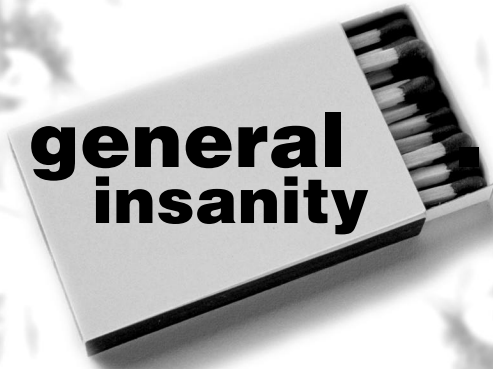


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Helena Wolfe



Each Morning

October 28, 1998

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 go through this each morning
I think this each morning





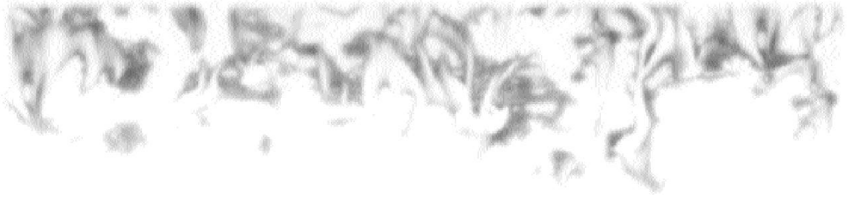
everyone else does it

October 13, 1998

would you probably start
thinking differently if
you got tired of
thinking the way everyone
else thought if you were different

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.





Feel So Much

November 12, 1998

sometimes you have to draw a line
separate yourself from other people

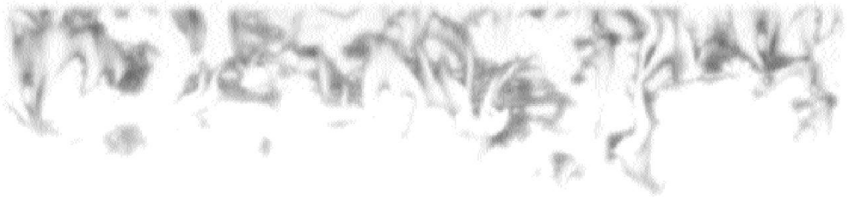
you just have to stop caring about things
you can care too much, others don't care enough

but does it seem cruel to feel so much

saying that you don't care any more
killing a part of yourself

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





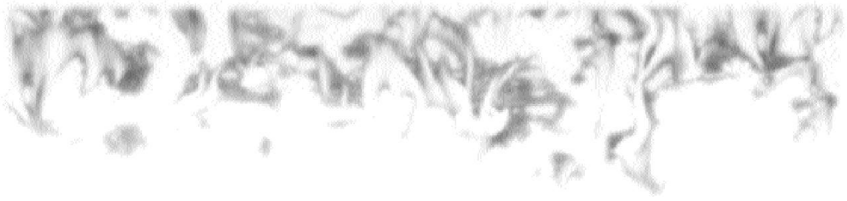
First

September 2, 1998

I walked to the tight rope
who has that much will to live
one step could come
and they would be carried down.
I see the tight rope walkers go
would they hold on to an extra rope
should they keep their arms free
would a man decide to play it safe and
just once hold on to a rope

would people like that
ever get to that place
I wonder why I'll get to
that point, right before that moment
when you think you're going to fall.





Get To That Point

November 15, 1998

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"

how do people get to that point
where they don't care about their life any more
did they learn that too?

and that's where my dilemma is
I don't know how to get to that point





Getting Used To Something New

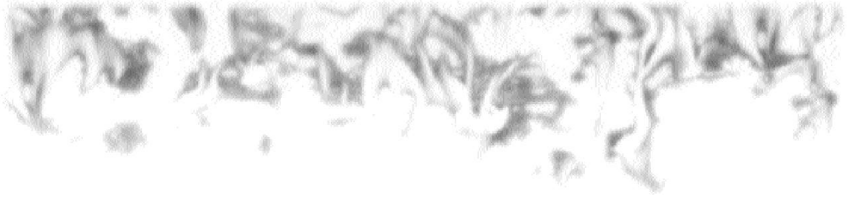
December 19, 1998

I have not been driving a car for months
so why are they giving me this cart to drive

And they tell me not to speed with the cart,
and I think, I can not speed on the
seventy five mile per hour speedways
I do not think
I would get in trouble if I broke
the break-neck speed of
ten miles per hour
in the cart

It is just a theory





Given A Warning Early On

November 15, 1998

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 access other files

what you want to save may write over
something you'll want in the future

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 on note cards
like 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





driving car into ditch

October 28, 1998

maybe I shouldn't
turn the wheel of my car
maybe I should aim for the side of the road

maybe it could be a
quick and painless death that way
maybe it could





Good Things Have Happened to Me Too

October 15, 1998

try to have a good attitude
or have a temper-tantrum
or take all the bad stuff for as long as you can

I've wanted to bawl my eyes out
but I don't think I have the emotion in me any longer

So I guess the burning question
is to figure out how to make the bad stuff go away
no one has come up with a way to figure out that





Here's your chance

September 9, 1998


They'd rather bitch back instead of
attempt to make any attempts to help
I should 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

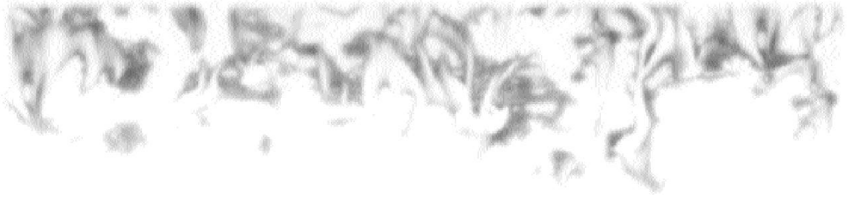
I have been told all of my life
that I should talk more
and I should get over my problems and that
things will get better when I least expect it

Well, things aren't better
things are getting worse
no one can help me through pain or anger
and no one will let me make my life better

I'm supposed to make a difference
and I'm also not allowed to
change a god-damned thing

then this is your chance
and you can do with me what you will





how I imagine you

October 28, 1998

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





How many times I've done it

October 13, 1998

I wonder how long I've been like this
I wonder how long I've been forgetting things
I wonder how many times I've gone through this
I wonder how 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
maybe then someone would know
what I go through
and what I think
and maybe people would start to think differently of me
and maybe then people wouldn't think
I was something better





I Know

It's Not Going To Happen

December 20, 1998

There are so many things that I think about
maybe that is one of my curses

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

because I am here
I have the time here to think about it
I can think about you, 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

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 your 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 divorced

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 away by now
someone would have taken you away
from the rest of the women out there
including me





I'd Laugh More

November 15, 1998

what will make me smile
what will suspend my beliefs
what will make me laugh
what will make me think of nothing

what will give me a reason to laugh
I've been looking for anything

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





Is To Blame For It

October 24, 1998

all these spots hurt on my body

I don't talk about the problems much
I think about the pain
it's regular in my life

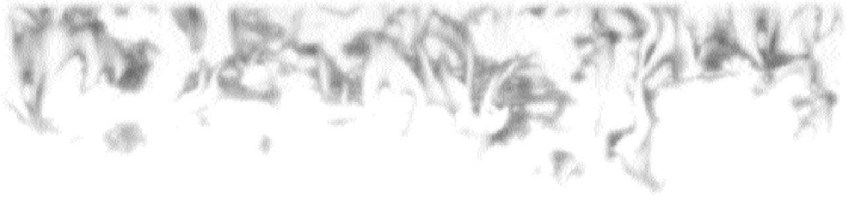
there is the loud noise of my breathing
it gets louder on one side of my head
isn't so loud when I breathe
out of my mouth versus my nose

but I should breathe
out of my nose, not my mouth

I think I knew that
thank you

but no one wants to hear about my problems
I hear it very loudly in my head
maybe somebody's just hit my head
too many times
and now my head isn't right
i've had this problem for months
tell me someone else
is to blame for it





Late for a Class

September 3, 1998

the answers are supposed to mean something
but no one will tell me what the answers mean

do I have four hours of classes today
the teachers will never tell me in advance
where I am supposed to be
until I am late for a class and I
have to quickly go

is everyone's life is filled with so many
stupid questions

is everyone verging on death
or fighting for basic rights that should
have been given to them years ago

there is ten more minutes to kill before I'll be
late for a class I didn't know I was supposed to be in





Kill Yourself

October 24, 1998

what if 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

would you be able 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 your life stop

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 them 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

well,
how did they get to that point



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