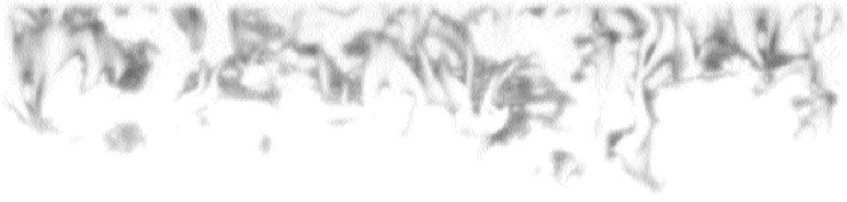
When I was in grade school I couldn't do gymnastics
and I couldn't do a backward-flip
the balance beam was even a weak spot
the teachers every year would try to get me to do it
and that made me wait to fail more and more
until I actually tried it and failed
I was a tall girl they had to give me a chair
so when I jumped to the

I don't even know what they called those things
where you keep your head
over the bar and you hold yourself up
with your hands

I needed a chair so that I could make the jump
up to this bar so that I could fail, or rather,
so I could try
after all these years of not making this
exercise work for me, this one year
the gym teacher told me that since I was so
tall I shouldn't jump higher, and then I wouldn't
have to work so hard at succeeding at the next test
I did what she said, and she was right. It was the
first time I didn't fail that gym test, all because
someone explained it to me in a way I could understand

there are people out there that want to learn
there are people out there that want to teach
but we all have to find the right way to do it
the right way to teach and learn, naturally





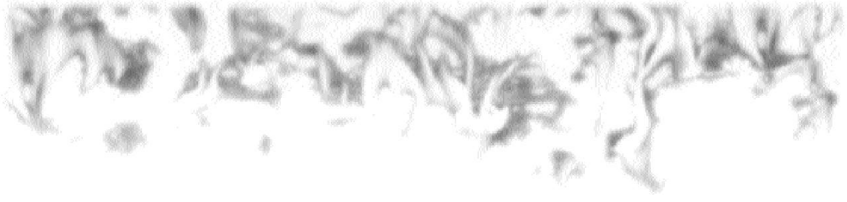
The Third or fourth Fourth of September, 1998

September 4, 1998

some times you just have to grin and bear it
take the punches you have coming
admit to yourself that you've done wrong
just grin and bear it and roll with the punches
take your medicine, get the whole business over with.

Sometimes people forget when they
actually deserve a punch





Think of It

September 4, 1998

What if you are told through life
your brain doesn't work

you can come up with your own ideas
but people told you your ideas were wrong
would you tire of telling people this

Think about the number of times you
are told your ideas are wrong

Think of it

What if you worked made something yourself
you made money at what you wanted to do
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
you are wrong





go see therapists
a number of times a week
you were wrong, they'll tell you
all that time you were wrong

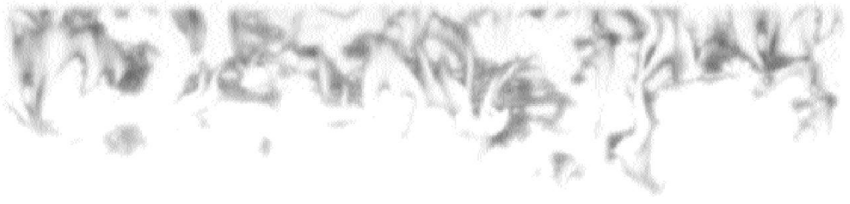
If you worked all your life
created a philosophy, a meaning of life
something others liked and agreed with
you were called successful

create this, then less intelligent people
not using their own minds
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
live and work
and beat everyone else and then have a bunch of mindless
people take your life away from you

go to a library and find that all of your books are gone
everyone managed to take away proof of your existence
that you were someone
who are you now
it's like you never lived
how would that feel



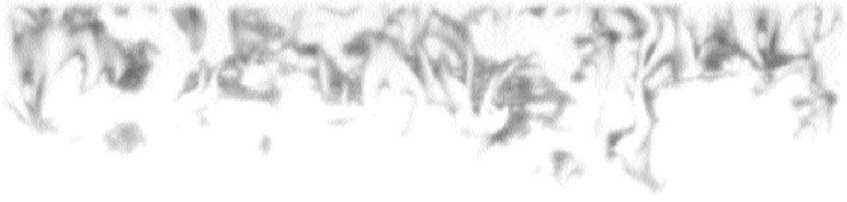


What Do You do

October 24, 1998

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 further from 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

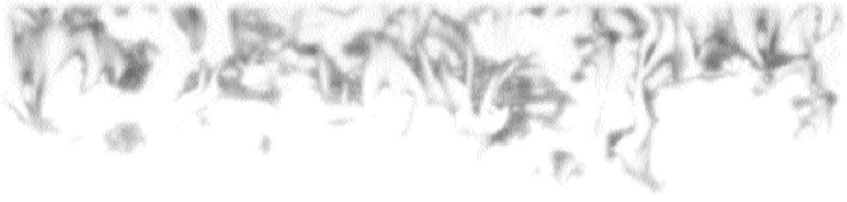
September 26, 1998

how many people are going to tell me the same news
each time a little differently,
how long will it take before I get a real
picture of what happened

I was at the Gorton's Cafe, where
you usually had lunch, when I forgot
to bring my own food
then I was in a hallway of
the building
then i remembered I was in 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

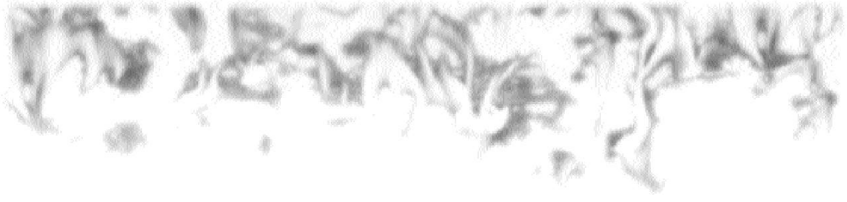




and checked in my head whether any parts of my body were in pain. They weren't. I thought that had to be a good sign. So I pressed my forehead, and I tried to squint my eyes just a little, so that it looked like I was in pain. I thought that may be a natural way to act like I was in pain and still concentrate 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.

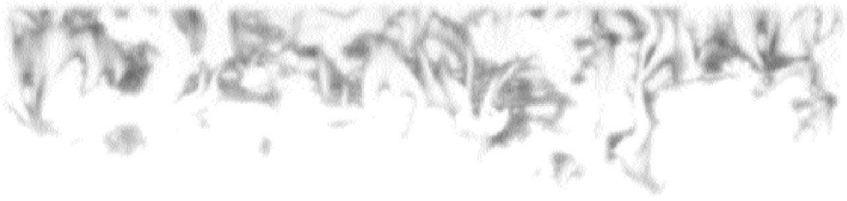




He must have been conscious when he first went into the room. I didn't know my way around the basement. I followed him until we got to the lobby level and this guy wanted to keep going out the front doors and I stopped and told the people at the front desk that there were men with guns in the basement. 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.





So Many Lies

September 17, 1998

I wish that people wouldn't
to lie to me so often
I'm so sick of people being condescending
to my face, telling me that I am the one that
doesn't understand

they understand how they think and
how I think

and no one has any idea of how I think

people I once trusted told me
well, wait, it is probably more
accurate to say that everyone tells me
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, tell me, so many
lies about what I know





Princess Diana, 1 Year Later

August 31, 1998

what is it like to lead a near-perfect life
to have servants clean up after you
to prepare all of your meals

what is it like to then hate everyone
including yourself

don't eat food without throwing up
or gaining weight

what is it like to not leave your home
because you might be photographed

what is it like to have anything you want
and you still can't have anything you want

is that what it is like to be royalty
to feel important all the time
could they ever feel anything
other than their pain

you hear from everyone that you were perfect
could you still tell yourself you were nothing

would anyone wonder what
would win the daily battle



scars publications • the elements supplement matchbook

