



RAW

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Abandoned

The baby was left at the hospital door-
abandoned.

The child was perfect in every way except
for a cleft palette.

She became a ward of the state and was
placed in a foster home.

She was just a cipher, a commodity in the
adoption market.

There were people who wanted to adopt, but
who wants a deformed child?

Failing to bond the pretty little girl bounced
from foster home to home.

School was brutal. She often would cry her
self to sleep.

The state said they had spent enough money-
no cosmetic surgery.

At thirteen she took comfort in the arms of an
older man- a father she never had.

A year later she was pregnant and too ashamed
to go to counseling.

She would birth her baby and leave it to others
at the hospital door..

Charade

The downturn in the economy has disastrous, far-reaching effects. Let me tell you about Katie and Bob and their two kids.

Both Katie and Bob worked so they wanted for nothing. They developed champagne appetites and life couldn't get any better.

Then Bob got laid off from his job in a small electronics plant. It was up to Katie to bring home the bacon while Bob looked for work.

It was an emasculating experience for Bob. His self-worth went south with the failing economy. He lost the spark in his eyes. He hid behind a pasted on smile.

Now it was hot dogs instead of prime rib. Katie suffered; her lifestyle had come to a crashing halt. She no longer knew the husband she married twelve years ago.

Bill collectors began haunting them and the charges on their credit card grew exponentially. In desperation, Bob took a job as the night manager of a hamburger joint.

Katie turn for solace and comfort to a colleague. He was kind and understanding. She soon was taking comfort in his bed. The magic she knew with Bob was gone so she lived out a charade. The smell of hamburger grease on her husband turned her stomach but she would stick with him for the kids.

Cutting

Blood oozes out; she smiles. Her
demon depression retreats. She
knows just how to cut; long and
vertical, and not too deep. Slice
just enough to make the blood flow.

She hides her bloodletting behind
long sleeves as she hides the darkness
inside with a knife.

She sharpens the knife so it won't
bruise or tear. She stops the bleeding
with a rag. She puts the bloody rag in
a plastic bag and throws it in a dumpster
on the way to school.

She tells herself she is worthless. She's
done it so many times she's come to
believe it. The cutting doesn't help.

She struggles each day through school
and can't wait to get home for another
blood letting.

Doomed

My girlfriends giggle and joke.
They talk of love in the back
seat. They take bets on who
will be the first. I can't tell them
how horrible it is.

Mom has a bad heart and is too
sick, so dad turned to me. It hurts
and I'll never get used to it. It makes
me sick when he comes in my room.

I must endure in silence; telling
would kill my mom. I've gone from
being daddy's little girl, to being
a piece of meat.

I loathe all men and most boys;
they are all after the same thing.
You're like a toy, there for their
pleasure. On the day I turn
fifteen next month, I'll run away.

Joey

Joey played his role far too well.
He was the glue that kept his
parents together. He feared his
family would fall apart when his
parents fought. He would act out.
His parents would join together
to correct their wayward child.

His father was a drunken railroad
man; his mother was a shrew.
Dad would smack him around
and his mother would scream
at him. He learned not to openly cry.

He would go outside and sit on the
dilapidated swing and tears would flow
from open water spigots. His marriage
counseling wasn't enough. His dad left.

Mom became sullen and reclusive. She
in the dark corners of her mind. Joey
became a surrogate parent. Looking out
and fixing for his little brother.

A social worker came when he missed
school. Joey convinced her that he had
been sick. Mom rarely got out of bed as
she went from bad to worse. Joey couldn't
keep up.

The power company shut off their electricity.
The kitchen cupboards were bare. Joey tucked
his little brother in bed and on the old tree
in the backyard he hanged himself.

Fair Haired Boy

He was a hunk; the captain of the football team. Girls called him every day. His hair was black as black and his dark blue eyes penetrated.

He went off to the University majoring in pre-med. He had a hard time. He didn't know how to study. High school had been too easy.

Now he was just one of the 20,000 students roaming the campus; a cipher in an amorphous mass. He flunked beginning chemistry.

They found him dead of an overdose. Everyone was shocked. They couldn't figure it out. They would never know how ugly it got when the cheering stopped.

Flower Child

She could easily be one hundred.
Dandelion wine still oozes from her
pores. She once wore daisies in
her hair.

She should just be hitting her stride
but she is haggard and bent.
The carefree years are gone.
She once had dreamy
visions of changing the world.

There were no mores to stifle her;
she banged a thousand guys.
But when you dance a
wild dance, the
piper must be paid.

Gray matted hair
hangs in her face. Lines are etched
a mile deep. Her hips need to be
replaced; she can't walk.

Life was once a plumb to be picked.
It was a lark, free and wild.
No more!
She exists in a state-run geriatrics center.

The Belt

Willie bears a thousand
emotional scars. Oblivious to
the turmoil inside,
voices tell him what to do.

As a child, his drunken father
used a belt. The buckle tore raw flesh
but the damage was to his mind.

His only escape was within
the dark corners of his mind.
Today he sits and rocks as
specters dance.
He's a cipher in a
human warehouse.

Run Away

My father was a harsh man.
He wanted to run my life.
At sixteen I ran away to fly
like a wild bird. I hit the streets
and soon discovered it was
an ugly mean place. There
were no flitting and pleasant
melodies. The only birds were
vultures waiting to pounce

I fell into an ugly world. It was
called “A bed for a bang.”
Occasionally one of the vultures
would share a dobbie and for
several hours my tears would be
gone. I hated being mauled
drooled upon and screwed just
for a place to sleep.

I stayed with Brad for three weeks;
things were looking up. Then came
the time I couldn't perform and he
threw me out. I don't know what I'll do
when winter comes. I don't have a coat.
I guess I'll have to find a pimp. At least I'll
get paid for what I'm doing.

Revenge

husband had a wandering eye when we married. For the last three months, I knew he was having an affair. When I confronted him, he didn't try to hide anything. He wanted a divorce so he could marry his secretary.

For what ever reason, he got brutally cruel. He told me of his affair and said she was everything that I wasn't. She was warm and fun and better yet, she wasn't a cold fish in bed. His words cut deep and tore at my insides. I shed no tears; I just walked away.

Next day I did some research and found where she lived. I paid her apartment manager twenty bucks to let me in. I waited impatiently on her bed. Soon I could hear them laughing and giggling. Adrenaline course through my veins, but I sat calmly there. When they opened the bedroom door, I smiled at them as I took my husband's 357 magnum and blew both of them away.

Sinister Specters

Sterile dark walls stare at me.
She's taken the prints of Monet.
The old recliner offers no comfort;
the abyss in my stomach makes me
nauseas. My thoughts are hollow.

The fight was brutal and ugly. She
had every reason to leave. What
sinister specters hide in the minds
dark corners that drive you to
say the cruelest things?

There were so many good times.
Two kids riding life's merry-go-round.
Laughing and loving, where did it
all come unraveled.

I wipe a single tear from my cheek.
My eyes close and my lower lip
trembles. Visions of her face
flood my mind. I'll pour myself
another stiff one. I'll kill the pain
by hiding in that bottle.

Suburban Wife

The world whizzes by.
People talking, but making no sense.

Rats in the warehouse eating
the grain; ugly brown things.

Icicles drops smash the ground
shaking the foundation
with thunder.

Homemade cake frosted
with mud. It looks delicious.

Barrels of apples turning brown,
stinking like vinegar.

My world has vanished. I search
but can't find it. The rubber room
is sterile and cold. What are the flowers?

I should have ended the affair
months ago. I miss my kids.

Swamp Nymph

I was talking to a villager in the local bar. He told me about the swamp and strange things that happened there. People just disappeared. He offered to take me there.

Was it some evil monster that climbed from the merk and gobbled people up?

My guide took me to the swamp and we searched for strange apportions. My guide lit up a cigarette.

Through the cigarette smoke we saw a strange pink light. It seemed to dance about. We moved closer. We saw a nymph glowing pale pink in the night. She was about a foot tall and it darted here and there.

I realized that my guide was mesmerized. He started into the swamp. The nymph hung in the air beckoning him on. Ten feet in he began to sink. His eyes were fixed; he didn't cry out. I found a long stick and poked him. I broke a sweat pulling him out. We discovered that evil doesn't always look grotesque.

Ugly Men

We have no idea where we went wrong. Our only daughter is a whore. She's smart and articulate; even a bit glib. She isn't the belle of the ball but she is quite pretty. For reasons that we cannot fathom, she's attracted to ugly men.

In high school she was asked out by a dozen good kids. Instead she chose a pot smoking hophead. We try not to pressure her; we figured she would come to her senses. When they threw that kid in jail for distribution, she moved on to one of his druggy friends.

They saw each other for six months; then he just disappeared. They found his body several months later. They surmise he was killed in a drug deal gone bad.

After she graduated from school, she left home and went to live on the street. She never calls or stops by. We lived in terror, always expecting that call in the middle of the night.

They arrested her for prostitution, and the judge sentenced her to rehab at our request. We hope against hope that rehab will work. We often talk late into the night trying to puzzle it out. Was it more than drugs that drove her into the arms of ugly men?

Death of a Delinquent

Hate and rage festered below
his calm exterior. No bad mouth,
just dark eyes that dripped venom.
His absolute obedience at home was
coerced. He hated his dad's belt and
he hated his dad. He was nine before
he learned not to cry.

School was an ugly prison. He lashed
out at those who taunted him. By twelve
he was in the behavioral unit, where he
began his apprenticeship. He learned the
trade of being a thief. At fifteen he found
his niche. None of that petty purse snatching
or mugging. He became a burglar of
first report.

His job paid well; he got his own apartment
and the money kept him in meth. By
seventeen he was a journeyman with all
the tools of his trade. He never wanted for
money. He cruised the streets looking for
runaway girls who would trade a bang for
a bed. Life was good.

For several weeks he staked out a local
pawn shop. He waited for the long weekend
to brake in. The noise of breaking glass
awoke the owner sleeping in the back.
He leveled down with his thirty-eight special
and a single shot rang out

The Sniper

A Roman legion is marching in my head.
Stepping in rhythm to my heart beat. The
bells in the tower strike ten times; standing
so close to those giant bells deafened my
ears and shook me to my toes.

Vermillion turkey vultures sail over head; they are
waiting to pounce. In my rifle scope appears a
long-haired kid carrying a dozen books. My shot
rings out and the kid' blood blended with the
cement.

A blonde girl dropped her books as she screamed. She
stood transfixed; too horrified to run. A single shot
ends her terror.

I laugh at the rotunda processor. He is too corpulent
to run. He wobbles like a penguin; a single shot to
the back of his head ended his cravings for food.
forever.

Choose carefully, you only have two rounds. The
woman in a white lab coat is crouching covering
her head. A single shot brought her down. .

I hear the police sirens in the distance. They grow
louder every moment. I take the note from my pocket
and place it under a spent shell casing. I put the
muzzle of my rifle in my mouth, I count to three and
I pulled the—.

Drink

I talk to him almost every day
as he goes about his routine.
He tells me that 42 empty beer
cans will buy a bottle of wine.

For his age, he is adroit at climbing
into a dumpster, plastic bag in hand.
His only possession, a battered grocery
cart. He lives under the bridge on 7th Steet.

He claims he graduated from the local
University with a degree in chemistry.
He started drinking when his new bride
ran off with another man.

I give him a couple of bucks on special
occasions. He's effusive with his thanks.
The drink demons owns him. He can't
break the cycle. As I am heading home,
I see him passed out in an alley.

No

Deep regions of the mind
explode in fury. Fists pound.
No!

Contorted face screams pain.
Tears are a waterfall.
Hands tremble in strange
syncopation. Body quivers.
Terror grabs my throat.
Putrid stench pounds
my nose. Blood is spattered.
Drying brain matter clings
to the wall.

Why!

The site almost makes
me puke as dark questions
snarl in my mind. My best
friend has shot himself.

Accosted

Opening my car door he grabbed me.
Flames bore down on my twisted arm
and fear seized me. He groped me as
he held a knife to my throat. Trying to
shout, I choked out, “No, no, please!”
The warm trickle of blood ran down
my neck and stopped my frantic shouts.

He ripped at my blouse as he pressed his
grizzly face on mine. He whispered with
his alcohol breath, “Don’t you dare move.”
My blouse came off in shreds. Tears streamed
down my cheeks and I shook. He tugged at
my bra but it wouldn’t come loose. He moved
the knife to cut it away.

I kneed him as hard as I could. He slumped
over in pain and agony holding himself. I
fumbled frantically through my purse and
found my can of pepper spray. I gave him
a triple dose. He crumbled to the ground
gasping for air. I kicked him as hard as I could.
My foot radiated pain but I kicked him again.
I called 911 and in less than two minutes
ten cops arrived. One I’ll be officers gave me
her coat as they hauled the bastard away

Screwed

Sean lived in a pablum world;
an accountant for the cities
water works. His only excitement
came from watching TV. He had
no family or friends; a cipher at
his work. He became increasingly
lonely and morose.

He began to have vivid fantasies
where he was a dashing lothario.
Spacing off into dream like states,
he imagined making love to the
women in his office.

Fearing he would somehow act out
his fantasies, he checked himself
into the emergency room. They
transferred him immediately to the
psych ward and put him on suicide
watch. A shrink saw him for ten
minutes and put him on an anti-
psychotic drug.

They filed papers on him; saying he
was a danger to himself. The papers
were signed by the shrink that saw him
for ten minutes and a doctor who had
never seen him. After two weeks they
let him out on his rubber room. They
put him to work in the kitchen.

Sean grew to hate the place and
everyone there; he changed from being
a cipher to being a patient number. The
smoldering anger inside burst into open
flame. In a session with the shrink, he
took a butcher knife stolen from the kitchen
and stabbed the shrink. He kicked him
repeatedly while he was down.

Sean lives out his days at the funny
farm. He's a cipher on a back ward;
now a zombie on all those medications.
He's too far out of it to realize how he
was screwed..

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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 Screaching 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 Powlers 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 HA!man of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set)