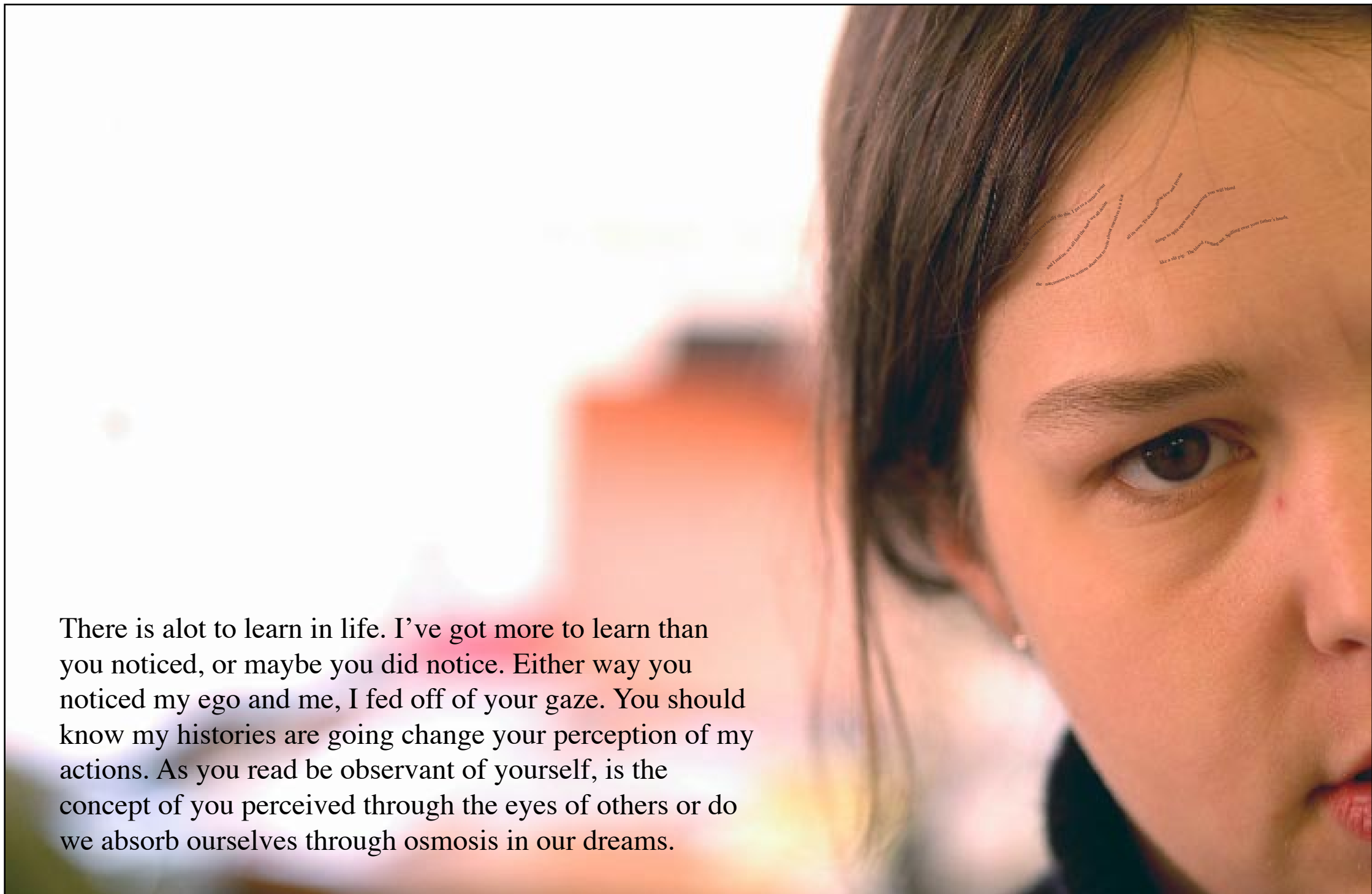



There is a lot to learn in life. I've got more to learn than you noticed, or maybe you did notice. Either way you noticed my ego and me, I fed off of your gaze. You should know my histories are going to change your perception of my actions. As you read be observant of yourself, is the concept of you perceived through the eyes of others or do we absorb ourselves through osmosis in our dreams.





A photograph of a hallway with a doorway at the end, a black trash can in the foreground, and a wall on the right with text overlaid. The hallway is dimly lit, with a bright light source at the end of the hallway. A black trash can is in the foreground on the right. The wall on the right is light-colored and has text overlaid on it.

Sometime ago I remember the cliché rain on my jacket. Too little to understand the nostalgia of a rainy day but I participated just the same. Through the puddles of a hurricane, I aspired to remove every inch of water from the road, in order for the neighbors to get through. A force only available to the weak, a drive that I could conquer, I remember being alone.

Assuming I had baggage. What are these materials that provided me with memory, and a sense of direction. If Mary Poppins could mass-produce her bags we would all be there to buy one on opening day. Open it up to tomorrow, yesterday, the smell of stale smoke or the dirt that I still had rubbed in my jeans, the next day. I continue to go around. Perplexing myself and my histories, which ones I would go back to, take, or leave. Most of those will not go down with a spoon full of sugar. I'd choke on a piece of steak, to absorb all of those memories and get them past my choking reflex. A man grabbing a hold of your head while your giving him a blowjob instantaneously triggers the reflex that I speak of. A reflex that makes you releases his penis from your jaw, so you can try to catch your breath. This reflex is at the mercy of the hand on the back of your head. Pressing your face into his crotch as to say, you not done yet. Keep gagging. This memory would be best left out of Mary's carpetbag. For some reason it is still in there.

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The pump light above
followed the noise that came. It looked to me
like a machine. She was watching someone about 10 feet out
and I thought it had gotten to the level I had set up down in the corner of the couch.

I wanted to speak. I only remember the words of that pump light and then it was off. I don't know because the noise and the door because the painting. I want to go to make my self within the corner of the apartment. I was able to get out but I don't know for my brother was. The noise was completely unexpected
with everyone and I was not surprised by a child of 10 or another. There I really did see the light, please, help get light. All the lights, all the things, the plants were to become poisonous. A little round with plastic chips that were hidden up
and left. It looked, at a distance, as if they were. The best gift for placed in my eye, my mother disappeared, the next I did not look pretty with me. It was not. Looking down
I could see it out of my peripheral vision. I will see. My pink shoes looked with me. I realized that she was not a pump light but a personification of my imagination. She was
just beginning to open. Right I was the
pump light came on top of that girl and she was right there.

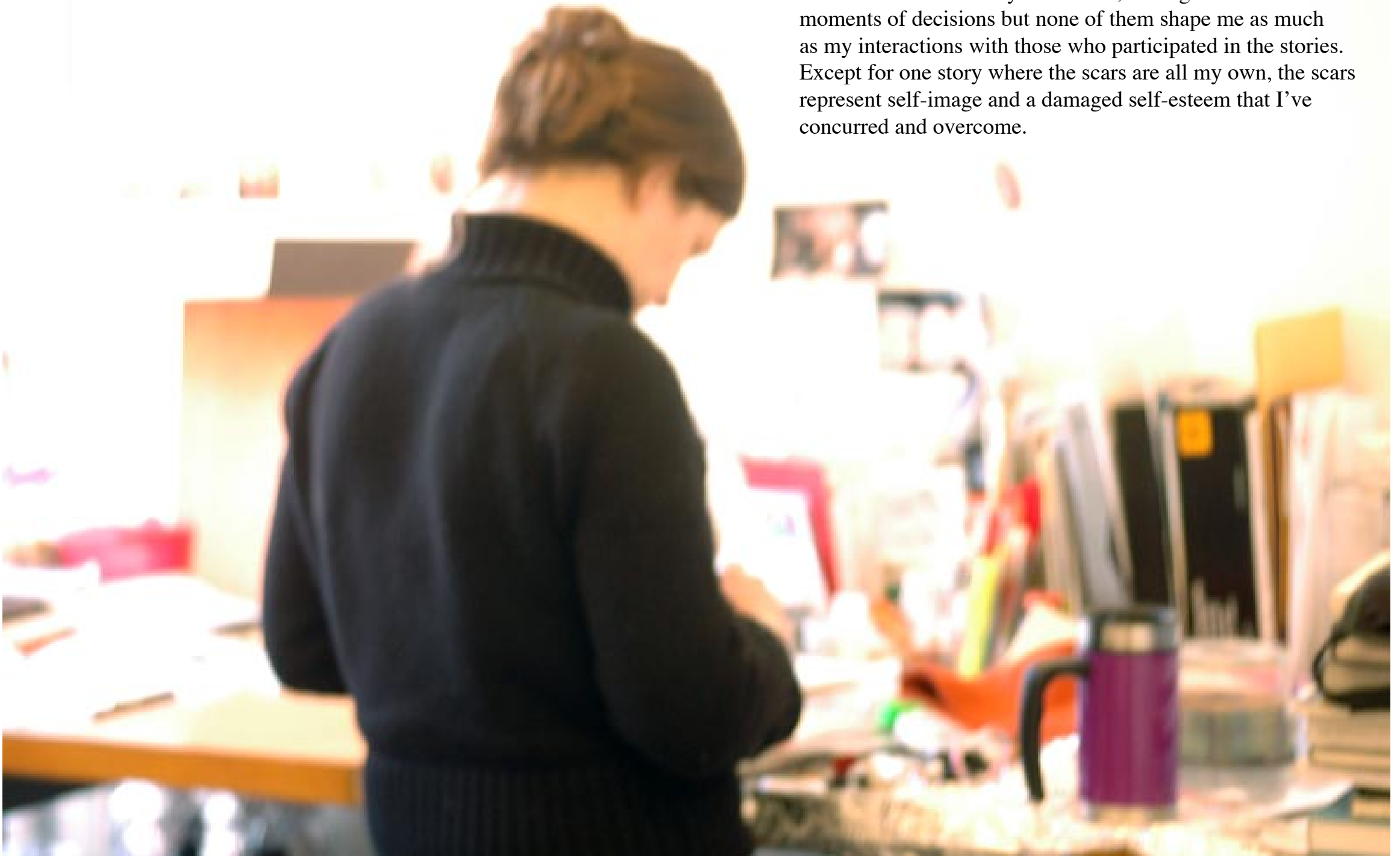


I still walk that way.

I can still remember how the road
felt, focused on the rebellion. Meditating on my
frustrations. Why was I to do it? My attention shifted to the shards of sand,
as I slid down the road, it had come up to greet my knee, and I bled.
Nothing out of the ordinary, no comic book description of
gushing blood. Just a slice of myself, I still notice it when I revisit that
place. The blood still on the road. I stopped and regarded the injury,
brushed it off and got into the car again.



I tried to write about my sensations, feelings and brave moments of decisions but none of them shape me as much as my interactions with those who participated in the stories. Except for one story where the scars are all my own, the scars represent self-image and a damaged self-esteem that I've concurred and overcome.





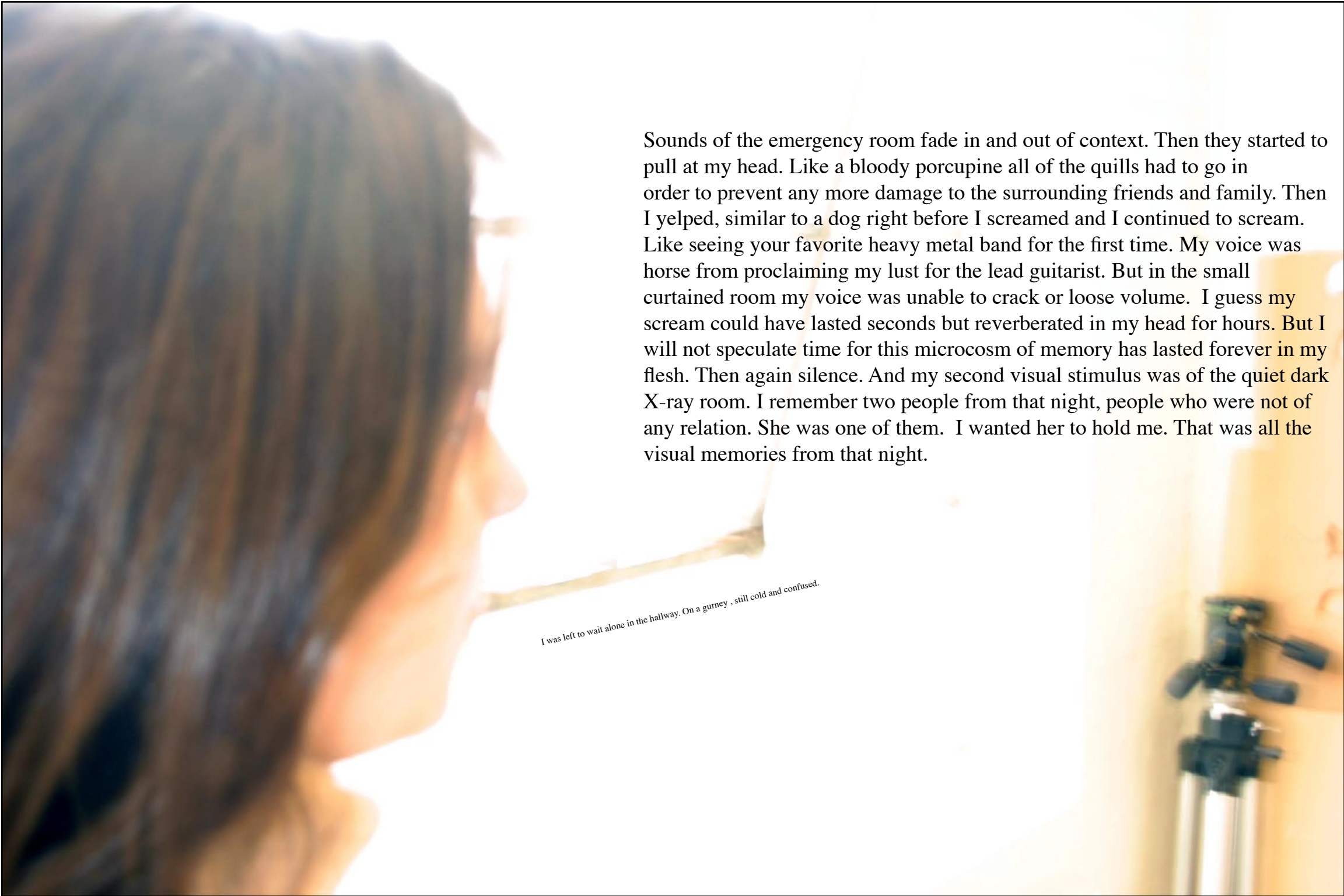
In this representation nothing is reconstructed. No idea of memories told through others (they probably do not to fulfill the very same memory was of that nature. Nothing has been told through different eyes. Even so I think my eyes are hardened with the depth of others. Stories that you told during dinner, they stuck into my dreams, and were reconstructed in mine. Reconstructed as fables and probably fifth hand. Precautions of violent circumstances that reigned in troubled times: times your listener could not be to experience themselves. Not in this story. The story needs the witness, author, and protagonist side through one eye. Yes, only one eye, the other was unable to open. It was unable to complete its functions due to a strand of glass inserted in its lid.



A bright and brilliant ambulance light shown into that one open eye. I was so mad, annoyed. I was put out at the hysteria my mother was


causing that hysterical sound was not available through the sound effects library and I am happy that will not be able to be played back for you this evening. But you can understand the volume it caused to provoke my first insight into the scenario. The

neck brace was causing an aggressive amount of discomfort and I was concerned with the level of restraints being used. "Shut up, you are over exaggerating" a small but non-negotiating voice proclaimed out of the white visual. "This is ridiculous." Just like the lights coming on they were out again.



Sounds of the emergency room fade in and out of context. Then they started to pull at my head. Like a bloody porcupine all of the quills had to go in order to prevent any more damage to the surrounding friends and family. Then I yelped, similar to a dog right before I screamed and I continued to scream. Like seeing your favorite heavy metal band for the first time. My voice was horse from proclaiming my lust for the lead guitarist. But in the small curtained room my voice was unable to crack or loose volume. I guess my scream could have lasted seconds but reverberated in my head for hours. But I will not speculate time for this microcosm of memory has lasted forever in my flesh. Then again silence. And my second visual stimulus was of the quiet dark X-ray room. I remember two people from that night, people who were not of any relation. She was one of them. I wanted her to hold me. That was all the visual memories from that night.

I was left to wait alone in the hallway. On a gurney . still cold and confused.



They washed out my knee and I felt the water fill up the split open flesh and it stung. My fathers girlfriend past out. I can recall that commotion. Then I remember letterman, this time my father and the nurse sitting next to me on the couch. Speaking but I heard nothing.



Months have past and days fill the space between tracks on the album. Virginites have been lost and born again, cycles repeat and more bites of memory will fill up dream space. Am I experiencing tomorrow through your one open eye? Wincing into the sun, to recall the directions to the house. Come over have a cup of tea, or better yet some blackberry brandy like your mother used to give us for our cough. Whatever your choice, come in and sit. I've found myself again through you and I don't want that side of me to leave.