

# Deep Cuts

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by

Key

## Deep Cuts

Every Day  
Stone Hot Cold  
Too Blew  
He Used To Say  
Psychotic Demise  
Sacrifice  
Blown  
Transference  
Missed  
The Bridge of Pain  
Misplaced  
The Undertow  
Even Though  
No Apologies  
Heaven is Hell  
Dead or Missing  
The Madness of Sadness  
Deep End  
Stationary  
Overflow  
My Plea  
Full Moon Madness

Hands Tied  
Suicidal Prayer  
Michael  
Switching Channels  
Camille  
Roller Coaster Girl  
The Gift of Jeremy  
A Prayer  
So Far  
Before Valentine's  
A Change of Seasons  
Under a Spell  
Tears  
When Your Time Comes  
Looking Up  
Pictures of Memories  
Artistry  
Deep to Shallow (The Perfect Wave)  
Day Break  
Just Me  
Destiny or Me  
My Conclusion

## Every Day

Every May and the months in between  
for the past 14 years,  
this girl has cried for the love she once  
knew –  
in her younger years.

Til this day, she recalls his face –  
eyes of the brightest blue –  
angelic sun-kissed hair and skin  
and  
a smile so wide it would grab you.

It was love at first sight  
with these two in flight.

But neither knew what was in store.

On a grander scale, destiny knew  
what their purpose in life was for.

In this tale of two souls,  
only one would be left here alone.

The other left too abrupt, his time here on Earth  
just wasn't enough. He didn't even have a chance to say goodbye.

The other couldn't quite understand  
and in her mind can never let go of his hand  
and as years go by – she just cries.

Even though  
she misses him so, she had to fill the hole  
that was left in her chest,  
so she fell for his long-time friend –  
but had not a clue  
what she was getting into.

## Stone Hot Cold

Have you ever wondered what people do  
when someone they love dies in a **fire**  
that burns them to ashes –  
in up as dust and in the end  
be just a name on a stone wall  
with barely any room to be  
remembered at all?

There amongst the countless  
remain those names  
people call.

Have you ever wondered at all how it must seem  
for your loved one to be  
sizzled  
scorched  
and  
steamed  
peeled from skin boiling underneath –  
gasping for breath  
until they meet their death?

Hoping God  
has enough compassion  
to let them not endure  
conscious sustenance  
of continuous suffocation  
to the point of combustion?

Instead, hopefully to just fade out  
in a smoky sleep  
that is dark and deep.

But then they suddenly awake from a  
blackout state –  
and their soul is searching what death hides  
to be able to get – to the other side –  
but it's too late, it's  
your expiration date –  
your time has met your fate  
and your love is still alive within you  
and your  
mate.

Yet your mate is still alive  
and cannot be by your side.  
So you try  
to reach  
and confide  
to say  
one last goodbye  
through an alarm  
that goes off  
in the middle of the night  
as you sleep  
and then once again  
the next day  
to say bye  
with one last try.

Til this day,  
I think of you so –  
You must have some idea how much  
I still can't let go.

So I grabbed the first path  
that I thought was  
closest to you and would last  
instead of going to rehab for  
my heart and my past.

Life threw me a ball that til this day  
I have not been able to say  
I played well at all.

So now in your memory, I try to set free  
you from me.  
So to release you and let you go,  
to see you again at the,  
“Final Show.”

“Too Blew”

(Prelude) It's far more easier to live with  
anger  
revenge  
vengeance  
bitterness  
coldness  
and  
hatred  
than death  
sorrow  
sadness  
devastation  
loneliness and  
love lost  
to make it til tomorrow.

(Interlude) It's not my place to understand the concept  
of the existence of lost souls thrown together.  
God saved him before evil could take him.  
I should be thankful – and I am.  
But for some reason, I need reassurance  
every day from now until the end.  
I couldn't have him the way he was, so  
fate took him to the place that only God  
could  
disrupt his “cause.”

This is what I must know in my heart,  
so I can begin to start –  
Why is it so hard for me to fathom?  
Because I loved him?  
I held his face in my hands – got lost in  
his kiss, which was  
next to perfect as it gets.  
Made love with the ultimate connection  
of a perfect fit.  
Like a lock to a key –  
Him and Me –  
His star-like smile – would shine for a mile –  
and those jewel green eyes –  
were so pierced with style.

I reached down to the soul of his heart  
and held on to the goodness  
that I knew he had possessed  
because I had seen and felt it.  
And all I ever wanted  
was to give him a chance.  
So I held on to that piece of light –  
while the darkness, bitterness  
consumed him so –  
I was still determined to make it grow –  
but “they” would not let him go.  
As they took him  
into the night,  
he sat in the sand  
with a shotgun in his hands –  
He took off his shoes –  
to figure the only way he could  
end  
his blues and his woes.  
He placed it, firmly between his feet  
and pulled the trigger with his toes.

Either he was just a bad shot or  
God helped him out quite a lot –  
Coz he’s only missing his teeth, his jaw and his nose.

He later confessed –  
that his patience  
had worn thin –  
keeping him from doing his best  
as he rushed to his death,  
being why he missed once again.  
The barrel was too long –  
it needed to be shorter –  
then nothing would have gone wrong,  
and then it all would have been over –  
One could say – deep down, inside,  
that he ultimately sabotaged his own demise.

Although that was his tale,  
I believe that this could have been,  
as well –

He barely missed the gates of hell  
when God pushed him back –  
He said, “Son – don’t you know I’m faster  
than any bullet from a gun?”  
Don’t you know by now, boy –  
I’m not going to let you leave like that?  
You have some learning to do  
before your life here on  
earth is through!

And all who are connected to you –  
what might these lessons be?  
Be strong, wise and patient –  
keep your eyes on Me –  
and then someday you will see –

How do we break the electric-blue cord that  
fate has so tightly bound around us?  
That is the strength I seek, so I  
can live, breathe and find happiness –

He had fallen as far as he could  
fall –  
thinking he could escape his torment –  
but before the gates of hell opened –  
God gave him yet another chance to make him  
see –  
what life really means  
and who he is suppose to be.

So I had to let him go to save myself –  
before I too lost what was left.  
Spinning out of control – in a downward  
spiral.

The weight of pain too great to bear  
he chose to end his life  
not once but twice  
instead of facing the past  
that he needed to share.

The first time, with the girl of his dreams – so it seemed.

Little did he know –  
she felt unworthy –  
as so did he.

The images of the tragedies have never left her mind –  
even after she had to leave him behind –

But even still – she couldn't seem to  
cut him out of her life and  
neither he –  
despite all of the misery  
that was brought to him –  
then me.

He knew not how to love me for some  
unknown reason.

I think in his life –  
there was too much hate  
season after season –

So the girl, who is me, has to accept  
the fact that what she always  
wanted  
in him will never be.

God has other plans in store for us,  
you see.

All the love she had given him –  
together or apart,  
he would have given it back to her,  
if he'd only had a heart.

But, that was only the way it  
seemed  
to be, by the way that she was  
treated.

In all reality, he had a heart –  
plum full –  
but never knew how to “give it.”  
And that was all she ever really needed.

So she lives today – having to finally  
let him go from her heart, thoughts,  
hopes, dreams and  
haunted memory –

But as they say, “We’re only human,”  
and how human can that be?

So as days go by, she wishes she could fly  
away from the heartache, pain and sorrow – but  
she’s only human, so she hopes and wants for a better  
tomorrow –

Looking back to see –  
maybe the reason to make sense  
of not letting him be –  
He was the closest one to touch  
that resembled her other so much.

The feeling and the memory  
she had not lost  
so it would never leave –

since with her,  
he could never be.

## He Used to Say

“If you don’t count on or expect things  
to happen or go your way, you won’t  
be disappointed if they don’t.”

But I believe that he truly  
wanted the opposite  
and therefore swallowed it all  
until he couldn’t anymore  
and so he choked.

I believe the opposite was true  
and that’s how he dealt with  
what I already knew.

That, all the years of disappointment  
inside of him  
just grew and grew  
into a stage of self hate  
that had nowhere  
to go and nobody knew.

He went so low,  
that the only solution  
that he could make,  
was to blow it all way –  
so his life –  
he tried to take.

Psychotic Demise – Psychotics are Teachers in Disguise

Is this what you have given me?  
Is that what it takes? To be the person I am  
suppose to be? To accept and learn from  
my choices and mistakes?

Do I have to feel so connected?  
Feel your anger, rage and shame?  
External torment – Extreme turbulence –  
whirling – faster and faster in your brain?

Can you give me a sign or a clue  
to what I am suppose to do –  
to end, stop or slow down –  
from going there with you?

I want to let you see –  
but in all reality  
a bigger part of me  
is lost in my heart that won't let go –  
of the image of what I had dreamed of –  
so long ago – the two of us together –  
just living in bliss – and now I'll never again  
feel your kiss.

I feel I can't help myself –  
so I need this to be known.  
I was once close  
to a man that I still wish  
could have really grown.

Twisted and addicted –  
he flip-flops about –  
Tortured, tormented and scorned –  
inside is a voice he cannot express –  
much less shout.  
But that's exactly what he needs – no doubt –  
To let loose the beast  
that he keeps  
locked inside, then comes out in rage,  
then goes back and hides  
but has nowhere to go  
so is just thrown from side to side.

If he would just sit down –  
and put his anger on paper –  
so much would be better,  
maybe some peace could be found.

That is something that requires effort and patience –

You have to seek it  
and need it  
to actually feel it  
and see it.

(Afterthought: Psychotic Disguise)

When I see sweet faces  
Are they the same underneath?  
I've always wanted to know –  
And if so, would they please  
rub off on me?  
Or is it a mask?  
And are they hiding something that I'm  
not suppose to see?  
I'm sure everyone has their own level  
of hell and pain –  
To break free from –  
time to time – again and again.  
Experiencing life in general can be just a sick game.

“Sacrifice”

Is this what really had to take  
place?  
Did he really have to trade the darkness  
in his heart  
for his face?  
Did his looks have to change  
and deform so  
drastically –  
for him to see  
what he needed to learn  
in his own reality?

“Blown”

Her mind had been blown,  
but yet in a different way than he –  
the one who once held the key.

Now only distance – time and pain remain  
to replace his face in her mind.

I never knew it could be so sad –  
still yearning for something you never really had –

Just someone that you thought and wished  
to be glad,  
but truly was just mad.

For her at least, for he never left  
her smiling –

## Transference

Since you didn't care for your beauty –  
    Since you blew it all away.  
Since you didn't care if it was there –  
    Since it was just being wasted, anyway.  
Since you didn't want your beauty –  
    my God – will you pass it on to me?  
I will cherish it and its memory – and show it off for everyone to see.  
If you can transfer a soul –  
    Why not beauty – physically?  
I will love it and take it with care  
    and make it last as long as I'm here.  
I will nourish it and keep it well –  
    just like the man it belonged to  
        who is now in his own living hell.

## Missed

I curl up in a ball  
    and dream of it all –  
the comfort – if only brief  
was heaven to my relief.  
I hang on until I cry  
    and then just wish to die.  
But I can't – you see  
    because there is more involved  
        than just me.  
Me wishing for such pleasure  
    will never make things better.  
I feel like a baby  
    with no tit –  
    or  
deprived from fresh air.  
It never turns out fair –  
    does it?  
Why has thou taken  
    from me  
        the very essence  
        of a perfect kiss?  
Why has thou taken  
    the only perfection  
    away from me  
        to miss?  
Why must I suffer such heartache  
    and loss?  
Why am I unable  
    to afford the cost?  
Why can't I ever  
    be ok,  
    without thinking,  
    that I'm always lost?

I yearn for what has  
    been taken.  
And I know I will  
    never again have,  
what has forever been forsaken.

## The Bridge of Pain

So can you see?

He built a bridge of pain to me.

By passing his madness to my fragility.

Whatever he should feel – my heart would eventually steal.

A bridge of pain has been built in my name – against my will.

Everything he is sad for –

His son, that he never got to be a dad for.

His father, who suffered greatly

and is no longer here for his safety.

His ex – who tore out his heart?

The best part of

what he needed to use –

for him to begin to start.

The mistakes he made – all that he lost.

As time went by – his compassion would subside

and the darkness inside would grow and multiply.

His face would smile, but all the while –

bitterness and hate

would fester faster –

while all along

devouring his character.

Eventually, he became consumed

with evil thoughts and ways

and possessed an anger too huge for rage.

So he would keep it inside

and diabolically think

of ways to kill and die –

to destroy his life

and anyone else close by –

especially the girl

who never wanted to leave his side.

He had pushed her away before  
and she had chosen to go too.  
For that was the only thing  
that she had left to do.

He purposely meant to hurt her,  
so she wouldn't feel bad –  
when he would finally do himself in –  
he thought she wouldn't feel sad.

But things didn't go as planned  
for the man  
she once had.

Instead of making it to Hell – here on Earth he still dwells.

He has changed – though – although  
I'm not really sure how much  
on the inside –  
But he says he's alright.

That he won't try it again –  
until she's out of the picture.  
She appreciates that because you see  
his face is already beyond disfigured.

He seems to be fine with it – but you see  
all of what he should be feeling –  
is going to me.

I know it's not my place to say  
who should feel what –  
in which way.

God only knows, what is inside  
someone's heart  
and in someone's soul  
that they hide.

All I know, my pain is real –  
It's not something I would steal.  
So I must be given it to have to deal  
with the fixation of how I feel  
and how to handle the whole situation –  
To live through the realization –  
and from that  
becomes creation.



I could have taken it willingly – upon myself  
to bear the cross – so to speak.  
Maybe I in turn – need to burn  
the bridge inside of me. And that is how it should be –  
but again, this is reality.

## Misplaced

Sometimes two different creatures  
    can be symbolically parallel.  
One chained for misbehaving and one  
    in another living hell.  
As time passed on – the “chained-one”  
grew sad, lonely and bored,  
    just yearning for a happy  
    existence.  
The “other” chained by his personal torment  
    that couldn’t bring him to his  
    senses.  
There was only so much that they  
    could bear –  
So finally, as time grew, in their  
    own prison,  
    they both got their own special  
    freedom.

One, no longer has the chain that bound  
    him for so long.  
The other tried to break the chain put around  
    him  
but was made to face the pain he carried,  
    to make him strong.

Simultaneously, one finally was given  
    a home –  
While the other, hopefully finds  
    one  
    without loneliness –  
    some peace with God –  
    himself and  
    the rest of us.

One was set free and one was told not to leave.

The chain was necessary for control,  
    but not to the point of losing his  
    soul.

One got let go – the other –  
    we don’t know (we hope so).

One was bound for being too wild –  
but his solution wasn't bondage,  
it was a little freedom, love, attention  
and knowledge –  
Now he frolics and plays all day  
and wouldn't even hurt a child.

The other was meek and shy,  
then as life had its way with him,  
his pain and his anger was so unbearable –  
all he wanted – was to die.

So as fate has it –  
the first was smiled upon and  
was granted his happier life,  
for his situation had him to behave  
and act right.

The other one has suffered enormous agony  
from the choices he has made  
and is now bound by  
a different kind of fate.

Something bigger and stronger  
took over his self-destructive behavior  
and put him in his place,  
so he can have another chance  
at grace with his Savior  
before he is taken out of the race.

So one is free and the other is bound.  
It's as though they had switched  
places in the "circle of life" – turned around.

I believe there is a purpose for everyone  
and for everything and all of us  
are learning lessons.

Sometimes, only time will tell,  
depending on the reasons.

You can make your own choices –  
but God reaches out  
when there isn't any doubt  
and can finalize all decisions.

Oh, maybe I should mention,  
something else kinda strange –  
they both have  
the same name.

One was saved from a life of restraint –  
as the other lived with too much pain.

Fate smiled on one,  
as he did his time.

The other was lead to demise of a different kind.

The burden of his life –  
the way it was –  
too much to carry.

Now even more heavy –  
yet given another chance  
to change his heart,  
his mind,  
and the way he  
thinks  
of spending  
his time  
on the brink.

## The Undertow

It's funny how time flies and things go  
and people you know – can change so –  
with all the load of their woes –

What makes a person – whether he or she –  
who they turn out to be?

One year of bliss – a perfect kiss –  
everything dark and deep, seems so far  
away  
from that tiny little spark  
that holds such a bright light in the dark  
to guide your way.

Nothing is as it seems and all you want  
is for it to stay.

All your dreams are in your head  
and nothing you can do will escape the dread  
of what the untold future brings instead.

So you hang on tight and hope you're right –  
that things will be as you dream.

Then as life would have it –  
a different fate is in store  
for the ones you had so adored.

By wickedness or fear –  
it is now impossible to be near  
to the ones you held so dear.

Something untold and riddles unknown  
consumes quick and slow.

You never know,  
so you just ride with the tide  
but not too close –  
for then it won't ever let you by.

For you will be pulled in and then you will  
see  
what others might not ever know  
and hopefully will never  
be.

Undertows are strong and forceful by nature.  
They demand great endurance to escape.  
Not too many stay the same or alive,  
once it takes the names it needs to survive

## Even Though

Can I really go the rest of my  
and never talk to him . . . . ever . . . .  
life  
again?

He tried to take his life twice  
and is still  
alive.

He knew neither time  
was never wise.

He could never explain  
as his reasons were far  
from plain.

For he despised his life, his timing  
and his  
pain.

They say suicide is being weak . . .  
so how much strength do  
think it takes to put a gun to your  
head . . . next to the one who loves you . . .  
in bed?

No  
Apologies?

No regrets?

Which mind are  
you in?

Do you know about Sin?

Not that I have a stance

on the whole situation – I

was just taking another glance.

Hold on  
and  
hang on –

Things are  
happening.

Give  
Time  
a  
Chance.

## Heaven is Hell

Like a Turtle

without a

shell –

A “Mad Hatter” would do so well –

And still I exist, “Oh Well”

Here . . . I still dwell.

My skin so raw to the nerve –

After all . . . I guess you get

what you deserve.

Thick in the head –

Raw in the heart.

Wish it were the opposite –

right from the start.

## Dead or Missing

Why does the pain still have to remain

after those who we love have gone?

Why can't the sadness go along with  
their souls

and why must their memory be so long?

Bringing nothing but constant yearning and  
thoughts churning –

Why is it that all the bad stays,  
even though  
they go?

Is it only allowed here for it to grow?

Why can't it disappear into thin air – linger  
and fester –  
out there  
somewhere?

Why does it have to be here – among those  
who have to stay . . . . and can't go  
who suffer so  
and can't make it go away.

All it does is make you want to leave and  
stop trying.

As every day goes by – you just wish for dying.

But something inside still tries,  
even though you  
rather not –

You ponder and you plot –  
and wonder why  
as you wait for  
death.

And yet

still pray

for your

last breath.

## The Madness of Sadness

I feel nothing will totally take  
the pain away.  
Time elapses only to make the  
appearances  
less frequent for it to seek me.

Days go by and I try to hide  
in my facade.  
Sometimes it slips away –  
only to then – force me to wake.  
Catching me by surprise,  
it's unbridled and angry – a never ending frenzy –  
always seeing when it can come to greet me.

I've had to become much more clever  
than ever  
to outrun  
this undying game of trying to outwit  
its kind of weather.  
So, by me chasing the sun and having some fun,  
it temporarily loses track of time –

Then  
all of a sudden –  
gaining control  
again –  
its scent is on me.  
So as I go on –  
I just expect  
its company.

## Deep End

I've been ripped, tied, thrown  
and shaken to the bone.  
I've yearned, cried and tried  
to deal with the reasons why.  
My grasp loses its grip –  
Now, too frequently,  
I find myself slip.  
The more I think –  
the more I have to pray  
for the sanity  
to get through the day.

As the night falls,  
it just calls  
a name  
that is the same  
and is much too familiar  
to pain –  
and only leaves  
to come back again.

I'm wishing it would find another place to stay  
or a friend  
with which to  
play,  
for then it would be occupied and maybe forget me  
for the night.

I try to handle this existence of mine,  
only to find  
that I am still  
here –  
left behind.

But as I feel my heart beating  
and my hands shake –  
I feel this energy surge through me  
as it keeps me awake.

So I occupy every second of my day  
with things to do and words to say –  
And when it all gets too much for me –  
I like to escape –  
But it finds me still –  
It knows me too well –  
all my hidden places that I dwell  
and never tell.  
It makes me feel and wonder  
if I am in hell.

Is this all some sick joke or just a game  
that targets the heart and torments the brain?

Are we here to be put to a test  
of who goes insane and who is the best?

If anyone has control of me –  
my moves,  
my mind,  
besides me, myself & I –  
Could you –  
would you please –  
stop playing with me  
so I can have some peace and survive?  
So I can feel normal again –  
not racing –  
like I'm being chased.  
I would really like a slower pace.  
I feel like I'm treading water –  
stationary –  
in my state.  
And beneath me  
is much too deep and I dread  
many moments  
I can't erase – inside my head.  
And if I stop,  
I'll drop  
and keep falling down  
until I hit the bottom –  
and not come up  
then drown.

So I keep on running –  
    in this place –  
    in my space,  
        to save my soul –  
            that's taking its toll –  
But is it that what I'm really doing?

I just sometimes wonder and think maybe not –  
Or am I just grasping for some chance  
    to be  
    what I'm not?

## Stationary

Be still my beating heart –  
I can see – thumping so rapidly.  
For this is not my preferred form  
                    of recreational activity.  
Whatever you call it –  
                    for whatever reason.  
I hope it goes with thee  
                    quiet and quickly.  
As I lie here sleepless –  
with my body that aches,  
please take away my  
fever and shakes.

So this is what I'm known as?  
                    Not a good thing.  
I need to leave this scene –  
So I don't know if I can ever be  
                    with another man,  
                    as broken as I feel  
                    and raw as I am.

“Overflow”

I feel like a dam has  
    been broken in my  
self. I feel over-flown  
in my mind, heart,  
body and soul.

I've become –  
    I have arriven –  
I can now see enough  
    to carry me –  
at least partly to the  
place of my legacy.

## My Plea

Here I am writing poetry –  
    after tragedy – on my knees.  
So why can't I see the words  
    that come from me?  
I feel like I'm running out –  
    please refuel me  
    with the strength I need  
    to get to where  
    I'm suppose to be.  
    Lead me there, please.  
I feel I'm running out of time.  
I'm tired and can't see the finish line.  
    Please give me a sign  
    on which way to go  
        of direction  
    and the duration  
        for my soul.  
    Please help me,  
        with my load.  
    I can't bear the strength  
    that only you bestow.

Thank you for listening  
    and for your time.  
Just talking to you  
    makes me feel fine.  
You give me the breath  
I need to stay in the race.  
And make me see that I  
will still finish  
at a slower pace.  
Thank you for your grace –  
and the blessings  
I sometimes overlook.  
I know I need reminded  
to take a second look,  
at all that is good  
and appreciate everything  
I have, big or small.  
Your spirit, I feel  
in my heart.  
It moves me to  
make another start  
and know that you

are here and will  
always be –to bless,  
help and guide me away from my duress.  
I feel your peace and serenity  
when I call on you.  
You make me keep  
my mind right –  
It's what I don't want to lose.  
And thanks for calming  
my heart –  
You in my life –  
will always be a part.  
For without you –  
    there is  
    no me  
    to finally  
    begin  
    to start.

## Full Moon Madness

Is it the moon making me crazy?  
Or just my own energy?

Is it the moon making me crazy?  
Or is it the sound of insanity?

My mind overflows  
and won't stop and let go.

What have you done to me?  
What has happened?

I feel my gates have opened –  
gushing out  
all of the debris  
that has been stored  
and locked up tight –  
that should have been let out  
so long ago  
before this night.

God, please help me hold the reins  
of whatever has been released  
or just reassure me  
that it is only the inside of me  
at least.

My mind is full of words and rhymes.  
What has thou given me?  
Is this how I should spend  
my time?

I thought I was going crazy a bit ago.  
I couldn't stop the rushing flow.  
But I'm seeing now and was told  
that if you've been given a gift  
and don't use it –  
you just might lose it.

It's just so fast and frantic –  
I just freak and panic!

I'm not use to this much coming  
from my mind to my hand –  
to make into words that others can understand.

I feel I should be sleeping  
in these wee hours –  
I tried to put away  
everything  
and thanked you for the day,  
but I guess you had other plans  
for this morning and for what's in store –  
Are you speaking through me?  
What's going on?  
I'm not sure.

Is it you?  
Or is it me?

Where is all of this coming from?  
Are you using me to write a song?

If you are, I need to know now  
and I will promise  
I will continue tomorrow –  
again somehow.

See what happens when I talk to you?  
If I did it more often –  
I would be able to sleep too –

I feel delirious from being awake  
and these words – I can't shake –  
they won't leave my mind behind.

Would you please give me a break?  
I don't know how much more of this I can take.  
I'm just a driven insomniac  
trying to live through and change  
all that I am able to  
from all of my past mistakes.

Were you looking for a confession?  
You know me well and can tell – for from you  
I can never hide, so I do confide.

From my inside out – without a doubt –  
I pray that I have you  
on my side

For without you – I'm nothing –  
So I must be something,  
and from that I cannot hide.

Now can I put the paper and pen down  
so to hear no sound  
of thoughts trying to escape through me  
for people to see?  
Please?  
I promise I will use the gift you've given me  
so I can finally get some  
sleep.

Jesus – man – every time I step away –  
I think of something else to say.  
But I'm asking for the peace to stop –  
so I can start again another day.

Now I know – if it comes  
let it flow –  
If it's in me – let it go.

Not to put off writing poetry –  
I now see that this is the way  
that it's suppose to be.

Thank you for opening the door –  
I couldn't or just wouldn't open before.

I feel blessed, like I've passed a test  
and have been given the words  
to help the rest –  
while helping myself in the process.

Thank you for opening my eyes, mind and spirit  
to what – all along – I could have  
been doing with it.  
Like they say, better late than never  
and never is a long way away  
to never to be able to say  
what God has given me  
today.

It actually had been given to me as a child,  
a long time ago –  
I'm finding that it gets stronger as I grow old.  
Now that it is out,  
I'm not as wild  
and have more control.

I never felt I was all that great,  
but I'm finding that I was better than I  
thought,  
after I got the recognition that I sought.

It's clear to see –  
my words are flowing  
out of me,  
like a rumbling brook  
with no debris.

It's a tortuous thing  
to have a voice  
and not sing.  
To have words  
not be heard –  
to not give  
what you can bring.

To have that take place  
would be such a waste.  
Maybe because of this  
He can have a face.

I was granted the gift  
of penmanship  
and the ability to grasp,  
collections of words,  
caught from within,  
then captured with my pen.

I can't put it down  
even as I awake  
my lack of sleep –  
I fear my day –  
I won't make.

Please leave me now –  
I must rest,  
so I can make it through  
what I have to do  
to get to where I need to be –  
so I can do my best.

I promise to return –

I should have never said  
I would put this off.

It's something I can't control,  
my creativity has to flow.  
It's already too late  
to shut the gate.  
I can't stop what you have bestowed.

I'm sorry I said that I would put you  
away –  
I now will leave you out  
so you can play.

I should have known  
not to try and postpone  
this gift from you to me –  
that for years has grown.  
Now from being caged,  
it's wild with force and rage,  
and has power to control  
my very existence  
and soul  
with every page.

It is making me delirious though –  
But then again, euphoric.  
I feel myself – maybe I'm sick –  
in a way – that right now –  
I'm unable to stop  
and my mind  
constantly ticks.

So since it's just me in bed –  
I shall lay you beside my head.  
So you will always be with me  
within reach – for now –  
and until my death.

Obviously, you want me to tell a lot –  
that I need to say.  
But please for now, let me sleep –  
until another day.



## Hands Tied

I'm not use to having anything  
control me, the way  
these words do –  
that go from me to you.

Maybe it's God's way of teaching  
and guiding me through  
to finally see the light  
that always has been  
but never was clear –  
always resisting,  
with all my might.

Like it had grown  
with me,  
wanting to be alone  
and having no real guidance –  
no one to hold my hand –  
no one from home.

I had always believed,  
but now I can tell –  
divine intervention  
has stepped in  
to lead me  
where I dwell.

## Suicidal Prayer

It all seems so self-sacrificial –  
to the point that my breaths seem cruel.  
So with my fingertips,  
I reach beyond a time zone  
to contact an angel  
that  
was sent to me,  
beyond the unknown.

Be still my rumbling heart –  
for I pray the time is near –  
so I can swiftly depart  
from this place  
called “existence”  
and just have perfect peace,  
with no sadness  
or fear.

Michael

When it seems as if I'm losing my grip  
to keep myself from sinking,  
and I feel I can't keep up the pace  
to keep the water below my face.  
Out of the clearness of which  
I try to see  
appears an Angel –  
coming to rescue me.  
He grabs me and holds me up  
and gives me the relief I need  
for my mind to rest,  
even if for awhile.  
He gives me hope  
to hold onto –  
He makes me smile.

He calls me silly names  
and makes me laugh out loud.  
Ones I've never heard before  
like, "whack child."

I've come to know –  
through the phone  
another soul  
that is a lot like me –  
strangely unique.

It's nice to know,  
I'm not the only freak.

He gives me peace and serenity  
after we speak –  
that God knows  
I so desperately need.

He saves me – my mind – my heart –  
even though, we are many miles apart.

He helps me make it through the day.  
I believe this is what happens  
when you genuinely pray.  
God picks you an Angel  
and sends him your way.

He gives me a euphoric feeling  
when I'm lying semi-quiet  
and dreaming of all the possibilities  
that I can see.

I feel no heartache –  
no pain in my brain.  
He takes that away –  
that's his gift to me,  
so I can last another day.

It's my favorite feeling,  
that I wish would stay  
and never leave.

He has been sent  
by some cosmic connecting energy –  
or another explanation would be –  
a gift from God to me.

He uplifts me when I'm down  
and is always there –  
for his voice is reassuring  
and soothing,  
with exhilarating air.

Again, for some unexplainable reason  
he had to be sent,  
to catch me before I fall free.  
For God knows –  
that is what mostly scares me.

He lends his hands  
straight from the heart.

He is sincere with compassion –  
right from the start.

## Switching Channels

I have to change the way  
I think and feel  
so I can deal  
with what is real.

Isn't it so, that we  
search high and low  
for the most special  
of friends  
when we can't  
handle our sorrow?  
So we can have  
someone stronger  
to hold our hand –  
to let us lean  
then to help us stand,  
until we can.

“Camille”

You brightened my darkened day – I  
would so much like to say – comfort comes  
with your light – It’s so pleasing to know –  
I’m in your life – so bright.

Sorry – it just came out that way –  
Anyone who is looking on – please don’t take  
it personal – that’s just how I am –  
up close – feeling the rumble.

I miss you dearly – more than I  
can express – ALL I would like is  
to bring you – comfortness.

My semi-silent Princess!

Always your friend –  
through thick and thin – forever, beyond  
and back again – you make my heart smile –

I love and miss you – and  
wish you were here –  
if only for a while.

“Roller Coaster Girl”

It’s just not surprising –  
    considering how my life has been going –  
that I would fall for another  
                                    without knowing –  
that he runs a “Ride” for a living.

I believe he sees the thrill in me  
  
and I see that he is man enough  
  
to take every bit of my mistakes,  
  
and be strong enough not to break.

Or maybe, it’s the other way –  
  
He sees love and strength  
  
in me and yearns to stay in one place,  
  
instead of moving from town to town.  
And I see the thrill of the chase,  
    since he is not around.

## The Gift of Jeremy

So often I have prayed for someone  
to come and fill my heart and days with happiness.  
Someone to comfort my sadness.

I was chosen to survive a loss that I  
could never accept or get past. But since  
I've become more familiar with tragedy –  
I've been given the strength to feel the  
peace and serenity that I need – and  
that God has given me  
no matter how brief.

They say that things happen  
when you least expect them to. And I  
believe that destiny smiled on me the  
night that I met you.

I'll never forget when I turned  
around – you suddenly just appeared –  
like a surprise is suppose to be.

You were like a gift that I couldn't  
wait to open. I was just hoping that you  
were for me.

6 foot 2, long and lean – longish  
brown hair – handsome features with a  
shining smile that I could look at  
forever. I hadn't felt that feeling  
that I got when you were in my sight, in  
such a very long time – so I embraced it,  
seized the moment and asked to get together.

As you wrapped your long arms around  
me – so strong and so tight – I felt so  
content and secure that I wanted  
to stay with you in orbit, all through  
the night.

Even though you were here for just a  
short while, I knew it was meant to be,  
because you were sent like an angel to make  
my heart smile instantly.

As I think back of all the days  
before we met – I remember praying and  
waiting. But little did I know – fate was  
bringing you closer – I just didn't know it yet.

Our encounter was more than just an  
every day occurrence. We were meant to meet –  
on the 4<sup>th</sup> of May – the very same day  
I had lost my heart to sudden fate – at  
the age of 23 – which is the very same age  
that you happen to be – thinking back – 14  
years had passed – which is the years  
between our ages that have lapsed.

So through all of these years with a broken  
heart and not being able to let go – the choices  
that I have made and the things that have  
come my way – good or bad – have all helped  
me grow.

Now, I know that when it is your  
turn, it is definitely for a reason and if  
it's not – you're not finished learning what  
it is that you are suppose to know – so we all  
better pay attention.

God knows how I have yearned for a  
happy heart and someone to give to me  
that special feeling – right from the start.

You have brightened my darkness  
and have given me something to look forward to.  
I am thankful for the chance to  
finally meet you.

I don't know you all that well.  
All I know is how I feel.

So until we meet again, just know  
and remember you'll always stay in my heart and  
my thoughts. And that I will be looking  
forward to November.

Your nickname is Tinkerbell, so they call you “Tink,” which is very unusual and unique. You earned it from doing what you do so well. And you know what else? If I had a daughter her name would be “Pink.”

You travel most of the year – state to state. You make people have fun – on the ride that you run. But, inside, I can’t help but wonder how happy you really are – now – and when it’s all over.

But you keep going on and nothing seems to stop you –

No matter how tired or how far you are.

After all – life is like a carnival – Sometimes you win – sometimes you lose – and sometimes you just get taken.

It can be exciting, fun and sometimes scary – with one load after another of things to carry.

You’re impressively observant and charmingly intelligent.

And can do the work of 3 men.

You’re generous, with a big heart, and a loving father to your children.

You’re wise beyond your years and have a presence that is hard for me to resist. You have undying determination and natural born ambition that keeps you strong in the mix.

You can get annoyed, tired, fed up and can put up an angry front. But somehow I can always see through to your sweetness. And you won’t show any signs of weakness.

You’re fair, straight-forward and outspoken.

You can’t stand ignorance – could use a little patience – like all of us – and appreciate justice.

And it’s hard for me to believe you exist.

I don't know if anything  
will become of us – but if it does – it  
would be nice to have someone just as wild  
to run with – who happens to be a

Fire Dragon Sagittarius

## A Prayer

I was just wondering, God –

if you could show me,

where to go –

where to pray, where to be,

where to stay.

Where to live, where to strive,

where to be happy,

before I die?

Feelings of overwhelming uncertainty

constantly

are with me.

Like a spiral spinning ever so

furiously.

The chain of reactions that have been

manifested

in my life up to this day,

have had only

short pieces of bliss.

Mostly it's been the opposite –

Is it all choices or is it just Karmic?

So Far

I might have, as some might say,

a weak chart

and it may have to do with where

I am today –

I never said I was smart

anyway –

But I've made it this far

for some reason –

I guess we will see how further

I am next Season.

Before Valentine's

You blew me away and stars came to my eyes  
when you said, (unexpectedly and very  
nonchalantly – I might add) that you were  
trying to decide on what kind of outing  
I would find the most in delight –

Looking back – it's been so long since  
I've recalled a time  
when a fellow of mine would start to look in  
his heart for the part that had enough interest and  
care in me to think of and to say such things  
that came so naturally.

From your mind came words from your  
lips that you wanted to give and that happened  
to be what I wanted to help me live.

There is something about your face –  
your eyes – your hair –  
the stature of your body so long, tall and fair.  
The way you gazed at me – all I could do was blush.  
So as I dove into your cool blue hue  
you just made me want you “Hush”.  
I quivered with delight when I saw  
those full pink lips that you gave to me that night.

You made me feel “like new” again – yet  
knowing full well – to some extent where I’ve  
been and how long I’ve gone through a living  
hell that continues to haunt me daily as well.

Yet still you reeled me in slowly keeping me  
steady – reassuring me all was well – like a  
wizard casting a spell.

I’m seeing through the cloudiness  
that muddies my way –  
that you are in my life for me to see differently –  
to recapture my treasure and  
the joy I’ve missed along my way.

Not just to remember – but know now – how  
life can really be if only I let the good  
in and the bad out.

Thank you for putting a smile in my  
heart – right through to my face. And  
just knowing when to let me have my space –  
then gently pull back the reins on my  
rushing pace.

Since we've met, I feel I've been blessed  
with a heart that is sincere and true –

but please forgive me if I unwantingly  
feel hardened, blue and suspicious too.

There is a reason, but it's not you.  
For at the time I believed in you. It was also all  
my insecurities that sometimes get the best of me  
and blind me so I can't see. They make me feel  
things that aren't even real to the point of surreal.

All my life I've wanted a man –  
one with whom I can stand on solid ground  
and feel like I'm not in quicksand.

One that will not disappear  
'cause God wants him more near –  
if I so much as leave town.

To have the same wants – the  
same dreams and goals – to love – be happy  
to share my soul and if allowed – to grow old.

To feel secure and stable – to help me when I'm  
unable – to comfort me like a thick blanket  
when I'm cold. I wonder if you're able –  
Not someone to feel unsure of –  
to make me want to hit the road.

Your words seem solid and true and all  
I want is to believe in you. You seem to love  
me – just as your eyes are blue.

I hoped that we are meant to last, even  
though what has happened to us in the past –  
helps us grow together instead of apart  
because my heart would just want to stop and not start.

I've been thinking since we met – about the  
night I'll never forget. And have come to realize  
that blessings and lessons come in all shapes and  
sizes – forms and times – that you least expect.  
My eyes, heart, mind and soul have been opened  
by some unexplained force that I can't seem  
to reject. I believe you agree as well, for  
you – yourself vowed never to open your heart  
where your pain has dwelled.

Yet, since I first saw your face –

I believed you were my saving grace.

## A Change of Seasons

The time you spend with me is not  
how it used to be – It seems to  
be – you just want to sleep here  
and leave . . .

You used to cuddle me in bed  
with long and strong open arms – wrapped  
all around me –  
And me to you, then you would turn  
automatically  
toward the other way –  
like that we stayed.  
But now instead –  
when I turn my head –  
what I used to see  
alive is now dead.

Now there is barely any affection on  
your part – that sparkle in your eye for  
me  
has died and I can see, I have drifted away  
from your heart.  
Like they say, “Actions speak louder  
than words  
can possibly say.”

And I can clearly see it – every day.  
It seems to me you’re here just to be –  
I fear it’s just conveniency.

You used to look forward to waking up  
earlier – then take me in your arms to  
woo me into your charms.

You made my whole life seem better  
and bright with the words of your love.

Now you just want to sleep as long as  
you can – take a long look at me – say  
“Good Morning” and close your eyes again. –

Then – first thing – get on the phone –  
maybe watch some T.V. – if there’s smoke, to get  
stoned. Rarely stick around to eat – freshen  
up or brush your teeth – to give me a kiss  
before you need to leave . . .

Seems you’d rather be away than stay –  
Doing for or spending time with your  
friends all day –

Or elsewhere – unless you have here  
what you seem to need the most –

which occupies your time and might  
keep  
you from going somewhere else  
sooner –  
not to be close.

I feel it is better for me  
and for us both –  
if I care less and  
not most.

That way I wouldn't mind so much  
what you say or how you say it –  
    what you think or what you don't –  
what you see or how you see it –  
    what you believe or what you won't –  
how you spend your time or  
    how you choose to spend your dime.

I love you – yes – but I could use  
a little boost – I feel I'm slipping –  
    tightening the noose.

Or maybe it's you that's slipping away  
since I'm not your priority of the day.

I feel that you're just here –  
    just because of what you might fear.

Coz, I don't feel you're here  
    for the same reason  
    as last year  
    or last season.

I recently realized that it just might  
be convenient for you for now –  
    getting out of the hole  
and having a chance to do so –

    Still things should  
start to be more easy – for us  
to build a happy home.

I guess it was just a pipedream of  
mine to have the man that I had in

mind to put me on a pedestal instead  
of someone else closer and dearer to his  
heart of which happened to be a friend  
way before I had been introduced

to that particular part.

I know you love me too and we both  
try and not to be blue . . .

We do pretty good – mostly –

always finding out and learning  
what we should.

I just felt I had to write this

all down and get it out of my head –  
because it affects my perception of my  
outlook about you and

what I should do –  
from what I've said out of  
sarcastic dread –

I have concluded I should be more  
carefree about how and what you do  
and concentrate on me.

If we work out – then –  
it was meant to be . . . .

Because I know I can't count on  
everything I need from you –  
    for me  
        to be happy.

If you're interested to know how you  
can show that I'm still first in your  
                                    heart –  
    let me know –

That would be essential to the part  
    that could help us grow.

There are certain things a woman  
                                    needs.  
    Especially me . . . .

That would be nice – to let me see –  
    what you really mean and what  
truly is in your heart and soul.

It's really not much –  
    but to me –  
        it is . . .  
in such a way –  
    you wouldn't know.

Because the more you care less –  
    the bigger and better  
                                    other things  
seem to get –  
    for you to want to go.

If nothing else – as you can see –  
    you do inspire me so.

## Under a Spell

Have I fallen so far that even

a man with the sweetest intentions

can't convince me otherwise?

Is my foundation so weak and

thin that no matter what –

all I see is Sin?

Is my mind so distorted that all

I believe in is predestined

doom and demise?

I pray for the mind and eyes of a

different

sort.

One that sees and feels – not what is

in my  
damaged heart, mind and brain,

but for one who is untainted,

innocent and far

from insane.

Please God help me to be strong

again –  
to refrain from speculation and  
blame.

To free my mind, heart and

soul

from the Evilness that conquers

my being  
and takes control.



I search for the magic potion, the key,  
to lead me to peace within  
and happiness . . . .  
I pray  
for that time and that day.

Just to be that way.

## Tears

They come and they go

they leave and then they flow

When will they end?

Only God knows and only

He can set me free

from the pain that

pricks me.

## “When Your Time Comes”

Through all of the days and nights that  
you feel like slipping away from your  
dreams that you can see right in front of your eyes –

Just remember to never ever let go of  
what is allowing you to see  
all of the things you hold dear and  
keep near, but can't quite touch  
because of obstacles and fear.

It's the light from afar that gives you the  
sight to help you see the path you  
were meant to lead.

Please, don't let it out of your sight  
for you will become blinded by the  
darkness of the night –

You need to see that light,  
so you can reach the dream  
that is in your destiny.

It's do or die – those are your choices.

You can listen to others' opinions and voices  
but keep your eye on the star that  
might seem dim some nights and almost gone –  
And with asking God for the strength to hang on,  
you'll get closer every day.

Maybe not as fast as you would  
like – but with perseverance, the  
light will just become so bright and  
there will finally come a day  
when it all will be so close –  
that you will be able to touch and feel  
what has been guiding you through  
to this time that means the most.  
Then you will finally receive the sweet relief  
that God has given and it will be worth all of your tears,  
your strength and your reason for living.

“Looking Up”

Keep your Eye on the Sky –

Whether it might be wet  
or dry.

No matter what else you might try –

Sooner or later –  
you shall find out

why.

Ask God where  
He wants you to be.  
If you listen and pay attention,  
He will take you  
there – eventually –  
when He is ready.

“Pictures of Memories”

Something had been calling me to see – all  
of the faces in my mind’s memory –  
and all of the places that everyone of us  
used to be.

It seemed like another life had come and gone –  
when I looked through the pictures  
that I hadn’t seen in so long.  
How everyone back then has grown today –  
either still together  
or apart –  
in their own very different and special way.

Seeing all of my family and friends –  
past, present, near and far –  
I thought of where we all had been  
and  
where we all are –  
The way we all were  
and how  
we’ll never be again.

Priceless, precious memories – and moments of  
youth, fun and laughter –  
if you don’t capture –  
will be gone and just might be forgotten – forever.

Since time insists on running so fast –  
I love to be its catcher – having the moments  
of the past – just last. I do this when I can or  
when I have the chance. It’s a game I love to play  
with nature.

As I went through each and every  
picture –  
I put them in different stacks.  
Some older – some newer.  
Some stuck together – due to the elements  
of the weather.



You might want to rethink  
and take another look –  
Because there is more than one Author  
to “The Book.”

No matter what you might try –  
either to live or to die.  
Your version might not be the same –  
as the one who’s “King of the Game.”

This is what I have found –  
from what my eyes have seen.

Whether you live the life of a clown –  
happy, carefree  
and serene.  
Or if you’re just sick – tired and worn –  
bored with life –  
and in a hurry to leave –

Explore your existence  
and question your presence  
as your goals in life to achieve.

It might take some time and a lot of  
thought  
and maybe – even getting down on your  
knees.

But if that is what it takes to learn  
from our mistakes –  
to be set free – from all of the  
pain –

Then this is what we all must do –  
to live the life that we are  
destined to  
and give what it takes – so we can truly  
have peace  
and begin to live and breathe.

Choose to do what comes natural to you –  
Whatever it is that puts  
a smile in your heart  
and  
on your face.

Experiment and start  
living your life  
in spite – of all of your strife.  
Use the gifts that you have been given.

And if you don't have a clue –  
just listen.

We are all here – not by some  
mistake  
but, for a reason.

Use the time that you have  
to make it all worthwhile.  
Who knows –  
You might have been created to  
help a child.

It just might be – that your life is a  
Story  
for someone else to tell or see –  
to know which way to go –  
to be –  
or how not to be.

## Artistry

I want to be there –  
like them.

I want to be in that place.

I want to have  
that look  
that they have  
on my face.

I don't know where they go –  
they probably

don't even know.

They just willingly

give themselves up –  
there is no chase.

Now I feel I am being

taken or led  
to that special place –  
that goes unsaid  
inside my head.

## Deep to Shallow (The Perfect Wave)

Writing is like catching a wave  
and riding it to shore –  
If you miss it, you might not ever ride  
just the same one as before.

It comes from the deep and swells so high –  
So you always have to be open wide,  
ready, willing and wise.  
If you catch and ride them right,  
and hold on with all your might,  
you can ride until you're sore and can't ride  
anymore.  
They usually come in fours.

You better catch it when it comes  
and when you can,  
coz it will never be  
exactly the same ever again –  
Or come your way,  
to give you the perfect things  
to say.

Like a surfer always waiting  
and anticipating that perfect wave –  
he is waiting and willing  
to ride it all the way.

So always be ready and expect it to come.  
For it eventually will – to carry you home  
to the shore where it is shallow –  
so you can stand alone.  
And the thrill of the ride will be such a rush and a high –  
that all you will ever want  
is to never not try.

“Day Break”

There are many hours of the  
day  
in which to choose a time to  
play.

I prefer to dance the night  
away  
and see the wee hours, that I can  
say  
are the sweetest, most precious,  
to experience here  
in this existence.



If I'm still breathing,  
I'll see them all celebrating –

If I'm in a casket – then keep it closed  
please.

And take me to Seaside,  
where some of my most dearest  
reside  
at Ocean Dr.

And let my last requests be met,  
from my wishes – from the will,  
that to my Mother, I have  
left.

And everyone will know who has loved me so –  
coz before I go, they will be  
recognized  
and I will ask for each and every one to be  
blessed from up above,

and to be kissed by an Angel,  
on the cheek – from me –  
with all my love.

And I will meet with great urgency,  
all my loved ones that have gone before  
me.

And patiently wait for those who  
haven't yet come for me to  
see.

I've never had a Son – But if I had One –  
I'd name Him "Neon Pink"  
And he would be just fine  
And be born to "Think."

I can't hardly believe my life has ended  
up this way –  
every day seems so surreal –  
like in a dream or in a play.

But it's not the first time – I just hope it's the last –  
I've had more than enough blasts from my past.

Until then, I'll keep holding on and hanging in –  
riding this wave til it is through or  
until my dreams come true.  
Oh, by the way, the name I use is Key, and  
I'd like to say,  
I write Poetry.

I'm finally beginning to see from observing  
bits and pieces of  
me,  
what my purpose in this life just might  
be.

I could tell you more, but it's late  
and I gotta go.

There is so much more in store –  
And I will someday –  
if I have my way.

## Destiny or Me

When I was young,  
I tried to fly high  
with the Ballerina's in the sky –  
But as time flew –  
I somehow knew  
that I just didn't choose  
the right door to go through –  
Instead, I chose the Left,  
which possessed an irresistible hue,  
that unforgivingly became  
too dark of a blue –  
The right was too bright  
for me to survive the light  
and too far to reach –  
so then it seemed.  
Although it was there, I knew  
no one could teach to me,  
my own desires, hopes and dreams.  
Was it me or Destiny?  
that led me to believe  
myself to be so vain –  
to go straight against the grain,

so to never to be the same.

So as vanity  
    breeds  
        insanity,

it's often hard  
    not to hate  
        the hand of fate.

Anyway, I've been playing  
my own version of the "Game"  
on the high road to fame.

Injected with rejection  
with no guidance or direction,  
stability or affection.

Just driven with persistence,  
substance and vision.

Passion that is endless,  
    and some divine intervention.

## My Conclusion

I have an obsession with perfection  
and destruction.

My compulsions are forces that come  
from fear.

Addictions are desires that go beyond  
moderation,

and they hold me when you are  
not here.