

GEORGE DAVID MILLER

Poems for Speech Competitions

Hell

The five-o'clock traffic jam leaves me paralyzed.
Condensed on the four-lane superhighway
inch by inch my car edges forward
and eventually I will be home
sitting in front of the TV
playing the remote control like a classical pianist.
But eventually feels like eons here in the car
in the same sense if I lived millions of years ago
and somebody said "Eventually after the Ice Age
this will be the Grand Canyon."
Eventually my twenty-mile trek will end
but by that time I will have evolved into homo desponditis.
Four parallel lanes run rigidly toward the horizon
into the loud angry rays of the red bellicose sun.
I could kill myself for not leaving earlier
for not leaving my desk messy
and beating the traffic.
Five minutes would have made all the difference in the world.
But once again I sabotaged myself
reorganizing the fax, monitor, layers of papers
and answering one last phone call
condemned my lungs to

sucking up the cumulative exhaust of Henry Ford's legacy,
for three hours
and craving a heaping of pure oxygen.

It would be one thing if I could put the car on Stop
shift my seat into a reclining position
and snore into oblivion—

It's quite another to be ever vigilant
hip-hopping from gas pedal to brake.

Through smudgy smeared salt-covered windows
the sun pours into my eyes
like knives to the eyes after a night of hard drinking
while the latest traffic report from the

All News Station

predicting an extended commute due to an overturned semi-trailer
tightens the seat belt around my waist
and slurs my anticipation
for the end of the journey.

The Styrofoam cup in the half-broken cup holder
contains cold muddy sediments of morning ambrosia
while on the passenger seat

headlines from *The Sun-Times*
announcing more downsizing in my company
wail like wolves whose legs are caught
in sharp inescapable traps.

My life is spent waiting—
waiting for this traffic jam to dissipate
waiting for winter to turn into spring
waiting until just the right job becomes available
waiting for people to value me the way I value myself
waiting for coal to turn into diamonds
waiting for a savior who can't tell time.
As I wait I become a bundle of nervous mannerisms:
cracking my knuckles until they can't be cracked anymore
excavating my nose
biting layers and layers off my nails
locking and unlocking the power locks
resetting the odometer every 10th of a mile
blasting the heater and then the air conditioner
looking in the rear view mirror
and seeing a thousand other cars like my own....
Under the crushing weight of despair
hope is herniated
without hope
what can be done in the world?
what rock can be moved
mountain climbed
problem solved?
I cannot do anything without hope—

Time itself comes to standstill without hope
as the future withers and dies before my eyes.

Hope is like a messenger from the future
that informs me that things are possible there.

But that messenger of the future is pressed under
a great boulder of despair and is smothered.

Despair murders the messenger from the future
despair resists all changes.

What is at rest stays at rest
and rests in peace....

Can't see where I'm driving my car
can't see straight
can't see whether I'm doing a vasectomy or hysterectomy
can't see whether I'm right or wrong
can't see the difference between the heavens and the earth
can't see the difference between good and evil
can't see the difference between my ass and a hole in the ground
can't see the difference

it's like a telescope unable to focus on the stars

a microscope unable to focus on bacteria

can't figure out which exit to get off of

just stuck in this one place

creeping along like a slug

head ready to explode like a supernova

living in an opaquely ocular igloo of invulnerability
have a vendetta against the whole earth
against life, against my parents for conceiving me
for God for birthing the universe.

I have no use for anybody or anything

I just want everything to bend to my will

I want a rainbow over my head all the time

let me get rid of this Christmas garbage

let me find a dumpster for it

I can't believe it all turned out this way

bare trees purple feelings ripe clouds

dripping vile symmetry over the land

cramming cream of wheat down my throat

there are only possibilities for destruction

how different am I than a mosquito

a plant, an amoeba?

how different is my life from any other

if I stopped being angry at the world

what would remain?

If I subtracted my rage from the world, what would be left?

I wish I could live underground like a mole

and never come up and see the light

but even underground there's traffic.

Do you know who I am?

I'm the guy at the top of the hill who pushes the boulder
back down on Sisyphus
silly man if he thinks he's ever going to push anything over on me....
The world's tilted away from me
it's always winter solstice and I'm in the wrong hemisphere
blue Buick in my rearview mirror
inching up
you're too close
I don't like things too close
I like the fact that the earth is 93 million miles from the sun
that's about the right distance
if other people could stay that far away I'd be fine
bumper basher watch out
I'm like the sun
you get too near me and you burn
you have no right to be on the same road with me
this is my road
a road that should have been named after ME not a dead president
or a guy who has kicked back money to the mayor
everybody thinks you owe them
they smile at you and you're supposed to say thank you.
Two hours in a car
two hours listening to the voices on radio
seeing the same cars in front in back on the side of me

inhaling the same carbon monoxide
thinking the same thoughts
I've not been able to shake my thoughts
I've never changed my mind about people
the difference between myself and others
is that I know that I'm angry
they're just faking it
who wouldn't be mad in the middle of a traffic jam
it's maddening to see a naked woman on a bed
and you look down and see you don't have a penis
Being angry for so long makes you dizzy
you begin seeing double
you get headaches
you shout and shiver
your blood boils so much that your feelings evaporate at some point
and when your feelings evaporate,
When haven't I been pissed off?
I dream only in red and sometimes white....
Nothing's more dangerous than a wounded animal
I am parallel to everything
parallel lines never meet
I envy perpendicular people
people intersect with others
I just keep on traveling in space and time on my own path

not intersecting with anyone else
parallel, only hitting the world with my anger
never striking it with love
but with the full force of vituperation
I am like an ax that only hits tree stems.
Life bothers me because it always has to have more
it just can't stand still
I regard any space I want as my space
All the ramps closed until I get near home
only one way to get off and that's twenty miles down the road.
Blood shot sun limping on the horizon
pretending to be king of the planet
you are a deposed little dictator
who will be beheaded by the horizon.

At once my soul is opaque and leaden
and hollow and heathen.
The stabbing pain of the setting sun
forces my eyes shut
and being in the middle of a traffic jam,
I just close my eyes.
But even with sealed eyelids
I see the afterimage of the sun
which then splits into two, three, and then seven suns.

During this ride home

there are no exits,

no alternative routes, no trains, it's just this or nothing.

This eternal tollway is the only way home

Our 9/11 Couch

My wife finally gave me permission to get rid of the big green sectional couch. Not the whole couch; only 1/3 of it; the part with the sleeper we never used. Nobody actually made it through the night on the sleeper, even a family friend—who washed down an Ambien with a shot of whiskey that submerged her into a quasi-coma—complained she could feel the springs nibbling on her intestines. Every other month it seemed we tried to return this section of the couch because anybody who sat on the cushions slowly sank into children until their knees were at eye level. Couch specialists from the furniture equivalent of the Sorbonne with little flashlights and Master's Degrees in circumlocution repeatedly came out to diagnose the problem, but they never admitted a deeper structural problem and only recommended replacing the cushions. New cushions; same sinking feeling. At one point, I threatened to load the couch on a Ryder truck and drop into one of their showrooms, proclaiming: "This couch is a piece of crap—don't buy their pieces of crap!" I considered this a veiled threat—they considered it empty. My wife said to wait until someone helped me to move it, but I refused to wait. I had my chance and she—a packrat who ran the legislative, executive, and judiciary branches of our household—would soon become nostalgic and want to hold on to just like she held on to everything. As I turned the green leather monstrosity on its side to fit in through the door, I remember the day we got the couch: 9/11/2001. On the day we got the couch, my one

daughter sat above the sleeper and told us she had been raped. Whenever people got sick, they lay on the soft sinking side of the sectional. When my older daughter had her wisdom teeth out; the younger her tonsils; me when I had my vasectomy. The dogs slept there and never bitched about the sinking feeling. “You can’t get that out the door,” my wife told me. “Wait for Jim to come home—he’ll help you.” She didn’t know that I had excommunicated Jim from my church because he voted for Bush twice. This part of the couch had served its purpose and having served its purpose could now be kicked to the curb with the rest of the Friday trash. I couldn’t wait to see that the green sectional being hoisted, tilted, and plopped into the bin and hear the grinding of the gears and the crushing of the wood and metal. I knew exactly where the remains would go too. It would go Trash Mountain, the highest and only peak in our flat Illinois town. The garbage truck squeaked down the street and I decided to follow it for a while. It picked up chairs, tables, bookcases, carpets, a dining room table—pieces that had become disabled in some way and thus expendable. When do things really become expendable? Some of the stuff looked pretty good—why were they getting rid of good stuff? Maybe we had gotten rid of the couch too soon. The dogs still liked it and it was a good place for people to convalesce. It was such a piece of crap we didn’t care whether anybody spilled anything on it. Grape juice—fine. Mustard—fine. Nail polish remover—fine. Now I was practically tailgating the truck and the mustached driver was looking out his rearview mirror at me, but I continued to follow it to Trash Mountain,

from whose peak unlike the Sears Tower you could not see four states on a clear day but if got to just the right spot could see the town hall and three McDonald's golden arches. "Au revoir," I said as the truck beelined toward the top. My wife interrupted my poignant moment with a siren ring on the cell: "Where the hell are you?" "Watching the sun set." "It's noon." "It's a metaphor." "That's life." "It's death." "It's time for you to come home."

Before I Read This Poem

Before I read this poem, I want to tell you some things
about myself.

I know---I'm like you,
I can't stand this confessional poetry crap.
The inner recesses of the soul and all that.
I think the more you tell,
the more you hide from others and yourself.
Nietzsche said nobody ever wrote an authentic
autobiography
and I'm not about to prove him wrong.

My life isn't a poem
it's a clearance sale at Wal-Mart
buying all the Easter stuff
at half price
the week after the big rock is supposed
to have been moved from the cave.

While I'm always late for the sales,
I'm always on time for the trivial things in life:
mowing the lawn

picking up the kids from soccer
making sure the bras are snapped before they're placed in
the washer
buying tampons with double coupons.

I always look at my life like I'm a relief pitcher
in the bullpen warming up
waiting and waiting and waiting
inning after inning after inning
for the big moment in the big game
but that big moment in the big game never comes
and all I ever do is warm up
for a great moment that never comes.

Or I'm the kid playing Candy Land
who gets all the way to Ice Cream at the top of the
board
and then selects the Candy Canes card
and practically goes back to the beginning.

Mercilessly mundane moments
form a ladder of
endless foreplay in our lives.
They are like ads promoting

the great new abdomen wheel
that is supposed to give you a six pack like
Adonis
but two months after you bought it
ends up in the garage as the replacement tire
on your wheelbarrow.

They are like holy books
saying the kingdom of God is within you,
but the last time you looked within
yourself
you only found split-level ranches in
Bolingbrook.

They are like the glistening, glamorous
face
on the barstool
at the beginning of evening
that by the end of the evening becomes
a mirage of mascara
as dirty streams drip down her cheeks.

They are like the vociferous promises of
politicians
during the heat of an election
becoming the casual compromises of
diluted legislation.

They are like the beautiful rooms
on Home and Garden television
which you try to emulate,
and end up calling someone to finish for
you.

The big moments of life are not:
when the walls of Jericho tumble
when Haley's Comet sparkles across the sky
when a knockout punch fells a fighter
or when Sisyphus' boulder goes over the hill.

The big moments of life
are not when the boulder clears the ridge
but when we tie our shoes
spit on our hands
take deep breaths
flex our muscles
focus all our energy
and try all over again

realizing
each moment is history

each moment is passion
each action is meaning.

With Big Mac breath
Tide scented clothes
Wal-Mart fanny packs
we can still raise our arms to the heavens
and become heroes
shaking our fists to the gods
(before they strike us down)
and yell
“I have lived, I have lived, I have lived.”

And that is the whole meaning of life
to be able to look to the heavens
and scream “I have lived, I have lived”---
to have carved epic lives
from ordinary moments.

This is my life—and your life too
That was my poem—and your poem too.
And you still don't know me
And I still don't know myself.

Next to Nothing

As you sleep I tap you back with my fingertips and
Feel each angle of your 24 pointy ribs. You know, you're next to
nothing.
About 6 months ago you pretty much
Gave up eating. An apple a day keeps the doctor
Away. Assuming you're eating more than
One apple a day. You love your bones. Bones barren bones
Like a stone mountain bones. Your tight as a drum skin
Is just the wrapping paper for your bones. Last week you lost 10 pounds
And 2,000 pieces of hair in the bathroom sink. The bathroom is your
sanctuary
Where you run the water and fan
To drown the yakking as you play
Chopsticks on your uvula. This morning I found you face
First in the shower
In a pool of blood. Drip, drip, drip.
You're on an I.V. now
And you don't even want that. Because too many drips
Means meat on your hips. And even though our therapist
Says not to I've just got to ask you this:
Do you hate food more than you hate me? Do you love dying more than
you this family? I've got to laugh when you laugh

At Mom and Dad's fat friends:

They're not flat because

You think everybody should be as flat as

Scotch Tape. You worship those skanky skeletons

Whose pictures are taped above your bed. Nicole, Angelina, Mary-Kate

Infest your dreams. O! What a dream to be thin, to fit into

Negative-sized jeans, to be like a

Stick of butter melting in the microwave. Between the mattress and box
spring

Are diet pills, body wraps, cellulite creams

Which you think are your path to

Salvation, but are actually weapons

Of mass destruction. Each night I sneak down to the kitchen

And hope you're there.

Mom and Dad wouldn't care if we stuffed our

Faces with chocolate éclairs. But you

Steer clear of the refrigerator like it's

A dirty book you shouldn't open. You'd rather be online with you pro-
ana bffs

Like bonybeauty.com who writes:

Thin is our lifestyle; thin is our choice, thin is our vision; thin is our
voice. But she doesn't tell

You that the next thing about next to nothing is:

Nothing.

I look in your room, where you won't be. Mom and Dad don't talk
anymore

They just fight and scream. I'm starting to forget you—

Your face is like steam. I'm your little brother

Is it so hard to see? When you hurt yourself

You also hurt me.

The Geniuses of Genocide

We saw it coming. We all saw it coming. From outer space we saw it coming. On the Weather Channel we saw it coming. Like a left hook in slow motion we saw it coming.

It had plenty of time to sharpen its teeth for people who didn't have enough to eat. It had plenty of time to zero in on grandmothers who couldn't get out of their wheelchairs. It had plenty of time to lick its lips for babies fastened to their mother's nips.

And you know (and you know) it all comes down to this: Some lives are worth more than others—all men aren't brothers. We're only color blind when we're racing through red lights. We're always class blind when we're safe and secure in first class. Some lives are worth more than others.

We're Reagan's welfare queens. So let the water swallow us up. We're the reason that you and you and especially you move off to gated communities. So let the water swallow us up. We're the people you don't want voting. So let the water swallow us up.

The geniuses—the geniuses of genocide aren't you're Hitlers, Stalins, and African and Arab poster boys. No! The geniuses of genocide are the blasted bean counters who generation after generation, time and time again underfeed, undereducate, underemploy the vast majority on this planet.

Cha Ching—25,000 people a day dead from starvation

Cha Ching—6,000 people a day dead from AIDS

Cha Ching—forty-six million Americans without healthcare

Cha Ching, Cha Ching, Cha Ching

And you know, this empire is a casino. And the bean counters are the dealers. And in this game of genocide, the destitute are destined to lose.

They don't measure their humanity by ending crime. They measure it by building new prisons. They don't measure their humanity by ending poverty. They measure their humanity by throwing a dented Campbell Soup can at a homeless person during Christmas season. They don't measure their humanity by ending war, they measure their humanity by plastering a "We Support the Troops" bumper sticker on their Hummers and SUVs. . . .

We interrupt this poetic rant with a special report from Court TV: Katrina on Trial. We pick up the action late in the fourth quarter:

It's not Katrina's fault. It's nobody's fault. Am I my brother's keeper? It's not Katrina's fault. It's nobody's fault. Am I my brother's keeper? It's not Katrina's fault. It's nobody's fault. Am I my brother's keeper? And since it's nobody's fault, I don't have any brothers. You see, some lives, some lives are worth a whole helluva lot more than others.

You Brought This on Yourself

This poem is dedicated to everyone in the LGBTQ community,
especially those who have been brutalized, like my daughter, who was
hospitalized after being brutalized at Abu Ghraib High School in
America's most livable city, Naperville, IL.

They found her

They found her at the bottom of the stairs

And she had blood on her face and tears on cheeks

And three football players

Anointed, appointed, and baptized by the Church of Latter Day Hate

Pushed her down a flight of stairs because she was gay.

The teachers in their glass closets counted their pay and looked and
looked and looked—

The other way.

The old principal told my daughter: "We can't be of any help: you
brought this on yourself."

So, my daughter came home later that evening and slit her wrist with a
plastic knife,

Ran out into the middle of the street looking for oncoming headlights so
that she could throw herself into darkness forever.

I didn't know what to do.

I'm a meek man, I'm a mild man, I have problems asking my server at Bob Evans for extra cream in my coffee.

But I was engaged, I was enraged, I was paged by my conscience and I told my daughter: "You push me in front of the next car because I would rather die than see you suffer."

And she cried and we hugged, and she knew that I was by her side, on her side, and she did not have to commit suicide.

And I became obsessed, an angel, a demon, as obnoxious as Tony Little selling his exercise equipment or Matthew Lesko his books on government grants, because it's wrong, it's wrong for the weight of the world to be on the shoulders of a fifteen-year-old girl.

I mean she ain't Atlas: she can't shrug the world off her shoulders.

But I can help push—push—the world off her shoulders because I'm her father.

I mean, sir, if she were your daughter, what would you do?

And, sir, if she were your daughter, what would you do?

And Dick Cheney and Alan Keyes, if she were your daughter, what would you do—

Well, we'd know what you do, and that would be the wrong thing.

So, the next day I went to the principal's office, and I was armed:

Armed with ideals of justice, goodness, and decency.

And I had fire in my eyes—and they looked at me pleadingly.

But the only thing I could tell them was this:

“I can't be any help: you brought this on yourself.”

They'll Never Tear Me Down

They blew off. The top of the mountain. Like it was JFK's head. And
when I sought. Solace. In those uppermost peaks. I saw mudslides. Like
bulls. Rushing at me. Tearing. Through. The white picket fence.
Burying. Vegetable gardens. Fresh streams. Spotted bass.

Our house trembles. From around-the-clock. Dynamite blasts. Dad finds
a vein. With some scissors. After mass. My blue little baby sister.
Gasps. From breath to breath. And. I wonder. How Mother Earth feels.
With yet another scarred breast.

But they got their. Coal. That's all that matters. To them. What do they
care about. Me?

Some white trash hick. With a blank stare. And black lungs. This child.
They claimed. They would never leave. Behind. Destined to crumble.
The way mountains crumble around here.

They only had one question. About me. Which would come first? Lung
cancer or a GED? But you. My savior teacher. You saw things.
Differently. You didn't turn me into. Some sick science experiment. To
parade in front of. Your liberal friends. It wasn't anything in particular.
You taught. But that I was special. That I could. Be. I wasn't just a
busybody. Of neurons. Flitting within. A saturated cycle of cynicism. I

was hazily human. But human nonetheless. You gave me a great gift.
You taught me to teach. Myself.

And the first thing I taught myself. A piece of coal. Is potentially a
diamond. It takes years. And years. And 1500 degrees. And 50,000 times
the atmospheric. Pressure. But a piece of coal is potentially a diamond.
And diamonds lying in the rough. Are still diamonds.

You applied pressure on. Me. Not the pressure of a jackhammer. On
concrete. But of a masseuse on tired. Aching muscles. My whole being
flexible, soothed. Free. You massaged the darkness out of me.

Now. I can imagine. Now. I can see. I'm no longer the dummy for the
ventriloquist. Called society. And they can tear down. All these
mountains. But they're never going to tear down me.

Behind me a half a mountain. Before me. My whole life. Throw a kid
around like he's a lump of coal. And he'll spew poison into the air.
Forge him into a diamond. And. He'll right wrongs. Speak truth. Stand
on a plateau of dignity.

Brought to You By

Was it Marx who turned Hegel on his head?

Or Hegel who turned Marx on his head?

Or the Grateful Dead who turned us all into heads?

I don't quite know.

After my second nervous breakdown

(Please don't treat me like—I'm a person too)

I turned to yoga to find tranquility outside a vanilla vile.

You might say that I was brought to you by—yoga.

I found myself agog in up facing dog

In backbends, forward bends, side bends, and twists—

I ended up in traction

Before I bounded into bliss.

In kinder gentler times I'm brought to you by poetry.

What's a poem anyway?

It's a soul on a platter, emotional clatter, naïve pitter-patter,

Stirring stuff that barely matters—except to me.

Every once and a while I'm brought to you by Mother Nature.

You know I talked to her this past weekend.

Apparently, a billion people are taking ten billion pillows and
 smothering her with them
 She screamed and screamed, and people saw yeah and people heard yeah
 but people didn't do anything. Mother Nature is Kitty Genovese.

In desperate times I'm brought to you by religion. And God said unto,
 and Moses said unto, and the beer commercial said unto and I said unto
 God: What the hell is Satan's damn problem?

And lastly and lately I'm brought to you by my moral indignation. And
 why should I think that John Wayne Gacy is so evil when thousands die
 in Iraq so it can be renamed the Republic of Halliburton. And a billion
 people don't get enough to eat. They can eat my condiments. And do
 they have focus groups in hell?

I'm still looking for peace of mind. Punishment to fit the crime. A rock
 too heavy for God to lift. I'm brought by AIDS and scurvy and epilepsy,
 the original sin, 9/11, and Van Gogh's other ear. The Declaration of
 Independence and Jim Crow Laws. Lactose intolerance, postpartum
 depression, Guantanamo Bay, pretzels, pizza, polyester, and
 posthumous fame. I'm brought to you by the sun, the earth, the sky, the
 eternal questions: Why and again Why and again Why?

I'm brought to you by wherever I've been and whatever I've done and
whatever I finally decide to become.

Census Taker

(At a grocery store where customers bag their own stuff to get extraordinary discounts.)

Are you Italian?

I couldn't remember when I last heard that question.

Are you Italian?

I'm not Italian.

What are you then?

What do I look like?

I'm not sure.

I am a customer in this store.

But what are you?

I am whatever you think I am.

I've not seen curly hair like yours for such a long time.

You should get out more.

Your nose is interesting too.

Oh, thanks.

Are you Greek?

I am not.

What are you then?

I'm Jewish.

Jewish? There are not many of you down here.

Not any decent bagel places either.

Not a synagogue to be found. No real allies.

You know what I am. But what are you?

That's none of your business. But I'm not of
your ilk.

But I told you what I am.

That was your choice, young man.

What are you? Are you Greek or Italian?

I'm not going to say.

May I assume, Ms., you're also a Jew.

I was, am not now, nor will ever be a Jew.

Then how did you know I was a Jew?

Let's just say I'm a census taker for a particular
group that likes to know when new people
move in.

I began to remember the curse of her questions.

Sir, your total is nineteen forty-four.

Go pay your bill, my nice Jewish friend.

What are you going to do with your survey?

You'll find out later.

Sir, the total is nineteen forty-four.

You better pay now. We'll talk later.

When I looked up from writing the check, the census taker
had disintegrated after spinning through the revolving door.

Change in pocket, bags in hand, I suddenly recalled---

Auschwitz, Dachau, and Buchenwald.

Hunger

In prayer before the electronic ark
I flip through thousands of possibilities:
I can order food
and when I get too fat
can order exercise equipment
and when I get too wrinkled
from tanning under ultraviolet lamps
I can order wrinkle cream
and when my sex drive stalls
I can order pills to tune it up
and when my body sprouts into a hairy rain forest
deforestation can occur in a few fleet moments
and when my eye sight grows dim
my eyes can be surgically saved
and after blinking my surgically altered eyes
I can order anything I want
but the more I order
the hungrier I get.
There's something in the pit of the stomach
something cocked and coiled
an excruciating hunger
an unquenched thirst

once I get something
it always disappoints me.
I have a spiritual tapeworm
a beast that cannot be satisfied
growing up when my father praised my brother
all I got was nice job
when the crowd roars, does the player know ovations die in the wind?
I wake up everyday waiting to get into a fast car
only to find the tires are flat.
The 8 wonders of the world are overrated
the pyramids are only glorified triangles.
If I had been a contemporary of Christ
I would have come in just a little late for the miracles
Jesus would have been walking on water for 45 minutes
and just when I'd show up they'd say he was through for the day.
I'm in the mood for mountains
and all I get are subatomic particles.
I am reminded of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle:
if you predict place, you can't predict momentum
and if you predict momentum, you can't predict place
this applies precisely to appetite.
If I see what I want, then the momentum pushes the desire away from me
if I try to control the momentum, then the desire cannot predicted
more is never enough.

When I was on the road
everything was parallel to me
everything missed me
but now I can open my jaw like a snake
and everything falls into it
I crave experience, want to know what it's like to be female praying
mantis after sex
want to know what it's like to be the pope on the potty
want to know what it's like to be Alexander the Great and have nothing
left to conquer
I want to be. . .
everything. . . everywhere. . .
what happens after we die?
the questions gnaws at me
It kills me not to know, not to have the answers.
The more and more and more means less and less and less
once you've devoured everything
you realize you've been devoured yourself
swallowed whole by your hunger
St. Anselm says you can't think of a being greater than God,
for God is the most perfect being;
but in my mind there is an even more perfect position
and that is what I want.
Greed is greater than God.