

Agony (1985)

\* Dedicated to girl hit by train on News \*

The haunting train whistle echoes through my head.  
I can hear it coming, my body can feel it plunging towards me  
Rushing, powerfully crushing my bones.  
No time to run. Have to face it like nothing else before.  
I have to make it real, something to remember, something meaningful.  
Pressure all over, tremendous impact.  
Dragging and ripping, pulling and tearing.  
This short-lived agony will set me free from a long-lived fantasy.

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The Suicidal Narcissist (1986)

He is drowning in his own reflection.  
Obsessed with uniformed schoolgirls,  
his mind creates plays which must  
end the way he wants them to.  
If not, he says he is doomed.  
He's best when preoccupied,  
inventing scenes, planning.  
He must be working  
on something in  
which he loses  
himself  
or  
finds  
himself.  
Stagnancy has  
a stale, putrid stench.  
It would all make sense if  
he enjoyed his own suffering!  
To judge by appearances is not  
at all superficial; Beauty is a form  
of true genius needing no explanation.  
He would tell his story to a photograph.  
.noitcelfer nwo sih ni gninword si eH...