

**stirrings of the mostly dead:
a memoir**

by p

what follows is a brief account of my four months at a previous job. i've tried to omit as much information as possible since the people were truly nice and the company does good work.

honestly, though, i can't imagine a more disillusioning four months in any one's life. the next twenty-nine pages documents one of the most desperate and depressed human experiences recorded. it was, interestingly enough, probably the most i've ever written (*and kept*) in my life. some of it i actually think is decent, other parts are just the sad, confused rants of a coffee-choked zombie.

may god have mercy on my dejected and caffeinated soul.

where these words lead, do not follow.

2/21/05 (a legal obligation...)

..to end my life. it's my duty to society.

- i work around people who's names are noel.. and joel.. and ruth..
- i get memos
- i have a ruler
- i need to get an IOC for an RFP to authorize my ESA Phase I
- i can see three people who i can almost guarantee wear sweatpants on the weekend
- they can see what i'm typing right now..
- i figured out a way to give myself a frontal labotomy with the staple remover..

that's all for now. don't expect much more.

p

ps: i got excited about new pens in the supply cabinet. i'm going to go sob in the bathroom..

2/21/05

and i'm in way over my head. my "supervisor" type lady person said she'd talk to me about a project after she grabbed a cup of coffee.. that "grabbing of the coffee" has taken 13 minutes and is still going.. i don't know if i can hang with these people. they have the art of time wasting down to a practical science. i might be in over my head.. but i still say i have a lot - i mean a lot - of potential when it comes to the wasting of time. eric can testify to this. he's seen me at my worst/best (my worst is my best). give me a few more weeks and i'll be looking prime for upper management. after all, i have a meeting this afternoon with the bob's.

michael and sumir would be proud.

2/22/05

so today, around 3pm, i had to pee. this is what happened:

walked into the bathroom that is annoyingly bright and always reaking of "oust" to cover up (rather poorly i might add) the smell of the shit the person before just took. did my thing. didn't flush (the urinal is set up somehow so it's not required). zipped and buttoned my pants. stepped over to the sink. looked in the mirror and noted the sorry individual looking back. no collar today, just a sweater and a white tee underneath. belt still undone. poor posture that led to sore shoulders later in the day. matted hair with a shimmer here and there from the bastard grey hairs. stubble. how can he have stubble on tuesday? serious stubble.. not shadow stubble.. serious shave-worthy stubble. maybe he should shave. probably won't, it won't help his image anyway. crusties in the corner of his eyes. those must be new from the psuedo-nap he took at work (ie: sleeping with eyes open staring at the computer screen). soap can is full. pink soap. i hate pink. oooo.. an electrical socket.. damn, no paper clips. no pipes on the ceiling to hang a rope (or tie) from either. there's a gallon of cleaning fluid. wait.. it has warning labels. that could kill me i bet.. nah, too much effort. i'd have to lift it up, figure out the child-safe lid, then chug enough before i lost conciousness. there's that guy in the mirror again. he should put his shoulders back, good posture.. no, he just looks like a tool. he still looks like a tool. i put my head down, fight back tears, and reach for the door. time to go back to my own personal hell. and i step back into the flames while my soul sits in the bottom of an unflushed urinal, praying for someone to send it down the drain to its own sad, miserable fate with the rest of the shit in this world.

2/23/05

today i feel like the sludge and sewage, the pits of society are dragging me down, that they've sunk their hooks into my (rotting) flesh and tied me to some giant leaden anchor and i'm decending to the depths of the bell curve.

as paul simon once sang: who am i to blow against the wind?

diluted in the depths

2/25/05

i woke up this morning and everything fell apart. so i swept the shattered shell under my bed and squirmed the slug of my self down the salt crusted streets until i arrived at the building where dignity comes to die. there, in my ergonomic hard-pack-foam chair, i dissolved the rest of my gelatinous being into the yellow pores, helpless against the onslaught of the calvary of purposelessness and outflanked by archers of meaninglessness.

3/1/05

today i find myself to occupied with the tediousness of the "click-print-close" routine that keeps me awake from eight to five. so instead of focusing on the negative aspects of work and my life, i've turned my energies inward to examine my self, my being; the tao of p if you will.

i woke up yesterday morning and ended my favorite part of the day. on any given day, i have one thing (and only one thing) that makes me happy: sleep. that or any other condition of unconsciousness is my one refuge from this hell i crawl through everyday. in the past, eating, pooing, and showering made me happy, too. pooing, however, is no longer the joy that it once was. logically, eating soon followed that downward slide (no pun intended). what of showering then? until a few weeks ago, i looked forward to the warm water and gentle quietness that showers brought. now i see showering as an unfortunate display of the completeness of my entire body's inadequacy.

so having no hope for anything better and longing to pass the time until i went to sleep, i spent yesterday evening in the bathroom, face inches from the mirror, contemplating each and every minute failure of my development. i would call the process a top-down assessment of my "life sack"; instead i'd prefer to say that i simply dropped my head lower and lower as the shame piled higher.

hair: mildly to heavily greasy; falls out at slightest disturbance; has dandruff; grey hairs have (like you) given up on life.

eyes: crustied and red; perpetual bags; brown of pupils gives impression of confusion rather than depth.

nose: greasy; has hairs on tip; sinus tubing in need of leakage repairs.

cheeks: how has hair that high on their cheeks?

eyebrows: how do eyebrows have dandruff?!

ears: wax filled and hairy; easily mistaken for the ears of a much grizzlier old man.

mouth: large spots of dead skin; tumor-like birthmark illicit memories of "paula [abdul]" teasings, dangerous spot while shaving.

teeth: you have all seen the amount of coffee i drink.

breath: you have all smelled the amount of coffee i drink.

overall assessment: disappointing at best. in need of complete removal.

shoulders: knot ridden and slumped; give off immediate impression of impending doom.

chest: strange bulge on left side of rib cage; hair more abrasive than steel wool on a cold day.

armpits: couldn't accurately assess condition of armpits due to a cold shudder that overtook my body at every attempt for visual inspection.

hands: the scars are just now healing on the last girl whose face i touched; ingrown callous that resembles (and might as well be) a wart

torso: completely unremarkable aside from redline that runs horizontally across the middle of my stomach. it is the result of a fold of fat.

back: hairy; spotted with birthmarks, some of which i swear (and hope) are cancerous

ass: not present

skipping to my feet: smelly; hairy (somehow); have been known to sand wood flooring; bloody in summer

i'll spare you details on my mid-section by stating the general: hairy, lots of hair, and hair is present; about as perky as i am on a monday morning going to work.

so there it is: my body as a hairy nutshell.

some may have called that five minutes that i spent in front of the mirror a waste of time. others might have thought it a healthy self-analysis. i call it five minutes closer to sleep.

i wouldn't call this the beginning of the end. i would say it never began in the first place.

wandering aimlessly through the supply cabinet of life

3/3/05

last night, after the weather decided to lock me down in youngstown, i went to barnes and nobles and warmed myself in the glow of three new books. one of the is octavio paz "a draft of shadows". two things made me buy this book: i've heard he writes quality poetry and the other reason is the spanish, one side of the page in spanish, the other translated. i figure the juxtaposition would help me learn spanish a little better while reading some quality literature. the mistake wasn't the purchase itself. the mistake was bring it to work. when a heavyset coworker picked up quizically and muttered to himself, i asked if he had heard of octavio. "oh yeah, oktaveo. yeah, great stuff," and then he rolled his cue ball eyes. catching the insecurity, i asked if he would like me to read him some. a glare answered my question so i did what i should do: opened up and read the first spanish line that hit my eye.

"con los ojos cerrados," i lyrically recited. "do you know spanish?"

"yeah. hasta la vista," and he lumbered off

3/7/05

is it naturally to be mortified by a ringing phone?

today when the clock strikes 4:27pm the secreta--- excuse me, the receptionist will take her leave (three minutes early mind you) and put the phones on night ring. night ring is the ungodly feature of the phone system where every phone in the devil office rings until someone answers. during this time i can be found nervously crouched in the copy room corners or sitting on the thrown in the bathroom.. not doing anything, just sitting, avoiding, hiding. one day i was in my hell box (cubicle), and the phone rang.. i literally ran to the other end of the office where most of the people had left and made my way to the bathroom. i emerged shaken but innocent.

today my plan is to hover over the printer and act as though i'm waiting for something to print. actually i will be waiting for something to print.. my eticket out of this place (a death certificate).

exploring every "ring" of hell

3/8/05

BASF: we don't make the products you buy. we make the products you buy, better.
 PJV: i don't make the products you buy.

Agilent: "Dreams made real"

Vidal: Dream dying

Cadence: "How big can you dream"

P and Co.: Give up dreaming.. now.

Compaq: "Inspiration Technology"

Vidal inc.: Disappointing humanity.

Dupont: "The miracles of Science"

p corp.: the grotesque anomaly of nature

Mitsubishi : "Changes for the Better"

p j, cp-dumb: good is dumb.

Philips: "Let's make things better"

p and associates: we'll makes things worse.

Avis: We try harder.

p j, md: i give up

Volkswagen: Think small.

p: small thinker.

p: making less with more.

vidal: nothing to offer.

j's: showing humanity the fast track to failure.

expect less

3/9/05

all my life i've been told the evils and horrors of procrastination. today, having successfully accomplished nothing before lunch, i see the truth about procrastination. before when i procrastinated, i did it because i didn't want to do anything. that was immature and lazy. now that i'm part of the corporate structure that helps suck meaning from life, i see the beauty and form of procrastination as it's meant to be: a way of ensuring that there will always be something to do.. later. this is procrastination matured into its full form, like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

..i hate my life

3/7/05

god is not a laughing matter.. he's more of a chuckler or snickerer. he doesn't come out and fall into a full belly laugh to be quite honest. it's one of those laughs that makes you a little more apprehensive for having heard it.

it started as uncontrollable laughter, the kind that makes it hard to breath and squeezes the tears from your eyes. the kind that nearly makes you lose bladder control, the kind that makes your abs hurt and your ass clench. as the laughter subsided, though, the tight feeling remained. like an overzealous servant putting helping a debutant with her corset, the tightness continued and pressed hard inward and i felt like i was suddenly placed in a hyperbaric chamber. that's when the numbness started. like ten thousand little electric snakes, it spread from my lungs to my shoulders and trickled slowly down my arm then wrist then stung out from the tips of my fingers. my hand was frozen in some grotesque position, as though motioning to interject with a question. holding on to the phone became difficult and driving became dangerous. the numbness muddled the waters of my mind and i started to become abstract from myself, seeing the whole situation as a physical comedy. my thighs had fully hardened by this point, vats of cement bolted to the compressed seat. i gave eric a few instructions, tried to laugh a little more, then turned off my phone with my plastic prosthesis of an arm, which was an uncomfortable chore at best. with a smile that was literally plastered to my face, i punched for the radio dial - all great endings need exit music.

i found myself in a dusty deserted bar with calcium light filtering in through windows stained by time and sand, their age betrayed by the way the light was distorted at the bottom. confused but calm, i tried to piece together the present scene. the bar itself was small and clean if mostly abandoned. the chairs were simple but portrayed a sense of place that only a worn down wood chair can have. the sun pouring in was just enough to objects across the room visible. i could make out three figures at the bar and, squinting, could see that they were drifters. as i strained slightly to make out their faces, i became aware that the tightness had gone from my chest and the electric snakes had died off. i also noticed that my knuckles were terribly itchy and i had-at-'em with my rediscovered dexterity. the drifters chuckled and, grabbing their drinks, floated across the shineless wood floor. the obviously older one drew up a chair opposite me, carefully placed his drink in the center of the table, and eased into his chair letting out a timeless, weary sigh. his knee brushed the stand and sent the table into a violent gyrating fuss that he quickly ceased by grabbing the table. a spot of pale beer escaped and foamed in the glory of its freedom. the other two milled about on either side of the old man and were somewhat ill at ease. they seemed anxious to be gone as though they were late for kickoff of the big game, anxious to be done with petty detail ridden business.

face still focused on the pint, the old man looked up past his frizzy

eyebrows to look me over. surprised as i was by all of these events, i was still strangely at ease, comforted as though i knew all of this ahead of time.

he refocused on the brew and seemed to lose himself in the bubbles. in the mug of his mind, his ideas fizzled and shuddered and rose, building size and speed as they ascended, finally hitting the surface, born and bursting forth with purpose and dignity.

"on my right is jesus christ, my son. the other is the holy ghost. i think my introduction unnecessary as you should know who i am. they both go by their initials but you won't need to address them. the business is between you and i." the voice was stern but decidedly tired.

i looked at each of them with serene abstraction, nodded humbly, and returned to meet the stare of the i am.

he gulped down a mouthful from his mug, set it down with both arms on the table, sighed from his stomach and continued. ideas emerged from his yellow ale as he spoke. "this is difficult because i've never had to do this before. maybe it's that i'm getting old and tired. and it's hard for me to care all that much anymore. in the beginning, i was hands-on and really into it, you know? something of a micro-manager, i guess. that burned me out pretty badly and i ended up taking it out on all the wrong people, drivelling in gambling even." he paused and considered the beer and decided to wet his mouth once more. after smacking his tongue in his mouth, he started, "and that's not to make excuses. i let it affect me and it only perpetuated the cycle. it really started to affect some of my relationships. all of the pressure separated me from my purpose and my actions reflected that confusion. i took something of a sabbatical for a while, came back a little clearer in mind, and decided the best course of action was to delegate some of my responsibilities. now i'm a pretty confident guy," he said as casually as he could, "but honestly the job was too much." i adjusted in my chair and rested on my elbows. i'd have added something here, a spot of support or understanding, but i could see he was working through the thoughts in his own mind and saying anything my break this quiet sphere he had put around himself. this was the first time he had confessed these things to a mortal and i could almost see his shoulders relax as the weight came off.

"that was about two thousand years ago. that's when i assigned jc to full-time manager. he came to me proposing some really sweeping and ambitious reforms and it was really hard for me to not outright reject some of them. but i restrained myself and gave him my thoughts and advice on the situation but let him have his go." his next swig brought him to the half-way mark on his mug. he sat back in his seat and took in a long dramatic breath, his barely visible nose hairs fluttering slightly as he exhaled. another small sip. he palmed the mug and seemed satisfied with the way his hand wrapped around the cool glass. he looked at the clock behind me and then over his right

shoulder and caught jc's eye. jc stopped milling and turned for the bar, fishing inside his flowing white robe for his modest billfold.

iam leaned forward on his seat, close to me, and hushed, "he means well, he really does. and can you really be angry with such an idealistic youth? he has dreams, big ones, ones that can't be compromised." he glanced quickly at the bar. "his problem is, though, he doesn't understand people. he expects too much out of them and it crushes him when they fail. but they're bound to. it's not that he's wrong or that they're wrong. he needs to change his expectations. i tried to tell him to take some time off like i did, to get a little perspective and introspection. but he's still young and can push himself hard and not have to pay. it'll catch up with him. he really is a solid guy. heart o' gold and all." he started to smirk a little and the smirk grew into a snicker. "but you know what they say about good intentions." he fell back in his chair, his chest shuddering from repressed laughter, and gulped another half of the remaining beer. jc payed the bartender, tipping him generously, and drifted back to the table. the glass clunked as he dropped it on the table. the head built and fell over the side, creating a small foamy pond next to mug. his face showed that the carbonation, the life and death, the building and breaking, the filling and falling satisfied him fully. iam regarded him and nodded his thanks. he lowered his mug, paused to regain himself, and lifted it again to his mouth, finishing the rest as a quick snap of his grey head.

he put it down forcefully and the foam islands slid down the inside, a mobile archipelago.

he pulled the next round closer and began. "i'm telling you all of this so that you'll understand a little better. now, after jc here did his whole thing on earth, things got a little out of hand. it started going downhill after that damned nicene creed." he shook his head and drank some more. i had my first inklings of unease but up to this point i remained unchanged, almost stoic. i'd hardly fidgetted even aside from perpetually itching my knuckles. iam look slightly annoyed at something, like he had a tick in the back of his throat he couldn't get rid of. finally he started again. "to make a long story short," he said surrenderingly, "the catholic church got real big and to make things efficient and practical, jc delegated some responsibilities to them. it wasn't his idea actually but he ended up going along with it since he felt, if nothing else, people had promise. now it wasn't a lot of responsibilities. but they were big ones," he said with widened eyes to help give me a sense of meaning. "one of those," he said slowly as he turned his eyes back to his beer, "was the duty of assigning souls." i could see he was cautious and somewhat pensive. waving a hand towards nothing, "something about having to couple souls and original sin and since they were the authority on original sin, they should get both duties." a sigh and a swig, still looking downward. his solemnness started to make me a little apprehensive. "the church has since become the biggest beauracracy known to.. well men and gods alike." i noticed jc had separated himself a little more from the conversation. when i returned my gaze to iam, he averted his

eyes again. sighing. "the 1980's were a tough time for everyone and the general mood was anger against 'the system', whichever system it may be. well the mood ended up getting into the church and it's work.." his eyes widened a little and he considered both sides. "now, in their defense, they've done spectacularly with respect to the administration of souls. for as many people have been brought into this world, for them to have been nearly flawless all this time is truly impressive, beyond my own expectations."

he realized his slip a second later and quickly dispensed with half the mug. i scratched my knuckles and with questioning eyes i asked, "'nearly flawless'.. i've been quiet and regarding up to this point, unquestioning of the purpose of our discussion. i would say, given the circumstances, i've been very respectful-"

"-and you have," he quickly and approvingly remarked.

"-but if i may be blunt, what am i doing here and why are we discussing this?" i adjusted myself again, this time very guarded.

he played with his mug for a moment then regarded the two next to him. they both nodded somberly. "you don't have a soul," he said as he turned. "it was lost in the beaurarcy and.. well it's unimportant really. but the real problem is this: the catholic church has authority on this but it's too late to give you a soul since you can only be given one at the exact moment of birth. and since you don't have a soul, there's nothing i can do." they were quiet and helpless for a moment. "our hands are tied," he subjectedly announced. i thought i saw hg sadly shake his head.

we were all very silent for several minutes. the beer disappeared as time passed without a word. when it was gone, he wearily rose to his feet, placed his hand on the table and began to say that he was sorry.. but he something told him it was pointless. he dropped his head and turned to the door. suddenly he turned and said with a spot of hope, "on bright side, it's one less thing for you to worry about, right? can't miss what you never had.." his chuckled faded under the glare of my eyes and they told him it was time to leave and they did, silently, quietly--

whoaa!! where did that guardrail come from! jesus christ that was close!..

my heart was racing faster than the engine and the air smelled acrid from burned rubber. the man in the car next to me looked more frightened than a choir boy on sunday morning. that must have been quite a sight to see, my inches from meeting my maker in a mass of steel-twisted doom. swerve to witness. need to get more coffee.. need to stay awake.. just twenty more minutes and i'm home with plenty of fruit for my nightly snack. so tired i can't remember the last mile and a half.. and did i brush some poison ivy or something cause my knuckles itch something awful.. :)

wow.. and that took only five hours.

3/2/05

pouring black coffee into the whites of my eyes, i type on little greasy ivory blocks of a petroleum derived alphabet. here in this square cubical of pressed wood and burlap that neatly restricts my sphere of influence to an eight by eight square, i pound out an existence, try to insert meaning into this blank template document of life. gridded and organized, filed and compartmentalized, concise and institutionalized, this is how i've been melted and molded into a deepening cess pool with constricting shores, a bell curve collapsed inwards by the weight of its own glut. there is no high-water mark here, no line where waves lapped their lean lips against the shoulders of some such great heights of ideals. no, this fetid bath is full of apathetic waters and holds as still as a forgotten mirror. again the sun comes 'round to boil more particles off the top, forsaken as they are, their absence concentrates the poisons below. again the storms in the distance deliver more fallen souls down the sinous rivers to the great delta of dissemination. and so it will be tomorrow as it is today..

..i think i'll go get some coffee.

3/10/05

my fate is sealed. i gave it my best shot. turned out to be the world's worst.

today, around 1:30pm, i almost screamed aloud i was so bored. And since i had shut my brain off hours ago, i almost actually did it. instead it was more like a peep. realized the severity of the situation, i wiped the blood off my shoulder that had dripped from my ear, and went to r (my supervisor-type lady) and told her that i'm at a stopping point with my projects and offered to help her with anything she might need done, asked her if there was anything i could do.

she told me, "ok, well go ahead and take a break."

i went back to my cubicle and wept uncontrollably.

will someone pull my feeding tube

3/22/05

i have great news!

just a few minutes ago, i was in the bathroom peeing and had a ravishing pee-gasm. then, as i was leaving, my boss grabbed me and let me know norma across the way has my pay-check from last week. and then i said, "yeah, i should probably go get that."... and he laughed! I made my boss laugh. and i laughed because he laughed even though I didn't see the humor in it. this is great! can't you see? i'm "in" with the boss and headed straight for upper management despite my complete inability to handle anything more complicated than a bowl of cold cereal. that's three great things all in a row! now all i have to do is develop a quiet but solid drinking habit (it's only a problem if you quit) and i'm sure i can squander what remains of my life in silent desperation.

3/23/05

you see, it's not that i hate life. it's more that life hates me.

- my button is half broken on my pants
- my pants are obviously an inch too short
- the paper towels disintegrate the second you touch them with wet hands, making them impossible to remove from the feeder
- my nose always has something hanging out of it
- my skin is scabbed in such a way that it looks like i either escaped from the reptile boy circus exhibit or that i have shingles
- my face
- my body is covered with hair, big black thick hair
- the faucet isn't well oiled so that no matter how careful you are about it, you always end up turning it on full blast at first and soak your pants with the resulting spray
- the print function in word always prints the wrong pages
- i have a daily routine (a sure sign of the end)
- a vegetarian diet, though better for the global environment, is hell on a digestive system and destructive to local and micro-environments (ie: everywhere near me)
- i was born and live in northeastern ohio
- i'm pretty much asexual

AND I'M NOT TALL! i could be all of these things and tall and i'd be set. this is why i inherently distrust anyone over six foot.

and this is irrefutable proof of the existence of god. and that he hates me. or at least that he gets a sick, twisted kick out of watching me suffer.

it's raining outside. that's not thunder. that's god chuckling.

3/23/05

it's amazing how much life can be wasted on one person. for instance, i waste forty-five hours a week of my life in this office (that's including lunch breaks). then consider i spend at least another thirty minutes on the road communiting: wasted life. in the morning, i don't really accomplish anything other than contribute to the ever rising demand of coffee production from undeveloped third-world countries that slash and burn rainforests to provide crop for three, maybe four good years. there goes another hour. the hour or so i spend at dinner, that's good time, it contributes to the people around me.

ok, so that makes ten and a half hours of wasted time to one hour of "good" time per weekday. still another twelve and a half hours to sort through.

seven hours a night i sleep. as the people who went to utah with me can testify, i mostly just snore and fart in my sleep. producing waste means wasting. chalk another seven up to "wasted life". evening news: one hour of waste. time spent on computer in the basement: half hour of waste.

wasted life: nineteen hours

life that went to good use: one hour

now, as i sit here doing nothing on my bruised non-present ass, i have to wonder. what happens to those other four hours? well, occasionally they are spent climbing in akron. the commute is an hour each way (two hours wasted) and i'll climb for a solid two hours. those two hours are a toss up: in many ways they're wasted (i go up and down on plastic.. whooppee) but i think i have to put them in the good use column since i see good people there and get to have conversations. plus it's my only chance to avoid complete, total body atrophy. so on climbing days my final score is twenty-one hours of wasted life to three hours of non-wasted life. on my non-climbing days, though.. i'm not really sure what happens. i know occassionally i'll read (not wasted), wander around barnes and nobles (wasted), or sometimes get "things" done around the house (three-quarters wasted). now, since i'll only read for an hour or so then get drawn into a mindless numb state comtemplating my (lack of) existence, i have to give it half and half (a bit generous but please, take pity). averaging that out, on non-climbing days i score about the same as my climbing days: twenty-one wasted, three (arguably) non-wasted.

now, in an society that cries efficiency, let's downsize, economize, package, sort, organize, chart, file, review, draft, and market a new plan for the best use of my wasted life. given that i only put in about three hours of real, actual living, couldn't i be dead, or nearly so, for the rest? excuse me for taking ideas from the matrix, but how about putting me into some sort of chamber where i could be held in a confined state the the heat and gases i produce can be put to good use.

like providing energy to china to power the production and manufacture of hats for dogs.

http://www.k9koolhats.com/html/dog_hat_sizes.html

this isn't funny anymore

3/25/05 (good Friday)

(addressed to eric)

march 24, 2005:

6:23pm - first beer (bottle), dos equis
 6:31pm - dinner: quesadilla and rice on side
 7:10pm - second beer (pint), great lakes
 7:37pm - third beer (pint), killians
 9:10pm - first glass of wine, merlot

march 25

12:15am - first gin and tonic (first ones i'd ever made and it was about half and half in a 12oz glass)
 6:07am - why is my mom hovering around my bed? "get OUT of here!"
 6:58am - who the hell is talking about iraq!? and who's this npr guy? make it stop.. now!
 7:03am - dear GOD! what's beeping?!!
 7:26am - why is my mom calling for me?.. shit! work! clothes food!.. whoa.. not too fast.. is this a house boat?
 7:37am - how did what i ate turn into that?
 8:02am - remember that look i gave you from my cave, the one that was like a cat just daring you to come closer.. i walked into work, hair disheveled, that look plastered on my gray face
 8:04am - why is this keyboard so LOUD?!!
 8:49am - hang on to something solid, we could be capsizing soon.
 9:12am - burping.. whoa.. more burping.. little farting..
 9:13am - "why have you forsaken me?"

3/28/05

a mouthful of cavities and this day underwater feels stale and familiar. i'm lost in this quicksilver solution to fill the gaps in my life. swimming in sterling, the fleshy weight of responsibility and routine, respectability and recognition doesn't drown the sound of silence that burrows into the enamel of my existence.

there was an xfile episode where this worm went into people's brains and made them hate and destroy everything around them. i am those people, this job is that worm. i will kill you.

3/30/05

this morning, an exchange between my stepfather and i:

d: wake up! time to get going.

me: (i snap upright and look at the mocking green lights that read 7:47am) uhh..

d: (mockingly) come on. today's the first day of the rest of your life.

me: (looking down at my checkered boxers and wondering why i've had the same pair since ninth grade) why isn't it over yet?

3/30/05

today is hump day. hump day for whom? i'm not humping anything, perhaps being humped by a corporate system that thinks the best way to make things more efficient is to rape your dignity from you and leave you feeling cold and sticky under the sea of arbitrary rules and regulations. is today the climax of their carnal pleasures, the day when the hope of escape for their whimpering victim is farthest?

i just can't accept the notion that today is topping the crest of the week and from here on out it gets better because the week is already half over. they don't understand that there is no middle, no high or low point, no boundaries and no escape from the building that is my infinite despair.

..some minutes later i return to my cubicle after a meeting with my supervisor-type lady. like charleton heston in planet of the apes, part of me rejoices at seeing me return from "their" grips. he runs up only to stop cold when he sees the glimmer of drool on my chin, the blank stare in my eye, the scar on my forehead. he screams from the inside, you cut up his brain you bloody babboons! later in the day out of pity he puts a rock to my temple.

3/28/05

minutes from the quasi-meeting just seconds ago between r (supervisor-type lady) and i:

r: let's sit down and go over these drawing and notes so you can be set for tomorrow. there are a few places, a few biggies that we should check out on the aerials tomorrow.

p: ok.

r (sits down and lays out seven foot by three foot spread map that p highlighted last week. notes are scribbled all about it. p sits on the chair back facing the other way): ok.. soo.. alright, right here fischer and i found this UST. it's right there, we're pulled up along the road so it's right in the front yard.

p (looks aimlessly at the stacks, piles, towers of binders on waste management. he thinks to himself, 'shit happens.' answers r gutterally)

r (unphased by lack of real response): then.. down the road.. here. there's this school house.

p (eyes glazed over): ok. i'll check it out. (puts binder clip on finger)

r: and here we found this house with narrow windows. might not be anything but it's a little funny looking..

p (thinks, 'you're a little funny looking.')

r: ..so just check to make sure.

p: ok. will do.

i'd continue but this is pretty much how things progressed for next fifteen minutes. i stared aimlessly into nothing while she talked about.. well, i'll never actually know.

i just found out the security guard in the other office has a secret undercover squirrel. no joke.

don't save me. save yourselves.

4/18/05

as you may or may not have noticed, my emails have gone from a flood to a trickle. the reason is, honestly, after some point, you run out of ways to describe existential pains in a new way. however, this weekend brought me something of a new hope: physical pain. evolution has selected against me. but i wasn't about to let grizzly ol' charles darwin get me down. so when the dentist said that i needed my wisdom teeth removed because my genetic make-up is too disfunctional to allow enough room for them, i quickly and excitedly agreed. any chance i get to have someone go into my mouth, cut open my gums, crack my teeth in half, and then sew it up like a underpaid chinese sweatshop mother of twelve i jump right on. and this friday I went under.

for the surgery itself i was knocked out. a few steriods and some gas and i was gone. to my disappointment, i woke up. i had gauze sticking out from my mouth like undernourished tusks. walls jutted out from nowhere and door handles moved when i grabbed from them. the world taunted me. well at least there were no apparent changes from before the surgery.

i'd say more about the event but i don't have the energy. what i will say is this:

have you ever been to the hospital? ever notice the smell? well, to me, it smells of iodine and dirty corners, saline and open wounds, iv drips and crying, scalpels and a thin coating of disease, insides and outsides, aquamarine gowns and bedpans.. take all of that smell and boil it down and liquify it. that is what it tastes like everytime I swallow.

on the bright side of all of this, the gaping hole that was my existential dillema has been temporarily filled with the bloody waters of physical pain. so be happy and rejoice. a new era of self-inflicted pain to fill the dizzying emptiness awaits.

5/6/05

today is my last day at this job.

this morning while peeing into the no-flush urinal, i looked around and wondered if this might be the last time i was in my bleach-white, tiled purgatory. fifteen minutes later, as the coffee pulsed through my kidney's, i found out it was not my last venture. still, i decided to be glad for the misery i experienced here and to remember and appreciate all that has been put into making my life terrible. And what better time than on the clock to reminse about old times.

sitting at my desk, i stared absently at the phone i ran from many a late afternoon. how i'll miss the heart-stopping ring and the inner screams that phone caused. my pen, my fine-tipped black bic pen that I hate, hate for not being medium- or wide-tipped. i'll never forget the way it brought relief from the emotional pains of inadequacy and meaninglessness as i stabbed it into my pupils. there are the papers that failed to slit my wrists during so many lunch breaks. the binder clips i used to pin my ear to my nose and my tongue to my toes. The computer that has been a hell in its own right. the trash can where, if you look closely enough, you can still see a few of the shattered, glittering remains of the future i once had. the coffee that has racked my digestive system over and over again. but mostly it's the people, the people that i hate the most. they laughed and the chuckled when i came here, silently planning my tortuous three months in my firey pit of hell. now that i'm leaving, they jealously whisper incantations and burn incense, stabbing a familiar doll that looks like m--- ouch!.

this afternoon as i'm leaving, i'll walk away my head held high and my dignity left somewhere in that cubicle, naked and alone, shivering and violated. behind me will be hell and misery. in front of me, more of the same. and though there is no hope for me and my wasted search for purpose, i will continue on, i will continue to find pain and strife wherever i go, i will seek out new and more bizarre ways to create my own personal hell, i will assimilate into the ooze that is "listlessness", i will travel down the path most taken, the path trampled by the thoughtless progress of these collared herds before me.

so for now i enter the realm of joblessness. and though my emails may for a time not be about the utter confusion of the finding purpose in the workplace, the bills piling up on the counter will again drive me into that carbon-copied, pressed wood cubicle and i will again soon be miserable. how will you know where i am and how i'm doing? i leave you with this:

i'll be around in the florescent lights of the cubicles. i'll be nowhere and everywhere at once, wherever you can look. Whenever there's a job opening and people are jumping over each other to put in a resume, i'll be there. whenever there's a boss demeaning an employee, i'll be there. i'll be in the way guys yell when they see the blinking lights of "paper jam". i'll be in the way kids laugh at the cookie cutter men marching to the office and where people are selling their souls to eat stuff from gold-rimmed plates and livin' in plastic snap and set houses they bought from tokyo. i'll be there, too.

5/19/05

the rain is my hope and youth melting away, soaking into the ground and forming fetid little lazy pools of procrastination and resignation.