

good news from the egg council

i wanna write the words to stop the slaughter, or find the verse to end the war. but these syllables can't make a change so these papers end crumpled on the floor. can songs spark a revolution? can a chorus put an end to hate? i'm sitting and staring at this blank paper and i'm starting to feel sick.

i've never felt so impotent, it's like staring into a void. a hollow lifeless feeling. a hollow lifeless feeling.

we'll try, but can we change a goddamn thing? i'll try, and maybe i can change something.

handsome b. wonderful

let's turn the focus inward, hold the mirror up to ourselves this time and realize that we're all guilty! guilty of the same damn crime that we blame the opposition for: perpetuating a scene based on macho attitudes and a XtuffXguyX penchant for being mean. look at it this way: a girl's still a person. not a faceless piece of meat. not a conquest to win over, or a reason to compete for misguided affection or revenge and retribution. why can't we realize a woman is not a prize?

slit my wrists, i'm a hypocrite. as guilty as the rest. so stuck in my misogyny, i'm an asshole at best. but i can't take it any longer, i'm putting my foot down. once we realize that we're all equal, we'll take this discourse to higher ground.

maybe it's just me, but i feel we can change the mindset by focusing on the good, instead of just the negative. maybe it's me but i feel the change is finally in our hands.

dan's face versus the parking lot

sometimes it feels just like i'm waiting for the bullet; eyes closed, clenched teeth, wiping sweat from my brow. staring at the firing squad, wondering who's going to pull the trigger now. can't believe this is my life, can't believe i'd take the easy way out.

woke up, hit the snooze alarm, think i'll stay in bed all day. depression overtaking, nothing's colored, everything's turning grey. i can't stand this mindless tedium one more goddamn day. just another mindless drone who'll never have his say.

a broken car, a failing mortgage, a worthless bachelor's degree. i had such big dreams at age twenty, what the fuck went wrong with me? i remember graduation, mom and dad stood proud and tall. they couldn't see the monster brewing, but then, who could predict this fall to a broken home, a failing marriage, a disintegrating family? i had such big dreams, i'm halfway to thirty; what the fuck went wrong with me? one day i'll give up on this life, and wrap this tie around my neck, and hang it from the highest rafter, and admit i made my life a wreck.

and you'll kick the chair out from under my feet.

danielle steele reserve

it's year four of the "get fucked!" lottery; which face will you show this time? should've known it all along, that i'd end up with the short straw. cuz you're the type to keep it to yourself. i'm tired of singing about shitty friends.

trust was never an issue, it hasn't been there since day one. disease manifested by seeing all the things you've done. no surprises here, you're still holding the smoking gun and this time? i know it's not my fault.

plunge the knife in deeper kid, the blood still hasn't hit my lungs. i can still breathe freely despite you giving your best shot.

i know i've done it right this time, i think i've put you in your place. gotta say it felt real grand to wipe that smirk right off your face. like a phoenix rising from the ashes, knew i'd soar eventually. break these chains that held me down, hit the skies, and now i'm free. because i will always be free.

hips-n-nips [otherwise i'm not eating]

"we're taking back the night", she said with a glare in my direction. holy shit, wait a second, i thought we were in this fight together. cuz last time i checked our ideals were in the same book, if not the same chapter. so excuse my blatant confusion, i'm trying to figure out your newfound rage.

i can't believe that you'd rule me out because we're not identical. wasn't the goal to create a movement where race, gender, and creed were irrelevant? you're talking out your ass and your ignorance is the room's pink elephant. so next time you need support, turn elsewhere. cuz i'll take my ball[s] and go home.

i'm trying to see how long until you figure out you can't march forward with your foot in your mouth.

and i know one day you'll finally see that we're both playing for the same team. did you ever learn "don't judge the covers of books?" or were you too busy just practicing those dirty looks? i can see that you're still building your defenses, so i guess you're not coming to your senses. spent so many hours fighting on the front line, you'd think help from friendly quarters would be just fine.

can't march forward with your foot still stuck in your mouth.

walker, texas anger

you've got your eyes closed so you can't tell if it's day or night. tied your own blindfold, because they told you this was right. ignore it and it can't hurt you, a sheltered life of constant bliss. never taking so much as a calculated risk.

fuck what you know. there's a whole world right outside. just open your eyes! how can you call this a life? take a chance that you might have been wrong and misjudged the whole world all the fuck along.

fight your own fights. take on responsibilities. who's going to hurt you? i sure as fuck know it's not me. you can't just close your eyes and make these monsters go away.

you claim you can't walk on water but have you even tried? so afraid of rejection, but you've never been denied.

i can't fight this, or fight you on it anymore. you've got to take the stage, it's your life's opening night. you can't hide and let other speak your lines for you. your absence will speak louder than you ever could, or ever even would, know.

great bromances of the 20th century

so tired of tv, i decide to get and get some coffee and cigarettes with eighteen dollars in my pocket, that i hope i can make last til friday. it's only tuesday.

this is my bed i'll lie in. this is the state i'll die in. and i can only blame myself. but then again, this isn't hell. a roof to cover my head, and shoes for my tired feet. enough cash to pay the rent with some leftover so i can eat.

sick of paycheck to paycheck, i wonder if there's room in life for a kid who never wanted to live from 9 to 5. i miss the sixty hour work weeks now, cuz when i went to the store i could afford more than ramen and two 24's.

watch the bills pile higher and higher, but i'm still going out tonight. i'll get drunk and plead for mercy for a ride or a couch to crash on. i'll miss the bus and be late to work but at least i'll get my coffee and fake my way through another day just to repeat this cycle again.

fear and loathing in [insert your town here]

try to smile, just nine more days til you leave this town and put us all in the past, in a file marked "to be retrieved only for nostalgic emergency" in the back corner of your mind. but don't worry, i'll pretend that everything's fine and not acknowledge the nagging thoughts buzzing around inside my head.

but just know i'll be there on the phone at 3 am. and i'll be there at a shitty bar in downtown manhattan, buying another round and commiserating with your sorrow. chin up kid, the world's not ending. we've still got tomorrow.
and just know i'll be there on the phone at three in the morning. and i'll be there at all the shitty bars in williamsburg, brooklyn. buying another round and commiserating with your sorrow. chin up, kid, the world's not ending. we've still got tomorrow.

this town might not forgive you, but i'll be here with open arms.

the shitty parties, the all night car drives home from shows in god knows where? i can't pretend it all meant nothing and just give you the cold shoulder.

your bags are packed, and your flight leaves in the morning. i know i've kept you out much too late already. so when i drop you off, let's make this quick, i fucking suck at saying goodbye. but just know wherever life might take you, i'll be right here with open arms.

so when i drop you off, let's make this quick, i fucking suck at saying goodbye. but just know this is still your home.

death seat

my brain is crying "turn off that light!" i think i'm dying, but i'm not quite sure. i can't remember what i did last night, i woke up on another floor of some house i don't recognize. could you point me to the bathroom door? because this hangover's fucking epic.

they say that true art comes from self-loathing. if that's true then i think you're watching van gogh sing. i've always thought that i've been of sound mind, but lately i'm showing none of the signs.

friday night, just got off work, get out of my dreams and into my car. we're gonna go and drown our sorrows at the same old sad dive bar. got work at ten? who gives a shit! you're full of bad decisions. now go and get after it, getting hammered is your mission.

pour it down another round, and who's driving me home tonight? puked my guts out, sorry about that, could've sworn i was alright.

i knew it was wrong, but i went along, and now i might regret it. when tomorrow comes, i've lost the fun. this hangover's fucking epic.

to catch an alien vs. predator

everyone seems so excited for change, but inaction seems to be the rule of the day. we're screaming "we won!" at the top of our lungs because it seems like we'll finally have our say. this loyalty breeds laziness, and a false sense of entitlement because this so called new regime doesn't look that much different.

what if this next year's just like the last eight? we never learn from history, resigned to the fate. society changes at glacier-like speeds and promises of false hope are bound to mislead. the bombs keep on falling, the water keeps rising, soon we're all in past our heads, swallowed by the riptide.

still can't believe anything that i read. a nation suffering from foot-in-mouth disease. it's impossible to avoid last place when you run the whole race on your knees. and the ones that are responsible just keep laughing as we're treading water. gathered up, ghettocized, slowly led as credit crisis cows to the slaughter.

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can you feel your breath come faster? is it dying to escape your lungs?

let it go black. let it go black. let it swallow up your life.
let it go black. let it go black. give embraces to endless night.
let it go black. let it go black. let it swallow up your life.
let it go black. let it go black. give embraces to endless night.

can you see the flags on the summit? they'll change alignments just as quick as you blink. liberty's a whore fucked on a bed of corpses and justice will never learn to see the truth that's right in front of her eyes. these final facts can't be romanticized.

it's only the end of the world...again

these days i only believe in what i can see, hear, and touch. asking me to have faith in something greater's just too fucking much. too many problems stare me right between the fucking eyes, and i don't have the patience to stomach all these bald-faced lies.

a man in the sky to hold my hand? it's just too fucking childish. you might as well just rub your lamp and make another fucking wish. the odds are evens to the outcome, you and i both know. but, hey? on sunday? enjoy the fucking show.

the blood that flows through these veins is as red as my tired eyes. i'm just asking you to understand the reasons that i can't empathize with your hateful, archaic ways, and the vengeful god to which you pray. i'm still standing, aren't i?

i'm still standing, aren't i.

saddr beaddr

your movement lacks momentum and you're running out of excuses. sure, you're drunk and screaming "fuck the pigs!", but what part of that is positive? all these plans and words end with ziptied wrists, an open container ticket and a group of people staring blankly thinking our side are the pricks.

is this really what you signed up for? broken glass as a badge of honor? take a moment to see what you've accomplished, and don't be surprised at the empty lists. we're all outcasts here and we're used to being painted with the broadest strokes, and we're tired of you turning what we believe into a fucking joke.

getting drunk and passing out's now the way to smash the state! welcome to the party, kids, hope you're allowed to stay out late! cuz we've got facebook invites to send out, and some tall boys of high life. so pull up a chair, circle those As, we'll be here all damn night.

bill murray demands a circle pit

if you told me at sixteen this is how it would be, i would've got up and left the room immediately. i'm tired of the fakeness and the fashion parade. i'm looking for the reasons to justify why i stayed.

you say you have an image to uphold? a place in this community? but your highly divisive ways combat any semblance of unity. don't feed me this bullshit, i've heard it all before. don't feed me this bullshit, i'm already full.

it's not about nostalgia, it's not about the good old days. it's getting to the point, though, where i just can't care what you say.

go get the lynch mob.

i'll buy you a hundred george michael's

a fitting end to a grimm-worthy tale, with knives buried hilt-deep in necks, backs, and hearts. the cast of thousands now scattered corpses as we go through our scene-stealing parts. we can dancing around these ideas and theories we don't have the nerve to postulate; you've always had such flair for the dramatic and i've never felt bad making anyone wait.

but we can't avoid the moment forever, and these euphemisms grow stale. i'm laid out here in my sunday best wondering which of us has the coffin nails.

i left a mile-long trail of breadcrumbs in the hopes we'd remember where it all began. but we've gone so far off the path there's no hope of picking up that trail.

i've heard these stories since i was six years old, but learned the true meanings when fully grown. now that we know we can both make this quick and just give me the short end of the stick.

short stories with shattered endings. fairytales for fractured hearts.