

# Teenage Angst

(2002-9/14/2008; 13-19)

## Author's Note:

These poems and songs, I hope, will remind you somewhat of your adolescence; I'm giving them to you because they are generally entertaining, outlining the teenage horrors of boredom, posers, cliques, clichés, gaining and losing friendship and love and associated happiness and rancor, materialism, consumerism, narcissism, solipsism, and perhaps a slope toward maturity ... although, of course, I don't think any of these poems handled those topics well; many of these (and many others not included) are downright doggerel at best - but, I was passionate.

I remember that around the age of sixteen a psychiatrist used the epithet "Teenage Angst" to describe my suicidal ideation. He then prescribed the modern panacea: an anti-depressant. Circa the same time I wondered why I continued to write poesy at all but couldn't, despite all efforts, stop. I liked the psychiatrist's epithet and probably recognized that much of my emotional and hormonal tumult resulted from the new and awful experiences that accompany maturation. So I told myself, 'Once you really grow up, compile all o' this poetry and put it in a collection called *Teenage Angst*. And then record all your songs and put 'em on a CD: *Teenage Angst*.' Why am I keeping that promise? Maybe it's my congenital sentimentality<sup>1</sup>. Moving on: I saved this selection of songs and poems (written in a program native to Windows OS called 'Notepad' (without any functionality beside entering text); so, when the west wind blows annoying squiggly red lines won't hinder my glossolalia) as .txt files in folders by their respective years. I can remember reciting my . . . 'poetry' from 2002/3 to friends. The earliest<sup>2</sup> had beats (flowing through my mind) styled like hip-hop and punk music. From 2004 to early 2005 I would record (a cappella) a few and throw the mp3s onto my website and blog within a mix of my favorite songs in a java player I designed. These weren't exclusively hip-hop anymore, but still had visualized (and expressed) tunes varying wildly in genre (the tune's key, melody, and time I still can't shake rereading these). Unfortunately for visitors to my website or (then) blog I am incapable of writing coherent [&c.] poetry and have a raspy monotonous voice.

In '05 I got an acoustic guitar for christmas from my Mom and immediately did what I'd always dreamed of: adding music to my poetry so that other people could hear the *beats* and *tunes* flowin' out my ears. I taught myself guitar playing Bright Eyes covers. I excised the chord progressions from the text but you can download the songs at <http://vaipan.com/music.html>.

Some of the poems on love and relationships (especially earlier ones) are fictitious and supposititious -- others aren't. I was actually very

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<sup>1</sup> Speaking of sentimentality, in case you were curious, the first poems I remember writing were for a girl in my sixth grade class (11 years old). Someone else in the class had a crush on her and asked me (so I guess I was known for writing, but can't remember any of that) to write one. He liked my first poem, and asked me for more. I blasted out many more that same day, but as the poems progressed they turned to slush. Gina (my crush) asked me if I wrote them and I shyly denied, I think. I remember much later she asked one of her friends to ask me if I liked her, and I was too shy so I said no. We were the shortest boy and girl in the class.

<sup>2</sup> "The Bunny Song" being the earliest, as far as I can remember. I also remember reading it in the kitchen downstairs to my friends and my Mom at my Mom's house. All of the events [in "The Bunny Song"] happened. I read it like a rap.

popular and promiscuous with women<sup>3</sup>. Most of the stuff from '06-'08 was about one girl (Sarah). I sometimes would upload a few recorded songs (with guitar and all) to a MySpace-music account and immediately delete them. I've only ever played for a few people a few times so releasing this on a website I know<sup>4</sup> nobody goes to is about as comfortable as I am. Also, sometimes I like a poem's title more than its content, so you'll see just that (but only for poesy I've completed). I don't really know how to edit these - I'd even rather not - so maybe I'll fix punctuation, capitalization (I wrote nearly every word lowercase), and spelling - beside that, I'll leave it intact as *Teenage Angst*. Enjoy. :)

- D.V.

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<sup>3</sup> My favorite *relationships* were probably with (chronologically) Bethany, Sydney, definitely Jaqui (incredibly well-read, eloquent and a great editor), and Sarah. Best coitus was probably with (not including previously mentioned (still chronological)) Samantha (double underscore), A-----, Ashley, M----- and Satan-Girl (only known by Halloween costume (actually a very funny story)) and Dani. Big regrets were with the other Sarah (my fault there), Rachel, either Ma or Cla-rissa, and four other girls with similar body types: Leslie, Lacey, it-starts-with-an-"A"-and-on-the-tip-of-my-tongue-but-?, and Thai (spelling?). I feel like making this list is either gross or hilarious. Anyway, according to one of my hero's song lyrics: "Oh I've made love. Yes, I've been fucked / So what?" There are a few intentionally unincluded and I know I'm missing a few others... I can't believe I remembered so many names off the top of my head : usually terrible with that. Edit: At the height of my promiscuity I wrote something short, a reflection, called "Exploding Joy" on pg 39 (2006).

<sup>4</sup> via website-statistics.

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### **(Titles of 2006's Repudiated<sup>5</sup>)**

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Topping Perfection

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<sup>5</sup> As noted in the foreword, these are [actual] titles of completed poetry and songs (2006 had a terrible break-up). You can hear recordings of some of these (and other) songs in their original form at my website's music section.

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**(Titles of Censured from 2007)**

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| Best Advice I Can Give                          |  |
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| Lemme Ask You a Question                        |  |
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| Teenage Angst in C                              |  |
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### The Bunny Song

i had a bunny  
oh how funny  
we got him on easter  
easter rabbit  
not a habit  
couple months later  
bunny was greater  
but what does matter  
now he's fatter  
oh how good  
we can eat him as food  
mmm yum yum  
my dad came out  
gave me a shout  
"go inside"  
"go run and hide"  
he had a knife  
where's the wife?  
he walked  
to the bunny's cage  
let out his rage  
stabbed those bunnies  
tore them apart  
did he just fart!  
now the bunny's dead  
no more head  
skinned alive  
hung his head  
and fur coat  
on the clothes line  
by the throat  
next day  
wake up  
"wassup"  
says pop  
i look out the window  
"where's the bunny's HEAD!"<sup>6</sup>  
"holy poop"  
replies my pops  
oh well, he stops  
now it's in the stew  
oh how good mm mm mm  
yummy yummy  
damn that bunny

---

<sup>6</sup> According to "pops," cats probably dragged away the head and fur that night. To clarify, I was born in a rural city in the former USSR, now Ukraine, and moved here at a few months old. My "pops" found it difficult to assimilate, hence bunny murder and the insane idea of hanging up the remains of a decapitated rabbit where we hung our clothes.

**Posers**

it started out  
like every other day  
not very fun  
not much play  
i came home from school  
to an internet room  
called "Punk Music Chat"  
i knew it was doomed  
Billy600 asked me  
hey, are you Punk  
Punk! can it be!  
Punk is a music,  
not some clothes  
Punk is a feeling  
not to pose  
Ted38 said,  
HEY, i'm Punk  
what the fuck  
why are these posers  
stating untruth  
who are these posers  
are they the youth  
why yes they are  
the youth of today  
they play air guitar  
how fucking gay  
they say, I'm Punk!  
but how can this be  
Punk is a music  
but they don't agree  
"Punk is clothes,"  
"it's the style we wear!"  
what!? no it's not  
how can they dare  
they'd say Anarchy  
in the UK  
what in the world  
this was my dismay  
i asked, who said that  
who said it first  
"Good Charlotte, Simple Plan"  
it almost made me burst!  
GOOD CHARLOTTE, i screamed  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HEAD  
it can't be good charlotte  
but this statement led me to dread:  
"what's a sex pistol?"

they asked rather stunned  
The Sex Pistols rock  
they're the first Punk band  
"but they're just too hard  
for my style and brand  
just too violent  
just too loud"  
you fucking posers  
i exclaimed to the crowd  
Punk is a music!  
not a brand  
Punk is a music!  
why can't you understand  
it's not some clothes  
it's not MTV  
Punk is a music  
why can't you see  
"oh . . ." they'd start to say  
"you mean like the Ramones?"  
YES! "well, the Ramones are gay!"  
GAY!?! i screamed!  
the Ramones are great  
but they all just teamed  
and didn't debate  
they all said  
BLOCK HIM  
GET HIM OUT OF OUR HAIR  
Kill him, Shoot him  
and to my despair  
i was kicked  
from the internet room  
called "Punk Music Chat"  
I knew it was doomed  
well, that i guess  
is the youth's opinion  
it made me stress  
they're prob'ly west virginian  
oh well, fuck the posers  
i started to say  
when ClashRocks28 IMed me  
said hey!  
I asked, u know The Clash  
FUCK YEAH, they rock  
this brought a flash  
i stared in shock  
so u like Punk  
yeah, it isn't a brand  
u like punk  
yeah, i love the old bands

well ROCK ON! i said  
it made me happy  
not everyone poses  
not everyone's crappy

### **Max Is In Denial**

[bowdlerized]

### **Ode to Max's Ex-Girlfriend**

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### **The Skateboard Song**

they took my skateboard away  
had to walk all the way  
back to my house  
and saw a mouse  
couldnt skate all day  
it was so fucking gay  
those dirty fellas  
they were jealous  
it was my brand new deck  
gave my shit old wreck  
to my brother  
not some other  
i was so fucking bored  
walking got me toward  
to my home  
and bum jerome  
the day after this  
i was still so pissed  
at the school  
those fuckign fools  
they took my skateboard away  
no way, i wont obey  
those old cocks  
they stole my socks!  
the stupid school  
it makes me drool  
on my cheast  
my big ol breast  
THOSE FUCKERS BETTER GIVE ME MY BOARD BACK OR I WILL KILL THEM ALL!!!

**Friends**

just another day  
how fucking grey  
why are you talking to me  
go away  
stop with the lies  
stop with those cries  
they're no good  
but if you would  
apologize  
how can you do this to me  
go away  
what's your problem  
let me be  
let me flee  
from your shit  
your fucking glee  
fuck, don't do this to me  
go away  
fine, stop, quit  
don't throw a fit  
be a bitch  
but just admit  
how lame you are  
dude, don't hit  
but now i'll ditch  
your old ass  
so stop  
why are you talking to me  
go away  
another day  
you might come back  
but it's still grey  
and all you lack  
is a friend  
who'd lend, mend, spend  
without end  
and you'd never comprehend  
that you made it end  
you were the one who wasn't a friend  
but why  
just tell me why  
were you shy?  
you'd never reply  
and FUCK, you didn't say good bye  
well now i'm done  
you've had your fun  
but i'm the one

who's happy  
that you run  
and maybe yes  
you might change  
but you're no fucking different to me  
so just leave  
and go away

### **Fuck Off<sup>7</sup>**

parents yell what to do  
they always get me mad  
do the chores, do your homework  
well, fuck you dad  
police running around  
this way and that  
parents worried, you can't be found  
people complain they're fat

(chorus)

fuck off  
just leave me alone  
fuck off  
go suck a bone  
fuck off  
run back home  
fuck off  
unhooked the phone

go to school everyday  
listen to the ramble  
hey dude, you didn't pay  
dude, i never gamble  
lies fill your ears  
they tell you what to do  
MTV and VH1  
buy this certain shoe

---

<sup>7</sup> To be read as a punk song.

(chorus)

they say they're punks, they say they're cool  
they shop at hot topic  
they smoke the pot, they go to school  
they listen to good charlotte  
they buy the clothes  
they buy the patches  
they try to talk to you  
they buy the pot  
they but the matches  
now this is my cue

(chorus)

people getting in your face  
they try to act so tough  
those people are a big disgrace  
they try to be so rough  
NO WAY, you punch them  
they fall down and bleed  
you kick them, you laugh at them  
then runaway full speed

(chorus x2)

**How the Antenna Jack Ball Got Created**

i went to mcdonald's the other day  
it sucked, and it was pretty gay  
the waiter said to me 'hey'  
i said back, don't delay  
my order, i want a big mac  
a soda, i just wanted a snack  
that's all, then i saw jack  
that's right, the guy in the box  
behind me only in socks  
he was naked  
i saw his peter  
he was naked  
holding a liter  
of sprite  
yes that's right  
it was sprite  
i jumped in fright  
it was gross  
along with the big mac  
i tried to eat it  
it made me hack  
i coughed, and spit it out  
i vomited, it tasted like trout  
i came back to the store  
no, i didn't want no more  
i said to the waiter, HEY,  
this mac was gross!  
what do u expect with our pay?  
minimum wage  
he said to me  
MINIMUM WAGE, but how can this be?  
this mac cost as much as an hour?  
yes, i know, it tastes rather sour  
but - i then tried  
HEY, if you don't like it  
said jack, standing aside  
in the shadow  
he said, don't eat it, give it to me  
HEY JACK, no, how can this be  
yelled the waiter  
i thought you were gone  
get out of here, and take your small schlong  
what! said jack, rather distraught  
but your owner ronald just bought  
the whole store across the street  
the whole store, along with the meat  
well, the waiter said

read the sign,  
in two minutes you'll be dead!  
i looked at the sign  
it said no jack  
no big headed round faced  
guy ordering a big mac  
i took out my camera  
from my big pocket  
i pressed record  
to see the waiter's eye socket  
i zoomed out  
and looked at them both  
then there was no doubt  
jack would soon be knocked out  
but HEY, a surprise came to me  
the waiter took out a gun  
as big as a tree  
he pointed it at jack  
the waiter said,  
now leave, don't come back  
jack was stubborn, he was going to say  
hey, i could order if i pay  
but it was too late  
the waiter turned off the safety  
he looked at jack,  
and said one more word  
good bye wanter of big mac  
then there was a blur  
i looked, jack was gone  
oh there he is  
twenty feet away was his dong  
and his head hit a car  
stuck to the antenna, now we have  
the antenna jack ball  
that's how it started  
i went to make a call  
to the jack enterprise  
told my idea  
they were very surprised  
they gave me three million dollars  
i bought an island and a community of scholars  
now i live all alone  
away on the island, not very known  
the island of the jack ball  
this island, yes it's very small  
and i don't have a plane  
i'm starving here  
i have no fame  
no money, no food

no plan for survival  
no, no revival  
in two days i'll be dead  
hey, what's this, no more dread  
here comes a copter  
with the word "survivor"  
what!! is this the show that i rival  
oh yes, it is, but they don't see me  
so i fall down, and then i pee  
on the ground, the last i will  
fallen down, no more thrill  
so here i am, laying dead  
here i am, and i see fred  
a hallucination i know  
fred is the waiter but now a ho  
he says to me good bye  
oh little child  
now go and die  
so i do, and now i'm dead  
off to heaven  
living in bed

### **Security Sucks**

i hate the security  
theyre all so gay  
i hate the security  
they never go away  
they ruin the fun  
we have to run  
away from them  
fuck eminem  
they tell you "NO!"  
and "STOP THAT RACKET!"  
we run away  
without my jacket  
they yell and scream  
and then we curse  
they eat ICE CREAM  
while we disperse  
we flipped them all off  
just last night  
they turned and coughed  
choked on their bite

of a doughnut  
they like to eat  
most are fat  
the other guy is pete.  
pete isnt cool  
hes tall and skinny  
hes a fool  
and from new guinea  
then theres joe  
a big fat dude  
hes fucking slow  
thats why were rude  
to his mother  
and his brother  
and his dad  
ha, now hes sad  
then theres school  
oh very cruel  
the security there sucks  
they stole my trucks<sup>8</sup>  
tehy stole my deck  
and my new bearings  
so i stole their check  
withuot much caring  
they piss me off  
they yell and curse!  
they called me fat  
and perverse  
i was so pissed  
they ticked me off!  
i hit my fist  
fell down and coughed  
they said "hey boy!"  
"dont be a fool!"  
"cuz if you do, "  
"you'll be kicked from school!"  
it made me sad  
how bitchy they were  
but when im gone  
oh theyll be glad  
theyll run and jump  
not very high  
they all go thump  
when they hit th sky  
you see, theyre fat  
fat like a fuck  
THEY ATE MATT

---

<sup>8</sup> "Trucks": not listed in my OED or last resort Merriam-Webster's but it's the term for a skateboard's axles.

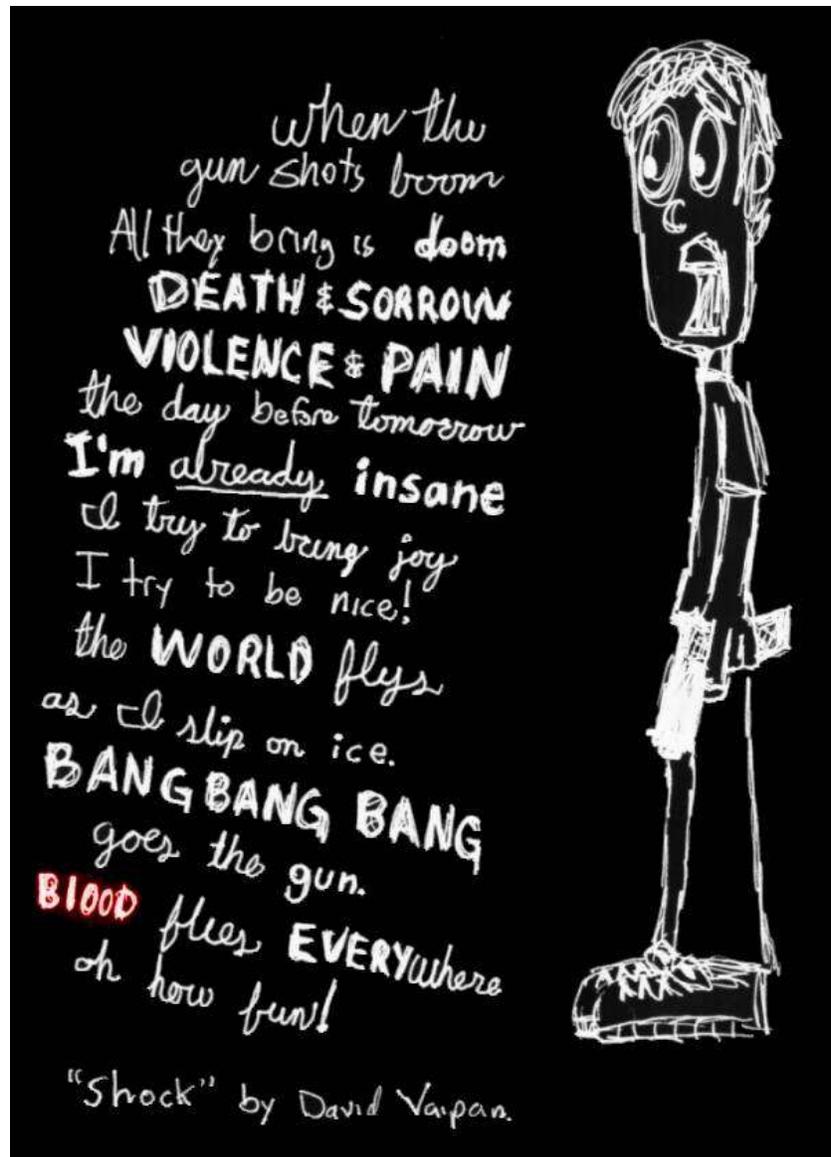
they have to tuck  
theyre big ol' bellys  
in their shirts  
like apple jelly!  
or gelatin dessert  
but i do care  
i want to stay  
so instead i swear  
and litter all day  
yes i litter the school  
they get so pissed  
it makes me laugh  
ha, look at raul  
and when i do graduate  
theyll laugh and cry  
some might masturbate!  
but ill say, no. . .  
dont celebrate  
because ill be there  
to ruin ur estate  
ill teepee it  
with toilet paper  
theyll throw a fit!  
but its a common caper  
ill say to them  
u shouldve been nice  
instead u fought  
and stole my dice!  
ha, ill look back  
when i graduate  
theyll be sorry  
but its too late  
ill be gone, and off to college  
to reak havoc there  
while getting knowledge  
but again  
security will be there  
they wont reign  
rather theyll despair  
or wed get arrested  
by the cops  
it would suck  
nah, we wont stop

### Shock

when the gun shots boom  
 all they bring is doom  
 death & sorrow  
 violence & pain  
 the day before tomorrow  
 I'm already insane  
 I try to bring joy  
 I try to be nice!  
 the world flies  
 as I slip on ice.  
 BANG BANG BANG  
 goes the gun.  
 Blood flies everywhere  
 oh how fun!

Note on image:

I drew and edited it to look like that shortly after I wrote it. My handwriting's actually worsened.



**Life**

I have . . .  
Pimples on my face.  
I was sprayed with mace  
For attacking an old woman.  
I was treaded on a lot.  
I was kicked in the butt!  
And then, I fell down and cried.

But, Life! will come back to me.  
Life! will set me free.  
Life! will be good again.  
And then I'll fuck your girlfriend.

So I . . .  
Ordered pepperoni,  
But it turned out to be bologna;  
So, I didn't pay the delivery guy.  
I was hitting on some chick  
And she hit me in the dick.  
Oh, what pain I was in.

But, Life! will come back to me.  
Life! will set me free.  
Life! will be good again.  
And then I'll fuck your girlfriend.

I was . . .  
Washing my car,  
But I didn't put it in park;  
So, it rolled and smashed into a tree.  
I was eating a sandwich  
(with both my hands)  
And then I had an itch  
On my big ole bum.

But, Life! will come back to me.  
Life! will set me free.  
Life! will be good again.  
And then I'll fuck your girlfriend.

**Beth's Song<sup>9</sup>**

There are none like Beth  
 I love her so much  
 I even felt that way  
 When she was my crush

She happened to me  
 And my life turned around  
 I was happier all the time  
 No room for a frown

If I never met her  
 Life would be bad  
 Short flings, mood swings  
 Always being mad

(chorus)

And she lights up the room  
 If there happens to be a frown  
 She makes everyone smile  
 She should be wearing a crown  
 She makes me so happy  
 She helps me stay glad  
 With her I'm blissful  
 And when I wear plaid she says I look radddd

And I met her  
 And she turned me out fine  
 She made me happy  
 And so did her behind

I'm glad she's with me  
 Because she is the best  
 The best that ever happened to me  
 And for which I am blessed

I wish I could spend  
 All my time with her  
 Then I'd be happy  
 At least this is what I concur

(chorus)

And she's the best there ever was  
 There will be none like her  
 The best there ever was

---

<sup>9</sup> I sang this song for her (a cappella) and I read the poem below and gave her a copy with hearts and things probably done with crayons (as is my usual medium for home-made cards &c.).

She's the kind I prefer

Without her  
I think I'd be dead  
Without her  
Where would be my head?

The happiest I ever was  
Was when we spent time together  
The day is so bright  
And so is the weather

(chorus)

### **Good Ole Will**

Will has been dating  
Courtney for years  
they've been together forever  
it brings me to tears  
they're the best couple ever  
after high-school they're married  
but i love Will so much!  
even if he IS a little hairy  
he has gorgeous eyes  
as blue as the sky  
wavy blonde hair  
when i see him i die  
i LOVE YOU WILL  
i want to scream  
COME TO MEE!!!!  
of this i dream  
WILL! LET'S KISS  
LET'S FROLIC AND PLAY  
LET'S BE TOGETHER FOREVER  
AND ROLL IN THE HAY  
LET'S CUDDLE AND SMOOCH  
LET'S LAY ON MY BED  
LET'S TAKE OFF OUR SHIRTS  
but instead i'm with Ted  
so i curse my life  
every minute every day  
i LOVE YOU WILL  
my life is dismay

**Boredom**

How often must the world brighten  
or  
darken for me to enjoy it?  
Is boredom a necessary thing?  
How am I supposed to live a sane,  
day-to-day  
life without the perplexing situation of  
BOREDOM?  
Why does it torture me?  
They look,  
they stare,  
BOREDOM  
it hurts me.  
I reach up  
for the sky.  
Boredom is tied to me.  
It is tied to my leg.  
I drown.  
BOREDOM!  
DON'T HAUNT ME!  
LEAVE ME ALONE!  
GO AWAY!  
It never stops.  
It will torture me till the  
last thread of  
SANITY  
breaks.  
BOREDOM  
won't stop.

**Flawless**

As the flawless souls reach the heavens,  
 The tormentors tear apart those left on Earth.  
 DID YOU HEAR ME!?  
 'Flawless'?!  
 Can a flawless soul exist?  
 Can ANYTHING flawless exist?  
 What is simple?  
 A flower is simple.  
 A cell is simple.  
 An atom is simple.  
 Yet the ATOM breaks!  
 It is not flawless.  
 The flawless souls don't reach the sky.  
 The flawless souls die.  
 Religion,  
 Science,  
 Fiction,  
 Fact,  
 Reality.  
 These have an unlimited amount of flaws.  
 Flawless souls don't exist.  
 You are all fools.

**Jeans**

The love I possess  
 Is so timid and small.  
 No one can see it  
 Except when I go to the mall.  
 A pair of jeans  
 Stare at me every day.  
 They scream at me, BUY ME!  
 I wish I could, but to my dismay  
 The price tag sneers:  
 Three hundred and eight.  
 I'm short by a dollar  
 (maybe it's fate).  
 No! It's not! It can't be!  
 I need those jeans!  
 Three hundred and eight;  
 I just don't have the greens,

The pig skin, The moolah  
The dollar bill sign.  
I look and I cry  
And then start to whine.  
I ask my parents  
I ask my friends  
Hmm, who else?  
I must exhaust all ends.  
My boyfriend! I think!  
It's loud in my head.  
I'll ask HIM for the money  
Or 'us' would be dead.  
He thinks it over  
Two times through,  
Then opens his wallet.  
Hey! Who knew!?  
I buy the jeans  
And I wear them all day.  
I go to the game.  
I roll in the hay.  
He says, 'Take care of them;  
That was two weeks' paycheck.'  
The words fly right on by.  
Suddenly: Oh, heck!  
The jeans rip right open!  
Right at the seam!  
Completely destroyed.  
My boyfriend looks mean.  
'I TOLD YOU DON'T FROLICK!  
DON'T RUN AND GO PLAY!  
DON'T JUMP EVERYWHERE!  
DON'T ROLL IN THE HAY!'  
He dumped me right then  
(I was thrown in such grief);  
He walked away quick  
(He called me a thief).  
Now I see my problem:  
Those jeans were too small;  
So, every day I'm back  
To those jeans at the mall.

**Beth's Poem**

Beth is awesome,  
Beth is sweet.  
She takes off her clothes  
If there's too much heat.

Beth is the greatest,  
Beth is the best.  
I'm reminded of her when I listen  
To love songs by Mest.

Beth is funny,  
And Beth is unique.  
When I start to rap,  
She starts to freak.

Beth makes me feel  
All warm inside  
And in my pants  
Something I can't hide.

Beth is extreme,  
And Beth is bizarre.  
So funny and cute  
(But she can't play guitar).

And when I look at the moon  
I see the face of a guy,  
But behind him the stars  
Remind me of Beth's beautiful eyes.

And next time I see her  
I'll tell her she's awesome  
So dandy and sweet,  
Reminds me of a blossom.

**I Heart Jack**

i heart jack  
i see him every day  
he tells me he loves me  
i tell him hooray!  
we've been going out now  
for about 200 years  
since the day we were born  
he fills me with cheers  
he makes me so happy  
with him i'm so glad  
he's really quite handsome  
and gets along with my dad  
but there's this other guy, jake  
he's quite a sexy guy  
he sits next to me in math  
he has beautiful eyes  
so one day i'm walking  
to a store in the mall  
and i see jake!  
right down the hall  
'hey jake!' i say  
then turn away scared  
he runs up to me 'hey!'  
suddenly our passion flared  
i kiss him fully  
he kisses me back  
saliva and spit  
then i see jack  
jack storms over!  
WHAT IS THIS I SEE!?!  
MY GIRL FRIEND KISSING  
A GUY NEXT TO ME!  
I HATE YOU SO MUCH  
JUST PLEASE GO DIE  
NEVER COME BACK  
GO TO HELL AND FRY!  
so jake runs away scared  
and i'm left standing alone  
no jack, no jake  
just the smell of guys' cologne

**Anti-Bush**

George Bush is a man  
 Of so many words:  
 "God speaks to me."  
 It's all so absurd!

He's against the gays;  
 He's against women's rights,  
 'But that one time with Cheney,  
 Well, it sure was alright!'

He killed our economy,  
 Three trillion down the drain!  
 Millions out of work,  
 A few more dollars he obtained.

"Science is bad!  
 God is right!"  
 The bombs in Iraq,  
 The night they ignite.

Go to war with a country  
 That never threatened the States.  
 Molest the prisoners,  
 Maybe they won't hate.

But they do hate us!  
 And so does the world.  
 "America is wrong!"  
 The UN hurled.

Bush, the first president  
 To go against the UN.  
 Took the longest vacation;  
 Probably heard God talkin' again!

The annual spending limit  
 Was quite absurd,  
 More than any president before  
 (Also against environment and birds).

Treaties with countries  
 Were thrown in the trash,  
 More than any president before,  
 And arrested for hash.

71% of Europe  
 Said George is a threat

To world stability and peace.  
 Don't forget about our debt.

First president in history  
 To enter with a criminal record:  
 Possession of coke  
 Driving drunk in his ford.

"War veterans?" He said,  
 "Fuck those guys!"  
 He cut their health benefits.  
 Now they can't use their eyes.

Leaning on the verge  
 Of being the worst  
 He pussied out of the army,  
 So let's throw him in a hearse.

Kill the fuck bag!  
 Impeach him quick!  
 Someone chop off his head,  
 Or just *chop off his Dick!*

### **Anti-Beth**

She's not so great at giving head;  
 She loved to get naked in my bed.  
 She's not so skinny, but not TOO fat.  
 She's not at all witty, bad with the softball bat.  
 She smells kinda decent, not to be enthused.  
 'What's 1+1?' she asks, confused.  
 So if you want a quickie, tell her you love her;  
 Some action is better than no action, to this I concur.

**GUILT**

GUILT

currently looms over me.  
 Like cobwebs in an abandoned house.  
 I'm saddened by it,  
 taken aback by it,  
 angry by it,  
 but it all comes back to that feeling of  
 GUILT

I possess.  
 I made fun of him,  
 laughed at him,  
 I thought it was funny.  
 It WAS funny.  
 Yet now I look at his picture.  
 That feeling looms over me.  
 GUILT.  
 The memory can't be taken back.  
 It looms over me.  
 Falling,  
 pressing over me.  
 The angels press down.  
 Fall down.  
 GUILT  
 is still there

**Bad Memories**

Then the world breaks!  
 It breaks and you steadily fall into the abyss of your god forsaken life.  
 You want the pain, the torture, the suffering, you want all this to end, & it  
 stays.  
 These are brief!  
 Brief, yet most memorable.  
 All the other  
 EMOTIONS  
 zoom by, as if they do NOT exist,  
 but the feelings of humiliation, embarrassment, & everything else  
 you dread above all loom around you.  
 Why can't I remember happiness?  
 Is it because it's replaced by saddened tortured images?  
 Fleeting across my mind.  
 Appearing, disappearing.  
 Here  
 There  
 Nowhere  
 Gone.

**Life part 2**

I guess I can't get what I want.  
 I guess there are better things than sex.  
 There are better people than my friends;  
 Better girls soon become my ex.

And in life I learn nothing  
 Just sit and stare at a tube  
 Soaps, sitcoms, reality shows  
 I can't wait to see a boob

The world-wide-web sitting in my room  
 Millions of pixels arranged  
 Sex, porn, and MTV  
 Now we're all deranged

(chorus)  
 The everyday life  
 That passes us by  
 Is flying in here  
 Now we must die  
 What to wear  
 What to eat  
 Fitch and Lauren  
 Carbs and meat

Violent shows  
 Bugs Bunny the Rabbit  
 Janet's boob  
 The FCC damns it

Politics,  
 We do not care  
 Blow up the world  
 No more despair

Good ole George  
 Good ole John  
 Fuck you Nader  
 Fuck the Taliban

(chorus)

Sex and Sex  
 All over the place  
 Children in miniskirts  
 What a disgrace

Curse words flying  
Fuck and Shit  
"Cock-sucking-whore"  
Is the new hit

Public education  
Going down the drain  
Oh, and fuck college  
Get it out of your brain

(chorus)

I have talent  
I have a gift  
Fuck that, they say  
Factory night shift

God and Jesus  
Buddha and Gandhi  
Worry about hell  
Not the next issue of Blondie

Satan and hell!  
Repent for your sins  
And give us 10%  
Now we all win

(chorus)

So now you're eighty  
And now you're dead  
Accomplished nothing  
Never got wed

Single and lonely  
Staring in space  
Spontaneous combustion  
Left not a trace

So now you're dead  
And now you're gone  
Good bye world  
Good bye mom

(chorus)

**Falling Angels**

Seen by the brave ones,  
who choose to kill.

KILL

Take over my life.

Take it AWAY

from me.

SADDENED &

KILLED BY FALLING

ANGELS,

THE LIGHT IS SHED

IT CAN NOT BE BROKEN

AND they all

fly away

INTO THE DAWN of

another . . .

KILL.

THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND

THEY WILL NEVER

understand

& the day continues,

NEVER STOPS,

& they still live.

Still live with death.

KILL.

Unbearable life.

The angles fall down.

We are shocked.

They all

KILL.

## Laugh and Dance

I say today we should dance and laugh  
 LAUGH AND DANCE ALL DAY  
 "Today is not a laugh and dance day."  
 But why?! Everyday should be!  
 "We're tired, we're bored, we're hungry, we're old."  
 We're young! We're free! We're happy as can be!  
 But I guess we'll pull out the pessimistic card  
 Hug yourself in a corner staring at the band  
 Don't dance, don't laugh, because you would be foolish  
 We're all 16 and immaturity is a crime  
 I should be locked up and stowed away  
 Having fun shouldn't pass the time  
 Let's sit and not talk  
 Not read nor write  
 Never paint, never create  
 Never build, nor debate  
 It isn't fucking cool  
 Everything you do!  
 The clothes you wear  
 The shit in your hair  
 It's all an act to get into that club of friends  
 The scene motherfuckers who won't accept you  
 Unless you change everything  
 "That music on your iPod is a piece of shit."  
 "Where's your card that says pessimistic?"  
 "Change that shirt, those nice new jeans."  
 "The thrift store is your new best friend."  
 "Forget that old shit: The Promise Ring,  
 Rites of Spring and Sunny Day."  
 I say FUCK YOU MAN!  
 FUCK YOU, I say  
 I WON'T BECOME A PART OF YOUR CLIQUE  
 I WON'T CONFORM TO YOUR SCENE COCK SHIT  
 I'll dance to the music  
 I'll laugh at their jokes  
 I'll jump and I'll sing  
 and I really would beat some dude's ass  
 if he was fucking with you  
 or anyone I knew  
 And those guys don't deserve virgin holes  
 But they get them anyway and it's sad  
 The entire scene is morose, yet nobody stops it  
 Nobody will dance or laugh or move  
 They will stay in one spot judging everyone and you  
 "Your music, your clothes, your life, they suck"  
 Well I've got two things to tell you:  
 suck me dry

and  
fuck my asshole all night fuck my asshole so tight you fudge-pack-wannabe  
piece of shit dick loving cock sucking vagina raping dog humping prick.

**The Kavorka**

[residue on palimpsest]

**Max**

-----

**Senior Zipatos**

--

**Senior Azario**

--

**Sydney**

[lacerated]

**Jaqui**

[lacuna]

**Life part 3**

[abashed]

**Life part 4**

Sometimes life is hot  
And sometimes life is shit  
Sometimes you want to quit  
And sometimes you wish you were as sexy as Brad Pitt

And all-in-all, life just sucks  
All-in-all, it's because of mean fucks  
They piss us off  
They make us mad  
They mess with our heads  
They'd make you sad

But forget about them  
Forget about it all  
Forget about the tortures  
Of the sport baseball

Life is really stupid  
Life happens to us all  
It hurts us, it makes us cry  
And it makes us feel small

But who cares  
That's right  
That's life.

Now it's done.

**My Jewish Love**

I fell in love with a Jewish gal  
 Brown eyes, strait hair,  
 Real pretty, a friend of my best pal

We had such great times together  
 Smiles and rainbows  
 And warm sunshiny weather

At her bat mitzvah we danced we danced  
 We hung out afterward  
 We skipped, we pranced, it started our romance

Her name was Michelle  
 We loved each other since twelve  
 Everything was so swell  
 Everything was so swell  
 Until I became the dusty book on her shelf.

She told me, no. Get away from me.  
 I love another Jewish boy  
 Can't you fucking see-ee-ee?  
 He's the right one for me

Oh, but Michelle, a matchmaker matched us  
 You're the chosen one for me  
 Please do not cause this distress!

Oh, but Michelle, you're my true love  
 I still dream of you  
 Metaphorically, a pure dove.

The smiles you rendered within me were infinite  
 Your gaze would stop the clock  
 An iPod case I made, I knit

For you, oooo-ooohhh for you.  
 Our love was so fucking true.  
 You loved Winnie the Bear aka Pooh.  
 I'll never forget the smell of your shampoo.  
 Ohhh ohhhhh, you bid me adieu  
 And ohh, ohhh, you moved to Peru

To become a missionary . . .

But I'll chase you there  
 I'll chase you through the night!  
 Climbing mountains, swimming oceans

Fighting my blight, not being polite!  
You can't stop me  
Can't you see  
You're the love of my life  
My dearest Shelllllyyyyyyy

[To the tune of *Fiddler on the Roof's*, "Tradition"]

Tradition!  
We should've been wed  
By a rabbi!  
But instead you're in Brad's bed!  
Over again  
I'm fucked in the end  
And where does it stop?  
Where does it stop?  
Where does it stop?

She moved away to Peru  
Unheard of, absurd.  
She moved away to Peru  
Unthinkable!  
But I guess she must be happy  
With the natives  
Who have AIDs.  
And I guess I'm not any good  
Oh well . . .

TRADITION!!

**Exploding Joy**

I have a picture of an atomic bomb  
Going off next to my bed  
So all the girls can relate  
When they're on top of me  
And have reached their peaks  
And I force myself to  
Pretend I'm content  
When really I'm more alone  
Than I have ever felt before  
I'm being torn to shreds  
When their nails dig deep in my back  
They're screaming at the top of their lungs  
Trying to prove something to me  
And I want to scream at the top of my lungs  
I just wanted a hug and someone sweet  
But we've finished with regret choking me to death  
My blue t-shirt falls over my head  
And she's asking where her black bra went  
It's escaped out the window!  
Suffocated in this tomb  
Passion and adoration gone  
We're left emotionless in my room.  
Staring at that picture of the atomic bomb,  
"I had fun. We should do it again."  
"Yeah, it was cool."  
"See ya later."  
The end.

**Friends, My Friends**

Friends,  
My friends.

I had built a house  
Filled with thousands of things.  
Too many to care about,  
Too many to see.  
I didn't really care  
And neither did they.  
When I had to leave,  
They went away.  
They left me for good,  
Didn't care about me.  
There were too many things  
That I couldn't see.

So while I was gone  
A hurricane came  
And swept all away.  
Oh, what a shame.  
I was left with nothing  
Left all alone  
Crying here, dying here  
Without a home.  
But I began to build a new one  
Without as many things.  
I tried caring more  
And now I can see  
That having thousands  
Of friends whom don't care,  
Who'll leave you alone  
When you're in despair  
Is worthless and empty,  
Doesn't matter much,  
But having a few  
Whom you keep in touch,  
Whom care and whom love  
Is really what's worth it.  
Bellowing a laugh or two  
Is bliss, I admit this.  
So what's popularity worth  
When you're left alone?  
When your home is gone  
And so is your throne.  
Care and cherish,  
Show love and compassion  
To the friends you have got  
(and give tips on fashion).

**I'm Too Hip (I'm Not Lonely)**

Don't let me down  
Don't let me down  
lalala lalala lalala lalala  
You know how I feel about you  
And all of the inconsistent things that you do.  
Please, just pretty please,  
Call instead of messaging me.  
That's so much nicer  
And I feel so special  
When I hear your pretty voice  
Across the phone line.  
That's as close as you'll let me get to you  
For now.  
I guess I'm a magnet on your refrigerator.  
And I feel like I've gotten tacky and used.  
And you've tossed me,  
Replaced me  
With another one of them  
And you can't see  
All the hurt you've been causing me.  
Or maybe you do  
And you're smiling secretly  
In your bedroom.

I've fucked too many different girls.  
(So, who's the whore?)  
I'm looking for love in all the wrong places,  
(So, who's the slut?)  
And as we explode simultaneously  
(So, who's the whore?)  
I can only think about you  
(So, who's the slut?)

So now I'm juggling three or four;  
I've lost count, unfortunately.  
This lesson proves even if I stuff myself,  
I'm still starving.  
And you might text me and say, hello  
And say, I miss you  
And say all of those silly things I've wanted to say to you.  
I mean, it was in my dream last night,  
So that means it has to happen.  
And if you told me you missed me,  
I'd be skeptical, but I'd believe it.  
So, don't let me down.  
Don't let me down  
Don't let me down

lalala lalala lalala lalala. . .

### **Unfair**

and in the middle of my dream  
 my phone begins to ring.  
 amazingly, it is her.  
 it is she  
 and it is  
 the first time in a long time  
 she took her time to take my time.  
 i pick up and am not so sure  
 if i'm sure of anything  
 anymore.  
 but, then again,  
 when have i ever been?  
 she tried to change me into an ardent guy,  
 but i never was.  
 i stuttered and was shy  
 when they asked  
 what kind of drink  
 or what to do  
 or if i wanted any more grated cheese on my taco.  
 and immediately  
 she asks to borrow a film of mine.  
 of course, i have a galore,  
 but she asks for the one specifically  
 that has a number of interesting factors lodged with it:  
 factor a)  
 it requires not seeing me to obtain the film  
 for a friend of mine currently has it.  
 factor b)  
 i bought it on our heavy-hearted homemade-spaghetti-filled valentine's day.  
 factor c)  
 i'm stingy.  
 (but i don't think of any of this,  
 because i was coolly awoken.  
 (i actually think about another film that a friend of mine has  
 (a film about a lonely man who commits suicide),  
 and i've wanted to view that motion picture  
 for quite awhile now,  
 because i can relate (though i am not as courageous as the lead character).))  
 factor d)  
 i don't want the memory of us floating above or in the background of her  
 as she's lying on that so so sinking soft couch  
 with the other boy on top of her

with me glancing through the window  
of my mind's eye,  
and my heart slowly breaking again and again and again.  
factor e)

i haven't seen her in way too long. she'll stop anytime to see anyone else.  
but apparently i'm just too. . . . sigh. i don't know.

so i say, in my delirious state, 'sure. take it. whatever.'  
well, even if i had not awoken from a peaceful nap  
i would have still had the 'sure, take it, whatever'  
response.

but STILL

i told her go ahead. take it. also take *last days*.

because for some reason

some weird strange nostalgic

archaic

ancient-greek-time-period

reason

i thought that

maybe

i'd see her sooner than i would he.

but ha.

the chances are fat.

but then,

when she asked me

all i could think of was this:

hey!

hey, hey, hey!

listen! if she borrows it from you,

that means she HAS TO

see you again

some day

to give it

back.

and seeing her,

or the thought of it,

totally makes me smile

(which shows you how much of a bitch i am

(or a pathetic guy)).

and the boys tougher than me,

or the girls fucking the tough boys,

will say, david, you stupid silly boy,

she doesn't love you.

she doesn't care.

it's a silly game she's playing.

and i'm not so sure if i agree with them.

but as i said,

i'm not so sure if i'm sure of anything

anymore.

those tough guys,  
they tell me, david, is it like this:  
you like her and she likes you?  
or is it like this:  
you're some weird obsessed ex-boyfriend  
who has no chance of ever  
being her friend  
again.  
and i reply,  
unfortunately, probably the latter.  
pathetic.  
so i'm not sure where the movie is now.  
to tell the truth,  
maybe i will get courageous one day.  
maybe i'll be able to go through with it.  
i constantly contemplate.  
what i really want to do is  
talk to her,  
face-to-face,  
and ask her about everything  
and tell her about everything  
(just so we can straighten it out).  
i mean,  
it's fine, for me, if she doesn't  
want to be  
friends  
or whatever.  
well, yeah it sure is heartbreaking,  
but it's okay.  
i'd just rather her say that straight out  
right here  
right now,  
than me having this false hope  
living on this point-zero-one percent chance  
that maaayyybbbeeee  
mmmaaaayyyyybbbeeee  
she loves me.

**Go Choke On Your Ailment**

Leaving me here alone like so many times in the past.  
And I was happy that you called yesterday.  
Do you need a dictionary to look up "promise?"  
Don't try to justify.  
Quit wasting your breath.  
You need it for moaning to him.  
What you're saying isn't a pure white lie.  
It's darker than that moonless night you spit in my face  
Using that cliché line,  
Blacker than your hair -  
I used to love when it was worn down.  
Well, I bet he does too.

Your smile had set my heart on fire.  
And now that smirk,  
The way you put your fingers into a gun  
In between my darting eyes  
Makes me cringe in fear.  
So let's laugh like there is no tomorrow.  
And I believed for a moment this feeling would always last  
But it's gone, it's through, that's in the past.

And you'd think I'd be happier,  
But knowing that you're stuck  
In a deep pathetic lifestyle choice  
Of ripping apart naive boys  
With your nails scratching against their backs,  
Your teeth biting into their shoulders,  
And those vampire bruises you left on my neck --  
My best friend's neck  
Because now we're enemies --

Knowing that you're stuck there doesn't evoke sympathy,  
Rather unending contempt.  
Luckily, I don't know what love is yet.  
Another girl will show me,  
Just never you.

**We're Fucked**

her smiles are magnificent  
and his are pure lies.  
he's frightened of being near her  
and her embrace is overwhelming.  
quickly approaching with that burning grin,  
one arm around her and he softly patted her back;  
and, it confused her. she didn't squeeze him  
the way she wanted to.  
but she wanted to.  
and he wanted to.  
he can't scribble everything that's going on  
inside of his head.  
and he keeps her guessing  
when she asks what he's thinking.  
wouldn't it be beautiful  
if there was nothing to get up to in the morning?  
they could stay up late.  
but she doesn't have work tomorrow anyway.  
she just wants to get away.  
and he doesn't want to get in the way.  
he's not sure what bright thoughts are soaring around in her head.  
'don't you wish it was easier.'  
his friends groan when he mentions her name.  
and remind him of the times they were so close  
to making her explode making him explode in tears  
because, "dude, she's a slut."  
there are facts he's been wishing were lies.  
and there are a few lies he's been wishing were facts.  
love is real.  
nobody will intervene.  
everyone is happy for his contentment.  
but this new guy isn't afraid of you.  
this new guy is fearless.

### Why Should Kisses Have to Mean Anything?

Yes, it's true:

Four months since the last time I have heard my name shouted out

From under me during a woman's peak.

"Is there something wrong with me?"

I assume I'm hideous,

Adorning a "Hello, my name is . . ." sticker reading

Asshole, or

Prick, or

You don't want to be seen with this loser.

Brad told me, "At least I have someone,"

All the while giggling.

At the birthday party,

That overcast night which was reflected so well in my eyes,

The bottle spun and pointed at that

Beautiful girl that frightens me.

Two seconds before I whispered,

"This game is a mockery of affection."

Now she kisses me and I pull away.

Lip quivering, eyes watering,

Everyone is wondering,

"What's wrong?"

What's wrong?

What's wrong?

You look sad."

I strain my lips and smile,

Mouthing, "It's okay. Everything's okay."

But minutes later it's my turn again

And we kiss once more

And I'm reminded of months before

When we weren't bound by the rules of a game

To show our love and hugged and kissed

And happiness was clear in our eyes

As we held hands.

Yes happiness was clear in both our eyes

As we held hands.

Now I'm reminded of months before.

With my shaking voice, "I don't want to play anymore."

**The End**

so i went in my room and talked on the phone.  
i was feeling really sad  
and it made me happier.  
i'm unsure, though,  
about everything.  
we talked about our feelings on the world  
and about religion  
and about the meaning of life,  
and it turns out we basically disagree on everything  
but that's exactly the way i like it.  
i really love that.  
just talking to someone about feelings and how you feel.  
this is part of my  
recent radical hatred  
for myspace and everything else.  
i think we should all call each other.  
we should all call each other.  
we should.  
we should all call each other.  
each other.  
rather than stare  
into meaningless pixels  
and read intricately thought out responses.  
the phone is better because if we say something,  
we can't delete it or think about it,  
we just say it  
and that's what we think or don't think  
or mean or don't mean.  
really, i wish we lived in a tiny community  
and we were able to just stroll across the street  
to whoever's house we wanted to speak  
with. but the phone will do.  
i wish i could see my friends more often.  
but adam goes out of his way to come see me,  
to walk to my house  
or get a ride with natalie  
and none of us really drive  
so it's difficult  
but it also shows the caring and longing and friendship.  
i love it.  
i love it.  
and i love it.  
it makes me feel really nice  
when friends come over and overcome obstacles  
like finding transportation to my far out there house  
or laziness.  
i don't like missing friends.

i like being with them.  
if we miss them too long,  
they fade and die  
and who do i have  
but one less friend  
and it's pointless and stupid.  
but hey.  
hey.  
we had a lot of fun yesterday.  
this summer, we will spend so much time together,  
constantly.  
i will live weeks in my friends' bedrooms  
and they will live weeks in mine  
and sometimes,  
just to say fuck you to the entire world,  
we'll live out on the roof  
or on the trampoline  
or in a swimming pool  
just splashing around  
and smiling those smiles that you don't think about  
or care about  
and nothing will get in the way of them.  
our tan lines will fade  
and our muscles will build  
from all the walking  
and biking  
and skating  
and swimming.  
this thursday.  
this wednesday.  
i don't know.  
my highschool life is ending.  
this is it.  
the end.  
the end.  
this is it.  
good bye, so long.  
i'm glad.  
three different elementary schools,  
three different high schools,  
one great junior high,  
too many enemies,  
not enough friends,  
too many good friends,  
love,  
love,  
so much love.  
caring.  
and caring.

if you  
 or me  
 or anyone is hungry  
 we'd give them a bite of our sandwich  
 or a couple bucks  
 and if anyone is feeling down  
 we'd give them a hug  
 or say i'm sorry and don't worry and anything,  
 everything,  
 everything will be all right.  
 it will be all right.  
 thank you, everyone.  
 thank you so much.  
 we need to get together.  
 all of us.  
 and just smile.  
 come on.  
 give me a call,  
 but only because you know that it would make me feel really good.  
 give me a call and tell me,  
 david,  
 you pathetic beautiful bitch,  
 i'm on my way!  
 say those exact words  
 and you better be at my house soon.

### **However Brief, It Was Beautiful**

I'm not asking, I'm telling you to begin to smile,  
 Because here's another one of those songs we all don't want to hear  
 About something unbearably trite, words mixed together,  
 A biased point of view; I'm a great liar, it sounds sincere.

Smile, motherfucker! Laugh and sing!  
 The redneck kids are still playing in the streets.  
 The sun's falling out and the moon's taking over.  
 And you're all laughing at what it feels like to be me.

Tease piercing, "He's listening to Bright Eyes. He's suicidal."  
 And yes I have tried twice or more.  
 Constantly rowing in a sea of jubilee thoughts,  
 So go on, tell me, "Shoot your brains out onto the floor."

You whine too much. You need a second mouth,  
 So I'll grab my knife, open one up along your neck.

Do both our arguing, smile twice as big.  
Smile twice as big! Fucking beautiful, lovely wreck.

When I spoke those "I love yous"  
I didn't understand the point.  
Now I know I just meant "I want to fuck you."  
So spread your legs for us, Babe! It's *them* you'll never disappoint! They  
know exactly what they'll get! You want some love, so you go and get fucked.  
Well get fucked, get fucked, get fucked, get fucked, get fucked, get fucked.

With the way she cared and my fucked up head,  
Mocking my clothes, hair, prescription pills.  
A friend lost, another group of friends lost.  
Well I've been losing, so I'll go on back to the drug store and get my refill  
of that shit so I can be happy! Happy! Happy! Happy!

In our world love only exists  
To the boys and girls who are busy playing tricks  
On the naive fools who believe their shit  
On the broken tools left out in the shackled shed forever just to rust. No  
good use for us. We'll rust, we'll rust, we'll rust.

However brief, it was beautiful.  
Searching for perfection;  
With this perfect ending  
I've found ending can be so difficult.

### **I'll Find the Good In You Again Someday**

Another failed suicide attempt gone unnoticed.  
As if anyone would care, they both agreed.  
When he tells her his head aches from an undying stabbing  
She glances around and mumbles, "There's nothing I can do."  
She doesn't care, she's always right anyway, they both agreed.

She's always right, anyway, right? They both agreed.  
He's a liar. He doesn't deserve her sympathy.  
He's a liar. He doesn't deserve her sympathy.

And it didn't start with her or this or any girl.  
It may have started when he found out he couldn't trust his best friends:  
One by one by one by one by one by one, saying they hated him, they all  
agreed.  
They still don't know he heard everything.  
Or when they all laughed in his face, threw sand in his eyes,  
Punched the back of his head and his lip bled from the water fountain.  
He was just thirsty. Now he can't drink without searching the vicinity.

He's just some quiet shy neurotic egocentric cynic, they both agreed.

She's always right, anyway, right? They both agreed.  
 He's a liar. He doesn't deserve your sympathy.  
 He's a liar. He doesn't deserve your sympathy.  
 And she's always right. He let her down again.  
 And she's always right. He let her down again.

And maybe just a hug, not from his "best friends,"  
 But that girl who keeps telling him that she cares.  
 He believes her words, they both agreed.  
 Because his head aches, and he asks for her help.  
 She shrugs, "There's nothing I can do. What do you want me to do?"  
 Maybe just a hug. Maybe just a hug. Maybe just a fucking hug.  
 But that's too close together, we both agreed.

She's always right, anyway, right? We both agreed.  
 I'm a liar. I don't deserve your sympathy.  
 I'm a liar. I don't deserve your sympathy.  
 And she's always right. I let her down again.  
 And she's always right. I let her down again.  
 And your apathy will reek from your clothes.  
 And your apathy will reek from your clothes.

### **Lucky Ducky**

Smile, my bitter heart.  
 We can't seem to escape this heat.  
 I'm dying, these lonesome thoughts.  
 I'm flying, my safe retreat.

Flooded with memories of happiness.  
 There's a drought in this town.  
 All I can do is think, think, think  
 I just want a little drink, drink, drink

But it hasn't rained - not a pillow in the sky.  
 My head everyday tells me 'go fucking die.'  
 But I'm a coward and the knife always slips  
 Onto the floor. I just wanted a sip.

You were the rain man; the flowers always bloomed.  
 But you ran away to some other town, said, "I won't be back anytime soon."  
 I'm withering without you; I need to be saved.  
 I've tried everywhere else to get that drop of rain.

But you can't come back; they've convinced us what's good.

Maybe I feel sad; think about the have, not about the should.  
You can tell all your friends what an asshole I am  
Only to make sure I never get another friend again.

Apathy's your middle name; I think I cared too much.  
Anyone who says 'love' shouldn't be frightened of a touch.  
Vision's a blur, mouth's so dry, twitching hands, teary eyes.  
I blame myself.

I blame myself.

There's a war going on inside of my head  
And I think they all just want to see me dead.  
I'll give in, I'll give up, we won't talk, we'll lose touch.  
I'll be thirsty, you'll be high. It's your head that's fucked up, not mine.

Smiling she said, "Davey, you're in love with the world."  
But that was bull shit. I was just in love with you. The girl  
Who was never around the morning after,  
Who would bring back the rain if only with her laughter.

Without you and without water  
Everything around me has suddenly lost its power.  
This world's too hot. I guess you can call it hell.  
Nothing's alive. I guess I should go as well.

So pretend you missed me, pretend you gave a fuck.  
Now that I'm gone, I'm better off, I'm happier. I'm the luckiest duck.  
But don't flatter yourself. It wasn't only you.  
It was everyone being no one, giving no love, having no clue.

You'll always be full of yourself because of course you bring that rain.  
But really it just follows you and everywhere you leave, you leave that pain.  
Were your smiles lies? I could finally sleep. I thought they were good times.  
You were so sweet.  
It doesn't matter. I'm cold, useless, and old. I'm a dying fucking heap.

So blame yourself.

**Tag**

We're just playing tag.  
Does this friendship mean anything?  
I'll run away from you  
And you'll chase after me.

But you don't cry, and you'll never whine.  
Maybe you'll even take your sweet time.  
But then we'll go out to tea  
And watch some movie.  
Now, finally, you've caught up to me.

Then you meet some nice guy  
And you will fly away.  
Panting, my legs are weak.  
I love this sweet game!

And I'll start to cry, and everyone hears me whine.  
"I'll change myself for you!" That same old sweet line.  
Then I'll stop to breath  
And you'll give me a ring.  
Now, suddenly, everything's alright with me.

**Tetris**

He doesn't know anything  
About Tetris.  
His style is weak,  
It's such a fuckin' mess.  
It hurts me to watch!  
I want ice with my scotch.  
I can't understand  
What you see in this man.

His highest score is low.  
He can't play faster than level slow.  
He's a pitiful wreck,  
A disgraceful Joe;  
Who knew you'd like a guy like this foe.

But let's look at me:  
My Tetris is great!  
I'm unaffected and shrug,  
I just passed level eighty-eight.  
It's so dull for me,  
I sit back, yawn, and smile.  
Two billion and five;  
My score was worthwhile.

Who does he think he is?  
The Tetris master?!  
I'm the Russian one here!  
He's just a disaster!  
Alright, maybe he's better,  
But not by a lot.  
Just a tiny bit, yeah,  
Okay, he's taller, so what?

'Cause even short kids  
Deserve to get grins.  
It's just not fuckin' fair  
Why the fuck should he win?  
I wish I could make you  
Smile like he.  
It's not just the Tetris, right?  
It's the look in your eyes,  
That undimming glee.

Alright, I understand.  
You're happier now.  
I can handle it, don't worry.  
So long, see ya, ciao.

It's just I feel pathetic  
Thinking about Tetris.  
Am I obsessed?  
It's just too much stress.

I wear this broken smile  
Like a model in Armani.  
Teary eyed struggle  
When you're with your new Johnny.  
So, congrats, whatever.  
Loneliness is cool.  
I know I'm selfish, honey!  
I feel like a fool!  
Everything I did  
Was with good intention.  
You said that too,  
But I didn't mention

That I guess your "I love yous,"  
Sounded false.  
But I was serious,  
I really meant it.  
Honey, is it 'cause I'm not tall?  
Well, it's okay,  
It's way past over.  
The ship has sailed.  
No magic four leaf clover.  
Though if I had one right now!  
You know what I'd do?  
I'd close my eyes and wish  
That I was  
With  
You.

### **Sing Something Sweet**

CEOs, sing something sweet to us.  
 The profit margin's large and we're paying up.  
 A country full of "inbreds" and consumerist banalities.  
 We're working damn hard to afford more stuff.

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait wait wait wait wait WAIT WAIT **WAIT WAIT! WAIT!**

Pull the plug on the employees here!  
 Move the factories, the old towns disappear.  
 Stocks are soaring and you're beaming!  
 The American dream for you's coming true.  
 Exploitation, exploitation.  
 Oversea laborers are cheap to own.  
 Consumer nation, sky high inflation.  
 I have a big screen without a home.

The bottom line is leave everyone behind.

### **On My Way Toward the East**

Quit dreaming up ways to increase my misery, family and friends.  
 They've forgotten what they have; so, I'll cross the country, head out east.  
 And when I come home they'll be screaming my name.  
 Hugs and kisses on the cheeks (even for those who still don't love me).

On my way toward the east conversation was sparse.  
 "Thirty on five, thanks." And just me singing old songs.  
 The wind it did holler, but what did it say?  
 It screamed, "Kid, you have forgotten too."

A wise young man gave me an ear.  
 I asked, "I love her; what should I do?"  
 He smiles and says, "Just know your worth."

Now the sun, I've left her behind me.  
 She's sinking in my mirror. I'm unsure if I'm glad to see her go.  
 The clouds are rolling in and they've blocked her out.  
 But with all the storms I've seen there's yet to be a rainbow.

On my way toward the east the stars brightened the night.  
 The mountains loomed, thunder boomed, the interstate empty, a gorgeous sight.  
 And the grand moon is laughing, and what did it say?  
 It giggled, "Kid, you'll never escape like this."

A gun slinging boy gave me a moment.  
 I asked, "What do you need that gun for?"  
 He smiles and says, "If there's any crows."

At night, streetlights  
 Create the horizon. And in the morning, the sun burns my eyes.  
 With all this alone time I have so much time to think.  
 That massage she fell asleep under my hands,  
 Amazing concerts he and I raced to.  
 I miss you.

On my way toward the east this cop pulled me over.  
 "I was going too fast, my foot fell on the gas. I'm sorry."  
 The cop just sneered, and what did he say?  
 He spit, "Kid, from Fresno, California, why the fuck are you alone?"

The skinny cop is waiting around.  
 I asked, "Why do you wanna search my car?"  
 He smiles and says, "I just can't trust you."

My face is darker, my tan lines stronger, and I smell like shit.  
 But it's not far now, I'm almost there. My journey's nearly halfway over.  
 But where are the palm trees? The pretty bikini clad gals?  
 Where's the wind in my hair and the smell of fun?

On my way toward the east I think I think I think I think.  
 And it got me somewhere, but I'm still alone and do they miss me?  
 I sort of cringed, and what did I say?  
 I bellowed, "Dave, it's time to go home!"

I haven't seen crows, rainbows, and I'm still on my own  
 But it's time to go back home.

### **Someone Else**

My reputation is shouted around town.  
 I'm nothing but a motherfucking clown.

I'm that swing set you stopped swinging on so long ago.  
 I'm that video game you played for a day and conquered.  
 I'm that dress you seldom wear only for show.  
 I'm the gloves you take out in the winter.

I'm Windows 98 and it's two-thousand-seven.  
 I'm a spare pack of smokes in the car.  
 I'm that bible you keep in case there's a heaven.

I'm a frown you never show off.

I'm that christmas present you keep in the closet.  
I'm a birthday card you keep in the drawer.  
I'm the journal you write in every so often.  
I'm at the kids table and you're an adult.

I'm a thin guitar pick you use for slow songs,  
Though you always play it fast.  
I'm the novel you began reading two years before.  
I'm Monopoly, you get bored and move on.

(chorus)

Oh I wish I were more than a fad.  
Someone you fuck and forget.  
Oh how fleeting your memory is.  
I'm on your list of mistakes and regrets.

I'm that teenage comedy, you know all the jokes.  
I'm a band-shirt you bought as a freshman.  
I'm an old bad habit that you broke.  
I'm the president who should've won the election.

I'm fast food you eat only when you're starving.  
I'm a ten minute cigarette break.  
I'm an old stuffed animal who lost all his stuffing.  
I'm a light switch that turns nothing on.

I'm the cell phone you use if your battery dies.  
I'm emo and now you're indie.  
I'm the tears you keep hidden whenever you cry.  
I'm a cheap shoulder you use for a ride.

I'm the friend you call when you have no one else.  
I'm a back up compliment.  
I'm in love with everyone except for myself.  
I'm pathetic, used, and dried up.

(chorus)

But oh I wish I were more than a fad.  
Someone you fuck and forget  
Oh how fleeting your memory is.  
I'm on your list of mistakes and regrets.

I'm on your list of mistakes and regrets.  
I'm the guy who wishes he was someone else.  
I'm number one of your mistakes and regrets.  
Or I'm the guy who just wants to be loved.

Oh I wish you cared for me too.  
 Don't just enunciate those 'I love yous.'  
 Oh it doesn't matter, I'll stick like glue.  
 Or realize the truth and say fuck you.

### **Playing Games**

She's stuck around and snuck around  
 And been around this fucking town.  
 She's kissed his friends and dissed his friends,  
 Never missed his friends and flirts to no end.  
 He's bought her shit, put up with her shit,  
 Forget about her shit, and never fought about it.  
 And he's stuck around, hasn't fooled around,  
 Then left his hometown, but came back around.

He's repulsive, he's repulsive, he's repulsive; they're obsessive compulsive.  
 As long as you've got someone to complain about!  
 He's negative and mean, and lives life like the silver screen.  
 Happy endings, hooray! Happy endings, hooray! He falls in love and gets laid.  
 Happy endings, hooray!

They're the misery junkies, junkies for drama.  
 Fake laughs, hand slaps, they even say she has the clap.  
 They're playing tug of war, but what's the score?  
 What's in store for the naive boy and the whore?

She asks and calls, as if she cares at all;  
 She's never cared at all, just was there most of all.  
 He cries then sleeps, he whines then sleeps,  
 He's pathetic and sleeps, he gives people the creeps.  
 They hug one another, say they love one another,  
 Will be there for each other, never sleep with each other.  
 They smile together, complain about weather,  
 Then fight together, she ends it with whatever.

He works all weekend, gotta get paid. She dances all weekend, dark eye shade.  
 He cashes his check, buys her a dress, he just wants to see her undressed.  
 She shrugs and sighs, then slips on a smile, for him it's all worthwhile.  
 Happy endings, hooray! Happy endings, hooray! He falls in love and she gets  
 paid. Happy endings . . . whatever.

They're the misery junkies, junkies for acceptance.  
 Dish out cash, waste more gas, overdraw and laugh laugh laugh.  
 They're playing hide and seek, but she takes a peek,  
 Now he's lost the game, he trusted her so who's to blame?

They're the misery junkies, junkies for each other.  
They say they care when nobody's there. It's fucked up, are they even aware?  
They're playing games. They're one and the same.  
Enclosed and scared, they'll never be able to show how much they care.

### **So Tired**

sleep seems so far away.

a week has seemed longer.  
and these past few weeks . . .

have lasted an eternity.

i think i'm through.

white is a beautiful color.

i am so tired.  
i should sleep more often than i do.  
i should sleep more often than i can.  
it's been so difficult.  
i hate that feeling; it's harder to sleep with it surrounding me.

"and it's not that i'm unhappy because of her. it's that i was unhappy  
before, and she made me happier."

there's a cloud of truth blocking the liar's rays.

i hope this new year's resolution comes true.  
it's time to give up the past.

i'm sane, you just think i'm crazy because i'm not you.

i'm so tired.

you can fall asleep. i'm not with you.

**Easy**

by the time you're waving good bye  
 I would have apologized a million times  
 to a million people for the same mistakes --  
 a failure's lover deserves better.

Simplicity and Laziness are All The Jazz.  
 If I never accomplish anything was my life in vain?  
 effort and ambition are for Dreamers.  
 I used to say I've grown tired of this game.

If I'm incapable of creating Beauty, is there a point?  
 When I scream out loud over my guitar and a quote, un-quote, broken heart,  
 Does that count?

I was told reading the bible will uncover the answers;  
 So, I read it over many times, cover-to-cover, back-to-back.  
 There was one line that stuck true:  
 "Everything is Meaningless," one king wrote.

That strikes me as fact. But, I've already considered that.  
 So, give me something new.

It's easy to put worth on your life's work,  
 but if you weren't here there'd just be another jerk.  
 It's easy to put worth on your life's work,  
 but if you weren't here there'd just be another jerk.

**Happiness**

Happiness  
 Comes in the form  
 Of an electronic reading  
 Showing that I have a Billion Dollars in my bank account.

I'm broke.

I'll be happy anyway.

**Fantasy**

You love it when I call you 'Cunt.'  
 Your smile, bright white, lights the night.  
 Your heart explodes and you can't stop kissing me.  
 Oh wait, those aren't tears of joy falling from your face.

No matter, anyway.  
 I left you yesterday.  
 I'm just a memory.  
 I'll make believe it's a fantasy.

**Lady Smiles**

I'm just a boy who needs  
 a kiss, hug, and love.  
 Who is she? with that look,  
 that sigh, that smile.  
 Your smile, Your face,  
 Your flawless embrace.  
 A warm greeting, A silent feeling,  
 A burning massage.

I just smile, my face,  
 Like I just finished first place.  
 You smile, at him, and him, and him,  
 And him all the while.  
 So I just ask, how many smiles?  
 It stretches for miles and miles and miles and miles.

But I follow the smile  
 Around from town to town, another smile and mile.  
 Driving her, bribing her,  
 Begging her for her approval.  
 She just sits back  
 And smiles all the while.  
 Smile. Smile, smile.  
 Smiles all the while.

Buy me, ride me.  
Fuck me, apathy.  
What are you trying to prove?  
You're pathetic, used, and cruel.  
You're beautiful, I love,  
I love I love I love you!  
I'll just dangle along,  
Strung along, hung along.  
With you all the while,  
And all the while, smiles.

Every new face you meet.  
Smiles. Smiles.  
Every new face you grope.  
Smiles. Smiles.  
Every new face follows.  
Smiles. Smiles.  
Begging for approval.  
Smiles. Smiles.

My wallet flies free!  
Cash is just falling out!  
You say, 'no;' I scream, 'NO!'  
You say, 'yes;' I scream, 'YES!'  
Your favorite band  
Is my favorite band.  
Let's go see them!  
I'll pay for gas.

But, oh shit, I forgot.  
Just a second too late!  
Why didn't I think of this?  
I've made a mistake!

It's just, I forgot:  
Love can't be bought.  
It's just I forgot:  
Love can't be bought.  
It's just I forgot  
That love can't be bought.

**Sunglasses**

I have the coolest sunglasses on.  
All the ladies say to themselves 'I wanna fuck that guy' when I have the  
coolest sunglasses on I'm the coolest motherfucker in this fucking tiny town

But me and getting laid aren't very synonymous,  
So maybe I should go out and buy a few cool pairs of shoes  
And a faster car, something that emits more pollutants;  
Then, I'll get laid.  
That's all that really matters anyway.  
That's all that really matters anyway.  
That's all that really matters anyway.  
Maybe I'll just stick to these cool sunglasses.

**Spent**

Steal from work.  
I can't make rent.  
Half a meal a day  
I can't make rent.  
Oh god, I'm a jerk.  
My money's all spent.  
Cigarettes are a luxury.  
I can't make rent.

I'm just a bum.  
Walk in from New York City with that smile and pale skin and goals and  
achievements.

I'm a failure.  
I'm a failure.  
I'm a failure.  
I'm a guitar player.

**Fun**

Your mind's a rug.  
 Every time reality has stunk it up with its grime  
 You stand on the ledge and beat it against the floor.  
 Maybe try pill popping, soda shopping, gulp after gulp, another bowl and  
 another cigarette to straighten everything out.

I'm flying sky high to clouded memories and nights you call the best  
 They're the same as the rest.  
 Everyday needs to be blessed  
 Jimmy gets fifty; you get a fun experience.

And when you smile for so long  
 It's so unlike you that you imagine you don't belong.  
 Can anyone notice? Is there really anything wrong?  
 Or are you in a daze of paranoid delusions again?

**The World**

We first kissed under bright moonlight  
 And shared some intimate feelings.  
 I enjoyed the most peaceful sleep;  
 I prayed by the time we woke you wouldn't leave.

We sped down the darkest country road  
 And sung Death Cab's 'Passenger Seat'.  
 It was a special day (soon your birthday),  
 You smiled; I smiled; were we really happy?

We babbled on the phone till two AM,  
 And attempted to stay up.  
 I've always loved the sound of your voice;  
 It was too soothing. I think I passed out.

We cuddled on your mom's couch,  
 And watched a French new-wave movie.  
 You're texting all the while;  
 You missed Catherine killing poor ole Jimmy.

We made plans as the sun went down,  
 And met at my place.  
 You only murmured a cliché line:  
 'Let's just be friends.' I wish I saw my face.

We danced with the stars  
And fucked in my dreams.  
I'll take more sleeping pills  
'cause only in dreams you're that close it seems.

We ran through the heavy rain  
And raced down the streets.  
I thought that I was ahead of you,  
You lied; I lost; you always cheat.

We flew to the moon  
And had a cup of tea.  
Staring down at the whole world  
You said, "I wish the whole world was with me."

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**What a Mess**

sleepiness swallows me whole  
and your bright face and pouty lips  
and underwear on the floor  
just disappear for a spell  
until I shift in my sleep,  
open my eyes,  
squint at the morning light,  
turn to the beauty  
and find a mess.

make-up smeared hair everywhere  
and drooling  
oh god, what was I thinking

??

it wouldn't stop happening.

every time your voice shrieked  
from a another mistake i made  
i cringed in retreat  
you can hide in moonlight  
but you can't run  
repeated apologies chase you down  
pathetic

why waste your time with me?  
why waste your time with me?  
why waste your time with me?  
am I really gonna make you happy?  
am I really gonna make you happy?  
am I really gonna make you happy?

don't speak to me.  
don't speak to me.  
a few months fly  
and suddenly it's all right.  
back to the start  
(maybe this time we'll change).  
another and another and another fucking text message.  
why can't you ring?  
i knew i didn't mean anything.  
it's more efficient to communicate digitally  
when you're after everyone's approval.  
this time it's different.

what if i say no?  
 what if i am an asshole?  
 what if i stop chasing you?  
 would you start chasing me?  
 so, what if i say no?  
 what if I really am an asshole?  
 what if i stop chasing you?  
 would you start chasing me?  
 your face is a blurred memory.  
 your face is a blurred memory.  
 your face is a blurred memory.  
 your face is a blurred memory.

six months this june  
 and i'm a happier man.  
 new year's resolutions do come true.  
 new year's resolutions really do come true.

### **Fools**

Your 'I love you' never sounded as fake.  
 Do you care? You're some kind of disgrace.  
 Run Run Run to your other boyfriends.  
 They'll take care of your petty needs.  
 They'll meet your demands.  
 You're a dark cloud in my brain.  
 Block it out, create unbearable pain.  
 Photography and Creativity --  
 You're just the Same.  
 Snap, snap, snap. Hastily throw in another roll of film.  
 A million and two pictures : you still will forget.

Head aches. Heart breaks. Eyes glued to my shoes.

Laugh, smile, make this moment worthwhile.  
 Point and shout, 'pathetic mistake.'  
 How many hearts did you break?  
 How many hearts did you break?  
 How many lives did you shake?  
 How many kisses have you gave?  
 A million and two, you still will forget.

Free for all! Free for all! All in all, another photo on your roll.

A back rub. A burning massage.  
You're exclusive (that's sarcasm).  
I'm reclusive. 'That's real,' you'd murmur  
In your nonchalant ineffective cool growl.  
What are you trying to prove?  
You may use those boys (a film roll of abuse)  
But in the end, who's alone?  
In the end, I think I've grown.  
In the end, you're still unloved.  
It's fake, you fake, you weren't sent from above.

Don't say care if nothing's there. I may be a fool, but you'll always be  
cruel.

I used, "angelic," to describe you,  
But wasn't satan an angel too?

### **Small**

Acceptance or apathy?  
A thousand pictures of me.  
I'm always happy.

**Hope**

Your art is a cry  
 Express your anguish  
 Others may empathize,  
 Though I know you and  
 You know me  
 And we know we don't  
 Spend eternity  
 In a bubble of doom.

Happy though we're unaccomplished,  
 uncool, failures & fools.  
 And though they don't care,  
 And they'll never feel your pain,  
 Regret has frozen us all  
 In that chilly night rain  
 (Regret has frozen us all  
 In that chilly night rain).

You haven't been to Seattle or London;  
 So, why do you feel you hurt the most?  
 Every time you cry there are at least a million more.  
 Every time you cry there are at least a million more

Splashing in that dirty  
 Puddle of misery  
 May keep your brain  
 Entertained.  
 But one day  
 You'll wake up and realize [that]  
 We're all the same.  
 Some may sink far below,  
 Shouting that surface  
 Is a dream  
 But, I know you  
 Have heart and I have hope.

Happy though we're unaccomplished,  
 uncool, failures & fools.  
 And though they don't care,  
 And they'll never feel your pain,  
 Regret has frozen us all  
 In that chilly night rain  
 (Regret has frozen us all  
 In that chilly night rain).

**Tiny Town**

your smile rips the room wide open  
 but they saw you before  
 they've seen you with the town whores --  
 your antipathetic bleeding eyes.

in such a tiny town  
 your reputation is a dark shadow.  
 they see you and scream  
 'a mindless talentless stupid kid who can only dream.'

here's half a smile and a moment of my time  
 now shine for me, baby! shine, shine, shine!

one day we'll all become millionaires and move out of this place.  
 you're content here anyway.  
 the spotlight's searching for its next victim  
 and everyone wants to jump right in  
 those lights melt plastic skin --  
 lip injections, cheek extensions, and a smile you can't take off.

and we scream, shine that light on me.  
 and we scream, shine that light on me.

**Erin's Song**

Erin, my sweet,  
 Your heart does shine!  
 It shines all day,  
 And it shines all night!  
 When I'm feeling low  
 And need a smile on my face,  
 Your warm smile greets me  
 And a crushing embrace!  
 Oh how can I write a song  
 About someone so pure?  
 She's as pure as snow!  
 As pure as ultra pure.  
 Next time you see Erin  
 Don't be shy to say, 'Hello,'  
 Because getting to know her  
 Is as good as snow.

Erin, cheer up!  
 You're a wonderful gal,  
 And you've gotta kickin' bod!  
 I'm glad you're my pal!

**Simple**

simplicity falls into this moment;  
the next ignites strenuous dread.  
forbidding pain, your pride supersedes.  
and jesus' altruist band had never performed a selfless deed.  
everyone wanted lazarus dead.  
jesus was his own self-righteous proponent.

every challenge swells the brain.  
thus our haphazard conversation  
steadily and always remains inane,  
i take blame,  
endeavor to change,  
and now i'm outcast  
for presumptions of human potential.

the teachers spoke truth  
when they professed of the earth's cold.  
so wrap tight that blanket of benighted bliss.  
each day amounts to static, sunny piss.  
unavoidable reflections scream, failure and old.  
the only challenge is to evade personal sleuth.

**Upon Up On**

The lark crooned on the  
silhouetted visage of a man in  
stark nudity, and began to bemoan  
the masses losses.

"What, when a man stands nude,  
is one to say, beside, of course,  
put on some clothes, dude, to  
the offensive sight? Must all  
our lives be subject to this  
blight and the glimmering light shining  
from his member?" A question  
is only worth a refute if it  
resounds and tinkles the heart's chimes.  
And just like that, on a lark,  
the nude man jumped from the  
skyscraper and descended slowly enough  
to watch his own reflection, fat  
swinging and flaying, penis shrinking,  
thoughts soaring.

However memorable - the photos were  
taken - his thoughts didn't have  
enough time to reach a  
conclusion.

What a waste of time when even when he died he stole moments  
from others' lives without any sort of reciprocity, beside, of course,  
the lark's growing pomposity.

**Bull Shit pt 2**

A new relationship  
A gateway to something I might care about,  
But love doesn't exist. Our world's turning to shit.  
Just shrug and lose motivation in the blue glare of the screen.

Let's dance tonight and lose our minds to wakefulness.  
Work in the morning. It's alright. We'll stay up all night.  
I'll fuck you. You'll fuck him. We're all one big happy family.  
But I'm tired of hearing the same song over and over.  
This is a plagiarism, a forgery, a reproduction, something no one should  
sing.

Sentimentalists, rise with fists!  
Just kidding, nostalgia sucked you in.  
Blast that track again and again  
Although you've lost every old friend.

A new beginning  
Begins with a different ending where I'll lose ground.  
Slit my throat or cut my hair. Either way, I'm dead.  
Burn my lunchbox of missed memories. Only the future is liable to change.

Let's hold hands. This movie is dull, but I'm afraid.  
The past is the past and we've moved on. This is just another song.  
I like you. Do you like me? If it's bull shit, why can't I see?  
Forget about yourself for a moment, you arrogant, selfish prick.  
There is hurt out there worse than yours. But all I can see is what's in  
front of me.

Apathetics, fall into bliss.  
If it's ignorance you want, it's ignorance you'll get.  
Love flows freely off your tongue.  
Shout a new song your new friends have always sung.