

I AM NOT A POET

IN MY WORLD OF WORDS

A BOOK OF POETRY

IN MY WORLD OF WORDS

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

hæwə ɪz fɪndʊz mɪnɒlɪkʊək

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A POEM: HAIR



1

ON TOP OF MY HEAD

I CUT YOU OFF

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR

I'M DIFFERENT THAN BEFORE

YOU ARE GROWING ONCE MORE

I RETURN TO YOU

WHERE HAVE I BEEN?

WHO HAVE I BECOME?

A POEM: SOCK DRAWER



DIRECTLY ABOVE, UNDERWEAR

EWE. STINKY.

WHO YOU?

TWELVE PAIRS

FIVE SINGLES

WHERE IS YOUR FAMILY?

A ONE-LEGGED MAN HOPS BY

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO WORK OUT

EWE. STINKY.

BOUNCE!

A POEM: OUTSIDE

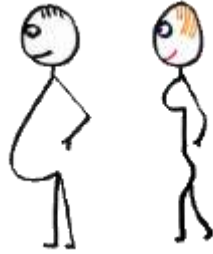
IF YOU TURN INSIDE — INSIDE OUT
YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF ON THE OUTSIDE
BUT IF YOU TURN OUTSIDE — INSIDE OUT
THERE IS NO GUARANTEE YOU WILL BE INDOORS
WHAT?

A POEM: KNOCK. KNOCK.



KNOCK. KNOCK.
I DON'T HAVE A FUCKING DOOR
I'M HOMELESS

A POEM: FAT



I WAS FIT

THEN I ATE
I SAT DOWN
COKE IS SUGARY
MY PENIS DISAPPEARED
I WENT FOR A WALK
ONE DAY, I LOOKED DOWN WHEN I SHOWERED
HEY, THERE YOU ARE
I'M NOT FAT ANYMORE
THEN I ATE

I SAT DOWN



A POEM: IT

I JUST PUT IT DOWN
DID YOU SEE WHERE I PUT IT?
WHERE WAS THE LAST PLACE YOU HAD IT?
I WANT TO PUNCH YOU
DAMN IT, WHERE IS IT?
CHECK UNDER THE TOWEL
NEVER MIND, IT'S IN MY HAND

A POEM: SHORT POEM

SHORT POEM.

(THIS POEM MAY HAVE BEEN PLAGIARIZED)

A POEM: HUNGRY



I'M HUNGRY
I'M HUNGRY

6

WHAT SHALL I EAT?

OPEN THE FRIDGE
OPEN THE FRIDGE

CHIPS?

CHIPS AREN'T FOOD
CHIPS AREN'T FOOD

THEY ARE IF THEY'RE RIPPLED - WITH DILL PICKLE DIP
WITH DILL PICKLE DIP



A POEM: ATTENTION SPAN

7

WE NEED TO TALK
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'LL TALK TO THIS WALL

A POEM: SINK HOLE



8

I'M AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL

I'M NOW 10,000 YEARS IN THE PAST

I WALK AROUND WITH MY CHIN IN MY HAND

YOU SAY IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

I FELL INTO A SINK HOLE

A SABRETOOTH TIGER GROWLS

I CAN'T WRAP MY HEAD AROUND IT

WHAT YOU SAY ISN'T BELIEVABLE

A POEM: OVER THERE

OVER THERE

WHERE?

THERE

LOOK WHERE I'M POINTING

I'M LOOKING AT YOUR HAND

DO YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS?

I DON'T THINK SO

LOOK

WHERE?

OVER THERE →→→

THERE
THERE

NOW I SEE IT

A POEM: PIGEONS AREN'T MY FRIENDS



PIGEON AREN'T MY FRIENDS

I WOULD LIKE TO BITE OFF THEIR HEADS

AND MAKE THEM DEAD

YOU ARE NOT A PIGEON

SO, YOU CAN BE MY FRIEND

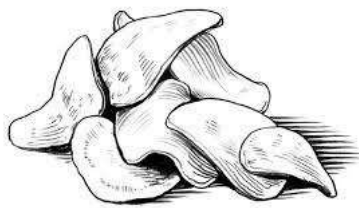
BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A PIGEON

I PROMISE I WILL NOT BITE OF YOUR HEAD

AND MAKE YOU DEAD

PIGEONS AREN'T MY FRIENDS

CHIPS!



A POEM: RICKY GERVAIS



ARE YOU RICKY GERVAIS?

YES

DO YOU KNOW DENZEL WASHINGTON?



A POEM: THAI FOOD



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WHERE DO YOU WANT TO EAT?
WHERE DO YOU WANT TO EAT?

I DON'T CARE
I DON'T CARE

THAI FOOD?
THAI FOOD?

No
No

I GIVE UP
I GIVE UP

A POEM: OLDER PEOPLE EATING



13

WHAT ARE THOSE SEEDS YOU'RE EATING?

SHELLED SUNFLOWER SEEDS

GIVE ME SOME

YUM, I CAN TASTE THE YELLOW

WHERE DID YOU GO?

FLOSS
L.F.O.S.S.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SNACK ON YOU LATER

A POEM: CRIME DRAMAS



YOU ARE A PERSON OF INTEREST

I PREFER UNSUB

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

WE EVEN HAD A BOLO OUT ON YOU

A WHAT?

DON'T MAKE THIS HARDER THAN IT HAS TO BE

HEY, WHY ARE YOU RUNNING?

RABBIT!

DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU WILL GET AWAY?

I SHOULD HAVE WORN MORE COMFORTABLE SHOES

TAKE DOWN. OUCH. NICE TACKLE.

THAT WAS SURE DRAMATIC

I'M INNOCENT

SURE, YOU ARE

A POEM: HOW TO KILL OLDER PEOPLE



YOUR FIRED

WHAT?

I MEAN, LIE: LAID OFF

IT SEEMS LIKE YOU HAD THIS IN THE WORKS FOR AWHILE

NO. LIE. LIE. LIE.

I UNDERSTAND, YOU'RE LIARS

STAND UP FOR YOURSELF

SHIT. WE DIDN'T PLAN ON: STANDING UP FOR ONESELF

DESTROY A LIFE

BLOCK CAREERS + FRIENDSHIPS

LIVE IN EVIL

WE SUCK AT BEING HUMAN

YOU'RE USERS

WHO ASKED YOU?

I'M HURTING. I'M SCARED. I DON'T WANT TO DIE

WE DON'T CARE. WE DON'T SEE HUMANITY. MONEY IN OUR POCKETS

A POEM: TODAY

*If I walked with the crowd
I'd have never come to this place
Our eyes met from across a crowded room
We knew in an instant
A smile. A wink. A Nod
I found you standing next to me
We kissed. My knees weakened
A touch of your hand + a caress of your silky skin brought life to my world.
Each day we learn from each other.
The more I learn about you, the more I become lost in your beauty
Every imperfection perfects you. You're beautiful. I love you.
We both like to please. We do without order; the intensity grows, we climax together.
Each time we make love, the music sounds sweeter.
I sleep in your arms, you hold without restraint, you bring safety to my heart.
I'm the luckiest man alive; I have found my tomorrows.
One day when I wake, I will go to that place.
When our eyes finally meet, the world will make sense.
As I said once before, I'll repeat it once more.
I love you, my dear, with every ounce of my heart.
Today I met my true love, and today my world became brighter.
Today I became complete.
Is my true love real?
My dear, it must be – it is now part of this story.*

A POEM: THAT PLACE

*I stepped out into the world, once again all alone.
I walked away from the crowd and entered That Place.
As written, our eyes met, and I knew in that instant.
I found my love. Fiction turned into reality.
We hugged + kissed, chills shot down my spine; you swept me away.
I became vulnerable.
Next was no longer in my control.
As the night progressed, the passion intensified.
The music indeed did become sweeter.
In the morning, you slept in my arms, and I held onto you without restraint.
I could not find sleep, yet; peacefulness embraced me.
My eyes were mesmerized by your beautiful body, consuming every inch.
You truly are beautiful, my dear.
I'm grateful to have met you.
Sadness fills my soul as it struggles to hold onto happiness.
You've entered my life; your visit will be fleeting.
I long for you to feel the same way as I understand you may not.
I don't want you to leave; you've helped replace my frowns with smiles.
I can't thank you enough.
I will miss you deeply.
I hope one day our paths cross again.
When they do, I hope we become lost in each other once more.
Thank you for brightening my world.
Thank you for being real
Thank you for becoming part of my story.
The next time I write you into my life, I will make sure you stay.
I hope wherever destiny takes you, happiness fills your heart, and you continue to share your
beautiful smile with the world.
In the brief moments, I shared with you, your smile warmed my heart.*

Thank You

I LOVE YOU!

A POEM: WAKING

A bicycle, an old-fashioned bicycle, stood alone on a country road, no rider in sight.

The bicycle's pedals begin moving, slowly at first.

I look down from above. Not as high as the clouds, yet; still above the horizon. I can almost touch the grass in the fields, each blade dancing leisurely in the warm flowing summer air.

The bicycle rolls over gentle hills, casually meandering past farmhouses, meadows, and small towns. Townsfolk line dirt roads, waving at the bike as it passes by. Their expressions, emotionless.

The sun beats down relentlessly. You can see the heat rise off the bike's shiny silver frame.

THE BICYCLE SLOWS

18 It comes upon a building – not a house – not a storefront – not a church – a combination of all three. The building sits forebodingly at the end of a street, on this bright summer day.

Alone on its porch, a baby lay in a basket. Several faces, ten faces, are pressed against its dark windows. They stare vacuously out at the world passing by. The bicycle continues to slow, and the faces quickly turn and look away. Once passed, a man in a white coat walks onto the porch, holding the baby to the heavens above.

A CLOUD FORMS

Peddalling faster, the bicycle comes to a schoolyard. Children are skipping, running, and playing ball. Not one is smiling.

The pace hastens.

Hills come.

Hills go.

The bicycle comes to a valley.

The sun has been replaced by dark clouds.

They burst.

Rain-washes over the bicycle, and the bike's silver turns into blue.

The bicycle presses on, finding a celebration; a young man is smiling, people are dancing. Across the street glance faces, the same ten as before. Brusquely, they turn and walk away, standing behind them, a man in a white coat.

Time starts moving faster and faster.

Day turns to night, then back into day.

Storms come. Storms go.

The city turns into the country, then back into the city. The intensity of living begins to explode.

The bicycle comes to a cemetery.

People are standing above a single grave.



The bike slows again. Just as it is about to stop, the people turn; their faces are blank. Two graves appear from whence there was one.

The bicycle begins to move frantically.

Snow whips through its spokes as steel turns to ice.

A hill sprouts up from nowhere. The sun flashes through the clouds; the asphalt begins to warm. The heat intensifies. The hill becomes steeper and steeper and steeper until it becomes so steep that it touches the sky.

The tires spin with their revolutions raging uncontrollably until they can no longer be seen, only to move faster once more.

Spokes snap from the rims, flying recklessly into the sky.

The sky bursts into flames.

The bicycle keeps desperately trying to climb. It begins to sweat, dripping beads of moisture onto the melting pavement below. The bike slows again; exhaustion consumes it as the effort reaches impossible.

Suddenly, without finishing the climb, the hill levels, and just as steep as the climb once was, the descent is much more vertical.

At the bottom of the hill lay clouds. They're darker than the darkest black; flares of energy spark from the earth.

The once faceless crowd waits at the bottom of the hill. Laughing. So loudly that tears begin to rise from the sky down below.

The bicycle tries to stop its downward fall, and the speed once again accelerates.

It can't be sustained.

At the bottom of the hill, it comes to rest. The laughter ceases as the faceless crowd blends into the earth.

A car rises from below and begins speeding out of control.

The bicycle sits still.

The car continues.

A faceless man is sitting behind the wheel.

THE BICYCLE IS DOOMED

I cover my eyes and scream.

My screams are consumed by solitude.

The car enters the bicycle and then passes through its enfeebled body.

The bicycle lies broken on the smouldering ground.

Its paint is chipped.

Its spokes are gone.

It begins to fold into itself.

Before it vanishes, a man appears from nowhere; he replaces the spokes and paints the bicycle a bright cherry red, the same colour as his shirt.

The frame cools.

The sky begins to clear.

The man winks, smiles, removes his redshirt; he's now wearing white.

A gentle hill appears.

A bird chirps.

The grass waves gently in the warm summer breeze.

The bicycle, no longer old-fashioned, begins to move once again.

Slowly at first, as I watch from below.

The bicycle gradually disappears over the crown of a hill.

A single cloud forms in the sky.

THIS DAY HAS JUST BEGUN!

A POEM: BOATS

Left foot, right foot, right foot, right foot, left foot; neat, sort of a circle. I think the hotel is by water, no, it is boats. Try again. Right foot, right foot, right foot, forget it if the hotel is by water, why am I walking uphill?

Strange, no beaches, houses instead, and funny-looking mutilated trees. I'll keep going. Hey, I'm sitting down. Maybe I should fly. *I believe I can fly*. Flap, flap, flap, I can't. Must come up with a solution; booze makes me drunk. Flap —

"*Car. Taxi.*" Chuckle, I said taxi. What's a taxi?

Cool, a cab.

A POEM: TRAINS

21
Hmm, I don't remember seeing trains before. Trains don't go through water. Maybe I should walk across the tracks; no, I die if I do that. Flap, flap, flap, still can't fly. Singing will help. *Papi, Papi, papa don't preach*. I suck. Great, an overpass; why am I crossing it? Oh yeah, I'm going back to the hotel. Stop walking. Stop walking. Stop walking. STOP! Good. Now listen. Quit thinking, brain. Turn everything blank and listen. *Chicken tastes good*. BLANK! I said, Swish, Swish, lap, lap, ocean over there; if I make it to the sea, I'll find home, *excellent work brain and ears*.

A POEM: DICKY. DICKY.

A Spanish woman appeared from nowhere, swathing her arms across my shoulders. Two guys followed closely behind.

The Spanish woman was snapping drunk; she grabbed my crotch and began chanting "*Dicky. Dicky.*" while licking her lips.

I said to her, in amplified English, I don't speak Spanish.

I became semi-erect. My new street acquaintance continued grabbing my package. My *Dicky. Dicky* was wanted. She licked her lips in a frantic circling motion, darting her tongue in and out of her mouth.

I looked to the skies hoping for aliens to take me away, now.

A POEM: WE MUST BE THE VOICE

We must be the voice for those who've screamed loudest, so loudly they can no longer find words. Their screams become deafening encrusted in silence. Silence brings peace – noise distracts to clarity.

We must share our wings with those who have fallen. Broken by the weight of solitude and the pressure to be. Our wings must lift up, allowing the strength to fly again to be found; never losing sight, some aren't meant to soar – our wings provide humility.

We must provide light from the sight of one eye – our vision offers tranquillity as purpose becomes pure.

22 Grace lay with ego in the darkness of shadows – masked as humble sharing spirit with calm. The shadows are draped in safety as darkness closes and then bursts into dawn.

We must provide warmth to those burdened by cold – cold brings with it meaning; warmth comforts the soul.

We must embrace who we are, believing the mystery of self will unfold in the simplicity of living.

We must never allow the path to break – as we all bellow loudly; accepting our voice, wings, and light, will evolve into one.

A POEM: **FIRST TIME**

*Why did life tear us apart –
Bringing us here.
I don't want to go inside –
There is so much lost time –
How do we go through the years?
When I find the strength to enter your room –
You're barely still here.
I look deep into your breaking eyes –
Our hearts rip in two.
I must comfort your soul –*

What shall I do?

*I open my eyes –
Where have you gone?
Summer is lost, inside my breaking heart.
Darkness arrived; I'm left all alone –
To figure this out.
Who is this for –
If not one of us?
I need us to calm –*

To forgive what once was.

*Mother, I hold you in my arms for the first time tonight; our hearts beat as one.
I will look into your eyes until they shimmer with love.
We must find the strength; we must carry on.
I will gently kiss your cheek and whisper, I love you, be strong.
Tomorrow, the heavens will take you away from me; let's cherish our last time together as one.
Mother, wrap your breaking heart around me tonight, and kiss me, for the first time –
Mother wrap your arms around me tightly tonight, and kiss me, for the last time –*

*I don't understand –
What brought us here?
Things are so fractured –*

How can it be?

*I need to find hello –
I've misplaced the word.
You are my mother –
There is a pain in your eyes.
When I finally say my hello –*

You're already gone.

*I need you to love me.
I need you to hold me.
When I open my eyes –
You're no longer here.
I must find the strength –
I must carry on.
Let's dance through the years –
until it's time to move on.
You are my mother –
I can't help but love you.
When I arrived on that day –
I wish you'd have stayed.
But instead of solid love –*

The world didn't see it that way.

*I say my hello –
As I fear our goodbyes
I need to leave soon –
I've finally come home.
I bend down to kiss you –
Tears drop from your eyes.
I tell you I love you –
I'm lost in your mind.
I need to find strength –*

To carry us on.

Mother, I love you –

*I now must move on.
I glance back at you –
Our hearts shatter apart.
I now must move on.
What did we do?*

I've come home to you.

*Mother, I hold you in my arms for the first time tonight; our hearts beat as one.
I will look into your eyes until they shimmer with love.
We must find the strength; we must carry on.
I will gently kiss your cheek and whisper, I love you, be strong.
Tomorrow, the heavens will take you away from me; let's cherish our last time together as one.
Mother, wrap your breaking heart around me tonight, and kiss me, for the first time –
Mother wrap your arms around me tightly tonight, and kiss me, for the last time –*

*I turn and look back at you, for the last time –
Our hearts shatter in two.
Mother, I love you –
It's time to move on.
It's now time to go –
To finish this song.
Mother, I love you –
It's now time to go –*

*I've made it home to you –
For the last time.*

*I've finally come home to you –
For the first time.*

A POEM: ILLEGAL ACTIVITY

CHURNING STOMACH
CHURNING STOMACH

ENTER
I CAN'T

BLUNT BROTHERS

NO LONGER YOUTHFUL
NO LONGER YOUTHFUL

LIFE CRISIS?
LIFE CRISIS?

TAKE FLIGHT
TAKE FLIGHT

READY, GO.
READY, GO.

FLOATING
FLOATING

LAUGH, CRINGE, DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR

E
E

DANCE
DANCE

LIFT OFF
LIFT OFF

NEVER AGAIN
NEVER AGAIN

I LICK YOUR ARM
I LICK YOUR ARM

WHY?
WHY?

HORNY NOW.
HORNY NOW.

COME AGAIN SOON
COME AGAIN SOON

A POEM: EXPOSURE

I'm vulnerable.
I lay naked.
Each day brings with it a glimmer of hope.
I hit snooze.
Nine minutes more.
I must embrace the day.
I need to turn my dreams into reality.
I begin moving.

Is my life formula flawed?

Am I a pawn?

Do my masters have my best interests at heart?

I can't hit snooze anymore.

27

I'm lost.

Who's scripting the next scene? Why are the scenes fucking repetitive?

ACTION

We act.

BACKGROUND

We obey.

We rarely question the direction.

In the beginning, my parents decided on my path. They instill themselves into who I will eventually become.

They lie to me.

I'm alone.

I resist who I'm becoming.

I know I'm different.

I want to fit in.

I need to breathe.

I don't want to be a secret.

I don't want to be broken.

I must be strong.

I want to be loved.

I don't want to fall.

I fall.

I claw my way upward.

I'm different.

I'm unique.

I'm scathed but not broken.

I have a responsibility to share.

I like who I am becoming.

We can't hide from dysfunction.

I need to let my family go.

Time drifts by and is responsible for loving, sharing, holding, caressing, nurturing, and supporting.

We need to expose our vulnerabilities and allow love and forgiveness into our hearts!

A POEM: PENIS IN MY HEART
A POEM: PENIS IN MY HEART

**I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF MY PENIS.
THE PENIS IN MY HEART, AND ALSO, MY REGULAR PENIS!**

A POEM: CAT LADY

*I know a cat named Beatrice.
She can't have kittens, but she lives in a house full of cats.
She's the ultimate cat lady!*

A POEM: POINTY BIRDS

*Pointy Birds.
Pointy. Pointy.
Anoint my Head
Anointy. Noity.
I love those Pointy Birds.*

A POEM: EYI, EYI, IKY, IONI

*Eyi, Eyi, Iky, Ioni
Yappa Pony
Alacala Whiskey
Chinese Chump
Beep. Beep.*

A POEM: POTATOES

*Son, it worries me when you don't eat your potatoes.
That's okay Dad, we're on summer vacation.
Let's go jump some weeds.*

A POEM: UNDERWEAR FIRE

House ablaze.

Must escape.

Sirens Scream.

Help is on it's way.

Outside.

On the sidewalk.

Watching home engulfed in flames.

A stranger speaks.

Sir, your underwear, the thread hanging down. It's on fire.

Burned to death.

Sleeping in your underwear can kill you.

A POEM: CAT PRINCESS

You are a beautiful, furry, purr-ey.

The fairest in the land.

Purr. Purr. Purr.

Groom.

Sleep.

You can have all the tuna in the world.

An oyster is yours.

There is only one thing missing.

A furry, purr-ey Prince.

Over the horizon.

Here he comes.

Sadness engulfs the land.

Your bloodline runs dry.

You're fixed.

Sleep.

A POEM: TREES TALKING

Hello, Douglas, Fir.

How's your day going? How did you get here?

Sounds like my story.

Were they hot?

You don't have to be so barky.

Ewe.

My day was the same.

A male and female human, fucked. Right under me.

And then, he shat.

Gross.

We should both move, get out of here → find a better place.

Mushrooms.

Run. LOL.

Sure.

I feel a tingling sensation.

Is that your root →

Hello, Red, Cedar.

My day. My day.

Let me tell you about my day?

But first, one day, it rained, the next day I was here.

As for my day, yesterday, I looked down, a man was blowing another, right at my base.

What?

They're not trees.

I'm only into trees.

Sorry, no they were not hot.

They left a wrapper at my trunk. It stuck.

I'm sorry to hear that.

Are you daft. We can't.

We're trees for Christ's sake.

Are you fricken high?

OMG.

Here comes the two guys again.

They've brought friends.

When they're done, did you want to grab a root beer or something.

Yes.

A POEM: THREE TAPS

Three taps on the sky, the clouds break, a brilliant, radiant light burst forth, providing warmth, clarity, and understanding. A delicious blue yoke covers us all in omnipresent beauty, seen for the first time.

An infinite number of questions have been asked, the answers are elusive.

Time was simple, but clouds whisked simplicity away in a fast dance choreographed by confusion.

Life, in all its intricacies – effortless but shrouded in the mystery of living – we complicate; our nature sees to that.

Press play, and you ease into each day, turning corners that were never there before, around each bend is another challenge, brought forward in formula.

The sky appears far off in the distance – we used to know our neighbours' names – as we reach upward, their names become lost in illusion.

With each step, the sky races into the heavens, breaking us – and what was once blue begins to turn grey.

We bought it, the plan that is, and the plan, the formula, is flawed.

It claimed equality when equality is only present in spirit.

Another step, the stair fractures, but you keep climbing; you're told you must.

Some fall from the crumbling weight of the clouds, malingering in what could never be defeated, not good enough; or so they were told – soon to be shunned.

Another question – the answer ducks behind the ambition.

You climb higher as a red brick is laid upon black brick while life shoots for the skies soaring in the distance, bitterly souring the taste of the journey.

You scream, believing you have figured everything out.

You're the chosen one, privy to the unanswerable questions.

Another brick is laid as a thousand eyes look down in judgement from faceless transparent buildings scratching the now grey heavens above – you no longer know your neighbours' names, bringing sadness instead of joy.

The connection to humanity is lost; people clawing for the same slice of reality – the answers; become victims of the pursuit as blame replaces civility.

Another blood-stained brick and those closest to blue fly past the ghettos below, often, and aptly, in the same buildings, many created by greed.

Up is not the answer, yet; you want more; with each leap, dysfunction replaces sanity, and the pursuit you've been sold begins to fracture everything meaningful.

Another day, what was once present has now vanished, growth and the race toward happiness masquerades before us subtracting purity; more meaning is discovered, and you realize abundance only exists in the matters of the heart.

You accept limitations. The sorrow of letting go allows the weight of what never could be to lift.

Another question, the answer; no longer critical, a smile breaks on your haggard face, you've cast desire to the side, allowing the essence to replace fear; the smile is infectious.

Understanding life is not the answer, living it, might be.

Another brick, the bricks are stacked so high they now replace the clouds; clouds that were never there, to begin with – you ask your neighbours' names as they soar higher up the ladder, passing the now countless burning eyes looking upward; wanting what they don't really have.

Your neighbours' smile back – you've given something priceless they have yet to discover.

Another step, another smile, grey turns back to blue – you're okay – maybe for the first time as judgement has been subtracted – only to be replaced with love.

There is no need to be burdened; you reach the sky from far below, where the bricks start stretching into the heavens above. This time you tap the clouds only once – they open with ease, and love showers downward dropping pretence, letting love into our souls, for many, for the first time.

A POEM: OLD PERSON AMUSEMENT PARK

Hey, Chuck.

Hey.

Did you want to hit up the new Amusement Park Tomorrow?

Sure.

Where is it?

Royal Center.

We should go soon before it gets too crowded.

Sure.

The down escalator sometimes has a thirty-minute wait.

What?

The down escalator.

It's scary.

If you don't time it correctly, + grab the handrails

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.

Isn't it just a shopping center?

36

Maybe for kids, Chuck.

But for us, it is enthralling. When I stick the first step →

I feel alive.

I know. I feel the same way when I navigate the rolling pavement →

→ on Burrard Street.

Yesterday, I came to a curb. It was at least 18 inches high.

Most of my friends turned away.

At the escalator, do they have a photographer?

Yeah. At the bottom.

You can purchase a pic → I got one →

Get this → my hands weren't on the rails!

You're a fucking rebel!

I prefer, ~~ewwt~~

OMG. Did you just say...?

Yes. For the first time

After the escalator → did you want to hit the Seniors Grind up Davie Street?

I love you!

A POEM: OPAP: HEART MRI

You can change in here.

Wear your underwear and socks only.

Two gowns: One for your front. One for your back.

I will need to attach stickers for the monitors.

Okay.

Lie here. Shoulders about →

I'll hook up the IV. Half way through, I'll juice you.

This should be fun.

The hospital is old.

The new one will be ready in six years.

Do I have six years?

What's this location going to become?

Luxury condos.

Ghosts.

Keep perfectly still.

It's tight in there.

Thirty minutes. Then the juice. Then thirty minutes more.

Gulp.

Take a deep breath in. Hold it.

One. Two. Three... Twenty.

Breath normally.

Take a deep breath in. Hold it.

One. Two. Three... Twenty.

Am I dead?

I can't do this.

Why is my ear itching? I need to scratch. Scream. Count.

Breath normally.

One hundred more times.

I'm eating my mask.

OMFingG.

All done.

I hated this ride. Crappy ride.

Most people don't like me at the end.

It's not your fault. I'm not most people. ~~Count.~~

A POEM: REALITY – YOU GOT THIS

The Challenge: Repel between these two mountain peaks juggling coconuts.

I'll do it, Ted.

You got this.

Is this a normal activity in this country, Phil?

No. It's for ratings.

I'm going to do it.

I'm terrified of heights.

You got this.

Look at me. I'm doing it.

Oh my. Oh my. Oh my.

Don't look down. Argh.

YOU GOT THIS!

Shut up. You never do any of the challenges.

Ahhhh...

Damn. Dropped a coconut.

Ted will have to go back to the start.

Do you want to switch challenges?

I could eat 403 watermelons. I love melons.

No.

Okay.

YOU GOT THIS!

Laurence + Ted are currently Team 3.

You did it. I knew you got this.

Run. Run. Run.

Laurence + Ted you are Team Number 4. You are still in the race.

Do we win a prize?

Can we keep 'this'?

No. We have to give 'this' back?

I knew you got this.

We should have ate the watermelons.

Shut up.

Here comes my fist.

You got this!

A POEM: PENSION PLAN

Frap. When did I get old?

Frap?

Never mind.

Lost my job. Turfed by the pandemic. Not ready to call it a day.

See you. Good luck sucker. I'm keeping your pay → for me.

I thought we were family.

You believed us. Sucker. Grandpa + Grandma got old. Unaffordable.

You said I was family.

You weren't paying attention. I kill old people.

What will I do?

I don't care.

Safety net. I've lived long. I'll apply for my pension.

OMG. \$450 per month. Why didn't you put a bullet in my head?

Mr., are you done with the cardboard?

39

GET A JOB

I now have a heart condition.

I circled the help wanted ads in this paper for you.

Papers don't exist. I can't start over. I'm old.

Hey Grandpa (snicker). I'm keeping your money for me. You were never part of my family. Sucker.

MRI.

McDonald's is hiring.

Why didn't you put a bullet in my head?

*You shouldn't have worked in hospitality for so long → you could make \$650 per month if you didn't
But I did. Asshole. Quit talking.*

What year is it? 1907? \$450 should do me fine.

It's 2022.

Frap.

You should've put a bullet in my head.

McDonald's is hiring.

I just had a heart MRI.

Good luck.

A POEM: *BUBBY. BUBBY. BUBBY.*

BUBBY 
BUBBY

BUBBY 
BUBBY

BUBBY 
BUBBY

BUBBY 
BUBBY

BUBBY 
BUBBY

BUBBY  *BUBBY* 
BUBBY *BUBBY*



BUBBY
BUBBY



A LOVE SONG ABOUT
A LOVE SONG ABOUT

JEONG WAN
JEONG WAN

A POEM: OPAP: TYING SHOES

Damn it.

What's wrong?

My shoe has come untied.



Tie it.

It's not that simple.

I gotta run.

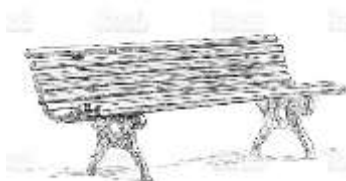
See you later. 

I need to tie this shoe.

I could bend down. Gosh darn, the curb is too low.

41

I'm not stretchy enough. Great. A bench.



I will put my foot up.

Hey, stranger. Can you help me?

What do you need?

Spot me.

Why?

I need to tie my shoe.

Okay.

I will put my foot up on the bench. Place your hand on my back. I don't want to fall.

Mister, you are just tying a shoe.

I know. It's not that easy.

I don't understand?

One day you will.

A POEM: TWO DOORS

Where am I?

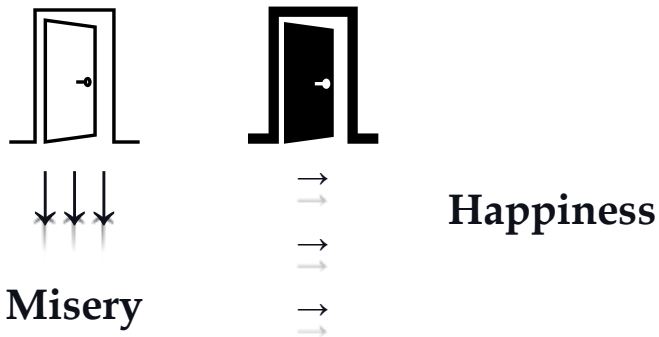
A light goes on.



One step. Two step. Every step.

Life.

Two doors.



42

Maybe we pick the door we are meant to pick.

I don't believe.

A lesson from life.

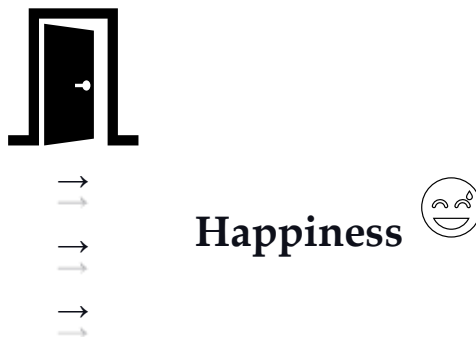
I have a choice.

I could continue →



Dragging others with me. Sharing misery.

Time to choose.



A POEM: IT STARTED WITH A LIE

Sir, come back.

You can't store your baggage here.

I don't want it.

It's not mine.

It is filled with deception.

Solitude.

I need to find strength.

Keep it.

That's not how life works.

Take it with you.

Haunted.

Piercing brown eyes.

Survive.

Understand.

Thrive.

Go forth.

Become you.

Be the voice.

Share.

Rare.

Comfort.

Pain has blessed you with lessons.

Speak for others.

It isn't her fault.

Love

A POEM: OLD PERSON SLEEPING

What time is it?

7:30 PM?

I must make it to 8:30.

I guess 8 is good enough.

I'm partying.

8:05!

Come on sleep.

No.

Don't think. Don't think. Don't think.

Sleep.

Gotta pee. 10:05.

Back to the dream.

About?

I'm dreaming about a Porno.

Without nudity.

Weird.

More: Where are they now?

Mr. Hardwick died. OMG.

I'm not sure if that's true.

~~GOOGLE~~

1:30 AM must pee.

I want the dream back.

Is Bambi, okay?

I had to look her name up.

I don't even like porn.

Can't find the dream.

Not to worry. I'll pee at 3:20

5.

Back pain.

Start a new day.

A POEM: SHORT POEM – EXTENDED DANCE VERSION

Short Poem

Extended Dance Version

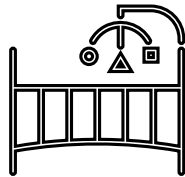


Dance!

A POEM: DAY 1 (16 JULY 1960)

Hey. In here. Where is everyone?

Wah. I'm new. I need you.



Alone. I'm scared. Hold me.

What's my name?

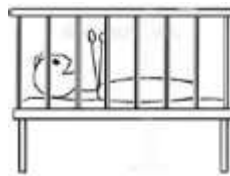
What is this place?

Shiver.

Why do you hate me?

I'm sorry.

Hold me, please.



It's not my fault.

What? Who said that?

Breathe. I must breathe.

Hey, you, where are you going?

Come back. Come back. Come back.

In here.

Where are you going?

Daddy?

It's not my fault.

Breathe.

A POEM: ED SHEERAN
A POEM: ED SHEERAN

Ed Sheeran



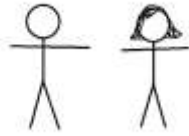
A POEM: PAM

SPAM



Yum!
Hawaii

A POEM: HOME FOR UNFORTUNATE GIRLS



The decision is mine to make.

Silence.

Shame. Family. Community. Religion.

If only God had Twitter → his message would remain pure.

Daughter. Daughter. Fucking Daughter.

I'm a man.

Stop it. Look what you have done to the girls.

I'm a man. I provide.

I gave you three boys.

Our name has been dragged through the mud.

What does it matter what others think?

49 It's your fault. The baby is a curse. We must get rid of it.

Cry.

Silence.

What is this place?

A place to fix girls. Religion. Religion. Religion.

Judged.

What about the child?

A toxic reminder → to be discarded and never spoken of again.

Religion will fix us. Broken homes. Shattered families. Darkness.

We will never be the same. Okay.

Mothers + Babies die. A blessing?

An easy way out?

If only God had Twitter → his message wouldn't have been skewed.

The wayward girls are white. The body count is hidden. A fire burns the records.

What about the babies?

Who cares?

Religion can't take another hit. Power will protect.

To qualify for an adoption prospective parents needed only to hold some sort of a paying job.

A POEM: SILENCE



I'm one man.

I hurt.

Mostly, I'm joyful.

Age crept up on me – threatening me with the unknown.

I have lost my voice.

I can't speak.

I swallow my emotions, my fears, my uncertainty.

I need to become an island.

I need to find the door on the right.

I don't want to type the following words.

I feel alone.

Age says I should be able to support a family.

I am not sure how much longer I can support myself.

I need to swallow my feelings.

I can't react.

I can't be weak.

I can't make a mistake.

I can't be scared.

I can't fail.

I can't even wish people I've known for a long time: Happy Birthday. Seriously.

How is that a thing?

I write.

And then I write more.

There is no guarantee it will amount to anything.

I won't stop.

I can't stop.

I need to walk.

I need not think.

But really, I must think.

I am breaking.

I won't break.

I love tomorrow too much.

51

I know at the end of whatever the bleep this is – lay better.

Lay next.

Lay a happy day.

I'm one man.

Scared.

A POEM: SHORTEST POEM
A POEM: SHORTEST POEM

p
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