

Man's search for meaning - Alas too cries the mockingbird
all things truly wicked start with an innocence.

- Ernest Hemingway

Without manic people there'd be no creation
and without depressive people there'd be no soul.

- aye.

A man can get used to anything.

- Dostoevski

"Yes, a man can get used to anything, but do not ask us how."

- Victor E. Frankl on Auschwitz

And tho I am not in a deathcamp, I am in the second worst
place a man can be: Gaol. Satan rules in cramped suffocate-rooms
where we spend our undignity lives in suffering and loss -
loss of soul, life, meaning, solitude, peace, hope, cheeseburgers.

But despite all Allah watches over me and forgives me
of my grievous & horrible sin. And I am alive

when 10 months ago on the day I was arrested

I had intended to commit suicide & thus ensure my place in Hell,
the worst place a man can be. Alas too cries the mockingbird
in a plaintive barbuire eulogy for my brothers in green.

Alas too cries me doomed to years in Gaol. True all my needs
are met: hot water, bed, food, shelter. But of my wants

only books and writing paper remain. I have been stripped to the bone
and flayed until the marrow bleeds fr. My court case

hasn't even started and I have years to go: how will I survive?

I am constantly unable to truly describe my life in Gaol

fr these poor sick words. I am nothing, have nothing. Is God there?

I often, when angered and under Satan, think of God as a child
playing marbles with Earth, Jupiter, Mars... Kicking us all

anywhichway, an indifferent monster. But when I pray I know
He is there watching over me giving only what I can bear

Vita is the strangest of all conditions, having a Mynd - how odd.

Alas too cries the mockingbird. And I weep for my dead parents

Aiste and Cyanide

Pg 1/2

So I suppose you want to know why I did what I did.
There is no rational answer & so we enter the world
of Chaos, Delusion, Egregious Fury. Go home, Igla.
Nothing can repent for the sacrificial lamb I honoured
into existence: taking a life is easy as breathing.
Mamma, are you here with me? You and daddy are dead
for years now but still I am in Remorse
and, sitting here alone listening to French music, I recall
how you used to swirl the Csea with a maple leaf
holding it by the lightest of touches (a wisp) & telling me
"all things are." & even now I am sure that what I think
~~you meant is wrong~~; for you belong to a world
of Light and Warm — my soul a shattered mirror.
But what does it matter that nothing makes sense?
There are countless rules in Gaol & they are
constantly changing, never the same again.
Christ, I need rum or whiskey or vodka or absinthe...
Moving my typewriter hand back & forth like a scuttling crab;
I Csea all things as they are supposed to be.
And the Love of a few dying men is enough
to help me survive yet another night in Hell.
Bedbugs! You infuriate me into distraction & Shame.
I hope you're happy, ya sons of bitches, you've broken me.

But alas Gethsemane burns...
And all fades like flickering Christmas lights
until only residual dew remains to flounder fr.
But I am no longer a man, a hated thing
worm is what I've become...

At least the music is soothing like a bee
stinking its stinger into a berated eye...
Do you Csea? I fort I did once but now
hide in the high walls of my thought & pretend
that I'm alive. Quite frankly, I don't expect to be read.
It is enough to create this tirade of sushi

I leave the creation of memory to better men.
Mother I weep for you, having your carcass
slaughtered by bugs worms cockroaches ants remin...
weep for myself because (as I suspect)

there is no laugh or life after this one...
will never hear mum and dad again, never hug them
never breathe in their smites never know, ah...

No mas, no logic. Just that ol' pendulum swinging
ever swinging under the bust of Pallas by my chamber door
and I am sure that an illusion ever clapping, ever slapping
is carving in the wall by and next to my chamber door.
But perhaps I am a fool, I'm not sure I'm not sure.

I believe, speaking of
for your child has died.

When you're young, you
don't know what you're
doing. You're just
living.

this then is how to attain vision.

So, you see, it's not
that hard. It's just
living. It's just
being.

What is the point of
living?

Every one of us has
a purpose. We just
don't know it.

Solitude death threats

The beautiful poison of Illusion.
We are fighting against any cause
for we are the men without souls,
without Mynd. We live in the Age
of Wonder — then why so many sick?
Broken ribcages, starving children.
Truly this is the Age of Dis.ord.
But sights are whimsical things
that shapeshift and morph into lies.
I feel like I am severed from
my brain, a stalk of opportunity.
Fucking dogs! My ass is itchy
from bedbugs. Alas I am
alive so I must suffer
but they won't break me.