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## dichotomy

there are two types of men  
those who see a universe in every human being  
and those that see nothing outside of their own universe  
the first type recognizes the repercussions of  
cutting down a spider in his web  
or snuffing out the existence of some mother's son  
while the second type would be perfectly at peace  
fleeing an exploding planet in a one man escape pod  
as long as there were plenty of whores and bottles of champagne  
waiting at the rendezvous point  
given these simple observations  
one understands the forces that catapult robber barons into their castles  
and put glamour queens in their hives  
and one is amazed that the first group has managed to avoid total extinction  
miraculously, the world still continues to turn  
and the endangered species has survived the onslaught for this long  
by hiding out in tree houses and country bunkers  
the siege is on, however  
so stock up on your canned beans and bottled water

## everybody

everybody look scared out of their minds  
everybody been bad mistreated  
everybody jump and fidget, watch they backs, shiver and quake  
everybody glare at you with guarded eye and fearful retina  
and with the exception of certain blonde actresses and trust fund children  
everybody gone completely off the fuckin deep end  
all the drones walk by stooped and cowed-like  
get caught on the ferris wheel, go round for the spin cycle  
bang they head metallic clank on the stanchion as it go by  
everybody got rare and ancient bad wiring, fuse boxes sparking  
copper conduits volting and arcing and surging out of control-like and rebellious even  
everybody a quiz show, everybody a hanoi hilton  
there are no heroes, there are no role models, there are no presidents  
there be no life beyond life, or during it  
thanatopthis, muthafucka  
the only cosmic struggle reside right here in my aching battleground head  
there has never been a victory, no suh, not even a one  
everybody give a fuck about cat food or breath mints or margarine  
everybody jes wanna get they pickle shined  
my brain leak down my trousers  
my soul eek out my brain  
everybody need no advice, everybody got destiny abundant out the rectum  
created from dust, return to dust  
the black man's eyes give away his tricky green cheerful suit  
the little girl in big girl skin can't fake it  
the invalids and short-changed rest underground  
the unbalanced bite the scale  
as it bash they jaw on the downswing  
i bend my head back to dam the neuron flood  
we bend over to damn ourselves  
and wait on the tragedy of a few more minutes

## soup wars

if you try to make soup shortly after losing your mind  
it will leap out of the can upon its opening.  
it will then spill all over the top of the stove.  
the pot (which contains the remains) will then turn over  
and empty itself strategically into the stove burner.  
you will wail.  
then, you will not make sense by turning the stove burner on,  
remember that there still is steak and corn below the coils,  
turn it off, and grasp the metal coilings to lift it up.  
you will hear sizzling as your fingertips burn.  
you will wail, in a more prolonged sort of fashion this time.  
you will try to rectify matters by bringing out the water,  
but this will only move the steak and carrots and sauce  
around on the various surfaces in the kitchen that they currently cling to.  
you will also get copious amounts of water on the floor,  
which will create a rather perilous environment  
within which you will almost slip and break your neck numerous times.  
you will have tremendous trouble replacing the stove burner components  
after making a botched, rather lazy attempt at cleaning the inside of the mechanism.  
this will upset you further, and you will wail yet a third time.  
you will back up in your small kitchen after confronting the sink  
and come within inches of burning your naked buttocks on the second stove burner  
atop which is a pot inside of which the half of the soup  
that did not go all over the fucking place is currently cooking.  
you will then have a quiet, disturbed moment of reflection  
during which you will conclude that you really must get your act together.

**hard hard hard evidence**

i tried to be good  
i tried to be right  
i tried not to feel on this sick autumn night  
i know things won't change  
i know what i am  
i know things will not go according to plan  
i fall for you hard  
i fall on my face  
i spread my dignity all over the place  
i gorge on your attention  
i drink all my wine  
i try to get somewhere  
and just waste more time  
my thoughts drive me crazy  
your memory kills  
drink holes in my stomach  
still can't get my fill  
the new stuff's organic  
the old was obscene  
the training was panicked  
the rest is my dream  
i stagnate and sputter  
i fall and i fail  
your intentions mutter  
my reactions wail  
my game is too cryptic  
the messages pale  
my head sentimental  
my dick is for sale  
the theater is closing  
the play is on words  
i curse at the reptiles  
and envy the birds  
i send you my passion  
i mail you my love  
it quick gets deleted  
ordained from above

my foolish delusions  
of deities and queens  
who've led me to madness  
who're not what they seem  
the songs all decay now  
the colors they flee  
the ceilings are static  
the walls fall on me  
i tug on my chicken  
i drink down my piss  
to wake up on monday  
like nothing's amiss  
i grow one day older  
i pay all my bills  
i cut out my tear ducts  
and cry somehow still

## my point of view

i hate these  
who are so comfortable with everything that makes me convulse  
with their calm, indifferent conversations over who is hurting who at the present moment  
while taking their slow, jaded walk past my ears  
i watched them embrace it in elementary school  
the little soldiers of today's brave new society  
the adapters  
and yet i saw her body double walking across the book store parking lot today  
and almost cried  
to think that i had the audacity at one time to give that up  
the two halves of my consciousness are constantly at war  
and driving in the car today, watching all the passersby  
i once again had a moment of fleeting lucidity  
in observing that there is no right and wrong  
only different angles of viewing the same thing  
Perception is Reality  
there must be no other name for it

## situational dilemma

hard pizza is sitting in the box  
waiting for me to consume it  
i prefer to sit naked with my Icehouse  
and listen to the pain in my neck  
i am waiting for her to get online  
because she is the only thing that means anything to me  
and i am quite sure i will be able to work for the next eighty years  
if need be  
if she will only come join herself to me  
the fuck stuck it in again yesterday  
for the crime of asking for a ride to school  
and i am thinking about donating myself to jail  
to put an end to this  
at the very least, i should go down there with a samurai sword  
and work a little castration magic  
what kind of a mother allows this  
it's almost unthinkable  
i want to carve a door into her satresque world  
but sometimes  
a person has to believe in the possibility of such a thing  
before it can become real  
and she hasn't had a lot of practice  
dealing with hope