

* PING PING *

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WHAT'S THE MEANING OF LIFE? IS IT TO SWEAT, EJACULATE, SMILE OR CRY? I DON'T THINK IT'S FOR ANY OF THAT IF YOU DO IT ALONE. LIFE IS THE DANCE OF LIFE WITH OTHER LIFE.

I'M BEYOND MYSELF HERE. I'VE GOT A WEEK LEFT OF LIFE BEYOND LIFE THAT'S FORGOTTEN HOW TO LIVE. LIFE THAT'S HAD ITS LIFE STOLEN.

I LOSE MINE AND FIND IT PERIODICALLY. SOON IT WILL BE LOST TOTALLY, SO I CAN'T COME BACK TO THIS FUCKING PLACE EVERYONE WILL THE WORLD HELP ME? CAN THE WORLD HELP ME?

I'M SITTING ON MY CELL DECK LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, A FIREWORKS DISPLAY WILL OCCUR IN A FEW HOURS. I'VE SAT THE LAST TEN YEARS IN THESE CELLS, NOSE PRESSION AGAINST PLEXI-GLASS WATCHING BITS AND PIECES OF FIREWORKS. [ONE CAN ONLY SEE A QUARTER OF THEM] WHAT WITH THE WINDOWS NEVER RECENTLY DEAD-ON CENTER]

THE CELLS ARE CIRCLED AROUND ALL DIRECTIONS.

I'VE BRUSHED MY TEETH SO MUCH THEY ARE BLEEDING.

SPARROWS SWOOP AND CIRCLE THE GRASS OUTSIDE.

I'M COMING OFF A REAL HAZY COFFEE BINGE. WAKING MYSELF FROM THAT SWEATY-BROWERY LIQUOR.

TOO MUCH. I DO TOO MUCH. I LIVE EVERYTHING TOO MUCH. TIME TO SLOW IT DOWN.

MY MIND IS LIKE THIS HARDBAKE OF ALL THE STUFF I'VE WRITTEN THESE PAST YEARS. BITS AND SNATCHES OF ACROSS MY CONSCIOUSNESS LIKE ONE OF THOSE BILLBOARDS MADE OF MANY LIGHT BULBS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I WILL BE ON THAT FREEWAY IN A WEEK. THE MEANING OF LIFE IS DIFFERENT FOR ALL LIFE.

I'VE TRIED TO MAKE THINGS STAND STILL MANY TIMES. THINGS WILL NOT STAND STILL. THAT'S THE ONE TRUTH I CAN PASS ALONG. IF YOU HOLD LIFE STILL IT'LL KILL YOU.

THE MOMENT I GET EVERYTHING I EVER DREAMED ABOUT TO THE MOMENT I'LL DREAM OF OTHER THINGS.

PEOPLE GO ALONE INTO THE WILDERNESS ALL THE TIME. SEARCHING. PICK UP AND LEAVE, PICK UP AND LEAVE, PICK UP AND LEAVE. FINDING, DISCARDING, FINDING, DISCARDING.

IF MEANNESS AND GREED BECOME LIFE AND THE HURTIN' OF OTHER LIFE IS YOUR LIFE. AND YOU WALK AROUND IN A GOOFY SUIT THINKING YOU ARE AEROLIS SWARZHEIMER. AND THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES YOU LAUGH IS ANOTHER'S PAIN. AND YOU HOLD CLOSE YOUR ENEMIES AND PUSH AWAY YOUR FRIENDS. AND YOU CRY BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T GET SOMETHING, NOT BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE LOST SOMETHING.

IF YOU ARE WATCHING THE FIREWORKS WITH ME TONIGHT I HOPE YOU ARE NOT CRITICIZING THE DISPLAY OVERMUCH WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING THE LIFE PUMPING THROUGH YOUR VEINS.

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT TOMORROW OR YESTERDAY. I HOPE IF YOU ARE CRUEL AND GREEDY YOU BECOME SO CRUEL AND GREEDY THAT YOU ONE DAY SEE IT. AND UPON THE SEEING, IT BREAKS YOU. AND FOR THE CRUMBS I GIVE YOU THIS END OF MY LIFE IN HOPE YOU CAN BAKE PRETTY CAKE.