

I. First Poem for a Friend A day in the life of indecision. *Indecision about self and about existence. Meanwhile a smile bears the story of trust. *It reads, "I've found a friend who wears no masks. *Instead, her face defined honesty and beauty. *Her mind exceeds those definitions. She is true." (*Words have tried to express these emotions for years. *Scrambled feelings hidden in words. *My emotions being hindered by a pen, *As I write my first poem for a friend.*) The story is shared—the story of a friendship. *The story of words of encouragement and total amazement. We may still be undecided about self, *But now we are certain of beauty, *And what makes certain people*the shining stars that they are.

II. Entrance of Fall, 1995 So, I've fucked up again. I love two people. I can't really say why I love either of them, but I know that my reasons are entirely different. Then my mind says, "Of course you can love more than one person at a time, but not *this* way though." Am I supposed to choose and thus risk offending one or the other? Have I already chosen in their minds? Can I find it in me to choose? No, I can't ever choose. They are both so amazingly wonderful in their own special ways. I would love to please them both, so I keep thinking of equality—wishing to please one just as much as I may please the other. So, I've fucked up. AGAIN. But at least I am tormented with my love going out to these two very beautiful people... Right?

III. Confusion, Corner Nothing can hold this feeling down. Nothing and no one can hold me down. I am isolated intentionally. No loneliness here though. Exhaustion, tired of trying. Trying and having little success, maybe some fear. But leave me alone. Leave me and my emptiness. I'll smack a kiss on its lips. Smack a kiss on your lips. Run away, feeling empty. Thinking about you.... Here I am again cuddled up in my corner with the image of you next to me. Smiling, you are nothing but a memory. My mind can clutch you in its grasp and draw you into me. Breathtaking. Now, you are no longer an image. Here, next to me, we cling to each other. We are drawn together and stuck to each other. I feel like I need you here to tame my mind and harness my thoughts. Keep them reasonable and powerful. I am tired of these thoughts straying. I am still tired of trying. That was my failure. No motivation. Nothing forced me to tell you my thoughts. Nothing and no one encouraged me to even bother to try. I was as free and isolated, as any fool could be. I had created a chain to hold me down. It tied me down! It tied my words down! I told myself, "This is what I want!" I never said anything though, because I thought you'd realize my every intention by assumption. I thought....

IV. An Ending Is this the end? Today, the day you could have sworn "Life's not worth it." *You had your fist in the mirror for a moment. *You got shards of glass stuck between your fingers. *Then you followed by smashing what was left of the mirror with your forehead. *And your

splinter covered hands sliced into your cheeks. *And tears were left to sting the fresh wounds... You were thinking, "yeah, I guess this is it. *I wonder what happens after I die. *I wonder how the other people would react." It's the same as it has fucking always been.... The other people. "Is my hair ok? Do I smell good enough for society? *Are my clothes expensive and fashionable enough? Will you accept me? The other people.... Couldn't they somehow matter less? Fluttering heart flipped upside down, *Stabbed over and over again. *And you withdraw into yourself and hide. *And you let the cobwebs slowly grow. You're hoping that they will grow enough*that you'll soon be able to hide yourself. *Yourself and your slightly open stinking scars. *Stinking stinging scars still being burned*By the tears that you are causing me. It seems like spirit is nearing an end. Oh God. Do you really want this to be the end?

Y. A Quick One (instrumental)

VI. Sadness as a Byproduct of Exaggeration Unclear vision accompanies fear, *Accompanies my rapidly beating heart, *Accompanies the sight before my eyes. Through withheld tears my mind whispers, "No...No, this can't be happening again." *As I look on as a friend is stolen from me. Oh! The emotions! Is it real what I see? *I can't truly say that I am happy here. *Angry? No. But confusion riddles my brain*As it searches for the best moment*To return me to a state of existence. The warmth of a tear happens to be my savior, *And I quickly wipe it away in denial of its existence. But a "fortunate friend" has already sensed something wrong. "Friend," I say, addressing him, "I feel flustered, depressed and confused. *But none of those feelings can match the fear in my heart." *Fortunate lad lays his head on my shoulder and smiles. "That's life's problem." I am warned now, and I thankfully embrace him. *Reality now shows me the smiling face of an observer. "Are you comfortable?" he questions me. *And I grin widely, being extremely happy.

VII. First Poem for a Friend (remix)

These DWAB songs all feature David Hanna on drums. During the recording of the vocals, John and Danny walked in on one of the songs and yelled "Aaargh!" The bare bones of all the songs were recorded by John Lyons between November 1995 and May 1996; songs 5 & 6 were not completed until about a year later. Songs 1-4 appeared on the DWAB 10" One Final Episode in Our Attempts at Persistence, released on Reality Control? Song 5 appears on the DWAB CD, Sherman's Unfiltered Music. Song 6 is from the split 7" between DWAB & BEN released on Reality Control? Song 7 was remixed by John Lyons and Ananda and appears on the DWAB CD The Exciting Nights of Discordant Torture. This is 2657 Productions D0004.