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down in the dirt



revealing all your dirty little secrets...

down in the dirt

M O T I V E

L A U R I M C G I L L G A L Z E N T I N E
L A U R I J O Z S E M O T M A I L B C O M

What I remember most
Is the rage in your eyes
As the words from your lips
Broke my heart.
And I question your motive.
I wasn't the only one
Who sinned that afternoon
You were right there with me.
It was you who said
"Let's go in the backroom."
The thing is,
My heart was in it.
And if God looks at the heart
Then I guess your sin
Goes deeper than mine.

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**A
D
I
A
M
O
N
D**

**A
Z
O
N
L
O
G
A
N**

most of the world lived in desolation
there was only a few remnants of old fires
that once burned down things that could have been good
Imagine a
world where 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

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A N D I D O N ' T

G A R E

A Z O N L O G A N

I'm tired of them asking me
and that condescending high-pitched voice
how I'm doing

well, I'm fine
I'm the same I've been
and I know that nothing gets better

they tell me it is my attitude
with amazing regularity
they tell me it is my attitude
that makes me think this way

and it doesn't do me any good
and I'm still angry
and I've still lost part of my life

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

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R E L I G I O N

A L E X A N D R I A R A N D

“We do expect you to marry someone
who shares in your beliefs,”
the man groaned
as he looked at you and said,
“and that means you too, Joe.”
But tell me this:
when you look into my eyes,
do you want to look away?

sometimes the understanding
Sometime the understanding
Travels into the realms of the unknown
All we can do is hope
 search
 dream
Because we will never find.
Sometimes the light is not enough.

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R E N D E R I N G

N E

A L E X A N D R I A R A N D

the heat
the fire
burning my skin
red
hot
stripping me
rendering me
defenseless

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F O R I

W A R D

G A B R I E L A T H E N S

G A T H E N S E A O L C O N

apparent
web
maze
end
minotaur
center
heart
preys

arms
groping
arms
hide
sky
closer
you
black
black
hope
melt

knives
cutting
slicing
below
down

you
forward
agony

forward
forward
hope
nightmare
desperation
pain

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complete
nothing
matters

you
hand
your
me
sleep

my
bed
hole
through
heart
wish
feel
alone
wish
hole
away

night
before
sleep
you
I

light
my
bed

feels

missing
hole
where
is

lay
night
alone
you
feel
am



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JANE'S

GABRIEL

ATHENS

GATHENS EADLACON

I
you
hours
walking
conversation
think
the
one

pushed
arm
pulled
held
close
think
together
didn't

right

sat
park
expect
sat
talked
future
past
republicans
confused

room
think
doing

know
didn't
know
get
something
want
didn't
know
bother
care

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there
dancing
floor
toys
knife
face
the
wounds
apologies
lips

hard
show

know
notice
knife

bought
myself

proud
sure
knife
think
mine
yours
wast

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M A S K

G A B R I E L A T H E N S

G A T H E N S E A O L O C O N

masquerade
complied

dress
costume
face
tears
mask

pay
join
say

high
mask
hope
no

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I T O S O N L Y

T H E T L P

H E L E N A W O L F E

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

I haven't been able to tell you everything
and now I'm afraid
that it's too late for me
and now I'm going to have to live
with of what I know
all alone

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

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L E A R N T O

D O T H A T

T O O

M E L E N A W O L F E

Maybe there isn't much of a chance for us
but other people get to have hopes
so maybe I can learn

I know we don't have a lot in common
I know that we disagree
you find a lot of my beliefs infuriating

maybe you still do

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

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Oh brain
take a note
Call Jenny soon about the party next weekend

What else do I have to do
I know I'm forgetting something

I'll have to get groceries soon
One slice of cheese and a half a jar of pickles
will not last me a week

Paycheck Friday

What should I make
for dinner tomorrow night
This house needs cleaning

Think

Damn
I need a vacation

I wonder
if I'll have time
to sleep tonight

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I T S Y O U

M A R L I N A A R T U R O

I loved my soft quilt blanket
When I was only two
But you see, the reason for that was
I never had known you

I had a little teddy bear
at the age of four
I loved the bear with all my life
But now I love you more

I loved my rusty bicycle
When I had just turned seven
But now I feel when I'm with you
That I have gone to heaven

I have aged since the younger days
I've had a chance to grow
And now it's no longer things that joy to me brings
It's you that I love so

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Spring
Hundreds of
Daffodils
in a
sunburst
of colors

Waving

Back
and
forth

in the
gentle
breeze
that cools
everything
under the
sun



the sun

shining
brighter
than ever
before

the world
is walking
up

after a
dormant
six month
sleep

it is the
first
morning
of
a
new
season

spring

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W H A T A R E

T H O S E N O I S E S

I N T H E D A R K

M A R I N A A P T U R O

What are those noises in the dark
that we hear in the night time
just before sleep

Are they ghosts under the bed
Are they bogeymen in the closet

Or is it the sandman opening your door
or is it the tooth fairy lifting your pillow

Maybe it's just
a restless dog
howling in the night

Yet you seem to hear unknown footfalls
tapping at the ground with eerie creaks

Yet you seem to hear a rustling of curtains
even though there is no breeze

Maybe those noises are only your imagination

Maybe

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I WANT MORE

TNANT TNANT

SHANNON PEPPERS

I am tired of the one night stands
I want something more
you gave me that
and now I want more than that
When what you give me means nothing
I wanted more than bland sex
can you give me that
was I barking up the wrong tree
Because who can do that for me
I was hoping that you could be that someone

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I remember how you used to pay attention to me
and how you'd do nice things and wouldn't forget to call me
or how you wouldn't forget what was important to me
Is it just me
or do you do this to others too
do other people get used to it, just assume you'll forget them
Is it just me
or are you on time with other people
or are you ignoring me
Is it just me
is there anything you can do to help yourself
because I think I lost hope for you a while ago

I haven't lost hope, but I'm getting close

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I know I'm picky and need attention and love and support
all this time I thought I could get that from you

I've been let down before, I've dealt with liars full time
I've had to adjust my truths, my perceptions

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

I'm tired of being let down
all the bad things happening to me

I've had to keep to myself all this time
I thought that you wouldn't do that to me too
I don't know what I'm trying for
if you're not there
are you not even listening

I've had to learn to be alone

I was hoping for good news
for someone to understand
something I can understand
to make me happy
I thought it was you

many times I'm going getting kicked in the teeth
there is no light at the end of the tunnel for me
waiting isn't enough
I can not sit around and wait for you any more

move on, girl

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

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M A Y B E Y O U G A N

S H A N N O N P E P P E R S

I
and there was so much that I wanted to live
and there was more that I wanted to live with you
I've been angry, hurt, confused
I've even been smart, smarter than people like to admit
I've wanted someone to take charge of life
even though I am strong, even though my head is on my shoulders
we women could use that help every once in a while

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?

II
I've gotten good over the years at being a good
liar when I have to be. And no one has to know
when I'm telling the truth.

III
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

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
I want someone to know that
I want someone to do something about it
and I don't think that will come from you

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T H E

H U N T E R

A N D T H E

F O X

S Y D N E Y A N D E R S O N

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 know

I've 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

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Y O U

R N O W

W H A T

L I N

T A L K I N G

A B O U T

S Y D N E Y A N D P E R S O N

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
provide relief

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
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, some attention
maybe I could be that for you
maybe you could be that for me

down in the dirt

we are begging you...

we want your writing, and we want to put it in magazines like this and in collection books that scars publications and design does, as well as on the internet. so i beg of you...

send your writing (in the e-mail letter or as an attachment) and your art to us, please!!!

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- alex