

Poetry Series

matt fromm
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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

Are You Alright

this is the last day i'll be alive
the lady at the liquor store asked if I was gonna be alright
she is old
tired.
tired of me.
tired of my money.
tired of my tired face.
tired of my money.
she wants to know if I can make myself well.
if I can make myself whole again.
she wants to know if I have a home. for she is not ok with seeing me day in and
day out.
she wants me dead.
she wants me alive.
she wants me gone. but then again...
she....

matt fromm

Bite By Bit

its all for nothing
for 31 years I lived in the church.
they kept me there.
no way can they let my kind out into the wild.
they know that's where I belong.
they know I need to feed.
they already have my red grave waiting for me.
they just don't want me near their loved ones.
or their despised ones.
what charm do my fangs really bring?
what rotten fruit do I truly bare
what women have I not seduced
I am unhuman. I am in humane.
I may be insane.
don't let me go.
there is still so much more I have to do

matt fromm

Blow Out The Candles

now its a party, yesterdays revisited cant get drunk no more.
cant find my old buddies who were never really my frineds.
but still., .
reckless abandon in the night.
nice resteraunts
then a can of beans.
ice cold.
winter in spring
father mutters about hair cuts and working for his wife.
pretend to decieve.
looking to retrieve.
even the government cant relieve.
now its music, genreless but still great of course.
hot thunder all through out the bar
sweat.
wondering how many more people will step on my italian shoes as i hold up the
just digging on tunes.

sweet dreams later on, the studio elders inform me that the secret is glorious.
they open there mouths and part the cosmic rays that dazzle and confuse.
i wake up, see the sun, shut my eyes, then re open.
clouds again.
no longer confused, but still perplexed.
cant explain.
31 years old.
whats gonna happen?

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 coooly 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

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 incandescent 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 colleagues
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 coool i fear nothing.
i follow the snake anywhere.

matt fromm

Crest

Everything has to be whit
polished
neet
to hell with dirt.
its all digital now anyway.
die, lie, cry
so long as its white, right?
the machine tells us we suck.
and the humans are no better
and the mail man still wonders why he delivers us our super saver coupons.
there isno hope.
there is no life.
maybe there is life in unhope.
maybe there is still maybe.
I wonder about the future

matt fromm

Cutting

Fall out. to hell with the line. they need you so bad. but you dont need them. you dont need it. you dont need nothin. do you?

she may be an old woman, but you owe it to your self and you city to barge in front of her. to knock her groceries out of her hand. to say the dreaded c word right to her face. let her know you were there. let them know that lines dont aply to you. let your self know you. cut them off. flip them off. but dont forget to smile and wave afterwards. they'll always forgive you. they'll always let it go. dont fear the reaper.

dont fear the father. dont be afraid to sleep with the mother. even if she is your own.

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 smilling 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

Dig It

Vanessa was too tough
lani didn't count
cristal was weak.
so what am I?
the king of blah blah.
yes.
so worthless
so important
so little.
yes
I write.
so?
la unified did me good.
Northridge did me good.
l.a. riots did me good.
9 eleven.
well...
when the beer is gone and sluts are dried up who the hell will be in my room? my
pillow, hopefully.
my body maybe.
my sanity... well...
no more fist fights.
I've had mine.
give me Beethoven, man.
give me a 25 hour day bro.
give me the the ex who dosnt like to be called bro.
give me my tm give me... well... just give me.
now. I need I need.
oh shoot me
no wait. don't.
I got more meditation to get through with.
here we go.
oh ji ran ja.
ran ja ja ran
good, now

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 fiendeshly 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

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

Flame On

if you really want it in this life
burn everything else
this may mean your job
your girlfriend
your wife
your friends
maybe even your mother
if you really need it in this life
torch the lot of em
this could mean changing your appearance
your name
your address
or even your brain
if really cant live without it
throw gasoline on the rest
set ablaze last year
the year before
and especially
your life story
and you'll do it
after all; what else do you have and I mean really have other than right now?
i'll tell you one thing;
unless you can love, cherish, and embrace this second of your life;
you might as well set fire to that too.

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

Gas

feet are too wet. hands are too cold. cant remember the lyrics to the anthem.
sick in the head. sick in the gut. listening to more saleiri than mozart. wondering
what the hell is going on. i sat on a bus bench the other night. a white car with
tinted windows rolled up. it stayed there for a few minutes. then it drove away. i
keep thinking about moving out of l.a. but where the hell am i gonna go?

matt fromm

Gettin Soft

No time.

too much time. just enough experience to go absolutely berserk.

I have had enough time and done enough time to make anybody weep.

my seed spread all through out the land.

my bar days. whore days, actor days reduced to nothing.

all that experience.

all that torture

all the endurance reduced to nothingness.

the other day a nice young black women who works security at the coffee shop I frequent informed me that that she sees me rounding the corner every day to get my coffee. she said she can predict my every movement.

she said it was a good thing.

I I don't know.

now I have to see if that truck out side my house which isn't really mine; is gonna tow my car.

why would they do that? maybe its because I am there. because my car is there. shit; I think I better grab my baseball bat.

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

Growin Up

Aint gonna keep me down.
my damn lip swings that rip
livin near a crib growin up around the block from a blood
where were you son?
where were you?

'hey good luck buddy boy'
that's what you said

'hey fella, why do you have long long hair? '

that's what you said

'what are you a head banger'
'nah he look like a surfer'

bitch I don't even go to the beach

'maybe you should.'
'yeah go to the beach cuz, get swallowed up by them waves cuz.'
'yeah. just die already.'

no thank you sir.

not yet.
I aint goin no where.

matt fromm

Here

too many thoughts
too many doubts too many too many too many my god when does it end. it wont
but if it did... would it matter.
does anything matter.
of course it doesn't.
i'de like to write about the birds outside.
i'de like to write about the this and tha or about whats happening
but I don't know whats happening
is anything happening?
are we in hell yet?
is this death? and if so... when did it all happen.
I bet it was last year when the meteor hit.

matt fromm

Hey Popio

you

he

I

We

we in the musky night by the peace pond.

where we can dig

grove

move

fish

find

i will ask questions.

i will take great advantage of these gifts of great goodness.

my changing skin

my morphin power.

i may however forget my watch from time to time.

i may lose my grip.

i will vow to always listen.

can we go yet?

what do you mean no?

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 enterance 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

Hugs For Hitler

We're only happy when we're dying. and we're all dying. the man on the pulpit needs your support. why would you even think of an assasination? why would it even occur to you to challenge him (or her) . clearly this individual has deeply rooted personal issues. have we all but forgotten the art of compasion? this one upsmanship thing we do needs to go away. its a detriment. that dude wants us dead. so i want him dead. dont see that murder only leads to certain death? we look for things to hate. our teachers have taught us that hatred, bigotry, unkindnessness :) is essential to our feeble human condition. not true. conflict and crisis do in fact keep us going as a species but for gods sake, its simply not that fun. being full of 'it' will most certainly weigh you down. and it will kill you (us) .

so when it comes to those jack booted lads who wish to destroy you... offer a nice hug. dont fight em. slide a flower into the nearest orifice you can find and say 'have a nice day'.

do it!

and you just might avoid taking that trip to a lovely camp where your dignity, life, essence gets ripped from your loins and incinerated.

common sense, right?

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 exile 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.
Vengeance is mine and only mine.
To be spit on no more.
No more.
No more.

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

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 anymore.
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

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

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

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 More Cristals

Waking up in the great oblivion.
wanting everything and remembering more
talking about taking hold of the world
only taking hold of my balls
hanging up the bat man cape while reaching for the factory uniform letting go of
today thinking of tomorrow
clinging to yesterday
I understand why the birds sing
but its something I simply can no longer do.

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 thats Siouxi Sioux,
That 'spellbound' song?
Fantastic.
Oh how fantastic.
Lets face it...I hot box in here.
No one can find me in here
Or no one want's 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

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?
Hmmmmmm.
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

Out In The Woods

I'm no longer strong
the fine line between pity and confusion can drive a person nuts.
there she is, worrying about me.
why? she never truly loved me or even liked me.
and why would she? she has money to spend and dudes to date.
she must know by now that she could do better than me or god forbid that thing
she was married to.
she wondered about the connection.
she taught me everything I know about nature and the connections we all have
yet she still doesn't get it.
lasik eye surgery still cant cure her blindness.
maybe she should've kept the specs
or maybe I'm totally delusional
maybe I am her curse and not the other way around.
what ever the hell is going on with me... I wish it would stop.
she gave me a firm pat on the behind like the animal I am and set me free into
the wilderness.
the very place where I always dreamed we'd be
alone
together.
but that was simply a fantasy she got me hip to.
an unobtainable reality.
she never loved me.
she never wanted to love me.
the poor spoiled rich kid just wanted to feel dirty for a little while so she called
me
gave me an ample sample of love simply to show me what I could never have.
what I truly didn't deserve and never will
I am her joke
I am her novelty desperate to make it back on the shelf for public viewing
she wants me to suffer.
fine.
I've been with far worse who have treated me much better.
out here with only the moonlight and the trees older than me shielding me from
the awfulness of loving her.... I am comfortable.
I am alone and free to howl with the fires of hell at my command.
I know my place.
I know my strengths
I will always defend the weak

if she needs me
she knows where to find me.

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

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

Poems Start With P

no one seems to get it.
my fingers crawl across this thing
I bleed on it spit on it sleep with it.
its the only thing that matters.
devotion to of all tings
(the written word) seems useless to most
the most are probably right but to be wrong in a world so right is to be perfect at
least in my humble opinion.
I have gotten jobs
gotten laid
gotten stoned gotten sober
gotten everything for being wrong.
clearly I did something right.
goodnight.

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

Sensitivity Training

i'm thinking of applying for a job at a pickle factory.
isn't that what I am suppose to do?
salty goodness that everyone seems to despise.
factory workers in l.a. nothing more than excuse to mureder myself.
isn't that what they want?
Christ.
is everyone sober?
what happened?
robots rule my world
and you.
what do you do?
you lay down and take it up the ass by the machine.
flip them
flip them, and let them burn
watch them burn
warm your selves
oh wait
you would rather warm your lean cuisines and watch the fucking voice.
you would rather not feel feelings.
I can show you how to sharpen tree branches into stabbing weapons.
but you don't want that.
no!
you would rather beg your crucifix sporting prescription writing mad man for
another dose of euthanasia.
go ahead.
you could follow me and learn to hunt with the hunted
but why do that?
you got neil Patrick harris over acting on fucking TiVo.
why miss out on modern reality lies.
god bless the red white and...

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

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

Swell

she said if my fuse box blows; i should call her. she said i have people. he said he's trying to start a business. he also said he doesnt have bodies buried in his backyard. i went home and listened to hank the third. i felt a little better

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

The Last Jerk Off

i'm still here.

the birds still sing

mr. Erickson still sings

my heart does what it does.

for what reason, I have no idea.

California love was just something somebody sang a while back.

freedom, liberty, joy, tenderness was just something scribbled on a piece of
paper years back.

delusion.

how about manifestation?

what happened to the hipsters who came here only a few years ago trying to rev
everyone up?

they're in Oregon now.

they gouged us properly.

now they're gone.

bye, bye sweet cheerleaders.

we will miss you.

do you even remember us?

matt fromm

The Triad

Maybe they're right
maybe I don't get out enough.
I have thought of offing myself but to no avail.
just another slave to gramaatical correctness and lighthouse rule.
I am going to burn in hell.
least its warm.
god what I wouldn't give to have a bit of warmth.
but cold smokey haze filled with yo-yo bliss is what I signed on for.
multiples of 3 is what I signed on for.
dying a slow impoverished death filled with non tax paying epicurean delight is
what I signed on for.
unwept.
pathetic.
lonely
I signed the contract.
shoot me..
I beg you.
shit I must be drunk

matt fromm

The Urge

cant go to the movies anymore with your life being threatened. cant sit with a friend without having to hear the pitch afterwards.

cant wish an ex girlfriend happy birthday with getting a 'nice to hear from you'

cant be a human without being a zombie.

for all the hell i've spent in this cell; i cant resist the urge to be heard, loved, hated, killed. i'm hooked. pretty obvious.

matt fromm

These Days

When the tecate aint going down so well
when the memories of yesterdays b.s. aint going down so well
when the 12 steps, and relatives and former friends who don't return your phone
calls and everything else. fuckin irs
aint goin down so well. what to do?
universe?
learn to speak Spanglish?
learn to learn?
to hell with that.
lets think instead about sensitivity training.
lets think instead about the flies who like us.
lets think about our vanity
out ego
our drunkensess
and maybe utopia.
why wont someone just beat the shit out of me in my sleep.
oh yeah.
i'm a mammas boy and a fraud. I have special training.
training they don't teach to th secret service. scared to death they are.
or perhaps their just selfish.
I can relate

matt fromm

Thieves Of Night

can you feel me deep inside you, baby?
am I taking your pain away?
there we are; over looking the canyon

a house that isn't ours
but feels like home

the clothed drivers miles below
racing against time while you, my love, and I soar beyond the night sky were no
one will hurt us ever again.

our shadows dancing against the walls of our warm, pale, moonlit room.

I can feel your flow, my insatiable lover.
flow for me, baby.
better still; lets flow together
let me take you there.

my tears cascade down your soft, porcelain breast as your nails across my back
let the world know I belong to you.
gazing at you with werewolf eyes, I have no choice but to go further in you,
making you mine forever.

the crimson soaked sheets covering my back will always be stained with the
blood you drew.
ravens claws on an angel
I want some more.

can you feel me?
can you hear the coyotes howl?
can you hear the swift hush of the ocean breeze rushing through the canyon
singing for us not to commit the sin of never colliding in the dark again?

can you hear my call?
can you feel me looking at you?
do you feel my eyes tracing your body?
can you feel me deep inside you, baby?

our blue eyes will meet in the dark again

our night's still here.
lets take it.

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

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 reality 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

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

What The Hell.

Don't you wish?

I do.

I wish the fog would clear up.

I wish the forums to be real, creative, honest would just appear.

the veins in my body, the poems in me head the lust for life, love, poverty
sobriety everything else would just appear and make life more beautiful.

it has in some way. but death still stalks

still mocks.

I think of beautiful things like anything besides my self.

I am not beautiful

I am not ugly.

I don't even really exist.

none of this is real

did I spoil the ending for you?

am I skimming the surface?

course not. now its time to die.

matt fromm

Whats Up, Sir

Him

'dude i'm still kinda... you know'

me

'bro its cool'

him

'cause that night we came over...'

me

'bro its cool'

him

'i'm still kinda... you know... traumatized. I mean not traumatized.
, but...'

me

'bro its cool.'

him

'so we are cool right? '

me

'we are.'

him

'cool.'

matt fromm

Where To?

The best in line for the slaughter are those who don't participate. Those with health insurance are prime candidates for eternal life.

The man with no family will one day be hailed as a hero.

The actor with no headshots, the farmer with no shovel, the head without a brain just might one day become president.

We cant stop the invasion of bug eyed mutants who thin their peevish poindextorous ways are funny or innovative. Best we can do is pray for a large asteroid or title wave or earthquake or some thing. Anything.

Anything that keeps us from turning our trollish selves into name tag jockeys and 8 hour a day mindless bottomfeeding shell dwellers.

I hope our death is an exciting one.

I know it will be.

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

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