

Poetry Series

Matthew Bresette

- poems -

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Matthew Bresette()

A Name That No One Knows

A name that no one knows
A name that no one thinks
What is that name?
Does anyone know?
Is there even such a name that
no one knows?
Have they found
them all?
Have they?
?

Matthew Bresette

A Place

I am not here
I am not there
If I am not here and there
Then where am I
I guess...I am nowhere
A place between places
Where is this place?
A place between places

A place no one can go
A place no one wants to go
Is it a place where everyone is happy?
Is it a place where everyone is sad?
The place is neither happy nor sad
It's a place where nothing happens at any given time
A place that is between hitting someone out of anger
A place that is between saying something out of love

A place where a person doesn't have to write but has too
A place where a person wants to write to show other people what they wrote
A place where eyes tell everything
A place where a face tells nothing
I am not here
I am not there
Where am I?

Matthew Bresette

A Poem Of Betrayal

As I write, I begin to cry
cry because of her
cry because I've been hurt

I've been broken
mentally

no words can fix what is broken
nor actions

what is done is done
the damage has been done

I've been betrayed
by the one I used to love most

but not anymore
things have changed
things that can't be undone

I never hurt her
never laid a hand against her

even though she abused me
slapping, hitting, causing me Pain

and yet
through all that

I never laid a hand on her
how could she do that to me?

hurt me
even though I wouldn't hit her back

I have been betrayed
by the one I love most

she cannot repair with what she has already done

it is already come and gone
for her to say, "I'm Sorry"

the Pain that I have experienced
is still happening to me
mentally

I gave her my trust and love
time and time again

and look what happened! !
just more Pain and the feeling of betrayal
love has vanished from my eyes
and has been replaced with hate

no words can describe what I feel
it is not love, nor is it hate
it is something in between

I told you to hang up the phone
why didn't you listen?

you would have saved me some tears

instead
you made me do what dad told me to do

hang up the phone
he says
the next time she is on
hang up
he said

he told me what I needed to do
if I knew what I know now
I wouldn't have did what I did

I didn't want to do it
honestly
but I had to obey

so I did

what I did

she wanted me to move
so she could talk on the phone

I wouldn't listen
if only I listened to her
she would still be here

I was sitting in the chair
and would not move

so she sat on the desk
with me in the chair

I just sat there
and didn't move

If I knew what I know now
I would have moved

I debate
whether to listen to dad or to her

I choose the one with more authority
I hang up the phone

she is o' so mad
at me

what have you done?
she says
you stupid idiot

she says to leave her alone
I disobey and follow my orders
that I obey against my will

she calls HIM back
and it begins again
as if this is the first time

hang up the phone
he says
the next time she is on
hang up
he said

I heard his words again
in my head

I obey
and unplug the phone

she is o' so mad
what have I done?

she pushes me away
I go back

If I knew now what I know
I would have left
It would have saved me some tears

tears that are falling
falling

I go back to where I was
If I would go back, I would have stayed
it would have saved me some tears

she started to raise her hand
and then
she slapped me across the back of the head

o' so hard
harder than ever before

how could she
how could she do that to me?

I wouldn't have harmed her in any way
yet she hurt me
mentally

this time
she meant it

it's not like the other times
when she was smiling

this time she wasn't smiling
she was mad

no laughter in any way
I could find nothing but anger
such anger

I started to cry
my eyes started to water

I left before she could have the
satisfaction of having made me cry

about time
she said

oblivious to my eyes

I walk calmly to the bathroom
I could barely do it
could barely see

I started to weep
silently

no sound came from my lips
they were suppressed

how could she?
why did she slap me?

I wouldn't have hurt her
honestly

I couldn't lay a hand on her

not because she was my sister
not because she was a girl

it was something much deeper
it was me

I wouldn't, couldn't do it
without hurting me as well

fifteen minutes
later

I ask him, my brother
where his cell phone is

ten minutes later
after figuring out how to use it

I call mom
at work

leave her alone
she says
I'll deal with her when I get home
she said

I obey her as well
and leave her alone

she stays on the phone
laughing and talking
oblivious to what she has just put me through

Later,
when the parents are home
I tell them
even though I'm about to cry again

they tell me that I can leave
so I leave, and cry alone
where no one can see me

the next day
she didn't ride the bus home

instead she gets home by her
fiancée's uncles

mom calls a friend
for moral supports

few words are spoken

take what is yours
mom says
once you leave your not coming to get anything you've forgotten
she said

has a trash bag full of belongings
the rest is left behind

she gets back in the truck and leaves
without saying good-bye

I go through her trash and find scraps of paper written in her hand
"I hate my family"

the last time I ever saw her
on our property
was her riding in a white pickup
truck that belonged to her fiancée's uncle

I saw them at school
a week later
kissing

I am filled with rage
more at him than at her

got married a little while after that
I wasn't even invited to my own sister's wedding
didn't even tell me

no family was invited

didn't even tell us

one of her friends did

mom called the court house to make
sure she wasn't lying

she was telling the truth
for once

dropped out of school
even though less than half a semester
remained

no education, no G.E.D.
but has a child

Kaylie Nicole
she can say "hi" now

I am filled with joy
and happiness for her

but at the same time I feel
sorry for her

I know how she will be raised
she will just be like her mom and DAD

unless they are willing to change
if they haven't already done so

to this day
I have barely spoken with her

I can't
there is a barrier between me and her

neither one tried to break it
so it stays
and gets stronger each and every
day that

passes

If I knew not what I know now
I wouldn't have obeyed dad

I would have got up and left
and she would still be here

but I obeyed dad
and she left because of it

Matthew Bresette

Alone

I sit on my little rock all alone and watch the people pass by
They don't see me so I just sit here and watch
Someone is walking this way maybe they see me
They stop I say hi they didn't seem to hear I try again
They look at me I think they see me this time
Then they walk away guess I was wrong they
Just looked through this time like the other times
So I'll just sit on my little rock alone.

I am sitting on my little rock all alone and seeing people pass me by
They don't see me or look in my direction so I just sit here and wait for
someone to see me
Someone is walking in my direction maybe they see me
They stop a few inches from my face and I say hi they didn't seem to hear
me so I try again louder I say but they still don't hear me
They walk away without looking back guess I was wrong maybe next time
they will see me
Just looked through this time like all the other times
So I'll just sit on my little rock alone once again.

I pull my legs into my chest and burrow my head into them
I begin to cry the tears are flowing down my cheeks they just won't quit
I try to quit I start rubbing them dry but before I put my hands to where
they were it's time to wipe them again
So I just let them flow...flowing down my cheeks
Someone is approaching me but I don't care...they won't see me...they never
do
I ignore him like all the rest and I let my tears flow effortlessly down
my cheeks
He says hi but I can't hear him...I am drowning out his calls by my
sobbing...screaming he is...I still can't hear him...I won't hear him
He wants to talk to me...to wipe the tears off of my face...to pull the hair
off of my face
He sits down on his little rock across from mine and he waits for her to
look up and stop crying so that he can wipe the tears and pull back my
hair
She doesn't realize the person she has been waiting for so long is right
in front of her if only she would look up and see him
I can't stop crying...I've been holding them back for so long...crying so
loud
All I see is glistening white water everywhere on my face

She has been crying for so long...is she ever going to subside her crying
They are both waiting...waiting to stop crying...waiting for her to look up
to notice a person who has finally noticed her

Matthew Bresette

Climbing

I

Climbing a mountain...alone...no one beside you to watch you fall. In the middle you stop and look down...looking down...seeing everything for miles on end...you are in love you realize...in love with the view...without looking up...beginning to climb up, up, and up...all without looking to where you are climbing...hooked on the view...looking at the view is all you think of. Looking up...noticing that you are at a dead end...no backtracking...forwards, backwards, sideways, or any type of side you can think of...stuck...where to go you wonder...nowhere...you are stuck...yelling at the top of your lungs...freezing in mid yell...noticing for the first time that there is no settlements or even a village to answer your helpless call...seeing none...waiting...waiting...waiting for what...you know not...yet you are waiting...limbs are getting tired...debating to let go...deciding not to...hungry...food in the backpack...daring not to go fetch it. For once you have time to think...drawing conclusions...none are relevant to your predicament at this time...deciding to look down...seeing nothing...again...strength in limbs are fading...fading...gone...starting to fall...silently...dead...no more life in the limbs...back on the same spot...again...limbs stop working...falling...falling...dead...fifth...sixth...seventh time you let go...not waiting for your limbs to fail...not wanting to die another time...waking up...finding it was some horrible dream...drenched, soaking wet...looking up from the base of the mountain...seeing a spot that looks familiar...looking around...seeing no one but yourself...starting to climb...having second thoughts...stop climbing...climbing down...fast...losing your footing...falling...falling...silently...hitting the ground...gasping for air...getting up...packing...leaving...can't wait to get away...can't wait to go home...to a civilized place. Another time...same place...same thing...different person...same dream...same result

II

Climbing a mountain...alone

Base...looking up...seeing your trail...waiting...gaining the courage to begin climbing...each day...same place...same decision...next day...same thing...next day...

same thing...fifth day...same decision...seventh day...enough is enough
Climbing...up, up, and up...middle...looking down...freeze...can't move...petrified...hanging on...four...five...six hours...letting go at seven...falling...falling...ground...dying...dying...nothing can save you...well...something can save you...spiritually...not a dream

Dying...losing oxygen...suffocating...broken ribs...punctured heart...coughing up blood...blackness everywhere...fading light...last breath...hurts so badly...blood

all around...nothing but blackness...dead...dead as a doornail...no one saw you climb...fall...die...no cares if you die...no one misses you...wouldn't let them...if only you let them...if only you let them...

Matthew Bresette

Constant Pain

You don't know what it's like to have Pain, every time you take a breath or even breathe.

You don't know what it's like to have to hold your breathe each time the bus turns a curve

You don't know what it's like when you're standing and you have to move but you don't want to because you will be in Pain

You don't know what it's like to get up and know that you are going to be in Pain most of the day

You don't know what it's like for your heart to beat fast as if you just ran a mile even though you only walked a few feet

You don't know what it's like to be in never ending Pain

You don't know what it's like to sit and be in Pain

You don't know what it's like to not want to walk because with each step it will make your hip hurt

You don't know what it's like to sit on your bed and wait for your heart to beat normally

You don't know what it's like to have Pain in your arm that is writing this

You don't know what it's like to wait for the Pain to stop

You don't know that it's like to see your hand move because something inside your chest is beating way above normal

You just don't know what it's like

You don't know what it's like to not want to sleep

You don't know what it's like to experience Pain every time your back his straight

You don't know what it's like to have my Pain

You will never know what it's like to have my Pain

You will never know and you will never try

My Pain is my Pain, no one else's

It is my burden to bear. I bear it alone. I will bear it alone till I change my mind

It's not anytime soon. I'm sorry.

You don't know what it like for something to bleed on your hand when you don't know how you got it to bleed

You don't know what it's like to not want to take a deep breathe because if you do, you will just be in Pain and sometimes, you just can't help it

Matthew Bresette

Darkness Is My Friend

The sun is creeping out, everybody is rejoicing but me
darkness turns to brightness before everybody's eyes but mine

the sun is rejoicing
the moon is weeping
the stars are sobbing, wishing a person would wish them back

a storm is brewing, everybody is disappointed but me
brightness turns to darkness once more

the sun is weeping
the moon is rejoicing
the stars are overjoyed, a person wished them back

the storm is here, everybody is dissatisfied but me
darkness turns to darkness forever more

a storm is crashing
lightning is flashing
clouds are rumbling

everybody is frightened but me
darkness stays in darkness for a little while longer

a storm is fading
lightning is crying
the clouds are silenced once more

everybody is rejoicing but me
darkness turns to brightness once again

the sun is rejoicing
the moon is weeping
the stars are sobbing, wishing a person would wish them back

Matthew Bresette

Day By Day

Day by day, we see each other
Day by day we don't tell each other how we feel

Day by day the days go by
Day by day the nights go by

Day by day they speak as if there is always tomorrow
Day by day this goes on

Day by day they each grow older
Day by day they grow wiser

Day by day they go to school
Day by day they graduate

Day by day they both keep what they want the other to hear—to themselves
Day by day each is waiting for the other to say it

Day by day they never say what they feel in their heart to say
Day by day they start to split apart by the things they don't say

Day by day they go to college in separate states
Day by day they write to each other

Day by day they don't write what they feel
Day by day they are again split apart by what they feel in the heart but refuse to say until the other one says it first

Day by day they stop talking
Day by day they stop writing

Day by day they never talk again
Day by day they never speak again

Day by day life goes on
Day by day they live another day

Day by day they don't speak of what they want to say to each other
Day by day they keep it inside

Day by day they grow older
Day by day they each grow a little wiser

Day by day they each get married but not to each other
Day by day they live their lives—apart from the ones that they love

Day by day they grow gray hairs
Day by day they raise their separate children

Day by day they spend their lives apart
Day by day they think what might have happened if they might have spoken what they felt in their heart to speak to the other

Day by day they grow older
Day by day they grow a little bit weaker

Day by day they count their days until they pass away
Day by day they look for each other

Day by day they tell they find each other
Day by day they tell each other they have always wanted to tell each other

Day by day they tell their wife or their husband what they meant to each other
Day by day they tell their children their story about their lives and what they didn't say to each other before it was too late

Day by day they tell the same story to their children over the years
Day by day each of their children from two different families learn the same lesson

Day by day do not wait for the other one to speak first
Day by day you learn the lesson that You must be the first one to speak

Day by day each one is still faithful to their married one
Day by day they grow closer once again and keep their distance

Day by day they begin counting their days until one of them die
Day by day they fall ill to each other

Day by day they both go to the doctors together
Day by day they both get a fatal disease

Day by day they are given the same amount of days to live
Day by day they each make a promise to die on the same day

Day by day their promise comes closer to being fulfilled
Day by day they tell each other everything that they learn the lesson that their children learned—be the first one to say what you feel

Day by day their promise is reached
Day by day one dies and the other dies with them holding hands till the end

Day by day the people who did not know them say they had an affair together
Day by day the people who knew them say they loved their spouses deeply and was always faithful to their different spouses

Day by day their funeral comes together
Day by day they are buried together with the same tombstone

Day by day the flowers are always there—always new and refreshed
Day by day their inscription they had engraved on their tombstone—be the first person to say what you feel in your heart, do not wait, speak first
Day by day their children's children are buried around those two people who were completely faithful not to each other by to the person to whom they married

Day by day their tombstones grow older and cracked
Day by day their lesson is learned by all generations who visit their grave

Day by day they become legend
Day by day their lesson is still being learned

Day by day their story will always be told by the ones who are remembered by the people who have learned their lesson from their mistake of not being the first to tell the other

Day by day they speak to each other in Heaven watching countless amounts of people learn the lesson that they had help teach each of their children

Day by day they watch as others learn from their mistake and are the first one to tell the person what they feel in their heart
Day by day they watch and are always happy watching the people learn the lesson that they have learned and taught to the younger generation

Day by day their lesson lives on through the people that have followed their lesson to the end

Day by day they teach their lesson that they have been taught to their children

Day by day their lesson lives on as do they as long there is a place in their hearts
Day by day they will always have a place in their hearts as the generations hear their story

Day by day the lesson lives on.

June 2008

Matthew Bresette

Death

Death

What is the definition of Death?

Death is when a plane crashes into a desert with no one around you see you crash

Death is when you crash your car into a ditch knowing that you are going to die alone with no one to hear your last dying words

Death is when you are on a bicycle on the side of the road and a drunk driver crashes into you leaving you mangled on the side of the road with no one around to see that you are all right

Death is when you are walking along side of the road in broad daylight when a vehicle hits you and leaves you for dead

Death is when you are running in a race with everyone behind you and you fall landing on your face knowing that you have to get back up before they will trample you death

What is the definition of Death?

Death is when you are about to die a horrible slow death alone with no one to comfort you in the last moments of your life

Death is when you are old and you are in the hospital alone by yourself in a strange place hoping your family will come to see you

Death is when you are at home alone and you have a heart attack knowing that if you do not reach the telephone you will die in your own home alone

Death is when you are old and dying and you have Alzheimer's disease and if you do not get home someone will try to take your wallet and you might die because you resisted to be robbed

Death is when you have a slow terrible disease that has no known cure and you want to tell someone else besides yourself but if you do the people that you told them what you had all they did was make a funny face and run away from you

What is the definition of Death?

Death is when you see countless millions of people die every day because they have no food to eat or anything to quench their dying thirst

Death is when the head of household gives away their food to his children or his wife to eat so that they can survive while he dies of starvation while they grow stronger each day while he grows weaker each day

Death is when you starve yourself to the point of death knowing that you should eat the food that is available to you

Death is seeing the people you love and cherish most die slicing their wrists so that they do not have to face their peers at school or see

their siblings again

Death is when you see a poor human being walking by in a ragged coat and jeans that can be used as rags thinking nothing but what is he going to eat tomorrow once today's food is all gone

What is the definition of Death?

Death is when the army is shooting at other people on the T.V. while you are safe at home eating your favorite food

Death is when countless millions of people suffering because the army keeps ruining all their buildings that they used to live in

Death is when countless millions of innocent people die because they got hit by a stray bullet walking down the street ;

Death is when the army sneaks into building and opens fire only to find out later after they had killed everyone in the room that is was filled with women and children

Death is when the army bombs a village killing everyone including the men the people they wanted to kill including innocent women and children

What is the definition of Death?

Death is when you are alone in your bedroom hurting because someone hurt you and your only solution you can think of at the moment is sitting on your lap with your hand on the trigger knowing if you put the gun to your head the pain will stop but your family's pain will never stop because of what you did

Death is when you are walking down an alley with cash in your pocket and a person comes along with a loaded gun in their hand and wants some money knowing that if you do not give him the money he will shoot you and leave you her until you die alone in a dark alley with no one around to hear your dying words

Death is when you are cashing a check that you feel that you have earned from a good paying job when someone comes in with a gun in one hand and a bag in the other telling you to put everything in it that you own knowing if you do not comply he will shoot you

Death is when a person you love is dying and they ask you to shoot them so that they do not have to suffer any longer knowing if you do not shoot that person then you will disgrace his memory because you did not honor his final wish of you

Death is when you are desperate for some money so that you can eat tomorrow and you rob a bank so that you will have food tomorrow but you go to jail instead

What is the definition of Death?

Death is also one word that can send people crying their heart out. Why do people cry when they hear about Death? They cry because someone they are close to die and they did not say goodbye to them or did not even say

that they love them before they passed away from this Earth. Death is unavoidable. Why do people run from it when they know it is pointless to run away from it? The people that are running away from it spend countless millions of dollars for research so they can postpone the day of their Judgment. If they succeeded in postponing Death then everyone will want to have for themselves because they do not want to die yet. If everyone gets hold of it then the population of this Earth will no longer be contained. If people will not die then many fathers will go hungry because they want their children may have a chance to stay alive to see another day. I know that is sad to hear but it is true. Death is also a balance of Life. Life is a delicate scale. If that scale tips a little the wrong way then Life will cease to exist as we know it.

What is the definition of Death?

Matthew Bresette

Faces

The sun has a face
The moon has a face
The stars have a face
The clouds have a face

Whose face is in the sun?
Who's face in the moon?
Whose face is in the stars?
Whose face is in the clouds?

A family member
A friend

A person you love
A person you trust
A person that has long been forgotten
Or is it even you

Are you in the sun?
Are you in the moon?
Are you in the moon?
Are you in the stars?
Are you in the clouds?

Only you can tell whose face is in the sun, moon, stars, or the clouds
Few know whose face is watching you from up above
Maybe everyone is watching over you

Watching over the ones that they care about most
Watching and waiting

Waiting to protect you in time of trouble
Waiting to help you in times of need
Waiting to be missed by loved ones
Waiting to catch you when you fall

Why are they waiting and watching
Who knows? Do they even know?

The sun has a face
The moon has a face
The stars have a face
The clouds have a face

Matthew Bresette

Fist Bump With An Angel

There was once an elderly man who used to recall his troubles of his childhood of when he was younger. A life full of the difficulties of life a person must face one time or another. As time goes by, this man forgets the life he once lived and he can't keep but wandering, where has his life gone. He can't recall where it has gone and how he had lived his life. There is one memory that he seemed to stick up beyond all of the others, it's when he was walking home from a hard day in school.

Everyone was picking at him, making fun of him, calling him names, etc... like they usually do at school so that they can have their entertainment. So, he's just taking it all as calmly as he can and he doesn't do anything to stop them or hinder them in any way. He lets them do what they do best while he does what he does best; ignore them.

Once school is out, I shoot out before anybody else and by the time the last student goes by the front door, I'm almost out of sight—where no one can see that there is tiny droplets coming from my own eyes. Their words that they have kept on drilling into me from the very first day of school have finally gotten to me and I can't help, but have tears cascading down my face.

Fifteen minutes later, the tears were finally starting to stop, finally getting a hold of myself, when all of a sudden, I look around and see that it's getting dark and I'm nowhere near where my home is. I've never seen those houses that line the street every which way. Left, right, straight, go back the way I came—which way is the way back home?

I couldn't answer—I still can't, not even sixty years later. All I knew at the time was for me to climb the tallest building and so I did and that is where my mother was, only that couldn't be right, she had died a few years before giving birth to my little sister.

"Momma, is that really you? " I asked worriedly.

"Yes, honey, it's really your ma. I've come to take you back home with me."

"But why are you here? I like it here."

"I know, that's why I'm here."

"If you know that I like it here then, why did you come? "

"I came because it would get no better than what it was today for you. Today was the best day you'll ever have after today even though all of those kids make you be their entertainment. After today, they will be even worse to you. You see, those two boys who pick on you, have had a difficult time growing up. They don't have a momma and a daddy that care about them like your daddy does. Your daddy is worried sick about you and about to call in the cops to search for you, just thought I tell you. Their momma's a drug addict and don't know much about anything anymore nowadays let alone raising two young bright little boys who are just beginning to grow up. Their daddy ain't much better than the momma, he's an abusive man who drinks, swears and who knows what else to his wife and those two little boys. The momma copes with being a drug addict and those two little boys; they cope by picking on you. To them, they are being kind to you—toughening you up so you can deal with life's troubles later on. They are doing you a favor; you know—don't ever forget that, that is of course, if you live past tonight. Tonight will be a night to remember, I can guarantee you that. Tonight, Ronald, the little boy's dad, will go a little bit too far tonight because he's really mad because some kind gentlemen told him, God bless you and you know how he gets when people talk religion to him. That gentleman is alright, a little bit shook up, but he'll live unlike the little boy's mom. It'll happen in about ten minutes from now. I've made sure that Rosalie, the boy's momma, is all duped up to where she can barely feel anything, lucky for her. You can't stop it, so don't even try. It's been too long coming and you can do nothing about it so don't even try."

"I'll try not too momma," I say with a little bit of truth mixed into it, just a little.

"Good, didn't expect anything less from you. Ronald's on his way home now, mad as ever, and waiting to vent some of that pent-up anger on his wife. You can almost see steam coming right out of his ears as he walks down the moonless streets. The little boys are home watching a little TV making fun of each other, just like they usually do, and their momma is in the bedroom, doing like she's usually does, getting high and having no care in the world especially not her two little boys who are in the next room smelling all of that smoke that's coming from that door. The dad's almost there, a few more minutes.

"Can I do something to help, something to prevent what's going to happen."

"No, I told you, you can't stop it."

"Where do they live," I asked curiously

"Up the street to the left, first house on the right"

And so, I ran. I ran away from my momma's ghost to help the momma of those two boys who picked at me at school every single day of the school year. Only, when I got to where their house was, it was already too late. There was an ambulance right outside their house with those two boys and their daddy being led with handcuffs around his wrists to a police car with child services leading the two boys to another car taking them to an orphanage near the school where they stayed until after graduation. I never saw those two boys again.

I stayed for a few minutes then went back to where my momma was waiting for me on that roof top sitting on that table waiting for me to come back.

"I told you couldn't do anything to help. So why did you leave after I told you no."

"I...I...well, I j-just w-w-wanted to help their m-m-momma, if I could." I said nervously.

"So kind, but a little wasted effort on your part." she said a little angrily."

"I'm sorry, momma. I'll try not to do it again."

"I know sweetheart, that's why I love ya."

"What happened to her momma? What happened to Rosalie? "

"Well...she died after her husband hit her one too many times to the head. Ronald made the little boys watch their daddy beat their mommy up and watch her scream. They will never be the same. But, listen to what I've got to tell you, they will take what happened tonight on you. They will make you bear their pain instead of them. You see, by picking on you, they are dealing with what they are dealing with. They are trying to escape from what they've seen and what they've heard. It'll only get worse from now on. You still sure you want to continue to live on and be picked on by those two little boys."

"Yes, I'm pretty sure I do. All year, I've always thought that they were bullies and didn't know what happened at home, but now I do and I will gladly accept them picking on me at school. I'd rather secretly try to help them deal with what happened tonight."

"So you don't want to come back with me tonight after all you're going to have to

go through with the rest of your life. Don't you want to come back with me tonight while you're still young instead of being old and wrinkly and don't know anything besides tonight?"

"Of course, I want to come back with you—someday, but tonight, is not my night. Someone already died tonight, let's not make it even number with my own death." And with that, I slowly got up from the table and slowly walked away from my only mom. But when I got to the door, I turned around.

"Hey, Mom"

"Yeah, "

"I love you"

"I know, love you too"

"And mom"

"Yes"

"How do I get home? "

"Come here"

And when I walked back to where I was, she put out her fist and said, "Put her there," and held out her fist and I when I touched my fist with hers, I was outside my door with dad outside the porch waiting for me to come home. He hadn't seen me yet and when I was about to walk, I turned around again,

"Hey, Mom"

"Yeah, hon"

"I'm sorry for what dad did to you."

"It's okay, I'm over it now and it's about time you did the same."

"Okay, I'll try and Mom, will I ever see you again"

"Soon, very soon, I'll come back when you you're ready to come with me."

"Good-bye, mom"

"Good-bye"

The next day, those two little boys were at school and they were the meanest they ever were that year to me, only this time, I knew the reason why they were doing it and I gladly accepted what they did to me without complaint and while they were doing what they did best, I held my head held high, with a smile on my face and no matter what they did, they couldn't wipe it from my face. After awhile, they finally asked me why I was smiling. I told them that I've forgiven you and walked off. They never picked on me since. What my mom said that night, changed my outlook on how I looked when people picked on me and when she did that, she gave me what I needed to change and accept what they were doing and in their view, they were teaching me to toughen up and they did. I only don't know how much they did and not even sixty years later.

"Who's that walking up my driveway," I mumbled unconsciously and the next time I blinked, my mom had returned to come take me with her.

"Are you ready?"

"I think I am, but let me look around first."

Okay, take your time; I've got all the time in the world

"I don't," I mumbled under my breath and began looking around. After a few minutes of looking around, "Okay, I'm ready."

"Come here," and put out her fist, "Put here there." □

"Good-bye," and touched her fist with mine and I went home with her for the very last time and once I did, I saw Rosalie and I put my fist out, "Put her there," I exclaimed with happiness on seeing her well and knew that I was going to be well too with my mom and Rosalie by my side.

Matthew Bresette

I Lived, I Breathed...

I lived, I breathed, I did everything that I wanted to do, I had everything I ever wanted, until I died, then everything changed.

Everything crashed from there.

I soon found out that I had no true friends.

All the friends I had, only cared about all of my possessions but not about me.

They only pretended that they cared, what they were really interested in was all the things I gave them. I gave them all they ever wanted. Our friendship was based on the things that I gave them. They were the best of friends when I had money. Now, the money is gone and what is left? Nothing. All of my so called "friends" left and never even looked back, there was nothing to hold them there. What held all of my "friends" together was money and now the money is gone, so is my fake "friends", I now see the true side of them.

I soon learned that possessions were useless once you were dead. Nothing passes through the gate of the dead except your spirit, your soul and nothing else besides those. You may try to take other things but you will not succeed. Try it, if you DARE?

Matthew Bresette

I See Darkness...

I see darkness where darkness isn't supposed to be.
Darkness in my eyes where brightness can't help to overcome
The light will try but the darkness will always be there
Darkness isn't supposed to in people's eyes when they stare into space
Darkness vs. Light, who will win
Are they so evenly matched, that neither shall overpower the other. Will
the match be a tie. Each trying to overcome and make the other bow in
front of the other. To make the other beg for mercy in their great fight
for victory
the Sun vs. the Moon, who will win
Each side is as strong as the other. Each day the sun shines it
brightness upon the land and each night the moon takes over the light and
prevails with darkness. During the day the sun wins the fight and each
night the moon finally defeats the sun and each day and night they both
fight and both in time defeat the other.

Matthew Bresette

I Try Not To Cry, Mom

I try not to cry mom
I try not to cry, mom but it's so hard
They just won't stop. Who caused this, you ask?
I did. I said something I shouldn't have said
What did you say, you ask? I wish I knew
Everything came out before I could register what I was saying
He hurt me, worse than ever before
I am writing this after he beat me unconscious on the floor
He just left me where I was. Didn't move me at all.
Just left me. I had to pick myself up. I could barely do it
As I look down, I notice there is blood on the floor.
I grab a mop and start mopping up the blood that has spilled from my
broken body.
I start to cry again and stop mopping up my blood.
They just want to stop so I just let them flow...flowing down my cheeks
Eventually they quit and my face starts to dry
I don't want to face him again but I know I have to or he will beat me
harder than last time
I start walking...walking towards my death and I start to wonder how I escaped
death for so long
I feel that with each step, a piece of me is going with it. I do not hold
those pieces back. I imagine that those pieces are like jigsaw pieces
floating in the air. I hold out my hand and a piece falls into my hand
and I shove it away as far as I could. I also imagine that piece is me
fleeing for my sorry life but those pieces is not me as I start back into
reality and watch the pictures pass me by. I start to remember all those
times, happy times, when the both of us were happy, before he became an
abusive husband. I try to remember those times, times before the abuse
started. It's been too long for me to remember them. Again, I imagine
those times that we were both happy. Now I start to wonder if those times
ever existed. I just made up those images to keep myself and remain
happy. Those images from my past never existed and I just made them up. I
now realize upon looking back into my past, how perfect those images
were. Perfect enough for me to believe them. I now stood outside his
bedroom door and I prepare myself for more beatings from him. I wonder if
this one might knock me unconscious forever. Never opening my eyes ever
again. I raise my hand to knock, gently at first, then harder. I imagine
that he is the door and I am him. Once I am him I realize the power that
it gives me and I realize the exhilarating power that consists in it. I

also realize why he beats me the way that he does. The overwhelming dominance against each and every soul that is around you. To make people hate and fear you. Is that is goal, for me to fear him? I realize that he is winning. I fear him. I can't remember the time before the abuse started. All the time I am thinking about the times that never were, I am still pounding the door senseless with my newfound power. I suddenly stop, realizing that I am just asking for one more beating that will end my life permanently. Upon looking at the door I find that there are several dents in the door. The dents that I made while pounding the door. I can't keep myself from inspecting the door that was once beautiful but is now misshapen and grotesque. I run my hands over the dents and I am unusually happy with what I have caused with my bare hands. The door has dents in it but yet the door hasn't been opened yet. Surely my banging on the door ought to rouse him from his unconscious state that he himself induced upon his self. My hand slowly goes from the dents to the door knob and my hand slowly turns it so slowly I can hear it click as the latch opens. The door is opened and a crack slowly appears large enough for me to look inside and see what is beyond the door. I push the door forward, hard. The door hits the wall as it swings on its hinges violently. I see him there, my abusive husband, on the couch sleeping or so it seems. I pay him no heed for the moment. Right now I have to look at something. I pull the door back, far enough for me to see and feel the dent in the wall that I have just created with the force of my anger on the door. I once imagined that he was the door and I am the abuser and I could feel the power coursing through my veins. Now, I will make his goal back fire and make him fear me. The figure on the couch is still hasn't moved and I go to see him. Is he dead or alive? If he is dead, I will leave him alone and if he is still alive and breathing, I will kill him but only in self defense for I don't want to go to jail just yet. I will save that for a later date.

Matthew Bresette

If I Am Breathing...

If I am breathing, then I am alive

If I'm not breathing, then I'm dead

If I'm dead, don't do anything to revive me. It is what I want

You want to give me what I want. If you want to give me what I want, then don't do anything

It is what I want, the one thing that no one can give me

No one can give me death and live

No one can get rid of the Pain unless they give me death and no one will give me that.

Will they?

Matthew Bresette

Pain

What is the definition of Pain?

Pain is when you have staples in your head

Pain is when you have stitches in your legs more than once.

Pain is when a cat claws you until you bleed.

What is the definition of Pain?

Pain is when you see all of your belongings turn to ash before your eyes.

Pain is seeing your mother crying because you have no shoes to wear to school tomorrow

Pain is getting something you can't reach even though it's a few inches from your reach.

Pain is getting something from underneath something and falling down on you breaking you.

Pain is getting up in the morning knowing you will be persecuted by your peers at school.

Pain is seeing your flesh and blood move because they cannot live with you anymore

What is the definition of Pain?

Pain is breaking your arm and you can't afford to go to the doctor

Pain is starving yourself to death so that your children may live to see another day

Pain is seeing your father starve himself to that his children can get married and continue the family line

Pain is see other people suffering while you sit on a soft cushion on the couch watching T.V. eating junk food

Pain is seeing your parents die right in front of you by a person who only wants a little money to see another day

Pain is knowing you did nothing to stop the murderer who murdered your parent's right in front of you

Pain is countless millions of people suffering because they have no food to eat or something to drink to quench their parched throats

Pain is having a tree fall on you and you can't lift it by yourself without help from another person who is not there to help you

What is the definition of Pain?

Pain is seeing your house burn down right before your eyes knowing you cannot save any of the things you cherish most

Pain is attacking someone out of desperation to get away because they had done the unspeakable

Pain is seeing people die in your arms after you told them everything is going to be all right when you know the person is going to die

Pain is seeing your siblings cry for something you have done
Pain is knowing that you will die and never to see another sun rise, sunset, or the moon rise up in the sky
Pain is dying a slow terrible death alone in the desert with no one around to comfort you

Pain is crying yourself to sleep knowing this is the only way for you to sleep at night

What is the definition of Pain?

Pain is seeing the person you love everyday then seeing the person you love die before your eyes never getting a chance to say good-bye or to say that you love them

Pain is seeing people poison the land that you live on knowing that you did nothing to stop it

Pain is forcing yourself to get out of bed just to go to school or work knowing that you are going to have a bad day

Pain is stabbing yourself in the heart or slitting your wrists trying to stop the pain that your friends have caused you

What is the definition of Pain?

Pain is seeing someone you care about die in a hospital never telling them that you love them knowing that it is too late to say it

Pain is writing your heart and soul into something that it will not be read by other people's eyes

Pain is not seeking help from other people even though it will benefit you

Pain is making a decision that it may cost several people their lives knowing that your hand cost them their lives

Pain is getting betrayed by someone you loved and trusted knowing that you have to see them tomorrow

Pain is one word that can send you to crying your eyes out

Pain is people hurting other people because they are different from you

Why is Pain in this World? Who creates more meaning of Pain? Man is the source of Pain. Once Man is gone so shall the Pain be gone as well

Pain is an unwanted expression in people's lives. Everyone has it.

Everyone tries to run from it. Some even try to face it. While others try to out run it. Everyone pretends it is just a word and nothing more.

Even the people who are running know it is pointless to run from it. It will catch them in the end

Why does Pain exist?

It is the balance of Life. Without Pain there is no Fear without Fear there is no Control without Control there is no Obedience without Obedience there is Nothing but stray lost dogs in a strange town in very strange big world

Some people cannot cope with pain. While others live and breathe by it as they live their life

The only way to get rid of Pain is to die never to think of Pain again

What is the definition of Pain?

Matthew Bresette

Parody Of To Be Or Not To Be (To Die Or Not To Die)

To die or not to die, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer this life
Whether to live in this cruel world,
Or give up and live in the next,
And by ending it all. To sleep—forevermore
For to sleep there will be no need to suffer,
But for the ones who are left behind. Their suffering,
Will never cease. Unless—they take the same escape as you,
And so the never ending cycle of death will never go extinct
For there are always be someone who cares. Unless,
Living a solitary life full of misery and self-confinement
'Tis better to live with people who care rather to live with people who don't care
And by living a hermit. To live—to die—to sleep—all alone—forevermore
'Tis better to live with people who care rather than to,
Live all alone with no one around to see when you fall
'Tis better to live—to breathe—to die—with people around,
To catch—when you fall
To die—to sleep—to have nightmares—forevermore
For to sleep means never to be awake. For to,
Be awake—means to live—to live means to be awake
For to be awake means to live with life's sorrows
'Tis your choice to live with life's sorrows
'Tis your choice to live all alone
'Tis your choice to have friends to deal with life's troubles
'Tis your choice alone—not anyone else's
To die around a crowd of people who don't care
Or to die around one person cares rather than,
A crowd who doesn't care
To give life a pause—to analyze your life—to decide,
Are you surrounded by a crowd that doesn't care?
Or surrounded by one friend who cares more than a whole crowd—combined
'Tis time to decide if life is truly worth living with a crowd,
Or being alone with one friend who cares
To face death all alone is a recipe for your own destruction
To face death with friends is a recipe for life
To travel alone on the path of darkness will breed darkness,
But with light—darkness must succumb to light
Light must defeat darkness
For in darkness therein lies our own fate—our own personal hell,

While in light therein lies our future—our own inner sanctuary
'Tis better to fly with wings towards the light,
Rather than to fly without wings towards the darkness
Thus we must be careful of how we fly and where we fly
We might end up at the big black gate of death
With our sins on our lips,
But never spoken—forevermore

2009

Matthew Bresette

Please Let Me Die...

Please let me die so that I may live

Please won't you kill me?

I've done all I want to do

I've hurt all the people who I want to hurt

So please end my life so that I may begin again

Begin before I was born

Let me live in a time where you are nothing in it

Because you are the reason why I want to die

All because of you

I'm blaming you for my death. And people will do the same. All people who see you will know. There will be no running from it. You may run but not hide; I will catch you in your dreams. You can't run in your dreams. Running is pointless; I will catch you in the end. When I catch you I will make it worse than ever before.

So please, kill me so that I can haunt you to the End of the Earth

Take this knife I am offering you and stab me in the heart

You know you want to end my life. I can see it in your eyes, your breathing, your clenching jaw that has become attached to your teeth

Do it before I make you. Kill me so that I don't have to see you or the Pain I caused myself and others. I can still see their faces as I cause them Pain that will never leave them. Their faces haunt me. They have haunted me to my grave. I shall not out last them in life but I will see them. Someday, someday, I will cause them even more Pain than they have caused me

Once I am dead, I shall have freedom, freedom to haunt all those faces that continue to haunt me. Since those faces haunt me, I will continue the favor, I will haunt them in their dreams, and I will haunt them to their graves such as they have done me.

So please, kill me so that I don't have to see all those people who have haunted me for the longest time.

Won't you kill me? Don't you want me to have freedom, the freedom no one has and will never have? I'm better off dead than alive. Am I worth more dead than alive, I think so. Once I am dead, you won't waste food on a person destined to die. I have been gulping down your precious food and watch day your food and each day your food supply steadily decreases.

Please, won't you kill me? Please, I'm begging you, kill me. I no longer have a reason to live. My only reason to live is to cause other people Pain and I have done all I wanted to do.

Give me freedom, that freedom that you will never have. The freedom to haunt all people who have haunted me in the Past, Present, and Future. I will haunt anyone, even the people who I don't know

So, Please, kill me I am on my knees, begging you
Please take the knife and stab me in the heart, make it slow, make it painful,
make it equal and surpass the amount of Pain that I have caused you and others.

Matthew Bresette

Running

Everybody is running but they don't know why. They never do. Are they running because they are afraid of something? Are they running away from their Pain OR are they running away from their Past? Are they? What did their Past do to them? Make them who they are today? That could be it? Who knows, it could be a different reason all together. Only they will know. Running hard, it hurts to breathe but if you do stop breathing you will surely die a slow terrible death of suffocation. It even hurts to blink, so you close your eyes only to find a greater hurt. Your whole body hurts because you hit a brick wall. You find yourself spread across the wet, old pavement while your head is on soft freshly mowed grass. Everyone sees you laying there but no wants to help. Are they too lazy? Are they to selfish to help another person in need? You finally pick yourself up only to find yourself on your feet and running once more. The same Pain as before you were stopped abruptly. Again it is hard to breathe and blink but you dare not stop what you are doing. If you finally do decide to stop, will the Pain stop if you stop breathing or will it continue and get worse as the minutes go by? Is that what you want? For the Pain to stop? OR do you want the Pain to continue on as it was before? You've been experiencing it so long you don't want the Pain to stop. Why? Is the Pain apart of you? Is it to embedded into your system so much that you will miss it when it is gone? Has the Pain formed you the way you are today? The Pain that you have experienced for so long has become bearable for the time being. Barely anything hurts anymore because of the Pain you have experienced so far. You realize that you have gotten used to the Pain and long for the Pain to continue as it was before. It has formed you the way you are now. Where would you be? Would you be better or would you be worse than what you are already are? Which one? Only you can decide the answer.

Matthew Bresette

The Angels Are Crying.

The angels are crying.

Can't you feel it on your bare skin as you walk
down the street as it pours down from the heavens?

It's running down your skin and it's cold but at the
same time it's warm. All the blemishes in your soul
are melting away as the rain pours all over your bare
skin as it runs towards the ground below.

The rain is melting away all of your sins that you have
collected over the long years of your life. You feel like
a newly created soul that was just born on this Earth
just now at this very second at this very minute of this
hour of this day.

Matthew Bresette

The Girl's Gift

There was once a girl who had the most beautiful voice a person could hear
When this girl was born, they knew she was special

They were right, she was special, a gift was given to her
She could sing like no other, no equal ever came close

She was so gifted; her parents changed her name to a more
Suitable name to suit her gift

They were assuming her voice would last forever
Their assumption was wrong, couldn't be any worse

This child's parents were very proud of their daughter
But the question is, was the child proud of her own voice

No, she wasn't proud of her voice, she was furious
She resented her voice and even her new name

She eventually grew to resent her parents
And even her unnatural gift

Her singing became forced, no one could tell though
But she could, no one else

She stopped practicing, her parents willed her to practice
So she started practicing again, against her will

Eventually, she realized her parents loved her voice more than they loved her
She didn't realize though that her voice is what keeps her family happy;
Without that voice; her family will soon fall apart

One day, she became mad at her parents
Who had forced her to sing for hours

And in her anger, she made a decision that still haunts her to this day
She would give up her voice; her parents would love her but not her voice
Or so she thought

So she began to pray and ask for someone to take her voice away from her so

that her parents would

 love her instead of her voice

Little did she know, her prayer was answered during the night after she fell asleep praying

The next day, her father came in and wished her a good morning, expecting a reply, he waited, he never

 got one.

She tried to say it back, only to find out she couldn't, her voice was gone

Her prayers were answered

Did she really want this prayer to be answered?

Her parents rushed her to the hospital, to try to save her voice

It was all in vain, her voice was gone forever

The doctors couldn't find anything wrong with her

Everything was fine, according to the doctors

But everything wasn't fine

Everything was going horribly wrong

What was certain before she lost her voice

Was shed into oblivion and replaced with uncertainty when she lost it

Everything went downhill from their

Even the smallest thing

It seemed that this child's voice was more than just an ordinary voice

It kept her family from falling apart

Now it has been lost

And the family is already splitting apart

The parents got angrier

They started fighting

The dad started drinking

And began abusing his wife and eventually his own daughter

They both became scared and was planning on leaving

Before it got too late

It was already too late

By a mile

This continued on for weeks without any change

Until they were unrecognizable

Bruises, swollen eyes, broken wrists

You name it, they had it

And it was all because she lost her voice

Forever

They didn't go anywhere

For fear people would ask questions

Blood was everywhere, they could barely see

They were both going to die

By a man who they once loved but now hate

Who was once a father but now a beast of rage

The daughter of the beast, began to pray once more

Hoping that whoever answered her prayer that gave up her voice, would answer this one as well

One last hit; one last kick

And they would surely be dead

The daughter of the beast began to scream her unheard scream

But this time, this scream was heard

They were all surprised she could scream which meant she could talk, which meant she could sing

The daughter of the beast realized this and began to sing one last time

Her song was full of sorrow, grief and death

She never finished her song; she was strangled by her father before she could

As the last note died of her last song

The beast that was once a man, became a man once more

He realized what he had done
But was already too late

The damage has already been done
And can't be taken back

The man who was a beast that was originally a man
Couldn't live with himself any longer and took a gun and pulled the trigger

The gun dropped carelessly to the floor
There was no one left to care

And so the man that was once a beast
The daughter of the beast, the wife of the beast
Ceased to exist

The daughter of the beast's song can still be heard
Throughout the house

Other people can hear it
And everyone that hears it runs from fright with shivers down their spine

They are afraid, afraid what's been done in the Past
Afraid of what they hear in her last song

The last song, the song that was never finished
Haunts whoever hears it

It was all because of her unnatural voice
How her parents loved her voice more than they loved her

Matthew Bresette

The Lone White Wolf: The Hunt

As the first day of the new moon creeps into the trees, no wolf among the pack gathers to see the light overcome the darkness to bring in the new day except the lone white wolf. This peculiar wolf is almost solid white except for the black along the length of his nose. It watches over the pack as they peacefully sleep, unaware of his eyes that could protect everything that was soon to come.

Today was the first day of the long hunt for the white wolf. He must bring down an animal that could feed the whole pack for several days, so he could become an official member of the pack, but more importantly, he must prove himself to be one with the pack instead of running alone.

The leader of the wolf pack slowly raises his head like a turtle to look around to see who's awake. He sees all the wolves are still asleep in a tight circle except the outcast. The leader doesn't understand why this wolf sleeps alone nor does he understand why the wolf was born white instead of gray. The white wolf stirs from his wakeful sleep. The eyes of the self-proclaimed leader stay on him before moving off to look into the distance searching for all the answers to his questions among the countless trees.

□

The leader of the wolf pack slowly gets up and walks to the lone wolf and nudges him to sound the morning howl. It was customary for the leader of the wolf pack to do this, but for reasons unknown to any wolf besides the leader, the wolf chose the outcast to sound the howl. The white wolf understands and gives a howl to stir the remaining wolves out of their deep slumber.

Once all the wolves are fully awake and able to comprehend what today is and what it means for the outcast, they realize it is the first day of the new moon. It is the first day of the long hunt. All of the wolves first look to the leader, then to the outcast, then back to the leader wondering who is going to give the special howl to begin the long hunt. No wolf willingly howled the beginning of the long hunt because if the howl was bad, the hunt would go badly, but if the howl was good, the hunt would go smoothly and the hunt would be short. The answer is soon apparent when the eyes of the leader look over the pack to see whose eyes would meet his. None but one pair kept his gaze.

The leader gave a sign, and the wolf began to prepare to give the special howl that would determine the outcome of the hunt. A wolf could not open its muzzle and give an ordinary howl since the hunt would also go badly. To give the special howl the wolf must pull back its hind legs and brace itself to make sure all legs

are securely anchored to the ground so that the wolf, while giving the special howl would not slide backwards during the middle of it.

The lone wolf was ready mentally and physically to give the special howl. Once his feet were securely on the ground, the wolf began the howl. The lone white wolf put everything in his howl: the pain of being an outcast his entire life, the anger at his individuality, everything was put into that howl. Wolves stepped back with their fur standing on end; birds flew away squawking bloody murder. The others started yipping and snapping at nothing in particular remembering everything they'd ever felt. After the lone wolf was done, he realized the effect his special howl had on the wolves and he noticed the disarray and confusion that he had caused.

The leader is satisfied and gets the pack into order; it was time to begin the hunt. The wolves began running, their muscles rippling beneath their skin. Nothing could stop them. Their destination was a mile and a half down the road where the large game was located. Running freely among the wolf pack, the lone wolf didn't feel like an outcast, but whenever he began to get too close, a shallow snip on the shoulder would shove him away to a safer distance.

The game was just ahead; it was time for the lone wolf to prove himself to the pack. The lone wolf went ahead of the pack and picked one of the biggest caribou he could find and slowly approached while the pack followed. The wolves lurched like a bullet from a gun onto the caribou with the white wolf clinging to the exposed flesh of the neck bringing it to the ground but not before it got one last kick in. The kill was successful; the caribou was dead. It was then that the white wolf noticed the bloody mess of the leader of the pack. The last kick of the now dead caribou landed on the skull of the leader, and he was dead instantly. The sight was a grizzly one with his skull caved in and blood gushing out of the wound.

The self-proclaimed leader was dead with no next-in-line to follow. Every wolf looked to the now dead leader, then to the outcast, then back to the dead leader, and then back to the outcast. The white wolf met the eyes of each wolf and got an unspoken request from each one. It was unanimous; the previous outcast of the pack became the leader. For the first time in history, a white wolf was chosen to lead and will lead the wolves to a prosperity the wolves have never known.

2009 October

Matthew Bresette

The Lord Thy God

The wind tore mountains
Earthquakes shook buildings
Fire consumed all things
Whispering is heard throughout the land

Who is in the wind that tore mountains? Is it the Lord thy God? No, he isn't the wind.

Who is the earthquake that shook buildings? Is it the Lord thy God? No, he isn't an earthquake.

Who is the fire that consumed all things? Is it the Lord thy God? No, he isn't the fire.

Who is the whisperer that is heard throughout the land? Is it the Lord thy God? Yes, he is the whisperer.

Why did God order the wind to tear down mountains? Because the people have sinned against Him.

Why did God order earthquakes to shake buildings? Because the unrighteous outweighs the righteous in number.

Why did God order fire to consume all things? Because fire is pure in spirit and in form.

Why did you whisper throughout the land? Because to let people know I am always there always watching them.

To let people know that I am just a whisper away

To let people know there is someone to talk to even though no one is there.

To let people know that I am the Lord thy God who created them out of dust.

To let people know that I am the Lord thy God who will come back at any second at any time of the day.

1 Kings 19: 11,12

"11...Then a great and powerful wind tore the mountains apart and shattered the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind there was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake.

12After the earthquake came a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire came a gentle whisper." (NIV)

The Moon's Pain

The moon is weeping, sobbing, crying
Few notice the tears that fall from her
Few care to look up to see her in such anguish

The moon is above us and tears are falling down with the angels tears (see the Storm) , since the moon is up above, why don't people hold out their hands and catch them so that they are not wasted and be trampled on shoes of people who just don't care about her or anyone else.

Why is the moon sobbing?
She is in Pain.
Pain from craters, holes, and Man's footprints.

The Pain that causes her the most is Man's footprints
Those cursed footprints have been tainted and stained the surface and will never leave unless a breath from Mother Earth will blow them away and never return.
Will Mother Earth blow away the cursed footprints that Man has left behind?
Will she?
No one knows but Mother Earth.
One day, Mother Earth will blow them away and when she does, everything will change.
She would stop crying over the footprints that Man has left behind.
But she will still cry about the Pain she has, she will cry even harder when some people don't look up or even to try to catch her tears that are falling unto the ground below.

One day, Man will care and will stop and hold out their hand and catch one of her tears that fell from her face and have fallen unto the Earth.
One day, the footprints will be gone and everything will be all right.
One day, the moon will stop crying and rejoice because Man has finally noticed her once again and have finally held out their hands to catch her tears that has fallen from up above. Once they are caught, they are not cool but are warm to the touch.

This warmth wants to spread, spread where people don't want that warmth to be. People hide so that they don't have to feel it.
The tears are the cure.
They run, they hide, they go indoors so that they won't get wet or cured.
These tears won't go away, they have help. Help from the wind, the wind blows

the moon's tears inside but these tears are special, they're not wet but they are dry and they won't cause any kind of damage.

The moon is no longer crying but smiling instead, smiling so much that she is beginning to cry once again. Only these tears aren't from the footprints that Man has left behind but of Man because Man has finally caught a single tear and have finally held the tear up to their cheek and finally looked up and have finally noticed her once again.

Matthew Bresette

The Secret

I have a secret that I must not tell. My mom has the same secret. It is our little secret that we must not tell. We must not tell. We must not tell.

We...must...not...tell. We must not...I repeat over and over rocking back and forth, back and forth in front of the full length mirror that's hiding a secret no one knows about except my mom and me, my brown, beautiful hair rocking back and forth in time with my constant rocking.

Everyone thinks that the mirror is just a mirror and nothing else, but that's not entirely true. There's a room behind the mirror. The room itself is not the secret that we must not tell, but what is inside the room is where we keep the secret. My mom and I installed the room when my other sister and my one and only brother and their dad were on vacation. We were supposed to go to the Cayman Islands on a Caribbean cruise for the Christmas holidays, but I was feigning a high fever that I gave me by slipping the thermometer accidentally into my hot chocolate when it was just mom and me in the room. Everyone was excited to go to those Islands except my mom and me. We had to stay so that our secret could not leak out accidentally. We must protect this secret at all costs. If we protect this secret, we protect my family. We must protect our family. The rest of the family is innocent.

I remember it as if it were yesterday even though a year has passed. Time flies when trying to keep a secret that would ruin the whole family not to mention doing time ourselves if we're caught. If we are ever caught, that is. I remember getting that phone call from one of my so-called friends telling me that Scott—my boyfriend at the time—was cheating on me with her and was going to try to break up with me the next time he comes over right before our "big" trip. As soon as I hung up the phone, the phone rang. It was Scott wanting to know if he could come over for dinner tomorrow. I told him yes as if I hadn't heard anything of him wanting to break up with me while wondering if he was going to do it before or after the lasagna. Tomorrow, he would be here.

Scott was and always will be my first boyfriend. Every girl in the school either had a crush or was madly in love with him, but for some reason, he picked me. I'll never understand his reasons for it nor do I want to know them. A year passed. Our anniversary was coming up. I remember feeling distraught, having trouble seeing five feet from me until my wonderful mom comforted me. While she was comforting me, a plan began formulating in that head of mine to make him stay here—forever. Mom agreed and decided to help me with my evil plan. Together we went outside after wrapping ourselves in our normal outerwear to

go pick some "berries" to go on top of some hot cocoa. We both know that those "berries" were poisonous if digested so we gathered all we could find. Next, we blended them to make them like a juice. We put them in the fridge to cool in the airtight container.

The following day the "liquid" was ready to be served as a cherry topping on his hot cocoa to warm him up before, I knew, he would abruptly leave after telling me his unfortunate news. Everything was ready. The lasagna was on the table and the table was set.

The doorbell rang its customary tune announcing my current ex-boyfriend, if everything went according to plan. He got inside and said, "Hello." Everything was going well until he said, "I've got to get going. I'm sure that you've heard by now. I'm breaking up with you for one of your friends. Good-bye, Misery Hope Wallace. I'll see you again someday."

Of course, I couldn't let him go without giving him something to drink. I suggested some hot cocoa before he left to fight off the winter chill outside. I handed him the drink and he drank it with that perfect smile on his face before he crashed to the floor with a bang that could wake up the rest of the family if they weren't out watching a movie at the theatre. Once he was successfully not moving we dragged him to the secret room only to find out his perfect smile was still on his face. We looked one last time at his corpse then shut the door without a look back or a hint of regret.

My mom and I dragged him into the secret room a year ago when I was twelve years old. I'm supposed to be thirteen years old, but I feel so much older than my age because I killed my first boyfriend.

I was three when my mom started placing me in front of the mirror to rock back and forth with her. I started rocking back and forth with her. It was also the same night that she breathed her last breath. When she realized I was rocking back and forth in time with her without any help. I remember seeing her rock back and forth then looking at me with mild shock then having her rock back one last time before slumping right next to me. Her last breath in this life landed squarely on my face.

Some say that the last breath from a loved one transfers his or her soul into yours. While I continued, rocking back and forth my mom's soul was fused into mine. I would sometimes walk to the mirror and rock back and forth just as my mom did while she was alive. I continued rocking back and forth the rest of the night and many more nights thereafter. A few years back, a realization dawned

upon me. Rocking back and forth is the balance between life and death to those of us who were raised to rock back and forth and to those of us who believe that rocking back and forth will keep us alive if we rock forward the same amount of times as we rock backward. As for my mom, the shock of seeing me rocking back and forth on my own caused her to forget to rock forward towards life rather than to stay back towards death. I believe that is what happened to my mom when I was three years old. I also believe that I must pass this down to my three year old child because if I don't I might die as well in the same manner as my mom. I will do one thing different though. I will not lose my concentration when I realize that my three-year-old child is rocking back and forth on his or her own—I hope.

¶Everyday I rock back and forth in front of the mirror holding the secret room where he is located. Everyday I repeat, "We must not tell, " as if the secret could be held by those words alone. As I rock back and forth in front of the full-length mirror, my reflection in the mirror is slowly fading away into the mirror and somehow my reflection is distorted and faded. Behind my reflection in the mirror, I see my mom as if she were rocking back and forth right next to me. She was there along with the countless others who lost their concentration, too. The others were almost absolutely faded from color and were feeding upon the color from my mom. Soon, she will look the same as all the others.

¶When I have my first child and when my child is three years old, I will "accidentally" lose concentration and breathe my last breath onto my child's face. By giving my last breathe to my child; I will join the countless throngs of faded people in the abyss of the mirror. I will then join my mom's side and watch my child rock back and forth, as I rock back and forth with her.

¶They all say that my mom passed into a better place, but they are wrong. I see her rocking back and forth in the mirror. Mom and I are the one and the same. There was no mom. I have no mom except the one in the mirror

¶We must not tell. We must not tell about the body of my first boyfriend in the room behind the mirror. We must not tell about me seeing my own distorted reflection right next to my mom's fading color among the abyss of the mirror and others who are void of color and are rocking back and forth in time as one single entity for all eternity. As I rock back and forth in front of the mirror, my beautiful brown hair swings back in forth-in time to my ever constant rocking. We must not tell. We must not tell. We...must...not...tell. We...must...not...

¶No one will ever break up with me again. Never, " I say while strolling down to the county store right down the street. The one person that I never wanted to

see is walking right towards me. Everyone knows he's got a very long time crush on me. As the distance closes, he smiles that crooked smile of his and says, "Hi, I'm Pete, want to have the pleasure of being my girlfriend? You won't regret it. I promise you that."

“Sure.” I smile wickedly waiting to tell my mom to start picking “berries” from outside. “We have secrets for a reason,” I think to myself as I continue strolling to the county store right down the street wanting to buy some blueberries for the blueberry pie mom was going to make me for being a good girl on how well I got over my first boyfriend.

November 2009

Matthew Bresette

The Storm

The Storm

A storm is gathering, the clouds are beginning to growl, flashes of light are beginning to be seen

Everything goes quite, the storm is here

Rain starts to pound on rooftops

Thunder shakes glasses on tables

Lightning lights up darkened alleys

Clouds are crying, lightning is blinking, thunder is growling

Everything stops all of a sudden

Something is coming, something powerful

Silence is everywhere

Life has been waiting for this moment for all eternity

A horn begins to blow, one at first, and then others join in

Thousands are blowing

A lonely figure with his hands outstretched with his smile so lovely and bright with his face radiating power above all things

Who could be this powerful figure with his arms outstretched with his face radiating power be?

Jesus has come, like he said he would come, he made a promise to all of us and he fulfilled his promise as we knew he would

Who is prepared to meet Him face to face?

Are you prepared to know his decision that will put you with Him or not?

Are you ready?

Do you wish Him to postpone his judgment a little while longer in order for you to get yourself in order OR are you ready to meet Him right now at this very moment?

Jesus is fading back in to the clouds with Him are several thousands of people who were prepared to meet Him face to face

The clouds are crying once more, lightning is blinking once again, clouds are growling once more

Silence is no more

Why are the clouds crying?

They are crying because they feel the people that were left behind. The people who were not ready to meet Him face to face.

Why is the lightning blinking?

The lightning is blinking because with each blink the lighting blinks a soul was taken into Heaven while another soul was left behind.

Why is the thunder growling?

The thunder is growling because they sense all the people that were not

able to leave with Jesus as with all the other thousands that went with Him.

With every rain drop that falls from the clouds and lands on this Earth a soul was taken up into Heaven while another soul was left behind.

With every blink the lightning blinks a soul was left behind and a soul was taken. With every growl the thunder growls a soul was taken while a soul was left behind.

Who are the clouds?

The clouds are angels including the ones that were just taken into Heaven including the ones that were already there.

All the rain drops that fell from the clouds came from the angels that are the clouds.

 

With all the tears that are flowing down their cheeks, they are grieving for all those lost souls still on Earth.

For all angels know that trials for every person on the world below them will begin very soon.

Soon People will go against People. Neighbor against Neighbor. Family against Family. Everybody against Everybody. The trials will start soon. It is unavoidable.

Who is the lightning?

The lightning is all the people that are blinking their eyes down on Earth so that their eyes will not water and that water roll down their cheeks and fall on the ground below them.

Who is the thunder?

The thunder is all the people who are angry at Jesus for not taking them as well.

Why are they angry?

It was they themselves who caused them to be left behind.

All those people who are shouting and yelling who are trying to get even with Jesus for not choosing them to go up above with all the others including their friends and their family members that were taken with all the others.

They caused this terrible anguish themselves.

Not God, not Jesus, no one but themselves.

They are the only person that they can blame for their lack of foolishness for not knowing where they were going after they passed away or got taken.

They can blame themselves for that's the only person that they can blame for no one else caused them to fail.

They caused themselves to fail.

A pool of the angels tears have fallen into a puddle on the ground with people surrounding it.

They all look into the puddle of tears and tears form on the edges of their eyes and those tears on those eyes swell and roll down their cheeks and those tears join into the angels tears that fell from up above.

What do those people see in the puddle of angel's tears in front of them?

They see their lost loved ones all dressed in white with wings poking out of their backs with faces of peace and joy in them.

The people are crying unashamed for at this moment it is okay to cry in front of other people they wouldn't usually cry in front of.

The people at the puddle are not crying tears of sadness but they are tears of happiness.

There is no reason for them to be sad about because they see their lost loved ones again and they will never see them again until they die.

Their tears will not stop for awhile until the puddle dries of the angel's tears.

Jesus sees the people at the puddle and he starts to weep unashamed and all the angels weep also for they also see the people at the puddle.

Jesus starts to walk towards them and touches them ever so gently and starts to pray.

All those people around the puddle of tears are filled with something they haven't felt for a very long time.

Peace

They have forgotten what it felt like and they find that they like the feeling and want to keep it for as long as possible.

They are beginning to tire for it is late.

Jesus lets them sleep right next to Him. He will be there in the morning and in the afternoon and forever more.

He will never leave them and never turn his back. He will always be watching them.

Always

Soon the angels will stop crying, the lighting stop blinking, and the clouds will stop growling for they will equal the amount that went and the ones that were left behind.

Matthew Bresette

The Sun Is Creeping Out...

The sun is creeping out, everybody is rejoicing but me
darkness turns to brightness before everybody's eyes but mine

the sun is rejoicing
the moon is weeping
the stars are sobbing, wishing a person would wish them back

a storm is brewing, everybody is disappointed but me
brightness turns to darkness once more

the sun is weeping
the moon is rejoicing
the stars are overjoyed, a person wished them back

the storm is here, everybody is dissatisfied but me
darkness turns to darkness forever more

a storm is crashing
lightning is flashing
clouds are rumbling

everybody is frightened but me
darkness stays in darkness for a little while longer

a storm is fading
lightning is crying
the clouds are silenced once more

everybody is rejoicing but me
darkness turns to brightness once again

the sun is rejoicing
the moon is weeping
the stars are sobbing, wishing a person would wish them back

Matthew Bresette

Why Do People...

Why do people who are following a slow vehicle want to stop and wait along the side of the road for a few minutes and let the slow vehicle get ahead of them. Is it that they seem to be going faster even though they are actually going the same pace as the slow vehicle they are following

Matthew Bresette

Why O Why

Why o why did I have to die
Die before the eve of my birth
Why o why did I have to leave so early
I could have done great things
Why o why did you have to kill me, mom
It wasn't painless as they told you it would be
You killed me before I could see you for the first time
You killed me before I had a chance to call you mom
You killed me before I could take a fresh breathe of air
You killed me before you see if it was what I wanted
Why o why did you have to kill me
I could have done great things
I could have saved the world from people like you
If only you could have given birth to me
I could have been the son that you could never have
The son that would have bragged about their loving mom who suffered and
gave me life even though it almost killed her
The son that would comfort you in your times of trouble
The son that would catch the tears that falls from your cheeks
But I am none of those things
I am nothing, was nothing, will always be nothing in your life
You never cared about me, you never did and you never will
Why o why did you have to kill me
Killed me before the eve of my birth
Why o why didn't you give me a chance to live
To live and breathe fresh air
To love and be loved
To have friends that could actually care about me
Why o why didn't you give me, give ME the choice of living or dying
I chose life
I choose to live and breathe
I choose to endure the Pain that you couldn't endure
I choose to regret all the bad things that I have done in the Past
but I don't choose to live with the decision that I made that will cause
me years of sleepless night because I regret my decision that caused the
life of one that could not think, could not even whisper, let alone even
breathe
Why o why did you choose me to die
To die before I was born

Could you have at least waited a day or even a week before you killed me?
Couldn't you have waited for me to experience life, to breathe fresh air
for the first time, to feel the cool wind as it runs against my skin, to
feel the moon's rays as it shines bright in the evening sky as it hovers
among the stars

Couldn't you have waited for at least for me to feel the love of a caring
mother in her mom's arms?

You didn't wait for me to experience those things

You didn't wait for me to experience anything, not one single thing

Not even a touch from a living thing

Are you proud of what you did? Have you ever cried because of what you
did? Are you crying now, mother? Crying because of me, Mommy. Cry as hard
as you want, as long as you want for I will never forgive you. My life is
ended, I shall never breathe a breath nor should your child breathe a
breath. Every time your child breathes a breath I will be a part of that
breath. Every time you touch the child, you will be touching me. I will
live in your child. I will experience everything that you didn't give me
a chance to experience.

Can you live with that, mother? A child within a child. Are you still
crying, mother? If you are, keep on crying. If you aren't crying, I will
make you cry. Your child will make you cry. You will always cry. And when
your child comes old enough to understand why you are crying. Tell him
that I am crying because of you, of what I've done to you, of what I've
done to myself. And if he asks why, tell him more. Tell him to sit down,
once you have done so, continue. When I was younger, I did horrible
things, things that I still regret. One thing I regret the most is making
the choice to give up my first born child because I didn't want him. What
I'm trying to say is that I had an abortion so that I wouldn't have to
deal with the Pain of giving birth. I was afraid, beyond fear, it was
terror. That terror that no one wants to bear. I didn't do it for the
child, I did for myself and that's what I regret most, doing it for
myself, not for the child. Every time I look at you, I see the child I
gave up. The child that never experienced life. That child is
experiencing life through you. Experiencing everything that I didn't let
that child to experience. You are sharing experiences with your brother
that you never met and never will. And for that I am truly sorry. I hope
someday you will forgive me. Now I am going to cry like I always do when
I think about that child. The son, who had been sitting and listening to
her while she talked was watching her cry and felt anger toward her. For
holding back all these years. He has been wondering why she looked like
that she was about to cry every time she looked at him. Now, he knows
why. Will he leave, like I have always feared? Now that he knows, what's

going to stop him from leaving? The child within the living child felt pity for the mom, the mom he had never met. The unborn child reached out his hand and caught the tears that fall from her cheeks and the living child said its ok; I'm not going to leave as you fear. For I see that you wanted to run away from the Pain but in the end you faced your Pain and now you regret why you ran from the Pain. The Pain was worth it. I realize now that I should never run away from the Pain because you might regret it for the rest of your life. The child within has finally experienced the love of a caring mother, has finally experienced the love of a caring mother, has finally experienced the catching of a mother's tears. The unborn child still resides in the living child. The child lives through the living and has now experienced everything that he had wanted to experience. The mother had no more children and didn't want any more. For she didn't want to see another child that had an unborn child inside the living one.

Matthew Bresette