



# EM DAER <sup>©2013</sup> <sub>vol. 2</sub>

## Selected Verse & Lyrics by



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A lyrical, philosophical, lightly illustrated journey through the mind and heart of the author. All creations by the author.



Poetry:

Dark marks

On white sheets

Scratches

Into eternity's endless wall.

Again, these are for the girls, with obvious Celtic influence. Copyrights to the cover art and all of the contents are reserved by the author. Copies of these works may be downloaded or printed if five U.S. dollars are credited to the creator's account on [prisoninmates.com/NateLindell303724](http://prisoninmates.com/NateLindell303724). Other rights are negotiable.

Oh, Lord I miss the Girls

Oh, Lord I miss the girls

The way they sway their asses  
Tired o' bein' locked up with the boys

A rowdy lot o' asses!

But due to this rotten warden

— Oooh, how I hate this dastard  
I'll be with the girls no more:c

Oh, Lord I miss the girls!

I moan from in my cave,  
This place from where

No matter how I behave  
I'll never be released

Because I robbed a man  
And left his life deceased.

Ohhh, Lord, I miss the girls!

More 'n' more each day,  
But can't undo that one mistake  
So, 'til I finally die

In here, teary eyed,  
I sing this sad refrain:

Oh, Lord I miss the girls.

# A Witty Little Ditty

Here's a witty little ditty I did

A witty little ditty

A witty little ditty

A witty little ditty I did.

Well, I got me a stick

And I got me a knife

I whittled all day

And I whittled all night.

When I was done

I had me a pipe.

Some witty little whittlin'

Witty little whittlin'

Witty little whittlin'

Witty little whittlin' I did.

Found me a little filly

She was real pretty

I asked for her name

'N' she said it was "Kitty."

I said, "No!"

'N' asked her, "Really?"

She told me, "I'm not kiddin'!"

But we got married

And have four children.

That ends this

Witty little ditty

Witty little ditty

Witty little ditty I did.

## On the Road to Dublin

A couple years ago  
I took a stroll  
Down the road t' Dublin  
Met a pretty girl  
With blood-red curls  
Who set my heart a thumpin'

"Hey, pardon me miss  
But I noticed  
You're ringless  
You ain't got a hus-band,"  
I said and I grinned  
Showin' my fing's  
Were as bare as hers.

Hey-ho, how far would I go  
Down the road t' Dublin?  
Hey-ho, listen close  
I'd go as far as love was.

"Say, there dame,  
What's yer name  
'N' from where ya come from?"  
"Fiona Macleod  
'N' I'm from Glasgow  
'N' you're gonna be my huuusband!"

Hey-ho, how far'd I go  
On that road t' Dublin?  
Hey-ho, I went no mo'  
I stopped right where love was.

Sh' was a li'l Scottish lass  
I didn' dare pass  
I became her huuusband.

## On the Road to Dublin

Hey-ho, now ya know  
'Twas on that road + Duub-lin  
That's where I found  
The woman I'm in love wiith.

\*Note: I was reluctant to publish this, as I'm not a bit Irish. But, I think it sounds good, + I do very much respect the Poet/Warrior history of Ireland, as well as have a weakness for red-haired lassies....  
Hope the Irish like it!

## Amy, Mes Amies

Amy, mes amies,  
What a lovely namey!  
It sounds friendly,  
Somewhat Frenchy,  
Or from Italy.  
When said softly,  
The sound comforts me,  
Making me think  
Of scenes sunny.  
There's three of thee  
In my memory  
Each quite lovely  
All blonde 'n' willowy  
Angelic femes  
Whose faces radiated  
Heaven's serenity.  
Their sacred similarity  
Was what attracted me.

Oh, you Godly  
May accuse me  
Of idolatry  
For my fantasy  
And may hate me  
For this heresy  
But I'll ever be  
A priestly devotee  
To their trinity.

As faithless as it'll seem,  
I must admit to ye  
That I also daydream  
About two Tammies.

Feel fine, friend  
For few folks  
Favor fallen fellows.

Find faithful frères!

A Lilac Twist

Puny purple petals,  
Plentifully present,  
Pleasantly perfume  
People's presence.



Two cells away,  
Inadequately entertained,  
Someone screams.

Insane?

No T.V. in my cage,  
Just pen and page.  
Too busy writing  
To be deranged.

Doors locked by ignorant bolts  
Were picked by paper keys,  
Freeing my soul  
To breathe, eat and grow  
In ways, which, without books  
I'd never have known  
Were possibilities!

Fee, fie, foe, fum.  
I smell the pulp  
Of an unread volume!  
Be it poetry  
Or be it prose,  
I'll caress its spine  
Until I doze!

\*Note: Books & the ideas in them have, more than anything (sadly), saved my life. None of my writings nor my sketches would be possible without the free books sent to me by these:

[prisonliteratureproject.com](http://prisonliteratureproject.com)  
[groundwork.ucsd.edu](http://groundwork.ucsd.edu)  
[prisonlibraryproject.org](http://prisonlibraryproject.org)  
[rainbowbookstore.org/b2p](http://rainbowbookstore.org/b2p)  
[prisonbookprogram.org](http://prisonbookprogram.org)

Ideals

Who first thought you up,  
I wonder?

Possibly Adam or Eve  
Or another?

Well, you're here.

That's clear,  
By all the tears  
We've shed,  
Blood we've bled,  
Lives you've ruined,  
Resources consumed....

And what's been proven?

We've been fools  
For following you.

In swift flowing waters sloughed from the Miss'  
Was the favorite place of mine to fish  
When I was a kid, seeking solitude's bliss.

How smooth life must've been in the home of those fish  
'N' how strongly I wished in my own was such bliss.  
'S a shame such wishes weren't granted by th' Miss'!

As I grew, d'spite searching, I found no bliss  
But now, locked in prison, forbidden t' fish  
I find bits of bliss 'n memories 'f the Miss'

And blissfully dream I'm the fish I miss.

Icy water.  
Young fingers numb  
ly cast the l  
ure,  
Trying to catch the big one.

Curious toes,  
Mississippi drenched  
Feel an edge:  
A piece of glass  
Or a clam.

## Under a gloomy sky

Under a gloomy sky  
A puddle-bound bird  
Fresh fallen from egg  
Anxiously chirps  
Begging t' be re-nested.  
But its too tiny sounds  
Aren't heard  
By those walking by  
As it slowly dies.  
Somewhere a poet  
Writes down his words.

## Falling Out of Love

When you left, without a sound,  
I felt so out of place,  
Felt such a forceful shove,  
When you pulled away your love,  
As if my soul'd floated off the ground  
And drifted into space.

## Back to Love

I remember the feelings that I felt  
The first time our bodies did meld  
And your heart  
Matched the rhythm  
Of miiiiine.

I thought for sure what we'd shared  
Would be more than a brief affair  
And, like a diamond, wouldn't wear  
Down  
Over tiiiiime

Though many years have since passed  
The love I still feel make me ask  
That, if I could go back,  
Would there at least be a chance,  
That you wouldn't say  
Goodbyyyyyyye?

If so, then  
With all the strength I possess,  
I'd use every breath  
T' turn back the hands  
Of tiiiiime!

But whatever mistake I made  
T' cause your love t' wither 'n' fade  
I've searched for it in vain,  
'Cause I can't turn back  
The hands of tiiiiime.

Yet, if I could  
I would go back

Yes, I would hold back  
The hands of tiiiiime!

I'd do whatever it took  
Against every science book  
If it'd keep our love  
Aliiiiive!

Yeah!  
With all my might,  
I'd roll back  
I'd hold back  
The hands of tiiiiime.

Then this frown on my face  
Could be replaced  
With a smiiiiile.

If...

If, if, if  
If I was Black  
Then I wouldn't be White.  
If I was illiterate  
Then I couldn't write  
This.  
If I didn't have a heart  
Then I wouldn't be less  
Couldn't miss  
Your kiss,  
Caresses,  
The bliss of our love.  
But I don't  
And won't  
And haven't since you left  
I fib.

If, if, if  
If I was insensitive  
I couldn't feel this pain.  
But I do.  
It's true,  
D'spite the excuse you gave  
For choosing someone else  
In my place.  
I know you think you're per-fect,  
But it feels like a big mistake.  
If I didn't have a heart  
Why can I feel it break?



## Good Love

Always been, life for me was tough  
Fate it seemed, handled me with iron gloves.

Good love, Lord give me too much  
Dear God, I crave a tender touch

Maybe, I was born extra sensitive  
Can't I think of a better way to live  
Good love, Lord give me too much

Dear God, I crave a tender touch.

My heart is parched, but ne'r shrivelled up  
While young, hope was moisture enough

Good love, Lord give me too much

Dear God, I crave a tender touch

Now I'm grown and fear I won't last long  
Hope alone, won't feed my hungry soul.

Good love, Lord give me too much

Dear God, I crave a tender touch

Good love, Lord give me too much

Dear God, I crave a tender touch.

## An Outlaw's Lament

Her long, fine hair's what first caught my eye:  
Brown, streaked with shades of cop'ry red,  
Ignited by eyes that sparked when she smiled,  
Which partly hid a blue I can't forget,  
But not the love that I neglect'd.

I knew her eighteen years ago  
When I was still an insecure boy.  
Then, when I'd grown, we met again;  
And it was she who made a pass,  
That I declined: my die'd been cast.

At seventeen, I'd walked away  
From society and who I could be.  
Expecting hate and fearing love,  
Darkness was all I chose to see;  
And I acted accordingly.

Truth is that I've no excuse  
For those of you wond'ring why  
I made the choices I chose to choose,  
Disdaining life with a delightful lass,  
In favor of death by crime.

Though outlaw sirens sure can sing,  
Misery's all that loving them brings;  
And I'm a fool who loved them true.  
Now my life's a lonely ruin,  
Haunted by this potent regret:

I'll live in prison, until my death  
When I could've been locked in the limbs  
Of that sweet strawberry brunette.

## Once I Loved a Red-Headed Lass

Once I loved a red-headed lass,  
But she didn't love me back.  
I poached her gold and pinched her diamonds.  
She cared for them  
But not who I was.

Once I loved a red-headed lass,  
But she didn't love me back.  
I fought her foes,  
I wrote her poems.  
But she laughed  
When I proposed.

Once I loved a red-headed lass....  
The hell if I know why!  
All she did was break my heart,  
Give me cause t' cry.

Once I loved a red-headed lass  
A Cinderella, so she seemed.  
Ahhh,  
I never loved her  
I loved the dream.

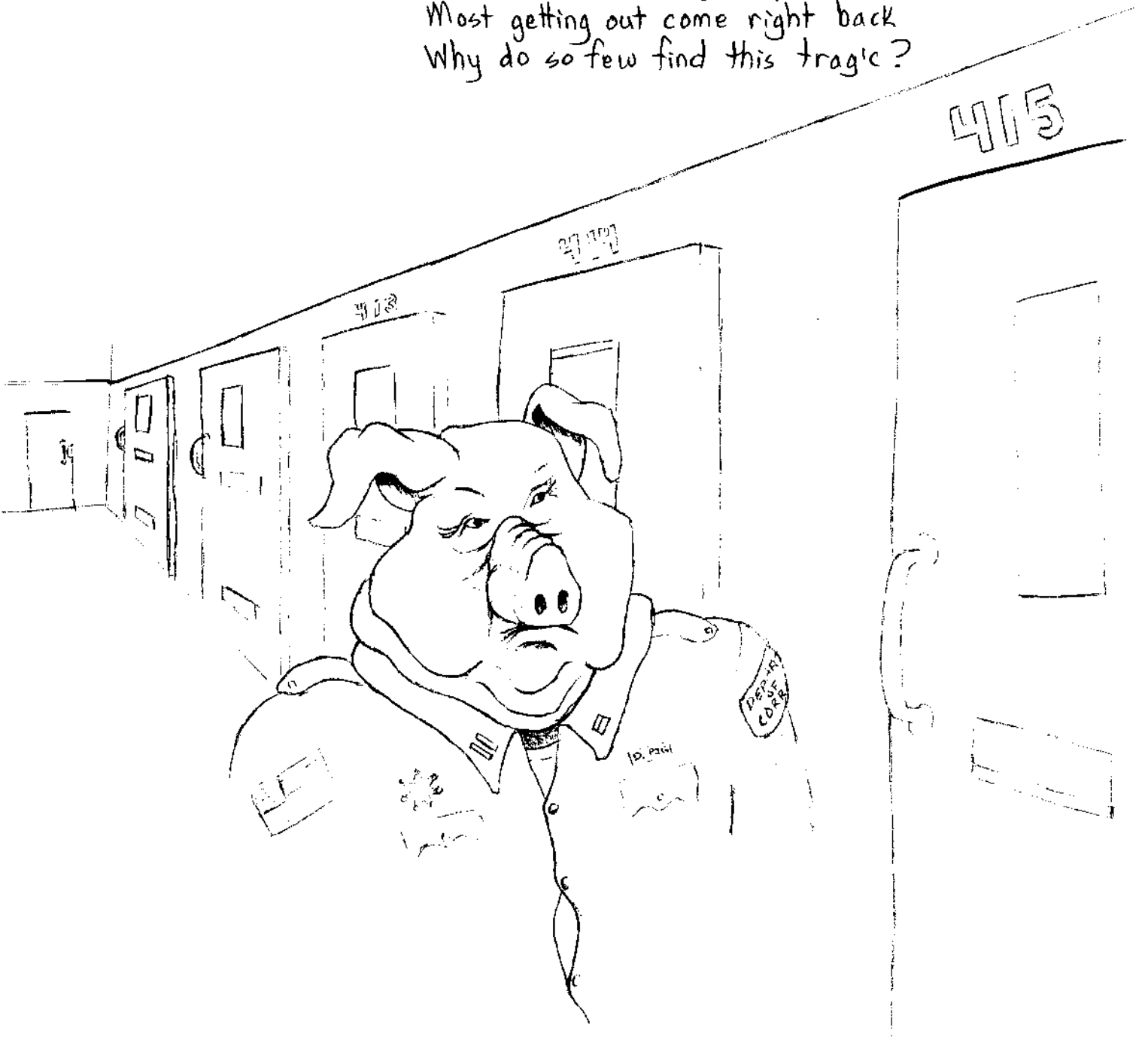
Why not live a love life,  
Smile when it rains?  
Isn't it tough enough?  
A grin can ease the pain.

Society's mood is a stew.  
What're you putting in it?  
Hopefully not poo.

When a Bears fan attacks:  
Stinking Packer bocher!  
Reply to that:  
Stinking crack packer!

The bureaucratic process,  
When working flawless,  
Is perfectly clearless,  
Clearly purposeless  
And purely worthless.

Wardens hoard their boarders  
Under county courts' orders.  
Staff, in fact, grow fat,  
Extorting taxpayers' tax.  
It's a massive protection rack't,  
'Cause rehab rarely haps.  
Most getting out come right back  
Why do so few find this tragic?



Perfection is pure fiction  
The platform of predatory politicians,  
Preached from pulpits  
By pastors profiting from  
Promises of forgiveness.  
The natural state of humans  
Is sin.

Who'd want to be God,  
Alone up on a throne  
Always looking down  
Talking to himself  
like a prisoner in a cell  
Who'd he call for help?  
Being God'd be hell!

If God's a fraud,  
Who wrote the check?  
And isn't it odd  
How many folks  
Damn themselves to heck?

## An Artistic Convict's Freedom

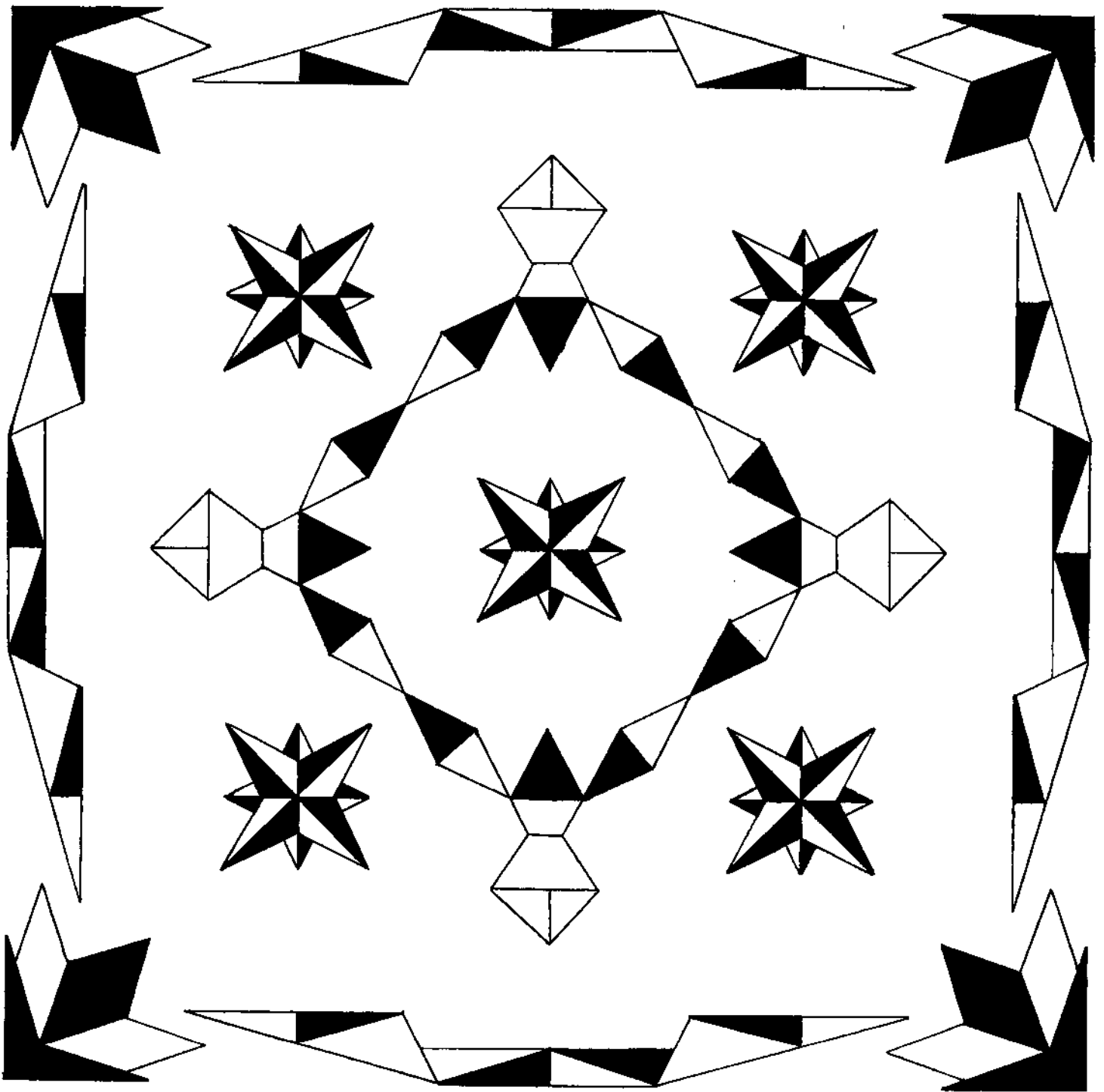
Twisting symbols 'n' signs are what my mind sees  
When I see art — drawn, written or even  
Sung. I sense all such art similarly  
Finding pleasure in a few lines like these.

This sight, this sense — though sealed tight in a box —  
Fills more of my consciousness as of late,  
Guiding me as I'm impelled to create  
Poetry and prose. Away ticks my clock

While my body stays in its cage for life.  
Yet my artist's mind's eye gives liberty  
To me — not the slaves who hold my lock's key.

Thus I rise above the soul-death so rife  
In the masses of blind humanity,  
Living in fractal realms of reality!





\*Note: This is a simplistic depiction of the visuals I sometimes experience  
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## I'm not the Only One

I'm not the only one  
Withering in a cage,  
Wishing I could escape.

There's millions more like me,  
Hidden from public view,  
Feeling trapped by fate.

I'm not the only one.  
No. I know I'm not alone.  
I can read it in people's faces.

There's many others broken  
Hoping for some magic glue.

I'm not the only one.  
There's plenty of others who  
Have their own reasons for feeling blue.

But why are there so few  
Looking for a solution  
And open to it too?

What "degradation" is:  
each petal of my soul  
plucked slowly.

## Double Celled

One man to a box  
Wasn't cruel enough.  
So the powers that be  
Oppressing everybody  
Dreamed up  
Something rougher,  
Cheaper,  
More dangerous.

Now they stuff  
Two men inside  
Cells that ain't as wide  
As your bathroom.

Yeah, I want company,  
But not some guy  
Who's more messed up than me,  
Who talks thoughtlessly  
When I want to sleep,  
Who's sweat and feces  
I gotta smell  
'Cause no air's exchanged,  
Who's likely deranged,  
And, 'cause it's a small cage,  
's always in my p' space,  
Even at night.

Man, this shit ain't right,  
Bein' double celled.

## Breaking Free From My Cage

A cage can make one think.

Though being caged is no state any being should be in.  
And, when thinking's worn thin.

A cage can make one dream.

As for me, fifteen years into my life bit,  
Like Willie Nelson sang of Poncho's friendemy,  
I've sank into my dreams.

As dark and hard as they often are,  
My dreams have more substance than the stark reality  
That the powers that be made and push on me.

I suppose I could grow bitterer  
Over "freedom" being taken away,  
As I see more and more hair turn gray  
— Both the thought and the deed've occurred,  
My own thoughts turning agents provocateur.  
But I couldn't and can't live that way  
... As long as I can dream.

As angry as it may make those who believe  
My ever-hard life should be scarred by misery,  
Hope underlies even my rugged dreams.  
And, though the pain from being caged won't go away,  
It's made me more sensitive to the little things,  
The scraps of love, kindness, and beauty.  
That, slip through the cracks  
(While I ignore the boring soul beating  
That society's seen fit to inflict on me)  
And help my heart beat.

## I'm a Human Being

I made a big mistake.  
That's all it takes, they say  
To justify trying t' break me  
More.

They believe it's my fate  
T' be degraded  
And seal off all escapes  
They can see  
But they've not sealed my mind,  
Though they've tried  
And 'r' still tryin'!

I'm a human being  
Despite the worst they do  
'N' I'll make it through their maze.

If you believe the papers  
We're all baby rapers  
Dope friends,  
Headless, heartless goons.  
At least for me, that's not true  
I'm a hearty fool.

I'm a human being  
Despite whatever they claim.  
Nobody else's definitions or rules  
Can change this.

Thank God I'm anti-social,  
Not that this really is so,  
I can resist the omnipotent peer pressure  
To be a being lesser  
Than who I am.

## I'm a Human Being

I'm a human being  
Take away these chains  
Let me rise above  
Who you think I was  
Yesterday.

It's the emotional stress I most fear.  
It squeezes out the tears  
You see here  
'Cause the release of love's obscured  
By walls of hate.

I'm a human being  
And if I ever reach the land of love  
I know I'll be okay.

I can feel the night that comes  
Don't recall ever seeing the sun.  
Night comes for everyone  
And ends our many pains.

What, I wonder, will I leave behind  
Opened eyes, or more blind  
T' the possibility of positive change?  
If they read between my rhymes  
Maybe they'll see

I was a human being  
Who could've been.....

## Prison Politics

It once happened all the time  
Some mass manipulator proclaiming  
"We need t' get tough on crime!"  
Without explaining who'll be paying  
Or even what they mean.

Now, since the house of glass cards  
Known as the economy  
Has fallen, shattered t' shards,  
They legislate leniency  
Releasing convicts early.

Why isn't Nancy Grace screaming?  
Not one newscaster's asked  
About the people they're releasing  
And why the tough on crime crowd's grasp  
Has relaxed  
(to clasp their money)

Nobody's seen the obvious:  
Broken millions still fill cells  
In prisons, which fix no one,  
No matter how much like Hell's pit  
Sadistic hypocrites make them mimic.

Isn't it terribly sad  
That the weak'ning of state sadistry  
Is only because it isn't cheap  
Feeding the prison beast  
All the people it can eat?

## I'm Guilty

I'm guilty  
Though not quite as bad  
As the picture that  
The Powers that Be have  
Painted of me.

I'm guilty  
Though you might want to examine  
What went on in my past  
If you want to truly understand  
How I became the man I am.

I'm guilty  
Of one moment of wrong,  
Which has been relied upon  
For fifteen years going on  
To wrong me  
Constantly

I'm guilty  
Yes, I admit my crime,  
Yet refuse to be defined  
By a few moments of time.  
There's more to me.

I'm guilty  
Of being a human being  
By society condemned  
To be something sub-human,  
Which I fiercely fight against.

I'm guilty  
But isn't it the truth  
That society's guilty too?



## I'm Guilty

For how can a piece of fruit  
Fall far from  
Its tree?

"I'm guilty"  
Is a wearisome refrain  
Much more so than  
"Learn and try again"  
Don't you think?

Then why keep me in this cage?

## Can't You See?

Can't believe the lies  
That most believe.  
Am I evil 'cause I despise  
Society's hypocrisy?

The sheeple all wear smiles  
And pastel colors,  
While their soldiers stock up piles  
Of bystanders in their wars.

Who's the monster,  
Them or me?  
Who's the monster?  
Answer honestly.

There's a million rules,  
In the land of the free,  
Where people are mere tools,  
Parts of a machine.  
Each is a link 'n the chain  
Holding them in slavery.  
What the system calls insane  
I call epiphany.

Who's the monster,  
Them or me?  
Who's the monster?  
Can't you see?

I can see what's beneath  
The masks most people wear.  
There's meat between sharp teeth  
And a predatory stare.  
While they preach of peace,

## Can't You See?

Condemning others crimes of war,  
Blind t' the fact their Master Beast  
Does it all and more.

Who's the monster,  
Them or me?  
Who's the monster?  
Grab a mirror and see.

Look at Me!

Look at me!  
Go ahead and stare.  
My blaze orange uniform  
Blares my origins.  
The chains locking my  
Declare I'm unforgiven.

See this crazy bald spot  
And shaggy graying beard I got,  
'Cause they won't let me shave?  
It's okay.  
Don't look away or be ashamed  
But, realize  
—What offends your eyes  
Your votes helped make.

Maybe you don't care.  
Then isn't it fair  
If I don't care?  
Strangely, I'm not as pitiless  
As society is.

I know it makes no sense  
To justify violence.  
Mine was committed in ignorance,  
And I've repented;  
But, do to my sentence,  
Will never be freed  
Tell me,  
Who's more guilty  
Of promoting misery:  
Me, by my one deed,  
Or the Powers that Be  
For what they do daily?

"You're a sinner 'n' belong in there!"  
I've heard the empty headed scream,  
Hypocritically.  
Do they really believe this?  
It's caging sentient beings that's evil,  
I've never tortured anybody,  
So how's it just to torture me?

People are special, the highest animal,  
Holding control of the world's fate.  
But, collectively, we've went O.C.D. insane,  
Built 'n' enslaved ourselves phobisophically  
In chains,  
Each link a masochistic lie believed  
By those who prefer the reliability of slavery  
And fear they lack the competence  
To create their own destiny.

## Serving My Life Sentence

Serving my life sentence  
I've found that true friends  
Are non-existent  
Or, at best, from me, hidden  
I've watched short-timers go,  
Listened to them brag about blowing  
their freedom away.  
I've been here when they return  
For another short stay.

Serving my life sentence  
I've longed to escape  
The fate designated for me  
By those who've chosen not to see  
Any worthwhile qualities  
Just see my mistakes,  
But none that they make.

Serving my life sentence,  
My soul, a sparrow,  
Seemingly too small and fragile  
To survive in a place  
Designed by de Sade  
Somehow soars  
Up from the chronic suicide  
A tear-denied child  
Began decades ago.

Serving my life sentence  
Mine behind bars  
Blaspheming its scars  
The sparrow sings out his heart  
Hoping some'll see  
It was a human,  
What it might have been....

Why do people call it progress  
Destroying forests  
We need F' breathe?  
Why've we believed it's success  
T' work in offices, full of stress,  
T' consume things we don't need,  
T' eat food that makes us sick,  
T' live lives that're meaningless,  
T' have friends we don't like,  
T' love lovers we don't love?

For me, that's not enough.

Modern life makes no sense.

I must live differently.

Flee society's suicide,

Find someplace wild  
T' live, then die.



## Dragons Disguised

Through the lace of flurry flakes,  
Blowing past in the wind's gusting waves,  
I watched the forest shake.

A rhythmic roar throbbed from its floor  
— A place too ordered 'n' clean  
For the wildlife, which should've been there,  
T' teem —

Through the ground,  
Up my feet, into my bones.

Then a modern dragon appeared,  
Raising its sightless head,  
Devoid of flesh,  
Its four square teeth bared,  
In its cold chest, a man.

With a louder roar  
And more intense rumble,  
Its teeth bit into a pine.  
While that tree's top wobbled,  
The beast coughed noxious blue-black smoke  
From the effort it took  
T' crack that tree's back 'til it broke.  
As I watched it crash down,  
A bullet-crack sound  
Shot from its parted bark.  
The leaves of its oak once underlings  
Were trembling  
From their wearer's dread of growing tall.  
I watched this attack  
From a supermax rec' cage.  
Cold, alone, dismayed



That, in this post-industrial age,  
Some dragons eat meat;  
And I was no longer small.

Why should we suffer what's ugly  
I wondered,  
Surrounded by unbloomed weeds.  
Then a friend showed me a flower  
With five pink, waxy petals.  
It looked like a piece of candy  
Plastic or jewelry.  
Then it came t' me:  
If there wasn't so much ugliness  
We'd have no reason t' cherish  
The little beauty there is.

## A Return

It happened in a flash,  
After I'd long and needlessly chafed  
At the flimsy restraints mocking my existence — so thin!  
I stepped out of them.

Suddenly I smelled things through a twenty-thousand-year-old nose.  
The damp mud of the forest floor, the faint musk of trees, the elements  
locked  
in raindrops,

The foul bite of plastics.

I'd become an animal man, again.

Thank the Gods and Sprites of the earth and waters!

Oh! I was born this way!

Shame and guilt deformed my shape,

Cloned me into a store-window dummy.

I closed my eyes — my ears I'd already trained deaf.

I cut off my sense of touch,

Became an albatros, gliding on the thick currents of scent.

Society'd tried to cage me.

But I broke free

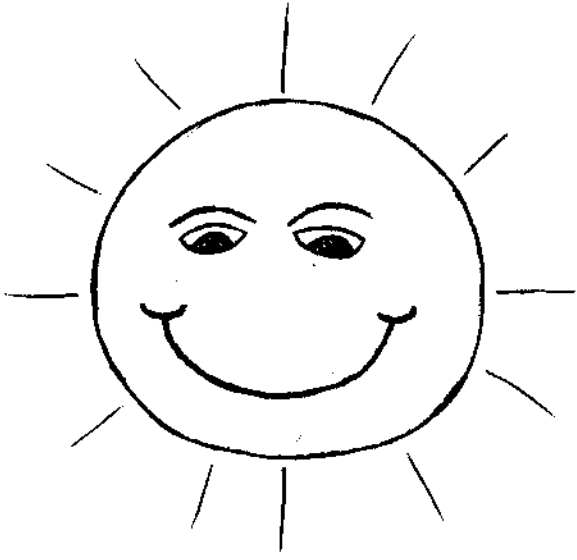
And scrounge through the forest's dark floor.

Amongst rotting pine needles, rotting foliage, worms,

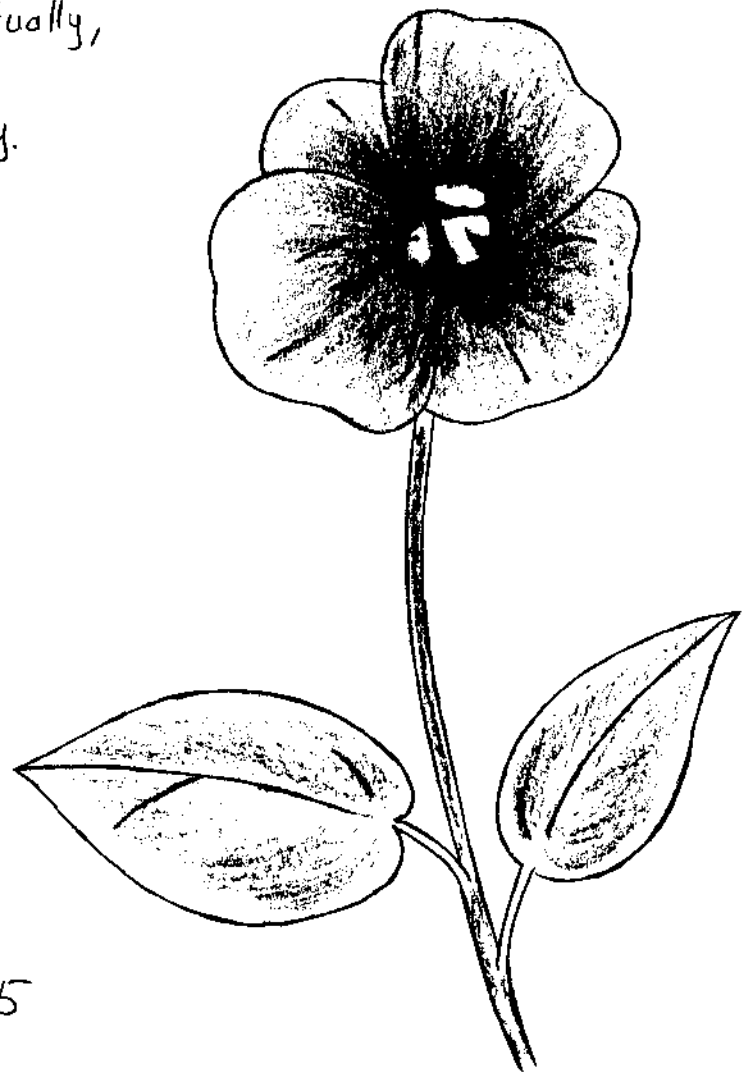
I found discarded pieces of me,  
stitched myself together with poems.

My happy tears fall to the ground

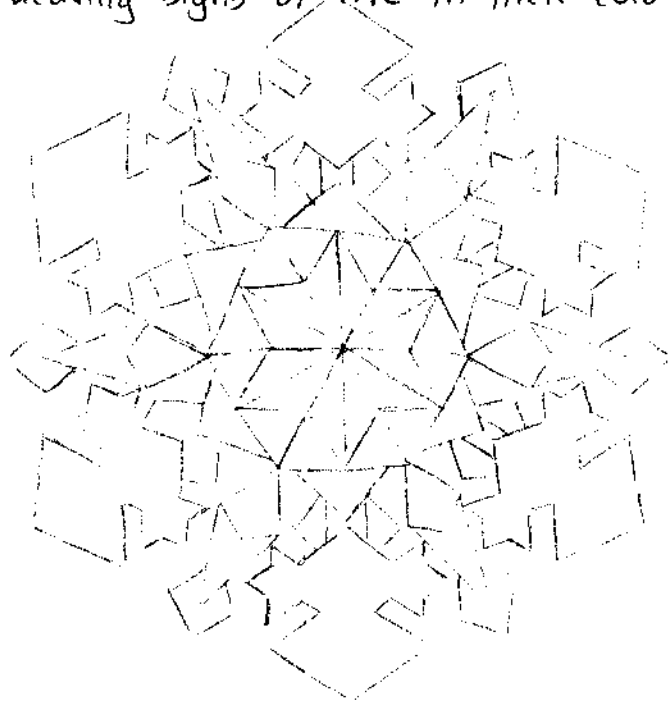
Watering trees that eat the sun.



Good intentions  
Lead to good deeds  
Which inspire people, like me,  
To mimic those actions,  
Improving, eventually,  
By extension,  
The doers reality.



Fresh snow is falling.  
Its crisp scent fills the air.  
The frozen crystals  
Tinkle like tiny silver bells  
For careful listeners,  
As each flake spirals down  
Onto its elder.  
The forest calms in respect,  
As everything is blanketed  
With intricately crafted crystals  
That no humans notice.  
Other animals notice!  
White-tailed deer,  
hares,  
martins,  
turkeys  
Hear,  
As they step through the snow,  
Carefully cracking the ice,  
Leaving signs of life in their cold desert.



## The Promethean Curse

Ya ever felt th' desire  
T' give up on life,  
T' blow your brains out  
Cause, though you know  
You're capable of success,  
Even achieving greatness,  
Your every effort to achieve it  
Is, somehow, defeated?  
The voracious pit  
Eats your efforts.

Is this the description  
of tortured genius?

Ya ever been so despondent,  
So shadowed by despair,  
Because you care too much  
About life, but realize,  
No matter how hard you try,  
Most of your short time is wasted,  
As irrelevant as the dust  
You'll soon be part of?  
Or d'ya think life's frivolous  
'N' all that matters is your happiness?

Is such pain the mark of wisdom  
Or proof of foolishness?

I ponder all of this  
Every day,  
Wond'ring if I'm crazy,  
If something's wrong with me,  
Why I'm so unsatisfied,  
Why ideas flood my mind.

Why I feel no one can relate,  
Why I feel so lonely,  
Why I can't pretend  
— Like so many others can —  
That love is real,  
Though I want it nonetheless....

Is this the real Promethean curse:  
Knowing so much that it hurts?

Bats,  
Flapping in my attic,  
Their sere sound  
Comforting  
The door's closing  
On my sanity.

Why Do People Call ~~it~~ Progress

by Nathaniel Allen Lindell P.O. Box 9900 Boscobel, WI 53805

Why do people call it progress  
~~When they destroy<sup>ing</sup> the forests~~  
We ~~all~~ need, to breathe?

Why've we believed it's success  
To work in offices, stressed,  
To consume things we don't need,  
To eat food that makes us sick,  
To live lives that're meaningless,  
To have friends we don't like,  
To love lovers we don't love?

For me, that's not enough.

~~To me~~, modern life makes no sense.

~~Why~~ <sup>I must</sup> not live different-  
ly?

Flee society's suicide!

Find someplace wild:  
To Live <sup>my</sup> ~~your~~ life!