

## Poetry Series

**matt fromm**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

November 2008

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by matt fromm on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

**matt fromm (march 24 1982)**

Heavely influenced by Iggy Pop, Charles Bukowski, Jack Kerouac, Batman, William Burroughs, Miles Davis, George Carlin, and of course... suicidal tendencies

## **Amor**

Marriage. Yes,  
The subject has come up,  
The old girls even dropped subtle hints.  
Christ.  
Even my friends and family  
Have come right out and said it.

There's no need, really, to repeat it.  
It went something like  
'marry her! '  
And that was it.

She changed me.  
I can't marry someone like that.  
She made me believe in soul mates.  
She made me fall in love  
Again.  
She made me  
Want  
To quit drinking.  
She made me believe  
In my self.  
She made me fall in love...  
She made me fall in love.

How could I marry someone that controlling?

matt fromm

## An arrangement over coffee

'Buddah-Thai! '  
He said.  
'Appocolypse Now! '  
I said.  
'Whaaaaaat! ? '  
Then I told him  
'That's a line from Appocolypse Now.  
Those 3 that are on the boat  
With Martin Sheen,  
They're down below  
Smoking a joint and the surfer dude  
Takes a hit  
And says 'buddah-Thai'.  
The reptilian looking  
Ex-hippie looked very impressed  
As I told him this.  
I grabbed my coffee  
Started heading towards the door  
And he said  
'I was actually wondering if you smoke man'  
' Oh, uh maybe. why? '  
He lowered his voice,  
Came closer  
And said  
'If your straight dude  
Thats cool.  
If your gay  
Thats cool too.  
I'm not into kissing  
Or sucking  
Or fucking. I'm just into the jack-off scene man.  
You just jack your self off  
Ya don't have to  
Touch me or anything.  
I'll give you 50 bucks and about 10 or 12 joints worth of weed  
If I can watch you'  
'can we smoke first? '  
'of course'  
I went to his house  
Which was directly across the street  
From the Starbucks.  
I did one of those look left look right deals  
And went in.  
'Help yourself. I'm gonna use the head.'  
He told me.  
On his coffee table,  
In a tin mint box  
Was a bud  
Half the size of my fist.  
I loaded the metal pipe  
Much as I could  
Puckered up,

Then fired up.  
He came out  
Said how is it  
I said nice.  
Although I had committed to the deal  
As we smoked and  
Swapped stories of the first time  
We had done coke  
And of his many times with guys.  
Slightly nauseated and  
Very high  
I hoped he would change his mind about  
The nudity.  
I remember saying to my self  
'Play it cool. Don't mention  
The arrangement,  
Maybe he'll forget or  
Pass out or something.'  
He then started talking  
About an 18 year old guy  
Who was  
As blond as me  
Who was built like me  
Who had eyes as blue as mine  
Who had lived with him and  
At one point  
Was one of his students when  
He taught at public high school.  
The boy had recently moved out  
Of his house  
So he could go get married.  
He was getting misty.  
O.k,  
This is it,  
He's gonna lose it or something  
And I'm all  
High and paranoid.  
'Be cool.' I told myself.  
He stopped talking  
Reached  
Into his pocket  
Pulled out a hundred  
And said  
'Here you go my man.  
You can keep that pot too  
If you wan't.'  
'Really? '  
'Sure.'  
I did.  
He showed me to the door  
Hugged me,  
Said 'I would love to see you naked someday.'

'Oh, yeah? '  
'You bet.'  
And then he said bye.

I haven't been to that Starbucks since.

matt fromm

## Ashes of friends

And now we dance in the streets  
Drenched in their blood.  
We've come to our senses, alas, and have done away  
with our only living negative force.  
We charge in which ever direction we choose.  
Like an army with out the necessity of war.  
Free to hunt.  
no need to gather.  
Curing strips of venison with out a care in the world.  
Hoping the evil don't rise from the grave.  
Grabbing me.  
Taking me to their world.  
I will not go.  
Prefer to choke on the ashes of friends then breathe the great fragrance.

matt fromm

## **Bathe**

Dove.

Sitting on my leg.

The right one.

Brown sweat pants.

Dove sits. So beautiful. So still. So white. So beautiful are all the tiny blue dots I believe are designed with exfoliating in mind but also designed to add nutrients while penetrating deep in the pores.

She used it all over her body this weekend.

It's still a little wet.

matt fromm

## Beat or be Beaten

The numbers rehearsed and ready to go  
But the auditorium is empty.  
The point is there, but the words are not.  
I guess sunrises are supposed to be inspiring?  
With My.89 cent cup of coffee I dread the  
Blood thirsty coming of the day.  
Play the morning radio at my funeral.  
Lassu a pipe bomb in mid flight.  
Blow out the pilot light during thanksgiving dinner.  
Anything beats being beat.  
Half a bottle of pills that start with either Z or X,  
Down the hatch as you stare at your goldfish bowl.  
Oh isn't life grand?  
When all the beautiful Chic-sters  
Go to fix up in the bathroom,  
Most of them want me to be like them,  
Fly with them, lie with them...  
But I got no time to waste  
On a walking magazine.  
I'd rather do a line of ajax and  
Set sail to a Place with where you need  
No name.  
A place where you need no face.  
Cause I'm tired of this one.  
Jacking off to the dream catching humm of  
The trains as they go by.  
Like a heat seeking cruise missile I'll fly low to  
Ground swiftly dodging all the air breathers.  
Burn the word 'MUD' into the concrete just  
Before I am-scray for good.  
Just gotta remind them all, you get when all the  
'Must haves' and 'Gimme gimmes'  
End up owning you.

matt fromm

## **Been a LONG time comin**

Baby I've been waiting.

I've been waiting for when it won't hurt.

I know that is impossible.

But I do the best I can.

And just on the edge of a bridge with a bottle of grainy memories.

Without you who will I lie to?  
Who will I rebel against?

I have no gift for you.  
There's no part of me you need.

I hate to be another one of your sad stories, but if thats the way they all go... how didn't you see this coming?

I'm opening my hands.  
Off you go.

matt fromm

## Blowing Bong Hits at the Moon

For all I know This could be the last show.  
But I'm too young to hang up the clown suit just yet.  
Re-running happily frightening images of wher I come from.  
Where I've been.  
Never imagining in a thousand hits  
I would've ended up here.  
Never fathoming it would be like this.  
Carefull jottings of history...I suppose.  
Both true and halucinated  
while Coltrane and the gang tell me about their favorite things.  
It all gets fuzzy these days when I try to think.  
Before today speaking and not being heard  
Being silent then being ridiculed and blamed.  
All because I was too damn quiet.  
Much much too quiet.  
I say to my self it must have been hell for those nice folks to  
endure a silence so uncomfortable.  
The tribal noise in my chest grows thicker louder and faster.  
Scared to death driving down that old familiar road.  
Even though all roads, all freeways all highways look the same  
as I ride down them at this stage in the game... but this one,  
I'll never forget this one.  
I too have cruised sadley to Screw Loose Pl. and Rubber Room Dr....  
To make my life  
Somewhat more interesting.  
Now accellerating fast,  
acting like a tough guy,  
Holding back one too many tears  
Driving down that old familiar road.  
Her road,  
Our road.  
Many a drunken night picking her up.  
Many a night dropping her off.  
Lying about going straight home afterwards.  
Creature of habit, I.  
Who could blame me for cuttin loose?  
Who could blame me for wanting to speed down our sweet little  
road as fast as physics will allow?  
Same leather jacket she remembers.  
Same cigars too.  
Traffic lights in the rearview mirror  
Nothing but an insignificant blur  
As I barrel down that fucking road.  
Playing chicken with lady death her self.  
Take my self a hit of apocalyptic proportions...as I say coolly to my self, 'I'm betting  
she's gonna swerve first.'  
And then I burst.  
I let go of the wheel.  
And then I let go completly.  
I cried and fought  
Won and lost  
In the 11 or so public schools.

Took a shot or two to the ribs from the baby sitters who raised me.  
Took my pills with a cruel glass of blinding juice  
in all the mental hospitals I've stayed.  
Triumphed in misfit bars with misfit folks.  
Turned around in all my soap box glory and said my self greater then all of them.  
I relished in who I was  
but only back then  
Lived through night terrors.  
Dragged through lilly white Hallmark hell.  
Been from here to hell in search of a dream not yet found...  
But it's out there alright.  
Been from here to hell just to shake a little leg...  
Make a little dough  
But both trips seem the same at times.  
But what am I doing now?  
I mean really.  
Shadow boxing in the corner like Joe Lewis.  
Alone.  
All alone.  
Sweet life giving solitude.  
It could'nt be grander.  
The freedom to go out back  
Spread my tired wings  
Breathe deep and blow a friendly fog at the moon  
Luminating my dirty work.

Well slugger... it's time.  
I'll give them a show to remember me by.  
Let's go.  
Knock 'em dead champ.

matt fromm

## **burglars of heaven**

Burglars of heaven try and take back their angel.  
Wino bum of earth won't let them.  
They can't take back the only good thing he stole from them.  
Give him no money,  
give him no reason... at least he's got her.  
She said he scratches the surface,  
She named him wino  
As heavy as the shafts of light heaven threw upon him, these titles weighed.  
Even if he don't think he's gonna keep their angel...  
he's from Los Angeleeeez... jackin's in his blood

matt fromm

## Can't even name her.

Just give me a hand  
Just help me out  
And the moon is just a  
Big toenail right now  
Poking through the sky  
And the only star I see  
Is faded and alone  
And old  
Nowhere near the bright  
Nail of God  
Just give me a hand  
Just help me out  
I don't have the answers  
I ain't as sharp as I thought  
Just give me a hand  
I need the secrets  
And the closest things  
To a brother I have  
Says my best aint good enough  
And I don't trust him  
And I wonder why  
Just help me out  
And the waitress  
Brings me another cup of coffee  
Please put something  
Strong in it this time  
I beg you.  
It'll be our little secret  
And the books lost their meaning  
And the art sure as hell  
Is  
Suffering  
Now.  
Just give me a hand  
And the light I see comes from the faded kitchen bulb  
And my self respect takes the back seat  
To the incescent tasks I do  
I do'em to make everyone else happy.  
And they're not.  
Why has the moon  
Treated that star with such neglect?  
The only star in the sky  
And I too am old  
And I too am faded  
And I jump through hoops  
And the brothers  
And the soul mates  
And the loves  
And the collegues  
And the who's who  
And the wind bags  
And the moon that's crescent

And the lone star  
Remind me  
I'm not good enough.  
Not even close  
Just give me a hand  
Just help me out  
It's painful down here.

matt fromm

## **Communion**

Down the murder red well  
the gentle serpent, friendly predator a thousand colors bright  
is awakened by the fire.  
devours oxygen  
swims through a submerged rusty pipe and rises from the merky water.  
from an allusive coil  
to a hypnotic slither; i follow the wingless angel to a godless heaven.  
so high, i can see everything.  
so cool i fear nothing.  
i follow the snake anywhere.

matt fromm

## **Dark blue polished aluminum**

Staring at joyless photos of a worthless union.  
Caught between foreign crossfire.  
Pretending I don't know I'm being plotted against.  
When I met her she was made of lovely dark blue polished aluminum.  
Smooth.

Anyone anywhere would have killed to run their fingers up and down her contours.  
Now I feel like killing when I cut my fingers on her rusty, chipped nakedness.

A shunned bug crawls to my feet.

He looks up at me.

And then he says, ' You heard of kill city? '

And then he began to sing,

' LIVE IT UP! TURN THE GIRL LOOSE! !

LIVE IT UP! TURN THE GIRL LOOSE..... I SAID TURN THAT GIRL LOOSE.'

His antenas and his feelers were lovely.

I wanted to be just like him.

I wanted the genius that he had.

I wondered if he could dig me out of this shallow unmarked grave.

Until I realized...

I had the shovel all along

matt fromm

## **Days Like This**

Just because the ol' girl gives a saint a hard on doesn't mean she'll fool me.

This snake doesn't blink for a reason.

But still I try.

The only one who can fix it is you.

On days like this I'm reminded of the peaceful current that will take us to an unimaginable destiny, if you just let go.

You think she digs that?

Amazing what a brick wall with big tits can do to a man.

matt fromm

## Decadent Debauchery

Well, I took a shower for an hour  
and that was just the other day.  
I gotta look my swellest for the ball or premiere  
or what ever they're calling it these days.  
I'll be fasionably late  
taking care of buisness in the alley behind the event.  
Gotta get my self Fixed just right  
if I'm planning on smiling at all tonight.  
I just gotta get the gear to move northbound as quickly as possible.  
I can't go in until the pinball machine's fully lit up.  
The phone's off the hook.  
Oh my god!  
These broads won't stop.  
'Can I come with you? I'd look good dangling from your nut sack, what with all  
those fancy, rich, important people watching. '

Good god you big bunch of leaches.  
As soon as I finish my dinner of fried eggs,  
I have to crank up Blondie as loud as I can  
and rub one out as fast as I can,  
Then I gotta go to the beauty shop  
I'm gonna GET MY HAIR STYLED! ! !

So call again another day.  
It's time to glue those micro-razors to the old finger tips.  
I've got a lot of hands to shake tonight.  
First impressions last a life time...

matt fromm

## **done with them**

driving the same nails  
into the same brick wall  
with the same forehead  
expecting different results.  
Even if I slightly alter the angle of my head.

Must remind me of insanity and how to avoid it.  
Time to hop on the back of someone with wings and high tail it out of this foul place  
leaving the left behind to their smoke screen suburban hollowed out dence existence.  
Splenda flavored clothing and thumbs up barbecues on peachy days.

The plague ridden rat must feast and fornicate with the bretheren of the damned.  
Pull the cord.  
I'm getting off here.

matt fromm

## **Don't it make my white walls red?**

If it looks like shit  
and It smells like shit  
you probably got burned.  
All the sweet things I said to the women I loved...  
May have just been a deposit in the eulogy bank.  
I tried and I tried.  
Lost anyway.  
Reminded every day I wasn't good enough.  
3 long years.  
Wishing she was here.  
I know she'd quiver at how many lashings I can take across the back.  
Oh, how wet she'd get  
When I told her to use my belt.  
I'd scream how worthless I was compared to her.  
And then I'd beg for more.  
She's only 5 foot 5.  
And I'd tell her I was the small one.  
OH!  
FUCKIN WHALE ON ME LIKE THE VOLLEY BALL YOU PLAY WITH!  
Gnaw on my pastie Kraut/ Mc. ass... fierce kitty...  
just don't choke on the rancid bait you sadly use to wake up with.  
Pathetic Right?  
Harder and faster, I want you to belt away my feelings one more time.  
Well Hey!  
Stranger at the bar  
Wild venus in bed,  
It's time to penetrate my head.  
I said it hurts my precious baby,  
Still hurts my precious baby,  
I swear I'll penetrate my head!  
    Crying on your bedroom floor  
    Begging you for more  
    Showing off how well I can take it.  
    I plead with you to quit starring in my night terrors.  
    They are scary enough without you.  
Slip it back in my chest  
Cut out the source of our misery once and for all.  
Oh God baby you were great.  
And now  
    I thank you.  
You can give me that final kiss goodnight and goodbye,  
Now I leave you forever.  
I love you forever.

matt fromm

## **DON'T MESS WITH JOHNNY!**

Face to face with all that's going down.  
Some folks just don't know how close they came to being called out at 3 o'clock in morning to throw it down in a Venice boulevard bar parking lot.  
Some should thank the god who pepper my mind with evil dirt.  
For it's the only thing saving their thoughts from a raping.  
My worthy adversary thinks he gives me that old classic excuse he knows I use to use... To take him 'ice fishing' or 'Try out my new car' with him in the front seat and I cleverly behind him.  
Stab Stab Stab Stab-er-oooo.  
But he's wrong.  
I won't kill him.  
I won't kill the S.O.B  
I don't care how bad he want's it.  
I'de prefer to create my own hurricane of conciousness-giving-flaming-ash.  
No one can stop me.  
No one can touch me.  
Looking down the barrel of my gun  
That sonuvagun's just begging for it.  
paying for it.  
Taunting him with the grimace I know HE despises  
on my face, I fiendshly Laugh, Kiss him on the forehead and whisper oh so cooly in his ear... 'who has time for murder these days? there just isn't enough time.'  
Marinating in his urine, it dawns on him I shall never be under his thumb...  
For I am twenty feet tall and he's truly nothing at all.

matt fromm

## **Don't trip. Your bound to slip.**

I can't let that slide.  
You know I can't let that slide.  
Hell no son...your not getting away with shit.

I use to think you were no more then a simple june bug slamming his insignificant skull against the same part of the door.

But now your trying to tell me your something else eh?  
Que paso amigo  
You tryin to jack me fool?  
Not in a million years mother fucker.  
Once they call me papi they NEVER leave, dig?

But ready or not I'm comin to get you.  
You better get ready.  
There's nothing you can do about it.  
Not to fear...your kids can watch what a little AK-47 persuasion will do to daddy.  
Sorry homes my finger slipped.  
Bad Brains supply the anthem  
While I snort your soul right up my fuckin nose.  
Society won't sympathize with you  
I'm the forever young undead card dealer handing you nothing but zeros in my opium den of hell.

I'm stalking proof that hangovers come true.  
My cyco vision shades and brain candy pumping through my vains provide me with all the more reason to unleash the serpant and let him spray the nightmarish venom.  
Plagueing you faster and faster. the disease is now spreading.  
Melting you from the inside.

Blood laced bile sprays from from your weak mouth as you scream 'I don't want it! No mas! I don't want to go! Please no! '

As I stand there with my arms folded.

matt fromm

## **Dragged through the garden**

The sun looks like a fine chardonay as the sun bounces off it.  
Feeling like a young boy straight out of a Twain story, as my feet rest cool in the shallow waters edge.  
I am sent away to a place of heavenly serenity as I hold a beautiful young daisy in my hand.  
It's many fragile young pedals and innocent center seem to be able to read my thoughts.  
See my sadness.  
Feel my pain.  
Understand.  
    The clouds above grow larger and thicker  
giving us both shade as we bask in each others understanding.  
Our trust.  
Our admiration.  
Our friendship.  
    I crush the delicate flower with every ounce of strength in my hand and feel its  
once life filled juices trickling down my wrist.  
Damn me.

matt fromm

## **DRINK ME!**

use to be a bartender.  
just told you to drink me.  
guess you should know how to mix it.  
. well alright.  
. find an unwashed common glass  
. throw in 2 cubes of human salt water  
.2 ounces of issues unresolved  
. a splash of memories from the night stand drawer  
. a capfull of times she said she was leaving  
.1/2 a shot of addiction  
.1/2 a shot of finger pointing.  
. a spoon full of promises broken  
.2 dashes of friends who turned their backs  
. float an ounce of times they said you can't do it  
. stir with a cross turned upside down  
. garnish with a suicidal lime  
and drink me.

matt fromm

## Everlasting nap

Gimme more than a flesh wall of relief.

I need a sexy stranger of punk rock descent.

Gimme a dangerous little stranger.

Someone who will bring me to my knees.

I'm hiding nothing behind my eyes but  
a pack of rotten lies.

Let me run my fingers through your solid black strans one more time.

Gimme ruby red kisses in the morning

And burn your initials into my arm.

I'd recomend the black fishnets and red thong.

Take my word for it baby,

The leather braceletts hide the beauty marks oh so well. No one has to know.

Gimme a hickey my mother would be proud of  
and don't go light on the hot candle wax.

Gimme a Misfit girl I can handcuff my self to and take the sweet everlasting nap with  
just as soon as the freedom pills kick in.

matt fromm

## Exposure

And the kid couldn't write  
Oh he pushes, he forces it out beleive me  
But he just can't come out with it  
Nothing but a pathetic dribble instead of the normal bus  
All that shit I do  
All that shit I talk  
All that time I spend in sitting in a closet for God sakes  
Stinkin' up the place and for what  
Not even the precious four dollar words  
Like irrevocable  
Or subconscious Kerouac copying  
You know over use of words like forelorn  
And Imensity  
Or deliberate Buk ripoffs  
Talking bout booze and assholes  
Truth is I'm sad, broken  
So pent up rust has accumulated  
Through the cheap cigar smoke  
And the male fly buzzing around my face  
I see with the utmost certainty  
The kid just can't write  
He's not even close  
The kids had too much time.  
More time then most deserve.  
The kid can fake it all he want's  
But it won't work.  
The kid can pretend he's not a  
Craftsmen and that he dosn't try or care  
But he does.  
He tries to write he really does.  
Maybe a few more broken bottles to the  
Heart'll do him some good.  
I think that fly left.  
It's 1: 30 in the A.M.  
I did'nt know flies flew  
At this hour.

matt fromm

## **F.U. (forever unchained)**

Although the planes soar far above my house it's still nowhere near as far as I need to go.

I'll never waste another tear.  
Whats the point...at this point.

For some reason it angers me when cars drive down my street.

I may be in my house and home at the same time but the fear still gets me.

Paranoid! Afraid of seeing her silhouette darken my doorway when I'm in this peaceful state of mind.

She's got me checkin, all the time, my rearview mirror.  
Still not far enough away.

Stalking me like an angry fly and I'm the spider caught in the bath tub.  
Bone dry.

Too smooth to climb my way out.

Using every ounce of strength I have as I repeatedly slide backward.

Maliciously taunted and mocked by her  
as she circles above.

Please god get me higher.

So high.

Out of reach.

Out of sight.

Out of control.

matt fromm

## **FORGET ABOUT IT For Christ's sake! ! !**

Way deep in my mind your face still shines...  
Your love swarming inside like a jar of flies...  
I see your pretty smile.....  
but it won't work.  
I see your eyes of blue...  
And my regret brakes loose.

Douse my ugly memories in gasoline if you please... I need a smoke.

Well it was late in the night and I was lost in love.  
Too dark of a night and I was lost in love.

Your eyes  
were  
saying  
You wanted to go for a ride.  
Yeah, your  
body  
was screaming  
ways you wanted to dance.  
BUT YOU WALKED.  
THEN YOU RAN.  
yeah, you fooled me again  
and, well, I should've known better! ! !

I  
pray  
I die young.  
MAY  
YOU  
BE PLAGUED  
WITH ETERNAL LIFE!  
Feel  
Feel  
Feel it's sting.  
Seeping in you like a dose of formaldehyde.  
I'LL TAKE ANOTHER HIT!  
CAUSE I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER! ! !

I hold my face up to the falling rain... and I enjoy it alone.  
The polluted dream of us is slowly washed away by the beautiful storm  
and I blow it a kiss one last time as it trickles down the freezing sewer.

Don't cry for me little darlen.  
pretend my words were a fucking lie.  
Don't cry for me little darlen.  
I should've seen it coming on.  
I always knew it was in your power.  
Don't ever cry for me, oh baby!  
Feeling diseased, but I don't reach for the cure.  
The scars you left I wear with pride.  
A cigarette burn for my soul  
A glass of water in the face of my passed out heart  
A little something to let me know you were there.  
I thought those were loving arms around me.

the rain's still pouring outside.  
No way will we ever  
share it together.  
Feeling cleansed by the violently soothing shower,  
I decide  
I'm ready to go home.

matt fromm

## **Fucken Cupid**

Got no time to love, saw the same damn bus driver 3 times today  
Got no time to love, wanna call her but I gotta hurry, gotta make this money honey  
Got no time to love, too busy thinkin bout my blunderous career  
Don't wanna love, wish I had balls, balls to turn my back  
Wish I had no heart, heart that she stole (damn her beautiful eyes)  
Oh lord turn me into granite  
Got no time to love but some how time finds me

matt fromm

## Glorification

I looked in the mirror this morning and an honest man shooting daggers back at me.  
i coughed in defense at the weak image i saw, after i inhaled some smarts.  
I ate the forbidden fruit  
when you told me not to.  
I rode towards the mountains knowing they'd never get closer.  
Some chick in a black leather skirt had 'NOT TODAY' tattooed on her thigh.  
She saw my eyes,  
knew i was of her kind and then she asked for a ride.

A thousand meters past the sands and the ocean is blue.  
Flying close to the water.  
You can feel it.  
So coool.  
I just want the strength that grows within the garden inside the plastic bag.

I use to think the key i had would open the doors i'd only read about,  
but the key was made of glass.  
I spray painted a worm hole right on that door and then I crawled right through.  
I grabbed a-hold of my bag  
cuz it was all I had to help me blow my mind.  
I made it through unharmed and there it was...  
A world that won't allow the pain.  
only joy and no pain.  
I just want the strength that grows within the garden inside the plasitc bag.

matt fromm

## GRUNT

sick and tired of looking at that God damn Christmas tree with all it's stupid fuckin dried branches and shit.

Why the hell do they make T.V. so stupid these days? Honestly it dosn't have to be this nauseating.  
These shoes are comfortable to wear around the house, but to walk far in them forget it. Little cigars. They're pretty good.

I had to do what I did in the other room. I couldn't see it another way. I feel much better now.

The girlfriend's coming over tomorrow.  
Oh boy.

O.K. I'm in good shape now. I'll watch Ghostbusters...for now.

matt fromm

## Happiness

I prefer the warmth of a city street lamp over the linens of a blond actress who says she's a Charlize Theron type.

I've prayed that the great Buddha turns me into a blue eyed fly.

You'd swear you saw me but your not quite sure.

Watching and learning

trial and error

advice given and sometimes taken.....sometimes.

If I were a fly I'd live for a day but thats all I need.

I'd survive on shit but would that be so different?

Mischievously rubbing my feelers, I'd watch the soup of the city boil itself.  
reveling in the crimson masterpiece.

Vengence is mine!

I would no longer have to patronize

No longer pretend what they say is news.

NO.

I just have to light my cigar and spend my last night on earth in total utter happiness.

matt fromm

## Hey... Blonde Girl

The fly has got the spider in the corner  
and is now f! ckin away.  
She never saw it coming.  
Smooth legs between which lies the entrance to heresy.  
you think you know me?  
What's your last name?  
Your c#nt has been tamed my friend, thats all!  
You think you corrupted me?  
I'm more ahead then you think.  
Look deep into my eyes and Shut the hell up.  
the only respectable thing about you is the fact that you wax.  
Your depth goes as far as your throat will allow.  
now smile for me sugar.  
if you were a man I'd fight you  
but since your a woman...  
well.  
my little whittle back seat beauty  
your legacy lies in the rubbers resevoir.  
When your kids are older you can show them.  
It'll probably still be dangling on the Mullholland curb.

Go on, have another one.  
I only want you when your drunk.  
I've been dirtier places then you.  
Don't worry, if I didn't know your first name  
I'd still f%ck you, in fact I'd prefer it.

So my blond blue eyed silky haired angel...until tomorrow?  
Make sure you wash.

matt fromm

## **I am God**

No one's actually heard what I've said though they claim they have.  
No one's actually seen me though they claim they have.  
The four corners of my reality exist because I created it.  
It exists as long as I exist.  
If I cease to exist it ceases to exist.  
I can cease to exist if I choose.  
I decide what is good and evil.  
I decide what is right and wrong.  
If I want to create a life it's my choice.  
If I want to destroy a life it's my choice.  
I giveth.  
I taketh away.  
I have access to a past nobody knows of.  
I have the power to create a future in my image.  
No one elses'.  
Anything I say is beautiful is so only if I see it.  
If I don't see it, it isn't beautiful.  
It doesn't even exist if I don't see it.  
I choose whether or not I see it.  
It's all up to me.  
It's all my choice.

matt fromm

## **I am Satan**

You blame me for your mistakes.  
You curse my name when things go wrong.  
You tear me down simply for my thoughts.  
Upon exhile you leave me no choice but to seek retribution.  
With the clever calm of my fiery gaze and the swirl of my hand I create worlds of torment and misfortune.  
A sea of blood flows on my command.  
I hold fear in the hollow of my hand and thrust it upon whom ever I choose.  
I am the love child of judgment and ridicule.  
The hatred bestowed upon me has given me nothing but strength and endurance.  
As the great impaler.  
As holder of all that is reviled.  
As Lord of a dark world of unexistence I need no minions I need no followers.  
I am the ruler of my world.  
Vengence is mine and only mine.  
To be spit on no more.  
No more.  
No more.

matt fromm

**I once**

I once overdosed on my anti-depressants,  
Is that irony?

matt fromm

**I wonder if she'll ever read this.**

That you heart-ache?  
I was wondering when you'd come back around.  
Day and night having tearfull conversations with the woman I fell in love with.  
I'm talkin 'bout the first one now  
Not the other one.  
Tellin her I wanna hold her  
only to have the 3 years since I've seen her  
come crumbling down.  
it's all been in my mind  
Though the tears are very real.  
I wish you were here,  
Singing how you were crazy for me.  
Wiping my tears from my pathetic cheek.  
Spitting Jack and coke in my mouth.  
Your not here when I talk to you.  
None of this is real.  
OH MY GOD SOMEONE TELL ME WHY I AM STILL FEELING THIS! !

I  
need  
your  
gifts that I never deserved.

I  
wanna  
cary out the evil plan I had after you flew away from me.  
But I know I'm too gutless to even kill my self.  
Jesus, 15 years difference between us you say.  
My 23 to your 38 huh?  
My 45 to your 60 huh?  
My 65 to your 80.  
You'd still be my precious baby.  
And I never cared you couldn't remember me whispering those words that meant so  
much in your ear.  
I still miss you my precious baby.  
You were so fine where ever you stood.  
My love for you was bullet proof.  
I'll wrap my lips around a 12 gauge to prove it honey.

Setting my charges at the base,  
turning the dam of the world into cynder,  
and flooding the world with the pain I wake up with,  
go to bed with, and eat my meals with... as few as they may be.  
I know you'd wretch at the site of the horrible monster I've become.

Something  
Must have happened  
When you watched that movie  
For the first time in my arms.  
CAUSE NOW MY SHOES ARE TOO BIG!  
AND NOW  
MY JACKETS TOO SMALL!  
Chased with torches for 'what' I am...

not even for 'who' I am.

But, you know you made feel like a who and a prince.

Not like the blasphemus creation of Frankenstein.

All though I'm a burnned out freak nobody wants,  
All though I've made a beast of my self without realizing it,  
I'de still fall in love with your green eyes all over again.

I think I'm way too dry ever since I retired the bottle that nursed me back to life after you left.

You'd hate me worse if you discovered my secret concrete lungs.

And I'de welcome your slap in the face with a warm  
forgiving smile.

So, when the smoke clears from my big empty living room.  
And I realize I've been imagining our whole conversation,  
even the part where you tell me I'm nothing like Frankenstein.

I remind my self

I never could make her happy.

No.

Not the way she deserved.

Now I know...

Now I know...

I know You don't fall in love with a 20 something year old drunken mistake.

A speed bump on her road to wellness.

Reminding my self I'll never plunge my love into her again.

And never again will we share the wine.

Still bumbed she lost my hopeless drunken romantic voicemail

I suddenly start thinking about my Suicidal Tendencies sweat shirt.

I wonder if she understood it was the only way I could leave a piece of me with her  
always.

Did she see that a fallen angel handed over his wings?

Did she know what it meant to me?

Something tells me she tossed it.

matt fromm

## **I won't spill**

I won't spill!  
I'm getting quite good at  
clicking a mouse  
with my toes.

matt fromm

## **I'm warning you**

If i killed my demons  
my angels would fly the coupe.  
not impressed with copper tops  
disapearing reapearing act.  
can't take another neat necktie or boulevard bob  
reminding me of how disposable I am.  
can't take the tears I get from seeing my reflection.  
NO MORE.

and now it is time.  
If you motherfucks didn't talk so much you wouldn't have woke him  
up.  
Gazing at you with my switchblade stare I rest my foot on a pile of skulls. now what  
you gonna do?  
you thought because I looked like you I was one of you?  
I don't even speak your language.  
your from americas heart and I am from it's g-spot hidden in it's rectum.  
I offer no appologies.  
I was built for your abuse.  
Bring it on.  
Hit me as hard as you can.  
I'm a motherfuckin suicidal West Los Gladiator till I die!  
I live by the word I die by the word.  
I'm almost 25  
Do you think you could love me?

matt fromm

## **In My Lawn Chair**

I'm so hungry I can't eat.  
I'm so in love her abuse reminds me she's there.  
Now on sunset and Doheny where many a merlotnight was spent.  
I AM a hopeless romantic

Gettin misty.  
time to turn up the ramones.

matt fromm

## **IN YO FACE!**

Oh  
I don't know much  
about being a hero.  
I just go with the flow  
And contribute my stain on the bed spread of the world.

Philosophy is enscribed on a blue bus bench.  
Politics is the coolest hippest thing ever  
don't you know.

Oh  
I don't know much  
about getting revenge.  
I just drink it all in  
and then spit it out later.  
Youthanize me quiet and sweet before I kill my self.  
Try and make me sing, convince me I'm nutz  
and dropp back off on the corner.  
Oh God honey stop kissing me.  
It just doesn't feel good antmore.  
Sorry doll face.

Oh  
I don't know much  
about being a lover, or a boyfriend, or a co-worker, or a neighbor,  
or a voter, or a tax payer, or an american, or a fighter, or a tough guy, or a decent  
fellow, or a son.

However...

A petite brunette New york intellectual type with glasses and big tits said I have 'quite  
a way with words.'  
Beat that.

matt fromm

## Is it really gone?

Fruit cakes in alleyways. Starving actors for pay.  
Mixed in the shuffle of the city. That is to say the billboardians.  
You walk down L.A. streets  
You feel the sweat on your hands and the cold on your neck.  
You see rainbows on bumpers and doors slamming shut.  
And hazy orange glow provided by lamp posts  
The comfortable stare of a stranger on a bike  
And the fear of seeing someone you know.  
The dream still follows you  
Though once gold and pure, young and innocent  
Now darkened and scarred, dirty and desperate  
It still follows you  
300 bosses and none of them use their real name.  
They don't care about you, only the show.  
You take it on the chin and get told your finished  
Your light in the pocket and about to snap  
Solitude in liquid then solitude in smoke  
Your with the love of your life  
And still have the aches and pains for a good old slut.  
The days of James Dean are over, they ran away.  
I just wan't my self back.

matt fromm

## **It's Hard To Get Away**

I dug my own grave threw myself in and layd there with out a care in the world.  
Then my grave began to fill itself,  
Instead of dirt it was all todays newspapers and gossip rags.  
I opened my eyes and began to read;  
Brad Pitt takes shit,  
George Clooney said to be pregnant,  
Angelina Jolie gives the sieg heil to the pope,  
American Idol executives said to be responsible for war in Iraq,  
Gov. Schwarzenegger passes bill allowing every homo-sexual and Latino to be beaten  
to death with parking meter  
Shit.  
I thought this would be my sure way out.  
So, it shows, you see... It's hard to get away

matt fromm

## Like Now

I still recal the sound of the 2 A.M. trains  
from your open bedroom window.

Nestled between a hidden life and your bedspread  
choking on your flame colored hair.

Baby I need to know if it's time to hang up my leather jacket on the rusty nail I just  
drove through my wrist.

Sitting on a wobbly bar stool,

I regret not smashing the bottle of jack and carving your initials into my chest.

Those initials you introduced your self to me as.

I'd give anything to go back to days where you only crossed my mind when my neck  
would hurt.

Like now.

matt fromm

## **Loveliness**

The streets washed by the reign of silence.  
The imperial Dracula is dead.  
We dance  
in a strange trance.  
Like holly caribbean natives.  
Devouring today,  
Throwing up yesterday,  
we suddenly realize how sacred every breath is.

matt fromm

## Made it, Ma!

On top of the world  
And everything looks so small from up here  
I swear I thought only good could come from my honesty.  
I know sometimes it hurts, though  
All the pride & joy I felt  
When I felt  
And when I felt, it was good  
But rarely did I feel good.  
Stronger and faster than most  
Or at least that's what I thought;  
Yes I could move like a cheetah  
but where I was running  
I really don't know.  
Like my Mama always told me,  
I stood firm against the wind  
When it tried to knock me down.  
I did the best that I could  
With the tools that I was given;  
I fought myself the way I fought others.  
Maybe I expected too much.  
Angels and Demons live inside,  
Fight inside,  
Made me run and hide  
Always conflicted and inflicted  
Feeling so crucified  
But always staying true to myself,  
I never compromised.  
The world is a brick wall and I'm the man with the spray can.  
Back and forth they went  
But only up will I go.  
I'll never know if I was strong enough to complete my mission  
The 2 unstoppable forces always going head to head;  
I could never keep the peace  
No matter how hard I tried  
The battle within became a war.  
Why couldn't it decide to be one big heart?  
The honest words that I spoke were mistaken for bullets  
No matter how soft I whispered.  
I hope and pray I helped to pave a way  
Before my time was up  
Bid them a farewell for me  
Before I go  
And when the lady in black cloak takes my hand...  
Anticipation will mount eventually you'll just assume that I died,  
Assume the pain is gone  
But once again  
There's always been the 2 inside  
Demons aren't the only ones that hide.  
I may parish from this place but will forever remain  
Too many years I've been hearing the same words  
Again and again they go  
This place ain't big enough for the 2 of us.

So these earthly remains are sealed up in the box,  
I'll take one of 2 with me on over to the other side.  
Angel or Demon  
I can't decide, I don't know yet  
One thing for sure is that I'll never die  
Till I decide to go.

matt fromm

## **Madhouse driving L.A.**

Madhouse day driving L.A

On the mad L.A road. mindless stare on everyones face.

their faces all look the same.

Leaping off the billboard screaming horrible blood curdling screams right over my head  
telling me to buy her new album called 'TWAT'.

The sunlight melts the ugly away.

No one is safe.

but peaceful clouds of grey

soon flush the pain away.

Gone.

The friendly wind blows away your inevitable incrimination.

Your amusement quickens as the breath passes

leaving you with black and white memories of your friends playing cops and robbers.

Neverminding the woes of the city.

Not noticing the cum soaked walls of every hotel room you visit.

Forgetting all the times you said it was the last time and it was torture and you  
where better then that.

venturing off, instead, into a pit smelling of burned root.

Fantasizing of flying away in a 747 all for my self as long as it gets me to another time.

fantasizing of sailing away.

just for the fun of it though.

wanting to tell the ol' girl we should fuckin nuts.

can't waiting to get home.

so you can stare at a flyer caught in an updraft

through a pair of night vision goggles.

riding some place else.

A place where they're not welcome.

forgetting who you are.

forgetting about the madhouse day driving L.A.

suit up young man

we're going home.

Going home.

Going home.

matt fromm

## **Make Me Invisible.**

Well I don't mind her sharing her heart with me.

I don't mind her using my ears like a sewer main for her pain.  
It just gets so hard.

I wanna scream to her 'Honey I'm batman! I - HAVE - TO -GO! ! ! '

of course, she'd do one her trade mark suicide attempts.  
To which I'd reply, 'oh put that knife away.'

How can our love survive?

Why do you pray so damn much?

You think he's gonna help us?

Dig this...

Jesus died for somebody's sins,  
but not mine.

Jesus died for his own sins,  
not mine.

Don't ride my train woman.

we're going down in flames straight to nowhere.

I'll refund your money at the next stop.

Meanwhile, I think I'll hitch my self a ride on a big green van and you know where  
we're going.

I hate the stress that pain brings.

matt fromm

## Man of steel

The good old  
Freezing cold.  
I use it to my advantage  
I can take it  
Better then that  
I want more of it.  
Tips of my fingers  
Pink and numb  
Thick black socks  
And I still can't feel my feet.  
Cock might as well  
Be a drink straw it's so cold.  
Cold wheather makes me  
Have to piss  
It dosn't matter  
If I went before I left  
I'll always have to pee.  
I can take the rejection  
I can take the onslaught  
Of guilt trips and  
Psychological S&M  
I can take being asked to  
Pen my name in my own blood  
Only to be told  
It looks like shit and smells like piss  
No one can beat me  
No one can  
It's impossible  
To beat a man  
With a weapon as great as mine.  
Me, I can take the freezing cold

I,  
I can take the freezing cold

matt fromm

## Mud Soul

I got some filthy secrets.  
But I won't tell.  
I'de rather eat my lungs  
Than work a shitty job.  
I  
Piss upon your jaguar.  
I  
Don't go in for casual fisting fridays.  
And I'm a Mud Soul!  
I'm a Mud Soul baby.

I'll shoot a blast of honey.  
To make a little money.  
I'de rather drink my blood  
Than die of thirst.  
I  
Do what I can to  
escape this  
feeling  
I  
Don't want it  
to take  
complete control  
Cause I'm a Mud Soul!  
I'm a Mud Soul, honey.  
Blacked out again.  
Not my bed.  
Soon I will make you see the demons in my sleep come to life.  
Dragged a mile across the rug  
to I don't know where,  
they said my thoughts would send my spirit to hell.  
Well I pray they all get crippled  
and I don't care how,  
so long as they can mark my tormenting words...  
Feel!  
Me!  
Deep Inside!  
Thrashing your emptiness.  
You spun your back tires over my heart, this Mud Soul wants his revenge.  
I say to all,  
That I'm wise.  
Because I make ends meet by devouring my own flesh for the adult stimuly of  
strangers.  
I  
Am something of an auto-cannibal,  
I  
Get funny looks  
When I'm fully clothed,  
I  
Don't need a rinse, wash, or baptism  
Cause I'm a Mud Soul.

matt fromm

## Never paid for one lesson

Don't force out poems!  
Green smoke won't inspire you.  
Purple liquid won't wash the grit.  
It only makes it dirtier.  
Dredging up yesterdays feelings for this one or that.  
Like stabbing blindly into the night.  
Trying so frantically to put down something good as if you really had a deadline.  
Trying so hard to leave a legacy.  
Knowing tomorrow will come but pretending it won't.  
Giving your self credit, saying to your self 'maybe I AM like Burroughs or Rimbaud.  
Never letting you be you.  
Always stretching  
Always reaching.  
Trying, but never grabbing.  
Never quitting the dig.  
Refusing to let the beauty unearth its self.  
Too afraid of waiting.  
Waiting to see the beauty grow on its own,  
feed its self,  
fuel its self  
Blossoming and shooting to the heavens in every wick way  
and seeking comanionship though nobody sees it.  
Under ground its roots have found love maybe a hundred yards away.  
But still intertwined with another.  
I can't wait though.  
I can't.  
I must bledgin the earth and shove the seed in my mouth,  
shit out the results, and wonder why they stink.

matt fromm

## No Feelings

Got it gripped good and firm this time

But I can't seem to squeeze off a single round.

Soaking wet and I don't drip.

The pain in my stomach isn't doin it for me.

Nor is the brightly lit L.M.U clock tower off in the distance.

The L.M.U tower I spent a good portion of my child hood years near.

I look at it, running down Stanwood street.

And still it gives me nothing.

I wake up every morning to find that Hell awaits.

I choke and I choke on so called wise words that are thrown my way.

Trying so hard NOT to put it on paper.

Let it build up and then bust a great big fatty.

I only wanna write when I'm light in the head.

I can't be pent up enough.

Simply can't resist taking the condom off the ball point pen and getting REAL messy.

The dull red neon Bendix sign off in the east gives me the memories of the innocents they said I should keep but decided they'd rather have it.

I'm not gonna fade away, no way, sunny day, say hey!

Crawl, instead, to the wrong side, go inside, can not hide, Mud slide, homicide, suicide!

When they chase me out of my own skin

I'll spin around with an undead hunger in my cold animal gaze...and i'll chase them.

matt fromm

## **No sympathy for the suicidal**

Sitting at the great ones table

And I feel all alone.

Pumping a 12 gauge round down the throat of the principal

And getting no satisfaction.

Whistling to the beat of a bowie song on a rainy morning and still no smile.

Time to roll another one.

Time to look in the mirror, slap uor self in the face telling your self to man up.

Having visions of cooking up, on a hill over looking your town.

Pretending it is your town.

The accusations repeating over and over again.

Knowing as true as the stars, which are hidden by city life, somewhere out there,  
true love exists.

matt fromm

## **Not a metaphor**

Sitting in my closet.  
My private box for visionary field trips.  
'Oh shit that's Siouxi Sioux,  
That 'spellbound' song?  
Fantastic.  
Oh how fantastic.  
Let's face it...I'm hot in here.  
No one can find me in here  
Or no one wants to.  
But it's chokish in here  
Bare ass bulb with a  
Skinny dark enticing string that dangles  
Over my head.  
The decade closet case  
Becomes not about being homo sexual  
But about being a  
Coughing crocker'll be  
The day I'm in trouble

matt fromm

## **Nowhere's to go**

I got about as much in common with a venice boardwalk, rambling, nut, cyco NOW  
then I ever did.

I never thought I'd get low,  
Not ever.

I wan't to go where everyone is big,  
There's no politics.

I wan't to be worthless like everyone else  
And they, like me.

If I have to drag myself by the throat I will

A thorough injection of conscience

A horse pill of verse

And an enema full of guilt and I'll be much better tommorow.

No religion  
No time  
Until death.

matt fromm

## **Oh, he's so clever**

I told the ol' boy  
I had no money  
Nothing,  
Nada,  
Niente.  
A fair warning  
On my part.  
He said  
'Dude  
Don't worry'  
I went  
I waited  
And I got  
bored.  
My friend,  
Winning at pool.

But that was  
Nothing.

A lot of  
Stunning, beautiful  
women  
The crem de la casting couch.

But that was  
Nothing.

Me, Fromm,  
Sitting there  
Absorbing  
I guess

But I was  
Nothing.

How could I  
become  
Something?  
Screw the rest of them!  
What about me?  
No money?  
Not quite.  
7 bucks to be exact!  
What,  
blow it on  
1 drink at  
This place?  
I think not  
Tic-Toc  
Tic-Toc  
I've got it! ! !

The 7-11  
On  
The  
corner

I said  
'be right back'  
'cool'  
or something  
Like that he said  
I went in  
Requested a  
Pint of Diamond Vodka  
To go along  
With my  
12 oz.  
bottle of cranberry  
It came out to \$6.87.  
Hot damn,  
What a smart shopper.  
Now, where?  
Hmmmmm.  
Well, (I thought)  
there's always the  
Ihop across  
the street.  
And,  
They have a bathroom.

I'm not  
Ashamed  
Of what I did  
I feel empowered.  
Who else  
would have the guts  
To stand in front  
Of a large  
Bathroom mirror  
With the door  
Locked  
And look your self  
In the eye  
As you  
Mix as much  
Diamond Vodka  
as you can  
Into the cranberry  
Juice  
And  
Drink it  
As fast  
As you can

So you don't  
arouse suspicion?  
Not many, thats who.

matt fromm

## **Only You**

Cloudy, Cloudy Room  
Your tiles so pink and fuchsia  
Cloudy, Cloudy Room  
White toilet lid not getting any softer  
When I take deep breathes  
And cough real loud  
I'ts my sanctitued  
My room sweet room  
My Cloudy, Cloudy Room

matt fromm

## **Panama Gold**

I got a little burried tresure Hidden deep in my brain.

The mystical green gold of Panama  
Showing me what heaven must look like.

And it looks like  
me and the boys

Blazing as much as our collected thirty bucks would allow.

Under the bridge.

Talking about cruising on down to Mexico.

Groovin to an old tune entitled ' Lost due to Incompotence'.

Feeling so high.

The after school sunlight bouncing off our innocent backs.

Dirty Culver City stream water bubbling furiously  
while we blasted our lungs off straight into manhood  
Or something like it.

Firmly believing we were invincible young braves.

Part of the skate board tribe.

Laughing at consequence, we ride down the avenue never dreaming we'd have to get older.

The tragedy is that we did.

I couldn't recognize them today if I wanted to,  
and I don't.

But for old times sake, to commemorate an invisible legacy I'll set forrest fire and exhale magic into the o-zone in honor of the homies.

matt fromm

## **Petri Dish**

Millions of cab rides  
Millions of different directions  
and all taking me to the same place.  
A baptism by fire and I lit the match.  
All the scratches on my boots commemorating every hotel I've visited.  
The shattering of a bottle on the wet pavement at three in the morning rings in my ears.  
Again and again and again.  
Choosing not to be hip.  
Choosing something else instead.  
Passing out on my books of prose written by dead guys.  
Too beat too beat too beat.  
Feeling like a used rubber tossed on the side of the road.  
A cigarette lighter that wont start when you really need it.  
The only rainbow i see comes in the form of gasoline floating on a stream of gutter water.  
I'ts all I need to make me smile.

matt fromm

## Pipe wrench fantasy

You know I never thought I'd be there. at the bottom of it.  
Scraping the thick sticky floor for something I can take home.

I found a rare flower floating gracefully on top.

I picked it.

The scent was as intoxicating as the vodka it was soaked in.

As history likes to spin the same old record

The lady with the face of every teacher I ever had every where  
took it from me.

She told me I didn't belong there.

She told me I had no right.

She told me to go take a fuckin walk.

There was something wrong with my face,

With my mind,

With my scary old voice.

I remember all the happy faces at that place and even with all the drunken hand  
shakes I could only think about the great baptism in a lake of alley water blessed by  
who ever

I would love to perform on the young, old, whatever she is.

Every time I clean off a nice Gin soaked flower from the red state and carry it over a  
river of shit in the hollow of my hand... you come by and smash it. Why?

I don't belong?

I don't have the right?

Let me explain what a pipe wrench fantasy is all about.

matt fromm

**real inspiration**

Leaning over the toilet  
I puked on my reflection.

matt fromm

## **Re-Run**

Moonlight looks like shards of glass as it ricochets off my kitchen counter. Having a good ole' bare worded boxing match on the phone with my lovely. This weeks episode of ' I'm no good for you' is sponsored by Pabst Blue Ribbon. Taste it...it's beer.

matt fromm

## Searching

We could be driving around all night searching for the truth.

The rising sun peppering us with just enough light as it peaks through the blanket of smoke and ash.

Venice boulevard palm trees barricade us from an unforeseen future

Charging like a relentless rhino.

Shelter is the bus stop.

Stuff the back pack full of guns.

Put cigarettes out on your arm to remind your self you still have feelings.

Burn your drivers license, watch it bleed and forget your birthday for good.

Drive!

Drive!

Drive cause your lost!

Drive!

Drive!

But watch your ass....

The rising sun,

The smoldering ash,

Nights like these are what I need.

I've got two loving hands in my pocket.

Let's try and steel

a nugget

of solitude

in this

poison

meat locker.

matt fromm

## SHRAPNEL (poem fragments)

i use to pray to a capital A with a circle around it.  
not knowing what it stood for.

standing naked over looking hollywood.  
if only i lived in this house.

i sit indian style writing and coughing my lungs  
out onto the floor.

after a long debating pause  
i decided to pick up the roach and put it in my pocket.

god her problems are awful  
if i were a better man i'd call her back.  
oh well. better roll another one.

listening to the howling wind tearing at my shingles waiting for the phone to ring.  
it's her.

you can't burn a telephone wire with a cigar.  
execute plan b.

pound my chest to the rhythem of my own heart.  
shouting over the roofs of the world ' YES I AM THE FUCKING GREATEST OF ALL  
TIME! ! ! ! '

unlocking the door. letting the beast out.  
free at last.  
free at last.  
you and me are free at last.

she called me rotten but meant to say rusty.  
god forgive me for what i did afterwards.

no one likes my look  
tellin me what to  
think.  
suicidal verse is all  
i need.

kicked a cockroach in the ass.  
followed him all the way to the street. still got no ride.

asian neighbors arguing something awful, something from there culture. i still understand.

some learn the value of things by experience, others learn from inexperience.

i saw a piece of paper with the word 'dreams' on it float down the gutter into the sewer.

reading kerouac hiekus by lava lamp light  
happy fourth of july to me.

one of those starbuck frappucino bottles standing impervious to the sharp turns and hard brakes of the metro bus.  
until sunset and la conte.

air drumming to iggy pop on the bike when struck suddenly by sprinkler water from gas station.  
1: 45 am sunday.

named after the only insect who can survive a nuclear holocaust. round up enough and they'll titilate your brain with visions of peace.

venice board walk performer using me as volunteer geek. he walks on broken glass  
calls me kentucky fried chicken legs. will that chardoney bottle pierce his neck vain?

i've always had a conscience. can't see lady san pedro for fear of rump roast temptation.

this can't be morning.  
there is no sun.

3am western time is there anyone in japan wondering what L.A. sky looks like right now? and are they writing?

places in my house i haven't even explored.  
probably nothin but dust.

will the man i call 'bug' play an integral part in my life and my writing  
or  
will i just envy him always.

i'd blow out the candle if i knew what was good for me.  
but i know i won't.

she does a good juice bar skit on snl

but i hope i never have to kiss her.

mullholland dr. is it a dream i look down on  
or a bunch of hollow lights.

a line  
is a line  
is a line. thats all.

too hot to handle.  
moonlights all i need  
god bless the earth.

myself  
is pist at me.  
he sucumbs to  
hunger too quickly  
can i  
beat  
it?

how ya doin sport? you beeing good?  
you behaving while daddy gets well?  
are you bein good while daddy goes home?

slop drooling from his mouth. sound asleep. that one could be a woman if he'd  
shave his mustache.  
i will miss the mta.

then, just as i was fucking her i looked straight ahead, through ricks back seat window,  
and saw the orange and white sparkling lights of the old-new city. the place where the  
movie stars lived.  
just then i felt something powerful come over me  
and wanted to to scream, ' yes! i'm fucking the city! '  
but i didn't.

in my hazy office  
one hookie playin day  
my cat tries to lick the sunshine off his back.

calling me 11 times now.  
she'd remind you of a faded black and white photo of a failed starlett.  
i still have'nt called her back.

reminiscing about the fist fight days of my childhood

underneath trees that looked like  
and days that looked like this one.

that one

my good old flannel shirt.  
mom thought it made me  
look like a cholo.sittin on  
my back porch, smokin  
the yesca of summer days  
away from school, naaathin  
to do.

waitin impatiently for the universe  
to work it self out.  
hoping no one treads on my daze of heaven.

matt fromm

## **Slow down before you get hurt**

The words float by  
In single file  
In your brain  
you just wan't to grab the right ones  
Then everything'll be o.k.  
It's the words that make  
Everything o.k.  
You get what you want  
Always.  
The waves of life  
Crash down on you  
Hard  
And your drowning  
In the adventure of the  
Go faster style of life.  
Nothing at all  
You feel  
Can save you from life  
At least you can let the words  
Come to you  
The words float by  
In single file  
In your brain  
You just can't grab them  
Let the words come.

matt fromm

## **Smoke some poem.**

Here I sit and watch re-runs of my teen years.

Feeling like shit

Dodging cynder blocks of my past.

My Mother throwing away a pair of pants saying they remind her of all the horrible things I did.

Shaking a memory like shit on my shoe.

Shaking the memory of all the beatings both recieved and given.

Both deserved and not.

And the journey continues. As I ride along Centinela Ave.

In a big empty dimly lit paking lot.

I'm taken back to my days of then.

When Bad Religion was gossipel and cigarettes were gold.

Now I'll never rule my world the way I did then.

Lost in my hazeless daze, I decide to be what I've become  
and stop fighting it.

As the skate boarder busts another kick flip.

matt fromm

## Straight Jacket Waltz

Whistling at the bus stop  
and my book bag ways heavy.

I

Stagger and shuffle down the boulevard.  
Leaning to my left, I light my self a stogie,  
I think about some melody they can play while they lower me into hell.  
A standard issue wino asked me for my dough.  
He says it's for food.  
But what the heck do I care.  
I slide him a bill and advise him to have a ball.  
Now I'm cursing at the world  
for being so goddamn dimwhitted.

Surrounded

BY fizzed out light bulbs wearing Christian Dior.  
I wanna sock it  
to the pocket of the man who did this to the people.  
Every where I look I see miles of iron lungs.  
Lined up and seperated in perfect configuration.  
Through the windows I see sullen,  
dull eyed,  
almost comatose faces.  
The most horrifying scene I've ever seen.  
Who ever lined these poor souls up like this,  
covering the entire street with them  
was mad, I thought.

Sick and tired of having it up to here with these pestky vampires.  
Ducking through alleys, hiding in shadows, running like a villain...  
in my own home town.  
Feeling like the hunted.

Tearing my ear off trying to sell me god. (theirs not mine)  
Shoulder checking me,  
stinking up my atmosphere  
getting too close, way too close.

Gotta go faster gotta get outta here.  
It's getting HOT.  
Feel the angry culdrin in my vains.  
Backed into a corner  
Oh God too late  
Too late! ! Too late! ! too late! ! too late! !  
Can't stop  
No!  
Someone make me feel better before I explode!  
I shout for someone. Anyone.  
A friend.

Until I realize I'm in this alone.

matt fromm

## **sunset stranger**

Too much one evening,  
We were at Mel's on Sunset,  
had been picked up by The Great Tula  
The Great Tula had warrents,  
Rick just called, asked if The Great Tula called me  
I said no, The Great Tula talked fast, French, English, South African and American,  
jibber-jabber,  
took food off others plates,  
Rick want's her to be the next Mrs. Rick  
But he won't make a move,  
the birds out my window agree,  
as does my sensible 3: 42 am bottle  
The Great Tula reeked of tobacco,  
some kind of brown stoge was her smoke of choice  
The Great Tula would ask a black man  
for one of his Newports, then ask if he was one of the Crips,  
(of course he wasn't)  
The Great Tula had a striking resemblance to Helena Bonham-Carter  
and carried a katana sword in her back seat,  
I wan't to scream in Ol' Ricks ear 'Hey! She's the 'ashtrey' for every punks 'cigarette'  
on the strip...if  
your gonna ride into her 'palace' make it inside a 'Trojan horse'  
(rim-shot, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! SHIT.)  
strange folks, good sandwich, got nothin else, long live The Great Tula

matt fromm

## **sweet fix**

Medication.

Medication.

Your so fine.

I'm alive.

Your so fine.

I could be anywhere right now.

In a roughed up mess outside an abandoned building.

48th. st. maybe.

Erase my feelings one more time.

Shot an angel in mid flight.

Then ran to the arms of a whore for comfort.

Just gimme whats mine.

Just ease it on in.

It may be a long time before I'm well but so long as I can exit stage left once in a while... you won't hear any crying from me.

I'll do it when no one's around.

Medicaaaaaaaaaaaaation

makes for better penetraaaaaaaaaaaaaation!

Oh medication, won't you come around me?

Yeah.....come on! !

COME ON! !

COME ON! !

COME ON! !

WELL COME ON YEAH! !

medication.

matt fromm

## The Famine

Quiet empty streets  
Chilled to perfection.  
The Scent's in the air.  
I'm gonna get close to you..  
The weight of the centuries rattles my bones  
the satisfying quench your life filled wine  
provides...  
I've been starved fo far too long.  
You can run  
You can hide  
But only I can fly.

Barrelling down on you.  
The shadows provide no shelter.  
quivering mad, I see those eyes to terrified to blink.  
Living is a gamble  
Feeding is my game,  
Read 'em and weep,  
You've just lost everything.  
Dressed down in white  
There's terror in your eyes.  
Though, not to panic, little Darlin,  
it won't hurt for long.  
Orange moon illuminates the dinning area  
There's nobody but us.  
You never thought we'd meet again  
it's time for to have a little taste.  
Deafining is the clang of your silver cross at it falls from your inticing neck and slams to  
the pavement  
sweet music to my ears.  
If only I could die like you... I would know first hand  
sensuous release.  
A bouquet of wolfbane and 2 coins for your eyes.  
I kiss your wounds one more time before vanishing.  
And you fall back asleep.

matt fromm

## THEY

finally able to bust through.

After much pain from holding it in  
I inhale deep, welcoming the healing toxins and exhale the pain of being surrounded  
by THEM.

The painted ghosts that are among us.

Them.

They.

They who thrive on the blood you spill from a thousand rapings.

They who belittle those who walk.

They who Goddamn you while they pry the gold from your grand mothers teeth.

I envision my self being hand cuffed, at my request, to a delapotated train with a  
sign that reads 'NO BRAKES' and yell 'SEE YA.'

Kicking myself in my hazefulldaze for yanking off the bandaid but not going for the  
stitches.

Ignoring a perfectly beautiful day.

Fantasizing of medication.

Fantasizing of more and getting carried away.

But I still can't lose them.

They are still on my trail. I can't shake em'

THEY.

THEM.

They have no gifts of their own so they go for mine.

They had me sent away.

They had me comitted.

They lied about everything I did.

THEM.

Them's the ones left me out in the cold when I was soaking wet.

Them's the ones who said my tears burned their flesh.

I have a sweet ass vision of an eight pound iron ball on the end of a chain, showing  
THEM how fast I spin.

THEY will reap what they sew.

THEY broke my heart.

THEY refused to hear my side of it.

They drove I and those like I to clothe our selves in garbage bags.

They banished us into the desert garden.

They slash it, burn it, get high off it, and they don't even bother to share it with us.

They share with us, instead, images of our selves as hump backs, perverts, idiots,  
queers, disease spreaders, leg spreaders, cheek spreaders, rats, vermon,  
cock-a-roaches, shit eaters, pests, dopers, users, hop heads, stoners, junkies, crack  
heads, crack whores, strawberries, chickenheads, addicts, fixers, freaks, outcasts,  
rebels, misfits, loners, bohemians, beatniks, beatheads, beat your fathers meat,  
neandrathals at the type writer, on the hip, hipsters, hippies, hep-cats, anti-american,  
anti-authority, anarchists, anti-christ, reds, commies, pinkos, punkers, punks, thugs,  
hoodlems, hoods, hooligans, burn outs, dropp outs, skaters, slackers, cholos, nobodies,  
geeks, freaks, clowns, goths, trash, bums, guttersnipes, derilictes, filthy, sleazy, slutty,  
scum bags, cumrags, dicheads, shit for brains, no nothings, no brains, no talent, no  
ability, no good, no sir thanks for stopping by you absolute colossol blunder from Gods  
blind hand.

You are all the decay of western civilization.

At least thats what THEY say.

matt fromm

## **THIS ONES FOR OL' HEROIN EYES.**

let me hold you just one more time.

I still recall the the taste of your lips and wish I could've tasted your tears.  
at least once.

we could've gone completely fuckin nuts on each other.  
we should've.

you showed me what forever looked like with your understanding gaze.

why didn't we get there?

you didn't cringe when I use to pass judgement on the bottle.

you didn't tear me down when the bottle passed judgement on me.

you go ahead and leave as long as you wan't...

I can let this hurt just keep on hurting.

It's cool.

pay me no mind.

just go get your self happy.

What ever it takes o.k.?

but... 'I' would have called you HONEY.

but I can't, I don't have the right.

you'd appreciate this sunset.

I wanna take your hand one last time.

I wanna smell your angelic breath one last time.

if you ever slapped me around this would'nt be so hard.

you got me hooked and I now can't get enough, damn your eyes, your addicting eyes.

I wan't to lose myself in you one last time.

Instead I'll have to settle for getting something caught in my eye every time  
I think of you.

matt fromm

## **To Her, With love.**

It's been a long time since we danced.

Since you sang to me.

You gave me a reason.

we had a life.

I never wanted to drive down your street again.

And your brown patched lawn reminds me of someone that I use to be.

now days I don't let them in.

Now I'm bullet proof.

you gave me my first shield,

And I thank you.

You let them in, see, they turn into monsters!

The beast inside all of us.

They thrash your flesh slice open stomach and play with your intestines.

Cut your jugular right in half and slurp from it like a garden hose on a hot summers day.

Never again.

Never again.

Never again.

You made me into steel.

You made me strong.

I'll never let them fool me again.

Not the way you fooled me.

matt fromm

## **Too young to be a peeper**

Lookin at beautiful ass attached to red head who looks to be 16.  
17 tops.

Why is it, the most miraculous asses, tits, and pussies  
Belong to people, just people,  
Who if you so much as kiss or even  
Innocently touch the top of the breast of  
Can land you in PRISON  
For at least 5 years?

I know about these things

Well,

At least I know about the asses and the tits and the pussies and the  
16 year olds.

Not the prisons though, ya know?

See ya!

matt fromm

**traditional 'girl' haiku**

I love my girlfriend  
I got really really high  
Still thinking of her

matt fromm

**traditional haiku about a 'cat'?**

Roger Fromm Duen`as  
My cat drinks out the toilet  
Please make sure you flush

matt fromm

**traditional 'nature' haiku**

Sitting here waiting  
Tornado in my stomach  
Ah! that feels better

matt fromm

## Two Way Mirrors

Beautiful Sunday afternoons produce liars so convincing  
they fool them selves.  
Romance and trust illuminating the darkened theatre of her soul.  
If God were stronger he'd smash it all in front of me,  
rub my nose in it,  
scolding me for the mess I've made.  
Chain smoking secret cigars, I can hear a fly critisizing my dirty work.  
zzzzzzzzzzewm. zzzzzzzzzzzewm.  
The hollow gift I have.  
My meaningless cock helps me hide the duality.  
Aim your cross sites over here if you please.  
I'll get what's coming to me in no time.  
I never wanted it to be this way.

matt fromm

## Two-bits to see the drug child

I messed around.  
just like any boy.  
I got shanghied and called a freak.  
They said son we're doing this for your own good.  
I said thank you very much  
for knowing more about me than I did!  
They caught me walking up the stairs made of hash brick.  
Walking up the stairs made of hash brick straight to My Way!

I got out.  
For lack of a better word  
We call it rehab.  
The makeshift doctors never did me no good.  
They said we told you we could make you  
change.  
By the grinding noises of my teeth I swore vengeance.  
Cause they caught me going up the stairs made of hash brick.  
GOING UP THE STAIRS MADE OF HASH BRICK STRAIGHT TO MY WAY! !

I'm cruising through the sky.  
Your burning in my wake  
I'm bending reallity the faster I go.  
Your following a fake.  
Don't call the curtain on this show.  
I'm walking up the  
stairs made of  
hash  
brick.  
walking up  
the stairs  
made  
of  
hash  
brick  
straight  
to  
my way  
follow me down baby.  
Thats an order.

matt fromm

## Unbefuckinglybelievable

8 or 9 silly ass months go by, do ya think I got so much as a hello, a hey, a yo?

No!

Instead I get the banjo pluckin walrus plunkin 20 bucks down on the table.

In front of my 3 friends and my 1 girlfriend.

' I tried to get this back to you but you didn't return my phone calls.'

I knew that was a total lie.

So I slowly closed my eyes.

Then,

the beast said ' About 8 months ago I wrote off everybody in my life. They were just all dead to me.'

I replied ' So your giving twenty bucks back to a dead man, oh, I see it's like pouring out some of your fourty and saying ' for my homies' right? '

The thumb twidlin hair-ball from mud bank valley said 'Pretty much, yeah... except I wouldn't pour a fourty on your grave I'd just piss on it.' And he smiled.

That's when I stood up

grabbed a butter knife

and smacked the handle end of it right in the center of his fore head

with my left hand, and I'm a righty.

1,2,3 times and he was out at the old mels on ventura!

Well, almost out anyway.

He tried to fight back but it was a virtuous attempt at something hilarious and pathetic... then he was out.

When I opened my eyes I noticed two new tattoos.

one on each arm.

I said 'oh, new tattoos.'

'Yup.'

'Oh is that chinease? What does it mean? '

'Truth and wisdom.'

'Oh.'

He left after he shook everybodys hand.

And riding home I felt incredibly proud of my self

and hearing that voice inside telling me

'oh, yes!

Thats right!

You don't need truth and wisdom soaked into your skin and spelled in chinease so that everyone can understand.'

'You just know.'

matt fromm

## UPPERCUT!

Well it appears as though you've made your way back into the pages.  
The tender spot you squish always bleeds.  
You should've seen me... i WAS there, you know.  
You might have if you were interested in taking a real look.  
It's scary to know that I'm attracted to the pain you inflict.  
Why'd you bother asking me so many times if I was o.k.?  
A thousand words I wanna thrust into you,  
But all I could say to you was ' i'm f.i.n.e.'  
You might have known, we could've clinked our molotov cocktails together before we  
abolished an evil thriving concept, then kiss furiously as it burned beautifully....  
but then you made me open my eyes..  
and I read your lips.  
You said I was weird,  
You said I was your puzzle piece.  
But you preferred a disposable weirdo... (well you got him)  
It's cool though, L#%! .... I don't even know why I tried.  
I guess the only way you knew how to scratch that curious little itch was to pet the  
wolf and call him a good boy.  
Tell him 'he aint no beast'  
I shouldn't take it personal.  
Right?  
There's clearly something wrong with me.  
Loving me only when I was inside of you, before returning to your life of typical,  
good old,  
American conventionality was more difficult for you than I will ever know.  
I now know it's true baby,  
Honestly, I did get wise.  
The way it played in my head was probably the only place the flick showed.  
But what I know.  
As shallow, though, as a shot of stale wine and just as bitter,  
you still kept managed to get me buzzed and keep me warm.  
You don't really know me, do you?  
Or Who.  
Or what.  
And ya didn't really want to.  
Discrediting my sincerity your way of chatting.  
congradulations.  
You've achieved the commonality of the broads of remember when.  
The scenery in the rearview mirror.  
Pussy whipped and pushed around...  
He's more up your alley than I ever could be.  
and thats just how it is, you know?  
The 2 for 1 sign has been taken down.  
Until the next going out of business sale, darlin  
But I don't know when that'll be.  
As your consolation Prize I must admit I need more.  
Listen to the hard packing sounds of our hips one more time before I resume  
scribbling under a shadey spot.  
Neglect the solice you could've found when the years I spent thinking of your smile,  
penetrate you deeper than you already thought possible.  
And then blame it all on me.

I wanna delet the memory of you like I'm deleting your number right now.  
As stupid as I was for letting you back in  
is as stupid I am right Now for wasting my tears on you.  
Still not sure what you wanted from me besides the obvious.

I erase you from all history in the vision I see.  
I wanna smash my fear of you across your fiery locks.  
But you still couldn't hold the love I had for you in a back pack!  
You broke me down and now I confess...  
I just wanted to be loved.  
You told me I deserve it  
But Now, I don't know.  
Gazing at you with pin point eyes I simply couldn't see what you  
Claimed to be feeling.  
Perhaps I fooled myself one too many times into thinking I could grab the good old  
gold at the end of the rainbow...  
But the gold is just a fable.  
The rainbow an illusion.  
I, like many, manifest beauty to escape the horrifying reality.  
But at least I try to catch a glimpse of the good stuff.  
Give it a try.  
I can't let you ruin me.  
I'm too smart to let you convince me I'm some kind of moron.  
And who has the time anyway.  
Valiantly though you tried.  
May the sun scortch you out of slumber deep.  
Soon the wrath of time will venge you.  
Your once angelic face  
now a dried out pathetic  
mockery to all that is good  
And right,  
And fare.  
Feeling like the trash you are  
You will beg for dispossal.  
But I tell ya, my sweet little ginger snap... your ugliness must be on display.  
You made me trust you.  
You made me believe you.  
And I let it happen before my very eyes.  
You can not hold the stash in your coat pocket and DESCRIBE how  
how sweet and sticky it is, instead of actually burning one.  
It just ain't the same.  
the question, however, will haunt me till we meet again on the other side.  
Why did you choose ME to do this to?  
Why was I prime for the kill?  
Anyway, I think I've milked you for every poem you're worth.  
FIN.

matt fromm

## Very Liquid

Waiting 4 a friend to call  
But he won't  
Where you at G! ?  
I don't really k-n-o-w  
I lied to my girlfriend  
I'm sorry  
I don't mean any pressure.  
No stress bro.  
But call me dude.  
Normally I ignore you, I know,  
But today your face and optimism would make me happy.  
I like to see you.  
You know me,  
always thinking of death  
so now would be a good time for your company.  
It would be perfect.  
Don't over analyze like I know you do... but you think I don't...  
Just hang brotha.

matt fromm

## **WASH THIS!**

As I was sitting there minding my own.  
I was carying pounds on my back.  
Well, I was listenin to a Buddy Guy song.

The vain in her nose was pulsating  
just like a techno dance club.  
' THIS IS FUCKIN REDICULOUS! THESE DISHES HAVE BEEN HERE FOR A WEEK!  
YOU WORTHLESS FUCKIN LOW LIFE!  
To which I replied ' oh yeah, yeah.'  
I started washin my pretty steak knives  
And then dryin my shiney cleaver.  
but in my mind was that Buddy Guy song.

Stone faced and tempted.  
mischieviousness in my eyes....  
she backed off.  
Like the dog in Hannibal.  
And I was happy again!  
Yes sir I was Happy again!  
I'm talkin bout happiness!

matt fromm

## Webster '06

Loneliness

Is an hour spent reading Paris Hiltons autobiography

Rage

Is a housewife scrubbing the teflon off the frying pan

Insight

Is plagiarizing Shakespere

Hostility

Is seeing Grandma put both index fingers on the corners of her mouth indicating you ought to smile

Curiosity

Is waiting in line for an hour to get hot dogs because your friend can't believe you've never eaten there

Confusion

Is a waiter with a low almost muted voice who can't understand YOU saying 'ice water'

Genious

Is someone watching Amadeus and saying ' Yes! it is hard, yes! '

Monogamy

Is a woman in love who tells her boy friend she's a temp but is really a call girl

Love

Is a man who knows what his girl friend really does but says nothing

Acting

Is the art of being famous and able to cry

Religion

Is the bi-product of faith

So, enjoy

matt fromm

## Wedding Photos

It was miserable manufactured saturday.

The fantasy of 2 blunts to the head was the only thing giving me the strength to get out of bed and shave.

The ride there was long stretched out funeral gloom.

the sky ahead was shoe polish black.

All i saw of the sunset was dying slowly in my rearview mirror.

Wouldn't mind being dragged like a thief behind the semi ahead of us instead of going where I was going.... to open the 9th. gate and wouldn't you know it,

There's fake flowers wich matched the fruit as far as the eye could see.

Kenny G playing loudly in the background.

A lighter shade of HELL apeared on the laptop screen.

Sandwiched between the love of my life (or some shit)

And her aunt.

my demise was peaking over the horizon.

Winking at me.

I knew I was through....

The wedding photos came to life, squeezed their large monstrous, rectangle shaped bodies out

from the computer screen and charged straight at me.

They horrified me with images of future truly DAMNED.

Mercilessly pumbling me

Dragging combs through my hair

Kneeing me in the balls

over and over

until they dropped down my pant leg

rolled across the dinning room floor.

the girlfriend knelt down,

flashing me in the process,

picked up my lonely cojones and said, 'I'll be taking these'

The picture of the bride biting the head off the plastic wedding cake stutue of the groom, held one of it's sharp corners

to my throat,

While the other walking demon photographs tore my clothes off, slapped a tuxedo on my naked frame and shoved champagne in my hand.

Weeping in the corner like the wino king I once was after hearing the words last call,

The girlfriend and her Nan`a leaned in slow

stopped 3 inches from my face.

Just then my woman said to me, 'Did you expect it any other way? '

matt fromm

## Who will you screw?

I've been to 27 different bus stations  
I got a big old hickey on my left thigh.  
I ran you outta here while the gettin was good  
Tell me who will you screw?  
Who will you screw now babe?

You use to make me fear the sun  
now I'm redder than ever.  
I drink my coffee as loud as I want  
and I'm free to sleep on my stove.  
Though constantly looking over my shoulder  
there's no more fear of you being there.

I've eaten the last of your cornflakes for the last time.  
I don't worry about how the house smells.  
The grass is greener.  
The visions never more brilliant.  
Now tell me, who will you screw?

The night is clear.  
The air is sweet.  
It's saturday night.  
Up on the roof, gazing at the fullest of moons  
peeking through the trees and telephone wires while the helicopter circles above  
looking for the one's who did it.

Flicking my cherry red lighter  
taking a nice COOOL hit  
Missing you a little  
scraming to my self, solitude is king,  
being stoned is queen.  
The waters never tasted more pure and it's all because you left.

So tell me  
who will you screw?

matt fromm

## Wild Love

The love is wild  
And Sweet my man  
You see when it gets too rough  
See I just stuff  
That pillow right over her face  
So she can't talk or breathe  
And she does the same  
For me when I eat  
The rest of her cereal  
And as always I get shit  
For stuffin that  
Black, Brick heavy 45  
Between her ribs  
Just to see how she'd react  
But, I usually get her back  
When I mention the time  
She put wet cat food  
On my pubes and let  
The cat eat it off.  
Usually, but not always.

matt fromm

## Wild Love 2

She doesn't seem to mind the mistresses,  
but when I roll up my pant leg and slip a spike into my ankle  
so's I can nod off at the dinner table  
she tends to frown a bit.

Still, I don't care one bit for the old  
coffee to genital wake up calls.  
can't blame her too much though. after all,  
I did use a candle she lit under the virgin mary to fire up a cigar.  
but it still didn't give her the right to leave me in that place in tijuana  
for 2 days...she knows what place.

She's trying to call right now and I'm not answering.  
'that's right babe, we are closed for business.'  
Breaking every dish in the house like Coppolla's niece in part 1  
how come I'm the one crying and waving a butcher's knife?

I can't let her know I'm here.  
If I have to stay here all day I will.

She could be parked around the corner  
just waiting.  
She's diabolical enough to do it.  
She'd kill me if she knew what I was doing in here.

Is that her?

No, not her.

Just text'd her 'love you'  
she'll appreciate that.

Is that her?

No, not her.

matt fromm

## **Yeah, it's amazing**

Wow I've never been here before.  
I'm standing some place great.  
I can slip it in deep as deep as I want.  
I can leave this foul place yet,  
Still walk among the manicans  
In total non-chalance.  
Completely unaffected by the ice cold  
Stares that surround me.  
I'm higher then I've ever been.  
I make friends with the sun.  
I can do anything.

matt fromm

## Your Place In the Pages

When I'm searching for a midnight surprise  
I stop and wonder how you could ever be mine again.  
When I'm burning all the memories of you  
And I do so by taking giant lingering breathes  
I stop and look around  
I think what would you think of me in this state.  
Would you still love me?  
Would you still give a damn?  
Would you lick the beads of sweat cascading down my back?  
I know you wouldn't.  
Still, I never saw the connection.  
All your love  
All your fire  
Both your healing hands that compliment your healing eyes.  
You made me feel like they were mine...  
And they weren't.  
How could you love me?  
Oh darling if the fruits gone bad you know what to do with it.  
Healing woman listen to the prophecy I scream in my sleep.  
Though we were alike  
I was killing your magic  
If you were there to watch your angel hit the pavement you'd simply say 'he was  
damaged goods to begin with'  
Maybe now you'll fade away  
Cause when the smoke begins to fill my lungs  
And 2 tears like bleach  
one for me and one for you  
Go making their way down my face  
I drag my tongue across the blades crimson soaked edge  
After you yanked it from my ribcage... and it tastes good  
A hurricane  
Kaleidoscope in color  
Rushes through my mind  
Demolishing everything in sight that you and I built  
The heavenly atomic blast I created  
Leaves nothing but a shadow  
Of what we use to be  
And I guess I'll grab some more  
Of this off getting shit  
Torch the holiness out of it  
And me  
I'll burn another  
And another  
Until I cough blood  
Laughing Hysterically  
As I imagine what you'd think of me now  
Not caring either way  
I say you can go take a fuckin walk  
And then I burn some more  
I'm afflicted  
I'm addicted  
I'm affected

I'm not the same person who made you fluffy eggs for breakfast...  
And I never will be  
So enjoy your place in the pages.

matt fromm

**you're still in the bathroom? !**

I rolled a good one.  
Slow burn, though, mighty harsh.  
    Good components this stuff.  
I don't feel weak, I feel like Mighty Mouse.  
I don't feel scared, I feel like George Carlin  
    Someone, maybe God, can guide my pen.  
I hope I don't scare you

matt fromm