

## Pain Is Pain, Mental or Physical It's ALL the Same

Growing up, I think my dad noticed I listened to a lot of melancholy music, though it had to possess an abundance of beauty as well—music that made me cry hysterically, but also stand on my bed with my hands flush against the ceiling, feeling the music course through my veins like I was tripping out at an electronic music show.

I didn't need drugs to feel that euphoria of emotions. Just as Salvador Dali has stated, "I don't do drugs; I am drugs."

I just needed my tortured mind to find me the most surreal, thought-provoking music to save me from my mind being pulverized into madness—to make me feel so powerful but also so useless and hated all at the same time.

I may have lost myself in that tune, but in the end, after all those built-up years of pain had rolled down my cheek, I then became whole again.

# LGBT Earth You and Me

Racial slur, insult occurred  
gay cursory, you speak to thee  
from love of Freddie Mercury

Peanut Parfait, bought then paid  
another slander spoken way

Nuts?

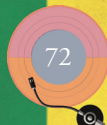
They're great  
it's better than your bitter hate  
Anti-Semitic, old, pathetic  
(when will they get it?)  
bigotry, hypocrisy  
lack moral standard democracy

Liberty, life  
freedom with fight for mental health rights

Political talk, crooked on top  
another law broken by thieves and a cop

Love with pride instilled beside  
our human rights, we now reply  
sooner beloved, marry thy lover  
swear there's no other heart to uncover

Share, be kind, please do rewind  
this story's made for us in mind





## Trip and Groove Abbey Road Approved

Sometimes it takes a long departure from reality to realize everything you assume wasn't believable has existed all along.

I packed my bags and went on a journey back to 1969, a 47-minute round trip every day that felt as if I was outside of my mind, when I truly needed to be a part of myself.

My messed-up pressing of *Abbey Road* always skipped toward the end of "Come Together." I knew it was a sign that I needed to pause and allow my records to rock before I could roll. For so long, I sat there, allowing it to skip until I believed I could move past my fears.

I presently enjoy a super-clean pressing, which no longer misses the best parts of life. Best of all, being as mint as it is, life looks so much clearer now. The worst part is, my hair is no longer down to my knees, but other than that, it's all good.

# Imagine Dread, in Hell It's Dead Without a Skull or Brain Instead

Is it dark?

Is it red?

Does it lie with me in bed?

Conscious wake or dreamt in fright  
this monster only lurks at night

Shivery shake, an ugly shape  
dribble, drool—you are the bait



## Divided in Two

I feel as if there exists a beast to be unleashed, divided in two—or maybe a few.

Mr. Glass, what do I do when I've lost it entirely?

Do I venture into the night appearing as Daredevil, all senses increased, all but one that becomes view enhanced with my brain in a trance? Perhaps I'm playing tricks on my mind as the Mad Hatter or tripping out with the Scarecrow to Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*.

I'm just way too fast—Flash, and I can't find the brakes to stay in the present. Oliver Queen, what do I do when all is destroyed? Do I wrap my past unanswered questions in a lead box as Lex Luthor once did? Should I riddle you a joke because making others laugh hides all that is mad?

Professor Xavier, attempting to read my mind, needing to discover all that is mine. Remember to use Cerebro to seek for those full of warmth; all the lost need help finding their way, even the ones where their mind has gone split and having a fit.

Furthermore, Mr. Glass, you're not a mistake (maybe misunderstood), but nevertheless—good or evil, we must first recognize everything we are—that which we never grasped. You may get knocked around, dragged down to the bottom of it all, left gasping for air, but you can never be broken.

All that is super—exists 'cause of you.