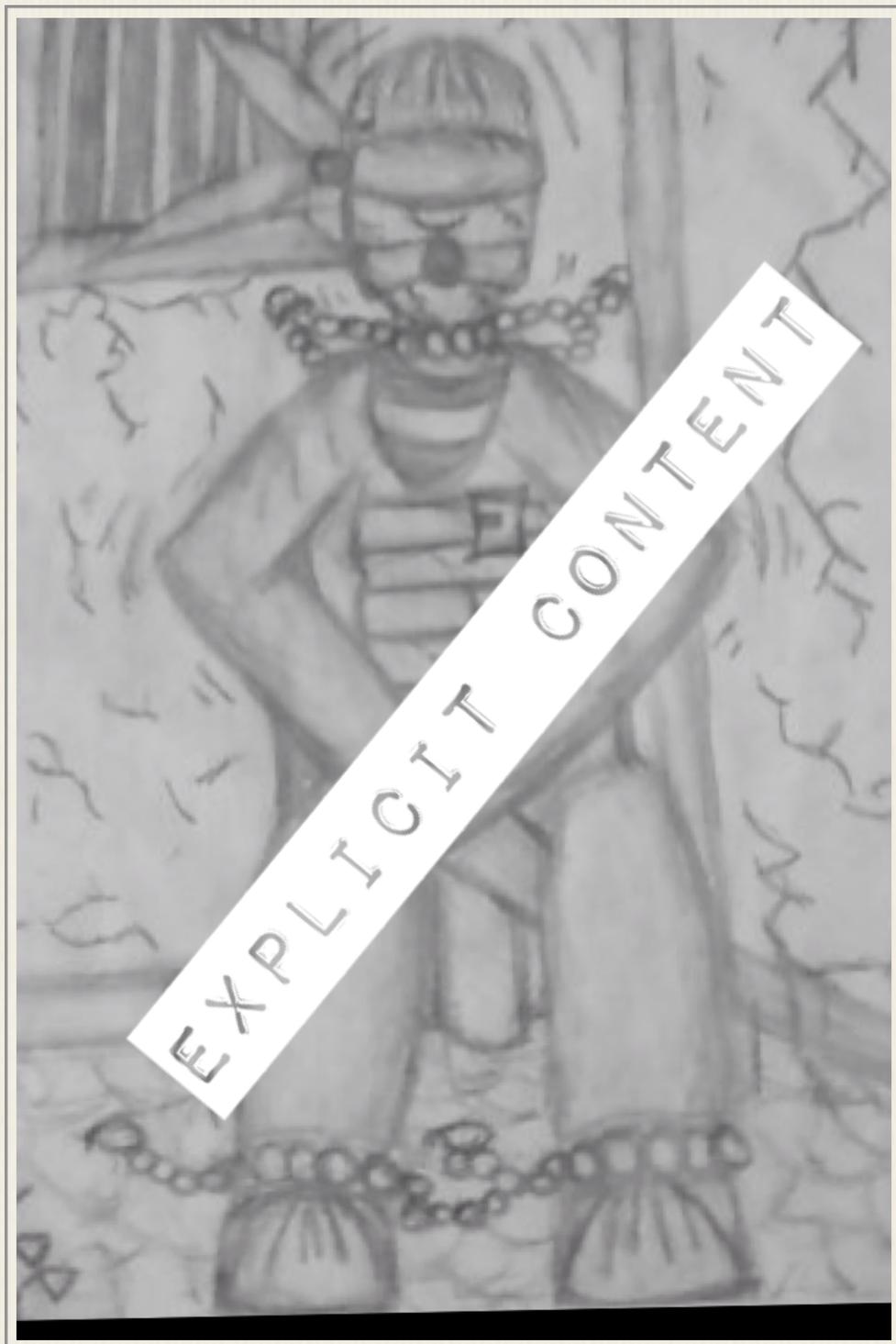




# You ARE my Material.



BY "LEELEE"





# I.

I gave a crack whore a ride to a sleazy motel last night.

Citgo on the corner of 22<sup>nd</sup> and 34<sup>th</sup> Street South,

I stopped for candy and Frappuccino,

I told the clerk I had hungry friends at home.

I had just finished a show,

-One in which I didn't participate-

She asked for a ride,

I asked if she was going to rob me, She said no,

Between 22<sup>nd</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> she gifted me with her own poetry,

-it was actually pretty good,-

and at that moment I decided to re-write my thesis.

My thesis,

the masterwork that defines my life thus far,

-without the abstraction.-

My friends and I have a tendency to speak in ideas.

Speaking in ideas creates complication.

none of us really has any clue what the other is talking about.

Feelings aren't something anyone can understand on levels aside from their own.

I've learned recently that sad doesn't really exist.

I used to write in third person,

it became a way for me to purge all of my thoughts without being completely honest about who it was.

I pushed the fictional into literal,

I created abhorrent feelings of discomfort,

and I exposed the blatant truth about

the world's dirtiest secrets.

I used cliché to describe the evils of humanity hoping that someone would listen.

Listen, Feelings, Discomfort, Abhorrent, Exposure. I am listing again.

Some of my greatest work is abhorrent.

It is a mess of feelings,

It creates extreme discomfort,

and can be excruciating to listen to.

I must put my clothes back on.

My body turns to ice in my bedroom.



# II.

For a second I thought I was a poet.

I intend to be one of the writers who changes the world.

Last night I started a manifesto. When I am famous -I began-

I will have two red hearts tattooed under the corner of my left eye.

I will be famous enough to deface myself in any way I like,  
-and no one will care.-

I will eliminate every terrible poet, locking them up in cold cells,  
so they can write on the walls with their blood.

I will raise the decent writers from the pits of hell,  
pulling them up by their shirt strings,  
give them food, and warmth,  
and treating them like the gods and goddess' they are.

I will give a million dollars to the Nation of Poetry,  
and I will shower affection upon their pens.

I will expose them to catharsis;  
helping them to purge their insides onto the page,  
and teach them to be better than me, To better me,

To beautifully expose the nation to the pain that comes only from emotional sin.

Together, we will use all medium, We will speak,

we will sing, we will draw,

we will scream, we will perform,

we will paint,

we will write, we will write, we will write,

and we will tell the truth.

We will do whatever it takes to tell the truth.

We will use poetry to educate, and not to entertain.

I never planned to be an entertainer,

but most people only hear when I am.

I then started to wonder if my manifesto was a little abstract,

and took it back before they started to think I was creating a cult.

One in which people do my homework,

and clean my room for me.

Are people even into epic poetry these days?

I think I'm the only one who understands my jokes,

and the only one who gets my sickness.

I'm very sure that I don't even write poetry anymore,

and that I just put odd words in strange orders on the page.

I was told recently that I do a very good job of

“expressing myself through my obsessions.”

I am obsessed with the Cheshire Cat,  
and I’m pretty convinced at this point that it’s a religion.

I’m having a very hard time removing this abstraction,  
I run away but feel this pulsating contraction.

I’m sorry, I started rhyming again.  
Over the last few months I’ve been through a process.

The unfortunate ending to this is right now,  
two days before my final draft is due, and starting again.

My poetry is terrible,  
I’d rather start from scratch than try and salvage it.

I recently wrote a poem entitled “this poem sucks” It wasn’t any good.

Perhaps I don’t want to talk about Dali. Perhaps I have my own list of items.

I have never once attempted to explain  
my thought process with a melting clock.

A hamster wheel is much more likely.

I used to talk about hamster wheels all the time...

...and straight jackets.



# III.

Cheshire cats in pink and purple straight jackets.

There is a cheshire cat  
who sits on top of my parental advisory sticker,  
and wears a five pointed crown on his head.

Cheshire cats change colors like chameleons,  
and in this particular story he is black and white.

The revelations came at the tea party.  
in fact, all revelations come at tea parties.

I sat on a set of stairs with the queen of hearts,  
and we discussed the fact that the cat's smile  
is a derivative of the moon.

My friend told me he is the cheshire cat. I am Alice,  
sometimes I'm the pink Alice,

sometimes I'm the black and white Alice, sometimes I'm the red and black Alice,  
and sometimes I am the red and white Alice. seldom am I the blue Alice.

Last time I was the blue Alice  
I think I broke my foot.  
I often break things when I'm nervous.



# IV.

I had an ex-boyfriend that I used to call Daddy,  
and I've definitely studied too much Freud for that situation.

I've definitely studied too much of my inner child.  
Daddy played with my inner child.

At no point is it ever okay to molest anyone's inner child,  
and molesting children is just as bad.

Children should never become part of anyone's sexual process,  
sex should never become a process,

Everything is a process.  
I exist as part of this process.

Daddy drug me kicking and screaming,  
around another temper tantrum.

I would have been lost if I had been left alone,  
and I was just trying to barricade the door.

His door was the exit to my existence,  
and he was going to kill me.

I sat on the side of the bed in the morning,  
and held back nausea.

I was holding Daddy's baby.  
explaining to the judge that my Daddy raped me

Would be as hard as discovering internal marks without taking x-rays.

My cage never was big enough to fit my wings.

Chocolate coated incense sticks covered in heroin.  
Sometimes I just want to eat the skin of my chicken,  
and sometimes I stand in the shower and recite poetry in my head.

## CHAPTER 5



# V.

I can sit on my computer for days,  
and I'm completely enamored.

I try to stay away from it,  
but it calls to me in soft electronic purrs.

There is something sexual about it's red case,  
and the triad symbol on the front.

I birthed three girls.

Tawny, Andraya, and Deirdre.

then I spent an entire summer separating my "feelings" into them.

Andraya was the embodiment of the sexy female computer geek.

Tawny the encapsulation of the "perfect people."

and Deirdre is the angel of insanity.

Unfortunately,

their stories became so unbelievable

that the believable became unbelievable,

and you have to make them believe the believable even if it's unbelievable.

"Andraya fucked a man she should never have fucked last night."

"Tawny didn't like tawny at all."

“Deirdre spoke to her psychosis.”

It was a way to separate  
my hopelessly varied emotions from each other,  
and explain them all away with the term “method writing.”

“Deirdre wanted to flip out,  
lose it, go insane, tell them all to fuck off,  
and let them take a huge syringe to shoot thorazine in her ass.”

It was a good feeling,  
and I asked my parents never to read any of my writing

-Except maybe my kids books.-



# VI.

When I graduate I'm going to write kids books.

The Cheshire Cat tells me it's a "good idea,"  
and for the last year or so I've been living in Wonderland.

The cat told me where to live, and I did so.

The "unbirthday" room,  
a room where it is my birthday every day.

Room #24.

24 is my lucky number.

My birthday is on May 24<sup>th</sup>.

The Cheshire Cat lives inside the wall downstairs,  
and when I was the blue Alice,  
I met the caterpillar, the mad hatter, and the white rabbit.

It was a strange night.

I learned a lot at that tea party.

One of those things is that I don't ever need to start any story with  
"the therapist pushed her glasses up her nose."

I don't really care if you like my poetry.

and I hate how my cat chews on things when she's hungry.

I am constantly insulted by the food at Eckerd College.

and I'm actually looking for a plug puller.

To whom it may concern:

I believe it is now time

for Ms. Atkins to be removed

from life support.

We are no longer supportive of her life. send her to the soul checkout line,

and please take a number for her. Sincerely, the plug puller.



# VII.

Sometimes I want to fire all of my friends,  
and sometimes I'm so glad they are around.

Yes this IS the story that never ends.

There is this stupid boy I keep returning to  
some days I know he is exactly what I'm looking for,  
but I would have to trip over technology to reach him.

I want all his letters back, but the emails never come,  
and I can't figure out what I need to do,  
to arrange a cup of coffee @ starbucks.com.

I am addicted to coffee that costs almost \$5 from Starbucks,  
and I know that a main source of financial failure,  
has come from drinking too much of it.

I was on the internet one day last semester,  
and I was looking at pictures of abandoned insane asylums.

There was a picture on the wall of one of these buildings,  
and it managed to create a stain on my brain.

I decided that when I go completely insane,

knowing that this is inevitable

I do not want to be anywhere near a picture like that.

The huge pink hippo wore a tutu,  
and carried a red rose in her outstretched hand.

White walls, that's all I want, white walls.

Daddy's heart was beating through me at a million decibels,  
crushing my cranium,  
and puncturing it's cells.

I could smell him tearing through his straight jacket,  
and eating every last breath.

Causing suffocation in his sleep,  
his lifeless body on top of me.

Taking him with me, and soaking me with spit.  
his non-chalant shower of spit shoved me in the shower.

Smacking my head against the wall,  
invoking another concussion,  
and dislocating my elbow.

I tried to sew up his scars with love  
and affection while he wrenched it from me.

The BrOKEn pieces that had once been  
a part of my features were now glued together,  
and the last thing I wanted was an uproar within the SCArS.

I often write more than one poem at the same time then I split them up,

and now I'm putting them back together in a different order.

One times one is one,  
two times two is four,  
three times three is nine,  
four times four is,  
one times four is four,  
two times four is eight,  
three times four is twelve,  
four times four is sixteen,  
five times five is  
five ten fifteen twenty,  
twenty-five.

It was almost as though I had managed to separate my mind from my emotions.

Back to your mind LeeLee.

I decided never to date poets.



# VIII.

I went to Wet Willy's over the summer.

It was the best summer of my life.

I definitely stole a "call a cab" from someone,  
right before I stole the biggest nipple clamp in the universe.

I'm not really into stealing,  
but my emotions weren't in check,

and I needed to steal something random  
-in front of three cops.-

I tied her to the bed with her legs spread,  
and proceeded to violate her with a Hennessy bottle.

I have realized that at no point am I ever, not living inside a story.

I've decided to just take your advice and become a lesbian,  
and I have never been a software pirate.

The rest of my crew retired in august,  
which meant I would have to pay for everything.

The new version of Windows came out a few weeks ago,

I'm thinking about downloading it.

Not that I have ever stolen software,  
and I have never been a software pirate.



# IX.

I've decided not to take your advice and become a lesbian.

I'm not in love with her,

I don't do that,

-females have too many emotions to keep track of- but damn,  
do I LOVE to torture her.

I wish I could tell the universe to stop fucking copying me,  
and shut the fuck up with it's pretentious bullshit.

He is just a figment of my fucking imagination.

They are all just figments of my fucking imagination.

I've been thinking about Sean non-stop for three weeks.

Months.

I've been thinking about Sean non-stop. for three months.

I wish I had clued into the plight of the perfect people previously  
they all fall apart behind closed doors.

I remember sitting behind a closed door on the floor,  
and mopping up the tears I couldn't stop from falling.

I remember lying in bed staring at the door,  
and have recently discovered this is “detachment.”

I learned to detach at eight years old,  
(when I was in boarding school.)  
We used to wear pink striped dresses.

My teacher used to torture me.  
she made me wet myself in front of the class.

My assumption is that she has  
a strange fascination with pink dresses.  
I have a strange fascination with pink dresses.  
Rebellion doesn't get you anywhere  
unless you have a pink dress on.



# X.

My pink dress, spattered with red.

The pink Alice is rather more twisted than the blue Alice.

When I am the pink Alice I want to go and fight people.

last weekend I ran after a card guard with a white garden chair.

The Cheshire cat usually eggs me on,

and I've decided to buy him a pink and purple name brand shirt.

I took off her shirt,

she had worn red that particular day.

Red is my favorite color,

and I used 100 feet of rope to tie her up.

The rumble of my stomach doesn't flatter me,

and I recall the night my ex cut off my hair with a pair of kitchen scissors.

Are people even into epic poetry these days?

I have not, and will not, ever become an entertainer.

Unless it's to pay my bills,

in which case I may have to write for entertainment.

No, I didn't read your comments,  
I didn't want you to hurt my "feelings."

Minerva laughed at me when I said I wanted to be a poet.  
There's nothing worse than being born to write,  
and being told it's the one thing you're a failure at.

Feelings do actually exist,  
but I didn't submit anything to the publisher,  
I didn't want to have to clean house for it.

I took a holocaust literature class once,  
I wish I didn't get so engulfed by classes.

I wish I didn't get so engulfed,  
I am currently engulfed by the Cheshire cat.



# XI.

Cheshire cats in straight jackets,  
sitting on top of parental advisory stickers.

I would love to become a part of the matrix,  
1 and 0 forming a formidable puddle on the ground.

Perhaps I am turned on by cables, patches, and server rooms.  
Perhaps that -IS- electrical erotica to me.

Perhaps the hypnotic hum of technology turning  
makes me want to spank ladies in school girl skirts.

I am wishing that I could at least get my fix.  
-If I can just see him for five minutes I will make it through.-

I WILL graduate this year,  
and understanding Hitler on a personal level is never healthy.

Unless slitting your wrists is healthy, in which case please, be my guest.

I was a guest at a tea party once,  
and at some point I managed to get back to the Cheshire cat.

I should have gone to waffle house,

and I wrecked my car the next morning.

I turned the diamond ring my mother had gifted.

I should never have tried to kick down the door.

Daddy kicked down my door.

He told me to get into the shower and punch myself in the stomach.

I want to shove my fingers down my throat.

Then I want to eat an entire swimming pool full of ice cream,  
and throw it all up in the sacrificial toilet.

I can not, in any way, explain how this is poetry.



# XIII.

There are times when I wish I could get off my hamster wheel,  
but I had a 42 day the other day.

The same day I gave the crack whore a ride to the motel, a  
t least on a 42 day you know you are in the right place.

If you turn around, and see 42  
you are doing what you should be doing.

She smelled like stale cigarettes, crack, and grimy sex.  
I had a friend who became a crack head.

He would get on his hands and knees with a lighter  
“carpet searching”  
looking for the piece of rock he hadn’t dropped.

He said that one day he did find one.  
I think he was just smoking a skittle.

Eventually he tried to rob me,  
but I wouldn’t give him the keys to my apartment.

It was my birthday yesterday, and you didn’t call.

You are my material.

I wonder if I'll ever get it right, or if there's even a right to get.

I used to call her his other girlfriend,  
and asked if she gave good blow jobs.

Stop, Jerk, Rewind, Start again.



# XIII.

I vomited in the space between the nightstand, and the bed.

I've been ignoring the fly that's been buzzing around my head,  
like it's wings have been dipped in crystal meth.

"Danny went into the quiet room, masturbated loudly,  
pissed and shat on the floor, and fell asleep in his own mess."

I wanted to feel what he did,  
he had been given permission to cross over to the other side.

"psychosis," said Deirdre, "I am in love with you" "you enable me, you let me lean on you."

"you let me house you in my closet keeping you secret, So I can turn to you."

"when I am lonely you comfort me,  
I can't get away from you, and I can't get enough of you."

My psychosis went with me,  
To the date I was never invited on.

The air smelled of disinfectant mixed with body odor, and I made a joke to clear it,

-just as I always did.-

Minerva used to stand me next to the desk and humiliate me.

She told me I'd never become a writer, and she was probably right.

In my dreams Daddy jumps off of forty story buildings,  
and survives every time.

I had a giant pen mark down the side of my face,  
but the judge was sympathetic to my case.

I waited for the bridge to go down, listening to the hackers soundtrack,  
and ignoring the tears that were welling up  
in the traps of my eyes.

Blood ran from my eyes, down my cheeks,  
touched the tip of my nose,  
and fell upon my lavender pillows.

I waited, like I always had.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm just waiting to wait.  
and standing to wait,  
and sitting to wait,  
so that I can be told to turn around and take a number.



# XIV.

I entered a slam competition, and I lost.

I lost a slam competition,  
so I decided to judge one.

If insanity is a short trip,  
I need to remember my toothbrush.

Amelia told me I looked very beautiful sitting next to the toilet,  
and gave my hair a tug on the way out.

I followed her,  
and we would steal food from the other girls in the middle of the night.

She showed me how to put my fingers inside her.

I don't think concretion is necessarily a bad thing,  
but I decided not to show anyone my manifesto.

I don't want them to think I'm starting a cult, or becoming a dictator.

Hitler was a manic-depressive,  
but I have no genocidal ideations.

I will donate a million dollars to the Nation of Poetry,

and will cast magic spells on their pens.

I'm currently addicted to a video game,  
the name of the game is Alice.

The Cheshire Cat is kind of "mangy" in the game,  
and he has an earring.

My friend has an earring,  
and he told me he is the Cheshire cat.

The last remaining love I lost,  
bought cost conscious craving obsession.

I'm addicted to anything that has buttons,  
and "turns on." I once had a vibrator with an LCD screen.

I don't really think that I should censor my thoughts.  
so I've decided to put parental advisory stickers on my writing.

I've decided to get a parental advisory sticker tattooed on my back.



XV.

I am actually very selfish with my writing,  
and I save the right poetry for the perfect moment.  
-No wonder it's never any good.-

Minerva mon amore, je etre encore dans amour avec votre idée  
Let's run away to a place I call intellect, and I will read you Sylvia Plath.

Vous pouvez m'habiller vers le haut en freises, et rubans roses mis dans mes cheveux.

J'amie your thought process,  
and the way you took me over your knee to spank me.

Since then I have spanked a number of girls who dressed up in school girl outfits.

I have yet to watch any of them urinate on themselves,  
but I think J'ai une hantise sexuelle avec cela également.

Yes, I have read Ginsberg,  
but I'm absolutely convinced he played no part in my education.

In fact, I was told I am very "Ginsbergesque"  
before I had read him.

I much prefer T.S. Eliot,

but I am trying to steer clear of becoming hollow man.

People often compare me to Sylvia Plath,

but the pink Alice likes Sylvia Plath.

(Yes, the french is intentionally wrong.)



# XVI.

He had freshly toned keyboard driven fingers,  
and he rapidly rammed them inside me.

Geeks are like crack for a superstar,  
and I am in no way versed in the internal expanses of crack.

Andraya was the girl who taught me everything,  
and I idolized him just the same.

I have a deck of cards with Fairies on,  
one of them is sitting on a mushroom, and holding his toe.

He has adorable little feet,  
and his mushroom is red, and white.

I often miss my ex best friend,  
but his services are no longer needed.

They never pick up the phone when you need them to,  
you can call a thousand times,  
and the phone will just continue to ring.

There is a long walk from hell to heaven,  
and I think my tire may be going flat again.

I walked away drying my eyes, and the inside of my thighs.

My pink dress doesn't really fit these days,  
and the blood stains don't come off easily.

I have a black PVC outfit, and a red riding crop.

I have heeled PVC boots, and 130ft of rope.

I like to carry my toys in a Versace bag,  
and I am very fond of spanking women.

I am very fond of being spanked,  
but I haven't thrown a temper tantrum since.

He is still taller than me when I am wearing heels.



# XVII.

There are three phases one must go through in order to reach the depths of insanity.

Andraya, Tawny, Deirdre.

I'm tired of the trolley tracked roller coaster, and I want to get off.

I hate love so much I'm in love with it.

My boyfriend was stabbed in a gang fight when I was seventeen.

I joined the gang shortly thereafter,  
but they wouldn't let me go on any drive-by's.

I sat outside my old apartment,  
and watched a guy do a drive-by across the street.

He then proceeded to drive the wrong way on a one way,  
and hit someone three blocks down.

My friend Reggie died and I didn't say goodbye.  
When he died we were fighting with each other,  
and I made a pact never to be angry for long.

My best friend and I haven't spoken since may,  
I told him I didn't want anything to do with him.

He ditched me for alcohol,  
and the window broke very easily,

I have a stain on my wall from candle flame.  
Veuillez se prosterner me sur le changement.

I'm supposed to be doing a show tonight,  
and I'm supposed to be at work right now.

There is an alter in my bedroom,  
but my cats have a tendency to knock things over.

The Cheshire Cat told me it was a wonderful idea, so I followed him to the tea party.  
I pursuantly push locale limits,  
by coercing collocation, and coherently crafting C.

Computer geek talk,  
you probably wouldn't understand.



# XVIII.

Perhaps I should go back to speaking in French.

Peut-etre je davrais aller de nouveau a parler en francais.

I promise this all makes sense, just connect the obsessions,

Connect the dots.

Draw dots all over me,

and connect them.

Please watch out for the vein on the top of my foot.

It is directly related to the smell of my perfume.

There is an entire directory of items I have ceased to cover,

and I want to manipulate the fates to bring him back.

The mistake is malignant,

he belongs inside my head quarters.

I never have enough quarters when I am going through the toll,

one day I went through at least a dollar.

I kept throwing them out of the window, and none of them hit the bucket.

If I had a bucket I would keep all my belongings inside it.

There will be a Cheshire cat painted on the side.  
and I will order a large fries,  
while I sit in front of her.

I donated my last dollar to hurricane Katrina victims,  
and I have been emotionally violated twice since then.

I never caught a gang violation,  
but I still wear red and white all the time.



# XIX.

Last night I had a dream I ripped his girlfriend's face off,  
Last night I had a dream  
one of my poets had a baby by a rather large black woman.

Not one of those beautiful black voluptuous black women.  
She was not attractive,  
and I've been known to be attracted to black women.

Andraya stroked me roughly riding on my remote curvature,  
admiring my tan lines,  
and providing me with provisional product-her penis

Was positively perfect,  
and while I lustfully liked it's tip, I cradled her reluctance to talk.

I double clicked my mouse,  
while she devoured my American pie,

and I writhed,  
while succulently screaming her name.

The resonation rolled right off her tongue,  
and we engaged in rampant chase,  
obsessing to find her orgasm.

Please hang up, or press one, to leave your message.

\*Click\*



# XX.

Dejavu.

I spend a large amount of time talking to his voice mail,  
but he hasn't disconnected his phone yet.

I'm so tired of thinking about stupid boys,  
but I decided to toss the manifesto before I became a dictator.

No, I will not tell you my dirtiest secrets, you couldn't handle them.

I am convinced that Dejavu is like the number 42.  
which is 24 backwards, and that's my lucky number.

On my birthday I didn't see Star Wars,  
but I did get an Animatronic Yoda Doll.

I keep trying to tell them I don't date poets,  
he pushed me onto the floor,  
and spat on me.

His non-chalant shower of spit,  
I'm repeating myself again.

Sometimes I feel like a broken record,

and sometimes I just feel broken.

She gave me a tissue as I wiped away my tears,  
and I explained that I felt damaged.

I was born with a hole in my skull,  
and I was constantly reminded as such.

I want to wear a straight jacket,  
and I want to be placed in a padded cell.

I want to put someone in a straight jacket,  
and place them in a padded cell.

I will not let them go to the bathroom, I will tell them to hold it,  
and I will give them horrific nightmares.

Nightmares about boarding school black outs,  
and other little girls trying to get them to wet the bed.

I will give them strange hallucinations.

They will lay in bed, and talk to trolls wondering if they should be wearing diapers,  
just incase they get in trouble for making a mess.

I will shout their names while I am absent,  
and they will question whether or not  
they are in the realms of reality.

I will rape them in their sleep.  
and they will wake up feeling my limp body on top of them.

I will wait for my Daddy to apologize,

but Daddy,  
won't,  
come.

I didn't really want him to come anyway.  
He used to wake me up from nightmares  
by knocking on my door at two thirty in the morning,

Breaking in so that he could push me down,  
onto the bed,  
tears running down my face, pushing himself in,

I told him to stop but he didn't listen,  
and he told me he would take it anyway.

I've never been very fond of my ...  
we engaged in rampant chase obsessing to find my orgasm.

I think I lost my orgasm when I was two,  
and I don't really like the memories associated with it.

There is never anything deeper than a name brand purse,  
and some "Phat Farm" sneakers to define my craving for affection  
from the one person who can grasp it all.

He exists only as a figment of my imagination.



# XXI.

I would much rather be inside Dante's inferno.

I eventually had to create an alter ego.

there is too much baggage to handle in just one character.

People ARE into epic poetry these days right? I am left handed,  
so the white rabbit is the only person who understands.

I am always late for everything,  
and there are two portals in my bedroom.

One portal leads to the chocolate factory,  
and the other leads to the matrix.

The door is just a rabbit hole,  
and I fell down the rabbit hole in august.

The rabbit hole has the number 24 on it (which is handy.)  
When I am leaving I just look for the 42,  
-which is 24 backwards.-

My favorite number is five,  
although I seem to be partial to three.

I am, you are, he she it is, we are, they are. the verb to be.

He told me that he only strove to heal my insides,  
by harming my psyche and scaring my face.

There is nothing sexy about being faint,  
and wilting on the library floor.

His door was the exit to his universe,  
but the white light that shone from it was blinding,  
so I missed my number,

The fence is becoming less of a claw.  
The barbed wire that juts from it is rusty,  
and I wish I had a pair of wire cutters

I want to be pushed through a meat packaging plant like those kids in "The Wall."

I've come to the conclusion  
that there is no such thing as Non-fiction.

My face itches.  
It's rather cold in my bedroom right now,  
and I really need to do some laundry.



# XXIII.

I found a really good idea once, then I promptly lost it.

My thesis,

The “better than me” explanation of my life thus far,  
minus most of the abstraction.

Wow. I’m really really hungry,  
and I’ve been watching the “Disney Channel” all day.

Recently I got myself into the life changing business.  
My friends and I vow to always tell the truth,  
and to know that it will all work out in the end.

I was standing on stage,  
and I was actually making up a poem as I went along,  
Some random drunk guy grabbed the microphone from me.

He started to ramble on about girls,  
and before my friends had time to get on stage and regulate,  
he had fallen on his face, into a table,  
and was smothered in bottles.

-Instant gratification-

“Karma” was the only relevant thing I could say at the time.

I continued my poem about the 100ft of rope,  
and when I left later that night,  
I pointed out to him very matter-of-factly,  
that he had vomit on his shirt.

Part of me thinks about vomit a large amount of the time,  
and the cycle starts all over again.

What I have figured out is that usually I explain myself,  
as I am writing my poetry.

The concrete elements are marked by the abstract comments I make  
to describe why I am so captivated  
with the various elements that keep playing a part in my life.

I am well aware that killing someone with a hammer would be detrimental to my career.

I do think about breaking windows frequently,  
-there is nothing that makes my toes curl like broken windows.-

I have been asked to perform in a slam competition tonight,  
and I'm a little short of material.



# XXIII.

I lost a slam competition once,  
and now I am going to enter one.

I entered her with a 13" double headed dildo,  
and she screamed my name.

She screamed Ma'am with the force of thirteen race cars,  
and I rode her like the stick shift I haven't bought.

I bought her a leash.  
She has a tendency to wander.

I decided to take every poem I've ever written.  
Put them all into the same Word document,

Recalling only the pieces of the poems I remembered.  
and add the stream of consciousness that goes around them.

I wanted to expose the inside of my brain,  
and spell things out so people can comprehend the way I work.  
-it's very confusing.-

Once I have written a "poem"  
Obviously we are all well aware of the fact this is a very illusive word,

and that I am unable to fully define it.

(another one of my obsessions,

and one in which I reside a large period of the time.

They are all just words on a page.)

I wanted to make sure that I outlined the fact

that I go around and around in circles,

and I wanted to clearly illustrate

that the pieces don't necessarily fit together all the time.

-They fit together all the time.-

I wanted to show that sometimes I am fully capable of writing

Nobel prize winning pieces,

and that sometimes my poetry sucks.

I wanted to explain that I am unable to be on time,

and that blessing me for those times I am able is probably a good thing.

I wanted to give credit to everyone that has helped me on my journey thus far,

but put it all in subliminal messages.

I wanted to show that I had mastered rhyme, alliteration,

and that I fully understood the written word as communication.

I wanted to explain that I am capable of killing someone on days that I wear pink dresses,

and I wanted to include every piece of information

I have conglomerated thus far. I wanted to tell the truth.

The pink dress is a violent cry for help from the eight year old inside me

Who is currently being molested by every influential adult she has ever met.

We used to wear pink dresses at boarding school,  
and the teacher's name in my stories is Minerva.

She was, incidentally, my English teacher.

This clearly provides an entirely different spin on the thing.

"The Wall" is something I listen to when I'm really in bad shape.

Daddy is, well that's more Freud than I want to go into  
-right now.-

Broken and Scars are my inner, and alter ego.

I've had at least three therapists with the name Sean.

Amelia is my eating disorder.

Hopefully one day I'll actually finish that novel.

Perhaps poets really do want semi-instant gratification.

I use three characters often.

figure this out at your own digression.

I am absolutely in love with art.

Due to the fact I am in love with art

I can never be a visual artist.

So I make pretty pictures with words

Yes, sometimes I do put the wrong word in the right place,

-do I need to say that there is a reason for this?-

I am finally starting to uncover

the corner of my mind that knows French.

I do love going to class.

I decided that I wanted to take the reader through my constant obsessive thought process.

Generally I would explain things as I go along, but I had to -minus the abstraction.-

I am not in any way going to explain the Cheshire Cat-

Look at the moon during the first quarter, and if he's smiling down at you then take it as a yes.

If not, well then you clearly need to go to a tea party really quickly before you lose your inner child.

An inner child is not something you really need to lose.

It's extremely important when you're reading something like Harry Potter.

I got lost in Neverland when I was six, and I think I started making up new memories to replace the old.

I definitely didn't fall out of my pram though. My parents didn't think I needed a pacifier at all.

I started sucking my thumb instead, and then I got addicted to eating.

J'aime Freud.

Yes, this document is supposed to be shocking.

I am in it for that, shock value is hard to look away from.

I once drove my car off of a bridge, but I didn't have a car then,

and I was reluctant to jump.

I got my first car at twenty-six,  
it has a really loud system on which I listen to rap music.

The type of music where they use words like “grimy”  
and curse a lot.

There is a word puzzle  
that comes distinctly from knowing the letters in the alphabet.

I have actually used lines from poems I wrote at 15 in this thesis.

Can you guess which ones they are?



# XXIV.

The white rabbit held a red ribbon in his hands.  
The ribbon was often used to tie things up,  
and when he dropped the red ribbon on the floor,

I was there to pick it up. I am Alice,  
and I'm certainly not the blue Alice today.

There is a tickling sensation on the top of my skull, that is telling me  
I should have been stingy with the Alice poetry.

I have no doubt this is true,  
but people are entitled to look at it.

I had a very wonderful time  
getting inside the caterpillar's head.  
-the caterpillar is a very interesting creature.-

Sometimes I can be rather cocky,  
but I really learned the correct usage of the phrase,  
“fake it till you make it.”

I'm randomly bleeding,  
my overalls, spattered with red.

She calls me Ma'am,  
and I don't let her touch me.

I do get the joke,  
and that's why I wear my Phat-Farm jacket.

I pee a large amount of times during the day,  
I have also had incidences at night.

Yes, I am well aware that I am crazier without the abstraction,  
but a big part of that is personal interpretation.

I don't believe there IS such a thing as non-fiction.