

Welcome to

Flavor Country
Issue #5



Cemetery @ Little Bighorn National Park in
Montana ~ 2000

12/03/05

Welcome to Flavor Country, issue number five. I've decided to dedicate the majority of this issue to the topic of why I don't want to have children. It seems it's something that often comes up in conversation (especially when people discuss relationships, since it's hard to find a woman who doesn't want kids) and I've never really sorted out each and every reason why I don't want children. I figured this avenue would give me a good chance to open up and explain my thoughts and feelings on the subject as best I can. And then in the future, when people ask me why I don't want kids, I'll just give them a copy of this issue.

I've also included some other things in here, so don't be dismayed if that topic isn't entirely your interest. I hope this finds all of you well and please don't hesitate to write. Thanks for reading!

Best,

Kurt

Kurt

kurtmorris@hotmail.com

Things I'm into this time around:

Having health insurance

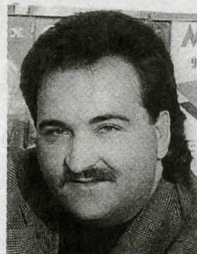
Early Day Miners – All Harm Ends Here

Band of Brothers DVD

System of a Down – Hypnotize

Soulseek

Chad Van Gaalen – Infiniheart



Not

← me



← Me

①

Why I don't want to have children

Let me preface this entire thing by saying that I do not hate kids. There are many kids that I like. My reasons, however, are my own and should not necessarily be applied to others' lives. If you are a parent or want to have kids and you are reading this, do not think I hate you. If you can work kids in your life and be happy, I think that's great. They are not for me, however. These are my attempts to explain why I don't want to have children.

Recently at my job a librarian from Reference came down and needed my help unlocking the movable shelves (they get jammed up sometimes and you have to break your hand to get them loose). So I got them unlocked and we chatted for a bit about libraries and specifically our school's libraries and so on and so forth. We were talking about all the good benefits our school has and she was quite happy with how one's children can get free tuition if they are accepted to the school and you've worked there for three years. This ends up being worth well over \$100,000 and with two kids, it's all the better. Makes sense to me.

But the way this woman pushed the issue with me was such as though it implied I had kids already and their attendance of our school was all but sealed. So I informed her that I wasn't even married yet and she quickly replied, "oh, but when you do get married and have children." EXCUSE ME? No, I don't want to have children, thank you very much. Why is it automatically implied with some people? So before she finished her sentence I replied, "yeah, well I don't think I want to have kids," which promptly shut her up. "Oh yeah, well then that wouldn't be much of a benefit I guess." Yeah, I guess not. I mean, don't get me wrong, she was a nice lady and I know she meant no harm but it's strange to me how some people have no idea about me or my life and yet want to assume I will have kids.

I'm sure some of you are thinking about how things will be different in the future, but frankly I've heard all those arguments before. Some people desire greatly to raise children; I do not. It's something that interests me about as much as changing my profession to becoming a head of some multi-national conglomerate. It would mean selling my soul and changing entirely who I am and very little seems worth that to me.

All that being said, below I have laid out some of the specific issues that have caused me to decide against having children.

ECONOMICS

Raising a kid is expensive, quite obviously. According to the US Department of Agriculture, which puts out yearly reports on the cost

of raising a child up to the age of 17, this cost can be anywhere from the mid \$100,000's to nearer \$300,000. Many of these figures seem to be more on the lower end of things, however, so the possibility is that the cost of raising a child could be even closer to half a million dollars. Regardless of the exact figure, the fact remains that you can do a great deal with the money that would normally go towards raising a child. I'd like to think that economically, I could spend some of that money towards agencies that would help those who are already living and who need assistance to help get themselves shelter, clothing and food. This isn't meant to shame others who have children. As I've mentioned before, these are just my opinions and this is how I look at it. I personally would feel guilty spending my income on something that wasn't necessary. In some ways, it's just another thing that through my frugality I will learn to cut out of my life in order to save money to use towards things I really desire: helping others, putting it towards my interests and hobbies and hopefully someday towards my wife's interests as well.

RESPONSIBILITY

I consider myself to generally be a neurotic person. I have a good deal of anxiety - most repressed, but some comes out from time to time. I won't lie; the overwhelming responsibility that comes with raising a child is amongst the foremost in my mind in regards to having children. The responsibility is wide and varied. First and foremost, I believe people are born with souls, thus having a child means bringing into this world a being that is eternal. I'm not real comfortable with that, knowing that something I created will have real and lasting consequences not only on others but on him or her. The decisions they make can lead them to heaven or hell, both on earth and in the afterlife. Secondly, the responsibility manifests itself in the fact that you are responsible in making sure that child develops all the necessary skills they need: social awareness, social skills, right and wrong, basic education and so on. Of course, being that we're all products of fractured human beings who are not aware of their own faults it means that we were raised with certain parts of our personality not fully developed. In other words there are areas that we lack. This, in turn, will be passed on if we raise children. Thus our failure to see that effect will cause the child to behave in a certain way which will handicap him or her. This may not always be deadly or even hazardous but the inability to comprehend certain concepts is part of a failure on the parents' part, whether intentional or not.

3 I personally don't want to take responsibility for the faults of another person, whether intentional or not. I don't want to take responsibility for someone messing up their own lives or other people's lives or

society or even a dog's life. Yes, I can mess up my own life and maybe some of those around me, but I never had a choice on whether I wanted to be here or not. We, however, have a choice whether we care to bring others into this world. Through saying "no" and deciding not to have children, I feel that I am in some way taking responsibility to not produce someone who might hurt others: emotionally, mentally or physically. I realize that the person I produce could become the next Mother Theresa, Billy Graham or Gandhi. But is that worth the chance when you consider how corrupt society is and the overwhelming urge there is for most people to do evil when given the opportunity to do good? I don't care to take that responsibility with producing a person, regardless if they could become the next great world leader or important spokesperson for social justice.

GENETICS

The role of genetics is certainly one which many people don't think about enough when it comes to having children. There are probably a couple of reasons for this. One being that until recently, people didn't even really know much about genetics - what it is and how it is passed on - and two, people don't always think about things that may skip generations (traits or conditions that our parents have that we don't have). It's one thing to pass on diabetes to your child; it's another thing to pass on a propensity towards alcoholism or a mental illness. Even with something like diabetes, you are subjecting someone to a life of sticking themselves with a needle and trying to find ways to pay for the insulin needed to survive. If you work for the government or a company that has quality health care, then there's no problem. But what happens when your child showcases artistic tendencies and wants to be a traveling musician or painter, working part-time jobs in order to subsidize their living? How do they afford that insulin? This of course, doesn't even cover all the other doctor's bills they might have to deal with if they got ill or were in an accident. The problem is that when you decide to have children, you don't think about who they might grow up to be. At least people don't seem to spend much of their time thinking about that compared to thinking about a little baby. You rarely think in regards to what career path they might take, how they will be able to live, what physical ailments they may have (Multiple Sclerosis, asthma, sickle cell anemia, acne, etc.) and how they will pay for treating those things.

Perhaps this may not be a big deal to some. But it's certainly something which I have thought about and realized that I don't have any interest in passing on my mental illness to anyone else. It's not so much that I hate my own life as I have not enjoyed it too terribly and thus can't see a reason to pass on such an existence to anyone

else. I am sure that in due time things have the possibility to look up and become more positive. I am hopeful of that happening. However, the confusion and frustration, melancholy and inability to understand what is going on in my life has led me to never want to have anyone to have to go through the things I've gone through. I realize that for many people who know me, this may seem shocking or surprising since my life and background both seem relatively well-off. That is certainly true. The frustration arises when the confusion isn't in your home or being created by others, but when the problems are all created by the one thing that's supposed to help you make sense of things in your life: your mind. I don't have the pressure in this day and age to have kids and I have the education to understand what my condition means to me and to those around me. I know it will be hard enough to bring a wife into my life (may god bless whoever she is), I can only imagine how my personality and behavior would come across to a child or teenager.

SELFISHNESS

I suppose in the end, some of my disinterest in having children is just good old selfishness. I don't really know if any of that is wrong or right, but in the big scheme of things perhaps it's best to not bring a child into the world if I can recognize that I myself am primarily a selfish being who is interested in my own happiness first and foremost and thus finds it harder to meet the needs of someone else. It's one thing to be in a relationship and extend that love to one other individual, but to extend it to a child who I had the choice on whether or not to bring into this world is a different story. It's a much harder pill to swallow. I want what I want for myself and those around me; adding a new person to the mix is something which I do not know if I can do. Or if I even want to do, for that matter. I figure better safe than sorry and thus don't find my selfishness to be a horrible thing at all, rather it's a good means to justify not bringing someone into this world that may never be accepted or loved to the full amount due to my egotism.

LACK OF PARENTING SKILLS

I must admit that although I have heard it said that most people don't really know what they're doing when they're raising children, I would like to think that I would do an even worse job than the average person. I have a hard time taking care of my two cats or remembering to water the plant that sits in front of me every day. I stress out and get anxious about just having to feed the cats or clean their litterbox, I can't imagine anything but contempt coming from me as I changed a diaper or had to go pick up my kid from soccer practice. My inability to cope with change has stifled me at many points in my life - I AM getting better at it - but I can't help

but think that seeing as to how my depression and anxiety prohibit me from joining the army or many other high stress positions that it would mean that being a parent would be equally as tough considering the stress and decision making skills needed for that particular position (which unfortunately it seems most parents don't possess).

ONE'S OWN EXPERIENCES FROM CHILDHOOD

Sometimes it frustrates me when I think about it, but personally, I've realized that my mom and dad will never appreciate or respect the things I find interesting and the ways in which I want them to support me in my creative outlets, emotionally speaking. I guess I've just come to terms with that. I can't ever imagine my parents being like, "Kurt, can we see your zine?" and then reading it and being like, "wow, this was really good. It reminded us of Burn Collector or Cometbus" or some other zine that they would never have read and thus not be able to interact with me in the ways I would prefer. I suppose some psychologists would find a myriad of ways to read into all of this but I really don't know what to make of it anymore and honestly don't care much. It just seems like a weird relationship I have with them. It's basically like anytime I talk to my mom I just get annoyed because she keeps trying to mother me instead of treating me like an adult and my father doesn't do a very good job of listening (as most fathers don't, so it's hardly unique to him) and instead just listens a little bit and then lectures me with his business stories. And I don't know if I've failed to share something with them about how I feel (I probably have) or if I should just not really even think about it much anymore. In the big scheme of things, I am an adult and can take care of myself, but sometimes dealing with my mom and dad seems like I'm forced to deal with these two people who might as well be some boss or co-worker or random member of society I'm thrown in with and with whom I have to interact on a frequent basis and thus can tolerate but don't really feel as though I can connect with them.

The ever-changing parent/child relationship is something I don't quite understand. The sad thing is that my mom and dad are good parents, they're just emotionally distant from me and that's hardly a crime. So this is what it is like to be the children of two emotionally distant people.

More than likely, as my sister suggested, they simply have no freaking clue. Plus we're so different than them they probably have no idea what to do with us. Knowing my luck, if I had kids I would end up with some who would be very different than me, making it very hard for me to relate to them.

In conclusion, as one can see, there are numerous reasons why I don't desire to have children and in some ways I'm sure there's much more I could have written than just what is here. People often tell me, "oh, you'll change your mind when you're older," but I can assure those folks I will not. This is a belief that is a part of me, as much as me believing in god or trying my best to live my life according to the Golden Rule. As dumb as it may sound, I am too in touch with my past and the hurt it caused me and those around me to ever want to create something that would have to go through some of the things I've thought or felt.

Through the course of evaluating my thoughts on having children and writing these things down, I've come to a conclusion that I think holds true, but feel free to correct me if you think it's wrong: the people who are primarily not interested in having children are pessimistic folks, whereas the folks who want to have children are generally optimistic individuals. Many times you will find pessimistic people having children but rarely will you find optimistic people NOT having children. As can be seen by reading my thoughts here, much of the decision to have children inevitably is based on your outlook on life. As my writing indicates, I think it's quite clear to say I'm a pessimist. I don't view that as a bad thing per se, rather I feel that it helps me see faults in things that others may not. That being said, things I view as faults may be something that optimists view as a challenge and are willing to rise and accept it as such. Thus, our respective outlooks on life can weigh heavily on our decision on whether or not to have children. Mine still says that having kids isn't the best thing for me. And so that's how it will most likely be.



White Jesus

Watching late night television on a weekend, I can't think of much more that is depressing and yet this is a state that is readily accepted by me. I'm used to it. In between betraying my gender by catching re-runs of "Sex in the City" and the latest lame episode of Saturday Night Live, I flip past the religious station. They are pimping out a video series of Bible stories, using some overweight Christian celebrity whose hairstyle and clothing indicates this infomercial was produced from the early to mid 90s. I sit back and relax, taking in somewhat familiar Bible tales but with a decidedly Anglo feel. Jesus has never looked so good in a cartoon form.

Evidently the past was rather clean and organized and people spoke in vigorous tones, but never too wildly. The underlying political tensions, the faith of the Essenes or the zealotry of those hopeful for a renewed Jewish state seems to be irrelevant or non-existent. Instead, I am greeted by a hearty, Fabio-looking Jesus sans vainglorious muscles. One who is handsome, jovial, and yet is always quick with an intelligent answer. As he walks through the clean, dirt streets of Jerusalem, he seemingly has an answer for everyone: Mary and Martha (whose newly resurrected brother, Lazarus, looks like a mummy from Scooby Doo), the Pharisees, and the physically and mentally afflicted. The last category is amongst my favorite, as White Jesus casts demons out of the possessed with not so much as a strong inflection in his voice and voila! It is finished. Evidently none of these people who seem afflicted need to display any of the thorough characteristics that the Bible describes them having, nor do we really need to see the full extent of many of these illnesses. My favorite is the man who brings his demon-possessed son to Jesus, carrying the seemingly unconscious boy towards Jesus as the slightly rugged, yet handsome looking Savior walks along a path. The father lays down his son who suddenly comes to life and leaps at

Jesus in a threatening manner. Turning quickly, Christ commands the demon to come out of the boy and suddenly the boy is fine, goes and hugs his father and Jesus looks more like Buddy Christ than you can ever imagine.

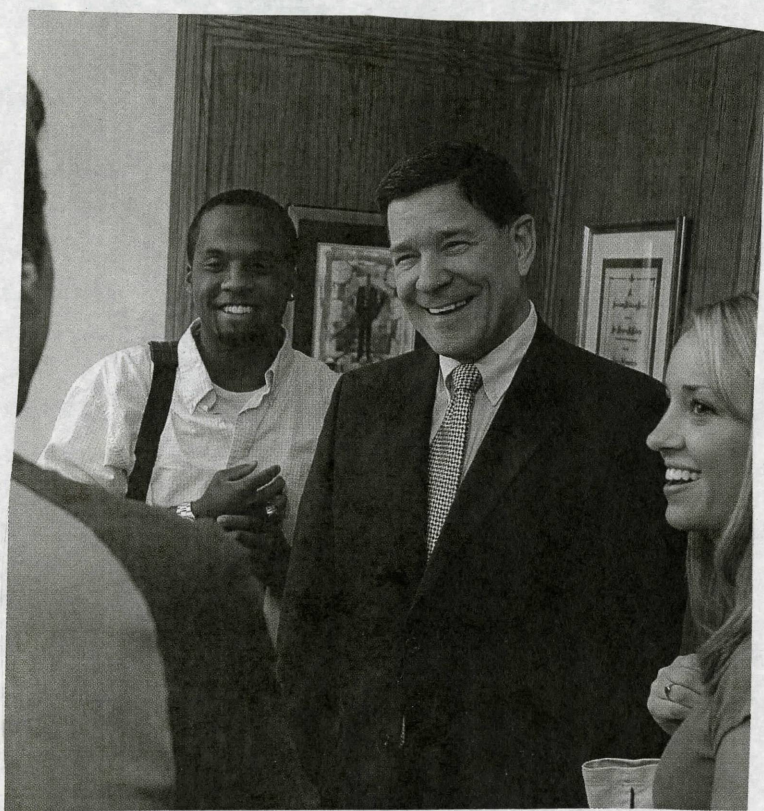
Everything's cool now. I'm sure there are no residual issues that need to be worked through or anything.

Through the program, the pitch is made by the host on how valuable these videos will be for your children or grandchildren. Of course, the questions your children will have when they get to heaven and see a full-on Jew will begin because of this program, but that's mostly irrelevant. Also brought into the mix are various parents who smile and beam about how excited they are now that White Jesus has saved their children from eternal damnation, or just convinced those same kids that White Jesus is just another cartoon character like Pinocchio or Snow White...except with the promise of salvation. I think that's explained somewhere in there. More than likely, the parents enjoy these videos because it gives them a chance to not be responsible for their children for an hour as they plop them in front of a TV and also make them feel good that they're doing something "religious" for their children. The concept of this video series seems to be rather strange to me in the first place: trying to teach children about Jesus and yet the makers of these videos don't seem to be too intent on sharing with the children EXACTLY what went on. Or as one reviewer on Amazon said, "I've been on the hunt for either a book or video that could explain what Easter is REALLY all about without scaring my little one." And while I understand what they are saying, I couldn't help but laugh when I read that. This video series seems to have been done by someone wearing rose-colored glasses in regards to their view of Jesus. Perhaps they felt children wouldn't identify with an average looking Jew with dark eyes. Maybe it wasn't important to be historically accurate about everything (all streets back then were cobblestone, right? sure.) and maybe the creators were more interested in making sure



that the characters seemed more like they stepped out of a Hanna-Barbara skit than real life circa 30 C.E., but if there's one thing I've learned, it's that no matter happens, White Jesus is a survivor. He even survived being tortured and crucified (I read that somewhere else, though, it wasn't really in the videos too much from what I've seen on the commercial). It wouldn't surprise me to find out White Jesus can beat back death. Maybe. Just maybe. But only as long as it doesn't get him expressing too extreme of an emotion.

So when I'm up late on a Saturday night and I'm flipping through the channels on the TV, a few hopes seem to go through my mind: I hope Big and Carrie can get back together, I hope they can find a decent line-up on SNL again and for God's sake, I hope White Jesus can rise from the dead.



I May Never Get Married

So I've been meaning to write about why I don't think I'll get married, or at least not for a long time (*knocks on wood*). This really isn't too complicated, but living and working where I do has made me more aware of it. I think the biggest thing is that I want to marry someone who doesn't want children. Now, that's pretty hard to find, because it's a natural part of most women. Deep down inside themselves, many of them feel the longing to raise a child. And that's totally alright. But that's not an interest I share. In fact, I'm very much against having children at all. Not for others but for myself.

Also, I want to marry someone who shares my belief in God and my interest in Christianity, since that is how I was raised and it's the path I believe is for me although in which of its forms I do not know. Well, if it's hard to find a woman who doesn't want kids, it's even harder to find someone who is a Christian and doesn't want kids, since most Christians seem to take that whole "be fruitful and multiply" thing seriously, never thinking it was said because the world needed people at that time.

Christian women who don't want kids are indeed a rare thing to come by, and yet if that isn't bad enough, I still have one more standard by which I look for a spouse: I need someone who is familiar with my culture and is interested in it to some degree. That would be nice, at least. And by culture I mean the punk rock, DIY culture, the one that says it's alright to be an individual and to think and act differently. I don't want to marry someone who is always going to be asking, "Why do you listen to this music? You can't understand anything they're saying." or "What's a zine? That seems like a waste of time." I hate having to explain myself to my parents or co-workers and I really don't want to have to do it to a spouse, too.

In the Midwest, outside some of the bigger cities one can imagine how hard it may be to find two of those traits in a woman, let alone all three. So when I'm honest with myself about what I want I tend to be single. My hope is that if I move away from here, my odds will increase, but I'm also prepared to spend most of my life by myself. I feel like considering my past relationships this isn't a horrible thing. I want to be honest with myself and others and not waste people's time. I want to help others and ideally get in to a relationship in order to make the other person better and I hope they could do the same with me.

I find it hard to relate to other folks and vice versa. It seems to me, too, that I tend to hang out with folks who are fairly messed up or have major issues they need to get through. That's alright, I guess, but I feel like a lot of that kind of stuff is really basic to human development and should be dealt with before one enters long-term relationships.

When one combines all the different specs I desire in a spouse, it's easy to see why I may never get married. But then again, with 300 million people in the US, who's to say what might happen? I definitely have realized some other things about what I'm looking for in a spouse, too. It would be good to be with someone who is a little more positive than I am so that they might balance out my negativity. That would also be nice because then they might be able to encourage me. Ideally I'd also like to be with someone who has much strength where I have weakness. So many details, it makes me really seriously wonder if I will ever get married. But then I recall that 95%+ of Americans will get married and I definitely do want to, I just don't want to for the wrong reasons. I can handle being single, if that's what it means to help me to avoid making a mistake.

It's weird to me too, because back in the day I know that certain people had crushes on me and now I don't know if that happens. I have little crushes on some people from time to time, but they never amount to much because I don't see that person enough to exacerbate it. But I do know that I don't want to get married to anyone who I'm not romantically in love with. However, I want to make sure that's not blinding me to any potential faults with that person and/or our relationship. I suppose friends and family will keep an eye out for me. At least I hope they would.

Ideally it would be nice if I was with someone who challenged me spiritually as well. In all ways, I would like it if my future spouse helped to make me a better person. It's hard to find everything one wants in a spouse. We all make compromises in every relationship - friends, family, dating - and just learn to deal with the consequences. Sometimes we adjust well and things work out alright. Other times we have to say goodbye and let them go on their way if we can't find some sort of common ground.

In my mind I still have a picture of what a relationship should look like and it's still romantic and special, filled with love and compassion, sacrifice and some down times. I'm realistic about it all, even if I am being romantic. I know that after a while, I will

still probably feel as unhappy with my life as a married person as I did before I was married. Marriage won't solve all my personal, mental, emotional and spiritual problems.

I really do want that romantic aspect, but my options get incredibly limited when you define what you want in such narrow terms. I'm convinced that I couldn't live my life in any other way, though. Or wouldn't want too. Some things are more important than getting married.

Build a Silo

☞ Corn had a late start again this year. ☞ Why not profit by the experience of two years ago? Then cold and rainy weather postponed planting, delayed cultivation, and checked crop growth. ☞ An early frost this year would leave those without silos short of feed with which to carry their stock through the winter. ☞ This year we need to save as much as possible of the increased crop which we hope to grow from the larger acreage.

It Will Pay

Here Are Eight Reasons Why:

1. THE SILO gives from 25 to 30 per cent more feeding value to the corn crop than when it is fed as dry fodder.
2. THE SILO provides succulent feed in winter which helps to keep the cows healthy and productive when green feeds are lacking and dairy prices are highest.
3. THE SILO gives insurance against short, drought-stricken pastures.
4. THE SILO helps the farmer make the best possible use of frosted corn. Even immature corn can be saved by putting it in the silo.

5. THE SILO helps in fattening stock for market.

6. THE SILO furnishes the cheapest form of wintering feed. Three tons of silage are worth fully as much as a ton of good hay.

7. THE SILO should be a partner of every creamery or cheese factory patron. Good silage, properly fed, does not, in the slightest, injure the quality of milk, butter, or cheese.

8. THE SILO enables the farmer to feed his stock from less acres, thereby leaving more crops to be marketed, and in the end benefitting himself and his country.

What Crops Can Be Put in the Silo?

Corn, oats and peas, pea cannery waste, soy beans and corn, finely chopped clover (better if mixed with corn), sugar beet tops cut with corn fodder or stover.

A Message From the Bankers

If you need money this summer to build a silo, or for other constructive purposes, don't hesitate to go to your banker and talk it over with him.

The members of the Wisconsin Bankers' Association know that a silo is a worthwhile investment. They know that it takes money to increase production and they are willing to meet the farmers half way.

Edwin
President Wisconsin Bankers' Association

A Message From The State Council of Defense

The building and use of silos to conserve feed is always an evidence of the adoption of good farming practices, for which Wisconsin farmers are widely known. In this time of great need it should be regarded as an important act of defense.

The nation is engaged in a mighty struggle and the outcome will depend in no small measure on the work of the farmer. Thousands of farmers of the state need to build silos this season, and of course every possible silo should be filled next fall.

Magnus Swenson
Chairman

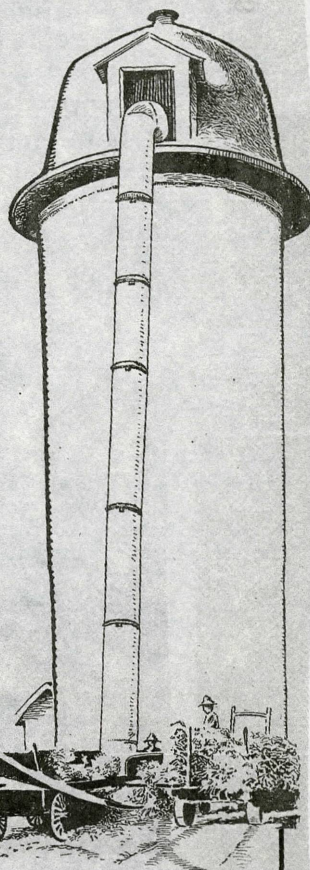
What Kind of a Silo?

Concrete has certain advantages — so has wood, vitrified tile or brick. A silo must be round and smooth on the inside, perpendicular from top to bottom, and *air tight*.

Visit your neighbor who has a silo and see what he thinks about building one this year. His experience should be worth a whole lot to you.

It is best to build the kind of a silo which has proved a success in your neighborhood.

Wisconsin has fully 60,000 of these feed banks — far more than any other state, yet only the equal of one farm in three has a silo.



It will pay to build one this year, for you will need silage next winter more than you ever did before. Talk it over with your banker, he can help you.

Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Wisconsin, Madison

More Food This Year Is Patriotism

****Potato Creek State Park****

There is constantly one leaf falling.
Sometimes more.
We feel peace
because it is there.
Subtle hints
dropped like the sound of four crisp dollars
into an elderly woman's wrinkled hand.
A price for admittance
to see golden trees tremble
in an autumnal draft.
A gentle breeze,
a safe reminder
that some things won't stop
and some things won't shut up.
I'm moving on.
Thank you for my feelings of inadequacy.



****And Forever****

I'm quite interested in the people I'll never see once more –
the paths on which I'll never again tread.
Your breath I'll never feel.
These things seem to be re-occurring themes.
But how do we get out?
How do we quit getting people to set us up
with strangers
on dates?
How do you tell the world that you don't care anymore?
I want to feel both empty and anxious,
tie it up,
send it away.
Escape meetings and committees
and try to explain to people
that you just want out.
One day I'll be on time—
make everything right
and perhaps get people to understand
the words I'm trying to breathe.
These things take the course of your life, you know.
It's fairly obvious right here and right now
that the world you once knew is dead—
dead and gone—
and the hopes of entering back into the asylum
the same way you left are gone.
The daily minutiae of boring bullshit—
I wish I could just quit it all
and go back to something
that feels like the reassurance
of flannel pajama pants
encasing my legs
underneath the warmth
of a down comforter
on a sharp, winter eve.

****I Felt Like The Biggest Asshole****

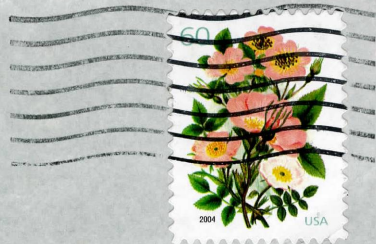
that is something I cannot do:
(try) to live like you would prefer.
I slink away
out the back
when heads are turned.
I never wanted much attention paid
to the white scars across my arms
that came about in order to change the carpet
whose color seemed like blasphemy
because it wasn't red.
I push down the sleeves
and sigh.
I wish there was a sleeve
that could cover my mistakes.
But I can't hide
from the shortage of attention
nowhere close to hand over fist.
Bitter, chill waves
wash through my skin
down into my muscles and bones.
Loneliness!
Oh loneliness!
How I thought I knew what it was before now.
But it never retreats.
The fact remains
that even if it did
its vacancy may crush me.
What a sick,
disgusting freak I've become.



****Sid Meier's Civilization****

Winter doldrums
converges upon a
Winter solstice.
A grey blanket
stretching the sky
secures my senses.
Protection
from -
from what?
Memories?
Memories I can't hardly remember?
Driving -
it seems I'm always
driving
in my memories.
Away from those places
that depress me the most.
Away from my memories.
My childhood
is your growth.
My childhood
is your emergence.
Your hell
is my currency.
Your hell
is my job.
Overcast skies
will drag us both down.
How could you escape from me?
I want to slide,
slither
from the dreary winter afternoons
that wait for me
waiting for death.
A crisp evening
lit by lights on poles
and lights in the sky.
Protect me from this season
in my mind.
So uncertain,
so simple.

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