

**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, or ridiculed for being themselves. This novel is for anyone who has ever been labeled “faggot,” “nigger,” “slut,” “bitch,” “ugly,” “crazy,” “loser”. 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, sick, bitter, anxious, angry, alone, hopeless, living a life they do not want, a life they see no way out of, wanting a change that seems impossible. This novel is for anyone who wants relief, love, inspiration, personal power, 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 relaxed, in control human being they know deeper down, for anyone who enjoys laughter and entertainment. This novel is to inspire you to inspire others to inspire others to inspire me to inspire others, you beautiful, powerful, loving human being, this novel is for you. Take me home, spend time with me. This novel cares about you.

**PART ONE**

**FEAR IS THE ONLY DEATH**

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

I am in Sunday School. The class sings, “Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world, red and yellow, black and white, they’re all precious in his sight.” I love singing. I love Jesus. He loves us all no matter what.

It’s big church time. I sit with my family as adults scream, beg for Jesus to heal them. They throw themselves at the altar. The preacher puts his hands on their heads. They flail, flap, and fall over. They scare me. I don’t want to be like them when I grow up. I want to be like Jesus. “Jesus is beautiful,” I say to my father as we walk to the car.

“No, he’s not!” His face solidifies with horror. “Jesus is Lord! He’s feared and respected. Women are beautiful son... not men.”

“But the feelings I feel when I look at women are like when I see Jesus.” My father flings me over his shoulder, and carries me to the damp, dismal basement of County Line Baptist Church. He takes off his belt. He throws me over his knee. He whips me. I am screaming. I am begging. I am crying. I’m six.

How do you make peace with the past?

School day, Mrs. Perkinson is yelling at Marcus to go to the time out chair. Marcus insists he wasn’t talking. He wasn’t. It was Alison and Jamey. I saw them. Marcus is the only black kid in class. Mrs. Perkinson blames him for everything. Marcus walks to the corner. He sits in the time out chair. He puts his head down. I don’t want him to feel bad. Jesus loves all the little children, all the children of the world.

I walk to the corner. I hug his shoulders. I kiss the top of his head. Zack screams, "Mrs. Perkinson, I told you Brian's a faggot. He just kissed Marcus!" The class laughs loud. "Gay-Brian! Gay-Brian!" Cornelius chants. Mrs. Perkinson takes me to the principal's office. My father shows up steaming. He carries me to his car. He beats me with his belt. Jesus loves the little children... all the children of the world?

My father drives me to a camp called "God's Choice." During the day, my white khaki, collared counselor informs me God punishes all gays with AIDS and hell. He shows me pictures of men with AIDS dying. He acts out men burning for eternity. He leads me to an empty room. He ties me to a chair. He plays films of men touching, kissing. He tasers me until I refuse to close my eyes. At night, he takes me to the woods, touc...no, no...can't go there. I'm nine.

How do you make peace with the past when it is present? Please help, Jesus help me. I'm stuck there. I can't see clearly now. The past is in everything. I can't trust anyone, meet anyone without worrying... is he going to hurt me... is he going to...

These bullies who call me "Gay-Brian" are saying if I don't drown the hamsters in the fish tank they're calling my father to tell him I want to suck his balls. It is the last thing I want to do. The hamsters are my only friends in science class. But I can't stand up for myself. They drown. I take a scalpel to the bathroom. I slit my wrists. I bleed. I'm twelve.

Finally I have a human friend. Yeah, he's not the nicest to me at school, but he lives down the street and every day we chill. Don't tell anybody, but last night he kissed me and we did things. He just called. He wants me to meet him in the woods. Wow...we might be together. I wait for him. Here he com...wait...that's not him...weird... it's his older brother? Older brother's friends? They call me faggot. They chase me down. They catch me. I'm beaten. I'm buried. I'm fifteen.

I'm crying, alone in my room. Seventeen now. To my father's amusement, my little football star brother has whooped my ass again. My father opens the door. He says I can either stop being "a queer", go to his alma mater, join his fraternity, or be disowned to the streets.

I'm eighteen, blindfolded in the woods. I hate college. I hate football. I hate living a lie. My "frat brothers" step on my Adam's apple while pouring beer down my throat. I choke. Is this what acceptance feels like?

I'm twenty, not attending frat parties much these days. I keep to myself. I am getting to know who I am. I am waking up with the sunshine, doing yoga, meditating. I'm reading everything I can about who Jesus truly is. I feel better than ever. There's so many more layers to life than I dreamt. I'm convinced I must stop living this lie, convinced I must be honest with my parents. I drive down a highway. I knock on a door. In the living room now, my father is choking me. He takes my keys. He kicks me out, says if I ever come back he'll kill me.

I am twenty five, locked in a mental institution, freaking the fuck out. How the fuck did I get here? Why? It's as if these bad memories are magnets attracting the same shit to me over and over and over and over. Each time I make the same mistake. Each time I choose fear again.

How do I get out of the past? How do I free this shame, this fear, this pain, this me? Each memory is a dead dream keeping me from knowing what to do. How do I move on from me? How do I get the past out of my body? How do I stop this fucking panic attack called life?

**HOW THE PAST  
LEADS  
TO THE FUTURE**

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

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

“Oh, Jesus? So my thoughts are why my best friend called the cops on me, why they brought me here? And my thoughts made my parents homophobic?” Please don’t judge me. I promise, normally I’m too sweet, timid to ever speak confrontationally to anyone, especially the Lord and Savior as I’m Christian, but I’ve been locked up too long for no reason and my patience is anorexic.

“Yes.” No offense Jesus, but Jesus Carl is bit of a dick.

“Then why did your thoughts lock you 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’m being mean. I hate being mean. Jesus says love your neighbor. I try to live that. When you’ve been hated your whole life you never want to look down on another because you know too much how that feels.

“Sorry Car, I, I mean Jesus. It’s not you, I just don’t how know much more I can...”

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

“Please, Nurse Alisha I don’t 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 medicated robot better. I want to feel not locked up in a mental institution, breathing fresh air, better.”

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

“No.” I sigh. “I’m sorry... but I’d like you to hear what I’m 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 compliments while holding out her palms. Jesus forgive me, I want to walk with your love, but it feels impossible with this much hatred. I know hating is not the answer, so help me because I hate how she calls me Mr. Willermen, I’m not the principal of the loony bin. I hate more how she complements me for doing what I’m threatened into. I hate even more I live in a world where no one gives a fuck unless you do what they want. I fucking hate even more how I’m swallowing these pills right now and I don’t know what they are, but I know I hate fucking these side effects... numbness, constipation, brain becoming cheese puf... “Mr. Willermen, you’re late for group.”

I hate group therapy more. “I know, but, but do, you mind if I, I... I... skip just today?”

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

“How is listening to depressed people talk about how depressed they are helping when it only makes me more depressed?”

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

“Human being to human being, can’t you see we need someone who makes us feel cared for rather than uniforms carrying notebooks full of diagnoses?”

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

“Goddammit.” Goddammit, I can’t believe I said that out loud. Goddammit, why am I so afraid of Dr. Berman? Sure, he’s a know-it-all asshole who hides behind his medical degree and categorizes you without feeling a word you say. But there’s no reason to be this afraid. He’s just a human... human controlling my fucking destiny. Fuck! How did I get myself in this situation? Fuck, I apologize for all the profanity.

“Mr. Willermen, no taking the Lord’s name in vain!” But it’s ok to take the Lord’s life in vain? Bullshit hypocritical instit... sorry, I need Jesus, Jesus I can’t feel my connection to you, help. I feel crazy. But 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 a...”

“Relax, 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. My head hangs. I feel the pills inside, scheming, claiming land belonging to me. A roach treks from black tile to white. I look at Nurse Alisha. She’s ignoring it. Or am I hallucinating? I look back down. No roach, but her shiny black shoes and short pants that make her bright Clemson 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 chair in the circle. “Laura, continue.”

Laura... skinny... shriveled... decaying, 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, a life of continual oppression. Fuck, the way we treat women is psychotic. Men are so disconnected from their soul they're blind to the most healing beings Planet Earth offers. Father, Son, Holy Ghost... where's the Goddess? How can you not live for what gives birth? How can you acknowledge the sky without the Earth? How could anyone be cruel to pure beauty... to Laura? I've only known her two days and I can't help but adore the dusky jewel.

Staring at her frail five foot frame you feel the merciless white man's world effects, treated as below, her body refused to grow. I relate, being 5'5. Still Laura possesses the most understanding shoulders especially while holding back tears. "Depamode, while it balanced me ok, it made the skin on my hands fall off. My doctor prescribed Namility. It made my vision blurry. I told him. He said keep taking it, it'll stop. Next day at work I had a seizure in the middle of an order. I came to in an ambulance... with crap in my pants. I was embarrassed to go back, but put my pride aside for my daughter...my manager fired me. I was too scared to keep taking the meds so I started drinking again. I couldn't find a job, so I started prostituting again. My daughter must eat... my neighbor called Social Services..." 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. "They stole her... now I have no reason to push the covers off. This damn incurable Bi-Polar disease won't get better no matter what the doctor prescribes. If I don't see my daughter soon I don't know what I'll do."

All I want is to hold her, get her daughter back in her arms, and convince her of a love within stronger than disease. But I'm 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-Marts all over my insides. Soon I'll be numb, another love note lost, dead forever with nowhere to die.

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

“I don't know what to share, but the past months have been hell. Job, wife, kids, bills make me so stressed I've been having horrible thoughts, Ten Commandment breaking thoughts. Other day my boss was talking and I, I kept thinking bout kissing him. More I tried to stop more I wanted to. I left, told him I was sick. I swear I'm no queer, I've satisfied countless women, but lately when the stress is too much my thoughts tell me to do wrong. I know God will send me to hell, but I don't know how to make it stop. I pray he forgives me, but I don't think he will.”

“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 want to laugh in his face. Did you hear him? But I know it's the pill driven disconnect that wants to be mean, not my heart, my heart wants to throw my arms around him, tell him what I wish I heard...*it's natural to kiss males, God's not sending you to hell, God is Unconditional Love.*

I place the Care Bear against my closed, drugged heart. I feel a crack open like a moonbeam through a cloud onto an ocean. A little light shines out. It feels, it feels... good. It feels like, like... freedom, it feels like the feeling I love, like the best friend you haven't seen in years, like the feeling I want every moment 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 call it! This is who I am beyond fear, doubt, and shame. This feeling knows my love is more powerful than any disease, drug, institution, commandment, anything!

I can't continue to live my life afraid to express it. I must be who I am! "God's not sending you to hell for kissing a man or anything else! That's the manmade bullshit version of God. He's a fictional character. The real God is Unconditional Love within you, adoring you 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."

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

"I'm sorry Carol, I don't feel I should listen to you because you're really mean."

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

"I'm sorry Carol, I'm going to do one more thing."

"Have it your way." Carol leaves her seat as I stand up tall as I 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 none of you have incurable diseases! You're not crazy or wrong or bad. You are gifts this world needs, beautiful gifts of God's Unconditional Love! The only reason you don't feel that is due to what misinformed people told you. Stop listening to the outside world! Listen to the Love inside, to your heart! Instead of talking about how sad and crazy we are, let's talk about how beautiful we are, how loved we are, how much our world needs us and I prom..."

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 and lock me into solitary confinement. After forcing more pills down my throat, they leave. Time passes slowly. I'm an idiot. Nobody cares about Unconditional Love. I'm never getting

out now. They come back. I'm more sedated than The Ramones ever wanted to be. They take me to Dr. Berman's office. My vision is spotty. Do I need glasses? Do I have a tumor?

"Breaking the number one 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 all you can to stay."

"You're right, sir."

"One more thing, and you'll be at the State Psychiatry Center. They never get out."

"Yes, sir."

"Final warning. Take your meds. Follow the rules. Keep your mouth shut!"

**LIVE FROM  
THE MENTAL INSTITUTION  
THAT IS MY LIFE**

Do you ever think “what if”? Like, what if I would’ve been the kid my parents wanted? Would I be a bigshot lawyer meeting my frat bros for drinks at the bar to watch the big game? Would I bring my gorgeous finance Isabella to Christmas dinner and we’d all laugh at how much dad hates asparagus? Would Christmas mean something again? Would I get the chills when dad straightens my tux before I walk down the aisle as if to finally say “son, I’m proud of you”?

I know it’s cliché as hell, but all I ever wanted was a family. A family to share myself with. A family who didn’t judge me or tell me I’m going to hell for how I feel. A family who believed in me. All I ever wanted was my family to love me for who I am.

Shit, I haven’t seen my parents in over four years. Last time was in the March of the winter the day I turned twenty one. While the rest of the rich 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 the time came for me to grow up to the man who raised me. To proudly let him know, “I’m still as gay as the first day of spring despite your Christian conversion camp attempts on my sexuality!”

I swear to God I tried to be that big shot lawyer. I tried to be the big dick, meat eating, Johnny American Football, beer chugging, Sunday Christian 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 shame, pain, and name calling.

One night my father came into my room while I wept. Instead of yelling his usual “shut the hell up, boys don’t cry,” he gave me an ultimatum. He explained I could either stop being “a queer,” attend his Alma Mater, and join his fraternity or be “disowned onto the streets.” The true Christian man he is even offered to pay for my college. Not only that, if I did what was “right”, he promised my “problems” would end. According to the Judge, my “problems” were caused by my “homosexual sin.” In his eyes when I stop being “a queer” then my family won’t hate me, my peers won’t ridicule me, I won’t have “mental disorders” or drop so many “damn passes” at the family reunion. Deeply desiring a family, my family... I caved.

Yes, I gave up who I am and my creative dreams. Yep, I still hate me for it too.

I arrived at the University of South Carolina as the role my father cast, determined to stop flirting with boys, hugging trees, even dancing. Yes, no more baking vegan treats for me or fashion design or nose rings or tears or showing fucking emotions at all. Yep, nothing but boobs, butts, beers, fist fights, and frat parties.

I admit, in my mind controlled state, I began to enjoy aspects of my new awful life. I actually started liking football, keg stands, and business class. It was also cool to not get bullied, be stoned all the time, and feel accepted. A perverted part of me even enjoyed the late night snacks of grapes from my pledge brothers’ buttoles hazing sessions.

But no matter how many beers I shot-gunned or bongos I ripped or pills I snorted, I could never enjoy their homophobia, their racism, their misogyny, their hatred, their fear. So there I was scared as hell yet freer than ever, driving to tell my father I refused to live his lie.

Also the male dean of the English Department at his GamecockAlma Mater and I were shacking up. I could leave that part out. The part my heart knew I could not leave out is where the inspiration 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. The only thing that made sense was Jesus. The "Christians" worshipping him confused the hell out of me. Jesus said "love your neighbor" yet they hated me for expressing my love for the same sex. Jesus said "don't judge" yet they judged by skin color. Jesus said "give to the poor" yet all they cared about was getting rich.

That's why I wanted to be like Jesus instead of them. Who wouldn't? Hundreds of confused idiots praying to one miracle maker, I never desired to be the idiot, I wanted to make miracles! I didn't want to be the 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. "

Fuck that. I wanted to be the long haired, chill angel in the bright sky who's all, "here's a fresh pair, ask and ye shall receive homie." Fuck fear. I wanted love. Fuck fake grape juice crackers. I wanted the breathing blood. Fuck asking someone else for guidance. I wanted my own superpowers. Fuck being healed. I wanted to do the healing. Forget being born again. I wanted to raise the dead. Fuck being one of them. I wanted to be myself.

God forbid you mention that to my father or any of the Bible belt stranglers I grew up with. I did, they freaked, "you can't be like Jesus for he's the only son of God." *What am I the adopted cousin of God?* "You're going to 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 there, but it feels like it when you're drugged and electrically shocked.

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. I crawled under and put my hands on his heart while imagining him healthy. Ten minutes later Seismograph is in the backyard chasing his tail like a rollercoaster. I walk up to mom smiling, "I'm like Jesus mommy. I healed Seismograph." Next thing I know I'm in a sterile room with a state psychiatrist telling me the difference between real and imaginary. I'm fucking seven.

Another time I'm walking out of Sunday School and tell pops "Jesus is beautif..." What am I doing? You don't want to hear about this shit. You definitely don't want to hear about the Christian Conversion Camp counselor motherfucker who mole...sorry, we're just meeting each other. I'm not too fond of people who tell you horrible shit when you first meet them either. It's like, *that sucks, but what's your name?*

Sorry again, but where am I? Oh yeah, I'm explaining my drive home on my 21<sup>st</sup> to tell my father I'm dropp...no, I passed that. I was telling you my inspiration behind it.

I never thought I enjoyed learning since what we learn in school never appealed to me. School never touched on the most important subjects like *who are we* and *what the fuck is the point of life*. My father's belt was the only reason I made good grades.

But college taught me I loved learning. 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 I was forced to worship, the man people said was sending me to hell, the alleged son of God, Jesus Christ. I read the New Testament, books that didn't make the Bible cut, and books by people who aren't terrified. From my research I realized one important thing, Jesus Christ is not more powerful than you or I or anyone, only more in touch with the Unconditional Love inside us all, the creator of life we call God. For Christ sakes Jesus even said we'll be greater than him.

As I spent less time at frat parties and more time focusing on Unconditional Love, I started to feel it within me. I realized it is the life force pulsating through my body, all bodies, all life. Seeing myself through the eyes of this Love I understood not only am I an extension of it, but I have my own access to it. I can use it to create the life I want, not my father.

Do you feel Unconditional Love within you? I know it's hard in a society of unconditional judgment, but I swear to what you find sacred, I could feel it within me like a second heartbeat, adoring me no matter my sexuality or what others thought. The very Love I always knew deeper down, but was afraid to fully embrace due to not trusting myself.

Driving down that open road on my 21<sup>st</sup>, blaring *Blue Suicide*, I was finished worrying what others thought, especially some old bigot. I was ready to trust the Unconditional Love within. It didn't want me to live in fear. It knew my life is a sacred gift for me so there's no reason to waste it on someone else! It made me want to say to my father, "thank you for helping create me, dad, but I can no longer be afraid of who I am. Women are beautiful, but so are men. I'm glad you like the University of South Carolina, but I don't. I quit your immature frat and I don't care if the Gamecocks lose every football game. I want to walk in Jesus's light and not hide behind him to express my homophobic family values. I love you, but it's my life, not yours. If you didn't want me to have it, you should've changed your views to pro-choice."

Upon stepping my feet into the living room, face to face with that violent man to give my truth, the deep rooted fear he beat into my childhood proved too prevalent and I didn't access my Powerful Love. Instead I stood timid, terrified and said, "daddy, I'm sorry, I'm still gay and I dropped out cause 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'm sorry cause it sucks.

What am I thinking? I'm a rude host. Hi, how are you? Can I get you anything? Glass of water? Vibrator? Are you enjoying this? It's not depressing you too much is it? I know your time is money so I'm honored you're chilling with me. I promise I'm not wasting your money.

I acted like a scared little bitch so my daddy treated me like one. He picked me up, performed a Rick Flair move on me, slammed my head into the flat screen, and strangled me from behind. Erotic behavior from such a God fearing man, bit of a turn on. JK. Don't get your mind in a sexy uproar just yet. If you can't take a joke you might want to put this down or use it to learn how because my life is a fucking joke. It's so fucking funny how that day still haunts me, how I can still hear my mother scream "Brian, look what you made him do" in my mind as I still gasp for air through my father's hands.

After he finally let go, with blue tears running down my red hot air balloon face, he took my keys, told me I wasn't his child, threw me out by my neck, and said if I ever came back he'd murder me.

Funny thing is, it only made me want my family more. Is that crazy to you?

**THE WRITER CARES  
ABOUT  
HIS CHARACTERS**

If so... 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 infertile minds can make up and shoved every black magic brew of pills down my throat. Sorry, but I'm no longer apologizing for who I am.

So... why are you here? To fuck with me? Leave. I already have a community of trust funders fucking with me because I don't eat meat or have a million dollar salary with a wife, girlfriend, kids, jet skis, and a lake-house. So...yeah... I don't need anyone else telling me to get a "real job" or dismissing my art as "my disability."

Still here? Hmm, something doesn't feel right. Last time... if you want to make fun of me... go! Yes, I took business classes. Yes, no publisher is publishing a book 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'm writing to connect with your heart?

Publishers don't care about the well-being of their writers. They just want money. They don't understand I must make sure your intentions are pure before I can open my heart to you. They don't care about how many times I've been abused. My father screamed "I hope you die of AIDS," they don't give a fu...

What am I bitching about? Nobody wants to publish this shit. So fuck MLA form, fuck MFA Programs, and fuck you if you're read this. Sorry, I don't mean that. I only said it to piss off the people I want gone in hopes they'll leave. I've found bullies to be the most sensitive.

Damn... I seem crazy, huh? I may be, but I promise I'm not a bully or a company. I care about you. I want you to know the real me so I can know the real you. I hope you're not mad, 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 conveniently remember 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 pretended I didn't exist then abused me when their imaginations failed.

Shit... I'm coming off clingy, huh? Like I said I've been hurt by countless cruel people. I want to make sure you're not one of them. If you are, leave... I'm no longer answering to f\*\*\*\*t. If you say it to be funny or think gay is wrong, go! I've had enough bullies call me every homophobic slur on the salad bar, beat me half to death, and bury me on the nature trail.

Also if you're here to convert me to Christianity... I'm Christian. God, it's so annoying when you think you're having a genuine conversation with a stranger about Steph Curry and they go "you know who else no one can stop?" *Lebron?* "No, Jesus." You're like, *yeah, yeah, I'm Christian* yet they keep trying to convert you. Those Christians ruin Christ.

Whoa...I'm actually setting boundaries. I've never done this, I'm almost proud of myself. Anyone else I don't want reading? 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... everyone.

What am I talking about? I'm not perfect. Whoever wants to read...feel free. I'm not saying that for this to be a best seller, I'm saying it because I want to teach a racist how to love

everyone and a homophobic man how to suck a dick? Plus my favorite thing about life is that it is open to each individual's unique interpretation.

My interpretation of myself is a human being here like Jesus. No... not in a Mel Gibson masturbating martyr way, but here to Love. When I speak of Love I'm not speaking in a sense of *I love you* because you suspend my overwhelming feeling of uselessness. I speak of Love in the Unconditional sense of all that is, all that ever was, will ever be, the right now golden eternity creator of everything yes ever-expanding forevermore everywhere. I am here to give that!

Sounds intense? It isn't. Unconditional Love is the sweetest, most easy going yet popcorn popping powerful, relaxing lazy river blow job flowing feeling of all feelings. I don't have to tell you. It is who you are. 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, a pizza party has been thrown in your honor. You know that feeling is all you want. Even now you're here hoping to receive that feeling. It's coming.

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

**THE CALL  
OF  
DUTY**

“Hello.”

“James!” Last option, thank God! “Can you please pick me up!?”

“Who’s this?” Damn, he deleted me from his contacts. “I, ugh, got a new phone.”

People forever deleting me, Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr, Life... hurts.

“Brian... Brian... Willermen.”

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

“Yeah.”

“I need it back.” I tried playing, 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 James and I hooked up for a bit. I always do my best to find interest in what my partner digs. And James digs *Call of Duty*. When *Black Ops III* came out he ignored everything else for weeks. I’m talking job, bills, hygiene. When he finally beat it, he ran to his boyfriend’s place to tell him only to find his boyfriend’s new boyfriend. James couldn’t believe it. He sat at the bar crying into his whiskey sour as if he’d been at war and come back to a family 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... that’s like fifteen minutes away.” Piece of sh... calm down... 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.”

Do you know what’s going on? If so, we’re soul mates. If not, I understand, I was telling you about my past, but now I am back in the present. I’m sorry my mind jumps around. No, not due to “mental disorders” but lack of meditation. Currently an ex is picking me up from the insane asylum. I was just released. You know that. I’m sorry. I need to trust you.

“That’s it?” James responds after receiving a twenty. “Do you understand how much a cab costs?” Asshole. I reach back in for twenty more. “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 hellho....”

“That’s another thing... get a grip!” This two faced termite has the nerve to talk shit to...relax... he’s the one doing you a favor. “Your mental issues... man the fuck up man! Look where your weird shit gets you. Seriously, what got you locked up now?”

“Read a poem to a friend about jumping off the bridge downtown... she called the cops.”

“That’s weird! No one reads poetry! You’re an adult! Not a fifteen year old emo!”

“You’re right.”

“Grow up! I actually thought you were a cool guy until I got to your apartment and it’s covered in posters of Harley Quinn and Wonder Woman! Come on, you’re not a child.” From a guy who spends his free time pretending he’s killing zombies for the United States Army.

“Yeah, maybe I could take a few of those down.”

“Yeah, a lot of stuff down! Like all those rocks you collect and talk to.”

“Those are my healing stones.”

“*My healing stones?* They’re stupid fucking rocks! Can’t believe I dated someone so immature.” Huh, I didn’t think he considered what we did dating. Cool. “Thinking about all the times you embarrassed me in public makes me pissed I came to help your ass.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Like when you tried to buy Tabloid Magazines with food stamps and told the cashier you eat celebrities. Not only was it embarrassing you have food stamps, but the cashier literally thought you were on Bath Salts. I’m surprised we both didn’t get locked up in the loony bin.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to embarrass you. I was high and...”

“That’s not an excuse. You need to grow up, stop being so weird...” Put down the façade. Everyone is weird, being alive is fucking weird. Accept your weird and your weird will lead you to the most beautiful parts of yourself. Deny your weird and your weird will lead you to the most hateful parts of yourself. Our society is spoon-fed black and white, good and bad, middle of the row, mediocre bullshit so when someone has an original thought, we shame them for it. A deceptive government, normal. A company working you 80 hours a week for dog-shit, normal. Drinking poison until you black out, normal. Depreciating yourself, normal. Playing the same “Fire and Rain” cover for the millionth time, normal. A guy who believes his crystals heal him telepathically, weird. You know how it feels great to be amongst friends. It’s because they allow you to be yourself, to be your weird. Imagine how good it would feel to freely let the weird parts of you out and not be shamed for it. Imagine how enjoyable life could be if people loved your weird. Next time you think to criticize someone who is weird, criticize the ones who criticize the weird, criticize the ones keeping our creative world in the same circle of suppression, and criticize the ones who say “...and get a real fucking job!”

“You’re right.” He’s wrong. I’m just a little bitch who’s afraid to speak his truth. You too? Someone blabs bullshit 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, saying it makes me want to murder homeless people. Twelve hour days, four days a week, I sell fucking barcodes! I don’t even know what they’re for. But that’s what you do! You grow up, put your dumb dreams down, and get a real job.” Don’t get ideas from this jackass. You do what inspires you and you make tons of money from it. “If only someone said this to me when I was your age.” Cringing, I nod my head, letting him think he’s right so he’ll shut up, so I can dream about the lavender bath I’m taking when I get home.

We make it to my place. I thank him, tell him to wait for his game, and step out of his car. How great it is to be free again with the crystal clear intentions of the sky, hearing birds sing for no reason tha... no! No! No! Eviction notice! Fuck no! “Wanda, hope you’re...”

“What!?”

“I... um... I can’t... get in.”

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

“Sorry about that. I have a mental disease and got placed in the hos...”

“Not my problem.”

“...pital...” God, why are people so mean? “Yeah, but please be... fair...”

“Fair, like 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. She looks like my favorite comedian Gilda Radner, so I always expect her to be fun, but she never is. Do you ever meet a person who resembles someone cool so you assume they

are, but they...yes...I'm the always late with rent asshole. I'm sorry. You don't have to call me out for everything. I'm aware of my suck.

"James, please hold on!" I yell after James honks his shitty Kia five fucking times. "I'm so sorry Wanda. You're right. You've been fair. I have rent and I'll pay you right now."

"No, I'm no longer dealing with people I don't trust." Glad she knows what she wants.

"I understand... and not trying to be rude... but... pretty sure evicting me without a thirty day notice is illegal."

"Take the money you don't have, get a lawyer with it, and fucking sue me!"

"I don't want to sue you Wanda. I just want my stuff." Shit, I'm crying.

"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. Fuck.

I walk to James' car. Money worries are 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. God, I wish I could call my parents. "Where's my *Black Ops II*?"

"Um... I ugh, I, I... I got... evicted."

"You're not staying with me." James 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 and crying. No answer. I drive to her place. I run up a flight of stairs. I hear pounding. I open her apartment door. I run into her bedroom. I hyperventilate while she rides my drug dealer's dick like a full moon Saturday night swing-set. "Mmmm, what you'd ex-mmm-pect... yeah right there... you barged... mmmm so good...in?"

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

"Mmm Geoff=E yeah...so... I haven't mmm oh yeah... seen you right there 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 kicking your ass." My reliable drug dealer counters while moving her hips up and down, giving him easier access to pleasuring her clit.

"Geoff-E... please...you're having sex with my girlfriend man." He nods his head. "I, I thought we were... I mean... I buy from you all the time."

"Exactly why you should be cool with me fucking your girl."

"Brian, this isn't some weird cuckold shit! 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. Reverse cowgirl, the kids call it. "You're embarrassing yourself. Leave."

"I'm sorry Angela... um, Geoff-E... do, do you mind if I get an eighth?"

“Yeah, go to my book bag and leave eighty on top.” Eighty? Asshole.

I leave with a zip-lock bag of weed. I walk to my car. I pack my one hitter. Everyone’s an asshole. I take a hit then stare up at the famous sun sparkling ancient mysteries one can only grasp if they die and become it. I take another hit. I’m overcome by the fear of death. I pack another and take a hit. How’s that magnificent light and I in the same universe? I hit it again.

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, bad. Jesus, help me.

I wish I had a sweet mom to say everything’s going to be ok. I could call Sonya. She’d help, but she’s why I’m in this mess. She called 911 on me for reading her a fucking poem. How can I trust her again? When she was Roger and wanting to die, I held her, played with her hair, and encouraged the operation. Even when her family turned their backs, I...

You’re right. That was wrong. I’m being selfish. Please forgive me. I know 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 care. I’m so blown away by her courage to have the operation despite the horrific way we are to Trans Humans. Why the fuck is it weird to be born a woman in a man’s body or vice versa? Why is it strange to be a woman then want to be a man? Some people are bankers then personal trainers, nobody kills them. Fuck you society, let humans change, grow, and learn!

And fuck me for getting upset at her? Just thinking how she can truly be herself now makes me so happy. The poem was about me jumping off a bridge. She was just trying to hel...

But how the hell does it help a suicidal person to have cops handcuff them and take them to a mental institution? That made me really want to kill myself, when I didn’t want to kill myself while I was reading her the poem. I love it when people listen to my poetry.

Calm down. She visited and apologized. She said I had a manic look she'd never seen. But that was me performing the poem. She's been to a poetry sla... stop blaming others. Jesus says forgiveness is the most important thi... still I don't feel comfortable calling her. I'd call my mommy or daddy, but it's *you shouldn't have broken your father's rules* or *I don't have a son name Bri...* you're right. You don't want to hear this back and forth double thinking bullshit. I sound like a tripped out, introspective Rodney Dangerfield.

I start my car and drive like an oscillating electromagnetic charge to my job I hate, hoping someone there will have a hug, a place to stay, an encouraging word, a paycheck, a something. "Welcome to America's favorite neighborhood bar and grill! How many?"

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

"Just one?"

"I, I'm a busboy here. I gave you a ride home... you told me about your uncle..."

People are always confiding their 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 kitchen." I step towards the kitchen.

"My office... immediately!" Shit, the voice claws of Bill the General Manager Dustin Diamond into my ears. I look left and there he is... male, white, dumb, fat, boring, angry, bald, suit, tie, perfect personification of misogyny, of racism, of homophobia, of Corporate America. I 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 the swivel chair behind his stiff desk. “It’s not happening.” He opens a drawer, pulls out an envelope, and holds it up. “You’re never getting this! So leave before I call the police!”

“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 anymore, 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 weep.

“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 men 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 another by calling them a pussy? How could anyone feel bad being called a pussy? “We don’t have jobs for pussies unless they have tits with em. We aren’t a mom and pop deli. We are Applebee’s, Corporate America. Wait, we’re in other countries too, so we’re Corporate Earth. No, Corporate America Earth and you’re a fired druggie pussy piece of shit!”

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

“Bye Margie.” I’m not crying because I got fired. Fuck Applebee’s. I’m not crying because he called me a drug addict. Fuck a General Manager. I’m crying because it hit me like

a piano falling from the fucking sky to play onto my goddamn head how shitty my life is. Yes, my parents were horrible. Yes, I had sick things happen. Yes, I'm always labeled as the outcast weirdo faggot. Yes, our society is backwards. Yes, people are unconscious, homophobic, transphobic, racist, and full of idiot violent fear pain. Yes, those people project their idiot pain on innocent others. But none of that forces me to live in fear, be shitty with my money, fall in love with people who treat me like shit, and work for people who don't give a fuck about me.

To be real... and I'd rather not... but... I can't lie to myself no matter how hard I try... THE THING RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT SHIT IS ME! I am the reason I'm a piece of shit no matter how many people I blame, no matter how many 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! Fuuuuccck! Fuck.

A swirling ideal of faraway colors and dreamy emotions scatter continuous 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 nervous, too powerless. When you're insecure, passion looks callous. When you're in despair, appreciation looks idiotic. When you're in fear, joy looks psychotic. When you're disconnected from the Love you are, a beautiful sky looks phony.

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

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

Or don't, I need to stop looking to others for validation. Here goes... laugh your ass off. Some days when life gets me down, which is every goddamn day, I drive to Harper's Woods where my mother, my sister Virginia, and I'd go to play, climb trees, and pick blackberries when I was a boy. And I... pretend... it's happening now.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, laugh, laugh, laugh! I pretend I'm five and relive the moments climbing trees, picking imaginary blackberries, and the whole yes I'm the weirdest motherfucker in the universe. Ok? I even do my five year old voice. Happy? It's the only place in the whole fucking 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 feel bad now*. You fucking normal boring idiot who fee..

Sorry. I'm projecting my deep rooted anger on to you. Forgive me. It has nothing to do with you. It is just me embarrassed by me. You have a caring heart. It won't happen again.

"Virginia! Virginia, I'm going to count to ten o..." hold up. Cue a Gioachino Rossini overture and hold the fuck up. What is this? What the fuck is this? I'm officially creeped the

fuck out. The universe is literally turning inside out inside me. I swear to God...I'm at the old oak... the one Virginia and I used to climb and there's a painting... painting of her under the tree. What the fuck? This is too weird, even for the weirdest motherfucker in the universe.

Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? How? I need my mommy, mommy bad.

Ok, ok be cool... I'm cool... cool. No biggie... someone painted a painting that happens to look like my dead sister... and happened to leave it in the place I go to play with her memory.

What the fuck? Jesus, help, what's happening? What's fucking happening!?! This is fucking crazy! This is fucking goddammit... I can't process this! Too much... too fucking much... way weirder than me pretending to be five.

"Virginia, are you here?" She's dead, dumb ass. Fuck! Do I call the cops? Do you want to go back to the loony bin, you fucking idiot? Do I call ghost hunters? Those fuckers will show up with gas powered dildos and burn the woods down. Do I take a pic and post it on Facebook? You were so embarrassed by your shitty life you deleted it. Fuck, much as I miss her you'd think I'd be jumping for joy, but I'm freaked out of my goddamn soul mind heart body shit fuck.

Ok, ok. This is too fucking weird. There's no way, no fucking way I'm handling this now. Relax, I don't have to. I'll put it out of my mind for a bit and go to a place to get clear then figure it out. This is the place I go to get clear... fuck! Fuck! Fuck it, I'll go eat 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 went up to 5.95."

"Is nothing sacred?" I cry out like a huge weirdo. I look around at the people looking around at me. Chill, they're going to physically take you back to the loony bin, it's just pizza.

“I can put it back.” I place the five in my wallet and pull a twenty out.

“No, no, I’m sorry, I’m just a really bad day.” Fuck, I can’t even speak right. “I mean, having.” Idiot weirdo. “May I have two Buttery Garlic Caesar Dips?” I give her twenty.

“That’ll be 7.37.” She hands me my change.

“Nah, it’s cool, just keep it.” OMFG, I love cheese pizza so much I wish it was my dick. Meaning I wish it didn’t exist. While it brings me 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 cheese I contribute to the rape of the cow, the poisons injected inside her, the murder of her babies, and the hamburger the brainwashed meathead eats for dinner. People wonder why the world is so violent while eating murdered flesh.

You don’t want my soapbox. You’re probably enjoying a bacon sausage turkey burger right now. It’s not about you. It’s about how I wish I could stop eating cheese, but I have no self-control. I open the door to the parking lot and take a bite. “Oww.” I walk back in. “This one’s a little too hot and a little too ready. Can I have one that’s been sitting out?”

“No sir, you can’t.” I leave, embarrassed. Jesus, take my hand, my heart, my soul, my something. I open my car door. My vision is skewing, no visible purpo...whoa...the buttery garlic sauce is sugar plum fairy delicious, cooling the pizza while saving my life with each bi.....no! No! No! Fuck no! Fuck fuck no! Edward? Please not Edward, my ex-bff lover at Little Caesar’s here... now, after everything that has already happened! Hey You, yeah, You, You in on this? This can’t be real.

I haven’t seen him in years. I can’t have him see me as who I’ve become. I’m a fired druggie pussy piece of shit. I can’t verify everything his family thinks about me. Jesus, why is he here? Of course Little Caesar is delicious, but he’s rich. He can 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. The pizza falls out onto the floorboard as I pull into the first empty parking lot.

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

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

"Your life is never getting better."

"Who is this?"

"Your mind, you fucking idiot." Not this asshole again. "You always tell yourself it'll get better, but it never does. You need evidence? You're family hates you. None of your dreams have come close to coming true. You're homeless and jobless. You caught your girlfriend fucking your drug dealer then saw some dude and drove away because you're afraid of his judgment. Now you're in a church parking lot eating cardboard murdered puss pizza off the floor. When is enough, enough, bro?" I turn after hearing a knock on my window.

"I'm the pastor here. You ok son?" This gut suck fuck says disturbing my pity party.

"No."

"Well, son, do you know Jesus Christ?"

"No... but I'm about to meet up with him...I'm killing myself."

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

“You won’t meet Jesus, son. Bible says if you sin, you go to hell. Taking your own life is the biggest sin of em’ all. Jesus ain’t in hell. Satan is.”

“Well... I better go pick up my suit from the dry cleaners.” I put the Japanese pedal to the floor, crank shafting the fuck out of Firetrap Baptist Church like a bad action movie I’ve never seen because they’re all the same damn dumb cheesy bull...holy shit...that’s it! I am going to kill myself! I’m going to jump off the Willermen Bridge! Ahaha, the city brags how no one’s ever jumped off my grandfather’s bridge. His grandson is honored to be the first, as honored as grandpa felt when the Ku Klax Klan knighted him Grand Dragon of the Unconscious.

When my Anti-Semitic, homophobic, hang a black man cause you can, honorable judge, grandfather William Willermen got sick he and my father got together with the city and they built a bridge downtown to assure his *legacy*. When we locked gramps up in the old folks home we never went to visit him, but we sure took some nice walks on his bridge in his honor. Haha, my family is going to be so sad...because of how it’s going to make them look, haha.

Whoa, for a dude about to kill himself I’m feeling pretty fucking chill. Finally some fucking relief. Why didn’t I think of this sooner? Oh... cause I’m Christian and as a Christian I’m aware of how *wrong* suicide is. It’s the reason I only wrote shitty poems about it. But why would Love punish us for wanting to be with Love? That’s why we want death, we’re having such a hard time being with Love in a world Love created.

Yes, Hell was hammered into my skull since birth (*don't be born boy or you go to hell*) that's fucking with me, but that's manmade bullshit. God's unconditional love feels truer than anything man ever said. Plus I've lived in hell all my life. How's eternally burning worse?

Don't get me twisted, I'm not saying suicide is the answer, above all else life is a precious gift, I'm just saying, it feels good to think I don't have to deal with this place anymore.

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

Please don't leave. I need you here. You're the only good thing in my life. But...if I'm bringing you too far down...I get it...I'll be hurt, but I've been dipping Cool Ranch Doritos into queso when a crust punk walks up bumming bad news bullshit and I'm all *I don't know, shower?*

At the same time I can't help but think the drama, the abuse, the pain, the tits, the car chases, the bombs bursting in air, and the beautiful big ass oppressed black women putting a hand up to say "oh no you didn't" is what you asshole, overactive minds live for.

I put in my Joni Mitchell CD and drive a little over the speed limit to meet my Maker. Fuck, can't find a spot. I hate those weekend rip off, dollar a minute garages. It's all good, I'm killing myself so I'll never pay it...except karmically. Cool, there's a spot at the top.

I breathe in 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. I'm beau... kind of beau... tiful! Sure a few lines run races across a face chubby as ever, but for anyone who has the heart to see my heart, I'm fucking beautiful! So...then...why do I let others make me think I'm ugly?

Fuck. I step on to the top of the parking garage. Instantly the cool, Christ-like night air reformulates me, as if I'm an algebra problem worked wrong, so the teacher could show me how to find the simple answer. "The answer is me." I say to no one, peering behind the ledge at the muddy lights shining from the alluring city architecture. Inspiration sparks as I marvel at the miracles we are capable of building, adding an ounce of respect for my fellow human. That ounce strikes a major chord within, bringing me to admire the architecture of our form, as human ants below scurry for drinks, sex, and ant acceptance under orders from their unconscious queen.

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

Do me a favor. Don't worry, I'm no big bang cliché sitcom sent to waste your time.

Imagine an open field of flowers under a glowing pink and purple sky. Inhale the gorgeous scent of every flower with each breath. Feel the bright clouds of sunshine on your face. Let the breeze blow back your hair. See a dead horse in the middle of the meadow. What are you doing? Why are you stopping? Keep going! For God sakes look at the sky! What the fuck? Look at the trees, the wind! No, no! Now you're kicking it. Stop, please! Why are you naked? For the love of God, stop molesting it, it's dead! Jesus, why? You just keep feeling worse and worse and worse and grosser and grosser each time you touch it, but you won't stop.

That's how most of our minds work, rather our minds work us. All the golden dreamer's honey in our perfect world and we can't stop ourselves from molesting our own dead thoughts.

Right again? Why care what I think? I'm walking to jump off a bridge. But seriously, being able to walk is mind blo... "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 what you did!"

"Oh, Mitchell, hey... I'm... I'm sorry. I got locked up in a mental institut..."

"No excuse. I was beginning to believe in you. I even talked to Bill bout you. Do you know who Bill is?"

"Umm... the general manger."

"Damn right the General Manager!" Mitchell jumps from his right, his foot in the grave, the left, his foot in the rat race. "You know how you made me look? I talked you up to Bill and you don't have the decency to show up on the busiest night of the week!"

"Like I said I'm sorry. I'd much rather been working then locked up. Believe me."

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

"You're right. Believe what you want! 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 coily round the garage hoping this skinny redneck's bullshit will freeze in the rigid winter air like the frosty ice cap tips in his blonde mid 90's *I just want to fly* Mark McLaugh hairdo. "Do you know who covered your shift that Saturde night?"

This is horrible. Please help Jesus. "Um... I um... assume you." Or anybody?

"Damn right me." He enthusiastically alleges, but I don't feel right. "Saturde night is my one night off. Why do I take the busiest night off?" I do not give a fuck. "That's how much I

believe in my staff. You took that belief and shat all over it.” What the fuck? It’s insane he exists, insane he has a job, insane these uptight, angry 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 them, saying slave shit like my coworker Patrick, *dude Mitchell’s here, we better clean or he’ll flip*. Let Mitchell fucking flip. Fuck Mitchell. I’m not afraid of his bitch ass anger. I’ll break Mitchell apart from God then buy him a goddamn Cheese Danish then shit in his stupid mouth...I won’t. I’m terrified of confrontation. I’m small, weak, nice; big, strong, mean people send me crawling to the corner to shit my pants. I’ve always been a bitch. Bullies picked on me since the crib and I took their shit, dipped it into buttery garlic panic sauce, and ate it. Fuck me for that...fuck this, let’s focus on something funny like the way Mitchell dresses like Marshall Tucker Cowboy Private Investigator. His shirt lo... what the fuck... he just pushed me.

“Mitchell, please don’t push me man.”

“Do I look like a goddamn busboy to you? No, cause I’m a fucking manager! But the General Manager called me the manger to bus your tables 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!”

“I know I messed up...but I’m scared and wish...you’d please stop yelling at me.”

“Oh, I’m gonna stop yelling at you, CAUSE YOU ARE FIRED!” He screams drum rolls in my face, but I was already fired. “Don’t give a pool of piss, do ya?”

Like I give a fuck about Applebee’s. I did once. It was horrifying. This customer chose my busboy head to bite off due to the toughness of his Fiesta Lime Chicken. I ran to the shitter and cried. Then 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. I’m not implying don’t care about your job. I’m saying if you’re working a shit job don’t waste time taking things personal. Instead use

your energy to stop refusing the life you deserve which is fantastic dreams come true well-being in all aspects of existence. Yeah, it's easier to give advice than to be it, but it isn't, I'm just Applebee's. "I do...but...I don't know what I can do now since you fired me."

"Oh I fired you alright...after I kick your ass!"

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

"I wouldn't touch him if I were you Mitchie, he'd get hard! I saw him kissing that cross dressing Mexican dishwasher by the trashcans." Applebee's finest waitress Danielle, drunkenly adds to the harassment. Yeah, she's been here the whole time, standing by her man like Socrates questioning my existence. Her man accessing his little dick power over me turns her on. They're going to have straight, 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 tooth wide.

"I don't think I'm... worthless... but I may be a faggot depending on your definition."

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

"Yeah... then... I am."

"I said good things to Bill about a faggot!" Mitchell yells like he doesn't believe in Santa anymore then pulls out a VC Piper knife from his coat and holds it to my throat with a melon collie seriousness. "If I ever catch you around my restaurant so help me God your faggot throat will be slit!" He speaks 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 at the Carolina Ale House 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 no one 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. I’d of told him I was a faggot from the jump. *You know why I kicked you in the ass, right?* Of course... I’m a faggot! Pull the knife out. Good job. Put it up to my throat. Well done. Ooo, you’re not a faggot, I’m soooo shaking, you prime rib, never had a gay thought in your life, Southern Gent. Alright, have a nice night. Thank you.

I’m using humor to deflect from how I truly feel. I feel hurt, sad. My dad shamed me all my life for how I truly feel. That’s sick to do to anyone, especially a child. Do you understand the psychological damage you place upon a perfectly beautiful human being by telling them they are wrong for expressing their love? How is that God’s work?

Aaaaaaaahhhh, why are you stupid fucking beer guzzling, middle of the row meathead, Sunday football Christian shitheads so goddamn cruel to the LGBT community? The answer is always in the question...because you’re stupid. Your parents are stupid. They taught you stupid shit, you’re too stupid to care to learn otherwise. Your friends are stupid. They not only accept your stupidity, they love you for it. The ones who try not to be, you tell them they are stupid, so they shut up. The only smart thing you do is find ways to justify stupidity, the Bible, violence. *Bible says if you’re stupid, it’s okay to never grow and if others grow kick their ass.* The Bible doesn’t say that. It gives wisdom like “*put out in deep waters and let down your nets for a catch,*” meaning go deeper within and open your mind to receive the bigger truth. The bigger truth is love for all. But if you’re stupid all you read is being gay is bad.

Tell me  $2+2=5$  all day and I’m not judging, but stupidity becomes a problem when my safety is threatened because men give me good loving ooey gooey butterflies. Why don’t you go care about something less stupid like the planet you live on? Who I love has nothing to do

with you. That's like driving to Montana to kick someone's ass for drinking a milkshake. How are you too stupid to see how fucked it is that people are hated, abused, and murdered for expressing love? That's why aliens don't visit despite Earth's beauty. *So umm... you hate people for expressing love? Yeah, no Earth vacation this year, Jupiter here we come.*

That's the wild thing, while you're hating for brainwashed reasons, there's a whole universe of love waiting on you. A universe of love that feels way better than your team winning or even murdering a deer, a beautiful universe of love, a place hate will never take you.

But on the real, tell me, why do you hate gay people? I promise I'll be compassionate. Are you secretly afraid you're gay so you want to rid the world of all possible temptation? Is it because a sentence in the most sinful book in the Bible says it's a sin? The Bible says eating pigs, getting a haircut, or pulling out is a sin. You do that. It also says if your children curse you kill'em. Hope to God you're not killing kids when you don't let them play PS4.

For Godsakes I love Jesus more than anything in the world, but if he appeared and said being gay is wrong, I'd say "no, it's not Jesus, go back to Heaven." I am intelligent enough to listen to my heart and not a line in a book written by a homophobe thousands of years ago.

Of course Jesus would never say being gay is a sin, because Jesus said LOVE ONE ANOTHER! That's it! LOVE ONE ANOTHER! That's fucking it! That's the only thing we should be concerned with... LOVE! Not judgment, not hatred, not blame, not shame, not being clever, just doing everything we can to feel LOVED so we can make others feel LOV...

Fuck it, none of that is the reason I can't stand up for myself. I can't stand up for myself because I'm a scared little bitch. God, I hate being a scared little bitch. I fucking hate it. Fuck.

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

I climb the parking garage ledge and sit, legs hanging free. Someone's drunk aunt yells "you gonna fall boy," even though I'm suicidal. I ignore her and gaze down at the working for the weekend warriors. They're walking, talking, visualizing mediocrity in the miracle of emptiness, so close to bursting free with world peace happiness yet so far for separating themselves so far from it.

Damn, I care about 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 love each one. But that love transforms to hate the second I judge. Oh how I wish to be the stars singing above them, no judgment, 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 what they choose. I choose what I choose. That's it.

But, if... if only they knew how worthy they are, how blessed, adored they are, if only they knew who they are, they'd choose their Unconditional Love! Then we could thrive together as one feel good, 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, sporting event, stylish celebrity, offended illiterate, any anything.

"Fuck that." I say to no one, jumping down from the ledge back to the parking garage. What do I care? I'm taking a breather in heaven to leave these fools to suffer their repression.

To be real, why I got down all upset is my feelings on Mitchell and Danielle. They are beings of Unconditional Love! They just lost touch with who they are. They're unconscious. They don't hate gays. Some idiot told them to because some idiot told him because he got hard when his barber shaved him a little close. So me hating them is me losing touch with who I am.

I put my hands together and pray for Mitchell and Danielle. Fuck, praying is making me feel stupid. I'm supposed to be an adult. I'm tired of being picked on, beat up, laughed at, to turn the other cheek. I know Jesus says *forgive them, they know not what they do*, but sometimes I want to forgive that! I'm sick of being the world's helpless little brother. I want to beat a big mean homophobic racist motherfucker cheek to fucking cheek then say *forgive that Jesus*.

Jesus, forgive me. I don't mean that. I've just been bullied all my life. I even get why. The Unconditional Love we are is powerful beyond all human power. On a soul level we know we are that Love Power, but due to being disconnected from it, we'll do anything to feel any reminisce of that mighty beyond might no matter who we hurt. That's how bad we want to know ourselves.

Make sense? When a human bullies he feels powerful and in control. These are closer feelings to the truth he knows deeper down, rather than chaos and weakness, which are 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 weak. In order to get himself in power, he comes home and bullies his kid. This makes his son find a weaker kid and bully me. The ironic thing is we bully in an attempt to feel closer to who we truly are when we already are that super cool Unconditional Love Energy we want to be. If we took the time we spent bullying to connect to the deeper parts of ourselves we wouldn't need to hurt each other to feel better since we are where the better feeling rises.

Fuck me, I need to stop blaming the bully. I invite it by being a bitch. They don't know what they're doing, I do, I just... don't believe I'm worth standing up for. Boo-hoo, feel bad for me because I suck and it is all my fault.

But seriously, don'tcha hate it when you make it down nine flights of stairs just have to your school bullies trip you and make you fall down the tenth? "Gay-Brian!" Cornelius and the sound of that goddamn nickname stand over me with his bff Zack as 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 taught 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...ahahahaha."

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

"And short guys too." Cornelius, taking a page from *Jefferson Davis Fashion Monthly*.

"You never got growth spurted. You've been the same sized fag since middle school."

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 traumatic memories, but I'm starting to trust you...

Since I was small, different, told people I see angels around them, played with dolls, kissed kids in the time out corner, and never held back tears, I had a 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 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,

but collectively they humiliated me as one bully supernova. They didn't beat me up as much as others, but hat these dickheads did was worse, they'd make me to do things I didn't want to do, watch as I did them, and laugh at me. School was like this...

*Gay-Brian, eat this.* Sorry Cornelius, I don't have a craving for dead bird pubic hair pot pie. *Do it or else we'll kick your ass.* Ok. *Haha, fucking nasty faggot.*

*Gay-Brian, tell Cortresha you want to dip your vanilla in her chocolate.* Zack, I'm not sexually harassing anyone. *Do it or else we'll tell your mom you stick shampoo bottles up your bunghole.* Ok. *Haha, she slapped the shit out of you, haha, faggot!*

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

"Gay-Brian...pick your butt, smell it then eat it!" Cornelius 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.

"Do it or else I'll turn your nose into a 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 insurance salesman shirt, and realize of course he's serious, he's added seven more years of adult world misery to his miserable childish existence.

"Hey, watch the faggot!" Zack shouts to the people relaxing in the veranda. I can't help, but feel worse for him. He's beer belly run down, male titty fat, forehead wrinkles, and skin head balding in a dark red insurance salesman starched shirt, sad piece of shit looks forty. Pitiful bastards put the same fake smile on at the same Insurance Agency, call hundreds of people a day,

look up hundreds of quotes, and get hung up on hundreds of times. They have bratty kids they can't relate to with fat 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 on this fatherless December evening in the veranda, where practical drunks sober up before driving, I Gay-Brian Willermen, pick my asshole, smell it, and eat it off my finger. "Hell yeah, nothing's changed! Gay-Brian's still the nastiest faggot!" Cornelius declares.

Zack claps his hands after listening to his Bam Margera muse. "Gay-Brian, walk to the old couple on that bench and tell'em you love sucking old penis, ahaaha." Fuck... No! Shit...am I doing this? No... fuck... I'm walking over. Why? Please Stop! Why are you doing this? Why are they making you? Well... I am the opposite of what men are told to be so of course other men are going to humiliate me. Subconsciously their doing to change me for my own good. It is the survival of the fittest ingrained deep in their DN... shut the fuck up... I hate when I rationalize others fucked up behavior. They're doing it because I let them. Fuck, I hate myself. 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?* You know how Cliff, 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 their thousandth wedding anniversary dinner. "I love to old suck penis." They get up glaring as Zack and Cornelius cackle. "Great trip down memory la..." I start to walk away, ashamed and thirteen.

“You ain’t leaving. We got to do one for Adam!” Cornelius and his six foot four brute body grabs my five-five feeble frame.

“I bet Adam’s in heaven laughing his ass off!”

“Hell yeah he... oh shit... I got an idea, hold Gay-Brian here.” Cornelius takes off.

“What, umm, happened to Adam?” I ask Zack as he contemplates the degradation bar he’s raising on behalf of my humiliation.

“He blew his brains out.”

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

“Nothing been right since.” Adam did have a lot going on underneath his skin. We hooked up once. He was attractive in a James Gandolfini way. We were sixteen, partners for a psych project. I went to his house after school to work on it. Alone Adam was the sweetest. He made me pizza bagel bites, let me chill in his Jacuzzi, and apologized for the mean things he did. It was a grand ol’ high flying American flag of a day that ended passionately with us performing oral sex on each other 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 until I swore to God I’d never say anything to anyone. “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. “From me to you brother.” Nice, he still cares so much for his dead friend.

Yes it is incredibly embarrassing to admit, but I am walking over. To honor Adam and our lovely day? Nope, it’s because I have the self-esteem of pedophilia. Cornelius, the one I’m physically afraid of is gone. I can run, but I’m a slave to the abused past that keeps my blood

stuck frozen, too scared to confront the unapproachable terror in mind control. 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 homie*, as you sit back and watch yourself fall deeper into that hideous hole of hopelessness. Ignoring the powerful voice within should be illegal. It's fucked up, because we never have to do anything that's not aligned with the Love within, but the moment we stray, place ourselves below it, act like it isn't important, put other things above it, we begin to lose touch. Get it yet?

We are born as pure, positive, mountain moving, Unconditional Love Power, but then our parents place fear 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 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, getting yelled at in an elevator because we used Arial Font instead of **Franklin Gothic Medium**. We call it Tuesday.

Do you feel my soul all over this page? I swear to God, we are born as sun filled Unconditional Love, but then the world encourages us with hatred. We grow bigger, older, find more and more things to hate until our love is a memory we cry about when we drink. Then our lovely girlfriend cheats on us for being a hateful 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 outside.

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.

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 Gay-Brian!" Cornelius calls, his wasteland sitting on my spine while ramming his forearm into the back of my head. I sense his giant cock on one of my vertebra, rendering me how I feel inside, powerless. "Zack, cut his hair!" He hands Zack scissors as a curtain opens on the trembling forest of pussing orphan sores buried inside my panic. I convulse, flail, spit up hot endless 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 big Polo shirt dude walking with two other dudes, he looks like my younger brother Robert I haven't seen in years. "Robert! Robert, its Brian, please help me!"

He turns his head to the side and looks over at me. He gives me the finger. "I don't know you, you faggot!" His two friends laugh. "I hope they kill that motherfucker!" One of them asks who I am. "Nobody." He walks on in his four hundred dollar Cole Haan's.

**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 graveyard winter suit grabs me and says, “those men don’t let you up and you die, would you go to heaven or hell?” Jesus, I can’t fucking handle this, not right now. I’m sorry but I so so so so so fucking fuck fucking bad want to 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 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, wearing *Everyone Goes To Hell* signs, passing out *Everyone Goes To Hell* Bible tracks, and letting Satan scream at the top of his flinty, red lungs how everyone goes to hell.

Holy shit... I am... I’m 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 up their Bible tracks, throwing them in the air like confetti, and screaming at the top of my flinty, red Satan 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 screaming repressed hatred at someone you’ve

repressed hatred for feels good! Especially if you've never let yourself experience it due to listening to your parents who screamed at you how it's a sin to raise your voice.

You can talk shit about what a bad Christian I am, but maybe if my boy body hadn't been used as a raped rag doll by one of those Fundamentalists, maybe if my childhood wasn't plagued by hell nightmares or if I felt my mother loved me, I'd walk away thinking *cute little Fundamentalists squirrels always looking for their nuts*. Instead I hand my consciousness to my rage and he 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 like I did when Cornelius held me down, Zack 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 a smart ass comment about how loving your neighbor means sex with dudes and ask which one wants to love his neighbor. They look at each other scared out of their dead world minds and run.

Did I mention their Bible College 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, got-damn, all I can say is they resemble their thoughts. 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 head and one yellow fingernail scratching the chalkboard sounding tooth, some elderly secretary accidentally stapled to the front of their faceless face. The women resemble fat titty, ass-less, pasty 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 it got shot out of a unmarried cock into a sinful asshole, still searching for that guilt free pre-martial cunt their God will not allow.

“These 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 kids into lifelessness as I yell “YOU HAVE NO CLUE ABOUT JESUS CHRIST! Jesus truly loved. Do you think Jesus tried to scare people? Do you think Jesus passed out bitchy Bible tracks? Fuck No! Jesus healed! When Jesus gave Bartimaeus his sight, do you think he was telling him he was going to hell? Fuck no! Jesus saw the power in his soul and reflected it back to him! 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.

**STOP TELLING ME THE TRUTH,  
YOU'RE MAKING IT HARDER FOR ME  
TO BE BRAINWASHED**

Oh my God...that. That! That, that felt, actually felt... good. Wow! Did you see that? I know it wasn't Christian, but Jesus turned tables over in the temple. No, I'm not comparing myself to Jesus, but that was kind of amazing, right? I know it isn't right to scream at people, but I'm kind of awesome for that, right? Not trying to have you dislodge my head from my anus, but damn, I've never let my rage out on anyone and I've never felt so... alive. I feel so much ex, ex, excite...meant. I fart. When I get real excited I fart. 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 like a giant turd down a shower drain, but I let my uncooked emotions boil and they left! Wow, I'm strong! Standing up for yourself...Fuck Yes! I feel sort of almost good about myself in a substantial way I've never felt, I feel so fre... sweet... here comes two of my fans from the audience... "You're a bonafide jackass!" A white male yells.

"No, I'm the one who got them to go away." Yeah... I'm the hero.

"I know and if this was ten years ago, before I gave my life to Christ, I'd be kicking the shit out of you." Confused, I look at the woman beside him for nurture, help, reason.

"That was so rude young man. Finally, good people are trying to save souls in this sin filled world and you run them off with filth. How dare you!?" The lady says, breaking my heart.

"But uhh, they're telling people they're going to hell. How does that save souls?"

“People are going to hell. Hell, this damn world has already gone to hell.” The white male gobble, gobbles with his Rock N Roll tape deck turkey neck apocalyptic bullshit. “People saving souls from eternal afterlife damnation and you treat them like they’re the damn sinners!”

“Think about what your mother would say if she saw you. If I ever saw my boys act that way, I’d have a heart attack. Be ashamed.” I wish she saw, saw me do anything ever.

“Come on honey, let’s go to Carolina Alehouse and watch football, leave this sinner here to contemplate his sins.” Bubble bursts. Pain pierces down. Sadness rises. I feel like shit.

For a second there I had it. I thought I’d never lose it again. Couples shows up, sucks me into their you should respect your idiot elders, baby boomer bullshit and 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. Now I feel bad for feeling bad. I just want to make give my Love, but I let what others think stop me. When who cares? Why do I?

I had this hard, old Algebra Teacher name Moser. He thought he was a mathematical God and treated his teenage students like imbeciles. Before class the kids bitched about how he wasn’t teaching us yet gave us impossible tests. I raised my hand and said that, then asked if he could do a better job relating, we’re not building spaceships. He screams, *class, does Mr. Willermen speaketh the truth?* All they had to do was shake their heads yes, but they shake no, so I get screamed at with the low down of every math medal on his mantle, eventually failing. That got my ass beat by my dad every wasted Algebra summer school day. I don’t know the point of the story, but I feel similar now. Crazy how shit from childhood still fucks with us.

Fuck it. The bridge calls so I walk then jump back, startled out of my skin by a Hummer blaring *Hotline Bling* by Drake. They’re honking the horn like hot bacon cheddar onion rings. Oh it’s not at me. Fuck, even worse, it’s at two women walking behind me. The passenger

window comes down, a white bro yells, “that ass, give me that ass!” Window behind him comes down, a white bro screams “I’m Burger King, you McDonald’s, I have it my way and you’ll be loving it,” most embarrassing shit you can say. Another bro climbs to the window and yells, “those titties, let me suck!” They drive off. Stunned, I stop. I want to reach out, make the women feel like not all men are shit, that they’ll find the one who knows the depth of their beauty. But I don’t trust myself enough to not add more stranger strangeness to their night.

Fuck I hate bros. No wonder women hurry in a headphone hurry to pick up tampons. Poor angels have to be on the lookout for some lowlife looking to buttonhole their body or howl at them from a mountaintop or tell them they want to fuck their asshole or some other brain dead damaging harassing shit. Do they think they’re being cool or sexy or funny? Or do they know they’re using their confused, half assed masculinity to inject more panic into the misogynistic nightmare that is their immaturity. I wish they’d learn how to suck each other’s dicks without feeling weird so they’d get their sexual aggression out and stop. *I’m gonna sexually harass this random woman, oh wait, I don’t have to, I can call my bff Bob, he’ll let me cum all my childhood woes on to his face.* Women go through enough unnecessary struggle each day in our manly male murder society without some little dick making them feel more vulnerably anxious.

I’m not saying all dudes are horrible, but true men must rise up and remember how needed we are in society. Have you experienced the powerful presence of a real 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 disarm an army with his smile, inspire destiny with his voice, and change worlds with the thoughts in his head. Men are God’s sons, but to know that, they must understand women are God’s 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 behavior creates rape. I can't believe rape happens, but it does, dear Jesus, how can anyone rape a woman, a mother, a sister, a creator, a friend? How? How? Why? Why? Why? I feel sick for anyone who'd even think to do that. How can they see something pure, so divine and want to rip that from them? How can they not understand woman is the air Earth breathes? If we care about our children, if we want a better world we must let our feminine nature become fully expressed in every aspect of our lives so we can bring balance to our planet.

Still here? Or did you leave cause *it was action packed, but then he started bitching like a woman so I'm jerking off with a rope around my neck in a closet.* Idiot men and the way they shit talk women. But I get there is a difference in the way men are wired. For example, a woman sees a stray kitten. Her first thought is *sweet kitty I'm going to feed you, make you purr, and give you a better life.* A man's is *I'm going to fuck you, kill you, then eat you?* See the difference? A woman sees a rainbow, *look at all the beautiful colors reminding us of the hope after the storm.* A man sees a rainbow and screams *you're not sucking my dick, you trying to be so many colors at once, queer.* You know tiny differences, a woman is in the kitchen, a man is out in the world destroying our planet. A woman usually has a vagina, where a man usually has an unconscious desire to rid the world of all joy. A woman is sensitive, where a man is dead inside. A woman can watch one channel for a long time, where a man likes to murder as many people as he can fit inside his crawl space. A woman enjoys talking about her day where a man's heart attacks him to dea.. "what you looking at?" Jesus no... swear this is what happened. I'm walking...pass a couple...intuitive woman feels my pain...offers a smile...I return smile...redneck in my face.

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

“Fuck you’re taking her from me, that’s my girl!” Face to face, beer spit hitting forehead, cheeks, eyes. Kind of want to kill him, never thought about killing before, but I want him dead. I know I’m not being Christian, but I can’t take these violent meathead fuckers anymore. I don’t know what the fuck to do!!! Jesus, please, please help me, please Jesus!

“That’s not what I meant, I was merely saying...”

“Josh, calm down. He didn’t mean anything by it.” Girl with the healing smile says as my poor body prepares for more trauma. Why did I never go to that MMA class?

“Don’t tell me to calm down. I don’t want faggots thinking they can look at you.” I’m not wasting time describing this guy, but he’s a lot bigger than me.

“Josh, I’m going to watch the game alone!” She turns to leave, no, please don’t!

“If it wasn’t for a football game...” wouldn’t it be nice if those meathead asshole dipshit men spent as much time working on their own emotional awareness as they do watching football? Wouldn’t it be nice if they cheered for their fellow human being as much as they did their favorite team? Wouldn’t it be nice if they treated each human being like the Super Bowl? “...I’d knock your faggot ass out!” He clenches his teeth, moves his shoulders back then jumps his head at me. I cower. He laughs then follows the angel.

I stand alone in my poor body carrying so much trauma, hopelessness, and longing, so many horror stories to tell from inside, divided, anxious, wounded, fried. I stand so heavy in my little skinny frail body that’s been beaten to death by the mountains I never climb.

**DEAR AFRICAN AMERICANS****I AM****SORRY**

Sadly I stroll Main St. Sure, I scared the Fundamentalists off their damnation battle-station, but why was that couple so mean? *What would your mother...* that hurts. But, what if they're right? Maybe, I'm horrible? Maybe, I am going to hell? Despair feels me, fills me as a hand of artificial light implies I should stop. I do, but my stupid thoughts don't stop running through my mind... why am I so blah... why can't I blah blah... why am I so afraid to blah blah blah? So many years and I still have the same self-destructive thoughts. Thank God I'm killing myself or I'd fucking kill myself! LOFuckingL!

I feel bad for the Fundamentalists. They're trying to help people find relief in this crazy world. Sure, they told me God hated me, molested me, and beat me with a Bible belt in a bathroom because I wrote *Jesus* on my nametag at youth group. But none of them did that. I must stop blaming collectives. That kind of thinking creates war.

Why are my thoughts always at war? Why can't I exchange fear for love? I wasn't really angry at the Fundamentalists. They aren't the bitch who lets people bully him. That's me.

If you're Christian and mad at me, no offense, but I bet I love Jesus more than you. I actually do my best to live *Love My Neighbor*. I'm not perfect, but can't you see I'm doing my best? You can't be upset at someone for that? Seriously, are you telling people I'm an asshole? Are you giving me a bad yelp review? I truly want to Love everyone! Even the evil people. They need it the most. Everybody's doing their best, you know? Why can't I get that? Do you?

Furthermore, why am I always judging myself? So I yelled at some blind bloodshot psychopaths and a 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? So what if it does? Why do I care what you think? Fuck, I can't handle this. Aren't I killing myself? Why didn't I do it years ago? What's the point of life anyway? Why do I have so many pointless thoughts?

AAARRRGGGGHH!!! MY FUCKING RAMBLING BULLSHIT MIND – I HATE IT! See what I deal with? Is this what you deal with? I hate being a Negative Nancy in a rabbit hellhole, following every upstream thought deeper and deeper down till I'm a sad clown at the bottom of a waterless well searching for lau... "Let me get five." Thank God, my favorite poet Quiet Logic asks me for money, interrupting the insanity building dungeons in the basement of my brain. Quiet Logic makes me forget how much I hate myself. Isn't it cool how you can feel bad then see a friend or a puppy or squirrels fucking and forget how bad you were feeling?

Before I can take out my Sponge Bob wallet to give Quiet Logic cash, this slick-back grey headed, GMO corn on the cob cracker in a Wool Peacoat, waiting for the sign to change, turns around assuming Quiet Logic is asking him, and runs his expensive meats stuck between his teeth, mouth. "No! 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 cracker has no idea who he's fucking with, when I was homeless Logic made sure I ate.

"Preposterous. You lack proper educational requirements and frankly, you smell." The white man states in a 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 in my home."

Quiet Logic shakes his head, “should’ve known you have no money.”

“What? I have lots of money, way more than you’ve ever had combined.”

Quiet Logic smirks and raises his powerful maroon lips. “Here’s da thing bout white people like you. Ya’ll stole us from our homeland, used us as slaves, now ya’ll rich off the money we made ya, yet you still treat us like we are below you.”

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

“You were raised in privileged and wealth. You weren’t redlined. You wanted ice cream, you went to the freezer. You didn’t have to suck a pedophile dick in a van to get a goddamn Silly Billy Strawberry Ice Pop.”

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

“Talking about how you can’t see me or judge me. From where your mansion sits it seems as simple as *get a job*, but only cause you come from a place where jobs are handed out like Silly Billy Strawberry Ice Pops.”

“Excuse me?”

“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. The rich get richer cause they don’t know how to share for shit and only care about the rich.”

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

“Your father made money off black people working hard for him combined with the money he inherited from his father making money off black people working hard for him.”

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

“I do know they told you *get good grades and you’ll be CEO* while they told me *get good at playing ball so you can get a scholarship so you can learn more bullshit about a country that enslaved your people and if ya lucky, one day you’ll work hard for the same people.*”

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

Quiet Logic nods his head as if about to spit a dope freestyle. “You sound racist saying African American. But I appreciate you, cause you just taught me something I never dreamed of learning. With all the years of slavery, bigotry, brainwashing, I always felt karma wasn’t paying white men their price, but you make 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.”

“You are acting inappositely.”

“You can’t sleep at night without pills, cause your DNA is filled with unconscious paranoia programs worrying about your slaves breaking free and chopping up your family for the brutality you place upon the human. You can’t enjoy Mother Nature cause all the evil you fling onto women, animals, and Earth, you can’t even relax amongst the flowers. You don’t feel the love of God cause after years of condemning in God’s name, you associate God with anger and pain which is why you stay insane. You can’t accept love cause after being brainwashed for so long, certain in what you think is right, dead set in what you think is wrong, you can’t sit outside your programmed beliefs long enough to accept someone else, staying locked in your air conditioned tradition of a box, uptight as a clock, behind a material world possession wall, never knowing true love and that is the worse fate of all.”

The Caucasian takes a saltine step back, realizing he’s not as rich as he thought, Quiet Logic’s sightings ruining his 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 blinks and others pass. *Go to your FOX news, your mansion, your bank account*, you hear his nervousness say by the way his jealous secrets of unconscious appetites open white flags in his tiny bulging colorless pupils. “I, I, I don’t understand,” gurgles whitey as streetlamps blink his frightened lies.

“Yes, you do. You live white guilt. It runs people like you.”

“I’m not guilty. I had nothing to do with slavery. I’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Suffering so bad you don’t even know. Littlest things annoy da fuck out ya, huh?”

“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, I umm, ugh.” His white collar is real tight.

“You can’t dance, wound up so tight you can’t feel rhythm.”

“I, I, I, I, I dance.” He’s lying, embarrassed by the times he conveniently needs to use the bathroom when his wife’s favorite Boz Scaggs song plays.

“Accept, give your possessions to the less fortunate, and find yourself within.” Quiet Logic states as cool as a jewel in paradise.

The white man’s disingenuous personality has run out of options. What do phony people do when their bullshit personalities run out of rational characters to play? “I’ll end you, nigger!”

“No, you won’t!” 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, least I’m not sleeping in the cold tonight.”

“Yeah you are, your heart is cold.”

I hand Quiet Logic the sixty in my wallet then gaze mysteriously into the direction of whitey. “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 TV character peering into a future of equal rights. He turns to the safety of the WALK sign and follows it into a new dimension he's scared to death of.

"My dude!" Quiet Logic spouts as I throw my arms around him with large eyes full of big, bountiful tears of appreciation. "Fuck you do to your hair?"

"Umm, I ugh..."

"Let motherfuckers fuck wit ya again?"

"Ugh... yeah..."

"What I tell you bout that?"

"Don't let motherfuckers fuck with you." Quiet Logic nods his head. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize to me. Apologize to yourself. You the one ya fucking wit." Quiet Logic smiles a symphony of soul. "What you bout to get into?"

"Walking to the Willermen Bridge to jump off."

"Stay strong." My pulse sings the praises of his beauty as our fists touch like snowfla...

"Officer, he's the one harassing me!" Cracker ass is back with a cracker ass policeman.

"That's a lie officer!" I point to the white man. "You were the one harassing him!"

"Shut the fuck up or you're going to jail!" The policeman screams then mean mugs me! He turns to Quiet Logic and throws him up against the wall of Brooks Brothers. "I told you to stay off Main St. And you don't listen to me so you go to jail!"

Face to face Quiet Logic stares into the policeman's power, "you can't arrest me!"

"Watch me asshole." The officer reaches for his handcuffs.

"You can't arrest a movement. You can't imprison momentum. You can't detain change. You can't capture the pride of a people. Yeah, you can throw me in a cell. Hell, you can shoot me dead like you do so many other innocent black beings. But you can't kill truth.

You can't murder equality. You can't destroy creation. So you can't touch who I am." The policeman is stunned powerless like Quiet Logic tazed him with certainty. "The only thing you can do is hear me and work with me or you'll spend the rest of your life fighting a war you can't win because you aren't fighting people, you're fighting the energy that creates Life!" The officer handcuffs him as Quiet Logic makes me feel more proud to be American than any white person.

Blacks always made me more proud to be American than whites. They've always been nicer to me, a lot less judgey. My bullies were always white. Black people made fun of me, but it wasn't like I was below them, it was like we were on the same team. If someone who cares about you makes fun of you, you laugh, you feel the love behind it. If someone who doesn't care makes fun of you, it hurts because you feel the hate within them. White people come from there.

That's why I wanted to get away from white people, even on vacations they were hateful to me. 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 had someone I could relate to because I could never relate to my white racist family. We talked Pac, Kanye, Bone, busted freestyle, and made comedy skits. It was fun 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 piece of shit in the whole world, it makes you look like why your own flesh and blood is terrified of you, like the fucking enemy, like evil character in every movie, it makes you look like the dumb, disconnected destroyer you are. Dear black human beings, 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. I come to a Sushi bar. My lover Alejandro bartended here. He died of brain cancer...you're right, you don't want to hear that. You want to hear good shit like how I haven't drunk in weeks, longest I've gone in... can't remember. But if I'm jumping off a bridge, might as well have a shot, a beer, and a kiss from Alejandro's ghost before I go.

Right again, boring imdb.com dude who finds goofs in movies. If I'm killing myself, why am I going to a bar? Sorry, but Quiet Logic reminds me of that Love. I know I promised you suicide, but if I'm having 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'll jump. I just need you to be patient, ok? That settles it. I'll go in, have a couple on you, then take the Cobain short cut to Nirvana.

I walk in to spread my renewed positivity around the bar, but upon gazing clockwise, my positivity leaves without saying goodbye, as the trying too hard to be cool, coked out white vibes surround me. Fuck... the way white men grip hold women, it's like the store where they bought them wants back. Ownership of others is fucking disgusting, especially when white men do it.

Shit... I'm just being a dick. It's not Christian. It is not who I am. I'm sorry. People are just trying to have a good time. I'll mindlessly stare at one of the big scree... fucking millions of bullshit big screens in every goddamn bar fake smiling stinky graveyard glues while outside

people freeze and starve, fucking mediocre morons who gave up their heart's desires to suck each other's egos... whoa... harsh... calm down asshole.

I try to smile, chill those negative thoughts. I tell myself I appreciate everyone in the bar. A louder thought calls me 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 idiotic mind vomit could've gone on for centuries if I didn't spot the quintessential phony evening news anchor Lewis Simmons in the dark corner of the bar, 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 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 locals about their mediocrity then babbles on about celebrities. It's the worst shit ever. He never lets me on. *Sounds great, write it up, and email it to me*, snake oil piece of tofu shit hasn't gotten back once. I doubt he gave me the right email. Fuck him. I don't want to be on his consumer, dinnertime, fake 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 asshole, but before I can take my shirt off to get an autograph for my tits, I'm stopped by a godless goddess guarding his table. "Umm, 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, green one fading upwards, watching itself grope balls of audience fame that want to be the first to cum on her face and leave her pussy dry. She loses the rat race before the whistle blows because she knows she'll never be happy.

“I ugh, I ugh, I...” Her energy is so intimidating it is blindsiding, so hateful it makes me afraid to speak, so fiery it turns me on. No. Shut up, that’s sick.

“Are you retarded?” She uses the word *retarded* real fuck nasty like.

I straighten my spine like the cloak of a country fried orator and speak strong like a stress healing gemstone, jk, I keep stuttering. “No, I, I, I, don, do, n’t, don’t...have retar...dation.”

“Are you insane?” I am, so much social anxiety. I just want to love everyone, but I’m afraid, hurt too much for too long. “You look like someone who’d shoot up a school.” Well shit, that’s mean. “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.”

“What do you even do?”

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

“No! With life, freak.”

“Wh, what like now life is asking me what I do so I’m answering its question?”

“Ugh, no, not now, like future....” Notice 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.

“What? Uhhh, most likely, uhhh, some form of earthly ddd...eath.”

“No, like how do you live?”

“Breathing.”

She laughs. “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. “You should be on *Biggest Loser* even though it’s about fat people, you’d still win.” When I’m bullied I take it. Man, midget, drunk chick, Alzheimer’s patient, doesn’t matter. I

know how it feels to be cruel and never want to put that on anyone else. That's not it, I'm just a big little bitch. "Are you going to mooch forever?" Obviously, her parents pay her rent.

"Yeah... I mean no." Her growth halting disgust for me destroys my inner environment like we destroy Mother Earth. Yet for some reason I want her, sexually. Goddammit, she's so confident in her cruelty, uhhhh disgusting, hot as fuck and treating me like shit, gross, I can't help it. Goddamn this perv part of me that wants to fuck her right up that tight asshole of hers, make her shit all over my dick. I'm so embarrassed, letting you into this side of me. Jesus help.

"Weirdos who make others feel weird because they don't fit in, piss me off. Leave!"

"May I, I say something to Lewis first? We're kind of friends."

"FYI, 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 intent to reach enlightenment instead of celebrities... he could inspire the people in our c..."

"Lewis doesn't give a shit about enlightenment. No one does. Only freaks...like you!"

I leave. What the fuck? I should've gone straight to that confounded bridge. Negative snipers are shooting thoughts from the rooftop of my head into my brain. Fuck, 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, fuck, I've been trying so hard to love, so hard to be who I am, I swear to God, but there's so much fear I can't overcome, too heavy, too powerful, too real. I'm too tired, don't have enough of what it takes to change. Sure I've enjoyed watching idiots fight their stupidity, but now all I want is interactions of depth, smiles, and movements of renewing grace. I'm tired of people being mean to me, tired of being mean. I want a world where we all get along without class systems a....shit...not this

thought again... fuck! It has nothing to do with the outside world, does it? Shit, fuck, ass, bitch, it has all to do with me! Why can't I get that? Why do I entertain so much bullshit? Why do I let negativity consume me? If you can't relate, you're lucky, pray for those who can.

Shit gets weirder. Despite swarms of people mindlessly meandering, a redneck form of hell, chooses me to spout a bozo story about losing his wallet and needing money to get back to Cracker Barrel. I tell the cracker my barrel is empty, write *I am where I need to be* on a piece of paper from my pocket journal, and hand it to him. He gets pissed, informs me no one takes pieces of paper for currency. I explain they do, secondly if he states it till he believes it, it'll jar his subconscious to navigate him home. He 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. I'm not being a pretentious spiritual dick. I know what it is like to be an addict. I cower to the ground.

"Oh Lordy, how much sense does this make? The one weekend I come to my hometown I find Gay-Brian Willermen on the streets looking homeless." Upon hearing the shrill, pressing voice I know, but suspend my belief, hoping it's anyone, anything else. However, upon sight of face I see the sleepless, dreamless vision that is Alison Evans and her butter pecan sidekick Jamey Graves. "For Godsakes, have you ever left Greer?"

"I went to Spartanburg recently to see a band play." I'm a sixth grader again.

"To think you had potential and wasted it on trying to be all unique like." Alison acknowledges as my inner child's tears fall upon macaroni pieces. "Jamey, did you know Brian made a fifteen fifty on his SAT?" Wondering who this divine bitch is? Alison Evans - her name, superficial cunt - her game. She's one of the popular, *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 flowers for himself, a

manager roll a blunt for a busboy. I had a 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 kiss a boy in third grade. Whatever it was, I allowed that ballroom ballyhoo bitch to make me feel so bad about myself it was bonkers. Middle school was the worst, all she did was tell kids how gay I was, bad I smelt, out of style I was, and if I was lucky enough to be talking to girls she'd walk up and say, *no wonder he sucks penis, Jesus messed up so bad when he made him he could never get a girl.* Kids laugh at me like a Thursday freak at a Tuesday Dairy Queen because she was the coldest beer in the fridge, 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 to me, Quaaludes. Next day in science I try to kiss her, she slaps me, I get three days ISS. Then she spreads a rumor how I have HIV and no girls want near me. I didn't even kiss a girl till after high school and she was six degrees from Kevin Bacon wasted with a mouth full of someone else's semen.

"Thanks."

"Thanks? I'm pointing out what a waste you've become." My sixth grade self is jerking off to *Bright Eyes*. "I bet your parents are so embarrassed by you they can't see straight."

"Yeah, they refuse to talk to me anymore." I say numb from devastation.

"People like you and Juliet, give'em everything and they'll still ruin their lives."

"You spoke with Juliet?" Oh my God I miss her. She was one of my best friends.

"I don't hang out in dumpsters." Dear Angels please watch over Juliet, wherever she is.

"I know you chose to be gay, I have no idea why anyone would, except for attention, but I know fags I sell jewels to with good lives. Why don't you have one?" Shit, she's about to brag, she brags more than... "Look at me, I'm fabulous. I work with the hardest working women at 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." She looks at Jamey Graves who smiles as if scripted. "Plus I have a fabulous 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 our parents give us money cause they're so proud of us." Glad she's happy, sometimes popular kids end up the sad 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 and Drake, my little Atlanta Braves. We go to as many games as we want cause Simon has season tickets in the box!"

"You're doing so much better at life than I am."

"No duh, I wasn't a bipolar faggot who tried to be weird for attention."

"I just wanted your attention, so you'd like me so others would, so I'd 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. "Jamey, 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 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."

## DYING

## TO BE BORN

## AGAIN

Dizzy, I scrape my back on the Ben Folds Five brick of the Sushi bar. I try to stand, but fall on my ass, 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 bleeding heart refuses to believe the lie of my mind. I weep the proof of an orphanage.

Truth is I care, always cared what she thought and everyone like her. Truth is all I want is for her to like me, dress me in Polish sundresses, and give me a room in her dollhouse... jk ... I hope. But for real the truth is, I'm staring into a mirror reflecting back how I feel inside. I'm as judgmental as her. I need society success to feel validation too. I am Alison Evans.

Do you relate? Of course you're not Alison, but do you notice how the ones who make you feel the worst are reflecting the parts of yourself you don't want to see? Example... chick calls you a *loser* and it hurts your feelings. Obviously you feel like a *loser*. If you didn't it wouldn't bother you. Case and point, if she called you a *cheese sandwich* you wouldn't care, though everyone would rather be a *loser* than a *cheese sandwich*.

My whole life I've told myself I'm more pious than the banker, more soulful than the intellectual, more progressive than the society swelled human, but I'm not. I'm just like them in every superficial way. I'm no inspirational seed of soul, no celestial secret sent to save the world. I'm just a basic, boring, breaded being, nothing more, nothing less, like all the rest.

Except I'm worse. I'm a weird, loser faggot who ruins their fear of God factory lives by existing. I hate being an outsider. I promise you, I never want to make anyone feel uncomfortable. With all my heart I want to be a true Christian who feels Jesus, who gives to the poor, inspires the world, and walks in the light of the Lord! I am so sorry mom. I'm sorry dad. I am sorry Virginia. I'm sorry Raymond. I am sorry Robert. I am sorry Jessica. I'm sorry Edward. I am sorry Karen. I am sorry John Lennon. I am sorry Jesus. I am sorry Brian.

As I cry buckets of birth upon the downtown winter, frozen river streets, it's clear my existence is meaningless. Why am I here? How? I can't begin to guess or process it. How the fuck did all this come to be? How do I have eyes? How the fuck is any of this even happening? 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... lol... no one is even asking if I'm ok... lol... I'm too ugly... lol... no one cares if I live or die. No one gives a fuck about me, 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 heart telling me I'm good enough, only for my mind to forever fail me. Time I man up, time I stop crying suicide wolf and let the wolf eat me alive. Time I stop being a goth emo bitching about existence instead of ending it, time to jump.

I stand sobbing up and march to the Willermen Bridge, man on a mission. I'm 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 Lincoln shitting, ready

to flush slavery down the drain forever, Ghandi refusing... you're right, I'm not Ghandi. But I could be Lincoln if... ok, I'll shut up... just feels good to have a mission.

My whole life every one told me how sinful I am, crazy I am, how much dick I ride, how many pills I need, how many diseases I have and I sucked their abuse like Satan's small white dick. How can they not sense my beauty? How can they not feel I feel theirs? How can they not feel there's nothing wrong with being bi? How can I not see nothing is wrong with me? I reach into my pocket for my quartz crystal John and my hematite stone Paul. What the fuck? Where the fuck are my healing stones? Goddammit! Fuck everyone! I spent my whole life trying to rewrite my story, but there are too many asshole actors trying out for my.... hold up... that makes no fucking sense...which makes sense because I am clearly insane.

I apologize if my insanity is freaking you out, but remember this is my insanity, not yours. You're more powerful than me. You're better at focusing on what matters. You can quit my bullshit and do something that makes you feel good. Smile, take a walk in nature, dance with your soul to The Temptations. I don't know. 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 short circuit my soul into a school bus of dead bullied kids. What does that mean? Creating is hard when you're panicking. Let me try again...

My heart's clinging, clanking, clutching against my chest. Anxiety is my designated dri... what...that's stupid too. Basically being alive now sucks bad and I need it to stop sucking.

Feeling like a demon, I look up from my own disgusting thoughts to see lifeless breathing humans destroying the planet with the darkness covering their rotting hearts. Drunks, rapists, drunk rapists going in and out of buildings to get fucked up and fucked. It's fucking gross. I'm so overwhelmed. I must get as far away from these judgmental assholes as I can. I run! Their

hideous faces look like blurry, gray, evil alien orbs of fire trapped nitrous acid. I scream! If they see into my eyes my face will fall off. Jesus! They disgust me, disgust to my soul. Their enemy eyes have no homes, scaring the balls out of me. I huff and puff. The black laughing waves of their white noise crash and slash upon my shore. Goddamn, I'm 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 that Christian khaki molester. Everyone is my father. I need death like a crackhead.

Jesus plea...oh shit... a church, Saint Anthony's Catholic Church. Thanks Jesus, I'm not Catholic, but still a holy place I can find sanctuary. I open the door. I walk in. Glorious stained glass lights the room from within. God, I love churches. God, I love stained glass art. It makes me feel like Michelangelo or some shit. Each one fills me with grandeur, except this woman at the feet of Jesus looks like my racist, Baptist grandma who died of cancer. That's freaking me out, but the candles lit in front of the statues of saints relax me enough to remember to breathe. I love candles. I love Jesus Christ! I breathe in again. I love Christianity!

The inside of a Catholic Church makes you realize the beauty of the virgin is the beauty of the whore. Tears fill my eyes as I walk to the altar constructed of natural stone. I place my hands on the Tabernacle and bow. "God, I'm sorry!" I cry aloud. "I love you so much! I know you don't need my forgiveness, but I feel you do and I don't know how to stop feeling that way. I know there's no such hell, but I'm scared I'm going there, I'm so sorry, so sorry I want to kill myself God! Thou shall not kill, I know it's the most sinful thing to take a life, especially your own, but I want to die God, I'm sorry but I do. I promise it's not you God, it's me! You are pure love. I just can't feel you until the memories, the trauma, st..."

"May I help you?" A voice says so I turn around to see a man in priest attire.

“Oh, I’m, I’m sorry I thought, I, I was alone.” I sniffle. 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’s six on my bucket list? Going to confessional. I don’t know why, but I’ve always been attracted to the idea of sitting in a wooden box telling him my darkest secrets to a religious man. Since I’ll be dead soon, no better time than now.

“Do you mind if we go into confessional?” This has the potential to be good a time.

“Are you Catholic?”

“No, but I’m Christian.”

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

Christians, why are we so weird with that shit? *I’m a Lutheran Non-Denominational First Presbyterian Southern West Coast Canadian Methodist.* We all love Jesus, why must we separate each other from Jesus’s love? “What do you mean only 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. *Pray for me, fucking fake religious strict dogma doctoral dick didn’t even ask my name. Uhhh, God I’d like to pray for the weird kid with the bad haircut saying bizarre shit the other night.* Quit your sterile job and grow a heart.

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

No! No, no! Fuck you mind, always telling me what a piece of shit I am, telling me I should die and now I'm ready, you say some clever shit like that. Fuck you! You're not getting away with this. I'm killing myself just to spite your feeble flightiness. I walk fast. Yes, there are people all around. Yes, they are hideously scary but I'm not paying attention. But, 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 actually have fond memories of being homeless here. It's a manmade masterpiece, serving as a haven for people to stroll, play with their kids, and celebrate life. Its beauty makes people extra sauce friendly. I'm talking Jerusalem style rocks, green hearted wavy grasses, healthy hipped hillsides, ready to shake it at the wind's whisper trees, flowers ranging from starry eyed Yellow Jessamines to blameless Black Eyed Susans, stone stairwells, swinging oak benches, a fruitful river for ducks, geese, fish, and a light blue lit bridge named after my grandfather.

To be honest, I feel bad killing myself here. I don't want to fuck up the vibe. Shut the fuck up and die. Ok. I walk down a 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 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. The architecture is magical, European in its geometry. Nothing like it exists anywhere in the US. My family hired some good architects, proud of them.

What? 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 you worthless motherfucker d... "Willermen!" I turn around. Fuck, it's Jonathan Rivers, this hipster singer/songwriter

looking at me through his non-prescription thick framed glasses. He 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 rips off my favorite songwriter Elliott Smith, but he can't fake Elliott authenticity so he sucks. It's like Jonathan makes music to be coo...fuck, I'm being caddy, it's because he's so handsome. I'd let him fuck me under Willermen Bridge while Anthony Kiedis shoo... what? That's weird. "Forced health insurance is BS!" Shit, I forgot how annoying he is. "Doctors give diseases to make us buy their poison."

"I'm about to jump off that bridge." Whoa, it feels so much better to be honest.

"My bad dude.... 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? 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 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. Hmm...no one's really paying attention to me. Whoa shit...ever been on a high dive with friends and it's your turn, but it's far down? That's what I am experiencing. Seems like a good idea, but face to face, really scary. Maybe I should take an easier way out. Pills? Plus the water looks so serene. I don't want to ruin that. What if people see? What if coming to the park is their favorite thing and I wreck that for them? What if a child sees and has

nightmares for the rest of his life? I don't want to be responsible for that. I shouldn't have been so mean to Jonathan.

Goddammit! None of that shit matters because you're going to be fucking dead you idiot! Stop worrying about everyone else and die already! It is what you fucking want, right? Right... you fucking idiot... right? Right? Rig... ..umm... awkward... on the real... sorry... but... not really. I kind of sort of love life. I don't truly want to die. Sitting on the edge of the rails looking down helps me be clearer on that.

Please don't think I'm a drama queen, hypocrite, sack of shit. I do want to die, but just the parts of me that suck. You know? The shame parts, the fear parts, the panic parts, the my family hates me parts, the bullied parts, the molested parts. I want those parts to die. Without them I love life and everyone. I even love my family. That's the only reason they bring me so much pain because I love them so much! I'd give anything to be a family with my family again.

Fuck... you're going hate me if I don't die, huh? You'll say *it's cool at first because he talks about killing himself but then he pussies out like one of those sitcom episodes where everything was just a dream, so it sucks*. I hate those episodes too.

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

This may be strange so get your gavel out, 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's going to be alright.

I loved him. Other than 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. Alone together he made me feel loved like no other lover. 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 a carnival and played those impossible games. But feeling so loved by Alejandro, those games were not impossible, they were simple. I won him three stuffed animals, a Duke basketball, and a necklace. He texted me a picture of him holding a stuffed penguin in the hospital bed before he died. Yeah, it broke my heart in two too.

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

Goddammit, I want LIFE!!! I WANT TO FUCKING LIVE! Fuck live! I want to thrive! Fuck thrive I want to soar! I want to succeed, dance naked with success in fields of money trees! I want to fucking inspire, 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 TO MAKE MY REAL FUCKING DREAMS TO COME TRUE! I WANT MY REAL DREAMS...huh... here comes that cute little group of Fundamentalist squirrels who lost their nut...

“Burn faggot burn!”

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....”

## END OF PART ONE - THANK YOU FOR READING

I hope you are feeling great. *The Bisexual Suburban Failure Enlightening Bipolar Blues* is a THREE Part Story. If you enjoyed Part ONE, Part TWO is next.

If you'd like to read Part Two,  
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I appreciate you. I hope you are feeling loved and capable of creating your dreams true.

If you want to publish this book or you know a publisher or a literary agent - contact me at [inspiretheground@gmail.com](mailto:inspiretheground@gmail.com)

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