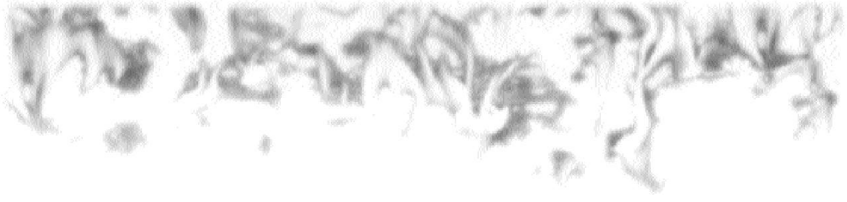


...from scars publications  
**matchbook  
insert**



**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**

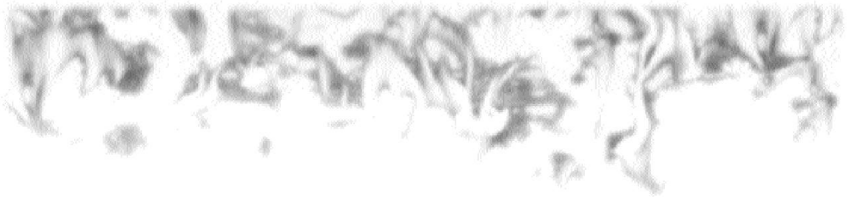
*October 16, 1998*

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

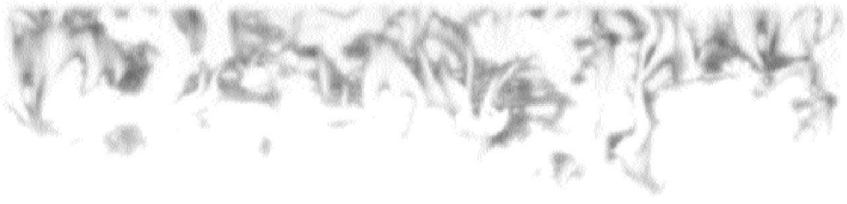
*September 17, 1998*

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

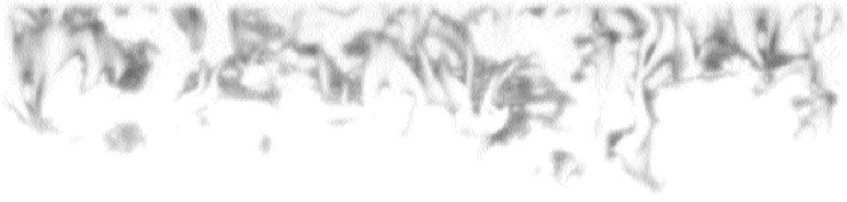
what if someone I loved once,  
someone I love still,  
what if someone who is dead were alive  
and tried to come to me to and they tried  
to make me laugh

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*

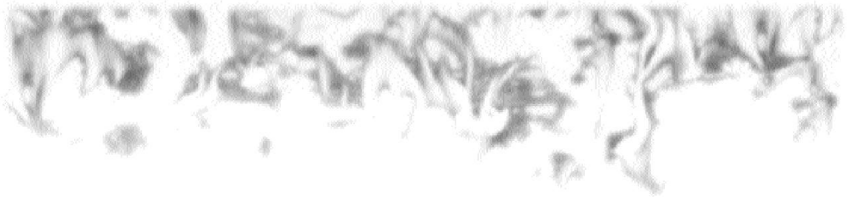
the most insane people got in charge  
of teaching, they probably  
lied their way to the right job  
somehow, somewhere, someone  
was put in charge of deciding who would learn what,  
and I think those people really actually know  
very little decided to pull one big joke  
over on the students and 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

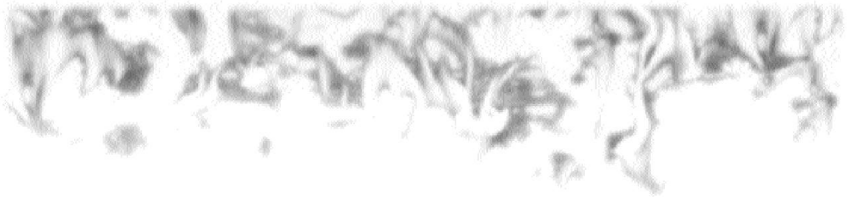
just make people stupid, in a way that no one  
could ever think of  
all the stupid people would gain their strength

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

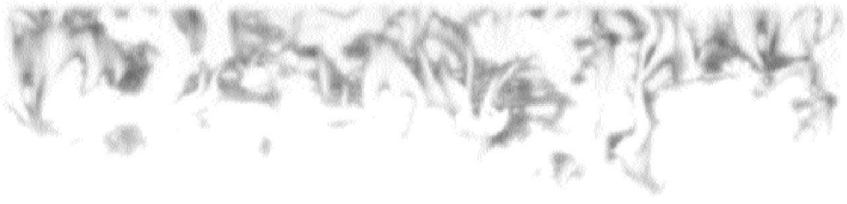
that are just getting worse  
no one is around to save us from  
what we caused

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

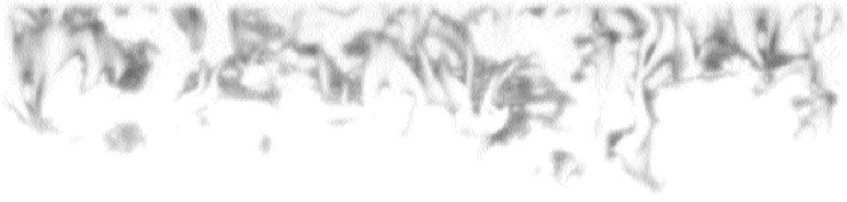
I don't even know what they called those things  
where you keep your head  
over the bar and you hold yourself up  
with your hands

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



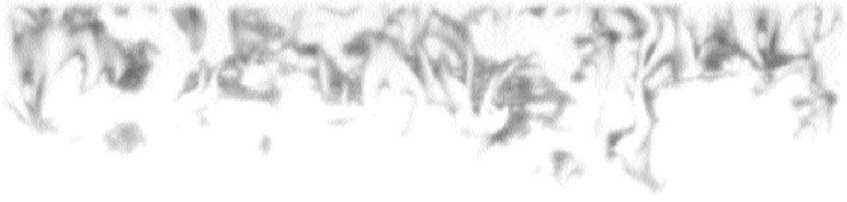


# What Do You do

*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

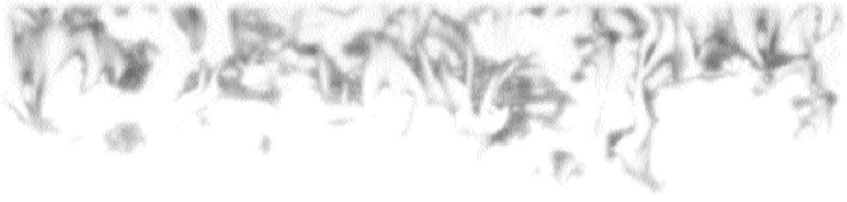
*September 26, 1998*

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

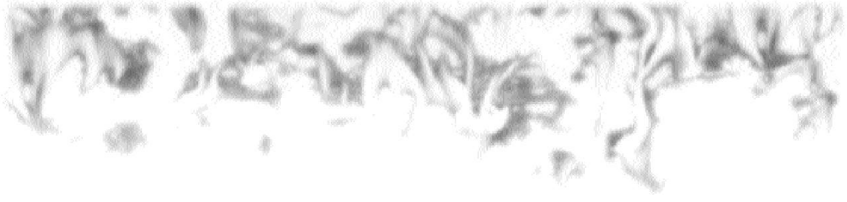




and checked in my head whether any parts of my body were in pain. They weren't. I thought that had to be a good sign. So I pressed my forehead, and I tried to squint my eyes just a little, so that it looked like I was in pain. I thought that may be a natural way to act like I was in pain and still concentrate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

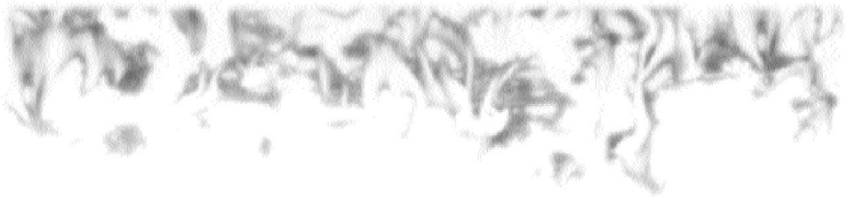




He must have been conscious when he first went into the room. I didn't know my way around the basement. I followed him until we got to the lobby level and this guy wanted to keep going out the front doors and I stopped and told the people at the front desk that there were men with guns in the basement.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



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