

Poetry Series

**matt fromm**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **matt fromm(march 24 1982)**

Heavely influenced by Iggy Pop, Charles Bukowski, Jack Kerouac, Batman, William Burroughs, Miles Davis, George Carlin, and of course... suicidal tendencies

# Amor

Marriage. Yes,  
The subject has come up,  
The old girls even dropped subtle hints.  
Christ.  
Even my friends and family  
Have come right out and said it.

There's no need, really, to repeat it.  
It went something like  
'marry her! '  
And that was it.

She changed me.  
I can't marry someone like that.  
She made me believe in soul mates.  
She made me fall in love  
Again.  
She made me  
Want  
To quit drinking.  
She made me believe  
In my self.  
She made me fall in love...  
She made me fall in love.

How could I marry someone that controlling?

matt fromm

# Are You Alright

this is the last day i'll be alive  
the lady at the liquor store asked if I was gonna be alright  
she is old  
tired.  
tired of me.  
tired of my money.  
tired of my tired face.  
tired of my money.  
she wants to know if I can make myself well.  
if I can make myself whole again.  
she wants to know if I have a home. for she is not ok with seeing me day in and  
day out.  
she wants me dead.  
she wants me alive.  
she wants me gone. but then again...  
she....

matt fromm

# Bite By Bit

its all for nothing  
for 31 years I lived in the church.  
they kept me there.  
no way can they let my kind out into the wild.  
they know that's where I belong.  
they know I need to feed.  
they already have my red grave waiting for me.  
they just don't want me near their loved ones.  
or their despised ones.  
what charm do my fangs really bring?  
what rotten fruit do I truly bare  
what women have I not seduced  
I am unhuman. I am in humane.  
I may be insane.  
don't let me go.  
there is still so much more I have to do

matt fromm

# Blow Out The Candles

now its a party, yesterdays revisited cant get drunk no more.  
cant find my old buddies who were never really my frineds.  
but still., .  
reckless abandon in the night.  
nice resteraunts  
then a can of beans.  
ice cold.  
winter in spring  
father mutters about hair cuts and working for his wife.  
pretend to decieve.  
looking to retrieve.  
even the government cant relieve.  
now its music, genreless but still great of course.  
hot thunder all through out the bar  
sweat.  
wondering how many more people will step on my italian shoes as i hold up the  
just digging on tunes.

sweet dreams later on, the studio elders inform me that the secret is glorious.  
they open there mouths and part the cosmic rays that dazzle and confuse.  
i wake up, see the sun, shut my eyes, then re open.  
clouds again.  
no longer confused, but still perplexed.  
cant explain.  
31 years old.  
whats gonna happen?

matt fromm

# Blowing Bong Hits At The Moon

For all I know This could be the last show.  
But I'm too young to hang up the clown suit just yet.  
Re-running happily frightening images of wher I come from.  
Where I've been.  
Never imagining in a thousand hits  
I would've ended up here.  
Never fathoming it would be like this.  
Carefull jottings of history...I suppose.  
Both true and halucinated  
while Coltrane and the gang tell me about their favorite things.  
It all gets fuzzy these days when I try to think.  
Before today speaking and not being heard  
Being silent then being ridiculed and blamed.  
All because I was too damn quiet.  
Much much too quiet.  
I say to my self it must have been hell for those nice folks to  
endure a silence so uncomfortable.  
The tribal noise in my chest grows thicker louder and faster.  
Scared to death driving down that old familiar road.  
Even though all roads, all freeways all highways look the same  
as I ride down them at this stage in the game... but this one,  
I'll never forget this one.  
I too have cruised sadley to Screw Loose Pl. and Rubber Room Dr....  
To make my life  
Somewhat more interesting.  
Now accellerating fast,  
acting like a tough guy,  
Holding back one too many tears  
Driving down that old familiar road.  
Her road,  
Our road.  
Many a drunken night picking her up.  
Many a night dropping her off.  
Lying about going straight home afterwards.  
Creature of habit, I.  
Who could blame me for cuttin loose?  
Who could blame me for wanting to speed down our sweet little  
road as fast as physics will allow?  
Same leather jacket she remembers.

Same cigars too.  
Traffic lights in the rearview mirror  
Nothing but an insignificant blur  
As I barrel down that fucking road.  
Playing chicken with lady death her self.  
Take my self a hit of apocalyptic proportions...as I say cooly to my self, 'I'm  
betting she's gonna swerve first.'  
And then I burst.  
I let go of the wheel.  
And then I let go completly.  
I cried and fought  
Won and lost  
In the 11 or so public schools.  
Took a shot or two to the ribs from the baby sitters who raised me.  
Took my pills with a cruel glass of blinding juice  
in all the mental hospitals I've stayed.  
Triumphed in misfit bars with misfit folks.  
Turned around in all my soap box glory and said my self greater then all of them.  
I relished in who I was  
but only back then  
Lived through night terrors.  
Dragged through lilly white Hallmark hell.  
Been from here to hell in search of a dream not yet found...  
But it's out there alright.  
Been from here to hell just to shake a little leg...  
Make a little dough  
But both trips seem the same at times.  
But what am I doing now?  
I mean really.  
Shadow boxing in the corner like Joe Lewis.  
Alone.  
All alone.  
Sweet life giving solitude.  
It could'nt be grander.  
The freedom to go out back  
Spread my tired wings  
Breathe deep and blow a friendly fog at the moon  
Luminating my dirty work.

Well slugger... it's time.  
I'll give them a show to remember me by.  
Let's go.

Knock 'em dead champ.

matt fromm

# Can'T Even Name Her.

Just give me a hand  
Just help me out  
And the moon is just a  
Big toenail right now  
Poking through the sky  
And the only star I see  
Is faded and alone  
And old  
Nowhere near the bright  
Nail of God  
Just give me a hand  
Just help me out  
I don't have the answers  
I ain't as sharp as I thought  
Just give me a hand  
I need the secrets  
And the closest things  
To a brother I have  
Says my best aint good enough  
And I don't trust him  
And I wonder why  
Just help me out  
And the waitress  
Brings me another cup of coffee  
Please put something  
Strong in it this time  
I beg you.  
It'll be our little secret  
And the books lost their meaning  
And the art sure as hell  
Is  
Suffering  
Now.  
Just give me a hand  
And the light I see comes from the faded kitchen bulb  
And my self respect takes the back seat  
To the incescent tasks I do  
I do'em to make everyone else happy.  
And they're not.

Why has the moon  
Treated that star with such neglect?  
The only star in the sky  
And I too am old  
And I too am faded  
And I jump through hoops  
And the brothers  
And the soul mates  
And the loves  
And the colleagues  
And the who's who  
And the wind bags  
And the moon that's crescent  
And the lone star  
Remind me  
I'm not good enough.  
Not even close  
Just give me a hand  
Just help me out  
It's painful down here.

matt fromm

# Communion

Down the murder red well  
the gentle serpent, friendly predator a thousand colors bright  
is awakened by the fire.  
devours oxygen  
swims through a submerged rusty pipe and rises from the merky water.  
from an allusive coil  
to a hypnotic slither; i follow the wingless angel to a godless heaven.  
so high, i can see everything.  
so cool i fear nothing.  
i follow the snake anywhere.

matt fromm

# Crest

Everything has to be whit  
polished  
neet  
to hell with dirt.  
its all digital now anyway.  
die, lie, cry  
so long as its white, right?  
the machine tells us we suck.  
and the humans are no better  
and the mail man still wonders why he delivers us our super saver coupons.  
there isno hope.  
there is no life.  
maybe there is life in unhope.  
maybe there is still maybe.  
I wonder about the future

matt fromm

# Cutting

Fall out. to hell with the line. they need you so bad. but you dont need them. you dont need it. you dont need nothin. do you?

she may be an old woman, but you owe it to your self and you city to barge in front of her. to knock her groceries out of her hand. to say the dreaded c word right to her face. let her know you were there. let them know that lines dont aply to you. let your self know you. cut them off. flip them off. but dont forget to smile and wave afterwards. they'll always forgive you. they'll always let it go. dont fear the reaper.

dont fear the father. dont be afraid to sleep with the mother. even if she is your own.

matt fromm

# Decadent Debauchery

Well, I took a shower for an hour  
and that was just the other day.

I gotta look my swellest for the ball or premiere  
or what ever they're calling it these days.

I'll be fasionably late

taking care of buisness in the alley behind the event.

Gotta get my self Fixed just right

if I'm planning on smiling at all tonight.

I just gotta get the gear to move northbound as quickly as possible.

I can't go in until the pinball machine's fully lit up.

The phone's off the hook.

Oh my god!

These broads won't stop.

'Can I come with you? I'd look good dangling from your nut sack, what with all  
those fancy, rich, important people watching. '

Good god you big bunch of leaches.

As soon as I finish my dinner of fried eggs,

I have to crank up Blondie as loud as I can  
and rub one out as fast as I can,

Then I gotta go to the beauty shop

I'm gonna GET MY HAIR STYLED! ! !

So call again another day.

It's time to glue those micro-razors to the old finger tips.

I've got a lot of hands to shake tonight.

First impressions last a life time...

matt fromm

# Dig It

Vanessa was too tough  
lani didn't count  
cristal was weak.  
so what am I?  
the king of blah blah.  
yes.  
so worthless  
so important  
so little.  
yes  
I write.  
so?  
la unified did me good.  
Northridge did me good.  
l.a. riots did me good.  
9 eleven.  
well...  
when the beer is gone and sluts are dried up who the hell will be in my room? my  
pillow, hopefully.  
my body maybe.  
my sanity... well...  
no more fist fights.  
I've had mine.  
give me Beethoven, man.  
give me a 25 hour day bro.  
give me the the ex who dosnt like to be called bro.  
give me my tm give me... well... just give me.  
now. I need I need.  
oh shoot me  
no wait. don't.  
I got more meditation to get through with.  
here we go.  
oh ji ran ja.  
ran ja ja ran  
good, now  
  
matt fromm



I thank you.  
You can give me that final kiss goodnight and goodbye,  
Now I leave you forever.  
I love you forever.

matt fromm

# Don'T Mess With Johnny!

Face to face with all that's going down.

Some folks just don't know how close they came to being called out at 3 o'clock in morning to throw it down in a Venice boulevard bar parking lot.

Some should thank the god who pepper my mind with evil dirt.

For it's the only thing saving their thoughts from a raping.

My worthy adversary thinks he gives me that old classic excuse he knows I use to use... To take him 'ice fishing' or 'Try out my new car'

with him in the front seat and I cleverly behind him.

Stab Stab Stab Stab-er-oooo.

But he's wrong.

I won't kill him.

I won't kill the S.O.B

I don't care how bad he want's it.

I'de prefer to create my own hurricane of conciousness-giving-flaming-ash.

No one can stop me.

No one can touch me.

Looking down the barrel of my gun

That sonuvagun's just begging for it.

paying for it.

Taunting him with the grimace I know HE despises

on my face, I fiendshly Laugh, Kiss him on the forehead and whisper oh so coolly in his ear...'who has time for murder these days? there just isn't enough time.'

Marinating in his urine, it dawns on him I shall never be under his thumb...

For I am twenty feet tall and he's truly nothing at all.

matt fromm

# Drink Me!

use to be a bartender.

just told you to drink me.

guess you should know how to mix it.

. well alright.

. find an unwashed common glass

. throw in 2 cubes of human salt water

.2 ounces of issues unresolved

. a splash of memories from the night stand drawer

. a capfull of times she said she was leaving

.1/2 a shot of addiction

.1/2 a shot of finger pointing.

. a spoon full of promises broken

.2 dashes of friends who turned their backs

. float an ounce of times they said you can't do it

. stir with a cross turned upside down

. garnish with a suicidal lime

and drink me.

matt fromm

# Everlasting Nap

Gimme more than a flesh wall of relief.

I need a sexy stranger of punk rock descent.

Gimme a dangerous little stranger.

Someone who will bring me to my knees.

I'm hiding nothing behind my eyes but  
a pack of rotten lies.

Let me run my fingers through your solid black strands one more time.

Gimme ruby red kisses in the morning

And burn your initials into my arm.

I'd recommend the black fishnets and red thong.

Take my word for it baby,

The leather bracelets hide the beauty marks oh so well. No one has to know.

Gimme a hickey my mother would be proud of  
and don't go light on the hot candle wax.

Gimme a Misfit girl I can handcuff my self to and take the sweet everlasting nap  
with just as soon as the freedom pills kick in.

matt fromm

# Flame On

if you really want it in this life  
burn everything else  
this may mean your job  
your girlfriend  
your wife  
your friends  
maybe even your mother  
if you really need it in this life  
torch the lot of em  
this could mean changing your appearance  
your name  
your address  
or even your brain  
if really cant live without it  
throw gasoline on the rest  
set ablaze last year  
the year before  
and especially  
your life story  
and you'll do it  
after all; what else do you have and I mean really have other than right now?  
i'll tell you one thing;  
unless you can love, cherish, and embrace this second of your life;  
you might as well set fire to that too.

matt fromm

# Forget About It For Christ's Sake! ! !

Way deep in my mind your face still shines...  
Your love swarming inside like a jar of flies...  
I see your pretty smile.....  
but it won't work.  
I see your eyes of blue...  
And my regret brakes loose.

Douse my ugly memories in gasoline if you please... I need a smoke.

Well it was late in the night and I was lost in love.  
Too dark of a night and I was lost in love.  
Your eyes  
were  
saying  
You wanted to go for a ride.  
Yeah, your  
body  
was screaming  
ways you wanted to dance.  
BUT YOU WALKED.  
THEN YOU RAN.  
yeah, you fooled me again  
and, well, I should've known better! ! !  
I  
pray  
I die young.  
MAY  
YOU  
BE PLAGUED  
WITH ETERNAL LIFE!  
Feel  
Feel  
Feel it's sting.  
Seeping in you like a dose of formaldehyde.  
I'LL TAKE ANOTHER HIT!  
CAUSE I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER! ! !

I hold my face up to the falling rain... and I enjoy it alone.  
The polluted dream of us is slowly washed away by the beautiful storm

and I blow it a kiss one last time as it trickles down the freezing sewer.  
Don't cry for me little darlen.  
pretend my words were a fucking lie.  
Don't cry for me little darlen.  
I should've seen it coming on.  
I always knew it was in your power.  
Don't ever cry for me, oh baby!  
Feeling diseased, but I don't reach for the cure.  
The scars you left I wear with pride.  
A cigarette burn for my soul  
A glass of water in the face of my passed out heart  
A little something to let me know you were there.  
I thought those were loving arms around me.  
the rain's still pouring outside.  
No way will we ever  
share it together.  
Feeling cleansed by the violently soothing shower,  
I decide  
I'm ready to go home.

matt fromm

# Gas

feet are too wet. hands are too cold. cant remember the lyrics to the anthem.  
sick in the head. sick in the gut. listening to more saleiri than mozart. wondering  
what the hell is going on. i sat on a bus bench the other night. a white car with  
tinted windows rolled up. it stayed there for a few minutes. then it drove away. i  
keep thinking about moving out of l.a. but where the hell am i gonna go?

matt fromm

# Gettin Soft

No time.

too much time. just enough experience to go absolutely berserk.

I have had enough time and done enough time to make anybody weep.

my seed spread all through out the land.

my bar days. whore days, actor days reduced to nothing.

all that experience.

all that torture

all the endurance reduced to nothingness.

the other day a nice young black women who works security at the coffee shop I frequent informed me that that she sees me rounding the corner every day to get my coffee. she said she can predict my every movement.

she said it was a good thing.

I I don't know.

now I have to see if that truck out side my house which isn't really mine; is gonna tow my car.

why would they do that? maybe its because I am there. because my car is there. shit; I think I better grab my baseball bat.

matt fromm

# Glorification

I looked in the mirror this morning and an honest man shooting daggers back at me.

i coughed in defense at the weak image i saw, after i inhaled some smarts.

I ate the forbidden fruit  
when you told me not to.

I rode towards the mountains knowing they'd never get closer.

Some chick in a black leather skirt had 'NOT TODAY' tattooed on her thigh.

She saw my eyes,  
knew i was of her kind and then she asked for a ride.

A thousand meters past the sands and the ocean is blue.

Flying close to the water.

You can feel it.

So cool.

I just want the strength that grows within the garden inside the plastic bag.

I use to think the key i had would open the doors i'd only read about,  
but the key was made of glass.

I spray painted a worm hole right on that door and then I crawled right through.

I grabbed a-hold of my bag

cuz it was all I had to help me blow my mind.

I made it through unharmed and there it was...

A world that won't allow the pain.

only joy and no pain.

I just want the strength that grows within the garden inside the plasitc bag.

matt fromm

# Growin Up

Aint gonna keep me down.  
my damn lip swings that rip  
livin near a crib growin up around the block from a blood  
where were you son?  
where were you?

'hey good luck buddy boy'  
that's what you said

'hey fella, why do you have long long hair? '

that's what you said

'what are you a head banger'  
'nah he look like a surfer'

bitch I don't even go to the beach

'maybe you should.'  
'yeah go to the beach cuz, get swallowed up by them waves cuz.'  
'yeah. just die already.'

no thank you sir.

not yet.  
I aint goin no where.

matt fromm

# Here

too many thoughts  
too many doubts too many too many too many my god when does it end. it wont  
but if it did... would it matter.  
does anything matter.  
of course it doesn't.  
i'de like to write about the birds outside.  
i'de like to write about the this and tha or about whats happening  
but I don't know whats happening  
is anything happening?  
are we in hell yet?  
is this death? and if so... when did it all happen.  
I bet it was last year when the meteor hit.

matt fromm

# Hey Popio

you

he

I

We

we in the musky night by the peace pond.

where we can dig

grove

move

fish

find

i will ask questions.

i will take great advantage of these gifts of great goodness.

my changing skin

my morphin power.

i may however forget my watch from time to time.

i may lose my grip.

i will vow to always listen.

can we go yet?

what do you mean no?

matt fromm

# Hey... Blonde Girl

The fly has got the spider in the corner  
and is now f! ckin away.

She never saw it coming.

Smooth legs between which lies the enterance to heresy.  
you think you know me?

What's your last name?

Your c#nt has been tamed my friend, thats all!

You think you corrupted me?

I'm more ahead then you think.

Look deep into my eyes and Shut the hell up.

the only respectable thing about you is the fact that you wax.

Your depth goes as far as your throat will allow.

now smile for me sugar.

if you were a man I'd fight you

but since your a woman...

well.

my little whittle back seat beauty

your legacy lies in the rubbers resevoir.

When your kids are older you can show them.

It'll probably still be dangling on the Mullholland curb.

Go on, have another one.

I only want you when your drunk.

I've been dirtier places then you.

Don't worry, if I didn't know your first name

I'd still f%ck you, in fact I'd prefer it.

So my blond blue eyed silky haired angel...until tomorrow?

Make sure you wash.

matt fromm

# Hugs For Hitler

We're only happy when we're dying. and we're all dying. the man on the pulpit needs your support. why would you even think of an assassination? why would it even occur to you to challenge him (or her) . clearly this individual has deeply rooted personal issues. have we all but forgotten the art of compassion? this one upmanship thing we do needs to go away. its a detriment. that dude wants us dead. so i want him dead. dont see that murder only leads to certain death? we look for things to hate. our teachers have taught us that hatred, bigotry, unkindnessness :) is essential to our feeble human condition. not true. conflict and crisis do in fact keep us going as a species but for gods sake, its simply not that fun. being full of 'it' will most certainly weigh you down. and it will kill you (us) .

so when it comes to those jack booted lads who wish to destroy you... offer a nice hug. dont fight em. slide a flower into the nearest orifice you can find and say 'have a nice day'.

do it!

and you just might avoid taking that trip to a lovely camp where your dignity, life, essence gets ripped from your loins and incinerated.

common sense, right?

matt fromm

# I Am God

No one's actually heard what I've said though they claim they have.  
No one's actually seen me though they claim they have.  
The four corners of my reality exist because I created it.  
It exists as long as I exist.  
If I cease to exist it ceases to exist.  
I can cease to exist if I choose.  
I decide what is good and evil.  
I decide what is right and wrong.  
If I want to create a life it's my choice.  
If I want to destroy a life it's my choice.  
I giveth.  
I taketh away.  
I have access to a past nobody knows of.  
I have the power to create a future in my image.  
No one elses'.  
Anything I say is beautiful is so only if I see it.  
If I don't see it, it isn't beautiful.  
It doesn't even exist if I don't see it.  
I choose whether or not I see it.  
It's all up to me.  
It's all my choice.

matt fromm

# I Am Satan

You blame me for your mistakes.

You curse my name when things go wrong.

You tear me down simply for my thoughts.

Upon exile you leave me no choice but to seek retribution.

With the clever calm of my fiery gaze and the swirl of my hand I create worlds of torment and misfortune.

A sea of blood flows on my command.

I hold fear in the hollow of my hand and thrust it upon whom ever I choose.

I am the love child of judgment and ridicule.

The hatred bestowed upon me has given me nothing but strength and endurance.

As the great impaler.

As holder of all that is reviled.

As Lord of a dark world of unexistence I need no minions I need no followers.

I am the ruler of my world.

Vengeance is mine and only mine.

To be spit on no more.

No more.

No more.

matt fromm

# I Wonder If She'll Ever Read This.

That you heart-ache?

I was wondering when you'd come back around.

Day and night having tearfull conversations with the woman I fell in love with.

I'm talkin 'bout the first one now

Not the other one.

Tellin her I wanna hold her

only to have the 3 years since I've seen her

come crumbling down.

it's all been in my mind

Though the tears are very real.

I wish you were here,

Singing how you were crazy for me.

Wiping my tears from my pathetic cheek.

Spitting Jack and coke in my mouth.

Your not here when I talk to you.

None of this is real.

OH MY GOD SOMEONE TELL ME WHY I AM STILL FEELING THIS! !

I

need

your

gifts that I never deserved.

I

wanna

cary out the evil plan I had after you flew away from me.

But I know I'm too gutless to even kill my self.

Jesus,15 years difference between us you say.

My 23 to your 38 huh?

My 45 to your 60 huh?

My 65 to your 80.

You'd still be my precious baby.

And I never cared you couldn't remember me whispering those words that meant so much in your ear.

I still miss you my precious baby.

You were so fine where ever you stood.

My love for you was bullet proof.

I'll wrap my lips around a 12 gauge to prove it honey.

Setting my charges at the base,

turning the dam of the world into cynder,  
and flooding the world with the pain I wake up with,  
go to bed with, and eat my meals with... as few as they may be.  
I know you'd wretch at the site of the horrible monster I've become.

Something  
Must have happened  
When you watched that movie  
For the first time in my arms.  
CAUSE NOW MY SHOES ARE TOO BIG!  
AND NOW  
MY JACKETS TOO SMALL!

Chased with torches for 'what' I am...  
not even for 'who' I am.

But, you know you made feel like a who and a prince.

Not like the blasphemus creation of Frankenstein.

All though I'm a burnned out freak nobody wants,  
All though I've made a beast of my self without realizing it,  
I'de still fall in love with your green eyes all over again.

I think I'm way too dry ever since I retired the bottle that nursed me back to life  
after you left.

You'd hate me worse if you discovered my secret concrete lungs.

And I'de welcome your slap in the face with a warm  
forgiving smile.

So, when the smoke clears from my big empty living room.  
And I realize I've been imagining our whole conversation,  
even the part where you tell me I'm nothing like Frankenstein.

I remind my self

I never could make her happy.

No.

Not the way she deserved.

Now I know...

Now I know...

I know You don't fall in love with a 20 something year old drunken mistake.

A speed bump on her road to wellness.

Reminding my self I'll never plunge my love into her again.

And never again will we share the wine.

Still bumbed she lost my hopeless drunken romantic voicemail

I suddenly start thinking about my Suicidal Tendencies sweat shirt.

I wonder if she understood it was the only way I could leave a piece of me with  
her always.

Did she see that a fallen angel handed over his wings?  
Did she know what it meant to me?  
Something tells me she tossed it.

matt fromm

# In My Lawn Chair

I'm so hungry I can't eat.

I'm so in love her abuse reminds me she's there.

Now on sunset and Doheny where many a merlotnight was spent.

I AM a hopeless romantic

Gettin misty.

time to turn up the ramones.

matt fromm

# In Yo Face!

Oh

I don't know much  
about being a hero.

I just go with the flow

And contribute my stain on the bed spread of the world.

Philosophy is enscribed on a blue bus bench.

Politics is the coolest hippest thing ever  
don't you know.

Oh

I don't know much  
about getting revenge.

I just drink it all in  
and then spit it out later.

Youthanize me quiet and sweet before I kill my self.

Try and make me sing, convince me I'm nutz  
and dropp back off on the corner.

Oh God honey stop kissing me.

It just doesn't feel good anymore.

Sorry doll face.

Oh

I don't know much

about being a lover, or a boyfriend, or a co-worker, or a neighbor,  
or a voter, or a tax payer, or an american, or a fighter, or a tough guy, or a  
decent fellow, or a son.

However...

A petite brunette New york intellectual type with glasses and big tits said I have  
'quite a way with words.'

Beat that.

matt fromm

## Is It Really Gone?

Fruit cakes in alleyways. Starving actors for pay.  
Mixed in the shuffle of the city. That is to say the billboardians.  
You walk down L.A. streets  
You feel the sweat on your hands and the cold on your neck.  
You see rainbows on bumpers and doors slamming shut.  
And hazy orange glow provided by lamp posts  
The comfortable stare of a stranger on a bike  
And the fear of seeing someone you know.  
The dream still follows you  
Though once gold and pure, young and innocent  
Now darkened and scarred, dirty and desperate  
It still follows you  
300 bosses and none of them use their real name.  
They don't care about you, only the show.  
You take it on the chin and get told your finished  
Your light in the pocket and about to snap  
Solitude in liquid then solitude in smoke  
Your with the love of your life  
And still have the aches and pains for a good old slut.  
The days of James Dean are over, they ran away.  
I just wan't my self back.

matt fromm

## It's Hard To Get Away

I dug my own grave threw myself in and layd there with out a care in the world.  
Then my grave began to fill itself,  
Instead of dirt it was all todays newspapers and gossip rags.  
I opened my eyes and began to read;  
Brad Pitt takes shit,  
George Clooney said to be pregnant,  
Angelina Jolie gives the sieg heil to the pope,  
American Idol executives said to be responsible for war in Iraq,  
Gov. Schwarzenegger passes bill allowing every homo-sexual and Latino to be  
beaten to death with parking meter  
Shit.  
I thought this would be my sure way out.  
So, it shows, you see... It's hard to get away

matt fromm

## Like Now

I still recal the sound of the 2 A.M. trains  
from your open bedroom window.

Nestled between a hidden life and your bedspread  
choking on your flame colored hair.

Baby I need to know if it's time to hang up my leather jacket on the rusty nail I  
just drove through my wrist.

Sitting on a wobbly bar stool,

I regret not smashing the bottle of jack and carving your initials into my chest.

Those initials you introduced your self to me as.

I'd give anything to go back to days where you only crossed my mind when my  
neck would hurt.

Like now.

matt fromm

# Made It, Ma!

On top of the world  
And everything looks so small from up here  
I swear I thought only good could come from my honesty.  
I know sometimes it hurts, though  
All the pride & joy I felt  
When I felt  
And when I felt, it was good  
But rarely did I feel good.  
Stronger and faster than most  
Or at least that's what I thought;  
Yes I could move like a cheetah  
but where I was running  
I really don't know.  
Like my Mama always told me,  
I stood firm against the wind  
When it tried to knock me down.  
I did the best that I could  
With the tools that I was given;  
I fought myself the way I fought others.  
Maybe I expected too much.  
Angels and Demons live inside,  
Fight inside,  
Made me run and hide  
Always conflicted and inflicted  
Feeling so crucified  
But always staying true to myself,  
I never compromised.  
The world is a brick wall and I'm the man with the spray can.  
Back and forth they went  
But only up will I go.  
I'll never know if I was strong enough to complete my mission  
The 2 unstoppable forces always going head to head;  
I could never keep the peace  
No matter how hard I tried  
The battle within became a war.  
Why couldn't it decide to be one big heart?  
The honest words that I spoke were mistaken for bullets  
No matter how soft I whispered.  
I hope and pray I helped to pave a way

Before my time was up  
Bid them a farewell for me  
Before I go  
And when the lady in black cloak takes my hand...  
Anticipation will mount eventually you'll just assume that I died,  
Assume the pain is gone  
But once again  
There's always been the 2 inside  
Demons aren't the only ones that hide.  
I may parish from this place but will forever remain  
Too many years I've been hearing the same words  
Again and again they go  
This place ain't big enough for the 2 of us.  
So these earthly remains are sealed up in the box,  
I'll take one of 2 with me on over to the other side.  
Angel or Demon  
I can't decide, I don't know yet  
One thing for sure is that I'll never die  
Till I decide to go.

matt fromm

# Man Of Steel

The good old  
Freezing cold.  
I use it to my advantage  
I can take it  
Better than that  
I want more of it.  
Tips of my fingers  
Pink and numb  
Thick black socks  
And I still can't feel my feet.  
Cock might as well  
Be a drink straw it's so cold.  
Cold wheather makes me  
Have to piss  
It dosn't matter  
If I went before I left  
I'll always have to pee.  
I can take the rejection  
I can take the onslaught  
Of guilt trips and  
Psychological S&M  
I can take being asked to  
Pen my name in my own blood  
Only to be told  
It looks like shit and smells like piss  
No one can beat me  
No one can  
It's impossible  
To beat a man  
With a weapon as great as mine.  
Me, I can take the freezing cold

I,  
I can take the freezing cold

matt fromm

# No Feelings

Got it gripped good and firm this time

But I can't seem to squeeze off a single round.

Soaking wet and I don't drip.

The pain in my stomach isn't doin it for me.

Nor is the brightly lit L.M.U clock tower off in the distance.

The L.M.U tower I spent a good portion of my child hood years near.

I look at it, running down Stanwood street.

And still it gives me nothing.

I wake up every morning to find that Hell awaits.

I choke and I choke on so called wise words that are thrown my way.

Trying so hard NOT to put it on paper.

Let it build up and then bust a great big fatty.

I only wanna write when I'm light in the head.

I can't be pent up enough.

Simply can't resist taking the condom off the ball point pen and getting REAL messy.

The dull red neon Bendix sign off in the east gives me the memories of the innocents they said I should keep but decided they'd rather have it.

I'm not gonna fade away, no way, sunny day, say hey!

Crawl, instead, to the wrong side, go inside, can not hide, Mud slide, homicide, suicide!

When they chase me out of my own skin

I'll spin around with an undead hunger in my cold animal gaze...and i'll chase them.

matt fromm

# No More Cristals

Waking up in the great oblivion.

wanting everything and remembering more

talking about taking hold of the world

only taking hold of my balls

hanging up the bat man cape while reaching for the factory uniform letting go of

today thinking of tomorrow

clinging to yesterday

I understand why the birds sing

but its something I simply can no longer do.

matt fromm

# No Sympathy For The Suicidal

Sitting at the great ones table

And I feel all alone.

Pumping a 12 gauge round down the throat of the principal

And getting no satisfaction.

Whistling to the beat of a bowie song on a rainy morning and still no smile.

Time to roll another one.

Time to look in the mirror, slap uor self in the face telling your self to man up.

Having visions of cooking up, on a hill over looking your town.

Pretending it is your town.

The accusations repeating over and over again.

Knowing as true as the stars, which are hidden by city life, somewhere out there,  
true love exists.

matt fromm

# Not A Metaphor

Sitting in my closet.  
My private box for visionary field trips.  
'Oh shit thats Siouxi Sioux,  
That 'spellbound' song?  
Fantastic.  
Oh how fantastic.  
Lets face it...I hot box in here.  
No one can find me in here  
Or no one want's to.  
But it's chokish in here  
Bare ass bulb with a  
Skinny dark enticing string that dangles  
Over my head.  
The decade closet case  
Becomes not about being homo sexual  
But about being a  
Coughing crocker'll be  
The day I'm in trouble

matt fromm

# Oh, He's So Clever

I told the ol' boy  
I had no money  
Nothing,  
Nada,  
Niente.  
A fair warning  
On my part.  
He said  
'Dude  
Don't worry'  
I went  
I waited  
And I got  
bored.  
My friend,  
Winning at pool.

But that was  
Nothing.

A lot of  
Stunning, beautiful  
women  
The crem de la casting couch.

But that was  
Nothing.

Me, Fromm,  
Sitting there  
Absorbing  
I guess

But I was  
Nothing.

How could I  
become  
Something?

Screw the rest of them!  
What about me?  
No money?  
Not quite.  
7 bucks to be exact!  
What,  
blow it on  
1 drink at  
This place?  
I think not  
Tic-Toc  
Tic-Toc  
I've got it! ! !  
The 7-11  
On  
The  
corner

I said  
'be right back'  
'cool'  
or something  
Like that he said  
I went in  
Requested a  
Pint of Diamond Vodka  
To go along  
With my  
12 oz.  
bottle of cranberry  
It came out to \$6.87.  
Hot damn,  
What a smart shopper.  
Now, where?  
HmMMMM.  
Well, (I thought)  
there's always the  
Ihop across  
the street.  
And,  
They have a bathroom.

I'm not  
Ashamed  
Of what I did  
I feel empowered.  
Who else  
would have the guts  
To stand in front  
Of a large  
Bathroom mirror  
With the door  
Locked  
And look your self  
In the eye  
As you  
Mix as much  
Diamond Vodka  
as you can  
Into the cranberry  
Juice  
And  
Drink it  
As fast  
As you can  
So you don't  
arouse suspicion?  
Not many, thats who.

matt fromm

# Out In The Woods

I'm no longer strong  
the fine line between pity and confusion can drive a person nuts.  
there she is, worrying about me.  
why? she never truly loved me or even liked me.  
and why would she? she has money to spend and dudes to date.  
she must know by now that she could do better than me or god forbid that thing  
she was married to.  
she wondered about the connection.  
she taught me everything I know about nature and the connections we all have  
yet she still doesn't get it.  
lasik eye surgery still cant cure her blindness.  
maybe she should've kept the specs  
or maybe I'm totally delusional  
maybe I am her curse and not the other way around.  
what ever the hell is going on with me... I wish it would stop.  
she gave me a firm pat on the behind like the animal I am and set me free into  
the wilderness.  
the very place where I always dreamed we'd be  
alone  
together.  
but that was simply a fantasy she got me hip to.  
an unobtainable reality.  
she never loved me.  
she never wanted to love me.  
the poor spoiled rich kid just wanted to feel dirty for a little while so she called  
me  
gave me an ample sample of love simply to show me what I could never have.  
what I truly didn't deserve and never will  
I am her joke  
I am her novelty desperate to make it back on the shelf for public viewing  
she wants me to suffer.  
fine.  
I've been with far worse who have treated me much better.  
out here with only the moonlight and the trees older than me shielding me from  
the awfulness of loving her.... I am comfortable.  
I am alone and free to howl with the fires of hell at my command.  
I know my place.  
I know my strengths  
I will always defend the weak

if she needs me  
she knows where to find me.

matt fromm

# Panama Gold

I got a little burried tresure Hidden deep in my brain.

The mystical green gold of Panama

Showing me what heaven must look like.

And it looks like

me and the boys

Blazing as much as our collected thirty bucks would allow.

Under the bridge.

Talking about cruising on down to Mexico.

Groovin to an old tune entitled ' Lost due to Incompotence'.

Feeling so high.

The after school sunlight bouncing off our innocent backs.

Dirty Culver City stream water bubbling furiously

while we blasted our lungs off straight into manhood

Or something like it.

Firmly believing we were invincible young braves.

Part of the skate board tribe.

Laughing at consequence, we ride down the avenue never dreaming we'd have to get older.

The tragedy is that we did.

I couldn't recognize them today if I wanted to,

and I don't.

But for old times sake, to commemorate an invisible legacy I'll set forrest fire and exhale magic into the o-zone in honor of the homies.

matt fromm

# Pipe Wrench Fantasy

You know I never thought I'd be there.

at the bottom of it.

Scraping the thick sticky floor for something I can take home.

I found a rare flower floating gracefully on top.

I picked it.

The scent was as intoxicating as the vodka it was soaked in.

As history likes to spin the same old record

The lady with the face of every teacher I ever had every where took it from me.

She told me I didn't belong there.

She told me I had no right.

She told me to go take a fuckin walk.

There was something wrong with my face,

With my mind,

With my scary old voice.

I remember all the happy faces at that place and even with all the drunken hand shakes I could only think about the great baptism in a lake of alley water blessed by who ever

I would love to perform on the young, old, whatever she is.

Every time I clean off a nice Gin soaked flower from the red state and carry it over a river of shit in the hollow of my hand... you come by and smash it. Why?

I don't belong?

I don't have the right?

Let me explain what a pipe wrench fantasy is all about.

matt fromm

## Poems Start With P

no one seems to get it.  
my fingers crawl across this thing  
I bleed on it spit on it sleep with it.  
its the only thing that matters.  
devotion to of all tings  
(the written word) seems useless to most  
the most are probably right but to be wrong in a world so right is to be perfect at  
least in my humble opinion.  
I have gotten jobs  
gotten laid  
gotten stoned gotten sober  
gotten everything for being wrong.  
clearly I did something right.  
goodnight.

matt fromm

# Searching

We could be driving around all night searching for the truth.  
The rising sun peppering us with just enough light as it peaks through the  
blanket of smoke and ash.  
Venice boulevard palm trees barricade us from an unforeseen future  
Charging like a relentless rhino.  
Shelter is the bus stop.  
Stuff the back pack full of guns.  
Put cigarettes out on your arm to remind your self you still have feelings.  
Burn your drivers license, watch it bleed and forget your birthday for good.  
Drive!  
Drive!  
Drive cause your lost!  
Drive!  
Drive!  
But watch your ass....  
The rising sun,  
The smoldering ash,  
Nights like these are what I need.  
I've got two loving hands in my pocket.  
Let's try and steel  
a nugget  
of solitude  
in this  
poison  
meat locker.

matt fromm

# Sensitivity Training

i'm thinking of applying for a job at a pickle factory.  
isn't that what I am suppose to do?  
salty goodness that everyone seems to despise.  
factory workers in l.a. nothing more than excuse to mureder myself.  
isn't that what they want?  
Christ.  
is everyone sober?  
what happened?  
robots rule my world  
and you.  
what do you do?  
you lay down and take it up the ass by the machine.  
flip them  
flip them, and let them burn  
watch them burn  
warm your selves  
oh wait  
you would rather warm your lean cuisines and watch the fucking voice.  
you would rather not feel feelings.  
I can show you how to sharpen tree branches into stabbing weapons.  
but you don't want that.  
no!  
you would rather beg your crucifix sporting prescription writing mad man for  
another dose of euthanasia.  
go ahead.  
you could follow me and learn to hunt with the hunted  
but why do that?  
you got neil Patrick harris over acting on fucking TiVo.  
why miss out on modern reality lies.  
god bless the red white and...  
  
matt fromm

# Slow Down Before You Get Hurt

The words float by  
In single file  
In your brain  
you just wan't to grab the right ones  
Then everything'll be o.k.  
It's the words that make  
Everything o.k.  
You get what you want  
Always.  
The waves of life  
Crash down on you  
Hard  
And your drowning  
In the adventure of the  
Go faster style of life.  
Nothing at all  
You feel  
Can save you from life  
At least you can let the words  
Come to you  
The words float by  
In single file  
In your brain  
You just can't grab them  
Let the words come.

matt fromm

# Straight Jacket Waltz

Whistling at the bus stop  
and my book bag ways heavy.  
I Stagger and shuffle down the boulevard.  
Leaning to my left, I light my self a stogie,  
I think about some melody they can play while they lower me into hell.  
A standard issue wino asked me for my dough.  
He says it's for food.  
But what the heck do I care.  
I slide him a bill and advise him to have a ball.  
Now I'm cursing at the world  
for being so goddamn dimwhitted.  
Surrounded  
BY fizzed out light bulbs wearing Christian Dior.  
I wanna sock it  
to the pocket of the man who did this to the people.  
Every where I look I see miles of iron lungs.  
Lined up and seperated in perfect configuration.  
Through the windows I see sullen,  
dull eyed,  
almost comatose faces.  
The most horrifying scene I've ever seen.  
Who ever lined these poor souls up like this,  
covering the entire street with them  
was mad, I thought.

Sick and tired of having it up to here with these pestky vampires.  
Ducking through alleys, hiding in shadows, running like a villain...  
in my own home town.  
Feeling like the hunted.  
Tearing my ear off trying to sell me god. (theirs not mine)  
Shoulder checking me,  
stinking up my atmosphere  
getting too close, way too close.  
Gotta go faster gotta get outta here.  
It's getting HOT.  
Feel the angry culdrin in my vains.  
Backed into a corner  
Oh God too late  
Too late! ! Too late! ! too late! ! too late! !

Can't stop  
No!  
Someone make me feel better before I explode!  
I shout for someone. Anyone.  
A friend.  
Until I realize I'm in this alone.

matt fromm

# Sunset Stranger

Too much one evening,  
We were at Mel's on Sunset,  
had been picked up by The Great Tula  
The Great Tula had warrents,  
Rick just called, asked if The Great Tula called me  
I said no, The Great Tula talked fast, French, English, South African and  
American, jibber-jabber,  
took food off others plates,  
Rick want's her to be the next Mrs. Rick  
But he won't make a move,  
the birds out my window agree,  
as does my sensible 3: 42 am bottle  
The Great Tula reeked of tobacco,  
some kind of brown stoge was her smoke of choice  
The Great Tula would ask a black man  
for one of his Newports, then ask if he was one of the Crips,  
(of course he wasn't)  
The Great Tula had a striking resemblance to Helena Bonham-Carter  
and carried a katana sword in her back seat,  
I wan't to scream in Ol' Ricks ear 'Hey! She's the 'ashtrey' for every punks  
'cigarette' on the strip...if  
your gonna ride into her 'palace' make it inside a 'Trojan horse'  
(rim-shot, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! SHIT.)  
strange folks, good sandwich, got nothin else, long live The Great Tula

matt fromm

# Swell

she said if my fuse box blows; i should call her. she said i have people. he said he's trying to start a business. he also said he doesnt have bodies buried in his backyard. i went home and listened to hank the third. i felt a little better

matt fromm

# The Famine

Quiet empty streets  
Chilled to perfection.  
The Scent's in the air.  
I'm gonna get close to you..  
The weight of the centuries rattles my bones  
the satisfying quench your life filled wine  
provides...  
I've been starved fo far too long.  
You can run  
You can hide  
But only I can fly.

Barrelling down on you.  
The shadows provide no shelter.  
quivering mad, I see those eyes to terrified to blink.  
Living is a gamble  
Feeding is my game,  
Read 'em and weep,  
You've just lost everything.  
Dressed down in white  
There's terror in your eyes.  
Though, not to panic, little Darlin,  
it won't hurt for long.  
Orange moon illuminates the dinning area  
There's nobody but us.  
You never thought we'd meet again  
it's time for to have a little taste.  
Deafining is the clang of your silver cross at it falls from your inticing neck and  
slams to the pavement  
sweet music to my ears.  
If only I could die like you... I would know first hand  
sensuous release.  
A bouquet of wolfbane and 2 coins for your eyes.  
I kiss your wounds one more time before vanishing.  
And you fall back asleep.

matt fromm

# The Last Jerk Off

i'm still here.

the birds still sing

mr. Erickson still sings

my heart does what it does.

for what reason, I have no idea.

California love was just something somebody sang a while back.

freedom, liberty, joy, tenderness was just something scribbled on a piece of paper years back.

delusion.

how about manifestation?

what happened to the hipsters who came here only a few years ago trying to rev everyone up?

they're in Oregon now.

they gouged us properly.

now they're gone.

bye, bye sweet cheerleaders.

we will miss you.

do you even remember us?

matt fromm

# The Triad

Maybe they're right  
maybe I don't get out enough.  
I have thought of offing myself but to no avail.  
just another slave to gramaatical correctness and lighthouse rule.  
I am going to burn in hell.  
least its warm.  
god what I wouldn't give to have a bit of warmth.  
but cold smokey haze filled with yo-yo bliss is what I signed on for.  
multiples of 3 is what I signed on for.  
dying a slow impoverished death filled with non tax paying epicurean delight is  
what I signed on for.  
unwept.  
pathetic.  
lonely  
I signed the contract.  
shoot me..  
I beg you.  
shit I must be drunk

matt fromm

# The Urge

cant go to the movies anymore with your life being threatened. cant sit with a friend without having to hear the pitch afterwards.

cant wish an ex girlfriend happy birthday with getting a 'nice to hear from you'

cant be a human without being a zombie.

for all the hell i've spent in this cell; i cant resist the urge to be heard, loved, hated, killed. i'm hooked. pretty obvious.

matt fromm

# These Days

When the tecate aint going down so well  
when the memories of yesterdays b.s. aint going down so well  
when the 12 steps, and relatives and former friends who don't return your phone  
calls and everything else. fuckin irs  
aint goin down so well. what to do?  
universe?  
learn to speak Spanglish?  
learn to learn?  
to hell with that.  
lets think instead about sensitivity training.  
lets think instead about the flies who like us.  
lets think about our vanity  
out ego  
our drunkensess  
and maybe utopia.  
why wont someone just beat the shit out of me in my sleep.  
oh yeah.  
i'm a mammas boy and a fraud. I have special training.  
training they don't teach to th secret service. scared to death they are.  
or perhaps their just selfish.  
I can relate

matt fromm

# Thieves Of Night

can you feel me deep inside you, baby?  
am I taking your pain away?  
there we are; over looking the canyon

a house that isn't ours  
but feels like home

the clothed drivers miles below  
racing against time while you, my love, and I soar beyond the night sky were no  
one will hurt us ever again.

our shadows dancing against the walls of our warm, pale, moonlit room.

I can feel your flow, my insatiable lover.  
flow for me, baby.  
better still; lets flow together  
let me take you there.

my tears cascade down your soft, porcelain breast as your nails across my back  
let the world know I belong to you.  
gazing at you with werewolf eyes, I have no choice but to go further in you,  
making you mine forever.

the crimson soaked sheets covering my back will always be stained with the  
blood you drew.  
ravens claws on an angel  
I want some more.

can you feel me?  
can you hear the coyotes howl?  
can you hear the swift hush of the ocean breeze rushing through the canyon  
singing for us not to commit the sin of never colliding in the dark again?

can you hear my call?  
can you feel me looking at you?  
do you feel my eyes tracing your body?  
can you feel me deep inside you, baby?

our blue eyes will meet in the dark again

our night's still here.  
lets take it.

matt fromm

# Too Young To Be A Peeper

Lookin at beautiful ass attached to red head who looks to be 16.  
17 tops.

Why is it, the most miraculous asses, tits, and pussies  
Belong to people, just people,  
Who if you so much as kiss or even  
Innocently touch the top of the breast of  
Can land you in PRISON  
For at least 5 years?

I know about these things

Well,

At least I know about the asses and the tits and the pussies and the  
16 year olds.

Not the prisons though, ya know?

See ya!

matt fromm

# Two-Bits To See The Drug Child

I messed around.

just like any boy.

I got shanghied and called a freak.

They said son we're doing this for your own good.

I said thank you very much

for knowing more about me than I did!

They caught me walking up the stairs made of hash brick.

Walking up the stairs made of hash brick straight to My Way!

I got out.

For lack of a better word

We call it rehab.

The makeshift doctors never did me no good.

They said we told you we could make you  
change.

By the grinding noises of my teeth I swore vengeance.

Cause they caught me going up the stairs made of hash brick.

GOING UP THE STAIRS MADE OF HASH BRICK STRAIGHT TO MY WAY! !

I'm cruising through the sky.

Your burning in my wake

I'm bending reallity the faster I go.

Your following a fake.

Don't call the curtain on this show.

I'm walking up the

stairs made of

hash

brick.

walking up

the stairs

made

of

hash

brick

straight

to

my way

follow me down baby.

Thats an order.

matt fromm

# Wedding Photos

It was miserable manufactured saturday.

The fantasy of 2 blunts to the head was the only thing giving me the strength to get out of bed and shave.

The ride there was long stretched out funeral gloom.

the sky ahead was shoe polish black.

All i saw of the sunset was dying slowly in my rearview mirror.

Wouldn't mind being dragged like a thief behind the semi ahead of us instead of going where I was going.... to open the 9th. gate and wouldn't you know it,

There's fake flowers wich matched the fruit as far as the eye could see.

Kenny G playing loudly in the background.

A lighter shade of HELL apeared on the laptop screen.

Sandwiched between the love of my life (or some shit)

And her aunt.

my demise was peaking over the horizon.

Winking at me.

I knew I was through....

The wedding photos came to life, squeezed their large monstrous, rectangle shaped bodies out

from the computer screen and charged straight at me.

They horrified me with images of future truly DAMNED.

Mercilessly pumbling me

Dragging combs through my hair

Kneeing me in the balls

over and over

until they dropped down my pant leg

rolled across the dinning room floor.

the girlfriend knelt down,

flashing me in the process,

picked up my lonely cojones and said, 'I'll be taking these'

The picture of the bride biting the head off the plastic wedding cake stutue of the groom, held one of it's sharp corners

to my throat,

While the other walking demon photographs tore my clothes off, slapped a tuxedo on my naked frame and shoved champagne in my hand.

Weeping in the corner like the wino king I once was after hearing the words last call,

The girlfriend and her Nan`a leaned in slow

stopped 3 inches from my face.

Just then my woman said to me, 'Did you expect it any other way? '

matt fromm

# What The Hell.

Don't you wish?

I do.

I wish the fog would clear up.

I wish the forums to be real, creative, honest would just appear.

the veins in my body, the poems in me head the lust for life, love, poverty  
sobriety everything else would just appear and make life more beautiful.

it has in some way. but death still stalks

still mocks.

I think of beautiful things like anything besides my self.

I am not beautiful

I am not ugly.

I don't even really exist.

none of this is real

did I spoil the ending for you?

am I skimming the surface?

course not. now its time to die.

matt fromm

# Whats Up, Sir

Him

'dude i'm still kinda... you know'

me

'bro its cool'

him

'cause that night we came over...'

me

'bro its cool'

him

'i'm still kinda... you know... traumatized. I mean not traumatized.  
, but...'

me

'bro its cool.'

him

'so we are cool right? '

me

'we are.'

him

'cool.'

matt fromm

# Where To?

The best in line for the slaughter are those who don't participate. Those with health insurance are prime candidates for eternal life.

The man with no family will one day be hailed as a hero.

The actor with no headshots, the farmer with no shovel, the head without a brain just might one day become president.

We cant stop the invasion of bug eyed mutants who thin their peevish poindextorous ways are funny or innovative. Best we can do is pray for a large asteroid or title wave or earthquake or some thing. Anything.

Anything that keeps us from turning our trollish selves into name tag jockeys and 8 hour a day mindless bottomfeeding shell dwellers.

I hope our death is an exciting one.

I know it will be.

matt fromm

# Who Will You Screw?

I've been to 27 different bus stations  
I got a big old hickey on my left thigh.  
I ran you outta here while the gettin was good  
Tell me who will you screw?  
Who will you screw now babe?

You use to make me fear the sun  
now I'm redder than ever.  
I drink my coffee as loud as I want  
and I'm free to sleep on my stove.  
Though constantly looking over my shoulder  
there's no more fear of you being there.

I've eaten the last of your cornflakes for the last time.  
I don't worry about how the house smells.  
The grass is greener.  
The visions never more brilliant.  
Now tell me, who will you screw?

The night is clear.  
The air is sweet.  
It's saturday night.  
Up on the roof, gazing at the fullest of moons  
peeking through the trees and telephone wires while the helicopter circles above  
looking for the one's who did it.

Flicking my cherry red lighter  
taking a nice COOOL hit  
Missing you a little  
scraming to my self, solitude is king,  
being stoned is queen.  
The waters never tasted more pure and it's all because you left.

So tell me  
who will you screw?

matt fromm

# Wild Love

The love is wild  
And Sweet my man  
You see when it gets too rough  
    See I just stuff  
That pillow right over her face  
So she can't talk or breathe  
    And she does the same  
For me when I eat  
The rest of her cereal  
And as always I get shit  
For stuffin that  
Black, Brick heavy 45  
Between her ribs  
Just to see how she'd react  
    But, I usually get her back  
When I mention the time  
She put wet cat food  
On my pubes and let  
    The cat eat it off.  
Usually, but not always.

matt fromm

# Your Place In The Pages

When I'm searching for a midnight surprise  
I stop and wonder how you could ever be mine again.  
When I'm burning all the memories of you  
And I do so by taking giant lingering breathes  
I stop and look around  
I think what would you think of me in this state.  
Would you still love me?  
Would you still give a damn?  
Would you lick the beads of sweat cascading down my back?  
I know you wouldn't.  
Still, I never saw the connection.  
All your love  
All your fire  
Both your healing hands that compliment your healing eyes.  
You made me feel like they were mine...  
And they weren't.  
How could you love me?  
Oh darling if the fruits gone bad you know what to do with it.  
Healing woman listen to the prophecy I scream in my sleep.  
Though we were alike  
I was killing your magic  
If you were there to watch your angel hit the pavement you'd simply say 'he was  
damaged goods to begin with'  
Maybe now you'll fade away  
Cause when the smoke begins to fill my lungs  
And 2 tears like bleach  
one for me and one for you  
Go making their way down my face  
I drag my tongue across the blades crimson soaked edge  
After you yanked it from my ribcage... and it tastes good  
A hurricane  
Kaleidoscope in color  
Rushes through my mind  
Demolishing everything in sight that you and I built  
The heavenly atomic blast I created  
Leaves nothing but a shadow  
Of what we use to be  
And I guess I'll grab some more  
Of this off getting shit

Torch the holiness out of it  
And me  
I'll burn another  
And another  
Until I cough blood  
Laughing Hysterically  
As I imagine what you'd think of me now  
Not caring either way  
I say you can go take a fuckin walk  
And then I burn some more  
I'm afflicted  
I'm addicted  
I'm affected  
I'm not the same person who made you fluffy eggs for breakfast...  
And I never will be  
So enjoy your place in the pages.

matt fromm