

*Alternate
Reality*

A LOOK
INTO FANTASY

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Prelude

The True Existence

*Let me crawl back to
my ashes in yon
cemetery...*

*I'll sift through
the brown leaves
and broken dead
branches
through the earth
and grass and
coffin and return
to what is mine*

*that is
what is left of me*

*I'll seek no further
to live in cyclic
Zen Buddhist
reincarnation*

*I had forgotten
the pain of living
so I sought out life again
to let me live anew*

and so it was or I did..

*but as the long last
refrains of
memories fell back
into my existence*

*the needless ecstasy
of it all
overwhelmed and molded
me again
into that totally
non-perfect entity*

*I so had no choice
but to escape
back to my ashes
in yon cemetery*

back to my true existence

Vertices

A simple love feeling

*Love is the
deepest hole
one falls
through*

*the pain of falling
is more than the
shock of
dying*

after the charades

*you open your eyes
to discover
you have
to climb out*

*knowing then the
next fall brings
you back down
to here*

Every little

***Every little less
than perfect
never questions
just desires***

My passion is

My passion is in chains

***Lust slipped through the enemy lines
and verified it
using goggles
from afar***

Although I left the elite

*Although I left the elite
to die with the petty people
my tenor intellect
above the hoarse mundane
bellows out a terse paradox
a subtle flippant
wave away away*

Destiny

We start out

*We start out
oh so large*

*but years
of grinding
against each
of every other
wears us
down to just
a kernel
of our true
selves*

*A
remnant
that holds
no truth
of a new
tomorrow*

Turn them off

*When will they turn off the
children spilling over into
dismal streets they traffic
in trauma*

*when will they turn off the
children polluting the
mainstream of society
improperly spawned and
wading into murky futures*

*when will they turn off the
children the hospitals vomiting
more as older youngsters
develop before their
younger selves crawl*

*when will they turn off the
children*

when will they never stop

The Crippled Child

*The crippled child
lost in sentient
immobility
would only wish
to crawl and
sputter slowly
across dirty
unwashed floors
in unreal fantasy*

*no bliss is here
to sadden up
the days
and fathom
no mystery
from its acute
epicenter*

*while
people-things
revolve
dizzily
around*

No Sanction

Fear is not a little blessing

Of what not is fear

*fear is not a little blessing
for the big mates run it trimming
all the rough edges resting
rendering sympathy harmless*

*we shelter the seeker of scorn
we find in a no place
harmony no allegiance*

*we place merit at the degree of attitude
akin to none such life
a task to meet awesome endless
but not insurmountable ends*

*means are always in sight
though perhaps not clearly visible
in those impermeable
incipient stages
of fear*

The Knife

*The knife cuts deep
lies through
mounds of butter
turned to
toy people
killed by toy
people in this
toy world*

(macroeconomic bull)

*the knife
precision measures*

*the knife
the little wielder of the word
slashes history
like dead meat
in the butcher's*

the little meddler

(bullishly microeconomic)

John's Dear Diary

*I listen to the radio
'cause I don't care
to see the passions
of my life flash
back on a video screen*

*"The gutter is there, out there,
right outside the door.
I only have to stride from my room
to step knee-deep
in scum and filth and vice."*

*I listen to the radio
'cause I don't care
to see the passions
of my life flash
back on a video screen*

*"I hate it the way you sophisticated
ladies cross your legs,
smooth non-wrinkles from
your clinging legs
waft soft silky whispers of femininity
into my brain,*

then, slip swiftly from sight."

*"I lust for you not for your beauty.
It belies your creation.
I lust only for the part of you
that was me."*

*"Away from me, you say.
Why should I?
My caress is no less
detestable than his.
But remember I am not here
to jest in lies.
I am here to tenderize your desires
and coat your glimmering
world in sighs."*

*Still I listen to the radio
'cause I don't care
to see the passions
of my life flash
back on a video screen.*

*"Lean on against that wall
or lamp post,
animalize your slender frame,*

*stare into your mirrors,
comb your bare hair,
stare your resplendent itch
and fan away the heat."*

I am not beaten yet

*Since I still listen to the radio
'cause I don't care
to see the passions
of my life flash
back on a video screen*

Old Mary

*On the bench in front of a Vegas palace
sat Old Mary*

tattered hominy of grit

*her clothes just dark enough to hide the
stains*

*her hair combed yet adorned with layers
of silt and auto fumes
her skin cracking and snapping like gravel
beneath tires*

*her body---a docile/obedient shell
sick and aged and nesting
near rivers of wine and
clinking, clanking money
falling chic chic to its vault*

She met Dark Destiny head on but once.

"But once is all you need", she cried.

*"It hurts to kill me like this", again she
cried.*

*With no surreal tricks of life or fickle fate
'tis foul not fair*

She'd met Dark Destiny but once...then...

On a morning near a shade of a bench

the bench

*her last home
when the dew was drawn up to the sky*

she died

*With nothing left to lose but
her pretty blue
pretty blue shoes
and the loose change tucked into her hand
by a sorrowful passing person
that now found its way to the gutter
she expired*

*Her image still burns in the heat of the day
and glows when the night is bright neon...*

...while the conscience of mankind

flickers ever dim

The Vortex

The Artist or the Angel

*The realm of angels is filled
with hungry women
dawdle dressed in silken wrappings
waiting for denial
shadowing out grays
shadowing in stray light to glint off eyelids
maligned wings uselessly curled
denying flight
occasionally ripping stagnant air
to reach everyday blind obedience
in not and not so modern settings*

*From an opening of a portal
in fetid visaramas
the matte artist pencils in veiled smiles
cracking through blistered gums
worn ragged from the crunch of lies*

*agony drips from the ink
blotting out all else but the semi-truths
when they visit him while he works
interrupting his trepidation
he discourteously speaks*

*"I would not lift the veil to kiss your faces
if they were covered for I have won
my niche in time...
since you gaze here to see your penciled-in
smudges of feathers
don't ask this gaunt raconteur
why his angels are fat
or why staunch multi-hued cherubs
should seem mired riddles of color
swirled about broken white
red-black-pained enigmas
disregarded sinew and bone
blank desire and diffused spirit."*

*The remonstrations began
as the shoving din grew
once feminine voices roared and snorted
remembering the pain in the infusion of rush*

*Uncontrolled the artist shuddered
wiped away his last pre-response
rolled beads of sweat
then smiled as the angels
sharply erased him
from the metropolitan skyline*

It's Airplane Time

It's airplane time...

*Pretend to be mechanized sliding wings
high above the earth...
but looking through the clouds
to the agony below...the real distraction...
seems to have invaded
what little peace there is
thus...I'm forced to take a stoical pose
amidst revelers and promenaders*

*Envious of right decisions
I still adhere to certain wrongs
or for the sake of argument
I'm fearful of right ones...*

*It's airplane time...then forbid it
for in my continual desire to be unique
I've become a social eunuch*

*Friends are minuses
enemies pluses*

*those not caring
not counting
the mainstream ignores my presence
a fringe substance that answers no call*

*I also dream that...It's airplane time...
yet never in my sleep*

*My dreams are flown in daylight
and deal with reckonings
I fear the night that drags down the walls
to expose my impotence...*

*The pain returns...
so I'll drift...
It's airplane time...*

*Chaos sparks as the engines open
to full blast
though the shower of rich imprecations
is worthless
I need the heated exhaust
flowing redundant
or not...to not self pity...It's airplane time...*

*Even before the visual impact was locked
in the whining whimpering
and heavy hydraulic throbbing
focused one's aural sense
onto a vivid illustration
of manmade machinery
engaging in other forms of madness*

*I still wait for my jets to cease flowing
and gravity's revulsion wave to pass over
yet seldom will I turn
away from my airplanes
to count the Christs hourly on the ward...*

*Suddenly...
a slightly askew turbulence occurs
retracting wings to an oblong metallic box
rolling dismally along
the uneven linoleum...*

It's medication time...

Reality

Maybe I'd be better off bored

*The dense dry void of humanity
chokes me through the fabric
of my presence
as it seeps
like desert wind-whipped sand
to the core of being-me
wringing out
each last hot misty drop of life fluid
my body can't muster*

*The fires of pain leap up to scorch my heart
incrementing my suffering
enough for an end to really begin*

*I struggle with cryptic messages
encoded words
stealth
not trusting hiding from other necessity
however honesty never was*

*Maybe I'd be better off bored
than wrestling with these
accurate bits of depression
that keep me stranded
on my wasteland of woe*

...maybe I'd be better off bored

My moment of truth is approaching

My moment of truth is approaching

***the memories of almost always being right
so painfully linger***

***I hold within
waiting these few moments
for a renewal of spirit***

***I'm anxious
for an unknown unfelt bond
a satisfaction of desires is my cause
a weak one yet one I've chosen to pursue***

***it's not so advantageous
to know the core of one's being
if one can not act
on each caprice and whim***

***I am unjust to myself
I falter because I fear rejection
my certainty of this is so self-assured
I make the pact
I break the pact***

*I worthless idle wrapped transparent
tempt one more time
teasing my nothingness hardly fair
slim chance no tomorrows will kiss me
by the bye*

*cherishing full in wonder the pain
there is no astronomical gift
to wrench me from the nightmare*

*I shall entwine myself
in the soul of mankind
and tear it to shreds
suffering at an end to crush the pain
with my enduring sort*

*one vision one quest
apartheid heart and soul
violently I fight disillusion
the tingling misrepresented power*

*it is darkness before the gloom
it is darkness before the doom
of memories of almost always being right
that so painfully linger*

as my moment of truth approaches

My Existence

*My existence is fragile
it comes not in days
but
infinite ticks of time
measured out
in pulsed lifebeats*

hideous

but still sublime

