

Upside
down
fun

Charles Michael Craven

cc&d 2010 chapbook
ScarsPublications

Table of Contents

Hidden hope	3
Lie detector	4
Fuck a clock.....	5
Please cry wolf	6
Mirage	7
Final last words	8
A sucker for hope.....	9
Worldwide Chuck	10
Lost and Found	11
Salvation	12
My new addiction	13
Too many bars	14
Starving for pain	16
The mistake	17
Circle of life	18
Her	19
Two words, no goodbye	20
The repeat	21
History 101	23

Charles Michael Craven is a young poet published throughout the known world despite never leaving his house outside of Austin for more than six hours at a time. On probation, the only bad habit he has yet to escape is the art of spilling ink onto the dead trees of yesterday's hope.

Dedicated to the woman who woke me up

Hidden hope

behind anger
is fear,
behind fear
is love,
behind love
is emotion,
behind emotion
is hope,
behind hope
is me,
behind me
is her
and behind her
is where I want to be.

Lie detector

I admit,
I've done it all before.

said I love you.
kissed the back of a neck.
chased after love.
spooned.

but they were all naïve
motions from a man chasing a
T.V. dream.

with you it isn't forced,
in fact
I fight against the grain.

I tell myself,
it is just another piece of pussy,
but it is all a lie.

you make the day warmer,
shorter,
blend together like a well made
Mexican martini.

life will go on,
but I'll never
be
the
same.

Fuck a clock

woke up at 11:07 a.m.
took a shower,
packed my sandwich,
grabbed my keys,
cell phone,
wallet
and county issued breathalyzer.

the car started (miracle).

got to the gas station
for a Powerade and
the change on pump five.

at work by 12:15 p.m.,
off by 4:30,
at home with a girl half asleep by 5:15 p.m.,
asleep with by 6 p.m.,
at the bar by 7:30 p.m.,
home by 9 p.m.
and hopefully in bed
sooner than later
because
no matter the schedule
the way that ass bounces when she moves
can make any man
forget
what the fuck
a
watch
is.

Please cry wolf

maybe the wool
is firmly planted over both eyes
but I sit at a bar
with three dudes
her tongue has been in
and the only thing I'm worried about
is if the black fighter I put my money on
pulls off the upset.

comfortable with myself.
comfortable with her.
comfortable with us.

even if everything
we've ever done
before the word us existed
suggests we should run the other way.

unfortunately,
I wear Chucks
and those type of low tops
haven't been made for running
since 1937.

Mirage

all of it was fake emotion
before you snuck through my window.

no real anger.
no real tears.
no real loss.

as if I was auditioning for a play
I was already acting out.

I don't know the future,
all I have is the present.

stay with me until I remember
or you forget
that fairy tales
do not exist.

Final last words

her first words
after our first time
was,
“don’t fall in love with me.”

over three months later
and she’s yet to leave my bed
for over 72 hours at a time.

oh, how the mighty have fallen.

love is a tricky mistress (her phrase)
and so is she.

yet, her first words
after our first time
ring in the back of my head
like a broken school bell
because if I listen,
both of us will miss out
on something
that could be special.

A sucker for hope

not alone
on this globe,
but alone
in this mind
and that fact
keeps my stomach in knots
and my head in the clouds
for long enough to miss true happiness
despite the love slapping in my face.

so when she says,
“I love you,”
I don't believe her
because I've said the exact same thing
and not meant it before.

but I kiss her
and hold her
and I even bend her over from
time to time
because deep down,
I hope it is true today
even if she takes it back
tomorrow.

Worldwide Chuck

smoked chronic in Los Angeles,
got drunk in NYC,
did lines in Las Vegas,
walked the streets of Paris,
got rained on in London,
saw God at the Vatican,
visited Mickey Mouse in Florida,
got arrested in Houston, Austin and San Antonio,
lost money in Mississippi,
took peyote in El Paso,
watched football in Phoenix,
took a train over the Alps
and road tripped through most of America.

but for the life of me,
I've never enjoyed myself more
than in my bed
with her
in Austin.

I kiss her
and my mind goes blank.

I touch her
and my mind goes blank.

I stare at her while she sleeps
and my mind goes blank.

the perfect woman.

she makes my mind
go away.

and isn't that the point of a loved one?

Lost
and
found

love
is not a word that even my boy Webster
can define.
so,
I won't try.

but if you could take a picture of it,
it'd be
five feet tall
with glasses
an ass that doesn't stop
and an attitude to match.

have I found it?

I suppose we never know.

but right now,
it feels
pretty great
to
m
e
.

Salvation

she cooks.
she cleans.
she fucks.
she drinks.
she snorts.
she laughs.
she flirts.
she leaves.

and I can't get enough.

God, help me.

My new addiction

no reason to care,
yet I tasted the last kiss
more than any food
or drink
or drug
that has ever touched my mouth.

so when she left to talk to her ex fiancé
I kept drinking,
popping pills
and conversed with the only friend that won't leave.

the notebook.

never talks.
never wants.
never been with anyone else.

she has.

yet, I'd throw this paper out the window
if she walked through that door,
but something tells me she never will

a
g
a
i
n.

Too many bars

first I got drunk
then I did a huge line
off her pocket mirror,
popped two promethazine,
two somas
and kissed her goodbye.

I had to check into county at 6 p.m.

I put all my belongings in a locker,
was patted down,
taken to the day room
and checked in for my 36 hour stay in t-pod.

it all looked the same as the last time;
cops
drunks
drug addicts
trustees
newbie prisoners with fear pouring from their pours.

I was put in the drunk tank until I was taken upstairs with the rest of the animals.

when my group was called,
I followed.

I was given a jumpsuit
and some black slippers.

we got naked together
and proved all our crevices were clean of contraband.

it was New Year's Eve.

I made it to my pod by 8 p.m.
with my mattress, tooth brush, soap and a blanket.

I passed out by 10 p.m. and woke up to a new decade on the top bunk.

I missed breakfast and lunch,
but made it to the 5 p.m. dinner
and some Jerry Springer,
a show on the Mexican channel
and some football.

the dinner had never tasted so good;
yellow cake,
spaghetti I think
and salad.

Lights out was 2 a.m.

I read a book
my former Marine bunk mate passed along to me.

I was awoken in the morning
and let out by 6 a.m.

free of charge.

hopefully, I'll end the next decade
with cleaner air,
a countdown to the future
and the same girl who dropped me off.

Starving for pain

she lays in my room
as I pick a fight
over a pack of cigarettes
for no other reason
than my unhappiness seeks company.

I smile because
I'm supposed to.

I laugh because
I'm supposed to.

I eat because
I'm supposed to.

I work because
I'm supposed to.

and I sit on my couch
lonely
and
sad
and there is no reason
why.

The mistake

I say sorry,
she nods her head
and I know I've lost her.

she found me in bed with my ex girlfriend.

the empty eyes,
the forced up and down movement of the head,
the shallow breath at the touch of our lips.

she has more self esteem
or stubbornness
than the others.

it only took once this time.

I don't blame her.
I blame me.

the anger,
the deadness,
the constant peaks and valleys.

one day I'll fix it
or
one day she'll fix me.

Circle of life

chaos creator
rears his head again
on a good day, for no reason
other than
a day without conflict
is just neglect
dressed up for Halloween.

got some rain today in Texas,
easy day at the paper,
free dinner and leftovers,
no stubborn pain
and plenty of pills.

so instead of being happy,
I picked a fight with my girlfriend
in order to prevent the sky from falling,
my head from hurting
and my eyes staying open past bed time.

I'll regret it later,
just like every time before.
she'll forgive me,
just like every time before.
and when she stops letting it go,
she'll let me go
and my heart will break,
just like every time before.

Her

I stare in the mirror
and what I see
is five feet
of
whiskey chugging,
coke snorting,
pill popping,
EKG wearing
spunk.

I can't turn it down.
she has yet to turn it down.

so the spider web weaves,
the birds scratch at the bottom of the cage,
the turtle takes a nap.

and we wait
for gravity to finally do
it's god damn job.

Two words, no goodbye

she said she was pregnant
and then she cried.

in my mind I tried to hold her,
but maybe the pills
and the fact I was in a dead sleep
distort my memories of the event.

within an hour she was gone,
picked up by an former lover.

I didn't chase after her
until it was too late.

misery enjoys the company of silence.

I think I need to get reacquainted with that sound.

The repeat

we could have been special.
we could have proved them wrong.
we could have been that old couple on a front porch
swing.

instead,
we allowed them all to right,
to laugh and say, “we told you so.”

two nuclear bombs never end up playing nice.

I admit my faults,
my daemons,
my bad decisions.

my weakness
and your ability to run without
moving those little feet
will be the only memories of a love
that faded like a fog in the eyes of a
SON.

you gave me chances and I ate them up
like you do a big piece of chocolate.

I'll remember
our Sunday House marathons,
your hands on your hips,
your snort when you laugh
and your soft side you try to hide
like a S.T.D.

we had fun in the bedroom,
but my memories I'll cherish forever
will not be of your ass
or your moans
or you teaching me how to eat pussy
or even you saying, "keep fucking me kid," as I hit it from behind.

the memories will be of you sleeping without the knowledge I was watching
or me complaining about watching a movie
even if I smile from behind you
when you laugh at a bad joke on the screen
or you hitting my younger, giant brother
like a gnat to a cloud in the sky.

I said things I didn't mean.
you said things you didn't mean.

but what we had was real
and we'll both remember that
way past the grave
we're both fighting so hard
to dig for ourselves.

History 101

so many nights
wasted to the page
and it has taken less than six hours
to remind me why I've done it
so many times before.

in and out of relationships.
in and out of sanity.
in and out of soberness.

all the same questions and answers.

I've never been alone.

raised by a pack of wolves,
yet, here I sit a 25 year-old cub.

scared.
bored.
blank.

all I have is
neurons
breath
thoughts.

same as the day before.

it is time to grow up,
to resist
to hold on
to stand
instead of run.

two weeks to prove it.
two weeks to fuck it up.

my history says I can't,
but the winners get to scribble
a new history book.

and in your eyes, no matter how it turns
out,
I won't be the next loser
on a passing thought
through another state line
on a route headed
to unhappiness.

Upside down fun

Charles Michael Craven

scarsuoppeajqnd

published in conjunction with

children
churches
& daddies

the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine

ccand96@scars.tv

http://scars.tv

ISSN 1068-5154

INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author. Design Copyright © 2010 Scars Publications and Design

other publications from Scars:

Magazines: Children, Churches and Daddies (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books: Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking, (Woman.), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M, cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v2), Finally, Literature for the Snotty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrepit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Málaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, no poem, In Your Heart, the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), Deckard Kinder / Charlie Newman

Compact Discs: Mom's Favorite Vase the demo tapes, Kuypers the final (MFV Inclusive), Weeds and Flowers the beauty & the desolation, The Second Axing Something is Sweating, The Second Axing Live in Alaska, Pettus & Kuypers Live at Cafe Aloha, Pointless Orchestra Rough Mixes, Kuypers Seeing Things Differently, SD/SD Tick Tock, Kuypers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Kuypers Six One One, Kuypers Stop., Kuypers Masterful Performances mp3 CD, Kuypers Death Comes in Threes, Kuypers Changing Gears, Kuypers Dreams, Kuypers How Do I Get There?, Kuypers Contact • Conflict • Control, the DMJ Art Connection the DMJ Art Connection, Kuypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Kuypers SIN, Kuypers WZRD Radio (2 CD set), Mom's Favorite Vase and The Second Axing These Truths, assorted artists String Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life At The Cafe (3 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMJ Art Connection Manic Depressive or Something, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #1, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #2, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #3, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #4, Chaotic Radio Chaotic Radio Week #5, Chaotic Radio the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), Chaotic Elements (2 CD set), Chaos in Motion (6 CD set), SD/SD Screaming to a Halt (EP), PB&J Two for the Price of One (EP), Kiki, Jake and Haystack An American Portrait, Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powters Trio Fusion (4 CD set), podcasts the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Kuypers Live (14 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Kuypers Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Kuypers St. Paul's (3 CD set), Kuypers the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Kuypers and the HAIman of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set)