

**THE BISEXUAL CHRISTIAN SUBURBAN FAILURE ENLIGHTENING
BIPOLAR BLUES**

By - Justin Blackburn

Dedication

This powerful novel is for anyone who ever felt powerless, anyone who has been beat up, bullied, harassed, or ridiculed for being themselves. This novel is for anyone who has ever been labeled *faggot, nigger, slut, bitch, ugly, crazy, loser, worthless*. This novel is for anyone with a dream, a dream they are too afraid to follow, an open heart they are too wounded to live from. This novel is for anyone who wants to be themselves but is too worried what others think, anyone who feels afraid, stuck, bitter, panicky, angry, alone, hopeless, living a life they do not want to live, a life they see no way out of, wanting to make a change that seems impossible, anyone who wants relief, love, inspiration, peace, personal power, good feelings, raw honesty, anyone who desires to truly believe in themselves, to overcome fear, to live with purpose. This novel is for anyone who is tired of being fucked with, who desires to be the in control, relaxed human being they know themselves to be deeper down, for anyone who enjoys laughter and entertainment. This is for you to inspire you to inspire others to inspire others to inspire others, you beautiful, powerful, lovely human being, this novel is for you. Thank you. Take me home, spend time with me. This novel cares about you.

PART ONE
FEAR IS THE ONLY DEATH

1

THE GIFT INSIDE

US

GIVING

“I’m never getting out of here. I’m never getting out of here! I... am... never... getting... out...”

“Careful Brian, the Law of Attraction controlling our universe states... our thoughts create our reality.” Carl Kelly, one of the five locked up for believing they’re Jesus says stretching from the floor as I pace around our nuthouse suite experiencing my morning ritual mental institution panic attack.

“Oh Jesus Carl? So my thoughts are why my best friend called the cops after I read her a poem, why the cops brought me here, why my homophobic parents abandoned me, and my thoughts are the reason I got molested as a child?” I annoyingly declare. Please don’t judge me. I promise you normally I’m too sweet, timid to ever speak confrontationally to anyone especially one who thinks they are the Lord and Savior as I am a Christian. However, Christian or not, I’ve been locked up too long for no reason and my patience is running anorexic.

“Yes.” Damn... well then... no offense God, but Jesus Carl is bit of a dick.

“Then why did your thoughts get you locked up here?”

“I needed a vacation from the true insane asylum... society.”

“Why didn’t you just go to Maui?”

“I’m afraid to fly.”

“That’s dumb.” I mutter to myself then turn to hide my face. I feel bad. I’m being mean. I hate being mean. Jesus said love your neighbor. I try to live that. Plus once you’ve been disapproved of your whole life you never want to look down on another because you know too much how that feels. “Sorry Car... I, I mean sorry Jesus. I’m being rude. It’s not you; I’m just afraid and I don’t how know much more I can...”

“You didn’t take your meds again this morning Mr. Willermen.” Nurse Alisha spouts, strolling into the room with a handful of pills and a tiny cup of water. “You know you’re just going to have to take them now.”

“Please Nurse Alisha I don’t really like how the medication makes me feel.”

“Mr. Willermen, take your meds and you’ll feel better.”

“But, but... I, I don’t want to feel numbed out medicated robot better. I want to feel not locked up in a mental institution, connected to nature, breathing fresh air, better.”

Nurse Alisha sighs. “Would you like me to get Dr. Berman, Mr. Willermen?”

“No, no I don’t.” I sigh. “No offense and I’m sorry... but... I... would like you to hear what I am saying to you.” Nurse Alisha turns to imply getting the doctor. “Fine.” I suck, so scared of everyone, always giving in to people’s bullshit, the minute I am threatened is the second I comply.

“Good thinking, Mr. Willermen.” Nurse Alisha condescendingly complements while holding out her pill palms. Jesus please forgive me. I want to walk with your love but it feels impossible with this much hatred. Please help me Jesus, I know I should love, I know hating is not the answer but I fucking hate how she calls me Mr. Willermen like I am the principal of the loony bin. I hate even more how she complements me for

doing what I am threatened into. I fucking hate even more how hopeless I feel. I hate fucking even more I live in a world where no one gives a fuck about you unless you are who they want you to be. I hate even more how I am swallowing these pills right now; I don't even know what they are. I hate even more how I am forced to suffer these ridiculous side effects like numbness, constipation, frontal lobe growing corn puffs, tongue choking its own...“Mr. Willermen, you're late for group therapy.”

Shit, I fucking hate group therapy even more. “I know Nurse Alisha, but, but do you mind if I... I... I... please skip this one... just today?”

“Mr. Willermen, for you it is mandatory.”

“Yeah I know but with all do respect Miss Alisha I don't understand how listening to people who think they are crazy and depressed talk about how crazy and depressed they think they are helps. It only makes me feel crazier and more depressed.”

“Mr. Willermen, this is not a discussion.”

“Human to human can't you see how the people in here need compassion, love, and someone who makes them feel they are truly cared for rather than cold uniforms carrying notebooks full of diagnoses?” I'm getting real. Good job.

“Mr. Willermen, how about we see what Dr. Berman has to say about all this?”

“Goddammit.” Goddammit, I can't believe I said that out loud. Goddammit, why am I so afraid of Dr. Berman? Yeah, he's an insensitive, know it all, asshole who hides behind his medical degree and diagnoses you without listening to a single word you say but there's no reason I should be this afraid of him. He's just a person. The person controlling when I leave. Fuck! How did I get myself in this situation? Fuck. I apologize for all the profanity.

“Mr. Willermen, there is no taking the Lord’s name in vain here.” But it is ok to take the Lord’s life in vain? Fucking bullshit hypocritical asshole institution! Sorry, I need Jesus. Jesus help, I can’t feel my connection to you. I seriously feel dangerously crazy. I need you Jesus. I can’t freak out. They’ll lock me up longer. Deep breath...

“I’m sorry Nurse Alisha, I’m just really scared and panicky and...”

“Mr. Willermen, your meds will be kicking in soon.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.” Nurse Alisha places her right hand on the left side of my back, leading me down the hall as my head hangs forward from my shoulders.

Already I feel the pills scheming around inside, claiming land belonging to me. A roach treks down the hall from black tile to white. I look up at Nurse Alisha to see if she sees it. She’s ignoring it. Or am I hallucinating roaches? I look back down. The roach is gone but Alisha’s shiny black shoes and short pants that make her bright orange socks appear then vanish with each stride remain.

“We’re in the middle of Care-Bear-Share-Time. Have a seat, be quiet, and wait till the Care Bear is in your hands to speak.” Carol, the group therapist mechanically utters as I sit in the only empty metal chair in the circle. “Laura, continue...”

Laura... skinny... shriveled... decaying... but beautiful, holds the red, white bellied Care Bear in her arms like Cinderella holding her breath. She mentioned her childhood yesterday, molested by her father and a life of continual oppression. It is such psychopathic bullshit the way women are treated in our world especially African American women. Man is so disconnected from his soul he’s blind to the most obviously beautiful, healing beings Planet Earth offers. Father, Son, Holy Ghost... where is the woman? How can you acknowledge the sky and earth without the sun? How could

anyone ever be cruel to something as mystical as a woman, as Laura? I've only known her two days and I can't help but adore her, poor broken dusky jewel. Staring at her shapeless, frail 4'11 frame you feel the merciless white man's world affects, unable to emotionally grow up her body refused to grow at all. I relate, being 5'5. Still Laura possesses the most miraculous understanding shoulders especially while holding back tears. "The Depamode while it balanced me alright, made the skin fall off my hands. My doctor prescribed Namility which made my vision blurry. I told him; he said keep taking it, it'll stop. The next day at work I seized in the middle of an order. I woke up in an ambulance with crap in my pants. I was embarrassed to go back but put my pride aside for my daughter, went in the next day and my manager fired me. I was too scared to keep taking the medication so I started drinking again. I couldn't find a job so I started prostituting again. My daughter has to eat. Weeks later my neighbor called Social Services and they came and stole my daughter." Laura holds the Care Bear in front of her face, eye to eye as if staring into the soul of her daughter. The dam breaks, tears pour. "I have nothing to live for, no reason to push the covers off; this damn incurable disease, this Bi-Polar won't get no better no matter what the doctor prescribes. I don't know what to do but I know if I don't see my daughter soon I won't make it alive." Hearing Laura I wish I could give her my heart, hold her close, get her daughter back in her arms, and convince her of her love stronger than disease. But I am too weak, too many memories of being rejected, too many fears of being myself. What if I freak her out? What if I get yelled at for talking without the Care Bear? Plus the drugs are building Wal Mart strip malls all over my insides. Soon I'll be numb, giving zero fucks, another love note lost, dead forever with nowhere to die.

“Thank you for sharing, Laura. Pass the Care Bear to Isaiah on your right.”

Isaiah arrived yesterday confused as a worm on red carpet. “I’ve never done this before so bare with me. I don’t know what I should share or shouldn’t but the past months have been hell; my job, my wife, the kids, bills have made me so stressed I’ve been having horrible thoughts, thoughts you go to hell for, Ten Commandment breaking thoughts. Other day my boss was talking to me and I, I, I kept thinking bout kissing his lips. More I tried to stop more I wanted to. I had to leave work. I told them I was sick. I’m no homo I swear I’ve satisfied countless women, got a wife and kids but lately whenever I feel too much pressure I have these thoughts telling me to do wrong like kiss men. I know God’ll send me straight to hell but I don’t know how to make it stop. I pray Jesus forgives me but I know he ain’t gonna forgive me much longer.”

“Thank you Isaiah. Pass the Care Bear to Brian on your right.”

I accept the Care Bear. The drugs have me in a Chris Benoit Crossface. After listening to Isaiah I have no idea what to say. I kind of want to laugh in his stupid face. Did you hear him? But I know it’s the pill driven disconnection that wants to be mean, not my heart, my hearts wants to throw my arms around him, tell him what I wish someone would’ve told me...*its natural to kiss males, God’s not sending you to hell, God is Unconditional Love.* I place the Care Bear softly against my closed drugged heart. I feel a crack open like a moonbeam through a cloud onto an ocean. I feel a little light shine out. It feels, it feels... good. It feels like, like... freedom, it feels like the feeling I love. It feels like the best friend you haven’t seen in years. It feels like the feeling I want to feel everyday, every moment, every second like why I am alive! It feels like Unconditional Love. This feeling is my truest truth, my soul, my connection to God,

Christ, Source, whatever you want to call it; this is who I am beyond all the fear, doubt, and shame. When I feel this feeling I know love is more powerful than any disease, drug, institution, commandment, anything. I cannot continue to live my life being afraid to express it. I can't go on any longer not being who I am. "God's not sending you to hell for kissing a dude or anything else. That's the manmade bullshit version of God. He's a fictional character. The real God is Unconditional Love who adores you always no matter what! You don't need these pills or this place; all you need is to look inside yourself and feel the true God unconditionally loving you from within you."

"Brian, you're giving unsolicited advice, breaking the most important, number one Care Bear Share Time rule. Either tell us about you or pass the Care Bear."

"I'm sorry Carol but I don't feel I should listen to you because honestly you're really cold and never helpful."

"Brian, one more thing and you're in Dr. Berman's office."

"I'm sorry Carol but I want to do one more thing."

"Have it your way." Carol moves from her seat as I stand up tall as I have ever stood with my left hand over my heart and my right holding the Care Bear in the air in front of fifteen psych ward patients in metal chairs.

"I promise each of you, you do not have incurable diseases, you're not crazy or wrong or bad. You each have a gift this world needs. You are all beautiful, powerful extensions of God's Unconditional Love! The only reason you do not feel that is due to what misinformed people tell you. Stop listening to the outside world! Listen to the Unconditional Love inside, to your heart. Right now instead of us talking on and on about how bad, sad, and crazy we are; let's talk about how beautiful we are, how

unconditionally loved we are, how much we are needed in this world and I promise...”

Two male nurses grab me, one by the head covering my mouth; the other by my legs. I bite, kick. One puts his hands down my throat. I choke as they carry me through the hallway, throw me into solitary confinement, and tie me to a chair. After forcing more pills down my throat, they leave. Time passes slowly. I’m such an idiot. Nobody cares about Unconditional Love. Why did I do that? I’m never getting out now. They come back. I’m more sedated than Joey Ramone ever wanted to be. They take me to Dr. Berman’s office. My vision is spotty. Do I need glasses or do I have a brain tumor?

“Breaking the number one rule Care Bear Share Time rule, Brian?”

“Yes sir.” I’m all drugs now.

“Supplying unsolicited advice?”

“Yes sir.”

“Do you have a medical degree I’m unaware of, Brian?”

“No sir.”

“I could send you to prison for what you did.”

“I know sir.”

“All I hear is how bad you want to leave yet you do everything to stay.”

“You’re right sir.”

“One more thing, not even an outburst, just a peep and you’ll be at the State Psychiatry Center. They never get out. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir.”

“Final warning. Take your meds, go to group, and keep your mouth shut.”

**JESUS DID NOT DIE
FOR YOUR SINS
BUT YOU WILL**

The last time I saw my parents was in the March of the winter when I turned twenty one. While the rest of the rich white college kids were getting drunk, I was a nervous wreck, riding the highway down to tell my honorable judge of a father his son is dropping out.

Since twenty one represents adulthood in our childish society I felt the time arrived for me to grow up to the man who reared me, let him know despite his gay to straight Christian conversion camp attempts to end my sexual attraction to males, I'm still as gay as the first day of spring and want no part in his horror movie version of my life.

Don't think I didn't try my hardest to be the big dick, meat eating, Johnny Alpha American Football, give it to her hard all night long, beer drinking Sunday Christian, character he wanted. Don't think I only tried for him, I tried for me. For God-sakes, second grade to senior year my life in Greer, South Carolina was all ridicule, shame, pain, name calling, physical abuse, and nightmares.

One night after hours of uncontrollable crying my father came into my room. Instead of yelling *shut up bitch* like normal, he sat on the bed beside me like a politician, explaining if I went to his Alma Mater, joined his fraternity, and did what was *right*, he'd pay for my college and my struggles would end. According to Judge Jackson Willermen all my problems were caused by my *sin*. In his eyes I could simply stop being a "fag"

and my family wouldn't hate me, my peers wouldn't abuse me, I wouldn't have *mental disorders* or drop so many passes at the family reunions. Deeply desiring to be accepted by him and sadly aching for a *normal* life... I agreed.

Yes I gave up who I wanted to be, my creative dreams, and my desires. Yeah I still hate me for it too. But on my first day of college I arrived to the University of South Carolina as the role my father wanted me to play. No more flirting with boys or hugging trees or dancing naked to Animal Collective. No more baking vegan treats or feng shui fashion design or Anime. No more piercings or pet hamsters or tears or feelings or showing fucking emotions at all. Yep, nothing but boobs, butts, beers, fist fights, and frat parties from now on. Did I enjoy the late night brotherhood hazing, forced to eat grapes out of my pledge brothers' butt holes? Sort of, but that's a different story.

This story is how I can't tell that straight American college grad business class banker suck sess stress story ever again. I tried dad, goddammit mom, brother, sister, fucking society, I tried. I swallowed the blue pill. It didn't work. After two and a half years of trying my hardest to change my body chemistry, of playing macho man, of bench pressing, of football games, of keg stands, of trying to "fuck bitches", of sarcasm, of objectifying women, of business class; there I was driving home to tell my father I am no longer willing to live his lie. Also the male dean of the English Department at his beloved Gamecock Alma Mater and I are shacking up. Hmm... maybe I could leave that part out.

The part my heart knew I could not leave out is where the inspiration for my desire to be honest came from, my family's official Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I was born in the homophobic hellfire of the Southern Baptist Church and the only thing that

made sense to me was Jesus. The Southern Baptists worshipping Jesus were confusing as hell. Jesus said “love your neighbor” yet they hated their neighbor for his sexual preference. Jesus said “don’t judge” yet they judged by the color of skin. Jesus said “give to the poor” yet all they cared about was getting rich. Jesus Christ was my only stability because he loved me unconditionally, no matter my attractions or my feelings or my passions. Christ remained pure, powerful, devoted, compassionate, and omnipotent while those around me were hateful, homophobic, hypocritical, gospel gossiping, gluttonous, gangrene bean rotting, rich racist rednecks.

That is why I wanted to be like Jesus. Why wouldn’t you? Hundreds of confused, scared idiots praying to one miracle maker, I never desired to be the idiot; I wanted to be like the miracle maker they’re begging to. I didn’t want to be the frantic, shallow breathing brute on his knees crying *oh Jesus, Lord I’m so unworthy of, please have mercy on my soul, I pooped my pants again*. Forget that. I wanted to be the long haired, chill angel in the bright sky who’s all *here’s a fresh pair of pants, ask and ye shall receive homie*. Forget confusion, I wanted clarity. Forget hatred, I wanted to give love. Forget asking someone else for guidance, I wanted my own superpowers. Forget needing to be healed, I wanted to do the healing. Forget being born again, I wanted to raise the dead.

God forbid you mention that to my father or any of the Bible belt choking Christians I grew up with, I did and they freaked. *No devil boy, that’s blasphemy, you go to hell for that, you can’t be like Jesus for he’s the only son of God*. What am I the stranded hillside, adopted Chinese cousin of God? How does that make sense? *It just does and you gotta believe or else you burn in hell*. What they meant by hell is the

fucking mental institutions and the goddamn gay to straight Christian conversion camps they sent me to. You don't eternally burn in those places, but you do have your brain electrically shocked and drugged unnecessarily heavily.

Damn... remembering my childhood is a living nightmare. Once my puppy Seismograph kept throwing up under my bed. I didn't want my perfect lil' pup to be sick so I did what I thought Jesus would do; I crawled under and put my hands on his heart while imagining him healthy. I don't know why it just came natural, but I know ten minutes later Seismograph is in the backyard chasing his tail like a rollercoaster. I walk up to my mom smiling, *I'm like Jesus mommy, I put my hands on Seismograph and healed him.* Next thing I know I'm in a dried out, sterile room with an infertile state psychiatrist telling me the difference between what's real and imaginary. I'm six.

Another time I'm walking out of Sunday School and I tell pops *Jesus is beautiful like mommy.* His face solidifies with horror and he responds real gruff like *no son, Jesus is not beautiful, Jesus is your Lord and Savior, he's feared and respected, women are beautiful, not men.* I respectfully disagreed, explaining the feelings I get from looking at a woman I receive from Jesus. Next thing I know I'm in the dumb damp dismal basement of Republican Baptist Church being whooped by a belt. (For homophobe parents - don't take him to a basement, pull his pants down, and beat him with a belt - it only adds to his sexual confusion.) After that my father sends me to my first Christian conversion camp where they show me images of men while tasing my undropped balls. I am seven.

Also I got molested later at one of those camps by a sick, repressed, tucked in khaki Christian Counsel...

Hold on. You're right. I'm sorry. You don't want to hear this. We're just getting to know each other. I don't want to freak you out or depress you already. I'm not too fond of people who tell you all this horrible shit when you first meet them either.

Ok, where am I? Oh yeah, I'm explaining my drive home on my 21st birthday to tell my father I'm dropping out and still attracted to dudes. No, no I passed that. I was telling you Jesus was my inspiration. Yeah, that's where I am.

I never thought I enjoyed learning since what we learn in school never appealed to me. I felt school missed something vital to our education like *who are we* and *what the fuck is the point of life*. The only reason I made good grades was my father's belt beating me when I made below an A. However, when I came to college I realized I loved learning, just not what school forced me to. Since I didn't have my father's closed closet door mind lodged up my ass I had the freedom to learn what I wanted. I wanted to learn about the man who I was forced to worship, the man people said was sending me to hell, the man with people praying to him; the alleged son of God, Jesus Christ. I read the New Testament, books about Jesus that didn't make the cut of the Bible, and books by people who aren't terrified of hell. From researching I deduced one simple thing; Jesus Christ is not more powerful than you or me or anyone else only more in touch with the Unconditional Love inside us all, the creator of all things which we call God. Jesus even said we will be greater than him.

As I spent less time at frat parties and more time alone focusing on that Unconditional Love, I started to feel it inside myself. I realized it is the very life force pulsating through my body, through all bodies, through all life. Seeing myself through the eyes of this Unconditional Love I consciously understood not only am I an extension

of it but I have my own access to it and can use it to create my life the way I want it to be. Not the way my father wants or anyone else for that matter.

Do you feel Unconditional Love within you? I know it can be hard in a society of unconditional judgment but I swear to what you find sacred I could feel that Love within me consciously like a second heartbeat, an Unconditional Love adoring me no matter my sexuality or if everyone else hates me, that very Unconditional Love I always felt deeper down but was afraid to fully embrace due not trusting myself and caring what others think.

Driving down that open road on my 21st, blaring *Blue Suicide*, I was finished worrying what others thought especially daddy. I was ready to trust that Unconditional Love within me. I knew Unconditional Love didn't want me to live in fear. My Unconditional Love knew my life is a sacred gift for me so there is no reason to waste it for someone else. This Unconditional Love wanted me to be honest with my father, *dad, thank you for helping create me but I can no longer be afraid of who I am or you. I agree women are sexy, but I also enjoy sex with men. I do not believe I am going to hell for it and I can't risk my happiness due to what you think. I'm glad you enjoyed the University of South Carolina but I don't. I quit your immature racist homophobic fraternity and I don't care if the Gamecocks lose every football game. You know the guy who you claim is your Lord and Savior; well I truly want to walk in the light of Jesus Christ and not hide behind him to express my homophobic hateful family values. I love you but it is my life, not yours. If you didn't want me to have my own you should've changed your views to pro-choice.*

Face to face in that living room to deliver that message to that abusive lie of a man, the deep rooted fear he beat into my childhood proved too prevalent and I did not access my Unconditional Love. Instead I stood timid, terrified and said *daddy; I'm sorry, I'm still gay and I dropped out of school because I want to be like Jesus* then cried as if admitting to a crime I didn't commit. Fuck me for the power I let that piece of blackhole shit have over me. Do you allow a shit person to have power over you? I am sorry cause it sucks.

What am I thinking? I'm sorry. I'm a rude host. I haven't paid any attention to you. Hi, how are you? Can I get you anything? Glass of water? Shoeshine? Do you need to get yourself anything? Fresh air? Vibrator? Are you enjoying this? It's not depressing you too much is it? I want you to feel great from our interaction. I know your time is money so I'm honored you're chilling with me. I promise I'm not wasting your money. I truly want to inspire you to inspire yourself to inspire others.

I acted like a little bitch and my father treated me like one. The second the words came sailing out he lifted me up, performed a WWF move on me, slammed my head into the flat screen, and strangled me from behind.

Erotic behavior from such a straight God fearing Christian alpha uptight white man, I have to admit, bit of a turn on. Calm down. Just kidding. Don't get your mind in a sexy uproar just yet. If you can't take a joke you might want to put this book down or use it to learn how.

All jokes aside, that day still haunts me with my mom in the corner of the living room not helping me, just screaming *Brian, look what you made him do* as I gasp for air from the hands of my father. After the choking stopped, he took the keys to my car, told

me I wasn't his child, threw me out of his house by my neck, and said if I ever came back he'd murder me.

The funny thing is it only made me want to be like Jesus more. Is that crazy to you?

**LIVE FROM THE MENTAL INSTIUTION THAT IS MY LIFE;
IT'S LET'S BULLY THE WEIRD, GAY, DEPRESSED KID
LIVE**

If it is... if you think I am crazy... do me a favor... put me down! Go back to feeding your tiny flame with Nicholas Sparks. I refuse to be judged by anymore assholes. The doctors already diagnosed me with every ADHD, GHB, Snoop D O double G mental disease their unfertile minds can make up, shoved every black magic witch's brew of pills down my throat, and said *don't kill yourself its against the law*. Sorry but I'm no longer apologizing for who I am.

Why are you still here? Are you fucking with me? If so... please leave. I've been fucked with for way too long. I already have a whole rich white uptight community of trust fund suburbanites fucking with me because I don't eat meat or have a million dollar salary with a wife, girlfriend, kids, jet skis, and a lakehouse. I don't need anyone else telling me to get a *real job*, labeling me a failure or dismissing my art as *my insanity*.

Still here? Hmm... something doesn't feel right... for some reason I don't feel comfortable with you yet. Last time ... if you're just here to make fun of me... please go away now. Yes, I took business classes. I know you're not supposed to tell the consumer to not consume. Yes no publisher is going to publish something telling the reader to stop reading. But what if this means more to me than money? What if I'm not writing to get published? What if I am only writing to connect with You? What if I am only writing because I want to tell You about me, heart to heart with no pretension?

Publishers don't care about the well being of their writers. They just want dirty money. They don't understand I need to make sure your intentions are pure before I continue. They don't care I've been hurt a lot and have lots of trust issues. They don't care my father screamed *I hope you die of AIDS* at me. They don't give a shit about the deep emotional trauma I struggle throu...

What am I talking about? Nobody wants to publish this shit anyway so fuck what you're supposed to do in MLA form and fuck you if you're still reading this.

I am so sorry. I don't mean that. I only said that to piss off the people I want gone in hopes they'll leave. I've found bullies to be the most sensitive people no matter how desensitized they pretend.

Still here? Thank you. I'm humbled. I promise I'm not a bully or a company. I actually care about your well being and I want to get know the real you as you get to know the real me. I hope you're not upset at me for being mean in hopes of getting the infected hearts to leave. I just want to make sure if you're here, you're truly with me. I don't want us to come to the climax and have you put the book down after conveniently remembering you told Diana you'd meet her for drinks because you get scared. If you're here now I want to feel your presence to the end. I had parents who closed their eyes, pretended I didn't exist then abused me when their imagination failed.

Fuck... I'm coming off way too clingy aren't I? I'm sorry. Like I said I've been hurt by countless cruel people and I want to make sure you're not one of them. If you are, no offense taken, but please leave. I am no longer answering to that poisonous word *faggot*. If you say that word even to be funny or if you think gay is wrong, put me down. I've already had too many Mustang driving, football playing, good ol' fashion American

bullies call me every homophobic slur on the salad bar, beat me half to death, and try to bury me alive on the nature trail.

Also if you are here to convert me to Christianity, leave. First off I am already Christian. Secondly, I totally understand how annoying it is when you think you're engaging in a genuine conversation with a stranger about if anyone can stop Lebron when all of a sudden they go... *you know someone else no one can stop?* Steph Curry? *No, Jesus Christ.* And you're like yeah, Jesus is great, I'm a Christian. And they're all *yeah; but not the right way, you're non denominational and the real Christians are Lutheran Fundamentalist Evangelicals from Bethlehem.* Those kinds of hypocritical, judgmental Christians give Christ a bad name. So if you claim to be Christian yet you're more concerned with gossiping the gospel about who's going to hell rather than inspiring others to live in heaven, put me down. I've already had enough Churchers refer to me as the Antichrist, ban me from their church, and condemn me to hell.

Whoa... I've actually never done something like this before. I feel like I am beginning to set my own boundaries. I am kind of proud of myself. Hmm.... anyone else I don't want reading this... this is fun... let's see...if you abuse women... if you're racist... if you dig the Black Keys... if you blame others for your problems... fuck... that's... that's...pretty.... much.... everyone...

What am I talking about? I can't tell anyone what to do. I'm far from perfect. I can't judge another. Whoever wants to read, feel free. I'm not saying that because I want this to be a best seller, I am saying it because who knows maybe I can teach a racist how to love everyone or a homophobic man how to suck a dick? Ironically, that's my

favorite thing, the angelic fact of freedom, that life is open to each individual's unique interpretation.

My interpretation of myself is a human being here like Jesus. Calm down, not in a Mel Gibson masturbating martyr, pretentious I'm more important than you cause I recycle hippie way, but in an I am here to Love. When I speak of Love I am not speaking in a sense of *I love you* because you suspend my overwhelming feeling of uselessness or *I love you* because you're Vice President of Good Vibrations Incorporated and I want your social status. I am speaking of Unconditional Love in the sense of all that is, all that ever was, all that will ever be, the right now golden eternity creator of everything yes ever-expanding forevermore everywhere.

Sounds intense? It isn't. Unconditional Love is the sweetest, most easy going yet popcorn popping powerful, energetic, relaxing lazy river blow job ride, natural nature flowing feeling of all feelings. I don't have to tell you, it is who you are at your core. You may not feel it now but you've felt it before. You've calmed the nerves of an anxious lover under the moonlight with a kiss; you've made a good grade on your progress report; you've been awarded a pizza party. You know that feeling is all you've ever wanted. Even now you're here with me hoping to receive that feeling. May it come to both of us.

The only thing intense about Unconditional Love is trying to access its full power despite the insanity of others, despite the fear haunting the world, despite the past, despite not knowing how. This is the heavy, crippling intensity I carry so uncomfortably.

**THE CALL
OF
DUTY**

“Hello.”

“Stephen, thank God someone answered! Please come pick me up?”

“Who’s this?”

“Really?” Damn, he deleted me from his contacts.

“I, ugh, I got a new phone.” People forever deleting me, Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Tumblr, Life... it hurts. “Who is it?”

“Brian Willermen.”

“Oh... hey...” Stephen replies standing on the ground, definitely not jumping for joy. “Do you have my *Call of Duty: Blacks Ops II*?”

“Yeah.”

“I need it back now.” I tried playing it but it freaked me out. I don’t get off murdering digital beings no matter what they do in a digital world. I only had it because Stephen and I hooked up for a bit. I always do my best to find interest in what my partner digs. And Stephen digs, digs, digs *Call of Duty*. When *Black Ops III* came out he ignored everything else for weeks. I’m talking job, bills, hygiene, boyfriend. When he finally beat it, he ran to his boyfriend’s place to tell him the good news only to find his boyfriend’s new boyfriend. Stephen couldn’t believe it. He sat at the bar crying into his

whiskey sour as if he'd been at war to come home to his wife with a new husband, kids, unable to remember his name.

“Pick me up and I'll give it back the second we get to my place.”

“Where are you?”

“Moses Civils Mental Hospital.”

“Uhh...dude... that's like fifteen minutes from me.” Fifteen minutes? Piece of shit. Calm down... that is a long time... he's probably in the middle of something important. “You better pay for my gas and give me extra for my time.”

Piece of shit doing nothing but playing *Call Of Duty: At War With Myself So I Play Video Games Because I Can't Win At Life...* “I will I promise.”

“You better!”

“Thank you. You don't know how much this means to me.”

Do you know what's going on? If so, we're soul mates. If not I understand, I've been telling you about my past but now I am back in the present. Plus my mind does jump around sometimes. No not due to “mental disorders” but lack of quality meditation. Currently an ex is picking me up after from the insane asylum. I was just released. You know that. I'm sorry. You're incredibly intelligent. You're right. I need to trust you and focus on myself. Thank you.

“That's it?” Stephen responds after receiving a twenty. “Do you understand how much a cab would cost? Like sixty bucks.” Full of shit asshole... do you have someone in your life who is full of shit and you go along with their bullshit? That's everyone in my life and I do it all the time. I reach back into my wallet and give him twenty more.

“Don’t get an attitude. I’m the one doing you a favor. You’d still be at that mental institution if it wasn’t for me.”

“I’m sorry. You’re right. I’ve just been locked in that hellhole and....”

“That’s another thing man... you gotta get a grip!” This two faced termite has the nerve to talk shit to me? Relax... he is the one doing you a favor... you’d still be at the mental institution if it wasn’t for him. “These mental *issues* you have... grow up man! You’re an adult now! Not a fifteen year old emo anymore! No one reads poetry! Get a real fucking job!”

“I’m sorry. You’re right.” He’s wrong. Fuck him. I’m just a little bitch. Are you one too? Someone blabbing bullshit at you and you let them because you’re scared of confrontation yet what they say makes you feel bad about yourself? I hope not, it sucks. “I work at Scan-Source, just saying it makes me want to murder homeless people. I’m there twelve hours a day... four days a week... selling fucking barcodes... or some shit! I don’t even know what I do but that’s what you do; you grow up, put your dumb dreams down, and go to work.” Don’t get any ideas from this jackass. You do what inspires you and you make tons of money from it. “You should go back to school.”

“Yeah... you’re right. I just need to talk to someone about student loans.”

“You need to do that right after you give me *Call of Duty: Black Ops II*.”

“You are right. I will. Thanks Stephen. You are a good friend.” He stops bitching at me as I think about how great it’ll feel to be alone in the lavender salt bath I’m taking the second I get inside my apartment.

We make it to my place. I thank him, tell him to wait, and step out of his car. How great it is to feel free again, to be outside with the crystal clear intentions of the sky,

to hear the birds sing for no reason than to be... what the fuck? Eviction notice! No!
No! No! Seriously? No! “Hey Wanda, its Brian. I hope you’re having a fantas...”

“What do you want?”

“I... um... I can’t really get in.”

“You didn’t pay rent. I changed the locks.”

“I’m so sorry about that. I have a mental disease and got placed in the hos...”

“That’s not my problem.”

“...pital...” God, is she serious? Why are people so mean? “Ugh, you’re right,
but please just be fair...” Shit, poor word choice.

“Fair!? You are telling me to be fair!? Is it fair how behind in rent you are!?
Fair, how many times you’ve been late and I let it slide!?” She must have lots of pent up
rage towards me or someone because she’s screaming like a plastic bag trapped in a
waterfall. It is a little funny because she looks like my favorite comedian Gilda Radner
so I always expect her to be real fun but she never is. Do you ever meet someone who
resembles someone cool so you assume they’ll be cool but they aren’t? It is weird. And
yes I get I am the asshole who’s behind in rent. I’m sorry. You don’t have to call me out
for everything. I’m aware of my suck.

“Stephen, please hold on one second.” I yell after Stephen honks his shitty Kia
five fucking times. “I’m so sorry Wanda. You’re right. I haven’t treated you fair and
you’ve been fair to me. I promise I have rent and I’ll pay you back for all I owe you as
soon as I can.” Why did you say that? You’re never going to have that money.

“I don’t care. I’m no longer dealing with people I don’t trust. I don’t want you
as a tenant anymore.” I’m glad she is being very strong in what she wants.

“I understand that. I think that is a great idea. And I’m really sorry about my actions. And I’m not trying to be rude when I say this but... um... but I’m pretty sure evicting me without a thirty day notice is illegal.”

“Take the fucking money you didn’t pay me, get a fucking lawyer with it, fucking sue me and see what fucking happens!” Jesus... she doesn’t have to yell or say fuck.

“I don’t want to sue you Wanda; I just want to be able to get into my home.”

“Too bad so sad I want a billion dollars!”

“Can you at least let me in so I can get my stuff?”

“I’m at my brother in law’s ranch in Montana; I’m not back till Thursday.”

“It’s Saturday?”

“Not my problem.” She hangs up. Damn. Goddamn.

I walk to Stephen’s car with money worries suffocating the blood behind my fingernails. What am I going to do? I don’t have money for a deposit. I don’t even have money for the application scam fees. “Where’s my *Call Of Duty: Black Ops II*?”

“Um... I ugh, I, I... I’ve been... evicted.”

“You’re not staying with me.” Stephen kicks it in reverse and leaves in reverse.

ALL OVER THE WORLD I SEARCH FOR MY HEART**ALL OVER ME,****MY HEART IS ALL OVER**

I call my girlfriend Angela, anxious, crying. Again no answer. I drive to her place. I walk up a flight of stairs, hear noises, open her apartment door, walk into her bedroom then broken-heartedly hyperventilate while laying eyes on her riding my drug dealer's dick like a full moon Saturday night swing-set. "Mmmm, what you'd mmm expect mmm, uhh, oh yeah right there, you barged in, mmmm good, without knocking, asshole?"

"But... but, but Angela we're, we're, we're... in a relationship..."

"Mmm yeah... oh yeah... Geoff-E mmm yeah... so what? I haven't mmmm yeah oh yeah seen you in forever."

"I got locked up in a mental institution. You didn't receive my email?"

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah... oh yeah I did."

"Can you two please stop having sex?"

"If Angela gets off this dick I'm beating your ass." My reliable drug dealer for the last two years counters while moving Angela's hips up and down, giving him easier access to pleasuring her clit.

"Geoff-E, please come on man you're having sex with my girlfriend."

"And I am not stopping."

“Please Geoff-E... come on... I, I, I, I thought we were... I mean... I buy from you all the time.”

“I get you high so you should be cool with me fucking your girl.”

“Brian, this is not some weird cuckold shit! I want to get fucked and you are fucking that up right now! I was on the verge of my third orgasm and now I’m having to start over.” Angela explains, plopping off Geoff-E, to straddle him backwards, facing his feet. Reverse cowgirl, the kids call it. “You’re embarrassing yourself. Leave.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry Angela... but... um...Geoff-E... do... do you mind if I get an eighth?”

“Yeah... go to my book bag and leave eighty on top.”

I leave with a ziplock bag of weed. I walk to my car. I pack up my one hitter. I take hit then stare up at the famous sun sparkling ancient mystical mysteries one can only grasp if they die and become it. I take another hit. I am overcome by sheer numbness yet totally terrified in my higher mind of death. I pack another bowl and take another hit. The sun is a billion light years away from me in a perfectly happy world I will never know. How is that magnificent orb of pure light and I in the same universe? I know I appreciate the sun so much but for some reason I can’t feel it. All I feel is hard, crass, nothingness. I take another hit.

Goddammit! I can’t believe she cheated on me again. Goddammit, I know it shouldn’t bother me because I don’t own her and shit but still it hurts... it hurts so bad... Jesus help me...

I wish I had someone to talk to. I want to call Karen. She’s my best friend in the whole wide world. She’d help me. Actually... she’s why I’m in this mess. She’s called

911 on me for reading her a fucking poem. How can I trust her again? God, I really trusted her. When she was Aaron and wanting to die; I held her in my arms, played with her hair, and encouraged her to go through with the operation. Even when her family turned their backs on her I was there beating my open, loving heart for her because I desired her to be happy with herself. Why would she not do the same for me?

You're right. That was wrong, real wrong. I'm sorry. I'm being so selfish. I am truly sorry. Please forgive me. Jesus says *do unto others as you'd have done unto you*. I was there for her not so she'd be there for me but because I love her with all my heart, no attachments. I am so blown away by her courage to listen to her soul, to have the operation especially since people are so unaware, so horrible to Transgenders. It makes me so sad the way people treat people who are different. I'd pray for this world twenty five hours a day if I could. God, how could I ever get upset at her? I love her so much and I am so happy for how beautiful she looks now she's finally herself. And the poem was about me jumping off the downtown bridge named after my homophobic, racist judge grandfather just to spite him. I know she was just trying to help.

But how does it help someone who is suicidal to have the cops barge in, put them in handcuffs, and take them to a mental institution? That whole situation made me really want to kill myself when I didn't want to kill myself while I was reading her the poem. I was actually happy because I love it when people listen to my poetry.

But she did visit me in the mental institution and apologize. She did say there was a manic look in my eyes she'd never seen before. But I'm pretty sure that was me letting go and performing the poem. For God sakes; she's been to a poetry slam with me before.

Stop blaming others. It's not her fault. She did what she felt she needed to do. She's been your very best friend and Jesus says forgiveness is the most important thing...

Still I don't feel comfortable calling her for help after all that. To be honest I just want to call my mommy and daddy but since they kicked me out of their lives I get *I don't have a son name Brian or you shouldn't have broken your father's rules.*

You're right. This is a disaster. You don't want to hear this horrible, depressing back and forth double thinking bullshit. I'm sorry; I know I'm a bum. I sound like a goddamn tripped out, introspective Rodney Dangerfield. I start my car and drive like an oscillating electromagnetic charge to my shitty restaurant job I hate, hoping one of those assholes will help me out with a hug, a place to stay, a kind word, a paycheck, a something. "Welcome to Applebee's! America's favorite neighborhood bar and grill! How many?"

"Margie... it's me... Brian..."

"Just one?"

"Margie I, I work here. I'm a busboy. I gave you a ride home a couple of weeks ago... you told me about your uncle..." People are always confiding their sexual molestations stories on to me. I love being there for people but sometimes it's too intense to handle. Is that wrong?

"Oh, Brian." Jesus, what pills do they have her on? "Have you been crying?"

"Yeah."

"Are you eating?"

"No. I'm looking for Patrick, is he here?"

"I don't know. If he is, he's in the back." I step towards the kitchen.

“Brian... my office... immediately!” Shit, the churning voice claws of Bill Armstrong the General Manager Dustin Diamond into my ears. I turn to left and there he is... male, white, big, dumb, fat, boring, angry, bitchy, bald, wearing a bland suit and tie, looking like the perfect personification of misogyny, of racism, of homophobia, of Corporate America. I put my head down and follow him to his office as if he caught me smoking in the girl’s room. He closes the door as claustrophobia closes in on me. “Don’t take a seat.” Bill says forcefully, sitting down in his comfortable, swivel chair behind his stiff desk. “I know why you’re here and it’s not happening.” He opens a drawer, pulls out an envelope, and holds it up. “You’re never getting this! So you just better leave now before I call the cops! Addicts like you make me sick.”

“Is... um... that... that my paycheck?”

“Correction... Applebee’s paycheck! This covers the money we lost for not being fully staffed while you were out on another one of your benders.”

“I, I, I got locked up in the mental institution.”

“Drugs are a mental institution you’re locked up in! You’re right about that boy.”

“I... I’m, I’m... I’m not a drug addict, Mr. Armstrong.”

“Then why in the hell are you crying?”

“Cause I... I have feelings... and you’re hurting them.”

“So you’re telling me you’re a pussy?”

“No... I mean...yeah... ok... Mr. Armstrong... I’m a pussy... ok...” I cry.

“A pussy is worse than a drug addict. A drug addict can get clean. If you’re a pussy at your age, you’re a pussy forever.” Why do males refer to *pussy* in a negative connotation? Pussies rule, they’re sweet, gentle, wet, life giving, filled with pleasure.

How could someone think they can hurt anyone by calling them a pussy? How could anyone ever feel bad about being called a pussy? “We don’t have any jobs for pussies unless they have a pair of tits with em. We aren’t some bullshit mom and pop deli; we are Applebee’s, Corporate America. No... wait... we’re in other countries too so we’re beyond Corporate America. We are Corporate Earth. No... hold on... we’re Corporate Earth America... no we’re Corporate America Earth and you are a drug addict pussy who is fired!”

Too demoralized to speak to Pat I leave as tears burst free. “Goodbye Brian.”

“Thanks Margie. You too.” I’m not crying because I got fired. Fuck Applebee’s. I’m not crying because he called me a drug addict. Fuck Bill Armstrong... fuck a General Manager. I’m crying because it hit me like a piano falling from the fucking sky right on my skull how shitty my life is and how I am the one who made it so. Yes, my parents were the worst. Yes, I had horrible, disgusting, sick things happen to me growing up that I don’t even want to tell you. Yes, I am always labeled as the outcast weirdo faggot. Yes, our society is completely backwards. Yes, people are unconscious, homophobic, transphobic, racist, and full of idiot fear and violent pain. Yes, those people live to project their fear and pain into the world on innocent others. But none of that forces me to live in fear, to be shitty with my money, to fall in love with people who treat me like shit, and work for people who doesn’t give a fuck about me. To be real and I’d rather not but I can’t lie to my self no matter how hard I try... **THE THING RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT SHIT IS ME!** I am the reason I am a piece of shit no matter how many people I blame, no matter how many real shitty life good excuses I

have, no matter if you feel sorry for me... I am the reason I am a piece of shit. Fuck!
Fuck. Fuuuuccck! Fuck.

A swirling ideal of faraway colors and dreamy emotions scatter continuous living, breathing cherub melodies in the endless caroling orange baby blue sun setting sky above. I am under it but I can't feel the beauty; I'm too depressed, too nervous, too scared, powerless. When you are insecure, passion looks callous. When you are in despair, appreciation looks idiotic. When you are in fear, joy looks psychotic. When you are disconnected to your true source, a beautiful sky looks phony.

**I AM WEIRDER
THAN EVERY MOTHERFUCKER
IN THE UNIVERSE**

You may consider what I am doing now weird, very weird. However I'd like to share it with you but I am afraid you'll judge me. I admit I am sensitive. I care what you think. I was the black sheep weirdo all my life. I can't handle it anymore. Please take my hand.

Or don't... fuck it... I need to be myself... stop looking to others for validation. Ok... here goes... go ahead laugh your ass off at me. Some days when life gets me down which is every fucking day, I drive to Harper's Woods where my mother, my sister Virginia and I went to play, climb trees, and pick blackberries when I was a little boy. I pretend it is still happening.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, laugh, laugh, laugh... I pretend I am five years old, I relive the moments playing with my mom and sister, climb trees, pick imaginary blackberries, and the whole yes I'm the weirdest motherfucker in the universe ordeal. Ok? I even do my five year old voice. Happy? It's the only place in the world I feel safe, ok? Stop laughing at me!

Did I mention Virginia is dead? Did I mention she was murdered when I was five? I bet you're not laughing now, asshole. I bet you're all *I didn't know she died, I'm sorry, I feel bad*. You fucking idiot who feels bad for dumb ass reasons.

Sorry. We've only known each other for a short time and I am already projecting my deep rooted anger on to you. Please forgive me. It has nothing to do with you. It is just me embarrassed by me, uncomfortable in my own skin. You're probably a great human being with a caring heart and an open mind. I won't let it happen again.

Awww, I love Harper's Woods! Even in the winter I feel Mother Nature's crystal clear energy flow down my spine like a serotonin floodtide of dancing angelic, diamond bright soul... hold up. Cue a Gioachino Rossini overture and hold the fuck up. What is this? What the fuck is this? Who put this here? I am officially creeped the fuck out. The universe is literally turning inside out inside me. I swear to God I am at the old oak, the one Virginia and I used to climb and there is a painting of her under the tree. What the fuck? This is too weird even for the weirdest motherfucker in the universe. Holy fucking shit! What? What? What? Why? Why? Why? How? How? How? I'm scared. I need mommy, mommy bad.

Ok, ok, ok, calm down... be cool... I'm cool... cool. No big deal, someone painted a painting that happens to look exactly like my dead sister smiling in her favorite pink dress and happened to leave it in the place I go to play with my memory of her.

What the fuck? Jesus, please help me! God, What is happening, God? What is fucking happening? This is crazy. This is fucking nuts. I can't process this. This is too much like way too fucking much. Can you believe this? I don't even know how or where to begin to process this. This is mind slate cleaning chalkboard erased webpage never existed. This is way weirder than me pretending to be five. What the fuck? "Virginia, Virginia, Virginia are you here?" Of course she's not dumb ass, she's been dead twenty years. What the fuck? Do I call the cops? Of course not, they'll take you

back to the fucking mental institution you fucking moron. Do I call ghost hunters? Of course not, they're dumber than you; those fucking imbeciles will show up with their gas powered dildos and burn the goddamn woods down. Do I take a picture and post it on Facebook? You were so embarrassed by giving people access to your worthless life you deleted it, remember? Fuck, what the fuck? As much as I miss her you'd think I'd be jumping for joy but I am freaked out of my goddamn soul mind heart body shit fuck.

Ok, ok. There is no way I'm handling this now. I don't have to. I can put this out of my mind for a bit and go to a place to get my mind clear. Then maybe start to figure something out. But this is place you go to get your mind clear... fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck it; I'll just go eat lots of pizza.

“5.95.”

“What? Little Caesar's Hot and Ready Five Dollar Pizzas are five dollars.” I say to the little pig tailed brown haired girl at Little Caesar's.

“I'm sorry sir. We just went up to 5.95.”

“Is nothing sacred?” I slam my right fist down on the counter and cry out like a huge weirdo still freaked out, unable to control my own emotions. I look around at the people in the pizza place looking around at me. Where the fuck did that come from? Goddamn, what the fuck is wrong with you? Chill out. You look like a psycho. Do you need to go back to the mental institution? It's just pizza. Jesus, please help me, please take my hand, please take my soul, please calm me down, please let me remember you, please let me feel you with me. I love you Jesus.

“I'm sorry sir. I can put it back for you.” I place the five in my pocket; pull a twenty out of my wallet.

“No, no, no, I’m sorry. Please forgive me. I’m just having a really bad day. I’d love a cheese pizza.” I hand the girl twenty. “May I have two Buttery Garlic Caesar Dips and two Cheesy Jalapeño Caesar Dips as well please?”

“That will be 8.45.” The little girl hands me my change.

“Nah... its cool... just keep it.” Hell yeah! Can’t fucking wait! I love cheese pizza so much I wish it was my dick... meaning I wish it didn’t exist. While it brings me moments of supreme pleasure the hatred I feel for myself post orgasm is never worth it. Of course I don’t eat meat as I’m not a complete psychopath but every time I consume animal products I am contributing to the rape of the cow, to the poisonous hormonal injection inside her, to the murder of her babies, and to the eventual hamburger the unevolved, mediocre brainwashed moron eats for dinner. People wonder why the world is so violent while eating murdered flesh. Goddammit, how are people so fucking dumb? I’m sorry. You don’t want hear about my soapbox. You’re probably enjoyed a double stuffed bacon ham sausage fried fish turkey burger right now. It’s not about you. It’s about me and how I wish I could stop eating cheese pizza but goddammit I have no self control. I open the door to the parking lot; take a bite, “owww!” I walk back in. “I’m sorry but this one is a little too hot and a little too ready. I... I, I burnt my tongue. Can I have one that’s been sitting out?”

“No sir, you can’t.” Fuck... she’s right... of course I can’t... I’m so embarrassed... what am I thinking? You’re right too. I’ve lost it. Jesus, where are you? Jesus, I need you! Where are you? Can’t you see my vision is skewing right now, no visible purpose to anything anywhere? Please help me. I’m in the parking lot in my car. The butter garlic sauce is sugar plum fairy delicious, cooling the pizza, saving my life

with each bi... nooooooooo! No! No! Fuck no! Fuck fuck no! Holy shit no! Edward?
Please not Edward. Shit no fuck! Edward... my ex-bff, my ex-lover at Little Caesar's
here now after everything that has already happened today. Hey You... yeah You...
what's happening? Are You in on this? None of this can be real.

I haven't seen him in years. I can't have him see me now as who I've become. I
am such a piece of shit loser. I can't verify everything him and his fucking family
thought about me. Jesus, why is he here? Of course Little Caesar is delicious, but fuck!
Why now? He's rich as fuck. Why can't he order Papa John's? I put the car in drive,
the pizza box over my face, and high tail it out of Little Caesar's with cheese pizza and
buttery garlic cheesy jalapeño sauce dizzying around. I drop the pizza as I pull into the
first empty parking lot. I pick the pizza off the floorboard and devour.

"You know it's never getting any better, right?"

"What?" I reply to a voice, six slices in.

"Your life isn't ever getting better. Every day it only gets worse."

"Who is this?"

"It's your mind, you fucking idiot." Shit, not this asshole again. "You always tell
yourself it'll get better but it never does. You need evidence? Look at yourself, none of
your dreams have come close to coming true, you're family hates you, you're homeless,
jobless, scared of everyone, you caught your girlfriend fucking your drug dealer then you
saw some dude you used to know and drove away like a psychopath cause you're afraid
of his judgment. Now you're in a church parking lot eating the worst cardboard
murdered puss cheese pizza off the floor. When is enough enough, bro?"

“Excuse me sir. I’m the pastor at this church. Are you ok?” This bald, fat ass
gut suck of a preacher says disturbing my pity party.

“No.”

“Well son, do you know Jesus Christ?”

“Yes. I’m about to meet up with him. I’m jumping off a bridge; I’ll see him
when I hit the ground.”

**IT'S A NEVERENDING MAZE
TO THE AVERAGE
ME AND YOU**

“No, you won’t son. Bible says if you sin, you go to hell. Taking your own life is the biggest sin of em’ all. And Jesus ain’t in hell. Satan’s in hell. Bible says you’re going to hell to be punished by Satan’s eternal fire.”

“Biggest sin of em all, huh? Satan’s eternal fire, you say? Damn, well I better go pick up my suit from the dry cleaners.” I put the pedal to the floor; crank shafting the fuck out of Firetrap Baptist Church, feeling like a bad ass action movie character from one of those action movies I’ve never watch because they’re all the same damn dumb cheesy thing. For a dude about to kill himself I’m feeling pretty chill, finally some fucking relief. Yes... it is that simple... it has been here the whole time... I can just end it! Why didn’t I think of this sooner?

Yes as a Christian I am fully aware of how *wrong* suicide is. Honestly that’s the main reason I never fully considered it and just wrote shitty poems about it. But the more I feel about it, why would God punish us for wanting to be with God? That’s why we want to die because we’re having such a hard time feeling Love or God in a world Unconditional Love or God created. Of course the fear of hell was sledge hammered into me since the day I was born. *Don’t cry Brian or you go to hell.* And that’s fucking with me right now but on a deeper level I know it is manmade misled bullshit, on a deeper

level I know God loves me no matter what. Plus I am in hell and have lived there most of my life. I don't know how burning alive for eternity could be much worse.

Please don't think I am saying suicide is the answer, I'm not. I don't want anyone to kill themselves. Above all else life is a precious gift. I'm just saying it feels good to let go and think about how I no longer have to deal with myself in this fucking place any-Halle-fucking-lujah-more.

The Japanese roar of the pedal to the floor is helping me realize the perfect place to die, the Willermen Bridge in Freedom Park, smack dab in the middle of downtown, named after my Anti-Semitic, homophobic, hang a black man cause you can, honorable judge, grandfather William Willermen. The city brags how no one ever jumps off his bridge. His grandson is honored to be the first, as honored as William felt when the Ku Klax Klan knighted him Grand Dragon of the Unconscious.

Shit, I'm sorry. You're right. Don't think I don't get it. I do. Here we are these new acquaintances and your first impression of me is locked up in a loony bin then evicted, then cheated on, then fired. Now I'm running my mouth about how I am killing myself. Fuck me, right? I suck, don't I? I'm a negative little bitch, huh?

Please don't leave me. I need you here. You're the only good thing in my life. But if I'm bringing you too far down I understand. I'll be hurt but I've been at a party, dipping Cool Ranch Doritos into queso when an emo crust punk fuck walks up bumming his bad news bullshit. And I'm awkwardly like *I don't know man, take a shower.*

At the same time I can't help but think the drama, the insanity, the fear, the raw sadness, the suicide, the drugs, the tits, the high speed chases, the bombs bursting in air,

and the beautiful big ass black women putting a hand up and saying *oh no you didn't* is what you brainwashed, overactive mind students live for.

I put in my Michelle Branch CD and drive a little over the speed limit to the bridge to meet my maker. I can't find a free spot so I park in one of those weekend rip off, dollar a minute garages far from the bridge. It's all good though I'm killing myself so I'm never going to pay it, except karmically. Cool, there's a spot at the top.

I take a deep breath before entering the cold feast of crammed, impaired disorders of multiple mediocre personalities that is downtown Greer, South Carolina on a star studded Saturday night. I check my reflection in the rearview. You know what? Fuck it, I sort of don't give a fuck what people think about me. Fuck them, I am beau... I am kind of... beau... tiful! Sure a few lines run races across my skin and my face is as chubby as it has ever been with not much room left for a smile, but for anyone who sees my soul I am beautiful, I am beautiful! Why do I let others make me think I'm ugly?

I step out of the car on to the top of the parking garage. Instantly the cool Christ like night winter air reformulates me as if I'm an algebra problem worked horribly only to have the genius of the class show me how to find the easy answer. "The easy answer is me." I say to no one, taking a deep breath without suicidal thoughts, peering over the city from behind the parking garage ledge with my mind transfixing on the muddy lights shining from the alluring architecture of the marketplace buildings. Inspiration sparks within while I marvel at the wonder of the miracles the human being is capable of, adding an ounce of respect for my fellow humans into my awareness. That lovely ounce strikes a major chord inside, expanding my current state of love energy, bringing me to admire

the architecture of the human body as human ants below scurry for food, drinks, sex, and human ant acceptance under orders from their unconscious queen.

For real though... how amazing are our bodies? Think about it. How incredible are legs? How wonderful is simply being able to walk? With all this magnificence, why am I killing myself? How strange is it with so much positivity to focus on we continue to agonize over the dead horse that is our negative thought patterns over and over and over and over and over and over again in our minds?

Do me a favor real quick. Don't worry... dramatic climatic inspired shit is probably about to go down as I'm not a big bang cliché sitcom sent to waste your time. I care about adding only purpose to your life.

Now imagine a giant open field of golden grasses under a tremendous glowing pink and purple huddled sky with every flower's gorgeous scent available at each inhale. See a dead horse in the middle of the field. Imagine yourself fixated on the dead horse. Of course you can look at the promising sky, the wafting trees, smell the tremendous flowers, you can even keep walking through the meadow away from the dead horse. But for some reason you can't your eyes off the dead horse. Now you are kicking it. Holy shit... now you are naked and molesting the dead horse over and over and over and over again. You keep feeling worse and worse and worse and grosser and grosser and grosser each time you touch him inappropriately but you won't stop. That is how most of our minds work; rather how most of our minds work us. All of the precious, golden dreamer's honey in our wonderful world and we can't stop ourselves from a molesting a dead horse.

You're right again. Why should you listen to what I think? I am walking to a bridge to jump off. But seriously, how fantastic is walking? Simply being able to walk is totally fucking amazing and goddamn mind blowing in every single st...“what the?” I respond after lifting halfway over the ledge from getting kicked square in the butt.

“Don't you *what the* me, Willermen! You know damn well why you got that kick in the ass.” A rabid voice says so I instinctively turn around.

“Mitchell, hey... I'm... I'm sorry. I got locked up in a mental institution man.”

“That's no excuse. I had you on the schedule every day for two weeks. I was beginning to believe in you. I was even talking to Bill bout you, bout getting you some extra shifts. Do you know who Bill is?”

“Umm, the general manger.”

“Damn right, Bill the General Manager!” Mitchell jumps in my face off both feet, the right his foot in the grave, the left his foot in the rat race. “Do you know how bad you made me look? Here I am talking you up to Bill the General Manager and you don't have the decency to show up on Saturde night, busiest night of our week.”

“Like I said Mitchell, I'm terribly sorry. I'd much rather been working then locked up in a mental ward. Believe me.”

“Fuck you. Don't tell me what to believe. I believe what I want and you're not what I want to believe.” That doesn't hurt coming from a guy who only believes in three things; hamburgers, hopscotch, and hand grenades. That's a joke, not my best, but a joke so laugh at yourself so you can laugh at me.

“You are right. You believe whatever you want to believe. I'm sorry.”

“Stuff your sorries in a sack and give ‘em to somebody who gives a crap cause it sure as shit ain’t me.” I move my eyes coyly round the garage hoping this skinny redneck’s bullshit will freeze in the rigid winter air like the frosty ice cap tips in his short blonde mid 90’s *I just want to fly* Mark McLaugh Sugar Gay hairdo holding his cowboy hat up. “Do you know who covered your shift that Saturde night?”

This is horrible. Please help Jesus or anyone. “Um... I um... assume you.”

“You’re goddamn right me.” He enthusiastically alleges but somehow I don’t feel so goddamn right. “Saturde night is my one night off. Why do I take the busiest night of the week off you ask?” I do not ask nor give a fuck. “Cause that’s how much I believe in my staff. And you took that belief and shat all over it.” What the fuck is this fuck face blathering about? It is insane he exists; insane we work with people like this, insane these uptight, angry, ruthless idiot assholes are allowed power over anything. These morons shouldn’t be allowed to own toys. What’s wackier is we give our personal power to these dipshits and let them make us feel shitty because they’re emotionally deranged. We say slave shit like my coworker Patrick, *dude Mitchell’s about to be here, we better clean up or he’ll flip*. I’m not cleaning shit. Let Mitchell fucking flip. Fuck Mitchell. I’m not afraid of his bitch ass anger. I’ll fucking break Mitchell apart from God then buy him a goddamn Cheese Danish then shit in his stupid mouth... I... I won’t. As you can tell I’m terrified of anger and confrontation. I’m small, weak, nice; big, strong, mean people send me crawling into the corner to shit my pants. I’m a scared little bitch, always have been. Bullies picked on me since the crib and I took their shit, dipped it into buttery garlic Caesar jalapeño panic sauce, and ate it every time. Fuck me for that. Fuck this. Let’s change the subject. Let’s focus on something funny like the way

Mitchell resembles a racist undercover cop trying to bust a rapper. He's dressed adorably, Marshall Tucker Cowboy Private Investigator. He has this brown leather, ready to saddle, cowboy hat on, an asymmetrical solid dark grey scarf his racist grandma knit him, and one of those long grey button down wool coats that were big in Detroit back when Marshall Mathers was called Manix. If I had power in TV land I'd give him a reality show. You'd watch it since you're an easily amused drama addict moron. Fuck, I'm sorry again. I got carried away. You're not that way. You enjoy being challenged and rising to the occasion. I hope for our planet's sake.

“Mitchell, I'm... I'm so sorry man but can you please relax?”

“Do I look like a goddamn busboy to you? No, cause I'm a fucking manager! Do you know how stupid you made me look? Bill, the general manager called the manager, me, to bus on my day off cause I said good things bout ya. I had plans to go to Carolina Alehouse to watch my Tigers whoop ass with my boys, but I bussed your tables.”

“I'm truly sorry you had to go through that. I know I messed up bad but I'm scared and I wish you'd please stop yelling at me.” I'm such a pathetic begging bitch.

“Oh, I'm gonna stop yelling at you, I'm going to stop yelling at you forever, CAUSE YOU ARE FIRED!” He screams drum rolls in my face as if I'm supposed to be shocked but since I was already fired my reaction doesn't satisfy his importance. “Look at ya; don't give a pool of piss, do ya?”

Like I give a fuck about some Applebee's. One time I did though. It was horrifying. This customer chose my busboy head to bite off due to the toughness of his Fiesta Lime Chicken. I told him I was sorry then ran to the bathroom, sat on the shitter, and cried. Then I remembered I worked at Applebee's and had more to be upset about

than an idiot yelling at me for expecting Applebee's not to suck, not to be Applebee's. I'm not implying don't care about your job. I'm simply saying if you're working a shit job don't waste time taking anything personal. Instead use your energy to figure out why you put yourself in that situation and stop refusing the life you desire and deserve which is fucking fantastic dream come true well being in all aspects of your existence. Yeah, it's easier to give advice then to be it, but it isn't, I just suck. "I do appreciate all you did for me at Applebee's but I don't know what I can do for you now since it's over."

"Oh it's over alright, over after I kick your ass!"

"Please, please... Mitchell... please don't kick my ass." I am all tears.

"I wouldn't touch him if I were you Mitchie, he'd get hard on. Seeing as he's a faggot and all! I saw him kissing that cross dressing Mexican dishwasher Manuel one night by the trashcans." His girlfriend, Applebee's finest waitress Danielle, drunkenly adds to the harassment. Yeah, she's been here the whole time, standing by her man, staring at me sideways like Socrates questioning my existence. Her man accessing his little dick power over me turns her on. They're going to have disgusting, leave a baby in a white trashcan sex in the Carolina Alehouse bathroom after this charade is over.

"Are you a worthless faggot?" He yells open yellow railroad dust teeth wide.

"I... I, I don't know man... I, I don't think I'm totally... worthless... but I might be a faggot to you depending on your definition."

"A faggot is someone who's ever sucked a dick."

"Yeah... then... I'm a faggot."

"You're telling me I said good things to Bill the general manager about a faggot?"

Mitchell yells like he doesn't believe in Santa anymore while pulling out a blue VC Piper

knife from his coat pocket, holding it to my throat, and expressing a more serious look, a melon collie, quieter style of seriousness. “If I ever see you around my restaurant so help me God your faggot throat will be slit!” He speaks pretty confidently; a bigot’s hatred becomes his confidence. Mitchell places the knife back in his coat and turns to his wasted waitress of a girlfriend. “Let’s go watch football babe. Cocksuckers make me sick to my stomach.”

“Yeah, I don’t ever want to be around a faggot. Bible says fags burn in hell.”

“I don’t want to be near anyone who goes to hell especially for being a faggot.”

He spits tobacco saliva at my feet then turns around with his girl, walking away so happy together.

I wish I’d known it was that easy to get them to leave. I would’ve told him I was a dick sucking faggot from the jump. *You know why I kicked you in the ass, right?* Of course... I’m a faggot who loves sucking dick! Pull the knife out. Good job. Put it up to my throat. Well done. Oooh yeah, you’re a man, not a faggot. Oooooo I’m soooo terrified, you’re definitely going to slit my faggot throat the next time you see me, you handsome son of a cock. Yeah I’m shaking, you prime rib, never had a gay thought in your life, Southern Gent. Alright, well played, you win. Have a nice night.

That’s not how I truly feel. I am using humor to deflect, to feel less broken.

Aaaaaahhhh, goddammit, why are some people so fucking cruel to gays? Goddammit, I don’t get it. I should not have to fear getting my ass kicked because sometimes certain men give me good loving ooey goey feelings. Fuck, how insane is that shit? How fucked up is it that people are abused, hated, ridiculed, and even murdered for wanting to express love? I bet that’s one of the reasons super cool evolved aliens don’t come to

Earth and chill with us despite Earth's magnificent beauty. *So let me get this straight... you hate them because they want to express love? Yeah, sorry, no Earth vacation this year, Jupiter here we come.*

How fucking scared, dumb, and selfish are certain people? How boring and worthless is their goddamn existence where they are concerned with so much hatred? Of course it is because they are afraid they're gay and want to rid the world of all possible temptation. But come on... do you think I want my parents to hate me, my hometown to shun me, and psychotic men to attack me? No, but it is who I am and I can't not be it. I've tried. I get there's a blurb in the most sinful book in the Bible about how it is a sin. But the Bible also says eating pigs, getting a haircut, getting a divorce, wearing polyester, gossiping, or pulling out is a sin and those people do that shit everyday. For Godsakes it also says if your children curse you they need to die. I hope you're not killing your kids too. Please for the love of God wise up and think for yourself. I am a devout Christian who adores Jesus Christ with all my heart but I still have the self awareness to understand what feels true and what doesn't. I listen to Jesus and Jesus said LOVE ONE ANOTHER... that's it... that's fucking it... that's the only thing we should be concerned with... LOVE! Not war, not judgment, not fear, not hatred, not blame, not shame just LOVE just doing everything we can to make people feel LOVED!

Fuck it... none of that is the reason I can't stand up for myself. I can't stand up for myself because I am a scared little bitch. God, I hate being a scared little bitch. I hate letting people treat me like shit and never standing up for myself. I fucking hate it. Fuck.

**MOST PEOPLE
DON'T LIVE PASSED
MIDDLE SCHOOL**

I turn back to the ledge of the parking garage; climb up legs hanging free. An older drunk lady, probably someone's dumb drunk aunt, yells *you gonna fall boy* with good impulsive intentions without realizing I'm suicidal. I ignore her, gaze down at the city sad, sack Saturday night, working for the weekend party people. They are walking. They are talking. They are visualizing mediocrity in the miracle of emptiness, so close to bursting free with pure world peace happiness yet so far for separating themselves so far from it.

Damn. I love them all so much. I can't help it. Look at them... so precious in their own way even if they don't know it which almost makes them more endearing.

Shit. I care so deeply about each one. But that love transforms into hate the second I judge. Oh, how I wish to be the stars singing above them, no judgment, no negativity, no worry, just sparkling high. I waste so much time looking at people and thinking if they chose differently they'd feel better but their choices have nothing to do with me. They choose whatever they choose. I choose what I choose. That's it.

But, but... if... if only they knew how worthy they are, how blessed, adored they are, if only they knew who they are inside they'd choose their Unconditional Love within! They wouldn't force so much importance on the transient, inconsequential

matters stressing them invisible. Then we could thrive together as one joyous, feel good, love living human family mega-force. And the artistic, scientific, spiritual creations of our family would be as limitless as our love. We'd cure every disease, explore every speck of outer inner space, and create a world more valuable than any electronic envy, drunk hook up, job interview, facebook status, sporting event, styling celebrity, offended illiterate, gossip drama, any anything.

"Fuck that." I say to no one, jumping down from the ledge onto the cement. What do I care? I'm killing myself. Let death take a breather in heaven, leave these fools to suffer their idiot sins, I'm walking to the bridge, trotting to the end.

To be real the reason I got down all upset and shit is my feelings on Mitchell and Danielle. Goddammit, they are beings of Unconditional Love! How can I see it but they can't? They don't hate gays. Some sad idiot told them to because some sad idiot told him because he felt weird while getting a shave that was a tad too close. It is not their fault, they just lost touch with who they are. But it is and fuck and me hating them is me losing touch with who I am. Shit, this life is so hard but so goddamn simple.

I put my hands together and pray for Mitchell and Danielle, I close my eyes and pray for everyone like them. I stop. Goddammit, praying is making me feel weak and stupid. Fuck, I'm supposed to be a grown ass adult. I'm supposed to stand up for myself. I'm tired of being picked on, beat up, laughed at, just to pray for them, just to turn the other cheek. I know Jesus said *forgive them; they know not what they do* but dear God sometimes I want to forgive that because I'm sick of being the world's helpless little brother. I want to beat a big mean homophobic racist dumb shit motherfucker's ass cheek to fucking cheek then say *forgive that Jesus*.

God please forgive me. I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I've just been bullied incessantly all my life. I get why, I mean I understand bullying, I really do. The Unconditional Love we all truly are is limitless and powerful beyond all power. On a soul level we know we are that Unconditional Love Power, but due to being disconnected from it we'll do anything to feel any bit of reminisce of that mighty beyond might, Unconditional Love Soul Power no matter who we hurt. That is how bad we want to know ourselves. Make sense? When a human bullies he feels powerful and in control which are closer feelings to the power he knows deeper down rather than chaos and weakness which are the feelings usually pumping through his bloodstream. If you turn around and look at the pie chart I placed on the wall behind you, you'll find the bully's father is bullied by his boss which makes him feel chaotic and weak. In order to get himself feeling in control and powerful again he comes home and bullies his son. This makes his son feel chaotic and weak so he finds a short, sweet, sensitive kid and bullies me. The ironic thing is we bully each other in an attempt to feel closer to who we truly are when we already are the biologically, divine DNA super cool Unconditional Love God Energy we want to be. If we took the time we spent bullying to connect to the deeper inner parts of ourselves we wouldn't need to hurt each other to feel better since we are where the better feeling rises.

To be even realer growing up I get why bullies chose me. I was little, different, gay, vulnerable, honest, told people I see angels around them, kissed foreheads, played with dolls, prayed for the kids in the time out corner, and I never held back tears. I was the opposite of what boys are told to be so of course they're going to try and beat me till they change me. Subconsciously they're doing it for my own good. It is the survival of

the fittest ingrained deep in their unconscious DNA. If only they could go a little deeper, passed fight or flight into their soul, the place that loves just to love, we could all be best friends helping each other grow even deeper.

Goddammit it is my fault they bully me. I invite it by being a little bitch, afraid to stand my ground. I hate myself for being such a little bitch and that hatred makes me an even bigger little bitch. They don't know what they're doing but I do... I just... just don't believe I'm worth standing up for, too afraid of everything, of nothing. Shit, I'm crying now. Fuck. Boo-hoo, feel bad for me because I suck and it is all my fault.

But seriously don'tcha hate the moment you make it down nine flights of stairs your school bullies trip you up and you fall halfway down the tenth flight? Oh, that never happens to you? Well it is to me. "Brian, the little faggot who can't, Willermen." Cornelius, chuckling to the sound of that goddamn nickname, stands over me laughing with his buddy Zack while I moan in broken bone agony at the bottom of the steps.

"We saw you coming so we thought we'd give ya a little help like back in the day." Zack pontificates as I pick myself up and try again like Aaliyah told me.

"I ain't seen you in forever." Cornelius declares, jokingly giving me a titty twister that hurts worse than a joke. "You look the same... gay... ahahahahaha."

"Haha, yeah, except for that hair that looks horrible on you." Zack assertively confirms. "Don't you know long hair never looks good on guys with black hair?"

"Yeah and guys who are short like you too." Cornelius adds; making me wonder where these creeps get their fashion tips from, *Jefferson Davis Monthly*?

"Ha, you never got your growth spurt. You've been the same sized fag since middle school." Zack establishes as they break out again in roaring belly laughter.

Do you want to know who these meathead dip-shits are? I don't want to say because I gave up enough personal power to them to light New York City for the next sixty years. Plus it'll bring back bad memories but because I'm starting to trust you...

I had a flowing, flowering array of bullies come and go through my school yard, but three were North Stars, Cornelius Bornelas, Zack Hall, and Adam Aiken. They were triple threat orange red amber alert terrorists to my soul every school day. They were the panic attacks I ate for breakfast. Cornelius was the only one dressed in muscle; the other two were regular shit talkers but collectively they humiliated me as one bully supernova. They didn't beat me up as much as other bullies but the threat always lingered. What these dickheads did was much worse, they'd tell me to do horrible things I didn't want to do, watch as I did them, and laugh hysterically at me. My school days went like this...

Willermen, eat this. With all due respect Cornelius I don't have a craving for dead bird pubic hair pot pie. *Do it or else we'll kick your ass.* Ok. *Ha, look at that faggot eating that nasty shit, haha, faggot.*

Willermen, tell Cortresha you want to dip your vanilla in her chocolate. With all due respect Zack I'd rather not sexually harass her. *Do it or else we'll call your mom and tell her you stick shampoo bottles up your bunghole.* Ok. *Ha, she slapped you, haha, faggot!*

Willermen, drown the hamsters in the fish tank. With all due respect Adam I adore the hamsters. *Do it or else we'll call your dad and tell him you want to lick his big sweaty balls.* I did and felt so bad I slit my wrists in the bathroom after class, spent the next month in an asylum. I was twelve.

“Willermen, pick your butt, smell it then eat it!” Cornelius excitedly shouts in my face as if it’s the grand ol golden goose wailing idea he’d been waiting on his whole life.

“You um are ugh not ugh um sss-serious, right?” I stutter as millions of horrible high school memories stuff themselves into the lockers of my mind.

“Yes, faggot! Do it or else I’ll turn your big nose into a bloody cunt.” I whiff the whiskey pouring off his jaded breath; see the depraved look in the flies stuck in the spider web wrinkles round his eyes, feel the weight of his world coming out of his plaid blue insurance salesman shirt, and realize of course he’s serious, look at him, he added seven more years of real adult world misery to his already miserable childish existence.

“Watch this faggot!” Zack shouts to the people relaxing in the comfortable benches and chairs in the downtown veranda area. I gaze at Zack, laughing at my terror of his big friend raising his fist at me. I can’t help but feel even worse for that piece of shit. Holy God, poor Zack looks doubly pathetic with more hard hell than Cornelius. He’s beer belly run down male titty fat, forehead wrinkles, and skin head balding in a dark red striped button down insurance salesman starched collared shirt, sad piece of shit looks forty. Those pitiful bastards put the same fake smile on at the same State Farm Insurance Agency, call hundreds of people a day, look up hundreds of different quotes, get hung up on hundreds of different times. They have bratty, shitty kids they can’t relate to with fat, skanky women they see no beauty in, but stay with for the kids they hate because they remind them of the parts of themselves they murdered.

So yes on this fatherless December evening in the veranda area where old people go to feed pigeons and practical drunks sober up before driving, I Brian Willermen, a

man child, pick my asshole, smell it, and eat it off my finger. “Hell yeah, nothing’s changed. You’re still the nastiest faggot!” Cornelius declares.

“I got an idea!” Zack claps his hands after listening to his Bam Margera muse. “Willermen, walk to that old couple and tell ’em you love sucking old penis, ahaahaha.” Fuck No! Fuck no! Oh shit, am I doing this? Fuck, I’m walking over. What the fuck? Get real! Why? Why? Why? Stop! Stop! Stop! Why are you doing this? Is it because I feel bad for their shitty lives and want to selflessly bring them joy? No. It’s because at a young age I was forced to do what I was told by cruel violent idiot assholes and if I didn’t do it I got beat with a fucking belt. That shit was scary and hurt so bad it controlled me into the fear I am now. Have you ever met someone in an abusive relationship who thinks it is normal? That’s me to the entire world. *What happened to your computer?* Oh you know how Cliff is; he noticed my ex was following me on Twitter so he smashed it with a tire iron. *Yeah I know he’s a psychopath.* Until each individual individually realizes they deserve the very best and expects to be treated that way by each individual oppressors will continue to rule the world.

I totter to the old couple, resembling two tree stumps, letting their stomachs settle after the one night a year they’re willing to fight the downtown traffic for dinner. It’s probably their goddamn one thousandth, eight hundred seventy fifth wedding anniversary. They sit quietly on a public wooden bench in a row of benches behind a brick wall ivy is glued to. “I love to suck old penis.” I mutter. They get up glaring, leave as Zack and Cornelius laugh. “Thanks for the trip down memory lane.” I start to walk away, ashamed, embarrassed, thirteen again.

“You ain’t going nowhere: we got to do one for Adam!” Cornelius and his six foot four brute body grabs my five five frail, feeble frame and shakes me.

“Hell yeah, I bet Adam is in heaven laughing his ass off right now”

“Hold him here for one sec Zack.” Cornelius takes off.

“What, umm, what happened to Adam?” I ask Zack who is busy contemplating the degradation bar he is raising on behalf of my stark humiliation.

“He blew his brains out.”

“Aww man, I’m sorry, that’s, that’s awful.” Holy shit.

“Nothing been right since.” Goddamn, Adam did have a lot going on underneath his skin. Yeah, we had sex once. He was very attractive. He looked like a young James Gandolfini. We were sixteen, partners for a psych project. I went to his house after school to work on it and alone Adam was the sweetest kid ever. He made me pizza bagel bites, let me hang out in his Jacuzzi, and apologized for the mean things he, Cornelius, and Zack did. It was a grand ol’ high flying American flag of a day that ended passionately with us performing oral sex on each other in his room on his bed under his Fall Out Boy poster. He initiated it. It was hot. Next day he invites me over. I’m expecting to get my dick wet again, instead he breaks a broom stick over my skull then beats me senseless until I swore to God I’d never say anything to anyone about it ever.

“See the couple on the third bench?”

“Ugh... yeah...” I reluctantly see and answer.

“Tell him, he’s hot.” He chortles to himself then moves his head saluting Adam.

“That’s from me to you brother.” Nice, he still cares for his dead friend.

And yes it is incredibly embarrassing to admit but I am walking over. Maybe to honor Adam and the lovely day we spent. Nope. I'm doing it because I have the self esteem of pedophilia. Cornelius, the one I'm physically afraid of is gone. I can run away but I stay because I'm a slave to my abused past that keeps my blood stuck frozen and sick, feeling too small, weak to confront the absolute madness of the unapproachable terror in violent mind control alone. Just telling you, ewww, frustrates the fuck out of me. Have you ever done something you know is wrong for you but do it anyway because you don't have the power to speak up for yourself? Every fiber in your being is shouting *this shit ain't for you dawg* as you sit back and watch yourself fall deeper and deeper into that hideous hole of hopelessness. Ignoring the powerful voice within should be illegal. It's funny we never have to do anything that is not aligned with the Unconditional Love within, but the moment we stray, place ourselves below it, act like it isn't important, put other things above it, is the moment we begin to lose the touch. Get it?

We are each born as pure positive, mountain moving, Unconditional Love Power but then our parents place their fear, the opposite of that Power, upon us and it seeps into our skin. Then we attend school and subject ourselves to every other child's parent's fear as well as the fear of the fear teachers and it burns into our souls. Then we grow that fear up by watching the fear world and taking the fear people seriously, the next thing we know we're at a job we hate and getting yelled at in an elevator because we used **Arial Font** instead of **Franklin Gothic Medium** and accept it as Tuesday.

Do you feel my soul spilling all over this page? We are born as sun filled Unconditional Love but then the world introduces us to hate and encourages us to forget our love. We grow bigger, older; find more and more things to hate until our love

becomes a memory we cry about when we drink. Then our lovely girlfriend cheats on us for being an alcoholic with someone we hate, the next thing we know we are an old bitter slimy fuck spreading Dijon Mustard on rye toast, complaining about how hot it is.

Please keep the power on inside yourself and your Unconditional Love lights burning! It is the most important thing you can do for you and everyone else.

“Fuck you faggot.” The random hot male stands up and punches me real good, right in the kisser. I fall. In attempt to pick myself up I feel a body holding me down.

“I got him!” Cornelius calls with his big wasteland sitting on my spine while ramming his forearm into the back of my head. I feel his giant cock on one of my vertebra, rendering me how I feel inside, powerless. “Zach, cut his hair!” Zach cuts as the curtain opens on the trembling forest of pussing orphan sores buried inside my panic. I convulse, flail around, spit up hot endless fear gut water, salivate for death, begging them to stop. But they laugh and laugh, the louder I scream the louder they laugh.

I cry for someone, anyone to help me but no one moves, instead they watch in receptive unawareness like ungodly strangers with incurable eyes. I spot a man who looks like my younger brother Robert. I scream “Robert! Robert, please help me!” He turns his head to the side, still walking in his Navy Blue suit, shoots a look into my eyes, turns back forward, and walks on.

**WORSHIP THE LORD
WITH ALL OF YOUR
HATRED**

“Why you being such a faggot about this? We made it look less gay.” Shouts Zack as Cornelius, roaring laughter next to a flying pile of my beautiful raven hair, finally lets me up. I haul ass through the veranda but before I can sink my spirit into the grounded gratitude I feel for my feet, a smelly, sweaty, thick glasses guy in a graveyard winter suit grabs me and says with dead breath, “let’s say those men don’t let you up and you die, would you go to heaven or hell?” God help, God please help me I can’t fucking handle this God, not right now God, not now. I am sorry but I so so so so so so so so fucking fuck fucking bad want to just fucking lose it on him and the rest of those cornfed inbred, hell sucking, toy gun toting Fundamentalist motherfuckers.

Every Saturday night on Main St., a group of goddamn stink bomb in Eden droppers are let loose from their cages at the local Nazi funding, devil dick sucking, fire and brimstone Bible college Bobby Smith, waving and wearing *Everyone Goes To Hell* signs, passing out *Everyone Goes To Hell* Bible tracks, and letting Satan himself scream at the top of his flinty, red lungs how everyone goes to hell.

Holy shit... I am... I am fucking losing it! “AAAAAAHHH!!” I scream dizzy, losing my religion, charging at each one like Michael Stipe riding a hurt, lost blinded bull, pulling the signs off their bodies, ripping their Bible tracks, throwing them in the air

like confetti, and screaming at the top of my flinty, red devil lungs how everyone goes to heaven.

You're right. I'm not proud of how I'm projecting my anger at the bullies onto the Fundamentalists either but to be honest with you and I feel we are at that point... it feels really really really good. Wow. Screaming repressed hatred at someone you've repressed your hatred for feels fucking great especially if you've never let yourself experience it due to listening to your parents while they screamed how it is sinful to yell.

You can judge me and talk shit about what a horrible Christian maybe if my boy body hadn't been used as a rape rag doll by one of those Fundamentalists, maybe if my childhood wasn't plagued by nightmares of hell strained into my precious flower psyche by them or if I felt my mother loved me, I'd walk away thinking *those cute little Fundamentalists squirrels always looking for their nuts* but all that shit is real so I don't.

Instead I hand my consciousness over to my rage and my deeply repressed rage grabs a skinny 1980's jean jacket mustache man holding a sign saying *faggots go to hell*, kisses him square on the mouth, tells him I gave him faggot disease, and sings *Save The Last Dance For Me*, adding the words "in hell." Poor repressed peckerwood probably feels the way I felt when Cornelius held me down, Zach cut my hair off, and Adam giggled from heaven. The mustache man's sign drops. He runs away crying.

Four other repressed dudes gather round to stone me. I smile psychosis and say some smart ass comment about how loving your neighbor means having sex with dudes and ask which one wants to love his neighbor tonight. They look at each other scared out of their dead world minds and run.

Did I mention they supported the Nazis? Another thing they support is being

fucking ugly. Normally I'm not into the sweepstakes winning grab bag of judging other's looks especially since all my life I've been called ugly by hot chicks and hot dudes. Normally I'm a fan of finding the beauty within everyone but those Fundamentalists, man, all I can say is their hideousness is exquisite. The men that play Jesus Satan look like walking bird shit, uncooked sausage links with one hepatitis invested hair sticking out of the top of their heads and one yellow fingernail scratching the chalkboard sounding tooth some blind, elderly secretary accidentally stapled to the front of their fat ass, faceless faces. The women resemble fat, pasty, tit-less, pussy-less, ass-less men wearing doomsday black and white bonnets with confused looks on their family value faces like they just came from drowning their children in the pond. And the children, holy shit the sweet deprived wrong way soul kids look like tweedle dee and tweedle dumb, cross eyed, butter churned sperm that never figured out what to do when they got shot out of a unmarried cock into a stinking, sinful asshole, still searching for that sweet, rising angel cunt their God will not allow them to remember exists.

“These idiot assholes are full of shit and I'll prove it. I'll suck a dick then kill myself then reappear from heaven. Who wants to drop their pants?” I yell to the fifteen or so audience members that gathered to watch the chaos. Wow. I've never acted like this. I don't know what is causing me to do like this. Oh yes I do. Lol.

The Fundamentalists refuse to digest my forbidden fruit and scamper to their big white child rapist church van to formulate a new place to scare little adults and little kids into lifelessness as I yell “YOU HAVE NO CLUE ABOUT JESUS CHRIST! Jesus truly loved. Jesus healed. When Jesus gave Bartimaeus his sight do you think he was telling him he was going to hell? NO! Jesus saw the power in his soul and reflected it back to

him! Do you really think Jesus was mean? Do you think Jesus was trying to scare people? Do you think Jesus passed out little bitchy Bible tracks? Fuck No! Jesus was in the swamps sucking cancer out of AIDS, smiling at everything for the sake of everything!” as they scurry like time square tourist cockroaches looking for a place to watch the ball drop.

**IT'S HARDER FOR ME TO BRAINWASH THE REST OF THE CLASS
WHEN YOU REFUSE TO BE BRAINWASHABLE
SO YOU ARE SUSPENDED**

Wow. Oh my God That. That! That, That felt, That Felt, That actually felt... good. Wow. Oh me oh my, did you just see That? I know that wasn't Christian of me but Jesus turned tables over in the temple. Wait, wait, I'm not comparing myself to Jesus but hey that was kind of amazing, right? Don't get me wrong I know it isn't right to scream at people but I'm, I'm, I am, I'm kind of awesome for that, right? Not trying to brag or have you say *he's talented but his head is stuck up his ass*, but damn, I've never freaked out angry on anyone, never been so real in my life. I hate to say it but I've never felt so alive. I feel so much ex, ex, excite...meant. I fart. When I get real excited I fart. It is weird. I don't care to go into it. You don't want me to. But all that intense fear I had from the bullies transformed into raw rage the second the Fundamentalist grabbed me and I blasted off. Usually when that rage comes up I stomp it down as fast as I can like a giant turd down a shower drain but I just let my uncooked emotions soar and wasn't afraid of the outcome. It felt amazing and they actually left. Wow. Wow. Wow. Yes! Yes! Yes! I am reeling. I hope you're not getting bored of my babble but I'm buzzing! Standing up for yourself...Fuck Yes! I am at a loss for words. I feel sort of almost good about myself in a substantial practical way I've never felt. I know it isn't right to get off on being cruel, but I feel so fre... look, here comes two of my fans from the audience...

“You're a bonafide jackass!” A forty something white male says walking at me.

“What? No, no, I’m the one who got them to go away.” Yeah... I’m the hero.

“I know, if this was ten years ago before I gave my heart to Christ, my hand on the Bible I’d be kicking the living shit out of you.” Confused, I look at the woman beside him for nurture, help, reason.

“That was incredibly rude young man. Finally some good people are out trying to save souls in this sin filled world and you run them off with your filth. You can go to prison for the language you used in public... around children too! How dare you!?” The lady says breaking my heart.

“But uhh, they’re umm telling people they’re going to hell, right? How does that save souls?”

“People are going to hell. Hell, this whole damn world has already gone to hell.” The white male gobble, gobbles with his Rock N Roll tape deck turkey neck apocalyptic bullshit. “The people who actually care enough to save them from eternal damnation in the afterlife you just treated them like they’re the damn sinners when they’re the saints.”

“Think about what your mother would say if she saw you. I have two boys of my own and if I ever saw them act the way you did to Christians... in public... I’d have a heart attack. You should be ashamed of yourself.”

“Come on honey, let’s go to Carolina Alehouse and leave this sinner here to contemplate his sins.” Bubble bursts. Pain pierces deeper down. Sadness rises high.

I feel like shit again. For a second there I thought I had it. I thought I’d never lose it again. That couples shows up, talks shit, and sucks me into their old, dumb, you should respect your idiot elders, baby boomer bullshit consciousness. Now I feel bad, so bad. I know their opinions don’t matter yet they matter so much because I care what

people think about me. Fuck, I hate feeling bad. Fuck, I feel worse for feeling bad. I just want to make everyone happy and give my Unconditional Love to the world but I can't because I care too much. Fuck! Why the fuck do I care? Who cares? Why do I?

I had this hard old Algebra Teacher name Doc Moser. He thought he was this mathematical God and treated his preteen students like bitter imbeciles. I remember thinking *find Will Hunting or teach yourself how to not be an asshole, stop challenging eleven year olds*. Before class the kids bitched about how he wasn't teaching us anything yet gave us the hardest questions imaginable on the tests. One day I raised my hand and told him that then asked if he could do a better job teaching... i.e. be a little more relatable to kids, we're not building a space ship here. He holds back tears and screams *class, does Mr. Willermen speaketh the truth?* All they had to do was shake their heads yes but instead they shake no and I get taken into the hallway, screamed at with the low down of each math medal on his mantle, eventually failing his class. That got my ass beat by my dad and a wasted Algebra summer I remember nothing about. I don't know the point of the story but I feel similar to when Moser screamed at me in the hallway. I still see Blake Copenhaver in the corner of my eye laughing. It is crazy how the shit from childhood still fucks with us today. I hear that bridge calling my name. I walk.

I take two steps then jump back, startled out of my skin by a black Hummer full of white bros blaring *Hotline Bling* by Drake, honking the horn like hot bacon cheddar institutionalized onion rings at two girls walking behind me. The passenger yells "Oh yeah baby that ass! Give me that ass!" The dude behind him rolls his window down and screams "I'll be Burger King and you Mcdonald's, I'll have it my way and you'll be loving it." Which is of course the goddamn dumbest fucking most embarrassing shit you

can say. Then some other idiot climbs into the passenger seat and yells “those titties, let me suck those titties.” Then they drive off. Stunned I stop, wanting to help the women, to make them feel like not all men are shitty, that I swear they’ll find one who knows the depth of their beauty. But I am scared to add anymore stranger strangeness to their night. They walk passed like nothing happened.

I hate bros. What do they think gives them the right? No wonder women walk terrified in a hurry, unable to enjoy the day with faceless expressions listening to headphones to pick up juice. Poor angels have to be on the lookout for some lowlife looking to buttonhole their body or disgustingly check them out or howl at them from a mountaintop or tell them they want to fuck their asshole or some other brain dead harassing damaging ass shit. Do they think they’re being cool or sexy or funny? Or do they know they’re using their lopsided sadistic masculinity to inject more fear into the atmosphere so they can continue destroying our beautiful world. Fucking jerk each other off or suck each other’s dicks but fucking stop. Women go through enough unnecessary hardship every day in our manly male masculine murder society without some little dick making them feel more vulnerably anxious.

I am not saying all males are horrible I just want men to rise up and remember how needed we are in our society. Have you ever experienced the powerful presence of a true man, a man living strong from his heart without anger, honest from his eyes without ego, caring from his soul without attachment? That man can destroy an army with his smile, inspire destiny with his voice, and lift a world with the palm of his hands. Men are God’s special sons but to understand that they must know women are God’s divine daughters. And before they can be lovers, boyfriends, husbands, they must be brothers to

their sisters. Why would you ever want to make your sister feel degraded? How could you ever make what gave birth to you feel less than life? That is the behavior leading to rape. I can't even believe rape happens but it does, dear God, how could anyone ever rape a woman, a mother, a sister, a creator, a friend? How? How? How? Why? Why? Why? I feel so sick for someone who would even think to do that. How could they see something so pure, so beautiful, so sacred, so divine and want to take that from them? How do they not understand women are the most important beings in the universe and the only reason our Planet still exists? Men would have destroyed it billions of years ago. Woman is the air Earth breathes. If we care about our world, if we care about our children, if we want our world to get better we need to let the nature of woman become fully expressed in every aspect of our world.

Are you still here? Or did you leave cause *it started action packed but then he just bitched like a woman and I don't see eye to eye with treating women fairly so I am jerking off with a rope around my neck in a closet to birds shitting on each other.*

Fucking idiot men. I try to be as gender neutral as possible but those cliché comedians like Chris Rock, Seinfeld, Sinbad are right, there is a difference between men and women that is undeniable and makes Planet Earth a difficult place to live...

Take for example a woman sees a stray kitten on the sidewalk. Her first thought is *oh, sweet kitty, I'm going to cuddle you, feed you, make you purr, and give you a better life.* A man's first thought is *I'm going to fuck you then eat you cause I'm hungry.* Do you see the little differences? A woman feels the sunshine and thinks *oh, beautiful ray of light thank you for connecting us all to the divine mystery.* A man feels the sunshine and thinks, *fuck are you looking at? You think you're so big and bad up there? I bet you*

won't come down here and fight me you pussy. You know tiny differences. A woman sees a rainbow, *look at that beautiful expression of all the different colors of the universe reminding us there's always a variety of hope.* A man thinks *I know what you're thinking you fucking homo and you're not sucking my dick, you queer bitch, trying to be so many colors at once.* You know tiny, miniscule differences... a woman is in the kitchen while a man is out destroying our planet. A woman has a vagina where a man has an unconscious desire to self destruct and rid the world of everything good. A woman only watches one channel while a man likes to murder as many as people that he can fit inside his crawl space. A woman enjoys talking about her day while a man is emotionally dead inside, eventually getting attacked to death by his own goddamn heart.

“What you think you're looking at, partner?” God, help, please no more. I swear to God this is what happened. I start walking and I pass a couple. Obviously the intuitive woman feels my pain and offers me a smile. I feel a little better. I smile back. Now I have this redneck football Clemson Polo dipshit in my fucking face.

“I'm, I'm sorry, I'm not trying to take her from you. I was smiling at a human.”

“Of course you're not taking her from me, that's my fucking girl. Do you want me to beat your little bitch ass?” He's face to face, spit hitting my forehead, my cheeks, eyes. I kind of want to kill him. I've never thought about killing someone before but I kind of want him to die. Yes, I know I am not being Christian. Jesus please be with me. I never want to have violent thoughts about anyone but I am terrified, don't know what to do. I've lost my connection to you Jesus, please help me. I beg you Jesus! I love you!

“I'm, I'm terribly sorry, but that's not what I meant, I was merely saying...”

“Josh, calm down. He didn’t mean anything by it.” The girl with the healing smile says as my poor body prepares for another ass beating, for more trauma.

“Don’t tell me to calm down. I don’t want faggots thinking they can look at you.” I am not wasting time describing this guy but he’s about seven inches taller than me and eighty pounds heavier.

“Josh, that wasn’t what he was doing.” She tries to pull him away from me as he smiles this deranged psychotic drunken smile into my face.

“I’d love to knock your little ass out.” He keeps clenching his teeth, opening his mouth, and moving his head back and forth while flexing. Dear God, why haven’t I learned what Bruce Lee knew? Or at least taken an MMA class?

“I am sick of your shit Josh. You can come with me or not but I’m leaving.” No, no, no, dear Goddess please do not leave me with him. He moves his head towards me, his shoulders back, and jumps at me. I cower. He laughs then follows the angel. I stand alone in my poor body carrying so much pain, angst, trauma, hopelessness, sorrow, longing, so many horror stories to tell from inside, divided, hostile, anxious, wounded, and fried. I stand so heavy in my poor little skinny frail body that has been beaten to death by the mountains I never climb.

DEAR AFRICAN AMERICANS
ON BEHALF OF EVERY SINGLE WHITE PERSON
I AM SORRY

Sadly I stroll down Main St thinking. Yeah, I know it doesn't help but my mind won't stop. Sure, I feel noble for scaring the Fundamentalists off their damnation battlestation but why did that couple have to be so mean? *I'm a mother and if I saw my boys...* shut up, that hurts. But what if they are right? Maybe I am horrible? Maybe I shouldn't have been so rude? Maybe I should have let them save my shitty soul? Despair feels me. A glowing hand of artificial light implies I should stop. I do but my thoughts don't stop running through my stupid mind.

Why am I so insane? Why am I such a bitch? Why can't I control my emotions? Why don't I stand up for myself? Why am I so afraid to embrace who I truly am? So many years and I haven't learned shit. The same self-destructive patterns ruin me daily. Thank God I'm killing myself or I'd kill myself. L O FUCKING L!

I feel bad for the Fundamentalists. From their perspective they're helping people find relief in this hopeless world. Of course they'd want to share it. Sure, they destroyed my childhood, made me believe God hated me, molested me in the woods at their Christian camp, and beat me with a Bible belt in a gym bathroom cause I wrote *Jesus Christ* on my nametag on my first day of youth group. But none of those people did that. I must stop blaming things on collectives and focus on the individuals. Thinking like that creates war.

Why are my thoughts always at war? Why can't I exchange anger for the joy of existence I hear singing in my heart when I truly listen to myself? Why can I not be one thought stream of Unconditional Love? I'm not really angry at those Fundamentalists. They didn't lock me up, cheat on me, kick me in the ass, and cut off my beloved black hair. They aren't the little bitch who lets people bully him. That's me. Fuck me.

If you're Christian and you're mad at me, I'm sorry, but I'm a Christian too. No offense but I probably love Jesus more than you because I am a True Christian. Not to sound pretentious but I do my best to live what Jesus meant when he said *Love Your Neighbor* instead of using it as a means to criticize others who aren't like me. *Love Your Neighbor* actually means love your neighbor to me. Of course I make mistakes but can't you see how I'm doing my best? You can't be upset at someone for that? Seriously... are you really mad? Are you telling your friend how I am an asshole? Are you giving me a bad review on yelp? I promise I don't want to be angry. I want to Unconditionally Love everyone even the evil people, they need it the most, ya know? Everybody is just doing their best like me, you know. Why can't I get that? Do you get that?

Furthermore why am I always judging myself? So what I yelled at some blind bloodshot psychopaths? So what some bullshit brain dead baby boomer couple told me I was a horrible person? Big deal. Fuck those fear mongrels. That doesn't offend you, does it? Fuck that, so what if it does? Why do I care so much? Who cares what you think? Fuck, I can't handle this. Why am I still alive? Aren't I killing myself? Why didn't I do it years ago? Why can't I keep my personal power? What is the point of life anyway? Why do I have so many goddamn pointless thoughts?

AAARRGGGG!!! MY FUCKING RAMBLING BULLSHIT MIND – I
FUCKING HATE IT! Do you see what I deal with? Is this what you deal with? I hate
being a Negative Nancy in a rabbit hellhole following every downbeat thought deeper
and deeper till I'm a sad clown at the bottom of a waterless well searching for my
laughter. "Let me get five dolla." Thank God my favorite homeless homie Quiet Logic
asks me for money, politely interrupting the ostensible insanity building Bobby Smith's
favorite rape dungeon basements inside my brain. Seeing Quiet Logic makes me forget
how much I hate myself. Isn't it wonderful how you can feel shitty then see a puppy or a
friend or two squirrels fucking and forget how bad you hate yourself?

Before I can take out my Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle wallet to give Quiet Logic
cash, this rich ass, slick-back grey headed, middle aged, GMO corn on the cob, Monsanto
cracker in a dark Kenneth Cole Wool Blend Peacoat in front of me, waiting for the sign
to change, turns around hastily assuming Quiet Logic is asking him, and runs his
disgusting expensive meats stuck between his teeth, mouth. "I'm not giving you money.
I'm sick of you people turning our pleasant downtown into a place of riff raff." Fucking
slithering reptilian dick face spits liquid medal. "Get a job!"

"Hire me!" Quiet Logic smiles bright as the Aurora Borealis; missing teeth and
all. This white asshole has no idea what he's getting into. Quiet Logic is the man you
don't fuck with. I was homeless for a month once, he made sure I ate every day.

"Preposterous. You lack proper educational requirements and frankly, you
smell." The white man states in a clinically cliché nasally uptight white male voice, half
Richard Pryor's impression, half Chapelle.

"Let me go to your house and shower."

“I’d never let you step foot into my home.”

Quiet Logic shakes his head, raising his big maroon lips up, “nigger.”

“Don’t call me the N word. I can’t say it so you can’t either.” The white man lectures as if training his son’s happy dog. “Plus I’m Caucasian so that is nonsensical.”

Quiet Logic smirks, pounding his right fist into his open left palm. “Here da thing about niggers like you. Ya’ll niggers stole us from our home, used us as slaves, now ya’ll niggers rich off the money we made ya’ll yet you still look at us like we da niggers.”

“Sounds like a good excuse to keep your people in the ghetto.”

“You was raised in wealth. You never had to fend for yourself. You wanted ice cream you went to the freezer. You didn’t suck a pedophile dick in a stolen van to get a got-damn Silly Billy Strawberry Ice Pop.”

“What are you talking about with your foul language?”

“Talking about how you can’t judge me. From where your mansion sits it seems as simple as *get a job nigger* but only cause you come from a place where jobs are handed out like Silly Billy Strawberry Ice Pops. Your rich white daddy gave his rich white friend’s kid a rich white job so his rich white daddy gave you a rich white job and that’s how the rich keep getting richer cause the rich only look out for the rich!”

“How dare you? My father worked hard to provide a lifestyle for his family.”

“Well I do know your father made money off niggers working hard as well as the money he inherited from his father making money off niggers working hard for him.”

“You don’t know my father. He’s a better than you’ll ever be.”

“Well, I do know as a kid they told you get *good grades and you’ll be CEO*. They told me *get good at playing ball so you can get a scholarship and if ya lucky, you’ll have the opportunity to work real hard for white people.*”

“Scum like you give hard working African Americans a bad reputation.”

Quiet Logic nods his head as if he’s either going to kill him or spit the dopest freestyle ever or kill him with the dopest freestyle ever. “First off, you sound racist saying African American. Secondly with all the years of slavery, bigotry, murder, brainwashing, I always felt karma wasn’t paying crackers their price, but you help me realize that’s why white guys are so uptight.”

“What?” The white man says *what* real uptight like.

“Your uptightness is your punishment for your evil.”

“Once again, you are being inappositely nonsensical.”

“You can’t sleep at night cause your DNA is filled with paranoia programs, worrying about slaves breaking free and chopping up your family for the brutality you place upon the human. You can’t enjoy Mother Nature cause the evil you fling onto women, animals, and Earth. You can’t enjoy God cause after years of condemning in God’s name you think God is pain which is why you so afraid and insane. You can’t accept love cause after being brainwashed for so long, so certain in what you think is right, so dead set in what you think is wrong, you can’t stay outside your beliefs long enough to accept someone else, staying locked in your comfortable air conditioned tradition of a box, uptight as a clock, behind a material world possession wall, never knowing true love which is the worse fate of all.”

The Caucasian takes a small saltine step back, realizing he's not as rich as he thought. I wish you could see it... Quiet Logic's slight sightings ruining a shining sea of a corporate infinity. The cracker anxiously looks around the city for his boss to tell him what to do even though the WALK sign is blinking and others are passing him by. *Go to your FOX news, your mansion, your bank account, your flag, hurry to the materials that make you feel superior*, you can hear the white man's nervousness say by the way his horny jealous secrets of unconscious appetites open white flags of soft surrender in his tiny bulging, shuddering black pupils. "What? I don't understand." Gurgles the white man as streetlamps blink his frightened lies.

"You understand white male guilt. It runs you niggers."

"I am not guilty. I've done nothing wrong. I don't owe you a thing."

"Suffering so bad you don't know. The littlest things annoy da fuck out of ya."

"What? No, no, they don't..." The white man's red sweat glands bubble.

"You feel superior yet inferior to every person at the exact same time."

"Not true, I, ugh, umm, ugh..." He notices his white collar is real tight.

"You can't dance, wound up so tight you can't feel rhythm."

"I, I, I've danced before." LOL, he's lying, embarrassed by the times he conveniently uses the bathroom when his wife's favorite Boz Scaggs song plays.

"Accept, give away your possessions to the less fortunate, and move forward within." Quiet Logic states as cool as a jewel in paradise.

The white man's disingenuous personality has run out of options, so what do phony people do when their bullshit personalities run out of rational characters to play,

they let how they feel deep inside out, which for him is hatred, racism, and rage. “I’ll kill you, nigger!” The white man screams into Quiet Logic’s firm soul.

“No you won’t nigger!” Quiet Logic stands his ground as the ground stands upon him.

The white man stumbles back in holy dread as if seeing the face of God or his face in the soul of Quiet Logic. “At least, at least I’m not sleeping in the cold tonight.”

“Yeah you are, your heart is cold.”

I walk to Quiet Logic and hand him the seventy seven dollars in my wallet then gaze mysteriously into the direction of the white man. “Rich people are a dime a dozen.” I utter with a smile. The dried piece of shit glares at me like a 1950’s, hi honey I’m home, cracker peering into a future of equal rights. He turns to the safety of the WALK sign and follows it into a new dimension he thought he’d never be ready for.

“My dude!” Quiet Logic spouts as I throw my arms around him with large eyes full of big, bountiful tears of appreciation. “Da fuck ya do to your hair?”

“Umm, I ugh...”

“Ya letting motherfuckers fuck wit ya again?”

“Umm... yeah...”

“What I tell you bout that shit?”

“Don’t let motherfuckers fuck wit ya.” Quiet Logic nods his head. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize to me, apologize to yoself, you da one ya fucking wit.” Quiet Logic smiles a symphony of soul. “What you getting into?”

“I was walking to the Willermen Bridge to jump off of it.”

“Stay strong.” Quiet Logic daps me as my pulse sings the praises of purple blood hearted beauty after our open palms touch like snowflakes. Quiet Logic makes me more proud to be an American than any White American. I’ve always related to black people much more than whites, they’re more open to joy. Black people have always been nicer to me, a lot less judgey. My bullies are always white. I had black people make fun of me but it was always funny and came from a lighter place. Example... if someone who you feel cares about you makes fun of your shirt, you laugh, because it doesn’t make you feel bad. You feel the love behind it. If someone who you feel doesn’t care about you makes fun of your shirt, you get hurt because you can feel it is coming from a negative, hateful place within them. Hate doesn’t feel good. Most white people come from there.

Out of all the lavish family vacations I went on the only one I enjoyed was a cruise with a group of black kids on it. I felt I had someone I could relate because I couldn’t relate to my family. We talked about Pac, Biggie, Bone, Kanye, busted freestyle, and made comedy movies with their video camera. It was great even though my father kept saying *boy if I see you running round with them niggers again you’ll be in deep shit when we get home. Do you know how that makes me look?*

Yeah dad, it makes you look like the dumbest racist piece of shit in the whole fucking world, it makes you look like why your own flesh and blood is terrified of you, it makes you look like why your own son is so goddamn afraid to be alive, it makes you look like the fucking evil sociopath horror movie step father bad guy, it makes you look like the sad little dumb disconnected goddamn lifeless destroyer you are. On behalf of all whites... dear black people... I am sorry. I can’t wait for the day it is *We Are All Sorry*.

MAMA, I WANT TO BE A FAILURE**WHEN I GROW UP...****HOW DO YOU BECOME A FAILURE?**

I cross the street praying for Mother Earth. I come to a Sushi bar I drink a lot at. A lover of mine Alejandro gave me free booze here until he died of brain cancer. You're right; you don't want to hear about that...

I haven't drank in... weeks... longest I've gone in... I can't remember. If I'm jumping off a fucking bridge I might as well have a shot, a beer, and a kiss from Alejandro's ghost before I go. Good job boring imdb.com dude who finds goofs in movies. You're right again. If I'm killing myself why am I walking into a bar? I'm sorry but seeing Quiet Logic reminds me of that Unconditional Love. I know; I know I promised you suicide and I know that's what you want but if I'm experiencing second thoughts, is that ok? Is my death the only reason you're tuned in? I know you're obsessed with Law and Order SUV but goddamn why do you want to watch people die so bad? Ok... shit... I promise I'll jump like my mind jumps like a twelve year old girl's heart in a candy store full of fifteen year old Jason Mraz singing sweater vests. I just need you to be patient, ok? Thanks. That settles it. I'll go in, have a couple on you, then take the Kurt Cobain short cut to Nirvana.

I walk in thinking about Alejandro, bout the good times we shared here. It makes me want to spread my renewed shitty positivity around the bar in his honor. However upon gazing clockwise my positivity leaves without even saying goodbye as I feel the

trying too hard to be cool creepy cokehead white people vibes, see the rip off rich asshole business whiteys gripping their women as if they overpaid as if the store where they bought them packed up in the middle of night and left. Ownership of others is fucking disgusting especially when white men do it.

Aaah, I'm just being a dick. It's not nice. It's not Christian. It's not good for anything. It is not who I am. I am sorry. People are just trying to have a good time. I'll mindlessly stare at one of these big screens. Fucking millions of bullshit big screens in every goddamn bar fake smiling stinky sorts of graveyard glues while outside people freeze and starve, fucking lonely dying mediocre morons who gave up their heart's desires to suck each other's egos... whoa... calm down asshole, fuck.

I try to smile, try to chill those negative thoughts. I tell myself I appreciate everyone in the bar. A louder voice says I'm a liar. In fact he says burn the place down and die with it. I swear to God something inside me hates my fucking guts. That shitty Negative Nancy idiotic mind vomit could've gone on for centuries if I didn't spot the quintessential phony evening news reporter Lewis Simmons in the far dark corner of the bar, surrounding a bunch of wanna-be celluloid people, drunk off thinking he's sober.

Lewis is the largest fish in the smallest pond, biggest dick in a room of children. He has his own local show. It comes on after the news. I can't recall the name, *Life With Lewis*, *Lewis's Life Is A Lie*, I don't know, something dumb. He talks to local idiots about their mediocrity then babbles on about celebrities. It's the worst shit ever. I hate him for it. Mostly because he never lets me on. *Sounds great, write it up, and send it to me...* fucking counterfeit snake oil piece of unoriginal tofu shit hasn't gotten back to me once. I doubt he gave me the right email. Fuck him. I don't want to be on his consumer

dinnertime fake fucking celebrity fear fuck show anyway. I chuckle at the thought I breathe the same air as that turd.

Still I meticulously approach TV's sexiest local asshole but before I take my shirt off to get an autograph for my tits I'm stopped by the television reporting goddess goddess guarding his table. "Umm... who are you? This is a VIP table." Her yellow hair is inauthentic leather, her locked tanning bed face hides miles of smiles of contempt, anything tips her cunt over. Every night she searches for the wealthiest sex eyes so she can digest them with the hope of money thinking she's beautiful. She's the girl you feel bad for when you see it in her eye, singular, the green one fading upwards and out, watching itself as its own person groping cocks and balls of audience fame that only want to be the first to cum on her face and leave her pussy drying. She loses her own race before the whistle blows and there's no explanation needed, she knows she'll never be happy.

"I ugh, I ugh, I..." Her energy is so intimidating and forceful it is blindsiding, so hateful it makes me afraid to speak, so fiery it turns me on. No. Shut up, that's sick.

"I, I, what? Are you retarded?" She uses the word *retarded* real fuck nasty like.

I straighten my spine like the cloak of a gracious country fried orator and speak strong like a stress healing gemstone. Just kidding, I keep stuttering. "No, I, I, I don't, don't have retardation. I just wanted to, to, speak Lewis about this iiiiiiidea for his show."

"Are you insane?" I am. I have so much social anxiety it makes me insane, fuck, I just want to genuinely love everyone from my pure heart and speak from there but I'm afraid, hurt too much for too long.

"No."

“Cause you look like one of those kids that would shoot up a school.”

“Huh?” Holy shit, what the fuck? Goddamn that hurts.

“You just shouldn’t go outside again until you get a fashion sense.”

“Ok, ok, I, I, I, I’m, I’m, I’m, I’m sorry.”

“So, why do you want to talk to him? What do you even do?”

“Well... that, that depends on, on what I am doing.”

“No! With life, freak.”

“Wh, What, what do you mean? Like now life is asking me what I do with it so I am answering its question?”

“Ugh, no, not now, like future....” She roots and toots all pissed and fatalistic like. Do you notice most people (of course not you) have this horrific disease where they worry about everything? Sometimes their diss of ease is so severe they spill their worries all over you especially if you aren’t worrying about what they are.

“Most likely, uhhh, some form of earthly ddd...eath.”

“No, no, no like how do you live?”

“Ugh... breathing.”

“O M G!” She laughs in my face. “You’re avoiding my questions cause you live with your parents!” She says as if I have cancer and should be ashamed. Living with my parents sounds nicer than being estranged. I don’t correct her. “How embarrassing, an adult living with their parents. You should be on *Biggest Loser* even though it’s about fat people you’d still win.” When I am bullied I take it like a bitch. Man, midget, drunk chick, or Alzheimer’s patient, doesn’t matter, I know how it feels to be cruel and I never want to put that hurt on anyone else. No... that’s not it at all... I’m just a big little bitch.

“Are you going to mooch forever?” Obviously, her parents pay her rent. “Don’t you know no respectable girl would ever date a man child living with his parents?”

“I guess.” I say hurting inside. Growth halting interactions of this sort of shame destroy my inner environment like we destroy Mother Earth. Yet for some sick reason I want her, like sexually. Goddammit, she’s so nasty yet so confident in her cruelty, uhhhh disgusting, plus she’s fucking hot as fuck and treating me like shit. Fuck gross, I can’t help it, I want her. Goddamn this perv part of me that wants to fuck her real bad right up that tight asshole of hers, make her shit nasty all over my dick. I am so embarrassed, letting you into this side of me. I’m so twisted on so many different levels. God help me.

“Weirdo wanna be weirdos who try to be weird to make others feel uncomfortable cause they don’t fit in piss me off. So leave!”

“May I, I say something to Lewis first? We’re kind of friends.”¹¹¹

“Lewis is not your friend. He hates you. He pretends to be nice to losers because that’s what celebrities do.”

“But I, I, I have an idea for his show, like if he talked about his own intent to reach enlightenment instead of celebrities he could inspire the people in our city to reach for their own self sustainment, creating a better place to live for everyone it.”

“Lewis doesn’t give a shit about enlightenment. No one does. Only freaks like you. Leave or I’m telling the bartender you grabbed my ass.”¹¹²

I left. Da fuck? I should’ve gone straight to that confounded bridge. Negativity is imploding despondency into my thoughts; snipers shoot from the rooftop of my head into my brain. Even positive thoughts like *people are mirrors showing me the parts of myself I don’t love yet* feel too intense. I don’t want to know anything anymore. I want

to be a meek megalomaniac who owns a cough drop corporation where people do what I say and never cough. Fuck life man, fuck, I've been trying so hard to love, so hard to be who I am, so hard I swear to God, but there's so much fear in the way, I can't overcome, too heavy, too powerful, too real. I'm tired, too tired, don't have enough of what it takes to change. Sure I've thought to create chaos for the self-centered amusement of watching idiots fight their stupidity, but now all I want is interactions of depth, smiles, and sweet movements of renewing grace. I swear! I'm tired of people being mean to me, tired of mean. I want a world where everyone's nice and we all get along without class systems and judgment. No, not this thought again, goddammit, it has nothing to do with the outside world, does it? Shit, fuck, ass, bitch, it all has to do with me within me. Why can't I get that? Why can't I just be happy? I've felt happiness before, why can't I focus my attention on that? Why do I entertain so much bullshit that is detrimental to my well-being? Why can't I be who I want to be? Why do I allow my fearful idiot mind to consume me? If you can't relate, you're lucky, pray for those who can.

Shit gets weirder. Despite the swarms of people mindlessly meandering, a dirty redneck form of hell seeking death chooses me to approach and spout some bozo story about losing his wallet and wanting money to get back to Cracker Barrel. I tell the cracker my barrel is empty and write *I am where I need to be when I am ready to get to where I want I will arrive peacefully* on a piece of paper from my pocket journal, rip it out, and hand it to him. Dude gets pissed, asks what he's going to do with this bullshit, informing me no one takes pieces of paper for currency. I explain they do, secondly if he states the statement long enough to where he believes it; it can jar his subconscious to navigate him home. He doesn't buy it; instead he ferociously insists *I'm one of those new*

age faggots whose ass he ought to whoop to Texas. He punches me in the chest and walks away. I was just trying to help. I promise. I'm out of cash. I'm not being a pretentious chakra aligned spiritual dick. I swear. I believe that. I know what it is like to be addict to drugs. I really just want to help him. I cower to the ground.

“Oh Lordy, how much sense does this make? The one weekend I come to my hometown I find Brian Willermen on the street looking like a grungy, monkey child. Dear God, why haven't you changed a bit?” Upon hearing the shrill, pressing voice I know, but suspend my belief, hoping it's someone, anything else. However upon sight of face I see the sleepless, dreamless vision and the flesh and horror that comes with Alison Evans and her passionless butter pecan sidekick Jamey Graves. “This is sad. Why are you still here? For Godsakes, have you ever left Greer?” I'm sixth grade again.

“I went to Spartanburg recently when my friend's band was playing.”

“To think you had potential and wasted it on trying to be all unique like.” Alison acknowledges as my inner child's tears fall softly upon macaroni pieces. “Jamey, did you know Brian made a fifteen ninety on his SAT?” Wondering who this perfect divine bitch is? Alison Evans - her name, superficial cunt - her game. She's one of the rich, popular *oh I am so over it* tail wagers of my graduating class. All the boys wanted her pussy, the girls her ass. She was hot though, goddamn, holy shit, and rat a tat tat, her ass in gym shorts made a thug buy himself flowers, a busboy roll a blunt for his manager while getting yelled at. I had a horny boyhood crush on her because my love leapt over the bounds of social stature. Maybe that's why she hated me or cause she saw me kissing her cousin Kevin in fourth grade. Whatever it was I allowed that ballroom ballyhoo bitch to make me feel so bad it was bonkers fucked. Middle school was the worst, all she did

was tell kids how gay retarded I was, bad I smelt, out of style my clothes were, and if I was lucky enough to be talking to girls she'd walk up and be all *no wonder he likes penis, Jesus messed up so bad when he made him he'll never get a girl*. Kids laughed at me like a Thursday freak at a Tuesday Dairy Queen, for she was the coldest beer in the fridge, the hairiest beaver in the whole goddamn dam. Once I came home crying, mom said she had a crush on me, nicest thing she ever said, Quaaludes. Next day in science lab I try to kiss her, she slaps the shit out of me, and I get three days ISS. Then she spreads a rumor how I have AIDS and no girls wants near me. I didn't kiss one till after high school and she was six degrees from Kevin Bacon wasted with a mouth full of someone else's semen.

“Thank you, Alison.”

“Thank me? What? I'm pointing out what a waste of life you've become.”

“Oh sorry.”

“I bet your parents are so embarrassed by you they can't even see straight.”

“Yeah they refuse to talk to me anymore.”

“Some people like you and like Juliet Myles I swear... give them the whole world in the palm of their hands and they'll still find ways to ruin their lives.”

“You talk to Juliet?” Oh my God I miss her. She was one of my best friends.

“Of course not. She's full of needles somewhere in a trash can.” Alison laughs then looks at Jamey who then laughs.

“I hope not.” Dear Angels please watch over Juliet, wherever she is.

“Now I know you chose to be gay, I have no idea why anyone would except for attention but I know some fags I sell jewels to with lots of money. Why don't you?”

“What?”

“Look at me... I’m fabulous. I work with the hardest working women at Mary Kay’s, selling the finest jewels to the richest people. Every Tuesday night my boss takes me to Ruth Crisp’s Steakhouse; but don’t tell the other girls I’m his favorite since I do by far the best business.” She looks at Jamey Graves who smiles as if scripted. “Plus I have an incredible husband Simon Cogdill, weatherman extraordinaire with a flawless sense of humor. He has a joke where he says his job is the only job you can be wrong and keep. Boy, does he keep his job! He makes loads of money though we don’t need it cause both our parents are rich and give us money cause they’re so proud of us.” I’m glad she’s happy. Sometimes popular people end up the saddest adults. “And no I’m not giving money to a grubber like you!” Alison yells with the same hatred she used in seventh grade. “Plus, I have two beautiful kids Derek, Drake, my little Braves but don’t tell Simon, he’s a Red Sox’s fan. We saw them win the World Series. It was magical.”

“You’re doing so much better at life than I am.”

“No duh, I wasn’t a Bipolar retarded faggot who tried to be weird for attention.”

“Honestly I just wanted your attention because you were popular and I wanted you to like me so others would because I wanted to fit in.”

“Here I am trying to help you and you’re being an ass. I guess some people never get it and stay the same horrible way forever.” Alison looks at her other mindless mind. “I learned you got to say F the haters. Let’s leave this loser where he belongs and have a good time with the real men at Carolina Alehouse.” She shakes her hair like a five year old and makes a strange ummph sound prompting Jamey to shake her and make the same strange sound. She turns around and they walk away.

“Ok Alison, great to see you and Jamey. Say hi to Cornelius and Zach for me.”

13

DYING

TO BE BORN

AGAIN

Dizzy, I scrape my back on the Ben Folds Five brick of the Sushi bar; try to stand, but fall on my ass with my hands to my face, crying material tears, sharp and cold. I want to laugh, tell myself that superficial bitch doesn't know shit; I'm the pure of heart Christian boy, I'm the goddamn enlightened guru, I don't care what she thinks. But my beautiful, bleeding heart refuses to believe the lie of my mind. I weep the proof of an orphanage.

The truth is I care; truth is I always cared what she thought and everyone just like her. The truth is all I want is for her to like me, dress me in Polish sundresses, and give me a room in her dollhouse... just kidding... I hope. But for real the only truth always staring directly at me is the fact I'm staring into a mirror reflecting back what I feel inside. And goddammit I am as superficial, materialistic, and judgmental as her. I need society success to feel validation. I am Alison Evans.

Do you relate? Of course you're not Alison but do you notice how the people who make you feel the shittiest are reflecting the parts of yourself you don't want to see? Take for example you get your feelings hurt cause some chick calls you a *slut*. Obviously you feel like you're a *slut* - if you didn't it wouldn't bother you. Case and point - if that same chick referred to you as a *cheese sandwich* you wouldn't care even

though everyone would much rather be a *slut* than a *cheese sandwich*. Except for Kanye but that's cause he's the coolest human alive. (You are a God, God bless you)

My whole life I've told myself I'm more pious than the banker, more soulful than the intellectual, more legit than the princess, more progressive than the mediocre, mundane society swelled human but I'm not. I am just like them in every single insincere, surface level way. I am no white chariot hero, no inspirational seed of soul, no celestial secret sent to save the world, no Christ, no Kerouac, I'm just a basic, boring, breaded, breded being, nothing more, nothing less just like all the rest.

But I'm worse. I'm a weird loser faggot who ruins their fear of God factory lives by existing. I promise you I don't want to hurt anyone. I hate being an outsider. I swear to God I never want to make anyone feel uncomfortable. With all my heart I want to be a good human being, a true Christian who feels Jesus, who gives to the poor, who values each soul, who inspires the world, who sings the glory of the Angels, who walks in the light of the Lord! I am so sorry mom. I am sorry dad. I am sorry Virginia. I am sorry Raymond. I am sorry Robert. I am sorry Jessica. I am sorry Edward. I am sorry Karen. I am sorry John Lennon. I am sorry Jesus. I am sorry God. I am sorry Brian.

As I cry buckets of fresh birth upon the downtown winter, frozen river streets it is clear my existence is meaningless. What the fuck? How did it happen? I can't begin to guess or process it. How the fuck did all this come to be? How do I even exist? How the fuck do I have eyes? How in the hell is any of this even happening? How's that not the goddamn elephant in the room all the time for everyone? Humans in an office filing papers, thinking of papers to come, why are they doing what they're doing? Why aren't

they acknowledging the elephant in the goddamn existence? Why are they not screaming at each other *WHAT THE FUCK IS THE POINT OF LIFE?*

People walk by watching me cry. Why are they alive? Not to help me that's for sure... ha ha ha laugh out loud even though it is not funny... ha ha ha... no one is even asking if I'm ok... ha ha ha... tears tears tears. I'm too ugly; no one cares if I live or die. No one gives a fuck about me, they never have, never will and it's my own goddamn fault. It's time my friend, time to end it. Fuck me. Fuck this mirror. Fuck this universe. Fuck this pattern in this endless Alzheimer grandmother stitched quilt of my heart telling me I am good enough only to come back to my mind saying I'm forever failure. Fuck this bad broken record, time I man up, time I stop popping the pussy pill way out, time I stop crying suicide wolf and let the wolf eat me alive. It is time I stop being a goth emo bitching about existence instead of ending it once and for all, time to jump.

I stand sobbing up and march to the Willermen Bridge, man on a mission. I am Wyatt Earp strutting to the Off Key Coral for my American Idol audition, Slim Shady in the bathroom vomiting Debbie Mather's spaghetti at the 97 forgiveness Olympics, Abe shitting, ready to flush slavery down the drain forever, Ghandi refusing...

You're right, I'm not Ghandi, shit, I could be Lincoln if you equate death with freedom and life with slavery. Shut up, I'll shut up. It just feels good to have a mission.

My whole life every one told me how sinful I am, how crazy I am, how much of a dick riding faggot I am, how many pills I need, how many diseases I have. And I swallowed their abuse like Satan's diplomatic rock hard red cock. How can they not feel my easy heart? How can they not sense my beauty? How can they not be overjoyed by

the fact I feel theirs? How can they not see I am a sensitive boy? How can they not feel there is nothing wrong with being gay? How can I not see nothing is wrong with me?

Fuck everyone! I spent my whole life trying to change that story but there are too many asshole actors trying out for my goddamn role. Hold up. Does that make sense? No. That makes no fucking sense which makes sense because I am clearly insane and not thinking clearly.

Fuck, I apologize if my insanity is wasting your time but remember this is my insanity, not yours. You're cooler than me. You're more powerful than I am. You are better at focusing on what matters. You can stop this. You can put my bullshit down and do something that makes you feel good. Smile, take a walk in the sun, dance with your soul to The Temptations... I don't know. I'm not you. It's your life. Do what you want; want what you do what makes you feel like you want to live like you are fucking alive. I'm not doing what I want, I'm letting fear run my system and short circuit my soul to the point where my vision is a tiny tunnel and an angry, school bus of dead bullied children are driving my way. What does that mean? That's stupid. Is that my vision? No. I don't know. Fuck, creating is hard when you're a fucking panicking idiot. Let me try again...

My heart is pounding, clinging, clanking, clutching against my chest. Anxiety is my designated driver. Hold on. That's stupid too. Actually... it's ok... pretty much how I feel... no... fuck that... that's fucking stupid. Basically being alive right now fucking sucks and I need it to stop sucking or I will fucking die.

Feeling like a demon I look up from my own disgusting thoughts to see sick, nasty, lifeless, breathing humans swarming the streets, suckering up the precious energy,

destroying the planet with the darkness covering their rotting hearts. Drunks, sluts, drunk sluts going in and out of buildings to get fucked up and fucked. It's fucking gross. It is overwhelming. I feel so uncomfortable. I must get as far away from those judgmental soulless assholes as I can. I run! Their hideous faces look like blurry gray evil alien orbs of fire trapped nitrous acid. I scream! If I let them see into my eyes my face will fall off. They disgust me, disgust to my soul. Their enemy eyes have no homes, scaring the balls out of me as I huff and puff. The black laughing waves of their white noise words crash and slash upon my shore. Goddammit I am so out of shape. Visible bloodshot crimson fear cooks itself inside me like rat sausage roasting on a twirling hot dog cooker at a three am Matchbox Twenty playing gas station. Everyone is the man who molested me. Everyone is a fucking bully. Everyone is my father. I plead to the paranoid costumes of secret realms of desire to not let me live any longer. I need death like a crackhead.

Oh shit... a church... I stop. It's Saint Anthony's Downtown Catholic Church. Even though I am not Catholic I take it as a sign from God. Or maybe it is just a place to hide. I don't know but I am freaking the fuck out so I open the door. I walk into the sanctuary. It's superb, holy, glorious stained glass light the room from within. God, I love churches. God, I love stained glass art. It pleases me so deeply and makes me feel like Michelangelo or some shit. The stained glass here fills me with such grandeur except this piece where one of the women at the feet of Jesus looks like my racist Baptist grandma who died of cancer six years ago. That is freaking me out but the candles lit in front of the statues of saints throughout the sanctuary relax me enough to remember to breathe. I love candles. I love Jesus Christ! I breathe in again. I love Christianity!

Ever notice the inside of a Catholic Church makes you realize the beauty of the virgin is the exact beauty of the whore? Tears fill my eyes as I walk to the altar constructed of powerful natural stone. I place my hands on the Tabernacle and bow. “Dear God I’m sorry!” I cry aloud. “I love you God! I love you so much! I know you don’t need my forgiveness but I feel like you do and I don’t know how to stop feeling that way. I know there’s no such thing as hell but I feel there is and I’m scared I’ll create it since I feel that way. I am so so so sorry I want to kill myself God! Thou shall not kill God I know, I know that is the most sinful thing to do God, to take a holy life you gave us but I am confused God and I want to die and I’m so sorry I want to die but I do. I don’t know what to do. I promise it’s not you God, it’s me! You are perfect. You are pure love. I know I’m blocked up and can’t feel you. Please forgive me God! I need the past; the abuse, the pain, the memories, I need it all to stop and I don’t know any other way but...”

“May I help you?” A voice says as I turn around to see a man in priest attire.

“Oh, I’m, I’m sorry I thought, I, I was alone.” I snuffle. I snuffle. I wipe my runny nose with my sleeve embarrassed. “Umm, so, so you’re a, you’re a priest?”

“Yes.” You know what I’ve always wanted to do that I’ve never done, call it number seven on my bucket list, I’ve always wanted to go to confessional. I don’t know why but I’ve always been attracted to the idea of sitting in a wooden box with a religious man and telling him my deepest, darkest secrets. Since I am going to be dead soon, no better time than now.

“Do you mind if we go into confessional?” This has potential to be good a time. Maybe it will actually help me feel better.

“Are you Catholic?”

“No, but I am Christian.”

“It’s only for Catholics but I will pray for you.”

What the fuck? Christians, why are we so weird with that shit? *I’m a Lutheran Non-Denominational First Presbyterian Southern West Coast Compton Canadian Methodist.* We all love Jesus, why must we separate ourselves from that love? “What do you mean only for Catholics?”

“That’s the rules but like I said I’ll pray for you.” I look at him deranged like an egomaniac chameleon continuously changing colors like a dick growing out of a forehead. I take one more look around at the beautiful church and run. *Pray for me...* fucking fake religious strict dogma doctorial dick didn’t even ask me my goddamn name. *Uhhh, God I’d like to pray for that weird kid with the bad haircut who was saying bizarre shit at the altar that one night.* Quit your sterile job and grow a fucking heart.

Goddammit, I am on the street again with nowhere to fucking go again but that bridge. Shit, what if all that bullshit is true? What if you go to hell for killing yourself or laying down with another man? Fuck. I try to take a deep breath but I am stopped by my deviated septum. I prepare for hell. No matter what evil shit Satan fucks me with I am going to enjoy it, scream out *oh yeah Satan, you red hot piece of ass, mmm, you literally put the fire in my soul, yeah, baby, ugh, that’s it, harder and hotter, hotter and harder, oh yeah!* I wonder if anyone’s tried that. I bet that fucks Satan up. If you enjoy hell... it’s no longer hell. *Then why can’t you enjoy being alive now?* Fuck... good point... yeah... fuck... that’s a good point. Shit.

No! No, no, no, no, no! Fuck you mind, always telling me what a piece of shit I am, telling me I should fucking die and now I am ready you say some clever ass shit like that. Fuck you! I'm not letting you get away with this, mind. I am killing myself just to spite your feeble flightiness. I walk fast. Yes, there are people all around and yes they are hideously scary but I am not paying attention. I've got my mind set on that bridge. Nothing is coming in between us now.

I enter Freedom Park where Willermen Bridge lives. To be honest I love the park. I have fond memories of being homeless here. It's a beautiful, manmade masterpiece serving as a soft hearted haven for people to stroll, play, take their kids, and celebrate life. Its beauty makes people extra special sauce friendly. I'm talking Jerusalem style rocks, green hearted wavy grasses, healthy hipped pregnant hillsides, visually stunning ready to shake it at the wind's whisper thunderous trees, high cascading flowers ranging from starry eyed Yellow Jessamines to blameless Black Eyed Susans, Merlin made stone stairwells, joyous swinging oak benches, a fruitful river for ducks, geese, fish, and a light blue lit bridge with tarheel blue handrails named after my grandfather, a bridge I am jumping over to my death.

To be honest, I feel bad killing myself here. I really don't want to fuck up the vibe. Shut up. Shut the fuck up. You need to die. I walk down a well structured rock staircase and there she is glowing neon blue in the far away dark – the Willermen Bridge. At three hundred and twenty feet long, fourteen feet wide, her powerful smooth deck is supported by a single suspension cable. The deck's curves have a radius of two hundred and ninety feet as it cantilevers toward the waterfall. Underneath the deck, three sixty millimeter ring cables place it into compression in the horizontal plane. The architecture

is magical, European in its geometry; nothing like it exists anywhere in the US. My family hired some damn good architects and builders. I am proud of them for it.

What? Fuck. No, no, I am not. Shut the fuck up mind. Stop being proud of your shitty family and their racist bridge! They hate you. They are the reason your life is so fucked up. Stop admiring the beauty of what is going to kill you and die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die you worthless motherfucker die! “Willermen!” I turn around; fuck, it’s Jonathan Rivers, this shitty stoned hipster singer songwriter looking at me through his non-prescription thick framed glasses. He nods his head then lowers his glance to his v neck brown sweater, asking me to check out his flaming mop head crooked hair style and trimmed to look untrimmed orange beard. He’s a total Elliott Smith rip off which offends me, not only is Elliott my favorite songwriter but he doesn’t have Elliott’s genuineness. It’s like he makes music to get laid. He’s always trying way too hard. Fuck it; I’m being caddy because he’s so handsome. He’s not talented but you want to watch him because he’s so goddamn good looking. I’d let him fuck me under Willermen Bridge while Anthony Kiedis shoots up beside us. What I am talking about? That was weird. “Dude, forced health insurance is bullshit!” I forgot how fucking annoying he sounds. “Doctors make give us diseases then make us take their poisons as they take our money.”

“I’m about to jump off that bridge.” Whoa... it feels so much better to be honest with people.

“My bad dude.... I thought you were on the level.”

“I am here to kill myself.”

“Dark dude.” Jonathan says then sniffs round as if he farted and really wants to smell it. “You know you reserved my invite on Facebook to my album release party at Tuner’s Friday night, right? It’s going to be epic. I got *Mandy Riley and The Fresh Apricots* on the bill! Pitchfork reviewed their last album *Summer’s Ridges?* 5.4... but still cool... you know?”

“I’m going to be dead.”

“Bro, I don’t know what is wrong with you but I do hope you kill yourself cause you’re being an asshole to me right now.”

“Ok... I’ll be there... as a ghost constantly detuning your guitar!” I spout then saunter steadily to the bridge as Jonathan is frozen with a handful of fliers.

I climb the rails. Have you ever been on a high dive your friends are jumping off and it’s your turn but... damn it is way far down? That’s a bit of what I am experiencing now. Of course I don’t have friends but it’s something that seems like a good idea but face to face with it and it is really fucking scary. Maybe I should have thought of an easier way to die. Maybe pills. Plus the water looks so serene. I don’t want to ruin that. What if people see and become traumatized? What if coming to the park is one of their favorite things and I wreck that for them? What if a child sees my dead body and has nightmares for the rest of his life? I don’t want to feel responsible for that. I shouldn’t have been so mean to Jonathan.

Goddammit! None of that shit fucking matters because you are going to be fucking dead you goddamn idiot so stop worrying about everyone else and fucking die already! You are here to die, aren’t you? It is what you fucking want, right? Right... you fucking idiot... right? Right? Right?

Umm... awkward... um... on the real...um... sorry... but... umm... not really... I actually kind of sort of really love life. I don't truly want to die. Sitting on the edge of the rails of a bridge looking downward helps you realize that.

Please don't think I am a fucking drama queen lying hypocrite sack of shit but I just want the parts of me that suck to die... you know... the fear parts, the anxiety parts, the bad memory parts, the bullied parts, the molested parts, the weak parts. I hate those parts. I want those parts to die.

Fuck... you're going hate me if I don't die, huh? You'll say *fuck this; he talks about killing himself the whole time then just pussies out. It's like one of those sitcom episodes where everything was just a dream.* I hate those episodes too.

But goddammit I can't die because of what you think; you know? My life is much more important than what you think. It's my goddamn life not yours... not my father's... not even God's life... my life belongs to me!

This might be strange so get ready to judge me but since I left the Sushi Bar I feel Alejandro is around me comforting me. It feels real nice like Unconditional Love like no matter if I choose to live or die everything is going to be alright.

I loved him. Other than my sister Virginia, he's the only person who ever loved me. He's from a strict Roman Catholic family which made him terrified to come of the closet. In public he was anxious, sarcastic, reeking of too much cologne but alone he was sweet, caring, wafting natural love scents through the air. Alone together he made me feel loved like no other. A month before he broke up with me because it got too *serious*, we took a vacation to Iowa. Funny place to vacation but he believed no one there would know his family. One day we went to an amusement park and played those impossible

games. But feeling so safe and loved by Alejandro, those games were not impossible, instead they were easy. I won him six stuffed animals, a Duke basketball, a Spurs basketball, a necklace, and a ring. He texted me a picture of himself holding one of the stuffed animals, a stuffed penguin in a hospital bed before he died. Yeah, it fucking broke my heart in two too.

I say all that to say the part of me that feels safe, the part of me that feels good, the part of me that feels protected by Jesus Christ, the part of me that feels connected to God, that truest Unconditional Love part of me that makes all the impossible seem possible like my poor lover Alejandro dying of fucking brain cancer but still being able to comfort me from heaven. I fucking love those parts!

Goddammit I want to live!!! I WANT TO FUCKING LIVE! Fuck live! I want to fucking thrive! Fuck thrive I want to fucking soar! I want to fucking succeed, to dance naked with success in fields of money trees! I want to fucking inspire, to inspire others to inspire others to inspire others to inspire me!!! I want to dream! I want to create! I want to create my dreams! I WANT MY REAL FUCKING DREAMS TO COME TRUE! I WANT TO MAKE MY REAL FUCKING DREAMS COME TRUE!

Huh... here comes the cute little group of Fundamentalist squirrels who lost their nuts. "Burn faggot burn!"

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa....."

END OF PART ONE

Thank you for reading. I hope you are feeling great. If you enjoyed Part One and would like to give me money to turn this into a physical copy - you can send as much money as you feel to my paypal at justinblackburn111@yahoo.com

The Bisexual Suburban Failure Enlightening Bipolar Blues is a Three Part Series. Part Two is Next. If you'd like to read Part Two – Send Ten Dollars to my paypal at justinblackburn111@yahoo.com along with your email address and I'll send you a PDF file of Part Two.

Feel free to check out more of my books or albums on www.justinblackburnwrites.com

Also

Child Be Wild (inspirational uplifting poetry)
<http://www.innerchildpress.com/justin-blackburn.php>

You Are Not A Normal Human Being (confrontational deep hilarious poetry)
<http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/macasaes?searchTerms=You+Are+Not+A+Normal+Human+Being> or <http://virgograypress.wordpress.com/purchase/>

True Christians, *Born From Above* (spiritually comforting pop music)
everythingworkingout.bandcamp.com

Compassion (uplifting inspiration poetry album)
justinblackburn2.bandcamp.com/

Failure (bizarre, hilarious comedy album)
justinblackburncomedyfailure.bandcamp.com/

I appreciate you. I hope you are feeling loved and capable of creating your dreams true.

for more information on check me out at www.justinblackburnwrites.com
or like me page at www.facebook.com/justinblackburnjoy
or follow me at twitter.com/thankugianna
or follow me on tumblr at abletoinspire.tumblr.com
or follow me on Instagram at [sexypoetyogahealervegancomic](https://www.instagram.com/sexypoetyogahealervegancomic)

If you want to publish this book or you know a publisher or a literary agent - contact me at inspiretheground@gmail.com

THANK YOU!

Love,
Justin Blackburn

About the Author

Justin Blackburn is an Author, a Stand Up Comedian, an Inner Life Coach, an Inspirational Speaker, a Filmmaker, and a member of the band True Christians. Justin currently resides in Asheville, NC. Most importantly Justin Blackburn believes is a human being doing his best to express his gifts and have a positive impact on the world. If you have any comments or questions for Justin Blackburn, hit him up at inspiretheground@gmail.com. If you are interested in more of Justin Blackburn's works, check out his website www.justinblackburnwrites.com. Justin Blackburn believes in the soul of people.