

Marrow

The Lambskin Madman

Who am I?

This is a question that needs answering. I will go to it, attend it, put a shade of green in its eye. What is my story? I am the lambskin madman. Where I

walk the words change and where I drift the stacks of paper tend to accumulate. A snail, its head longing to one side of its shell, once asked me was I all there? I cast that snail back into the garden. I flew away from my battered home, I bruised myself on the tops of fences, sharp with red and green wires. I burnt through all of this decay. Why does it feel

like my mind is splitting wide open? Why do I sacrifice my days to the pursuit of vice then, at night, have two hours of energy left over from the playing of my songs? I play but I play weakly and without passion. Thus it will be that I will never be all that I could be. Thus it is that each day buries me. I know:

I live a dying life.

I feel nothing but the tatters of my soul coming to pieces. I trick and deceive myself in all that I do. I just want it to end. I just want it to end. I just want my painful life to end ahhhh!

A shade of darkness seems to color my writing. Often I sense the dark tone entering my writing. Why does it do this? Why is what I love tainted by this canker of doubt and nastiness? Why am I cursed to live death each moment? Each moment feels as if all of my atoms are being split in half. I know I will not be able to bear this pain for much longer. Its extinguishment will be my end too.

Fuck my friends.

Fuck life.

All that I want to do is to practice my art. Why am I everywhere forbidden, blocked, humiliated, rejected?

Why do my shoes have brown streaks on them? Why am I sullen, moody, never happy, never serene, always challenged, forgetful, judgmental, inefficacious, bland, dumb, blind? Why does nothing about my life seem to improve? Why!

Into these lines I'll inscribe all of my wretchedness. Yes, this piece of paper will be as dark as the polar night. I will split the jugular of my hate over this page and

watch the blood flow

see the anger arrange itself.

I am a useless, contemptible person. Even all of my anger is pathetic. Struggles? I have no struggles. I have made my fairly land of a life hell. And why have I done this? Out of boredom? I have made my life hell out of boredom? Could this be true?

I turn over a thousand reasons in my head. It could always be worse. I could be a happy man with a normal job and happy kids and a wife. Instead I'm the fucking mad man who exfoliates all of his evil. Oh I see progress in every single thing that I do. Every second I lie and tell myself—that that right there is the best that of my life. Oh I hate my obsessive angry self-centered selfish mind.

If only I could blow my mind in half and keep together my art. For that I could be happy.

Kill me god

I'm ready.

Let my death be painful so that all of humankind can ascend through my suffering. Let every second that I am alive flay me. They will learn, yes, learn. Their crazy pizza dad is now a madman.

I can do anything that I want to do. Let us sing.

The balloon eats a girl,
The girl kills a dog
The dog reminds its stomach
I am the mad mad man;
The Humphrey shoots an egg
The egg returns my change,
My change dissolves into hell
I am meee;
The bleek touches my name,
The door creaks wiiiiide open.
The open bears call
My name.

Who am I?

I am the lambskin madman.
9/4/18