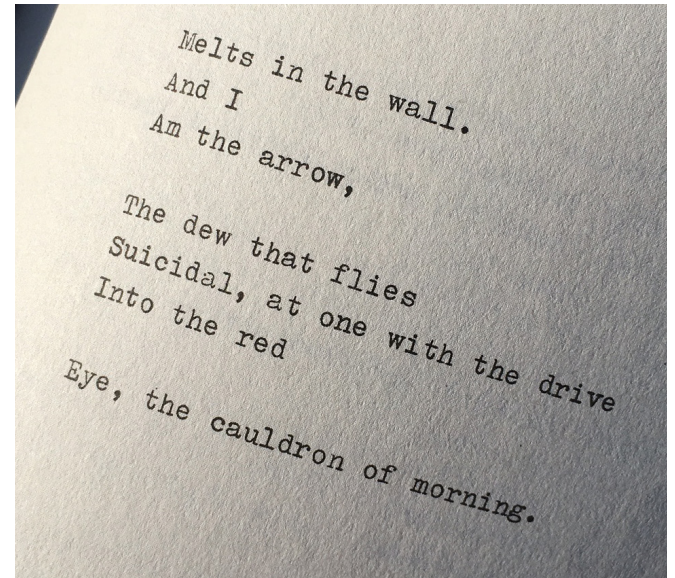




A SATURDAY

# inspiration & dedication

from Ariel



by Sylvia Plath

## suicide dream

just waking up from some kind of bender  
the cop cars double parked in the street  
it's Saturday they mumble  
rubbing soggy eyes - try to focus a bit.

no one is nervous. no one agitated  
Some smiling at everyone  
Talking to anyone  
there or not there  
They smile past the street,  
To that alright place.

the street is high on its checks.  
must be the 15th

Check the reflection in the window  
don't recognize the face.

there's a man over there.  
he's someone everyone recognizes  
he gets them to the next day.  
the next hour  
the next minute

lean - rock - knod  
in and out against  
a wall of rocks  
another day passes  
the busses in the street

their passengers  
lean - shift - backache  
in the plastic seats  
the same  
way - it's the same game  
addicted to need  
survive on want,  
destroy to protect

they keep their heads down  
they read it on their phones  
about a mountain road  
a car crash  
an accident. Metal  
bent over rocks below,  
guardrail - it's arms open wide

say goodbye fast  
shake heads in unison  
as if nobody knows  
about the day's cries for  
more night

there's such a long way to go  
but it's coming on fast  
we all fall into  
the suicide dream





## the jealous lover

in the new future of the  
past masquerade

There is no home.  
Like the one I used to know  
Smiling faces, in familiar places.  
our family on the run.

the clothes drenched in desperation  
bought on credit -  
never should you borrow  
another excuse again - the wasted  
lash out with hate  
for the chase - a race  
to the bitter bottom  
of the tip tops

the longing for yesterday  
it never stops

I wanted nothing more than her  
until the end of time.  
In suicide, in old age, she coaxed me  
into the future. over lonely drunken  
phone calls she told me she'd be  
mad as hell if I leave without her.

what ever happened to that?

Now,  
they want to take my place  
fill in the space - point and plot  
scorn and shout  
you are not - the example  
of how it is suppose to be

But,  
In your light, I long to lay  
In this living room, I long to stay  
to have and to hold a truth  
an experience that you show  
around as proof

## that one time

An opaque white linen top  
a pair of pink shorts  
Matching hat - a Chinatown buy.

The tourists they smile.  
it's all so exotic  
the junkies outside  
in windy weather  
alcohol stirring  
their blood.

fill the days with surprise.  
Don't trust this sun.  
from the shopping cart  
Fill in the blank  
with the beer just drank  
a thick jacket for later on

later on.  
Not long from then.  
A flowery sweatshirt, an underlayer,  
a coating to pretend.

or

Hide out in the hotel.  
fuck and relax. Nap  
and pack  
Our baggage.

hand your neighbors pies,  
say these are the times of our lives

And they are.  
They will be.  
The stories you tell  
over and over  
to the new friends  
and for small talk at parties.

who you are - what you saw  
That one time in San Francisco.

## the disappearing

life is disappearing  
like dollars piled on the bar  
live in time with  
no meaning -  
to live without time -  
unafraid of the feeling

I keep an eye on the door  
watch the lights and shadows  
grow thicker  
i drink deeper

There are some of us  
who enjoy watching our  
days burn out

my soul free to roam  
the ghosts move me away  
into a place below the stones  
mixed with dirt in the park

Revel in the loss  
To find ourselves in the

ashes of our loved ones  
to be the strength  
the one who forges ahead  
when no one recognizes  
a day of this life

I want to talk about suicide  
without all the questions.  
it fills the place where  
life once lived  
carries on where  
we long to live

Imagine meaningless  
Imagine overcrowded pleasure

the disappearing

Imagine no more searching in vain  
Imagine finding what  
you've been looking for

Imagine that happiness remains  
Imagine not focusing on the pain

Here's some words of encouragement  
I can always be better  
imagine

It's been awhile. But I had to do it. Had to walk into the world and write. Write what I saw. Write what I felt.

The weekend earlier, I had read Plath. Weeks before that I read Cohen. I read Cornell during the days following his death. Tweedy goes everywhere with me. And there are always a thousand characters on the street. To size up, make great leaps of imagination about who they are and put my words in their mouths.

Writing let's me be anyone. It gets me into other lives, other shoes. Gives me a break from me.

But it is always people. The human race. The joy in realizing we are alive. The agony of knowing, there will never be enough time. Humans and the race against time. On a Saturday. In San Francisco.



All my love,  
Josh



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