

Angel De Sol

Angel: *Mmm, Let's see, I'm a baby born into a barb-wired culture. Cigarettes and joints are my pacifiers... drugs are my candy and depression is the baby I get aborted. I was sucking, at least you could say at bad times, close to half a carton, pills, candy, rock, junk, x, etc. irrelevant... OK... whatever. I taught my teachers, I loved my enemies. I cried for myself and more than all... I cried for the world. Skunk, funk, junk... you name it... dyke, butch, hustler, junkie... there... saw it. Reality, OK... and they got these things called cult movies that were supposedly supposed to glorify the norm, reality and everyday living, yet get away with commercializing and setting it as an alternative. What the fuck... competition, obsession, depression, repression and suppression... I was there. The pulse line couldn't be more constant, you know - no ups, no downs... just flat_____.*

I feel fine, fucked up, neurotic and emotional. True happiness is hard to come by when you live with your eyes open. Why must I wear this suit of armor called an image? Let there be a world where we are just naked souls healing. Let there be a world where if I turn my back, I know I'm protected, not infected. I've asked myself why are we losing so many before we reach our destination? Is there a direction and why are the rest so apathetic? Everyday for years, I think tomorrow will be different.

It's been years now, I haven't blinked an eye and nothing has shocked me, let alone changed. If tears weren't meant to be shed, then we wouldn't have eyes to see what we're crying over. Having no feeling is like having no sight. Maintain, I tell and fool myself, maintain... go with the flow for once... please make me come harder. That's what the state of the universe amounts to. What the fuck does it take to survive through a day now? I am just a shadow or, maybe to some that know, a light. Speak how you feel and your worlds will melt paper. A friend just called with the number for a rape crisis hotline. Shrinks think they can help with a pocket full of troubles when in reality with a pocket full of shrinks the world IS in trouble. First they say, 'Take a pill for this...' then, you get side effects, then they tell me to take one for the head or shit... now my stomach hurts, another fuckin' pill. The truth of the matter was my anxiety disorder and the 'close to a heart attack syndrome' were getting worse. Zoned, stoned, smashed, trashed, wasted and pasted. I wasn't going down as another statistic. This trip is a production, not a seduction. You are your own director. You control everything from your scenery to extras in the background. Laurel and Hardy or oral and hard. OK, woke you up again. Anyways, God gave us each our own camera... rolling. Chapter five, scene eight... camera one... roll that mental tape. Your eyes... your camera... choose your setting of preference, we are all actors constantly looking for work but please... don't bother creating an image if you can't produce it. If my eyes could talk, they could fill up more books than the

Library of Congress. Yes, we're all waiting for that person to pop up and say, "Smile, you're on Candid Camera!" Word to the wise, re-energize. Treat all life with respect. That's what it all comes down to. You know how, it's fuck or be fucked. Play or be played. Control or be controlled. Alien-Nation, each to his own trip, his own buzz. As Darwin said, every psycho to himself.' Lithium, Depkote, Prozac Nation... doctors can't find us a cure. Is there really a cure for those who have reached the highest plateau? Curiosity killed the Kerouac cat. Trashcan operas, mass negativity... why them 'What's Happenin,' 'Good Times' have to disappear with TV? I still remember our bicycle gangs and rocket popsicles. Now, all I see are rocket popsicle lights flashin' by officer Johnny Law who was called by my mother who says I was chasin' her with a kitchen knife and calling her the devil. Now it's loss of memory, reality, imagination, motivation and incentive to breathe. I could go one forever, rewind my life, fast forward through some parts. I am only 21, and I have lived with a recycled soul whose been crying with pain through its ancient years. Past and future are the main traps of the mental obstacle course in your head. That's what contaminates the NOW present in your head. I always zone out. People would always ask me what I was staring at, nothing... that's the whole point. I didn't want to see anything anymore and just talk to myself.