

Catastrophic Angels

01.20.2013

LET'S NOT DENY IT. WE ALL CRANE OUR HEADS AT ACCIDENTS
WE DRINK UP DISASTER LIKE IT'S A DRUG.

FEELING BETTER BECAUSE OTHERS HURT. WALKING AROUND
FEELING LUCKY WITH A CLEAN SHIRT AND NEW SHOES.

THE PAIN WITNESSED ON REPLY IN OUR NICOTINED,
ADDINATED MINDS. THAT SUBTLE INTERNAL SMILE.

MAYBE HELL IS JUST NOT BEING ABLE TO
SEE PAST ONE'S OWN INTERNAL ACCIDENTS? RUBBER —
-NECKING ONE'S OWN PAIN?

I COULDN'T SEE PAST MY OWN PROBLEMS. IT
GOT TO THAT POINT. (AND I'M THE FIRST MAN TO BRING
FORTH AN IMMORTAL BOURGEOISIE VERSUS AN IMMORTAL
PROLETARIAT. EAT YOUR HEART OUT MARX, SARTRE, HEGEL,
ETC.)

DID YOU KNOW THAT UPON READING BACK MY
POEMS I GET COLD CHILLS? I WONDER WHAT IS THAT?

I ALSO WONDER IF I DIED WOULD
SOMEONE DO SOMETHING WITH MY WORDS AND POEMS?

EVERYTHING I THOUGHT I NEEDED TO LIVE,
EXERCISE, HEALTH, POLITICS, SANITY, A SOAPBOX FOR
MY VOICE, I LOST THESE YET STILL BREATHED.

HEALTHWISE IT WAS MY HEART. I
THOUGHT IT WAS TRULY DAMAGED SOMEHOW. THEN THE
OTHER NIGHT I DECIDED TO FEEL AROUND ON MY
RIB CAGE "JUST IN CASE" AND IT'S MY RIB
THE SECOND ONE UP ON MY LEFT SIDE, WHERE IT
CONNECTS WITH THE STERNUM.

IT'S NOT MY HEART BUT MY RIBS!!
I CAN TRAIN AS MUCH AS I WANT AGAIN!

BUT I THINK ABOUT ALL THOSE
UNABLE OR UNWILLING TO BREAK A SWEAT. THE PAIN
THAT CAUSES. — SUFFERING IS BEATABLE. FOR
SOME. AND ONLY FOR SO MANY YEARS...

WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS DYING I THOUGHT:
"WHAT A WASTE." BASICALLY FROM A POEM I WROTE:

BORN AGAIN * A FLASHBACK * 10/29/2012

... AUTOPSY REVEAL BRAIN, STOMACH, HEART TUMORS
 NOTICE DOUBLED UP NERVE ENDINGS AND VEIN CAPACITY
 STOMACH TWISTED KNOTS EATEN HOLES BLOODY LUMPY
 SPINE CRACKED SEVERAL PLACES HELD TOGETHER JUST BARELY
 KNEE TENDONS SNAPPED SO MUCH NUMBED BEYOND NERVES
 PUPILS NEARSHUTTED NEVER LOOKING BEYOND BRICKS
 DIED FROM DEADLY DISEASE DIDNT KNOW HE WAS SICK
 USED TO TREMORS, TWITCHES, QUIVERS, DEADLY BODILY TWINGES
 FREQUENT FLYER MILES SITTING PRETENDING LIVING
 SMILE RICTUS, NO HUMOR LEFT IN THESE TEETH
 EVERYTHING BEYOND THIS SECOND TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE
 STEADY STRUGGLE WITH THIS FEELING ALL I AM CAPABLE
 GOTTA MAKE IT 'TILL TOMMOROW, SURVIVE IT TILL MAIL CALL
 DWELL ON DEAD BURIED BEINGS BECOME BRAIN WAVES
 HE WAS MY AGE. SHE WAS PRETTY. BOTH BONES NOW
 ETERNITY SLEEPING
 WILL HAVE NAILS FILED PERFECT WITH TEETH GLEAMING
 ALL THAT BRUSHING FOR NOTHING WHEN WORMS BEGIN
 FEEDING...")

I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THERE ARE
 THINGS I MUST BE DOING ELSEWHERE. I HAD TO DO
 WHAT I DID HERE. (I.E. PACER WEBSITE "GREEN V.
 DOWNS 2:12 CV 432") I WAS FORCED TO DO WHAT I
 DID BY SOME UNKNOWN INFLUENCE. (I BELIEVE THAT
 WHOLLY). ITS LIKE NOW I'VE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT HAD
 TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.
 AND NOW IM BEING GIVEN A BREAK. I LEARNED
 TO DIE FOR SOMETHING OUTSIDE MYSELF I.E. OTHERS,
 AN IDEAL, ETC. AND THEN LIVED WITH NOTHING FIVE
 YEARS IN THE HOLE. DYING FOR A BELIEF."
 I WAS VISITED BY AN "ANGEL" TWICE IN
 MY LIFE. AGE TWELVE. AGE TWENTY-NINE. ONE GREEN;
 ONE A CHECKERED CATASTROPHIC FLAG.