

**Such a thin Line:  
Introduction To Hate**

Two extremes are often thought of as entirely different in nature for example boiling and freezing don't seemingly share a common nature, however, upon closer observation it is clear that both are at different ends of the line of temperature; both are in fact temperatures, therefore they are of the same nature.

So what about love and hate, could they both be at different ends of the same line and therefore have the same nature?

At one time or another everyone has expressed hate sentiments for something; but was it love for something else that caused the expression?

It has been said by wise men and balladeers alike that "It's A thin line between love and hate," the following is my perception of how these two dimorphous ideals merge into the human experience with somewhat paradoxical implications.

Hate-in our society – most often represents a moral negativity, but is it possible for hate to be a friend to mankind and a cause to do good?

Hate as an emotion is a very strong thing and requires a lot of energy; certainly that energy could be directed, controlled and harnessed for creativity and not destruction. Perhaps it is not hate with the ultimate power but the human will.

---

## HATE THE WORLD

Lord, I hate this crazy world;  
 To its destruction forth I herald  
 Pollute its waters, devastate its lands;  
 All four corners, even its sands  
 Kill off its wild life without thinking twice;  
 Murder its people for a small price  
 Instigate war from door to door;  
 Build nuclear bombs to kill more and more  
 Rape and murder the women, from her life do come;  
 Enslave the men keep them death, blind and dumb  
 Give them alcohol, T.V., and drugs;  
 Away with compassion, no love, no hugs  
 Make this world a desolate prison;  
 Give only death to mix with an ism:

Colonial-ism

Capital-ism

Commun-ism

Imperisl-ism

Social-ism

Sectarian-ism

Militar-ism

Rac-ism

## T E R R O R - I S M

And if they don't submit to me;  
 Kill em' all from sea to shining sea!

HATE OLD PEOPLE

I hate old people with their silvery gray hair; failing vision but still their stare. Looking at the world with a righteous indignation; always optimistic and ever so patient. Giving advice through their false teeth; avoiding war and always preaching about peace. Walking around on their ole cane; talking about young folks and how they are insane.

I hate their music—all lovey-dubby and slow; without going gangsta' and killing a foe.

Damn old people and their confident ways, because of their experience and longer days; they know everything at that stage; will I be cursed to reach that age?

Can I evade the ultimate truth; and remain forever in my youth?

Never growing old like Dorian Gray;  
Or will Father Time have the last say?

## HATE LIFE

Why did He create this life; to spread through the Universe like a plague to cause strife? The awful human beings with their ambitions to control; Their love for riches, fame, glitter and gold.

Man and woman, boy and girl, nefarious creatures, tumors on the world. Their life is worth nothing of any value; they even kill each other for just something to do.

Eat the animals and wear their fur; drive them to extinction, what the hell do we care. Cut down the trees, burn all the forests; see them only through the eyes of the artist. Add toxic waste to mix with the water; let the funky fish swim to slaughter.

Pump the deadly fumes into the air; make every breath a living nightmare. This hate for life that we demonstrate and encourage everyone to participate

Annihilation will be our fate, if our evil ways do not abate.

## S E L F H A T E

I hate my color, Black as the night;  
It is my curse, the cause of my plight.

I hate my hair, course like thorn bush;  
Straighten it with heat and chemicals I wish.

I hate my nose, so broad and so big;  
spreading over my face like a huge rig.

Look at my lips, its a wonder I can talk;  
Maybe it's why my words always miss their mark.

The phallus;  
That makes me callous.

When I see her big butt;  
As she switches and strut.

Incites my desire;  
Like a burning fire.

Produce a new life;  
Abandon it like an ancient sacrifice

I hate the reflection I see in you;  
You're like a mirror, a repeat of what I do.

I hate my past and what happened yesterday;  
I hate what I am even to this day.

Give me my dope, weed and coke;  
Let me sell it to my kin folk.

I don't fit America's image of beauty; so hate is my life and sworn duty.

QUESTIONS FOR HATE & LOVE

How much different is hate than love?

Is it anything like below to above?

Are you both just extremes on opposite ends of a gage?

exerting yourselves like actors on a stage?

Can one exist without the other?

One in the open and the other under-cover?

Why does hate appeal with its aggression and zeal?

Why does love appear to heal, or is that only how we feel?

When should hate be used to our advantage?

Or is this some sort of misplaced antic?

What would hate be without love?

Do they go together like a hand and glove?

Where are you love when hate is in sight?

Can you be wrong and he be right?

Who makes the call?

Do both of you'll?

Or must we fall victom to the confusion of am illusion?

And never, ever question the hate and love affairs; until  
we find ourselves in one of your nightmares???