

# WAITING TO EXILE



•  
Summer 2013  
waiting on  
move to Sweden  
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## **On Courage & Defense**

This is a story that needs, yes has, to be told:  
I saved the world over and over when I was only ten years old

The enormousness of the importance of this should not be slighted  
That I have not been venerated is a wrong that must be righted

If you remember the eighties, you remember the fear of a war  
I tried, but the threat to the world could not be ignored

Secretary Brezhnev and President Reagan had one button each  
Those buttons could some really nefarious lessons teach

High end political talks tried to get matters improved  
However, the buttons themselves never got the least bit removed

There were lots of crying, lying, denying and spying  
Then, suddenly, the Soviet leaders all started dying

Their deaths led to turmoil—there was no end to the aggression,  
until some fair amount of time after Gorbachev's succession

During this time of boyhood and young teens,  
many were the times when I almost soiled my jeans

I was sensitive, and probably more scared than most  
You would be too, if you thought the world was utterly toast

I realized, though, that it soon was bye-bye,  
that on others I could not rely  
Saving the world, not sit by,  
was a job left to me, myself and I

It was a big job. Someone had to do it. But seemingly it never ended  
Many were the possible annihilations that I in the last minute mended

Really, it turned into a daily routine to thwart attacks,  
but, I did my job—there were no nuclear impacts

I had to keep an eye or two on the sky,  
in case we otherwise all might die  
In order to reach us a bomb had to fly  
So, for planes and missiles I had to spy

That was the hard part, but I never any missed  
The proof of this ... is ...  
... in the fact that we all still exist

For every plane or weird thing in the air—to stay alive,  
I had to close my eyes and slowly count to twenty-five

Now, if you think that was it then you're wrong  
I also had to make sure to close my eyes at lights going off and on

To do the needful, and thoroughly prevent a third world war,  
if I forgot to shut my eyes, I had to do so quickly—then count to twenty-four

I had this job, and kept this on for many years  
In addition to saving the world, it was therapy for my massive fears

I was meticulous. I was arduous. I was very very good  
All it'd taken was missing one plane, and poof! — understood?

I've heard that cockroaches might have survived  
As for you, it's on me—I am the reason that you're still alive

Today the world is a safer place. I have my business closed  
But maybe, just maybe, another young boy has taken my post

So, you all owe me thanks, affection, love and adoration  
Though, in reality, I'll settle for non-humiliation of my imagination

## **Special**

I am special. More so  
than anyone I know—  
be it thee, he or she.

I may not be meek,  
but I sure am unique.  
Really! I am the only me.

What if it wasn't so?  
What if long ago,  
years past when I was new—  
my mind a clean slate,  
and a somewhat different fate—  
instead of me I'd turned into you?

I as you, you as I—  
things gone awry!  
Would I then disparate be?

I don't think so  
As things go, even though,  
being you, to me I'd still be me.

Regardless of such things,  
as to whom my id clings—  
yes, I'm talking about my soul.

Special as I am,  
yes sir, yes ma'am,  
I am the center of it all!

## **Wake Up!**

If you find yourself a religious guy,  
did you ever sit down and ponder why!?

Why it is that you believe these things?  
Why one belief and not another clings?

If you never did then the time is now  
It's never too late to discover why;  
why you believe what your parents do,  
probably your friends and relatives too

If you'd been born in another place,  
if you were born of another race—  
not even that, if you were you,  
adopted by a Muslim or Jew

No clue of that so you wouldn't grieve  
But do you think you'd grow up to believe—  
believe the same as you do today,  
or would you think in another way

Do you think that there'd be a chance,  
that you yourself would have another stance—  
on life, religion and what may,  
to another god that you would pray?

If you think there's a chance that that is so,  
doesn't that lead your mind to know—  
know that what you today reject,  
in another life you would have thought correct?

If for a thought like this your mind  
is open enough and not too blind—  
please go further just one stride,  
and please in these thoughts do take pride!

An open mind is a precious thing—  
you never know what it can spring  
Is there a chance that you've been wrong,  
about what god or any, all along?

I'm not saying what your thoughts should be  
I only wish that you would see—  
see your life as it might be,  
as it might be if your thoughts were free!

## **VIP – a love song**

I am very beautiful—  
I'm a VIP  
Places find me suitable  
to let in for free

I don't ever have to queue  
any fancy club  
Just like when I go with you  
to the local pub

Let me show you what I mean—  
show you how I shine  
Pay attention to this queen,  
walking past the line

I sit here at a crowded bar—  
can't even hear  
An hour and a half so far,  
waiting for my beer

That's the way it always is—  
always is for me  
I lonely sit and wait and wish,  
wish me VIP

No girl is looking twice my way—  
twice upon my face  
Not that I'd know what to say  
— I will now leave this place

What! I don't think I heard  
    You won't let me in?  
You are utterly absurd  
    Shut that ugly grin

I will never stoop so low,  
    as to await my turn  
My status they don't seem to know  
    I will make them learn

I've never even liked this dive,  
    they have no morale  
Some other place will see me thrive,  
    a fancier locale

I finally am out of there,  
    feeling very wise  
Walking slowly down a stair,  
    faintly I hear cries

Sometimes I can be astute—  
    I sense something's amiss  
Noticing she's very cute,  
    I dream of her kiss

Very unlike me, I sit—  
    sit down next to her  
Saying nothing I admit,  
    that's what I prefer

Who's this guy that just sat down—  
    sat down next to me?  
I notice that his eyes are brown,  
    and ask him who is he

I'm just a normal guy,  
    a nobody to you  
Why, I ask, do you cry?  
    By the way I'm Stu

I cry because I've lost my flair,  
    the club won't let me in  
Things are no longer fair—  
    no longer what they've been

I was just inside the place,  
    there's nothing for you there  
This club is just one big disgrace—  
    I promise and I swear

She wipes her tears and smiles at him  
    You seem very nice  
Hi there Stu, my name is Kim  
    Thanks for the advice

Blushing now he takes her hand,  
    asking once again  
Why does this make you so very sad?  
    Please for me explain

Face to face, she softly cries—  
    I've lost my VIP

He whispers as the two lock eyes  
    — You're VIP to me!



## **Special, part II - Jihad**

What if when I was a baby,  
instead of what happened maybe,  
I'd been born in Afghanistan?

Chances then are—  
way, way, way by far—  
I would worship the Koran.

Maybe I'd grown up to be  
not at all free,  
waging my own holy war—  
my mind full of hate,  
for every western state,  
and every female whore.

Without an open mind  
(my today kind),  
with other's I would agree,  
to lots of people kill.  
I would think by my own will—  
failing to see my will's not free.

Suiting up and taking a stand  
for the holy land,  
no way that I'd foresee—  
among all dead,  
the one with a severed head,  
in fact might be the current me.

## **Obeseness**

I kid you not,  
    I am obesely fat!  
You say I should work out a lot  
    I say I will, but heck no—I won't do that!

I like my pie,  
    rich, and very large  
You say that I might die  
    I say don't worry, it won't get that far

I eat and eat some more,  
    though salad's what you see  
You say that I must lose lots more  
    I say we all should, shouldn't we?

I am fat but fit,  
    I say to you and me  
You say that I am full of shit  
    I say shut your mouth and let me be

I keep cramming down  
    It'll never cease  
You say what's up? with a frown  
    I say it hurts, it hurts, please help me—please!

I like my maker  
    It helps my pace  
You say I'm really not much safer  
    I say for me there are still many ways

I could get better—  
    it's no joke!  
You say I better write a letter  
    I say I'm good—then suddenly I croak!

## **Doubt**

If you believe in belief,  
    that is, believe in a god,  
to whatever is your belief's grief,  
    don't you think it is odd

That not all people are believers,  
    at least as far as I can tell  
I mean all of them can't be deceivers  
    lest they'd all expect to go to hell

If your god was a god to be reckoned with,  
    all powerful and all that stuff  
If it was more than just mere myth—  
    people wouldn't dare to call it a bluff

I mean, doesn't that fact kind of infer,  
    that long long before you die,  
so that not on the wrong side you err,  
    you at least ask the question why

Why god, all powerful, omnipotent and good,  
    in light of all the world's hostility,  
it seems only logical that any sane god would  
    show off his innate almighty ability

I can say, at a minimum for me,  
    it would take but one revelation  
Any miracle I'd clearly see  
    would end at least my own frustration

Apostle Thomas had doubts of his  
    and though we understand the allure,  
the truth of the matter still is,  
    even Jesus' best friend wasn't sure

### **Special, part III - Solipsism**

How's this for aggravating or alleviating fears:  
I'm pretty sure that **I**'ve been dead for twenty years

I get that lives are all different and that's fine,  
but life is not supposed to be as easy as mine

Twenty years ago I was certain that **I** was about to die—  
at the bottom of some stairs **I** actually said goodbye

Miraculously **I** recovered, had only myself to blame—  
but it seemed that my life was just, never the same

I couldn't pinpoint what, but something was misaligned  
Happiness was something to which **I**'d always been inclined

After this incident it was as if my mind went numb—  
to a bout of depression **I** couldn't help but succumb

But after that day despite my mood,  
**I** couldn't help but attain all **I** ever pursued

Life's been easy, life's been beautiful, life's been good—  
why for me, so non-deserving, I've never understood

You can't imagine the way my life has been—  
whatever's thrown my way, **I** always always win

However, maybe to actuality I've just been blind  
Maybe in a dream or something, my mind's been confined

Maybe that day so long ago **I** didn't survive  
Or maybe all along I've lived without being alive

This morning it was as if for the first time I'd opened my eyes,  
and **I** had this absurd realization while watching the off-white skies

So, if you go about your day feeling as if all were just good—  
as, for all non-absurd intents and purposes, you actually really should

Know there's an off chance that you're not even here—  
my unconscious mind is everyone's, but my own, puppeteer

Though in one way this might make you feel as if you've been dismissed—  
don't bother feeling that, there's no use since you don't really exist

And if you're lucky, **I** might find you sufficiently profound—  
well worth the mental exertion of keeping around

Happiness is returning as I realize **I** now can endeavor;  
to live on as **I** myself might please - forever and ever

Eventually **I** may find that people consider me a deity  
**I** will then remind them, they're just a figment of my ipseity

## Sinner

I eat and drink a lot  
Sometimes it's quite excessive

Often good, often not,  
but it's certainly impressive

A sin you say, a sin may be,  
but it doesn't seem a sin to me

Things that some do well,  
I do better than all

Rarely do I not excel  
I'm gorgeous and I'm tall

I know that I will always win,  
and if it's true, is that a sin?

When people don't agree,  
with what I have to say,

I let them know to full degree,  
they'll surely have to pay

I'm not the one to turn a cheek  
You'll never see me be that weak

I also can't see why,  
you deserve those clothes

If you have things better than I,  
I'll punch you in your nose

It's not that I belittle you,  
but given a chance, I will you sue

It should be commonly known,  
I try to make it so,

there's no limit to what I should own,  
and I never ever owe

Being rich and being strong,  
can't in any way be wrong

I want you and have to have you,  
in any and all positions

I'll even take you right here in the pew  
I have no inhibitions

Something that's fun, for all involved,  
really should be perfectly absolved

I'd do this and more,  
if it weren't for being tired

Looking for jobs from door to door,  
I fear the words: you're hired

When it comes to resting I am no slouch  
I love, I love, I love my couch

You may say I'm a sinner, that I'm wicked and bad  
I tell you, you're wrong, that it's you who've been had

In excess anything can be regarded as mad  
In moderation all seven will make you feel glad

So don't go around spreading your blame  
If you do, it is you who should feel ashamed

Seven sins have landed much fame,  
compared to another they are really quite tame

I say unto you, I'll tell you in verse  
For sure it is true, there is really none worse

The worst of mankind, of this I am sure,  
is a bigoted mind, a hypocritical boor

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*Let us discuss my faith  
The ism that begins with athe*

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