

CRUSH CRUSH

02.19.2013

I KEEP THINKING WHAT I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS BLOG. I'M ITCHING TO RECEIVE COMMENTS. TO SORT OF TALK ABOUT MYSELF ILL TELL EVERYONE ABOUT THE KIND OF FEMALE I'M "INTO".

(THIS IS SO DAMN TRITE, FONT IT?) OR, TO BE MORE PRECISE, THE WOMEN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT ARE REALLY "COOL". (IN A DUBB) JULIETTE LEWIS, "MALLOY" FROM THE MOVIE "NATURAL BORN KILLERS", IS MY FAVORITE. I ALWAYS LOOKED FOR HER IN OTHER MOVIES BUT I NEVER SAW HER IN ANY OTHER FILMS. SHE DID THAT MOVIE SO PERFECTLY. AND HER VOICE. DAMN!

JESS STONE. AGAIN WITH THE VOICE. AND SHE PERFORMS BAREFOOT! WHEN.

(PHARMA, FROM "PHARMA AND GREY," I JUST SPENT ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES YELLING AT MY NEIGHBOR. NOW ALL THE ABOVE DOESN'T SEEM IMPORTANT AT ALL... DAMN THIS PLACE!) AND GWEN STEFANI... BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH LET US SKIP AHEAD.

02.23.2013

Rawle = Fwccs

(I JUST GET SO SICK OF THIS LIFE.)
(I'M SO SICK OF FIGHTING THIS SYSTEM.)

I THINK ABOUT THIS GIRL IN MY HOMETOWN, ONARI, WHO SUICIDED* BY TAKING A BOTTLE OF PILLS AND BOTTLE OF WHISKEY WITH HER UP BEAVER (MY HOMETOWN) CANYON. →

* LAST MONTH

→ DID SHE LISTEN TO HER FAVORITE C.D. ON HER WAY UP THE SCENIC DRIVE UP THE CANYON? CRY, LAUGH? FEEL RELIEF AT THE END TO HER SUFFERING? OR FEAR AND DESPAIR AT... FOR WHAT SHE MISS? DID SHE PICK HER FAVORITE SPOT TO PULL OVER AT? WHAT WAS HER LAST THOUGHT?

IT SEEMS I'VE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE WONDERING THESE THINGS ABOUT ALL THOSE WHO I'VE WATCHED PASS AWAY FROM SUICIDE OR ACCIDENTS.

IT'S ENTIRELY POSSIBLE IN MORBID AND OBSESSED WITH DEATH. AND SOMEHOW ONCE THEY DIE I FEEL CLOSER TO THEM. LIKE THEY'VE NOW JOINED ME IN DEATH.

BUT PART OF ME WONDERS: "BUT THEY WAS GOOD PEOPLE. WHEREAS I... WHY NOT ME?..."

IT'S JUST BEEN SUCH A LONG ROAD. A LONELY ROAD. I DON'T BELONG HERE (PRISON). THESE OTHERS' ATTITUDES ARE JUST MEAN. YOU HAVE NO IDEA! — YOU SHOULD SEE HUMAN BEINGS SPENDING TEN, TWENTY, FIFTY YEARS SNIFFING PSYCHOTROPICS!

IT'S LIKE THEY ALL HAVE RABIES. IT MAKES ME WANNA CRY BECAUSE THEY HURT ME SO BAD WITH THEIR CRUELITIES — BECAUSE I CHOOSE TO NOT AFFILIATE OR SUCCUMB TO THE "HERD INSTINCT" — THEY NEVER HELP ME OUT. I GET STUFF STOLEN (FROM ME). MY ESTEEM IS THRASHED ABOUT, ETC, ETC; WE AREN'T FRIENDS! AT ALL!

BUT IM STILL SAD FOR THEM. THEY HURT PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY CANT DO NOTHING ELSE. — "EVIL" ISNT, I DON'T EVEN THINK "GOOD" IS, SEEN IN THE RIGHT LIGHT.

EVIL LAUGHS! GOOD CRIES! BUT THE WORLD THINKS IF SOMEONES LAUGHING ITS GOTTA BE GOOD! NOPE. THEY LAUGH HERE. ALL DAY. AND THERE'S NOT AN OUNCE OF GOOD IN IT!

BUT THEN — I DON'T BELONG OUT THERE... →

→ ("FREE" world) I NEVER FEEL LIKE I FIT IN. PEOPLE.
 "PEOPLE". THAT'S A FUNNY WORD, ISN'T IT?
 HUMANKIND. WE ALL ARE SO ALONE BECAUSE
 WE ALL HURT EACH OTHER SO MUCH (AVOIDANCE). IT'S
 DEPRESSING. — I JUST WISH I FIT IN SOME
 -WHERE. SOMEWHERE WHERE EVIL LAUGHING AND
 "FREE" WORLD FIGHT OR FLIGHT WASN'T THE NORM.

I LOOK AT THE NICELY DRESSED PEOPLE
 IN THESE MAGAZINES (PEOPLE, ENSIGN, AWAKE!, ETC) (AND
 LET'S NOT FORGET IT'S THE FIRST MAGAZINES I'VE
 LOOKED AT IN FIVE YEARS) AND, IT'S JUST... IT'S
 LIKE THEY ARE "GOOD" PEOPLE.

BUT, IT'S LIKE... IT'S LIKE THEY ARE
 "PRETTY" PEOPLE. IF THEY WASN'T SO PRETTY THEY
 WOULDN'T BE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
 DOES PRETTYNESS MAKE ONE GOOD?

EASY ANSWER. BUT PRETTYNESS "LOOKS"
 ONE INTO THINKING ONE'S GOOD. THE SAME AS
 LAUGHTER. YOU HEAR IT, THINK: "SOMEONE'S
 HAVING FUN." WHEN... WHEN, REALLY, SOMEONE'S
 BEING DESTROYED AT THE EXPENSE OF THAT
 LAUGHTER!

THEN YOU GOT PRESIDENTS, SENATORS,
 ETC, VOTED INTO OFFICE BECAUSE THEY ARE
 PHOTOGENIC. ONLY BECAUSE THEY ARE "PRETTY
 PEOPLE". CORRUPTION DOESN'T COUNT AGAINST YOU AS
 BAD IF YOU ARE PRETTY. COMMON SENSE AND ABILITY
 TAKE A BACK SEAT TO A SMILE.

YOU HEAR ABOUT ELECTIONS OF OLD
 WHERE JFK AND REAGAN SPARED POLITICALLY. HALF
 OF THE NATION WATCHED IT TELEVISUALLY. THE OTHER
 HALF ON THE RADIO. RADIO PEOPLE SAY REAGAN
 WAS THE WINNER. T.V. PEOPLE JFK.

HOW ARE WE TO TRUST THAT?

MAYBE SEXUAL EVOLUTION IN HUMANS
 HAS MADE SIGHT A FAULTY SENSE? OR AFTER →

Billions of years we evolved eyes that only accept "pretty". And ears and minds that still accept common sense and goodness. As long as you don't look at what that common sense looks like in a suit jacket... [AND IT WAS NIXON AND JFK

My mind is an itchy thing here, I tend to

I wish someone could choose for me a wife like your days. (Joss Stone Green?!!) I wish I was a member of a large family where I have my old bedroom to return to. A pile of stuff that is being dug through, bringing back ten year old memories.

I wish our society didn't make it so hard for people like me... then I look at these others and think: "but they must be controlled..." 110

I'm like this ball of clay that's spent ten years refusing to be molded into derivative laughter, looking at magazine photos of pretty people wanting to be happy like them. But knowing they're just models; just actors and ~~and~~ actresses...

Getting paid to smile?

OR IMPROVED INTO ENLIGHTENMENT?

Then dying of fatigue either way.

Huge eyes, painted smiles, ~~and~~

SIGHT OR SOUND? ——— LOVE, BRANDON.

You can write parole support letters for me whether you are pretty or not!! AT: TO:

STATE OF UTAH

BOARD OF PRISONS AND PAROLE

448 EAST 6400 SOUTH, SUITE 300

MURRAY, UT 84107

USE MY FULL NAME AND NUMBER, BRANDON GREEN 147075; TELL THEM WE ARE ALL PRETTY PEOPLE. THANK.