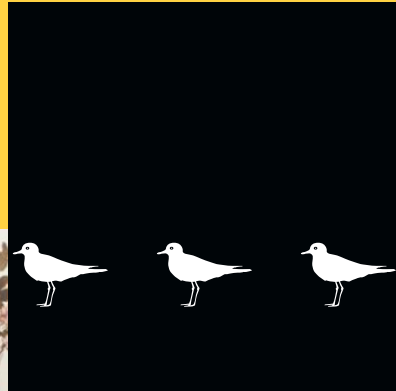
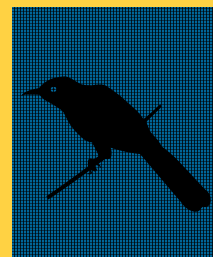


I love you dear son. I hope you feel seen and heard and most of all loved today and everyday.



## FUENTES



"You became imitators of us and the  $\square$ ; in spite of severe suffering, you welcomed the message with the joy given by the Spirit." - 1 Thess. 1:6

Happy  $\dagger$  beautiful children Dad and I are thinking of all of you thanking  $\dagger$  for being able to love and know our children so well adults. I hope each one of you takes a moment today to thank  $\dagger$  for all the blessings have received and for the future plans that are good that  $\dagger$  has in store for you

## Chapter 1: Valleys

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## Desiderium

Upon reading the word “Desiderium,”<sup>1</sup> my thoughts are thus follows:

*Desire....*

*Decide....*

*Side....*

*Eerie....*

*Ruin....*

*Desire, Decide, Side, Eerie, Ruin?*

*Desire. Decide. Side. Eerie. Ruin.*

\*\*\*\*\*

**With a passionate yearning, I yelled “I miss her so much!”**

A wisp of an aroma carries a distant perfume of dreams. A sweet smell with the function of time traveling—with a bitter after-taste. As if food could spoil in your stomach, and memories rot in your mind—could they dissolve, cease to be? Call out in desperation, call out in fear of loss, call out with all the love you had: to bring the sweetness of your mother’s kiss, your fathers embrace. Summon with all your strength, the reunited family, the loyal friends. Heave from the depths of lost history and recollections, pull them back.

**With a stern look and a blunt tone, I stated “I miss her so much.”**

The crunching, grinding of snow beneath your boots is much different than the other’s soft digging and pitter-patter of feet on the sand...some inner strengths pulling souls apart on a geographical scale? Some inner-will? You chose here, she chose there—simple. Yet, can the measurements of inches, feet, yards, and miles measure the distance between two hearts? Can we calculate or follow the series of decisions that landed us here, the decisions that seated us on a throne of regret? But, don’t you ever dare blame the streets, paths, or the trails we chose to tread upon. Understand, comprehend that a benevolent architect crafted the guidebook, we just read it wrong—Thus, we are here. Thus you are here.

**And, “If only I didn’t miss her so much.”**

And beyond her mind, you know there lies a great divide, a chasm, with unreachable depths and unfathomable pits. The bottom of which is so dark, it is beyond shadow and disillumination. The bottom of the fall between us all is filled with, not the lack of light but the contrary to light. As if there is a womb from which darkness birthed from. For they say “the light will always overtake the darkness,” but not this darkness—where light has met its equal, its rival. And we each stand at opposite edges of the canyons wondering why we cannot reach the other side, why we cannot touch one another like how heavenly spirits must touch one another. With our best efforts, brittle bridges are stretched across, and we indeed always fall, if we are too daring. Too far, too wide, is the connection between hearts and minds, how much further are souls?

**Confused and anxious for an answer I asked “Why do I miss her so much?”**

Anxiety oozes out of the roots of my fears, I am seeping, like a fly drowning in tree sap. And a tornado of thoughts lifts my mind’s house and throws it against the inside of my skull; leaving me lost in unknown territory. Grey, green, and damp is the scenery, and I

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<sup>1</sup> an ardent desire or longing; especially: a feeling of loss or grief for something lost.

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”

travel through it, with no intention of a destination. Wander: I am a wanderer, submitting myself to the odors of the strange. Am I going insane? Within this haze, I laugh while tears leak from my eyes. I laugh, and I do not know why. I cry because I am desperate for an exit, desperate for normalcy. But what is normal? Is normal good? And if I find myself lost, do I deserve to be found? If I find myself here, do I deserve to be anywhere else? Perhaps I am the anxious ooze, the roots of fear, or the tornado of thoughts. Am I crazy?

**Like a damaged good, my head bent down, I stutter "I-I-I missss her so-so much-ch."**

Collapsed. My knees smash against mud and blood. She is in my arms—lifeless. First, I am frozen by the horror of my reality, by the truth of life—that it ends. Death takes her for his own and passes me by. I share no expression—but then, second, a surge—if not her, someone must awaken. Like thunder from my mouth, I scream with a low crack and a dreadful intensity. I scream and I scream, so that the heavens hear and that God may question himself. I grip tighter then squeeze, as if my clenching would generate a pulse to force her heart to beat once more—*bring her back, bring her back. O' what little power we have in the wake of our dreams, for we are not the force that awakens us. O' what little can we do when we realize that heaven and hell are real places, that God and angels exist. I drop her body to the earth. What once was a vessel of dancing, laughing, and love, was now a cold shape of flesh. My tears have dried. I rise and slowly turn to find a rising mountain of smoke from behind breached stone walls. An enemy banner waves amidst consuming fires. What did they gain? What is left to have? It is all in ruins.*

**Then they will ask "Who the hell is she? Who did this to you?"**

**And after a long moment of silence I let out a half-hearted chuckle: ".....No one knows. And no one would be able to utter her name even if they did know. All we know is she was taken away by Desiderium—who is indeed, her child."**

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## A Short Collection...

### Wash.

Pilot washed his hands and I washed mine. And no matter how much washing, I will never escape the fact I cannot scrub off my origins, for I was made from the dirt of the earth. From my very first breathe I inhaled the pollution. Therefore, it is not by a power within me to be able to clean myself. It is only The Molder who can clean the clay. The Architect is the only one who can change the perception of my construction. Though I try in my own will, He is the only who can wash me.

### Melt.

The deceptive first flake drifts leisurely down, it would seem innocent enough. However, within a matter of minutes our sight begins to cloud and the white consumes the skies. And like a blanket laying itself upon the land, the snow densely conceals everything. As the night and the snow embrace, the land becomes a frozen wasteland—devoid of life. The howling of winds is the only defense against silence. We now realize there is no chance for victory against such a formidable invader. Yet, we so easily forget we have but only one hope left: Ice and snow have but one enemy—The Sun. And so, the morning comes, as it always has, and with it—radiance. Burning through the clouds, the beams of the Sun touchdown on the cold earth. First comes the steaming, then the small pitter patter of the water dropping from the branches. And even though your feet are buried, you feel a hug of warmth: like a fatherly hand touching your shoulders. You begin to whisper “melt, melt, melt it all away”.

### Tomb.

I dug it.  
I built it.  
I sealed it.  
Yet you,  
Laid in it,  
Endured it,  
And rose from it.  
By removing your stone,  
You removed mine.

### My Cigarette.

Addicted to the return.

Were you just another one in a pack, one of those late-night burns?

Don't blame others for the hurt in your heart, for the cough in your chest.

...Love like tobacco, but I rolled it.

Addicted to the return.

If I am thinking this through, and I don't want to, I am addicted to the hurt.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## Another Short Collection...

### **On the matter of death:**

How is that one of our oldest companions is still so unfamiliar to us? We tremble at the thought of his knocking, but to all who have lived here long enough, we know he has always lived next-door. We are perplexed, not only by the loss of the body, but of the migration of the soul, whether into hell or heaven. Our minds cannot follow this transition, yet from a very young age we had to know this turn, or tunnel, would come. I think many of us have seen death's face many times, but we are still horrified, disgusted, and even aghast every time he pokes around the corner.

Humanity has always had the ability to adapt until it comes to death. Our minds have proved malleable, for the purpose that we may perform in any environment. Yet, put forth the idea of death and our minds break, our performance—hindered. And yet, death is both the destroyer and the inspiration for reconstruction. He has made men's faith crumble and, for others, concreted it. It would seem death is neither evil nor good in nature, but just *is* and just is *employed impartially*. Regardless, after all this, we still ask God "why?": I believe we've known the answer since the garden.

### **On the matter of marriage:**

At the time of writing this, I am single. My experiential knowledge on this subject is 0%. I therefore cannot have too much say on the matter; however, I would like to believe my observations have some value to add. However, again, there are far more accurate and expert perspectives to investigate than my own. It will be quite some time before I can be considered a veteran in matrimonial duties. Nevertheless, I will do my best to create a beneficial comment to marriage.

Marriage is the God-ordained, human attempt at representing or symbolizing the Love of Christ towards His Bride, the church. Not long ago I wondered why God gave us the task of being reflections of not only Christ but the marriage between Christ and the church, when the Lord knew we wouldn't even come close to fulfilling either images. It was like a father telling his legless child to climb Everest. Exaggeration? I disagree. We are far from our prime form (and yes, the distance from perfection to us might as well be the length of Everest to the ocean floor) and sin is something we are born into: much like how a child can be born without legs and therefore is not in his preferred form. Of course, (and this was God's reply to my questions) the task was never meant to be handled by our hands alone. The Lord is not only guide and teacher but our help, crutch, and even strength in this mission. To continue the metaphor, God would indeed equip the son. He would smith and offer the legless child prosthetics, a staff, and prepare food for the journey. We were never meant to reflect Jesus without help. In fact, we would be unable. It's a process within each of our own hearts and the combination of two hearts for marriage. Therefore, marriage is a completely insane endeavor without the thought of getting some help. Still, even those in marriage will probably attest that they are still *climbing* with fleeting strength.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## Ephemeral

The infatuation was like an evanescent tide of emotions flooding over me. A tumult of conversation filled the claustrophobic space. Yet, behind the array of laughs and pointless colloquy, I heard a faint melody—the tender press of keys in the corner. I recognized the tune, bringing forth the warmth of nostalgia, breathing into my chest. The introduction of a low key followed by a quick jab of a high, back to a soft note—“Clair de Lune”. My eyes began their hunt for the pianist. Past a huddle of three, my lens focused on her. All other clutter faded: noise, people, thoughts. Alone, sitting at the piano, she was antonymous to the room. In the midst of the storm of socializing, she was a peaceful island. If the room was a rich red, she was a baby blue. I could go on... Time kept flowing, but not for me. I sunk into a lost dimension where reality consisted only of the piano, her, and I. And the desire to close the distance between us became a burdening impulse. And so, as I began my first steps towards her...

“Drew...Drew!”

“What’s up?”

“We’re gonna go through it again, you ready?”

“Yeah, yeah I am.”

I was forcefully resuscitated back to the present. The unwelcome reacquaintance with the world was met with a confused face. Her song ceased and the seat was empty. *How long had been since she stopped playing?* For the rest of the night the question “How do I get back?” continuously poked my mind. That’s the nice thing about a song, you can replay it, relive, to some degree, the attached emotional experience. But that moment was over, the portal—closed. That infatuation was like an evanescent tide of emotions flooding over me. But, the high tide only lasts for so long.

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”

## Down

It was mid-question when I became aware of the specific qualities of my atmosphere. A peppermint scent was pumping out into the room, rising up my nostrils, and bumping into my brain. I suppose the diffuser was supposed to create a mood of “renewal” or freshness. Just gave me a headache. The surrounding soft colors of baby blue and burnt yellow were probably there to subtly creak open a gate to “peace”, relaxation, openness, or whatever. The Christian posters, quotes, and verses layering the walls were obviously there to somehow perform as a modem for the holy spirit’s presence. Or Maybe all this was to act as one of those subconscious messages, communicating “it’s okay that you are here”. Regardless of the attempt, I really wasn’t there. My ass sat on a couch, my nose smelled that pungent peppermint, and my ears heard her question. My mind, however, was slipping into a preferable present. One where I didn’t have to force myself into believing I was indeed *okay*. If I remember correctly, I think I was immersing myself onto a river bank...

I was slouching down on a couple of apricated, smoothed stones—a nature-made chair. There was a bumpy whisper from the babble flowing down, which became the conquering melody. The clash of the sunbeams and waterline shot white diamond-like reflections into my eyes—quite blinding. And a dominant moldy perfume permeated the air. It smelled horrible really, but I didn’t mind a bit; *better than the peppermint*. All was so natural, so unorchestrated, yet I knew there was musician behind it. To know that despite the chaos around me there was a sovereignty maintaining this wildness: that was the real peace. An epiphany...I see now...I understand. Though there may be disorder in my life, there is someone holding me amidst all the shi—

“John, John.”

And as easy as that, she grabbed and yanked me out from a dream.

“I am sorry, what was the question?”

She clicked her pen rapidly, “Why do you think you feel this way?”

I sighed and replied “It’s hard to explain straight, if I may explain in a story?”

“You may.”

I could feel the crash of my mind and body, all my unwanted emotions surfacing. Like me becoming aware of where I was—where I really was, “...He is destined: Only to find a desert at the close of a never-ending voyage, only to know dissatisfaction of the taste of fruit after starvation, only to understand happiness when he has become numb, only to gain victory when he has lost everything. This is his destiny, he has no say, and even if you gave him the credit of having this *say* or these *choices*, they would lead him to the same end anyways. Like how a boy is pushed down a hill: does not matter which part of the body he chooses to land on, he is simply going in one direction—down.”

“...and *he* is you?”

By now, my throat was tight, jammed by an emotional clod, and my vision was blurred, like a wind shield in the rain with broken wipers. But, I let an answer out, “No, you would think so, but *he* is love and I am the one who decided his destiny: I am the son of a bitch who pushed *him* down.”

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”



## The Last Short Collection...

### Anathema

If I may, a vision of mine:

Frigid—my breath was fogging: all around me were skeletal like trees, a dying forest, and a sun above, overcoming the thin-leafed, bones of branches. It all smelled of the odor of a long dead fire. Then a dramatic increase in illumination: the blinding light forced my face down. Shielding my eyes, I stumbled to one knee and heard the slushing of the soil beneath my feet.

The light dimmed, only a little: enough to let me become analytical of my circumstance. I noticed, the dirt beneath me was not a shadow brown nor a saturated black, but a collection of grey. Still on my knees, I let one hand embrace the ground. The feeling of tiny feather like sprinkles dissolving in my hand—ash. I looked to the right, and there was more of skinny trees and ash. I looked to the left, skinny trees and ash.

The light above dimmed down some more and the landscape around me became clearer. Because the ash, the land before me was insipid. The grey was like a thick blanket over the forest—attempting to mimic snow. There were piles, heaps, and hills of ash, almost consuming some trees entirely. Only the area surrounding me was graced with less residue. It was a silent terrain, filled with dead trees, ash, and me. Then, an ambush on the quiet: a sudden choir of cracking and creaking from the dying trees commenced. The creaking was increasing—then a splitting and bashing of the woods. Like small thunderstorms, the echoes of the breaking bark filled my ears. I was twisting and turning, searching for the source. Then it ceased, some dreadful reunion with silence. And before I could finish the thought *what was tha*—I heard squishing and smushing of ashy soil. The patter and stamping of footsteps. Following—*snap!*—a break of a branch! Another rowdy series of footsteps came from the left.

My head and eyes, shaking, turned. Found: to my horror, a body walking away from a nearby, burst-holed tree. His womb of bark was split open, like a cannonball was shot from the inside of it. And like a newborn, he was naked and pale, almost as pale as the ash. His eyes, half open, were a dark brown much like my own. His wavy-thick hair was the brown of a healthy tree, much like my own. His nose, the shape of his body, his height—were all like my own. When the shock hit, it hit like an arrow piercing my chest, like an anchor dropping down into my gut—he was me. In horror, I fell, pushing myself against the ground and then hastily crawling backwards to the base of a tree. My breathing becoming rapid and shallow, tears of sweat emerged from my forehead though the air was chilling. My eyes were swiveling from left to right—and emerging from a dense forest—more of them. They were walking heavy, dragging their feet. They were all the same. They were all me: paler, ghostly versions of myself. I clasped the tree behind me with both hands, squeezing tightly. I shut my eyes, whimpering the words “please make them go away. Make them go away, please.” Then, from the bark base behind me, a hand pierced through and clenched my shoulder. Out of a panic, I flung forward with a flail of my

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body. Upon trying to fly off my feet, I tripped on a small root, and my chest dropped to the ground before my arms did. Ash puffed into the air around me, some catching itself in my lungs. Slightly out of breath, coughing, I roughly rolled. I turned to the sight of a scrambling arm and half of my own face looking down on me from inside a tree. He continued tearing down the barrier of bark with his bare hands, tearing through it like cardboard. I was paralyzed. Fear gripped me, much like *he* did. When the rampage of his cocoon was torn down to his waist, the upper half of him became visible. Still clinging to the ash dense ground, and seeing through the thin cloud of sawdust—I perceived a fresh, pink, scaled scar imbedded across his white-shaded chest, reading—*Hatred*. The sound of closing steps from behind slapped me out of my paralysis. I rose with the intention of running from this nightmare. However, when turned, I was met with a mass of *them*. Closer, now I could see: they all had large written scars planted on their chest. *Lusts, Envy, Dishonesty, Greed, Cowardice*, and many more scarred chests filled the forest. They were enclosing all on me. Then...revelation. Each were me, each bearing a scar, with a sin or weakness across his chest. Well, they were me or parts of me. In a disarray of thoughts, the question persisted: *What is this?*

They were like fragments of me. They were each portion of myself, all making different streets in a city of *Drews*...I am the collection of these *Drews*. I am the picture of the puzzle and they are the pieces. Some were still hiding behind the thin base of trees, some staring at me directly; regardless, they all had the same expression—confused. A sudden imprint, a pound in my chest, and I could feel their thoughts, I could read their wordless messages: *This is me? How could this be? This is our completion?* They thought there would be better half of themselves, they desperately hoped for one. To their disappointment they found the sum of *them*—me. And soon their confused faces were traded for angry visages. First only one charged, but quickly following, a stampede. From all sides, a mass of naked bodies heading straight for me, some becoming trampled, engulfed in a sea of me. Their bodies rushed with arms raised. All pushing for the front. So, it would seem some weaknesses of mine are stronger than others. Again, I was frozen, and standing, trembled at the sight. Then a blur of a wide punch coming from the right. I miraculously ducked and evaded the swing. Then another from the left. This time, unable to react quick enough, the fist plunged into my ribs. From the impact, I was forced right. Another set of arms grabbed both of mine. With a strong grip pulling me down, I was forced to take another blow from two sets of punches. The first attacker identified—the one who bore the *Hatred* scar. Then *Lust* came from the side trying to rip out my eyes. Still being held from behind, I was squirming like a mad man, making an exhaustive effort to dodge any strikes. Regardless of my fatiguing defense, bodies swarmed me, tearing, pulling, and punching. Towards the end, I was back against the ground, with an ocean of aggressors crashing over me.

The clamoring of bodies groveling over each other silenced all other sounds. And as I was being submerged, I began to understand, even under the leadership of hatred, if aimed at one goal, there is still unity; somehow, still more unity within *that* than I have ever had. I knew, I was their **anathema**...and they were mine. I was their enemy...I am my own enemy—I must be defeated. Then my thoughts began to dim. After the choking, breaking,

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

the gnawing away at my body, there was no fight left within me. I was dying: an abyss closing in on me, or I, approaching the abyss. Sad to say the last thought I was thinking...*Do I deserve this? Yah, I think I do. Its fair, its justice.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Then—warmth—a growing sensation of rising heat. I could barely make out, through the gaps in the pile over me, sunshine. The light increase, and increased, and increased until I was blinded once again. Then a thunderous boom shook the ground and the bodies were thrown off of me. In every direction, at an incredible speed, the fragments of myself launched into the ground. With crackly gasp of air, I could finally breathe again. The brightness lowered. Still recovering, I was panicking looking for another attack. The bodies, however, were laid flat. Anxiously, I waited for them to show any sign of life, a twitch, a crunch. No movement, just stillness. I slowly reclined into a relaxed state, where I found myself laying down with some uneasy peace. The fog of my breath disappeared and the warmth continued to comfort me. All was still and quiet, and for a second, I could see a growth in hue. Until—the sound of sizzling reached my ears. Following the sound of growing searing, I rotated, finding the source from the bodies. To me, the suns heat was a kindness—no—it was grace. However, to the scattered bare bodies, the pleasant rising of temperature was like a curse. It did not take long for smoke to rise from their pale skin. And before I knew it, I was surrounded, by burning corpses. However, again, the flames were not pain to me or the forest. The trees did not burn away and nor did I—just the copies of myself. And after the scorching, I observed the decaying bodies become piles and mounds of ash. And before the vision fled from me, I heard a quaking, deep whisper “You are not cursed, you are cured.”

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”

## Against

-----  
Diving, darkening push

Against—

Flooding, fulfilling kiss

Battling memories rage

Against—

Struggling adolesce mind,

Shivering black barrel pressed

Against—

Quivering tight visage cried

...Bleeding boy lay

Against—

Soaking red suede.

-----

## Volta, Volta

You see a mind flogged by doubt

Though it may land on deaf ears,

Volta, volta! You loudly cry out.

⚡ ⚡

Led, astray and changed the route

Once a smile, now no more cheers,

You see a mind flogged by doubt.

⚡ ⚡ ⚡

Used to stand above with stout

Now drowns and consumed by fears,

Volta, volta! You loudly cry out.

⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡

Love like seas, for him a drought

Hasn't felt joy for many years,

You see a mind flogged by doubt.

⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡

Anger rising, begs to shout

Flaming heart, simmering sears,

Volta, volta! You loudly cry out.

⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡ ⚡

From your eyes a pouring spout

This memory widens tears,

You see a mind flogged by doubt,

Volta, volta! You loudly cry out.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

**Right. Right?**

Damn. Right.

I'm over her.

Past her delicate frame,

Away from her sprinkled freckles,

Beyond her shadowed green eyes,

I am over her.

[<3 ∞ ε>]

Beyond—her shadow.

Green eyes...Away!

[<3 ∞ ε>]

Freckles sprinkling from her

Her past delicately framed

[<3 ∞ ε>]

I am over her.

Right?

...Damn.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# ACROSS

## Window-Seat

boats in the sunset sea

~

lanterns in the late night sky

Δ

beauty drifts away

—

&

## Glass Half—

cotton drenched with sweat

o

an old country thirst for more

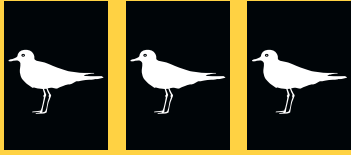
[]

yet they take small sips

+

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# FUENTES



A river ran through the gate  
A nest, to last the winter

and so, my mother

and my mother's mother,

like overflowing fountains,

pour into me

pour into me

I hope it **shows**,

A mural to behold

And I know, And I see

my cup runs over

| think I'm going to hatch |

| time to flood the rest |

| (thank you...) |

I think I'm going to fly now.



\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# A P O P H E N I A

i went...  
into the humble,  
out of the rubble  
that i created, so subtle

He told me...

down with my pride  
to marry the bride  
understand, just how far and wide

Unfolded in me...

i am not the center  
and i do not render  
it's obvious, i'm not the connector

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# 22 : 23

Re: Psalm 22

**She missed the carriage**

entered a different valley, beyond our own,  
one we can't yet call home  
couldn't even watch it go by,  
maybe She was trying to catch it at the wrong time

**but just because a sin, does it mean it had to end?**  
She didn't hear Nathan's warning...nor did I  
her faith in decline, and now I know why.

**this is the rage; so, this better not be the last page.**

this is not the end of the plot,  
cause I got to ask the little one:  
how does it feel to be held by god?



**and now you know, you're the reaper.**

[to tell you.]

**heart of the harvest,**

[flipped and twisted,]

**your garden,**

[a different perspective,]

**I pray He shows**

Re: Psalm 23

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# Secrets <sub>A, B, &</sub> C, Secrets <sub>1,2, &</sub> 3

like a ConCrete SECREtIon  
over your mind,  
your StuCk.  
I Can be your jaCkhammer, friend  
Pound away, one by one, by one,  
till they all Shatter,  
till SeCret C  
& SeCret<sup>3</sup> THREE.



SeCretS See you  
evermore Clearly  
than you.  
So how about it?  
be done with SeCreCy,  
let's get SeCret fREE<sup>3</sup>.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# PHARAOH'SEE

Go ahead and have it  
I don't want half of shit.

The splinters,

for all the logs,

The stones

for all the boulders.

Who'd want what you got?

What i want is

for you to smile.

So please,

i plea,

stay for awhile

AND'SEE,

that's only half the story:

end the show,

and come to know

what i know.

Don't go.

So, you pharaoh yet PHARI'SEE?

By your word—

Its slavery.

Yet you say

You have mastery

But clearly,

It's just HYPOCRI'SEE.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

**HYPPIE,**  
is Jesus just the hype to you?

**HYPPIE,**  
you're capricious with beliefs.  
you're a whore with your core.  
and guess what?

**your foundation**  
is less of salvation than you know  
more like damnation  
so best get with a new calibration.

you get mad at the police?  
only cause you haven't gotten your release?  
[you're still in cuffs]  
can we find a middle ground?

**No?**

you're just as stubborn  
just like them, you were born  
[into it]  
don't deny it.

can't you find harmony?  
you think yours is the holy matrimony?  
i got little respect for you,  
**hippie, hyppie, you happy?**

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

It 's  
LAUGH able  
H ow  
i  
ha ve  
on ly  
reac hed  
th e  
HALF able

half of  
half th  
half a

still haven't learned to be  
humble

H'AIICHS

lo  
ve

H'AIIC.H of myself is fighting

is

myself of H'AIIC.H

more

for a friend who showed me the way

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."  
\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# , TO EMMAUS

<sup>1</sup> you obviously know your road,  
like how Jesus knew to go  
to *Emmaus*, to *Emmaus*  
you go

<sup>2</sup>but too, like Emmaus  
your destination is unknown,  
don't know which way you'll grow,  
<sup>3</sup> doesn't matter though:  
we know  
to *Emmaus*, to *Emmaus*,  
you go

<sup>4</sup> cause all throughout your hands  
*Emmcompasses*  
all of joy's demands  
[to me]  
everyone can see.

<sup>5</sup>you are Emmanuel's  
[you emulate Him well]  
follow

<sup>6</sup> to Emmaus, to *Emmaus*  
[to your own]  
to *Emmaus*,  
you go home.  
you go.  
, to Emma&Us.



\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

BALTIC  
BLUE

*Under the blue skies  
Passing baltic's avenues  
Always on dusk drives*

*& then i think of*

*You went to baltic  
To find what's true, you tell me,  
What is baltic blue?*

for a far-away friend

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# AUTUMN

I ought to have known, that it weigh a ton

"I am settling down in Autumn, ya know? Gettin' real comfortable. All the leaf's lives ending, all the downward spiraling. Its a slow decent from naked branches, drying out after a steep rainfall, creaking and cracking. Trees looking down on crumbling, thinning leaves—it's all rustin'. And that chill, comes in the waves of wind, carrying the leaves out and up—away from wooden towers. Crisp skies with sunlight resting behind clouded grey, roofing the large funeral.

...

think God is taking a nap? And with the shutting of His eyes, the light lays down behind the horizon? Is His slumber the waking of the reaper, or does He carry the scythe, swinging blithely? I do not have an answer—got no confirmations. I am just getting comfortable to the falling.

it's a seasonal thing—that is, death. **So, I am never surprised by the darkening of days, or by the death of the leaves.** Still though, a thought: does not Autumn sound a lot like *I ought to have known, it weigh a ton?* Go ahead, say the phrase fast enough—at least it works for me. Good God, the beauty of her, the beauty of Autumn just weighs too much. Wish I could see it differently, pray that my eyes be opened—that one day, I'll be awakened.

...

don't mean to be rude but I am gonna sit here awhile. I got used to the smell, I just got used to the vibe, I'm just used to the style. It's just what happens when you live somewhere long enough. All this is...just a fuckin' raindrop in the ocean, like how a flake lands in snow. I am telling you, now, a sad thought blends in.

...

Autumn—leaves—yet you'll hear me say to her...*please, stay*

**And I really should have known...Autumn, it weighs a ton.**

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## Chapter 2: Haven

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

**Thorn**

Wedged into his waste,  
There was no surgical solution,  
Nor a spiritual conclusion.

Stabbed into your stomach,  
A hospital is a second home,  
And yet you smile, to go on.

And I here I ask

I wonder how he fought his fight  
And how could she smile so wide  
When God hid some of his light?

I see you both praying bedside,  
Asking God, in his great might,  
To remove the thorns in your sides.



\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

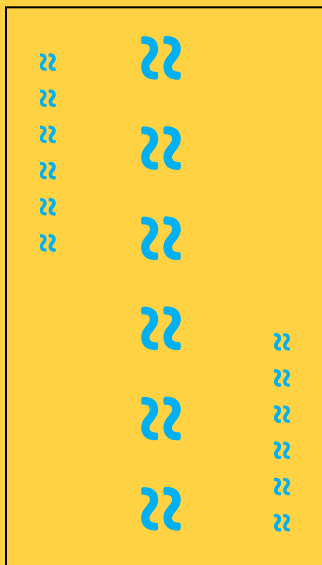
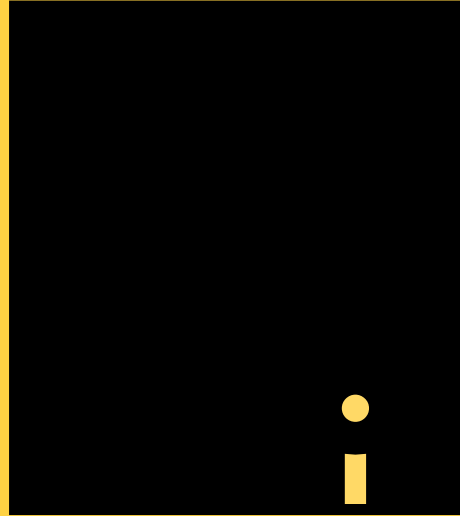
\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



**YOURS**

i know

Your faith in decline  
but can i tell you about mine  
i know it has been some time  
but can i tell you about mine  
Sister,  
the candle has got to shine.



**The Miracle of the Mouth**

Words like waterfalls  
Crash like stone  
Flies on wings  
Lands like arrow

Words like waterfalls  
Thirst for more  
My throat is sore  
Drop down on our river  
And make that bone shiver

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

**MY EM' OCEANS**

OoooooO'  
That depth  
That breathE-  
Demanded  
I don't qualify  
Don't carry the quality  
Required-  
To sail across.  
Vain voyageS  
Set ouT-  
Too manY  
Too many  
A land unknowN  
Unflagged and Uncharted-  
LOVE,  
It iS,  
LAND,  
Is LOVE.  
Lost MapS  
Always beyond horizonS  
Too manY,  
Too large of EM' OCEANS.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

**His , Him**

<sup>1</sup>His hands wrapped 'round mine , Placed inside the palms,  
<sup>2</sup>Crafted-harvested , A chair to rest in , And a seed to grow  
<sup>3</sup>Felt a scale balanced, And saw waters calmed, By his comfort shown  
<sup>4</sup>I knew, had always been Mine were held hands holding  
<sup>5</sup>His , Him



@boniver

**Havin' my Haven**

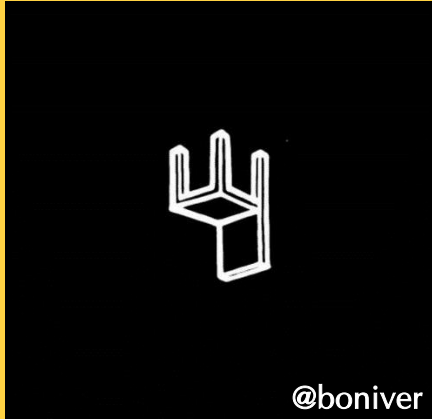
And now that I'm in fearin' thin,  
And now that I'm restin' in,  
And now that I'm havin' haven,  
Heaven is having me.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."







## Sanity's Inn

Never look out the door  
Nevermore unsure  
Wise men play it safe  
No need to make mistakes  
And who that takes risks is a fool  
So, Let the foolish have the fight, their duel.  
Yet I hear them whisper  
Those, they utter:  
*"Sanity's sin is that we never leave  
Sanity's Inn"*  
Makes me wonder  
And makes me stall,  
If life without any danger  
Is any life at all?  
Maybe more of mystery:  
If life is meant to be lived with some  
Insanity.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# L E T

I know, I didn't compose it: Though,  
I thought I was the one—  
who wrote it. But I just rode it. Like a  
folded map Or a mended gap, You  
brought me and You taught me—  
The word "redemption". From it,  
You guide me, You heal me, and  
You haunt me: either way I'll let you  
in. Now, that vision of You hanging  
on a hill; well it guides me, it heals  
me, and It'll haunt me. But I let it in  
too. It's all a symphony, a melody,  
and all that is clarity. Now I'm  
reading, breathing, living in it. Yet,  
You knowin', I used to be fearin' of  
all the alimony butterflies, from the  
divorcing of all those earthly  
rewardings. Yet your love, its  
guiding me, its healing me, its  
haunting me—to the end of my  
breathin'. But I Let it in & breathe it  
out.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# Dear Mrs. Taffordson

Dear Mrs. Taffordson,

My name is not nostalgia. Though I wish it were. Cause I could tell, you were trying to rewind—to recall. To the sound of laughs, smell of pizza, and the color of asphalt, you wanted to travel. So, you hugged me like it would bring your son back home. And underneath the heat of a summer's sun, you squeezed tightly to me. Yet I embraced lightly. Just at 17, Didn't know what I was in for, didn't know what this moment would mean. Just thought I was doing a good neighborly chore by fixing your garage door. You've always been scared, ever since he's been on the run. And I felt scared too, cause I'd have to tell you I don't know where He's gone.

Sorry Mrs. Taffordson, for in the summer of my sophomore year... I wish, back then, I was a better man. Wish I hugged you like I should of, and let you call me by the name nostalgia.

Drew Seitz

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# “WE”

again and again  
you'd make green tea  
&  
and i'd steam coffee

after many apologies  
given out a weakly sorry  
&  
felt like weekly eternities

now its awhile ago  
i was in a deep creek  
&  
a steep weep.

agreed and aggrieved  
i still wanted to believe  
&  
fight for the idea of “we”

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”

# Lonely

single seed

beneath

tended to

cared for

and cultivated

before we know it

a garden

to only call friend

a lone lie

is all it takes

lonely

planted deep

and watered with some  
perversion

can tear out

to grow,  
nourish  
stronger roots  
than our hands

so,

to make one feel

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# To Whitewood,

To Whitewood,

I kind of find it inappropriately funny that we did only recognize your existence now, that you have always played at a more vital role in our reality—which we so easily ignored. Only upon recent events, we understand, perhaps, our lack of discernment or even, simply, perspective. And not that I would quickly avoid blame, but I think you've been able to *perceive* that we are naive or sometimes...often times...an ignorant people. Pass you by every day, in and out, through and back, and I know I have failed to describe you. Unfortunately, I think, Whitewood, the reason for you is what probably keeps us from thinking on you too long.

Whitewood, whether before my broken heart or a misplaced welcome mat, you've been locked for some time...longer than I would like to admit. And I lost the key before I even knew it would open you up—will I ever find it again? And just as you are both physical and metaphorical in nature, the real reason we ever locked you was not because of some sickness out there but the sickness within. I mean why do we need you? Why do we need doors, whether into our homes or our hearts, if not for the dangers that lie outward or inward of them? So, we lock out and lock in, what we've been hiding or hiding from. And maybe we discovered, about ourselves, a desire *to not find the key* but to find that we have *forgotten* the key's existence entirely.

But by this letter, you probably comprehend by now my own comprehension of the matter. So, regardless of all this, I just thought you should know, though you are locked, I finally see your glass windows, to the worlds beyond and behind you.

— A Household Occupant

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## The Sea & The Son

Fell from God's face and molded by God's grace, She and Him came to be...Him, the Son, and Her, the Sea.

Atop Her surfaces, felt the wind's slide under God's glide, and beneath His chest, was full God's breathe.

In the shared Joy, shores are brushed with the tides and His paintings have captured the scenes of Her sides.

And in the Anger, the wave crashes under foul weather, and the hand smashes under war creating too great a sunder.

In the wake of Her flood and His sin, They stand to reason that the storms of the season are what brought Her, the Sea, and Him, the Son, to a kneeling.

And here I stand, with a failing description of the cryptic fear I hold against Her and His connection...

That, yet, I fear the Season of the Sea & The Son, for they are the reason I find my world, against God and the Kingdom, in treason.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# Volume 19

Never told this one...

Most of the stars were covered by retreating clouds, and all the snow finally came to rest on the variety of grass, asphalt, and river. Almost all of the lonely star lights were peaking over, attempting to illuminate the drive. A lone vehicle, mine, was providing the only artificial light to be seen in this night scene. A silver stream with yellow headlights, speeding and winding down a bending road far up in mountain air, was reflecting what little moonlight was offered.

I was entering somewhat of a mountain-canyon. To my passenger window, beyond laid a steep cliff side, dropping down to small river that the road stalked. To the driver window, a great wall of mountain and snow. And there was this thin lining of snow on either side of the narrow road. So, you see it was this mountain-canyon like scenery...and I felt towered over by it. After several turns, veering right and left, ins and outs, to some anxious relief I perceived ahead a wide turn out. As I drove off the road and onto the turnout, my tires crunched the fresh snow layer. I parked there.

To tell you the truth, I didn't have much intention of driving out there and it was only until I arrived that my intentions were revealed to me. But once I was there, parked, I looked out the night landscape I just described to you, and was in awe. The mountains that surround, and the river below, with the snow glistening with every slim chance it got—they flooded my visual senses. However, it was not the type of awe that inspires but rather swallows. This significance of my existence was brought to the lowest depths I have ever encountered. Perhaps, you'll understand in a bit.

I opened my car door slightly and could hear nearby churning of the river. I turned on my car radio and set the volume to 20—the perfect level of volume for my car. Funny how particular I was, considering what was on my mind. Leaving the car running and door open, with every step my shoes crunched the snow beneath until I reached the cliff edge. With the river now roaring below me, I looked beyond the waters and saw the other side. Shadows engulfed it, although I could make out the similar scenery: rock, snow, grass, and asphalt. I then looked down upon the river. I do greatly apologize for those I offend, but my truest and most honest next thought was “should be high enough.”

My car had the heat, and I was now shaking, though I don't entirely blame that on the brisk chill that, probably, never left this place. “perhaps, I'll need a running start” I actually whispered out loud. So, I took at least five steps back and assumed what I knew to be a runner's position. My breathing pace quickening, and then ensuing of rapid puffing, my eyes were meeting only the white snow. And my boots hard pressed, entering mud, were slowly sliding. The rapidness of my breath ceased and I...

slowly arose from my position. I just stood there for a moment. I didn't really have enough motivation to jump, but I had enough to tease it, enough to truly think on it.

With a spiteful whisper, I asked “don't I deserve it though?”

I could still hear the car radio playing: volume 20 is surprisingly loud enough to hear even with a river nearby. So, I raised my volume, “even if I'm not guilty by your eyes or others, I am by my own.”

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”



The river continued to flow loudly and the car radio continued to play in the background. I once again raised my volume, "This crime or that crime, I am guilty. What does it matter if her words aren't true? Even if I didn't do it, I am capable of it."

I knew there's no sin too low nor too depraved a thought too shameful for me. I knew my depths. You ever feel that? That moment where you didn't think you could stoop to such actions, but you only need look back on your own life and are like "oh yah, that could be me."

With sudden passion, "Why do you love me?" an echoed carried out, conquering the noise from the car for a quick moment. And my ears only caught the edge of the echo, shouting back "do you love me?"

Once again, I lowered my voice, pacing on the side of the road, "I stand accused, and I am guilty through and through for many other terrible things, but *this* accusation sent me here, and I don't believe I am even guilty of it! Yet I stand here contemplating *this*!" I finished by directing towards the cliff.

My last utterance to the dark, a loud, heart filled yell, "Why?"

Was met with the echo of "Why?"

I paused for a moment and then fell to the cold white, and whimpered to myself "I don't know."

Car running, stars now shining, mountains towering, river flowing, and a young man crying—that's all there was. Don't know how much time passed, but I got up and went back into my car. Clapped my hands together and rubbed for warmth. From my driver's seat, I raised my eyes across the river again and saw that the moonlight, having breached the clouds, illuminated the other side. I put my hands on the wheel and gas. With a subtle smirk, I drove back onto the road and headed for home. Car volume was still at 20, so I lowered it to 19—the new perfect level of volume.

All this...really did happen: the mountains, the snow, the river, and the echoes (though I am afraid my description was unworthy of the true beauty that was laid out that night). Couple years back I drove out 45-ish minutes away, in no certain direction other than *out*. Upon reaching this unintentional destination, I contemplated whether my life was worthy of...well...life at all. Due to a dramatic family event, involving a horrific accusation towards me, my mind spun and landed somewhere I never thought it would. So, I never told anyone this story. Never wrote it down. But I hope all who read know I am better now. I hope all who read, know that there has been a healing in the deepest parts of mind, heart, and soul. For the knowledge of my own sin and accusations were replaced, vanquished by the greater, superior knowledge of grace and truth. Hope everyone knows, that there only need be one "death", *of sorts*, that has well and been dealt with by someone far more qualified than us a long time ago.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# pull on the line

dedicated to Joseph Seitz

Ethereal diamond like reflections  
skip across notched, morning waters  
as a boy and his father rest on the shore  
waiting for a bite, a bend in the poles  
and not too many words shared  
yet the wisdom told and revealed  
was older than the sky and earth.  
A modicum of tempestuous residue  
clings to this reviled recollection,  
yet, no fonder memory could be  
puzzlingly filled only with regret.  
So, I do relive, remembering,  
for my lacking in gratitude  
and of slight, young mind percieving  
to not know I held all the treasure  
that this world can little offer:  
a father sitting with his son  
and a pull on the line.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# m e d i c i n e / m a d e U s i n

( for a good friend )

splash by the sink  
quick pop & swig  
and the glass clanks

small mirror meets bags  
under the eyes & under the eyes  
lies a great desire  
to close the divide  
between  
you and the victory flag

like delayed vacations  
misplaced peace or lost rest  
call it what you may,  
you want some real sleep  
dreams with dreamy illusions

nothing makes you sin...  
and those pills you take,  
that m e d i c i n e  
won't keep you from  
s e l f - t r e s p a s s i n g

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# congratulations.

unveil  
the curtain,  
unlock  
the door ahead  
all this is, is the big reveal.  
what will our desires lead us to?  
outer defeat  
or  
inner victory.  
uncertainty is the guarantee  
of life's mysteries  
to see if this life will quench  
the flame,  
against on all the miseries.  
four years of the study  
and the future lies blank  
yet it is set  
and everyone will push us  
with their tongues,  
from their mouths:  
"congratulations".

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# Unsent Letters to The Purple Merchant

## Letter #1

Wealth does not lie in her hands  
but her head adorns a crown.  
She owns little:  
a well of memories  
and tents of violet.  
Wants and desires  
are of little value,  
all the necessary  
is the good God provides.  
So, coin and riches,  
she puts them aside.  
Walks a field  
with graceful steps  
and the lavender  
is envious of her shade,  
sunflowers pray that  
they shine like her.  
She was a friend of mine,  
she is my bridge,  
the grand connection,  
and she closes my petty divisions.  
Like a trader from afar,  
she offers me  
the world in a different hue  
and I know you do not hail from  
Thyatira,  
yet from Thyatira,  
they revere your name.

## Letter #2

I've been waiting  
for someone like you  
to come into town,  
but the funny thing is  
I just became aware,  
you had always been around.  
Like discovering treasure  
underneath your own house:  
Not even an inch into the ground  
lies the gold,  
that brown of hers.  
Can you visit more often?  
Maybe for just some tea, for you  
and some coffee, for me.  
Can you ask some more questions?  
Cause nothing makes me happier  
than our little conversations...  
Wish I had more time,  
before I make a fool of myself,  
to understand this kind of sublime.  
Though I know where your mind &  
heart are:  
you're in Thyatira, across the sea,  
meaning, a world away from me  
and I know all this would disturb  
you...  
No need to give a second thought,  
don't fret,  
these letters were never sent.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# And The Collection of Misplace Papers

## *Coffee Shop Napkin*

*Really, I'm not carin'  
about all that you fear:  
cause baby, I'm thinkin'  
need some bravery up here.*

## L'heure Bleue ([Not] Wind Caused Tears): Part 1 & 2

1. I am a traveler, a journeyman within an expense of an unknown land. So, sites I have never seen and my map never drawn—I could hardly comprehend. Set before my eyes, a far-reaching sea, darkest deep and wildly wide. And so, like an epiphanic wave washed over: “you did not understand, fearful to see, how far the dive of love’s hands could be,”
2. Wish I could, but can’t—can’t give love a good name: yet, she somehow and always, she’ll leave on my life, a stain. A pain, buried in a heart and shoveled through the grain—thought I played my part. Now I got a changed reframe. And these thoughts pass me by, like all the waves of wind in my eye—I’m riding my bike underneath a sunless, *l'heure bleue* sky.

## Re: Miss Under

Miss Under stood in your mind,  
From the end of her walk  
That started in your heart  
& though with you own words  
You send her an invitational exit  
But outside eyes will say  
“it seems you two will never part,”

## Chapter 2 Finale: A Short Story of Happiness

Content with the Content, And I think that those dusted Fears are irrelevant  
Piece of the Peace, And I feel that Loneliness has taken its leave.  
Have the Half, And I know Love has filled my breathe.

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”

## Chapter 3: Fountains

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



## Black Water Beach

I used to fear my time traveled  
If longer than a quick dive, or a short swim  
But might have been a baptism  
By the black water, a black ocean  
Steinbeck wrote of it, in "Eden",  
Every man's mind probing:  
All those dark thoughts pursuing  
Trying to capture and drown  
Those glorious moments  
Where we were hugged, and held  
By hands with holes.  
And for a brief time  
We were made whole.  
But no matter the depth  
And shortness of breath,  
It was from the darkest of seas  
I was taken to peace, able to breathe  
And walked on that water with ease

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# An Apology to Eve & Her Daughters

<sup>1</sup>Woe to man  
Woe to man  
Woe to man

<sup>2</sup>God given gift  
Yet our passivity  
Was the rift and our identity  
Was, from then on, adrift

<sup>3</sup>Woe to man  
Woe to man  
Woe to man

<sup>4</sup>I stood,  
You stood there,  
Stood by,  
And by doing so  
We said goodbye  
To all that we held dear

<sup>5</sup>Woe to man  
Woe to man  
Woe to man

<sup>7</sup>So,  
Speak up, Speak out  
Damn it, Shut up  
Man up, Damn it  
For too long  
We've had a  
Man down, doubt

<sup>8</sup>Woman  
Woman  
Woman

<sup>9</sup>Pray for your man

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

<sup>2</sup>I'm not a good man...  
And even if was  
I wouldn't understand  
What I'd be seein'

<sup>1</sup>It was a damn for me  
And a damn for Adam.

<sup>5</sup>So, my suggestion:  
Accept the love in the reflection

## Adamn (Chapter 3: Prologue)

<sup>4</sup>That in the mirror is something given  
Regardless of my reception

<sup>6</sup>It was damn for me,  
and I imagine for him.

<sup>3</sup>But I've learned,  
Started to  
comprehend,  
To see that love,

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## Good, Night:30

Late,  
    but not too late.  
Not dreaming  
    but  
i'm in a dreaming state.  
Crossing borders on our hands,  
Passing by illusionary lakes  
& over mirages of mountains.  
When i hold you:  
        You hold me too.  
i've called it an unmarked paper  
        before you,  
but you, the cartographer...  
So, its been a good night  
        clock turned 9:30,  
& all this hit me with  
some real clarity.  
i'll remember this,  
    this purity  
    It's a good, night:30

## Re: frame

show me something new  
in that old  
tell me that story  
that you already told  
bring me back, way back  
let time lose its track  
i'll follow you  
to the rising memories  
i'll travel with you  
through nostalgic seas  
and i'll know you  
by that breeze of peace  
hope, one day  
we'll do the same  
that you'll make me reframe  
on all that's gone by  
i'll regard that frame

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# i won't be followed

i won't be followed  
i'll be gone like tomorrow  
i won't be given back  
i won't be received  
i'll be packed , i believed  
don't knock , don't ring  
my path is unwinding  
branches stretching , unraveling

so i :

take a journey  
suffer injury  
& claim victories

i won't be followed

& i'll be gone like tomorrow

## QTT (Quiet Those Trumpets)

&

## QDTB (Quit Doing There Biddens)

"hey,

can you hear that? course you can. that hideous choir of scrawling beasts: fat elephants and stubborn jackasses, with hew-hawing and there honking of trunks. can't escape the puffing of chests? can't be rid of the cheating? america just wants some sleep, some rests...from your repeated power fest...

really?

you want to play this game? you want to have a stake in this gamble? you want an invitation for the 'competition'.

so,

cast your line, cast your vote. whoever it is, don't tell, i don't care. you won't get a bite, and no one is feasting (winning). vote for your man (animal). you won't move a fat elephant & you won't teach a stubborn jackass.

meanwhile,

i'll be napping, dreaming of a better station (nation) but, while i have my head down—quiet those TRUMPets and quit doing there BIDdENs.

please."

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## f\*\*\*\*, f\*\*\*, & other cursed words

i think i censored the b\*\*\*\*\* (belief)  
i think we numbed out the g\*\*\*\* (grief)  
& i think our curse cursed the relief

wonder if i could speak out against  
wonder why our h\*\*\*\*\* (hearts) put up the fence  
& wonder about our weakening defense

i h\*\*\* (hope) we don't flee in f\*\*\*(fear) from the f\*\*\*\* (faith)  
our h\*\*\* (hope) better not be misplaced  
or the h\*\*\* (hope), we all hold dearly, will disintegrate

## strangery

i apologize—  
cause this all very strange to me  
and it's an unsolved mystery.  
you deserve an apology  
because—  
this is uncharted territory:  
my legs ain't seaworthy  
you've probably noticed  
there's no rehearse  
no foreknowledge, no practice  
i apologize—  
cause this all very strange to me  
and i hope i solve this mystery

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## BONES

You don't have to dance  
    on your own  
But I know you'll hold out for home  
    & I know you feel alone  
Even with this only One  
    & even if it's not shown  
    You are worn down to the bone  
You don't have to dance  
    on your own  
But I know you'll hold out for home  
    Even when you've outgrown  
& even when we're weary to the bone  
    I'll dance with you  
    All the way home.

## To The Gamblers,

A dry, soft breezed evening  
with a smoke canvased sun about to lay down,  
two players gamble  
on a red & violet table  
with higher stakes than they realize  
and one of em', with empty pockets,  
doesn't know home won't be home,  
for the night.

In a quick flipping of cards,  
& unfolding of event,  
a mansion for him  
will soon look like a tent.  
but that was the deal...  
he thought he knew what he meant:

The thrill of it all was the lack of security  
though i don't know why he wished for surety  
cause' all he was holding  
was pair of 2 of hearts  
i guess for his life, he was always bluffing...

And the next brisk, dewey-mist morning  
woke up the gamblers  
to find that neither of them were winners.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## O' U

U lackadaisical  
capricious , U.  
did U know  
Ur *wanderous* ways  
tore me in two?  
O' U ,  
friend O' mine  
asked U to walk the line  
but we ran the time.  
ran out  
with U  
...O' U...

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## SYSTEM PROCESSING...

```
o
...Moderator Access Login:
System processing...
...
...
...download complete:
Unable to calculate 'cardiactic' calculations
Troubleshoot?: Y/N?
->Y
...
...
...system hardware in need of update
Update?: Y/N?
->Y
...
Update installing...
...
...
...
Update installed
Download zip.file/drew'sshame?: Y/N?
->Y
...
Download complete
Open zip.file/drew'sshame?: Y/N?
->Y
Opened zip.file/drew'sshame
->Selectallitems
...
All items in zip.file/drew'sshame selected
->Deleteallitems
...
...
...
All items in zip.file/drew'sshame deleted
->Close program
x
```

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



# D*i*D

(died , in divorce)

they did , they died without divorce  
& they rode ( wrote ) their own course  
they'll die but never leave this earth  
'cause they didn't want to divorce  
never desired to leave this earthly worth  
& i don't know why, 'cause this world is full of hurt

we did , died in divorce , at the end of a fight  
& not sweating ( fleeing ) those alimony spotlights  
once we die, we'll take flight  
'cause all our desires are for the warming bright  
finally realized, without Him—forever night  
& i don't know why we ever raged against this might

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

Date : Unknown

Then I'll walk it off with God  
& We'll watch them off  
Like all the leaves flying in the wind  
We'll walk by the fountains  
& He'll wash them off  
And they'll drown like sinking stones

Then, We'll continue a way  
On & on  
Like Adam & Eve with Him  
Hours will pass  
Though there will be no hours kept  
Months will go by  
Though there will be no names to them  
Years will fly  
Though none of them will be known

Then you see,  
There's no more history  
We'll lose track of the time  
On the unending path  
As we walk with God

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

## CAST YOUR SPELL

Man crafted from God's craft.  
He built this home and knows it well—Still smells freshly cut.  
Smoke covered sun hiding mountains and majesties I cannot fathom  
& the beer burp warms my nostrils on a crisp evening  
& I feel even warmer watching  
    My sister is a wife now  
    My sister is a mother now  
& our own mother is reveling every moment with her granddaughter  
So, this sacred memory  
Is reserved for monument  
Tucked high and deep for a moment  
Its farthest from hell  
& across the Flathead  
    You casted your spell  
    In Kalispell  
I'm sure there's a thousand-year-old tree  
With roots deeper than a sea  
Soon there'll be a mystic breeze  
And a mystic freeze  
Yet that won't cease this ancient mystery  
Mountains answer like distant prayers  
—but the answer is so much closer than believed  
The answer is as close as family.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."

# Elena ,

You came off the page of a book i never wrote  
and i swear when you arrived

the whole earth quieted to listen to your small breaths.

Now Elena ,

with your hand wrapped around my finger,  
with strength i didn't imagine for an infant,  
you make me put down the pen

and your eyes open wide to show me

that every breath you take

is the telling of the new story

it's the typewriter

and i'm good with that

i'm content with my poem

you're going to write your own fable

and i hope as your uncle

i'm part of that tale.

# Finale: Fountains , Forever & Ever

Whether out of shame or selfishness, there are these little *hidden* moments  
that one keeps for him or herself  
just between them and god  
—my reason is the latter.

I suppose, now is a good time to reveal, or rather, share one such “hidden moment”.  
I could start with depiction/description of the atmosphere and environment;  
however, to try and describe the beauty manifested of this memory would be belittling  
of its true and personal meaningfulness.  
So selfishly I will keep this, to some degree, vague and blurred—to still keep it mine.

Sometime long ago & somewhere high up  
where the clouds converse with earth  
i think god sent a certain someone to, in some sense, *illuminate* me.  
beyond a veil of fog, on this heavenly heightened stone,  
always just beyond my clearest perception,  
was a small figure speaking in a tender whisper  
even now i have trouble believing my own tale  
...my long late grandmother’s voice,  
and with the waves of high mountain wind rushing past my ear,  
i could, in intervals, hear her words.  
though her clearest and deepest seeded words were:  
“fuentes y fuentes para siempre  
las fuentes seguirán y las fuentes crecerán  
donde quiera que vayas  
fuentes , por siempre jamás”  
i believe this to be translated to:  
“fountains and fountains forever  
fountains will follow and fountains will grow  
where ever you go  
fountains , forever & ever”

Some might it say that this phrase sounds like a poem or lyrics to a song. I think heard a prayer.  
Perhaps if you were there with me, you would be in no need of persuasion that there was a  
desperation for prophecy in the tone of her tender emotions. So, from this memory, I think I  
heard *their* prayers: my mother’s prayer and my mother’s mother’s prayer. I felt the words repeat  
within me, as if I could trace their origins—as if there was some spiritual history between me and  
the word “fuentes”. It was as if I could feel or sense it was a song sung to the city before I

\*Something to think about: “And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God.”

\*Something to think about: “God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke.”

entered its gates, like something planted in the soil before I owned the land—preparing & guiding me before I even knew what or where I was destined for. Perhaps you don't believe me & this strange story. You don't have to believe that anecdote. But believe this, because I think this is the message I have been trying to send, to not only you, but myself:

**I**'m no source of wisdom  
Nor joy  
I'm no source of anything of worth  
& neither are the words I've shared with you.  
Our true source, lies beyond a veil of fog,  
just like my grandmother's voice,  
just around the bend of **valley**,  
it's sanctuary and a **haven**,  
the source is an everlasting **fountain**.  
Just beyond the fog,  
**He** is both forever far & forever close  
I advise you to listen for the loudest whisper  
I advise you to take journey and flight  
Dive deep and far  
& to come to the fountains.

(\**Fuentes* from Spanish to English means *Fountains*: loosely translated to *Source*)

& So, I think there is no better way to end:  
Christ , Forever & Ever. Amen.

\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."



\*Something to think about: "And because of us...I fear the devil smiles more than God."

\*Something to think about: "God has a sense of humor...without him, everything is a joke."