

## The Promethean Curse

by Nathaniel Allen Lindell P.O. Box 9900 Boscobel, WI 53805

Ya ever felt th' desire  
T' give up on life  
T' blow your brains out  
'Cause, though you know  
You're capable of success,  
Of even achieving greatness,  
Your every effort to achieve it  
Is, somehow, defeated?  
The voracious pit  
Eats your efforts.

Is this the description  
Of a tortured genius?

Ya ever been so despondent,  
So shadowed by despair  
Because you care too much  
About life, and realize  
No matter how hard you try  
Most 'f your short time 's wasted,  
As irrelevant as the dust  
You know you'll too soon be part of?  
Or d' ya think life's frivolous  
'N' all that matters is your happiness,  
Which you try to maximize?

Is such pain the mark of wisdom  
Or the proof of foolishness?

I ponder all of this  
Every day,  
Wondering if I'm crazy,  
If something's wrong with me,  
Why I'm so unsatisfied,  
Why ideas flood my mind,  
Why I feel no one can relate,  
Why I feel so lonely,  
Why I can't pretend  
(Like so many others can)  
That love is real,  
Though I want it nonetheless.

This is the Promethean curse:  
Knowing so much that it hurts!

Entry # 17

This too was rejected by Prairie Schoonen. The first two pages & 1/3 are good for putting a smile on your face when you're feeling set upon. The rest reveals the core cause of MPD, which I'll discuss later. Make sure to high step & prance as you sing it. <sup>U I did, got the shrink here (laughing).</sup>

The Narcissistic Flourish (an excerpt from a play...)

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I love me!

Though few others seem to grasp  
The many good qualities I have,  
Which they lack.

I'm so secure!

There's not a flaw within me here!

I'm such a dear.

It's a wonderful feeling that I feel

Being the being that I be

And you're just blind if you can't see

That I'm an angel without wings!

A big balloon is my ego,

Buoying up my manic hopes.

Watch, as up it floats!

There's no way it will get popped

By psychiatric cops

'Cause I won't pop the pills they off'

Hey! You below!

Why does it grate

Upon your nerves

That I'm so great?

Don't I deserve

All the praise

I am served?

Of course!

To not be so gorged

Would be absurd!

Hey! Don't hate,

Or get mad.  
'Cause you know  
That I'll just laugh  
At the fact  
Your weaker ego's chaffed  
Ha ha! Too bad!

Let me be clear  
I am quite queer  
... Being better than everyone else here!

I'm never sad,  
Always glad,  
About the fact the skin enwrapping me is mine  
Oooh, it's fine!  
My best friend is myself;  
I need no love from anyone else.  
But accolades are always welcomed,  
And I expect them!

My psyche is an atomic bomb,  
The blast of which I sit on.  
Don't you dare  
Say something's wrong!  
But sing along!

Meee, me, me  
Meee, me, me  
No other utterance  
Tastes as sweet  
As it tickles past my teeth

Hmph. I'd better brush

<sup>When I</sup>  
~~And~~ end this speech,

Or I'll get a bunch  
of cavities!

Then I'll descend

Into my beauty sleep

[Exits through bedroom door, then pops head  
back out]

- Not that I need it!

[Exits completely, enters bedroom, continues into  
attached bathroom.]

P.S. Here's a secret

I fear to share:

I'm really scared!

My bloated ego comforts me,

Allowing me to make believe

I don't feel such fierce inferiority,

Giving me a pseudo-reason

To go on living,

Though in a dream,

'Cause there's no way

That I could bear

The true nightmare

That few people truly care,

For me

[Closes bathroom door]