

Poetry Series

**Barlot ...**  
**- poems -**

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## Barlot ...()

I'm a fragment of an imagination.

# A New Kind Of Aa

Opposite yet adjacent shapes broaden the vision  
With solitude comes perspective-  
Thoughts more obscure and more reflective  
But somewhere appeared an incision  
And no one could remind me of its history-  
I've supposedly reached the point of insanity.  
Me being the calamity produced by two helpless lives:  
A father rotting in the grave, and his nagging second wife.  
But still I feel as if my thought might shift  
When I leave this town, and start to LIVE!  
Give in to the pressure.  
It's all about oxygen and carbon dioxide.  
My symphony is stirring up some clout:  
Welcome to my mind!  
Now Playing:  
My Fifth Glass of Wine!  
Eh, love me before I love myself  
Increasing incisions, failing health-  
I'm drowning in the Fountain of Youth!  
But I'm learning to swim.  
So, let it be known through Guantanamo Bay:  
A new kind of democracy is forming...in my gallbladder.  
I need not start conforming to their ways  
But somehow I still have so much to say  
And we all know politicians to be loquacious  
GRACE, GRACEFUL, GRACIOUS!  
I hate the English language!  
Give me a hammer and a sickle to match-  
I've got a totally original plan for salvation...?  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Coup d'etat is what it's all about.  
Put me in a rubber room  
I've reached my quota for conflicting views.  
Still the incision burns  
With a salt of forgetting all I have learned.  
It's a tough blow  
But so much more than predictable-  
INEVITABLE!  
Inhale, exhale

Char just doesn't feel so well.

Barlot ...

# An Elegy For A Felony

A face faded from the family portraits She keeps in the reminiscing-well  
Tangible only when the thirst of loneliness needs to be quenched  
And only then does your name come up in this land-grave.  
I swear, Father, you were something...  
Maybe nothing more than a patriot without a mother country  
A sinner without a God  
A projection of memories in my head  
But something more than a 1.2 kilogram liver.  
In our eleven years of acquaintance I know nothing more than the effects of your  
genetics  
And the St. Lucia parties where I hear I have your face  
Nonetheless, I've created a home for you in my character list  
With a fictitious analysis ranging from your love of your family to your love for  
organic farming  
Which I'm aware is a stretch-  
I hear I have your imagination as well.

Barlot ...

# An Everyday Effect

I woke up from one dream into another  
Nothing felt  
Nothing real.  
There is no me today, so to say  
But looks are quite deceiving-  
An outer shell trapped in hell  
But an IQ elsewhere  
If anywhere...  
Somewhere other than here.  
Is it a personality borderline?  
Or have I really just lost my mind?  
Reward of redemption-  
Revenue's a killer.  
There is no way to avoid this mediocrity  
Stuck for months in this treacherous perigatory.  
I want to say I hate it  
But quite frankly, I don't feel much today  
Say what you may,  
Say something of guidance  
Here you have it...silence  
Divided by 3.14...  
What the hell is this all for?  
It takes an ego to understand it  
But requires nothing to reprimand it  
The outcomes lie accordingly  
In the outward planes of the IV quadrant  
Who knew?  
Who knows?  
It's like being caught in a nightmare and trying to scream-  
No one can save you from your imagination  
From your dreams  
The stingrays still prevalent and multiplying  
You watch yourself slowly dying  
But the coma of sleep is the excuse you keep replaying  
All I'm saying-  
When they hanged Saddam Hussein  
The fuel for my creativity went up twelve cent a gallon.  
This war is driving me insane  
Vietnam, Iraq, it's all the same

When I took that acid to avoid being drafted  
I never knew I would lose my brain  
And only gain...  
A sick disillusion.

Barlot ...

# Bitter Farewells

You can't keep running away  
From the things you can't control  
Somewhere new becomes the oasis  
When Murder Beach took its toll.

How many times will it take you  
To find that everywhere's the same?  
It's not always about you, Dear  
You're driving me insane.

I'm not asking that you settle  
Just stay the night and the night will stay.

You're consistent with inconsistency  
But this is out of the blue  
I wish I knew how to change your mind  
But I've run out things to do.

If you weren't so irreplaceable  
Then I might say goodbye  
When you're waving farewell out the window  
At least know that I tried.

Face the facts, Dear  
We're all running from the same things  
But it's not eachother  
So don't go  
Don't go.

Barlot ...

# Character Introduction.

She was young some days.  
Like Mondays and Thursdays.  
On other days she just had a deep throat.

Don't gag, Sweet Jesus:  
Eyes never yield cross eyes.

Barlot ...

# Charlotte's Web: A Rapture Tale

I was drinking my coffee in a resort area bathroom  
When all of a sudden, something started to happen  
The ceiling turned into an ocean of green  
But the floor stayed the same as it had been  
The walls became a deep shade of peach  
And the stall was moving out of my reach.  
I screamed in fear as I laughed in bliss  
With no clue as to what would happen next  
My body shut down when I hit the ground  
With a great bluster coincidentally making no sound  
I questioned then if I was sane  
When all of a sudden a calamity came  
A Spanish rodent with large tentacles  
Began assuaging my swollen ankles  
All the while singing a rapturing rhapsody  
With a voice so high in soprano capacity  
The tone, the tone was raging in my wires  
Reviving the feel of my middle school choir.  
The rodent slowly became fiercely vicious  
When he found he was dying of meningitis  
I buried his body in the green overhead  
As I thought he would be happier dead.  
I was alone now in an aberrant trip  
When I developed a scheme so high in wit  
The doorknob was still in working use  
But slightly bent in a way so obtuse  
I reached for it praying to the rodent's Jehovah  
That I would live to put use to my surviving ova  
I turned the knob in hesitant suspense  
Until I felt it was in proper sequence  
The door swung open exposing me to air  
But the earth that I saw was no longer there  
Blackness swept the room I was in  
Collapsing my lungs with original sin.  
The rapture has come and now I am doomed  
Oh what a tangled web I have loomed

Barlot ...

# Child's Play

If a cow were about to eat me  
As cows sometime can  
I don't believe he'd take the time  
To find that I'm vegan.

If a man were about to beat me  
As men sometimes do  
I don't believe he'd take the time  
To find I'm a chauvenist, too.

There's no such thing as karma  
When anger takes effect  
So in order to redeem my points-  
Peace must disinfect.

If a fetus were about to kill me  
As a fetus sometime might  
I don't believe it'd take the time  
To find that I'm pro-life.

And if God were about to smite me  
As God sometimes insist  
Well, maybe he'll be a little mad  
When he finds I'm Atheist.

There's no such thing as karma  
When anger takes effect  
So in order to redeem my points  
Peace must disinfect.

Barlot ...

# Classroom Is A Football Field

Buy my body on eBay  
And ship it in the same cardboard box I've been trapped...  
Out of the womb and into captivity  
Out of my mind and projecting onto me  
Like reality-  
Always projecting and infecting everything that's pure.  
The only cure is lobotomy,  
Which I hear is painful.  
Minding the fact that this is only a vortex  
In which sex is regarded as filthy  
And filth associated with their freebasing economy-  
Put the rock over the flame for the bill to pass  
Practicality might be normality but how long can it last?  
Infinite blackness, whiteness, green  
If you know what I mean, which you don't  
Or won't unless you have it served on a platter  
With other things that don't seem to matter-  
You have the silver spoon  
The Barium knife  
But Carbon is your life in prose  
If Picasso says your nose is your brow  
Then that's how it's supposed to be  
Even with me-  
It's all about how you see it  
And believe it and do.

Barlot ...

# Contams In This Batch

Psilocybin solitude coursing through my blood  
I am alone with my insanity  
Wondering what's become of me  
And without such, what could.  
Thoughts focused on future...  
Friends, family, foes  
Everyone I know shares my destiny  
Six feet below  
The five feet of life in between-  
Boggles me completely  
I mean...  
Scratching away the pessimist  
Relying on the nihilist  
My gut feeling lies toward trying  
Dying is inevitable, however probable?  
Profitable?  
I swear, I'll think til the tint of my hair turns grey  
Today...  
Today...  
Just seems to be dragging on  
Everyone I know-up and gone  
Thoughts just linger in the heat  
As I lie dreaming of philosophy and beats.  
True to my word, I must admit  
Despite my rhythm and astounding wit (! ! !) ...  
The strong desire to end it completely  
Will only quit when my thoughts beat me.

Barlot ...

# Death To Genetics

My dreams all begin with a death sentence  
And the sequence of events falls to grey  
Someone will say something like,  
"The greatest thing about a man dying,  
Is a woman will have to die too."  
(Oh, I know you...  
Must be thinking that I've drawn myself to drinking  
But, Love, I must confess with that I'm through.)  
It's just the nightmares won't stop coming  
Something I've done that I need of my chest  
Undressed and vulnerable  
My thoughts fade to uncontrollable...  
But, that occurs even in light  
Tonight, just don't let me dream.  
Crazier than I seem, I suppose  
Lord knows I've had my share of spirits  
Hear it once more, though:  
I am the dynamic czar of the underworld  
My name is Charlemagne  
I carry guns in guitar cases  
Beyond clinically insane.  
A borrowed stanza reprimanded  
Seems to suit the mood  
However, sleeping is a different story  
Four in the morning and I refuse...  
Refuse to feel sorry for myself this eve.  
I believe there's always a way to doze off silent:  
Benadryl.  
Ah, but of course, these straight edge ways  
That I've fallen to these days  
Chemical dependencies  
Falling far from me:  
Oh, Charlotte, your web is woven  
And I've chosen  
A new world order...  
Quarter of the way through with existence  
And already I've spent...  
Way more than twenty five cent.  
What wit!

It's genetic, I admit  
My father and his leather jackets  
My mother, the loving coke addict  
Static buzz...  
I AM ONLY WHAT I WAS BEFORE THEY LEFT ME  
I screamed on the floor when I heard what was  
And still to this day...  
I dream of a better way  
To have loved the two of you enough for you to stay.

Barlot ...

# Deja Vu

The familiarity of the feeling burns deeper than the words  
I feel absurd to have let myself be so ignorant...  
So naive.  
To believe that monogamy was mutual  
And some rewarding redemption would make it worthwhile  
It's all too much my style...  
And look at where I stand.  
I have everything I've never wanted-  
A surplus of celibacy  
Just to find he never thought of me  
Now I see...but I let it go  
It'd take someone with an actual brain to know-  
It's never worth it.  
The simple nonsense of recording it...  
I am pathetic, alone, and all too young  
To have ever let it go on this long  
My time has been wasted  
As he lays and embraces, my worst fears come true  
But the nightmare carries on as I set the pins back  
Just to be struck by another bowling ball  
And hit the ground again.  
I wrote this all too long ago  
Simply shows...  
Some girls never learn  
Let it burn more  
It's seem to be what I moved here for-  
Masochist in the make.

Barlot ...

# Dignified Death Rhyme

Shall I die before my time  
My rhymes will be all that's left of me  
Unpublished and unappreciated  
I've made it...  
All for nothing.  
Crass and dry  
Condescending and cruel  
Fueled by...  
Everything I never knew.  
And everyone I did.  
All reminiscing of a better time  
When wine was consumed by the crate  
A time when the date was unnecessary  
And the time itself never was  
Never is...  
Do.  
If only I knew what I would lose  
My liver, a kidney, and well...  
Dignity.  
Though now I see, the time's far gone  
Alone with a stomach lining  
Whining about death  
Breathing the breath I exhaled as a child  
I'm back, I'm back  
Weak, timid, mild,  
Unpublished and unappreciated.  
The beat played on til fingers bled  
The beast of which will soon be dead  
Pessimism gone to my head  
Oh love how much I do regret:  
I fucked a man who called it sport  
Came up short in academics  
Plagued by an epidemic of idiocy  
Which, by all means, seemed appropriate at the time  
So many years of selfishness  
Only caring about losing myself in the whirlwind of substances  
But in this instance...  
Karma has carried through.  
Too much damage to recycle and repeat

Concussion caused by chemical defeat  
Repercussions reminding me just how pathetic  
One becomes when they start to "get it"  
But back to the beginning  
The room has started spinning  
Though I wish I could finish writing  
Against death, I am not winning.  
It ends where it started  
Lips parted for the final phrase,  
"I swear on my life, I loved you til my dying day."

Barlot ...

# Eating A Human Wearing A Wool Sweater

It's like eating rack of lamb.  
Or better yet honey baked ham.  
You call yourself a vegetarian.  
But your baby's back ribs are so American.  
Be patriotic and chew!

Barlot ...

# Emotional English

Half of my heart is a question mark  
Ending the sentence of your tyranny  
Threatening to set me free-  
More like handing over a golden ticket.  
Abusive is what you are  
And have been in all my memories  
How can I expect other to love me...  
When the door slams?  
And here I sit  
A soul of sixteen-  
All of my broken being...  
Jumbles into that same old sentence  
Ending with a question mark.  
You scream for me to grow up  
But that's where the problem lies  
Every second around you, my childhood dies  
We all know it has no afterlife  
Because the door slams.  
I'm grasping at straws here  
But you're too occupied to see  
Too much time with cocaine straws  
Not enough time for me.  
Even if it were an illusion-  
Time, that is-  
Your hatred isn't the solution  
Take it from your DNA  
The only way to solve a problem  
If simply to run...  
Far away.  
But if it's not too much to ask  
I do have a request:  
Leave the door open for me.

Barlot ...

## Fifteen And Flying

My thoughts are worth surpassing,  
My life the war's controlling,  
Every day more time is passing,  
On this land have I been tolling.

My airplane has been put on land,  
My cape torn off my shirt,  
Sands of time slip through my hand,  
I'm stuck here on the dirt.

Barlot ...

# Food Not Bombs

I handed a cookie to a homeless man today  
In a slurred speech he told me,  
'God's got big plans for you.'  
That might be true  
That might be right  
But tonight I'll be back to my social standard self-  
Wearing overpriced clothes  
Putting colors over my eyes and nose  
And pretending to be...  
Elite.  
The money spent on my lifestyle  
Could help 22 men on the street  
But time shant allow such  
Too much is wasted on politicians  
And physicians and judges  
Thoreau's rugged lifestyle is what I long for-  
Building cabins and hopping trains,  
Letting beats be the only fuel for my brain.  
And when it rains, I'll be on that park swing  
With the other beings who know about life  
Strife and suffering are inducers of longing  
And living and love.  
Above all things is purpose  
Which I now know I have.  
Watching people take their bath in a fountain  
And eat from the buckets we set up  
And the plastic cups and knives and spoons.  
Pretty soon it's not going to matter  
Just occupying mass and matter,  
Waiting for it all to be over  
Or just the chance to be less...  
Elite.

Barlot ...

## Four-Twenty

We are the species we read about  
And the ones put here to change-  
So who gives them the right to control our every move?  
As if we have nothing good to do!  
My audacity attracts attention  
And apparently handcuffs to match.  
What happened to so-called 'Freedom of Speech'?  
Did they take that away from me...like my originality?  
I need to breathe.  
But that might be against the norm they say  
As they feel the effects of the illegality of the substance  
Nonsense!  
The hypocrisy of the entire matter is enough to make alters burn  
Well, burn for me a fucking Messiah who'll further enforce the laws to keep me  
smothered-  
Scattered...diced...covered  
That's the illusion religion creates for me now:  
Another set of rules to control me-  
Judges preaching like missionaries.  
Democracy my ass, you tight ass bitches  
The answer to my problem was shot in the WWII ditches  
Not in a cow skin, dead tree, suffocating monstrosity.  
Read between the lines instead of having words delivered-  
This isn't a pizza place...  
It's life.  
You're being judged right now as you settle life here  
You think you have years  
But you'll soon see-  
The world as we know it...  
Purgatory.

Barlot ...

# General Solitary Rants

Debit or credit  
Paper or plastic  
Some people get it  
And others still ask it.

Cup or cone  
Premium or Unleaded  
It's only when I'm alone  
That I'm choosing to fret it.

This too will pass.

Barlot ...

# Good Clean Threats

I'm the dynamic czar of the underworld  
They call me Charlemagne  
I carry a gun in my guitar case  
I'm oh-so-clinically insane.

My stories will make you sleepless  
My morphine will make you faint  
I'm a bounty hunter on Saturday nights  
On Sunday I curse saints.

I run a line of cathouses  
I strip the night away  
My double-life gets somewhat confusing  
But I lead it night and day.

I inject my blood with heroin  
Lacking an alibi  
I make grown men fall to their knees  
Making my mother cry.

I worship Satan night and day  
The rumors are all true  
My cult is out to kill someone  
My next victim might be you.

Bwah ha ha?

Barlot ...

# I Got This

Calloused fingers dropp blood on the floor  
Leaving pink puddles to match the past due notices  
Nothing matters  
Nothin' but the beat  
Can't dropp it  
Steady, steady.  
Rockin' the bass  
Rappin' the rhymes  
I gotcha this time  
I got the beat.  
The bass thumps my heart beat  
Drum pumps my blood  
The melody flows through my head  
This is gonna be good.  
It's life in a stanza  
A four-count existential ordeal  
I can feel it like a treble clef  
Cheffin' it up  
Keepin' it real.  
Can't dropp the beat.  
No drama in my pockets  
Nothing but the rhymes—  
I'm a slave to the four string  
Nothin' but a thing.  
Steady, steady  
Walk it out like a symphony  
It's like my master.  
It's me.  
I got this.  
I'm addicted to the beats.

Barlot ...

# I'M Down With Eed

I gave my life to a society-  
Who never will reply.  
A storm is brewing internally-  
If it could my heart would cry.

Pouring tears while pumping blood-  
Oh Genesis, how we've changed!  
Life has become a Revelation-  
Now that normality seems estranged.

Barlot ...

# Intake Makes Creativity Free

The walls turned into hard drives of data  
And green permeated my sight  
If there wasn't intake that night  
Then nothing would have been.  
All I saw was motor oil and mischief  
And boys with girls with bare midriffs  
But nothing was or would have been  
Without tripping on the Robitussin...  
I drank from filth without warning  
The storming outside was not even regarded  
Until that one broke my heart and...  
Ran back to his land for his own party  
Am I sorry? I doubt it's like such  
I took too much, yes, but life does too  
Is Do drains my thoughts  
Make me high  
Make me high  
But if that's reality while it's occurring  
Then outside the box, is it real?  
To feel sensations like I did that eve  
Makes you perceive entirely too complex  
And want to leave this marketing vortex  
I am alone, a collection of molecules.  
The tools around know now what I do  
But call me close minded for not being them?  
It's been said before-  
By Bukowski and me-  
Eternally repeated in philosophies...  
Drink your pot liquor and cover it with grease  
When the lease is up, move again  
When the life is up, shoot once then...  
Fin.

Barlot ...

# Jumping The Wagon

Words flow through with force  
Feeling no remorse for the loss of ability  
Simply feeling as if another woman's lipstick is in view  
But the same goes with my love for you-  
A turn in the chapter because of the mad laughter of a previous commodity  
Because of me...because.  
Straining through gravity to concoct brilliance  
Resistance is naturally ignored once more  
For the sake of my self and humanity  
The calamity to which I produce  
Can and will be used against me in the court of law  
Where all past crimes will soon be saw:  
Smoking herb with middle aged musicians  
Stealing books on health and nutrition  
As well as several misdemeanors associated will all that's in restriction  
Like that other end of a live fence-  
Sometimes it's not a good idea to go there.  
But most of all...but most of all-  
The beat must be uncontrollable  
Despite those on patrol and in control  
I let it flow and then I know-  
I'm the best mother fucking kid a God could ask for.

Barlot ...

# Laqueisha

Blinded by the glare of a dusty mirror  
I try to gather my thoughts long enough to slumber  
Ah! But there is so much I have left to wonder of-  
So many more worries than dreams.  
'Shake it off, ' I say in the prudent tone I generally use when bitching at myself  
But I never seem to abide by my personal demands  
The only result of such dialog appears to be a bewildered cat concerned with her  
owner's mental health  
As she very well should be-  
The cat is more stable than I...I...I...  
I don't believe she understands the responsibilities that come with walking  
upright  
But it's pi in the morning!  
One would assume this is no time to question the negative effects of evolution  
Maybe I should shake it off.

Barlot ...

## Lay Off The Acid (Freestyling)

If anything is worse than being slaughtered,  
It's being the daughter to a mother who's the father of the family,  
I try to see out of their points of view but there's just no coming around when  
my imagination has ran to Timbuctu to join the circus and set the animals free,  
That's fine with me,  
So long as I get to eat.  
Who doesn't love an elephant for lunch?  
The sound of the bones crunching in my mouth  
Like the cat I hit as I sped down the street coming home from the place where  
the omnivores eat,  
Lying in the road like the counterculture making a statement,  
As they sent their creeds to congress trying to have them passed,  
But it didn't last so long as creed became a shitty faux rock band of bitches,  
So they had to switch to public displays of their feelings,  
Like the kids in the high school with their dealings of drugs and sexual devices,  
Give them a hug and they run with it,  
So says the sex ed teacher as she stands under the fluorescent light with her  
cellulite shining underneath her clothes,  
Like the sun in the sky as it blares into the labs of the scientists  
Leading to stares as they declare global warning to all of the citizens on the  
planet.  
I didn't plan on wearing a wife beater on Hanukkah's,  
Or playing my harmonica in the summer sun of new years,  
I suppose the fears are irrational,  
I'm just trying to be passionate to make up for your lack of opinion.  
I'm not saying you're a bad person,  
it's just hard to find a good woman these days,  
Much less a man,  
There's really no difference if you plan a time to think about it  
But how can you have the time when you so obviously have to take mine,  
With my imagination and daily thoughts too,  
One day I'll get them back  
Or I'll have to kill you.  
It won't be a bloody murder just a brief knock over the head  
Or hot grits thrown on your face,  
Oh god I don't want you dead.  
Sometimes I ramble and my brain goes to shambles  
But there's just no one to share it with anymore  
Except the black Muslims on the screen

Talking about being mean to the women and hormones in soy,  
Making little girls out of the little boys,  
Proving that there is always a sacrifice having to be made when you choose to  
have a heart these days and say the animals shouldn't be slayed,  
The bias in this ordeal is outstanding  
Much like the improper English used in this selection,  
Which I know will come over you like a urinary tract infection,  
Which is one of the reasons why I can never see myself being married to a man  
of your status,  
You'll soon take me over with a psychedelic beauty apparatus,  
The way you took over Rome during the fall way back when,  
Oh yeah, I know you were around back then,  
People who don't die can never be born,  
Unless the soles of their shoes get worn,  
And in that case I suppose it's their time to go  
So says Ben Gibbard and Jimmy Tamborello  
As they make their one record and call it quits,  
Piece of shits,  
Talented people should lock themselves in cupboards and lock the damn door  
Just so I can keep ranting a little bit more with a larger audience who practice no  
defiance.  
What am I talking about in this half of a rhyme not divided in paragraphs,  
like my mother always wanted me to use but there's just no being like her when  
my imagination ran to Timbuktu,  
Never to return again.  
Fin.

Barlot ...

# Learning To Walk

My essence is fading  
Christianity's the bleach  
The second I left Murder Beach...I knew it would happen  
But it happened so fast-  
Like everything else.  
The phone seldom rings these days  
As if I'm being punished for the things I can't control  
Part of being your kid is being your scapegoat, I know  
But this is too much-  
Life takes it's toll  
Sometimes  
Same words  
Same rhyme  
Nothing is stable but my poetry.  
In my quest for stability I found nothing more than what I run from-  
Me.  
Recycle your bottles and brainwaves to match  
It weighs itself out with karma  
Oh! let's talk about karma!  
Maybe I've done something subliminally horrid  
And now I'm paying the price  
It's just...this way of life isn't the least bit enticing  
Broken homes full of brain cells splicing...into an oblivion.  
I fuss about being isolated  
But here I sit-  
A recluse.  
Imprisoned inside home recipes  
For the family's social anxiety.  
If I had a heart it would be broken  
But turned into a mosaic and placed in the garden.  
Maybe some things do matter  
Maybe everything is art.  
Just leave me be-  
For now...at least.

Barlot ...

# Lover, Departed

With eyes the color of adrenaline  
And a scent like that of cinnamon  
A gentleman of his nature was one I can't forget  
Simply regret...  
Years of meaningless adoration  
Salvation ending in tears...  
I'm stationed in an old cabin facing everything He held near—  
Like that book about the Granola James Bond  
And my initials on the corkscrew.  
If He only knew how much wine...  
I'm fine, I'm fine  
Keep in mind the difference of age  
Five years apart is more than a stage of life:  
Minimum wage and career  
Lover and wife.  
Ah well, sweet solitude  
I've inked you past due  
Though I thought you were through with me  
Nothing to do with me  
You managed to come through...  
With flying hues of color  
Another sign, says my mother, that I'm at loss of education.  
A simple math equation and I'm through:  
I minus you equals what I used to be  
But to be what I was is old news  
Much like the Republican Holy Crusades in Iraq  
And once more we're back—  
To my left brain.  
Bane of my intelligence  
Marching with the regiment just to show I know the basics  
Scissors, paper, sediment  
Oh my goodness gracious!  
What once was the rant of me losing my confidence  
In the love of my adolescent years  
Has turned to sheer, sheer panic  
Frantic...  
Beating to the drum in my ear  
So finish it...here:  
As obscene as you may take it

I wanted nothing more than to make it...  
To the climax of my novel with you.

Barlot ...

# Luncheon Of The Boating Party

A Sauvignon excursion  
A Cabernet-filled quest  
The boat is now emerging  
From its landlocked nest.

Jean-Pierre stands tall and lurking  
With a cotton-laden breast  
Elizabeth just bats her eyes  
In her Sunday morning dress.

All converse amongst themselves  
Under a striped canopy  
No one seems to notice yet  
The color faded from me.

I watch dear Anne turn up her glass  
But she looks not to see  
Death is blind to all the eyes  
Of those with mortality.

No straw hat protects my head  
From the summer sun  
No wine flows through my compost veins  
To make this party fun.

But oh the elite is laughing  
Eating ham and buns  
Perhaps it's their sheer innocence  
That against me they have won.

The boat floats to infinity  
As I sit, no eyes on me.

Barlot ...

# My Teabag

We can stop it if I cared  
But frankly I'm just too tired these days  
As I sit trapped in a Valium haze  
Where did they go?  
And why did I stay?  
I just wanted a new epidermis  
And a chance to say  
My love for your charisma....  
Well, it will never fade away,  
And neither with you.

Barlot ...

# Mylan

Onomatopoeia.

I'll mash your head in like a potato.

Karma chooses the letters I write.

Onomatopoeia.

Eat your turkey sandwiches.

Your shoes are made of butter.

Maybe the president should be executed

Or forced to have a sex change.

Your bag is ringing

Is that normal?

If my body was as full of corn syrup as it is drugs...

Well, then I'd be fucked too.

Luckily, I am at harmony with my atomic bonding

Oh no, Oh yes.

I got this.

Onomatopoeia.

If she really were on fire, I'd smile.

Rip Ecclesiastes out of your Bible-

T'ain't nothin' but lies!

Is this the Constitutional Convention?

Elephant, Elephant, Whale on the wall.

Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib Ad Lib

Your wall is ringing

Is that normal?

I'm alright already almost all done with this shit!

So sly

I hope you die

Why, you ask?

Because quite frankly the process of death is one in which I don't believe in

because if blackness was before we thought then one would assume it would

follow this void of illusionary time, and we'd continue to live in a rhythmic circular motion.

Onomatopoeia.

Barlot ...

# No Reason To Stay

I think in rhymes  
And the words just flow  
I know I'll never break the safety cap  
Lord knows the gap in my teeh  
Is enough to want to dropp what I preach  
But I believe  
And see  
And do.  
Sighting the jibberish  
Is slightly irrelevant  
But never once did I stop to consider  
I've grown bitter with the years  
Her ever responding essence is...  
So profound I can't react  
As a matter of fact, I'm out.  
It's enough to want it and wonder  
But the plunder on your behalf  
Of letting me witness your mishap  
Now shows the truth.  
My tooth and mouth are numb to pain  
God damn my brain though-  
It's a a tough bite to chew  
Getting over you-  
Just break a few more bottles  
And maybe then I'll coddle a kiss  
This...is more than I can swallow.

Barlot ...

# Nondenominational Domination

Craving caffeine pills and coffee,  
The room spins in circular motions.  
The notion that this is normal...  
Is seldom thought-  
Much like your face on the body of a fetal pig,  
And if you'd be as attractive under the chance.  
Listen to my rants and I swear I won't repeat-  
Only in the case if they're erased,  
And then only due to time travel  
When molecular structure is unraveled-  
Mainly due to camels...  
(The animal, not the tobacco) .  
I saw a man riding past the window  
Then Jesus told me to stop and wash his dirty toes  
And tend the livestock.  
I abided and then chided...  
Some sort of liberal mock-  
In which is expected of me...  
'How cute, the little vegan girl is talking! '  
The mocking proceeds in a Southern style.  
In a while a new location is acquired  
Though it seems still required to be off-  
(It's in my genetics)  
As well as being diabetic and tall.  
I've got all the answers  
And wit to match-  
I'll hatch a plan for domination...  
Nondenominational Domination!  
(To please all factions of the church) .

Barlot ...

# Oh Bitch, You'Re Weary!

The night was storming as she sat alone  
Unheard voicemail on the phone  
Meant nothing  
Like everything.  
It was that time of year  
Where the memories poured  
Past her layers of hair  
And years of care.  
The only barricade is redemption  
Which left way back when...  
The helpless addict showed signs of sin.  
They've turned their backs  
When she needed them  
But then they just crawled back  
As she sat and pressed ignore  
The phone still vibrated in her head!  
She's dead to them  
She's dead  
Send condolences to the list  
With hardened fingertips  
Who she once had futures with in the past  
They never last  
She can't grasp their attention like she used to  
She's dead...  
To herself  
To everyone...  
She's dead.

Barlot ...

## Originality: Fallacy

Taken to the strings from the ink and pen  
Thoughts somehow begin to formulate again...  
And once more, I have the dream.  
Destiny prevailed in the timeline of my youth  
Though the biography is written, blood for oil—  
Eye for tooth.  
Things change, time shifts  
Though my spirits lift-  
There is always the downfall in confidence.  
People I once knew now making it  
And the girl I once was proves what I fear...  
I'm faking it.  
As I talk to the ceiling fan, blades all turning  
She eats safety pins and bleeds chai tea  
And the very thought of ever making it outside this room  
Is stomach churning...  
To be free.  
But once was can never be—  
There are those who start books and finish them  
And those who give up on the plot.  
To say what is had has been got  
Is a fallacy  
And a reflection of the incompetence that is me  
It's all fun and games when there's a roof to hide you  
Then times stops, hearts drop  
And the man that once was beside you—  
Is dwelling on the image that he once knew...  
The ghost of you.  
I've started once more with the same pattern  
It's just so fucking hard to think in a new prose  
Longer nose, stronger toes, but God knows...  
Originality is only unique for so long.  
Conforming to the thought of difference  
And indifference  
Gunshots fire at a cross section to remind you where you live  
It takes a lot to give...  
Blood for oil.  
Eye for tooth.  
Then you realize...

Creativity is the ability-  
To accept déjà vu.

Barlot ...

# Peace Like This Can'T Be Defined

It's in times like these when I wish I were special  
Just so there will be an excuse to be this happy,  
But is it really unfortunate to recognize a feeling  
And have legitimate thoughts?

There's a bird across the stretch of land  
But as I get closer, he'll fly  
Why do I even try to tame the wild species  
When I choose to act as a child?

The dictionaries indoors simply don't know how  
They can't feel what this peace is like  
But I feel it now, I feel it now.

Why is it that walking clears their minds?  
If this were true for me  
Then I'd walk the earth's perimeter  
Just to know what carelessness is like.

I'm feeling sort of warm with a cold streak that cuts,  
I suppose it's like a butter knife though:  
It won't really cut things up  
It's just another way for ONEIDA to make money.

The dictionaries indoors simply don't know how  
They can't feel what this peace is like  
But I feel it now, I feel it now.

Barlot ...

# Peer Mediation Toleration Project

The repression placed upon me in such an institution  
Is enough to drain all creative thought-  
'Like dry rice in a colander',  
Then I look at the rest of the world  
And find that toleration is the only solution:  
Children starving in Darfur  
With nothing more...nothing less than genocide  
And forced to hide in shrubbery  
While their parents are shot dead on their knees  
And tolerate the hate.  
Yet America, land of the free  
Does nothing.  
Nothing more than starting wars  
And holding elections  
Finding cures for diseases, infections  
But choosing to retain such information  
For fear that someone might start retaliation  
Instead of practicing toleration  
One nation...one nation...under the leader  
Who neither knows or shows any form of literacy  
But expects so much from students like me  
Just to make a few more dollars...  
In the global market of knowledge.  
Yet college is twice my annual earnings  
So though I long for further learning...  
It appears I can do nothing but want  
And tolerate government spending.  
While I sit in cold plastic desks  
And think of the best ways to overcome  
The other students carry guns  
Just to make the situation worse  
The curse of adolescence is one in which I hate  
But I tolerate...I get along.  
I hear songs of the days of slavery  
But wonder what they're trying to say to me...  
Other than fear the white man  
Don't fear the reaper  
Digging our graves deeper and deeper  
Just to escape

And tolerate the different hues that we use to identify each other.  
Love your brother  
Drop the hate  
Before it's too late...  
Tolerate.

Barlot ...

## Possible, Conceivable

Your name sparks in me a tissy  
Wondering if you miss me...as much as I miss you  
And thinking of the damage three months can do  
And the ways in which we've changed already  
Then I realize-steady and steady...we get it.  
So if the glove fits-take her  
If not-rape her?  
No, no, no  
Dialogue confusion!  
Clearly the only solution is in the stars  
Neither of us even have cars, it's true  
Love ran on brainwaves-  
Not fossil fuels  
What is to come? and what do we do?  
One million miles of solitude-  
Until a destination is reached  
I should've told you long before you left the beach...  
But time is not at my will  
Possibly not even real  
Possible, Conceivable-  
It's almost unbelievable how much attachment is growing  
But unlike the eleventh finger from my wrist  
This, my love, is not a cyst.  
Well, I hope not.

Barlot ...

# Prison Of The Southern Baptist (Love Note Home)

Oh my dear,  
Every breath I breathe here...  
Is nothing more than inhaled pollution and exhaled personality.  
Conservatism's a bitch, Baby  
And I'm feeling her wrath-  
I want to run home  
Come take me back.  
Really, there's only so much church I can take  
I'll confess my sins to you and we'll start a religion of our own!  
Then you'll witness the off-shoulder stares  
Only in prayers...will they acknowledge me  
With Southern hospitality!

Bangladesh calls.

Is it me that's crazy or them?  
Well, anyone that abides by a Republican is insane  
I don't mean to complain  
I mean, problems follow me wherever I go  
But happiness has to be somewhere in the world  
Waiting to be found  
We'll discover it together  
Anything's better...than here.

Bangladesh calls.

I tried starting a revolution  
(Regarded as ear pollution)  
But was quickly shut down...when I found-  
Their closed minds are locked and George W Bush ate the key!  
Ah me!  
Baby, use my minutes  
I need your soul  
This drug-free abstinence is taking its toll  
And well...  
Bangladesh calls.

Barlot ...

# Rabies In My Palm

Ah the moonlit melodies  
And cliché connections of words  
It's murder to think in such fancy ink  
But never to record...  
So, I sailed all seven of the seas  
And rolled my pants above my knees  
If you please...I believe there's a term-  
Pirate...(one day I'll learn) .  
For now I am just wrinkling  
The twinkling stars call my number  
But the slumber of sleep keeps it's grasp on me.  
The medication and swollen joints weigh down  
The burden of gravity is unwillingly found.  
Alas! One could only guess my words 'fore now  
They all wonder how my eleventh finger grew  
Even if I knew...one would assume a silent vow-  
It's not like a lady to kiss and tell...  
T'was a wish on a dehydrated wishing well  
In which I found my true destiny...  
A rabid cat popped out to wrestle with me,  
It conquered the battle and won the war  
Bit my wrist to a bloody core  
But no more would it bleed after while  
Honey child...a thumb popped out  
The doctors wondered how that cat had magic  
They sent me flowers for they thought the digit tragic...  
I accept the metamorphosis  
And you better bet I get the looks  
Oh, if only it were true, though  
One day it just started to grow  
And like my rambling  
And Uncle Fred's gambling-  
It, too, was a force of nature...  
I am now the crack baby of the Savior.

Barlot ...

# Sleeping On A Tablecloth

I took a break from the slavery of words  
But when I returned, I found my style was nothing as it had been before  
'What could have changed? ' I asked in distress.  
My best response proved to be of no aid-  
As it involved the lack of rainy days-  
Which seem to be in abundance.  
I then made a list of from then to now  
Hoping to find out how...ridiculously free I've become:  
The lack of fun being number one  
(Meaning I sleep all day)  
Number two revolved around you  
(And how you've moved away)  
Three and four were never conscripted-  
As time never permitted such matters.  
Egads! Once more I break the chain  
My brain can't seem to help my central nervous system properly function  
There truly is a fine junction between genius and insanity  
The statistic of such appears to be me-  
I can't even believe my own writing!  
Sight some portions of your beautiful vocabulary  
Mix it with passion for foreign catastrophe  
And there you have it-  
Me!  
Minus the quest for a fair democracy.  
Yeah, I've lost all faith in a nation as ours-  
Under medication  
Under the stars.  
And here lies the problem in subliminal change-  
If a new Constitution can't even be constructed in a country where education is  
required  
Then one would assume that a sixteen-year-old Bohemian shouldn't be so  
inspired...  
To participate in such nonsense, of course  
There is no will in writing for me anymore.

Barlot ...

# Slightly Endearing

My soles are exposed  
And my toes are in action  
The satisfaction of hitting the pills  
Will be the end of my power...  
In the next eight hours-  
I'm euphoric.  
Life is like digging through a grocery store cooler.  
It's a rule of thumb-  
Don't do it  
But what about wanting the best that there is?  
And wanting to live on the streets of Paris-  
There just isn't enough the world has to offer me  
Though it appears in this mechanical monstrosity-  
I somehow keep the beat.  
Who says substance holds you back  
The simple lack of it gets to me  
I'm a writer, you see...  
Therefore I'm allowed to trip  
It's hip to be cool  
And cold to be...to be...  
Oh humanity!  
Talk about insanity...  
What kind of society pays for their oil?  
The coil of our problems-  
Like tinfoil hats and alien invasions  
The simple sensation of abnormality  
Totally depletes the like.  
Give me the mic...  
And I might just throw up blood.

Barlot ...

# Some Day The Party Ends

I am matter  
But I don't matter  
Just use me up and go.  
I'm happy to please  
All of those in need-  
That's why I have 'friends'.  
I am a resource  
But not resourceful  
I waste a lot of...time  
Thinking of ways to make people happy  
And make their sentences rhyme.  
I am possessed  
But not a possession  
No one will claim me  
I just want to be-  
Free  
As not to cost you money.  
I hold content  
But I'm not content  
With the way things have become:  
My house is my heaven  
Not a 7-11  
It's not open 24/7  
The door is locked.  
Walk all over my carpet  
But don't walk all over me.

Barlot ...

## Sonnet #1

My love shied far under shields of sharpness  
Through tunnels and trenches, the like  
I stayed behind to lurk in the darkness  
And lie alone in my thought each night.  
Two writers in search of a thesis  
One in which we wait to see  
The Gods in Heaven gave us words to please us  
As well as giving I to you, you to me.  
And I but a calling from your mind  
And you but the iron in my veins  
In hopes of the treasures we may soon find  
My loneliness remains.  
This city halts for the sound of your song  
Captivating my ear drums for our lifelong.

Barlot ...

## Sonnet #2

Forsake me not with bittersweet lies  
The promises thou doth make are naught  
Red lines and freckles permeate thine eyes  
And like a hair in a trap, a heart is caught.  
Our flawless love not without fault  
A facade placed upon thine view  
When all of the Iron Curtains are bought  
A Carbon window seems to do.  
And such the story of I and you  
Two mismatched appliances  
Though our love holds firm and true  
Here forms Triple Alliances.  
When the chord breaks on the stove of our love  
My attention will turn to the Gods above.

Barlot ...

## Sonnet #3

I grew up with you, I grow old you  
And past linear galaxies  
Our lasting bond will remain tried and true  
Drinking cups of honest tea.  
Love like this is shared amongst few  
But also amongst the many  
A man like yourself is much to pursue  
A man of pure philosophy.  
Count the molecules you see past your eyes  
I'm captivated in the direction of here  
Count the heart in which you categorize  
A conundrum you are, my dear  
It takes an aries to realize  
Our love is imprinted to eternalize.

Barlot ...

# Speaking Of Captivity

I pacify the pain with a midnight stroll-  
The significant pain of growing old  
Growing up  
Growing out  
Learning what life is really about-  
Struggle.  
The struggle of being nothing  
While wanting everything.  
Mortality is just mediocre-  
Consisting of dashes and dots  
Scribbles, ink blots.  
I waltz my way down this dark lane  
With stress flowing through my veins  
It's time for rain  
You prayed for rain  
And delivered like a cardboard box  
(Everything is these days)  
It makes its way down into depths  
Where debt will only be payed with death-  
A penny for your trouble  
It was a classic struggle  
In which man versed the machine  
And experienced highs and lows and in between  
You were almost something  
Almost nothing  
Almost everything  
But you were human-  
A human on a midnight stroll with nothing to pacify but happiness.

Barlot ...

## Still Blank With Words

Staring at the molecules floating past my eyes  
And finding the appropriate species to categorize them  
Just as real as the tangible-  
A projection of mortality.  
Vision weak with ticking hands  
Atomic accuracy, dropping sands  
Just relativity on what 'is' can be.  
What we see isn't always our perspective-  
A program installed in the hard drive,  
A live production on fate...  
Waiting for it to end  
For the opportunity to begin-  
Or be stuck in the middle too late,  
Too long, too much, to die for-  
Blacking out my eyes for vision  
To gain precision and accuracy in thought...  
Something only bought on the black market  
In the year of our Lord: pi 22.  
Well, what can you do...  
To pass the realm of endless vortex  
Just vex me, my Love  
Vex me to life  
Leading to death  
Or maybe a combination of neither.  
Either way there is a pattern  
Of mass, state, matter.  
Should've listened long ago when she knew,  
'You are science. Science is you.'

Barlot ...

## Suicide Note (Anything But Twenty Volume)

There's variety in misery  
And right now I'm all twelve kinds.  
Solitude takes the best of us  
When we realize love is sugar-coated lust.  
Is anything alive?  
I'm not.  
I lead an existence (not a life) .  
Caught!  
Human interaction is so cliché  
I haven't left my bed today-  
Basking in unfulfilled dreams.  
I watch everyone grow  
And then go.  
'Money's not in your future'  
'Hope's not in your heart'  
It's growing dark-  
Another day gone by  
Swatting flies.  
I hear the voices walking  
I see the walkers talking.  
Nothing makes me feel more out of place  
Than these visitors from outer space.  
Sleep is mandatory  
Oxygen is another story.  
It ends now.

Barlot ...

# Sweet Nothing

There's no feeling in my body  
But there's anger in my soul  
Where's my self control?  
In the trash with everything that used to matter.

I can't change the world  
When we just live to die  
Give up now and save your pride  
What else is there to live for but trying?

It's easy to be happy  
When you choose not to care  
The wind blows through my hair  
If it blew me away it wouldn't matter.

The sun has left the clouds to cry  
The sky is growing dark  
Broken lighters in the park  
Won't light my path to acceptance.

There's no feeling in my body  
But there's raindrops on my head  
I'd give my life to be dead  
Just to experience the beauty of inexistence.

Barlot ...

# This Poem Was Never Written

An illusion of a single cell-  
Prison cells with doors you can't open  
And amenities only spoken-  
Never tangible.  
Administration: tyrannical  
Justified with generic ink.  
They tell me to think about their thoughts  
But creativity can't be stolen  
Nor bought for support of Bangladeshi labor.  
If an American child is crying-they save her  
But outside these troop boundaries  
They'll say it doesn't matter-  
'Matter cannot be created nor destroyed.  
So if one is not employed by a US agency-  
They don't matter, aren't matter  
And can be destroyed overseas  
As a way to pass my new policy.'  
Well I'll be damned to write these words  
Absurdity is blank as anything-  
Blank as the bills in Congress  
Blank as the list of heroes and heroins  
And blank as my stare as I'm trying to comprehend-  
Trying to understand why I'm here  
And there but nowhere for certain  
And somewhere behind a new Iron Curtain  
Where thoughts are swept under an Aluminum rug  
And decorated in fine Elemental decor  
But once more...  
Twice more...  
A rearrangement will occur-  
In the future of this fine brainwave,  
This thought process that jump drives can't save.  
Fleeting, fleeting memory  
Defined by branches of Chemistry-  
Organic, Theoretical, Physical, Fake!  
Rape my mind with your textbooks  
And drag me from the lake of all I've dropped-  
Everything but the beat.  
But now I sit in a hard plastic seat

With my legs folded to my chin-  
The fetal position I acquire when I feel in defense of ideas.  
I swear I get it-  
They don't know.  
22 days until I go  
And arrive simultaneously.  
The moment is a second, minute, hour  
The moment is me.  
I am the water Stalin drinks  
This poem is blank.

Barlot ...

# Til Death Did His Part

The pen is broken, the paper is jammed  
He's too soft spoken to give a god damn.  
The words were conceived, the thought now anew  
Though not believed, his lies were all true.

The horns of a Taurus, face of an ass  
Like those before us, his statements were crass:  
I asked him to marry me, to this he replies  
In a tone so merrily, "I'd much rather die."

And death soon came, months after rejection  
Himself was to blame, as I answered no questions.  
Six feet below dirt, married to the ground  
It couldn't have hurt, "I will" was his last sound.

Barlot ...

# Tizzy Tizzy Tizzy

A stranger peeps over my shoulder  
Trying to read something he'll not digest  
The rest of society takes him under wing  
So reading a thing like this is just optional  
But as his female realizes what he's doing  
Her anger is brewing until it's apparent what's occurring.  
Slap on the wrist, kind sir-  
Words are poison.  
They only want noise and...  
A fresh brew, a vibration,  
Macrobiotics, sensation, and more.  
It's impossible to ignore what's the hap  
Now, now, now  
I am the law of matter  
I am the magnetic pull  
I am.

Barlot ...

# Until The End Of Twenty-Two

Autobiographical prose and rhyme  
The pages were blank  
Until Father Time became linear.  
Listen and you may hear...  
The rants of a misdiagnosed minor.  
Naming not legal on papers and documents  
Try and commit a crime...  
They won't stop it.  
Just dropp the print for the record.  
It's all occurred from creation to rapture  
But the need to capture it all in a vocabulary achieved via American education  
Is quite the limiting factor  
Along with experience...  
Which I hear from gods I lack  
But back with a vengeance...  
Personal pronouns-  
The kudzu of my literary garden  
Starting to feel the psychedelic sensations  
And from cracked fingers, metal vibrations  
As it unravels itself before my eyes  
I remember  
Flashback  
A brain cell dies.  
Something grows weary  
Words shift to solemn  
No one can hear me  
Unless I call him...  
We went through it together, I believe  
But my soul is held together with glitter glue  
While his hearet continues to beat  
'Cry Tough, ' I'd tell myself if I could  
But being the baby-killing, pot-smoking, liberal faggot I'm stereotyped to be-  
I don't own a single goddamn mirror  
So all I see...  
Is your picture in front of me  
And kudzu.

Barlot ...

# Very Seldom Is It Just One

There are days I wish I were born without confidence  
Hoping there will be nothing to lose  
When it's blatantly rubbed in my chest  
That I'm nothing more than second best...to the people I choose to admire.  
As I sit around and aspire to be more and to have more  
My dreams slip like dry rice in a metal colander-  
Down the drain and into the abyss.  
The understanding of me sealed in...this...this...  
This facade put up by my dignity has been burned to the filter's end-  
Exposing nothing more than the charred fingertips  
That bend around my guitar as I play in a bar  
For rooms paced with unfamiliar faces  
Requesting the graces of those I know  
But no one shows!  
It's almost as depressing as dressing up with no where to go  
And no one to see.  
It's a reoccurring process-  
It's an autobiography  
Like the feeling in your stomach when you find your foes are right  
Second best in the gene pool  
Second best for life  
Some days it makes me try harder to get the spotlight  
But on days like today I want nothing more than someone to reach out and say  
it's okay.  
Ah! time is fleeting-  
As my youth  
Now there's nothing left to do  
But flood this lasting pain away  
And achieve solitude.

Barlot ...

# Wal\*mart (Rip Free Trade)

I'm completely uninspired  
And at a loss for words  
The growing amounts of Wal\*Marts  
Are clogging up my brain.

My children won't see flowers  
Except on Aisle 19  
Thanks a lot you capitalist pigs  
Just kill the rest of the rainforest while you're at it.

Why, Wal\*Mart, Why?

Go ahead and hire the veterans  
Who can't count correct change to save them  
Of course you don't have paper bags!  
I guess that's just too much to ask.

You've shut down all the fabric stores  
I hope that you're so proud  
Now I have to buy the pattern from you  
When I make my 'Protest Wal\*Mart' shirt.

Why, Wal\*Mart, Why?

I know this poem is tasteless  
But who are you to judge?  
You're the ones who sell Mary Kate & Ashley clothes  
And build stores the size of Canada!

I would attempt to blow you up  
But in order to get a bomb  
I'd have to buy it from you  
And wait in line for twelve hours.

Why, Wal\*Mart, Why?

Barlot ...

# We Got This

I can't bare the thought of his discussions  
Wondering when he mentions me  
Should hope be a thing with feathers-  
If you're vegan, set it free.

My thoughts then fade to fury  
Knowing I've been right-brained  
His captivating creativity  
Is eloquently trained.

So, write the chapter on my brows  
With his homicidal hush  
The fact of the matter has arrived-  
I think of him too much.

Though when I read his ranting  
His breath is all I crave  
Let not my worries discourage him  
'We got this' to the grave.

Barlot ...

# Welcome To Webster's

Practically a rapture seems to occur upon waking  
Though steady and steady it keeps the beat  
Faking it...faking a smile to sell  
But tell me Mr. Professional-  
What becomes of proper politeness  
And just how far can you get with a botoxed face and tanning bed tan  
A man is just not a man unless he vents  
Money well made and money well spent?  
Oh Mr. Boss Man, pardon my grimace  
If you'd just let me finish  
Let me earn my ten bucks an hour  
It's the power that's gotten to you  
And the God forsaken black heart that got to me.  
Watch me frown like the pseudo-intellectual existential lady I am:  
Proceed to kick me to the curb.

Barlot ...

## Windblown Lies

So you're the one in the back  
Whispering preconceived death wishes from my lips  
Expecting pity  
But getting nothing from me  
A little something from him  
Allow me to be immature for...  
A moment and say I got more  
I have more.  
But 14 karats can't prove love  
Only 24 with a promise  
Not a lie.  
Of course, that's all he gave me  
And tossed himself to the curb  
Smoking herb in the alley  
Is the only escape.  
You wouldn't know  
With ignorance bound in leather  
The only way to go  
For someone as naive as you.  
It's a good day for heels  
And black metal.  
I'd say I have the best end of the deal  
I'm on the other line with him  
But thanks for the concern  
I guess you'll learn  
They all do.  
I did.

Barlot ...

# Yeast Excrement Consumption Gone Bad

For all it's worth  
Your philosophies  
And scars, incisions on your knees  
Everything burned to a filthy crust  
Jealousy  
All over me...he's over me...  
Nothing to do  
With nothing to drink  
To think in weak rhymes like this  
It practically...tyranny-  
I've changed myself to change the world  
What once was a happy girl...  
Is now nothing more than molecules  
Oh but the ridicule of reverting  
Is enough to keep me from converting to reality  
And gravity takes its weight  
It's great to be painless  
But my brain gets the best of me  
When there's no one to read my writing.  
Never will there be a sighting at my grave  
I'm young and dying  
Just trying to save every memory  
Every part of humanity  
But the smell gets to me  
Kill me once...  
I'm so goth it hurts to believe.

Barlot ...