

**the words**



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# Talking to the Folks

written and compiled by

cathe boudreau

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Cathe Boudreau taught video animation and special effects in Las Vegas, New Mexico, when she was not on tour with readings or music. Her bands..consisting of one member at any given moment.... are Horseless Headmen and Orgasm Pi. Please check out the other free book, THE LYRICS.

The stories and poetry in this book are based on Cathe's experiences in the Navy..(she has recovered, really).. as a phone sex operator, as a stand up comic, as an aspiring actor, ( recovered from that as well), and from failures. Some are the most popular pieces from her readings, some are new.

## **male, genus**

*All men are assholes*  
Dad said so  
But there's something about them  
I'm drawn  
It doesn't make sense  
human race, that is.  
women and men - commonality

They have an "out-y" we have an  
"in-y" Jigsaw puzzles  
Simple picture  
Not easily mastered

*All men are liars*  
all women are manipulators.  
We understand emotional being  
know full well what to do  
to the male mind  
We stab them when they feel  
So they give up  
Treat us cruel  
It's easier to make someone hate you  
Than to love, so he says  
I can't love.  
It's my fault.  
Female.

*Men have no emotions*  
thousands of years  
Protectors, warriors, keepers, owners  
intimidated by our nature  
body stronger, leave the  
soul for women. We birth, they war.  
Emotions are weak.  
Unless they are hate and anger.  
"I love you, don't you get it?"  
he screamed as he put my face  
into his fist.

*All men are children*  
most children never have been.  
Television parents.  
teachers afraid to come to school.  
Day one. Don't cry, boy.  
Don't acknowledge your fear.  
Love mommy. Respect Daddy  
Don't kiss Daddy.  
Boys don't do that.  
Homo Sapien, heterosexual male  
Breast feeds as no other animal will.  
well into his 90's

*All men are assholes.*  
They have had their buddies since  
they were three.  
He's thirty years older now.

How come he can spend  
a weekend with those guys  
and not call once?  
Does he forget I care?  
or is he clinging to his  
only sure stability

*All men are assholes*  
"hey, I'll call you"  
"I've never met anyone like you"  
" you're beautiful"  
"I love you"  
"no, I mean it"  
"it's been such a long time"  
"Even sex is good with you"  
it's always true, when they are  
saying it  
You can't feel the next minute.  
When it happens, it happens.  
And it's a different minute.

*All men are petrified*  
If I feel, then I'm doomed  
to feel badly later.  
Bricks built since a first kiss  
What does she expect?  
A friend who will kick the  
sheets off the bed.  
But remember, she said  
"all I want is honesty"  
punishing you when you give it.

*All men fascinate me.*  
The ones who buy into their  
stereotype - murder themselves  
the ones who reveal vulnerability  
Invite me into a whirlpool  
Do nice, says the mommy  
as she slaps her small boy's hand  
Insecurity is masked by the  
"non emotional" game. A lead wall.

*They are physically magical*  
So many artists, so many nudes  
Female, or male with plants  
in their groin.....weird  
I'm attracted by  
eyes -- penetrating thinking demanding  
attention  
hands -- occasionally calloused wide palms

I fantasize of the touch of  
a man's palm gently holding my neck  
and the small of my back  
pulling me closer to his  
neck -- expressive contemplative arch  
thicker neck, stronger voice  
Voice which can reach across a football field  
yet lull me to sleep in soft lies and promises

*The body makes me alive*  
as he sleeps, I count the lines on his  
face  
As he rests, I watch the breath fill  
his chest, my pillow  
I hear a heart beat. watch his  
stomach  
I can stroke his side, watching his  
hips  
joining mine. I scratch lightly on  
his spine  
He shivers. I watch his arms reaching to  
pull me closer until I smell his  
shoulders  
He is so real. No masks. Just  
innocence.

*His need for sex is mine*  
There is nothing I love more than  
Being in a car when he has become  
Horndog.  
I find that erections can be a  
wonderful catalyst for a quick  
dinner.  
I beg for his sweat. I wrap his  
thighs in my lust  
I taste his scent. His brow begs  
for intensity. His voice is now  
primal and truth.  
Slide hands over his backside  
Feel his energy. his need  
his his gasp collapse  
wetness  
Completion of the jigsaw puzzle  
Escaping with a minor laugh  
I told him I could swallow him whole  
I did  
Walls down. Sleeping sounds.

*All men are assholes*

But the one I love is  
a big one.

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## **Fuck you god damned mother**

hate and loathing are too kind for you  
there's no delicate way to put this  
I sat in the tub, warm water is like that womb  
But that reminded me of who it was  
that I was trapped inside for nine  
months

that slime infested pus covered bitch

I was supposed to call

Mother Dear

I wished that the birth certificate was a  
death certificate

I wished that I had been born a twin  
so I could find comfort in somebody  
during those first four and ten

So at twenty seven we had our last fight  
physical conflict, mental abuse never stops

I remember sitting on the floor of my room  
One more night of trying to figure out  
what that was for dinner .... something sort of boiled  
cries again, wish I could stop

Seven years of tears, I remember  
wondering why I had to cry all of the time

Why did I sleep on the floor?

Would I ever be safe?

I could never make a noise. If I  
did -- I would get ---- IT

Once that was a brush thrown so  
hard at my face, that it cracked  
in half as it left my cheek.

I watched her brush her hair with  
it for years afterwards.

Once it was a nine year old  
getting pinned down onto a staircase  
so I only saw the spit and white  
mucus spraying from the Marlboro  
reaking lips. What was being yelled?  
Who the fuck can remember

when the skull holding all  
conscious thought is being drummed into  
the wooden stairs?

Once it was, "go out and play'  
New England Winter. No other child  
around. "Come in at 5"  
wind blowing. 20 degrees. wind chill 7 degrees.  
it was 11 am.  
I wished you were dead.

Or what about the time of months at a time  
being taken from school because  
you were bored, you needed someone to run  
for cigarettes, or you needed to get out  
your aggressions, disagreements or frustrations.  
Truant officers made remarks about my  
bare feet as they pulled me from the hiding  
spot in your room.

The runaway. A garbage bag of clothes  
A teddy bear. Missing an eye. First snowfall.  
hadn't been fed in two days.  
This evening's bruises still fresh.  
Sharper than the wind of the first snow of the year  
blowing into the face.  
razors pinch blood soaked hair.  
Five dollars taken from Mother Dear's purse.  
I knew this is what I did.  
I know this is what you lied about.  
With my big ticket I wandered.  
Beech Street. Then down Center.  
10 at night. I thought it was 4 am.  
I was seven.  
passing the grocery store-- young guy saw me.  
Fed me chocolate. hot. no cream.  
Thought my 5 bucks was a ticket to the Holiday Inn.  
The boys in the grocery store called  
the cops.  
Fucking cops.  
Fucking Irish fifth generation  
Boston Police Officers  
I was seven.  
back of the car, driving to Mother dear.  
I told them I was beaten.  
I told them I wanted to go to my dad  
I told them she'd beat me.  
again.  
But I didn't exist

I was seven.  
She cried and thanked those guys  
Blood down chin from hand slapped mouth  
Night near done. As was childhood.  
I was seven.

Then there were the men.  
Fred Eddie Willie Brendan  
met them at the Oasis, then determined  
they were alcoholics, as is anyone  
who crosses you

Whatever happened. Happened? Whatever  
you destroyed in the name of love  
relishing the control. the inconvenience  
of having children in order to be a  
Mother.

The fingernails filled with my flesh  
the swollen hands from slapping my face  
the anger because I still tried to walk away  
The self hate and apologetic hugs  
Hugs that were willed with rapid  
rabbit heartbeats  
fear everytime you entered the room  
What would you try today?

Then pregnant  
told my grade school teacher that  
the new baby was mine  
That I was troubled  
That made you feel good, didn't it  
  
Now I had three children to raise  
you, him, sister

"god" sucks  
people wonder how there is  
atheism  
I wonder, how many parables and  
teachings mean less than  
slogans-- live it or die -- you lie  
organized hate marches  
abuse in the name of "god"  
"it's god's way"  
Once I was given a baptism  
my hair was pulled away from  
my back away from  
my skull into the

water hot, until I stopped  
crying until I stopped  
breathing  
Amazing, having to go to  
the hospital for yet another  
"asthma attack"  
In the name of god  
Her god.

physical scars from the ages of 6 until 10  
thirteen  
mental scars from birth until now  
innumerable

When I was a little girl I had hour long  
interviews with Mike Douglas  
Inside escape  
outside

I was trying to think of what was the worst  
too much keeps replacing the last  
thought

Let me tell you what the  
venomous self involved  
female breeder looked like  
Imagine an ash colored flesh  
that surrounds round somewhat  
bulging blood green eyes  
her lips grow thinner, her face, fatter  
every day  
I hated I LOVE LUCY-- she had  
That voice.

I remember a smell of old  
unclean underwear, or maybe it  
was unclean body I don't remember  
her ever showering  
Her cheeks were flat and round at once  
Her body at one time was soft and round  
now it is round  
The lines are scars from the last  
cigarette drag

A stench that lingers for months into years of mind

I'd like to personally thank the  
people who saw my bruised body  
day in and day out and said nothing  
who brought me to the school nurse  
because I complained of a stomach ache and did  
nothing

who never heard the late night screams  
of terror  
my teachers, who now by law are  
required to give a shit

What women do in the name of "mother"  
Attempt two.  
courts removed dirty flesh from impure home  
twelve. Pre teen. never fit in.  
Not as small girl  
Not as young child  
Not as child  
Not as not teen  
Now brought to new house  
not as daughter  
not as child  
Not as anything but a winning in court  
guess we showed her  
I beg for reprieve  
relief  
life  
love

Mom Squared. Anti christ called her  
"That Woman"  
Dad called her, wife  
I called her, drunk  
No more slaps  
Instead I became titles.  
I became lazy  
I became stupid  
I became unattractive, ugly  
unwanted  
I became locked in room  
records were my love  
records were my love  
records were my love  
music was my escape  
only friend  
understood  
seven years 10 til 17  
Elton and Daltrey  
Boston and Bush  
But always my love  
Then came the Ramones  
Ziggy Stardust  
My knights in ugly skin  
Man who fell to earth  
I wrote

from six until now  
I wrote  
paper, Townsend squealing  
guitar and pen  
Me feeling like  
here I fit in  
Guitar player  
No one else's tunes  
My music  
parents

Cancer tumor  
California, after ten years  
Wife #3, gentler yet  
still lost with suicide son  
Not strong enough for me  
Cancer tumor  
In graduate school  
Still fearing human contact  
still living alone  
still believing squared wife's labels  
still worthless  
still fighting  
cancer tumor  
Hospital. Fever 104 degrees. Three days  
lost job  
accepted death-- hoped it wouldn't  
hurt as much as life does  
Day five. Fever broke  
who called?  
nobody  
who cared  
nobody  
Amazing how abuse continues 29  
years away from a womb  
and nurturing hand of mother dear  
neglect  
cord cut  
operation create words  
stage soon after became  
mother  
finally  
a nurturing love

## **Femaline**

Men don't understand why women  
like cats  
Cats-- you know, the four legged, self centered  
fur shedding dog hating  
noise making shitboxing  
fuzzy mouse eating bird catching things?

Women love cats  
they react the moment they are stroked  
they make the noise that the battery operated boyfriends do.

When they choose to isolate themselves  
they come back warmer, softer and sweeter

We clean their shit daily  
they hit, spit, hiss, scratch, claw and  
then curl in a little lump of fur on our laps  
waiting for love, knowing it is there  
not questioning motives  
just accepting a stroke, a caress, a smile  
unquestioning truth  
are men any different?

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## **Isn't that Funny**

Isn't that funny  
I got off the stage in L A  
tonight, I did two shows  
Once club, early in the night  
kicked ass. adrenaline high  
I made other men and women feel as  
good as I felt  
What's odd, poetry and comedy are  
great releases  
walked to car  
two guys and a girl beg for autographs  
I ain't shit I just talk  
Second gig was in two hours  
Ben Franks to write  
  
Fat ass fancy agent  
admiring either my breasts or my menu choice

Sat down to chat  
Not an actor  
I told him that  
*but it's tv!*  
not an actor  
I told him  
*but you'd be good*  
not an actor  
I told him  
*you'd make us both a lot of money*  
ay and there's the rub  
I left him my check and walked  
away unbuttoning  
my blouse  
made him sweat even more  
fucking agent

My brain spun on high  
permanent press cycle

second show  
subconscious mind reigning  
got bumped by  
Robin or Dice  
or some penis or other  
I hated the people  
They expected to be dazzled  
they expected to be starstruck  
I was next up  
Coffee in hand  
He got off stage  
seven folks left in the room  
too drunk to drive home yet  
I had 20 minutes

i forgot to care  
I forgot to listen  
I forgot why I enjoyed this  
I sucked.  
They knew it.  
I started singing  
club owner fired me  
I found out who I was  
the seven people listened and asked  
me to sing another one  
I know who I am

## Woman's Oath

I shall never more fall for a rich man because he wouldn't understand  
my crying over a burnt spaghetti, nor would he understand the  
real day to day challenges.

I shall never more fall for a handsome man because he attracts beautiful  
women whom he can't deny.

I shall never more fall for a witty man for he attracts all

other women and enjoys displaying his wit unto their minds.

I shall never more fall for a faithful man because his faith is kept in  
knowing that he will keep me in a shell. Under his rule he would be  
the only one I would be allowed to call "friend".

I shall never again fall for an average man. An average man thinks only of  
three things: sex, money, and car stereos.

I am woman, roar.

He subconsciously bent my mind  
to his own thoughts  
and I don't mind

He will tease me and laugh  
LOUDLY  
but I don't mind

In my eye I see that  
I too have changed him  
for he is like me

Yet we have not cared enough  
for each other to  
realize if we love

so we continue  
to be as one another  
to think as one another

and to be alone

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## Meaning of life

yeah, yeah What do you think I think?  
where do I expect to go with my life?  
who the fuck knows. Is it important?  
Is it not so important?

Who gives a fuck what I think  
I'm just a cliché, a statistic and  
Is it really that important?  
I dream about a lover who died..  
is that something that matters to  
anyone, that I wish I could still  
make love to a dead man?

Or does that make me a target?  
One of my best friends is a lesbian  
Does that make me suddenly cool?  
My musical tastes are diverse,  
East Indian to Native American  
I love the drum, the primal  
rawness, Is that important?

You care about this, are you  
filling your need to be part of  
the "in culture" by attending a reading?  
when only last week you were  
listening to AC DC's Highway to Hell  
as you were screwing a 16 year old  
prom date. Is that really important?

I'm really not saying you're bad -- you  
can't be " bad" -- that's a judgement  
you can only give yourself -- not my  
job. My opinion? you're opening up.  
you're reaching into someone else's  
feelings, acknowledging personhood.  
You're making love with your ears.  
to me. you're reading yourself into  
my words, and it's a mother child bond  
I'm breastfeeding your mind.  
Does it matter? Is it not important?

Icons are adored. I don't get why  
we worship the vomiter who put  
up with our gazing past his presence  
Why we don't greet Joe, the guy who  
loves by the banister in the subway, as  
the icon. The street poet, the girl  
who is alive, every night, every day  
no lover, just words, why indolize  
her? What has she done for you?  
She shared words and her only emotions.

Does it really matter?  
I adore you. Those who listen. Those who care.  
Yes I abhor you. those who ignore  
the no one. glass people. as I was

just before you found my words or my

Music, Amusing, You love me one  
minute, I don't exist the next.

Is it important? What the fuck  
can I do to change the words so that  
it matters. I live what I speak.

"Dare to live a simple life" I'm told  
yet I've macaroni and cheesed my  
existence, no furniture, a tv, books  
a cat. No lover. Only a

man who wants my love without  
accepting it. Is it important

I speak I exist I matter or  
maybe I'm a cell of a bigger being  
that gets shed and renewed

every few years. Then it must  
matter. Then you do give a fuck

And it is that important. I love  
you all as you are part of what

I am part of , and we are  
all futile beings, waiting to  
belong.

Not realizing that we already do

Yes it matters,

It is important.

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## **Oh, those guys**

They think I forgot them

Am I proud to have had so many?

If I had my own penis

it would seem like a very normal thing

I shed tears through our touch

I felt a need in you

and it filled mine

One time, at least

Maybe I was feeling bad for you

Maybe you felt sorry for me

but when we felt each other it was warmth

nothing else

I've "loved" only a few times

and for different reasons

and never completely

Twice I lost myself

A poet taught me to live  
I wasn't healed from my murder  
    Couldn't happen  
I cured the pain with a bouncer  
    a few actors, a few musicians  
and then I ignored the nice guy  
    who could have healed me  
    foolish me

I must have loved the one  
    I lived with. Although  
    I don't know  
    No trust  
    fear

The third time three years ago  
    scar is still bleeding for  
    this time-- fucking brit  
    I was in a palace, but I  
    was still the  
    maid  
    Gave up job to be his  
    gave up home to be his  
    gave up self  
    died

My greatest love died  
    Before I met him  
    sad ironic  
    yes, he had a lover  
    yes, he never knew me  
but he inspires me still, to write  
    to sing, to live  
    That's life and love  
and I ache to feel his warmth in  
    another. when I lie alone  
    I always do

No I didn't forget the ones  
    at camp  
    No I don't forget the boys  
    in the ship  
No, I don't dismiss the dudes at  
    grad school  
    Or at the comedy club  
    or in the band  
brick by brick, helping to seal  
--oh, tell my sister, she might  
    get it some day

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## **one I think about**

Dude babe love

What makes you believe that you are  
so full of pain that no one has the  
right to feel as much and believe you  
wrong

With as much fear as you have hate  
with as big of a scar as the sword makes  
in your own heart. I stand here  
untouchable. Untouched  
wanting to understand why I understand you  
wanting to understand why you write of me  
touching your softest points  
with a sigh. 1500 miles away.  
Are you so lost in pain that  
I cannot kiss your wounds?  
Will you melt into me and cry with me  
and be yourself and lie?

Will you scare me with your wall  
or will I laugh it down with you??  
Will you see the person behind this shell, you call beauty?  
And feel that all is as it should be or  
will you explain to me in silence  
that your fear controls you  
"I know you"  
as you know me

As we both know that the longing to  
be loved is an inevitable part of  
the cycle. We'll be gone much  
longer than we'll be here.

We have plenty of time to be  
separated and so precious little  
to be here alone with our  
selves. alone  
I eat your concepts, you digest  
my humor

You carry my soul in your eyes  
and you ever never seen mine  
I taste the sweat in your voice

you read the bonds in my lines  
I hate nothing and fear all.  
you fear nothing and taste and hate it

You make me apologize for being a part of you  
you make me part of you

Odd, that we share a tie in the pain of death  
of lovers and love.

A man once mesmerized me to losing my sense of  
self. I died for him a thousand times  
And I was left homeless, jobless, and worthless  
from home in L A to NYC and lost  
And now Las Vegas, New Mexico

And my greatest friend, another poet  
I never actually met. Who was  
left to gurgle in his own vomit  
who was left on life support  
who decided a needle was better than  
a caress when he escaped. He checked  
out. He's pushing up strange flowers  
in a golf course.

And I sang songs about him every show.

And I sent you those words-- and the card read  
"Not accepting submissions at this time"  
It wasn't a submission, it was catharsis

Odd that I read my thoughts in  
your words. My manner of speaking  
in your words. You have ripped me  
from my unique angst and presented  
me your interpretation of who I am  
I cannot hide from you.

SO dear sweet boy who lies in  
this man's exterior. I hold you  
closer than I can another being.  
Although we have never touched.  
Perhaps that will not always be true.  
Some things are inevitable. You have as  
many titles as I do, yet yours matter more  
to the outside world, and help put you into  
an impenetrable tower.

But you dare to reach out. You scream  
GODDAMMIT- UNDERSTAND ME!!! HOLD ME  
TO YOU-- MAKE IT REAL!!

And, I, who wishes to do so, know  
that it may never be me who gets to

feel you strong and weak  
feel you hate and hurt  
feel you laugh and lose  
feel you teach and hide  
feel you cough and choke and realize that  
the secret of life is that you never "grow up"  
you have to obtain a wonder of a child- not parents, FUCK THEM

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## Saturday

You were wondering why, and here it is

Suicide has no logic to anyone who  
feels strong enough inside to take the  
loneliness. It's selfish, and cold  
and people who never were around when  
you could have used a hand  
to hold and a shoulder to cry on  
suddenly appear and talk about the  
tragedy and the pain  
you must have felt.

liars all, lonely people listen  
to songs and hear that they are  
not alone. They sing the words  
and feel that they are not alone.  
They dim the lights at night, and  
listen to the traffic and hear  
their own heartbeats, and call  
friends who aren't home, and masturbate  
thinking of famous rock musicians  
living or dead. They discuss at length the  
opinions held to the television.

Suicide is not an option when you are so  
alone that the idea of no one seeing your  
procession pass, hurts more than the loneliness.

People call you a friend. People tell you  
that you are such a great person. People  
want things and need things, and never offer in  
return anything, except more requests.

Family farce. Occasional call on the  
required Hallmark holiday. Occasional  
gossip about a sibling. Knowing full

well that you will be the next assaulted in  
the very next moment when phone is hung up.

I begin to understand Monroe. I begin to  
know Janis. They were so loved to the  
exterior degree, and Andy who died  
unwillingly, all lonely like me....despite  
those around constantly. Very alone.  
No understanding. No attempt to break free  
of selfish plunder to reach into another's pain.  
Only a lonely person does that. Only a  
lonely person wants no one else to have  
to go through the fear and pain that  
a lonely person goes through daily.

Hobbies..great Ann Landers' advice..  
but, gym, and theater, and classes  
done. Too "unusual" for mainstreamers,  
too single for married/single moms. Too extroverted  
for quiet time. too quiet for party machines.  
Sit alone and sing, solace at last.

When you are in a position where you  
are supposed to be "in Power", you  
have limited access to the people  
under you, and that is what Kenny Dwight  
understands very well. And that is  
what the president of the company feels  
and that is what the teacher in the college  
knows, and the singer on the stage.

Momentary lapses create small sexual  
encounters. False love. False truths, but  
so deeply real for fleeting moments...like  
the purr of a cat. Like the tail wag of  
a puppy. Like the laugh at a joke. Hey,  
existence has been acknowledged..  
it mattered to another being for a  
passing moment  
But the moment has passed.

Eleanor Rigby was my hero. At least  
the Beatles knew her, and the nowhere  
man, now a submarine man.

At least they made someone listen.  
Self absorption is the only  
thing that becomes reliable. Self  
understanding, art, music. Pain is

transferred unto the words on a paper,  
shared by another in twenty years, long  
after the passing moments, when  
you could have been a friend. Held the sadness of another  
into your arms and felt the desire to be loved.

In another. Lonely people aren't good at  
being very selfish, they want to love so  
much that they love too much and that  
leaves them out on their own, alone again.

Years now. Child spent time  
wondering why she was so very different that  
no one would spend time in her little  
world. Child wondered why  
there were so many people trying to be  
like each other. Child saw unique as a gift.

Teen. Spent years wondering why the nice  
boy didn't talk to her. Fantasized her deep  
desire to be famous musician, yet wasn't  
taken seriously because of eccentric behaviour  
or because of parental guilt. Or because of self doubt  
because success is just what other people  
see, not what is ever really internally felt.

Parents? What is that that makes one  
feel the wish to have lived in an orphanage  
than in her home? What is that that makes  
a young woman believe that her self  
centered family could actually reach beyond  
the materialism and find a child they bore  
and give love, or at least try to? A book and a  
stranger made a rich attempt.

Experiments performed in the 1950's  
on children deprived of physical  
contact and affection showed  
that they would die, literally, of loneliness.

Why does it take some of us so Long?  
We reach into others, and are given  
false starts, a chance, and then are  
shaken by the force of another's fear.  
This person has never been that lonely.  
This person does not know that a small  
amount of rejection is a very large board  
on a camel's back. And the lonely do  
not attempt to seek the other lonely people.

They fear what the non lonely feel,

entrapment, and possibilities of ending of relationships built on trust.

The lonely have no examples of trust. The lonely have no understanding that it is okay to not agree. The lonely do not understand that others do not see that a little pain is deeper than a clean cut free. Blatant messages.. "LEAVE ME" now, before you actually start caring, see then it would hurt too much. They come too late.

The man who reached in and touched the soul, after fears and trepidation. The god awful way he conned you into believing he was really loving you in such a way that you may let your guard down, and follow instincts, and be as giving as you possibly could.

The the uncommon nonsense of trying to rush things because of excitement, and forgetting that you are creating a wall between nature and fear that would never have been built. But you have no idea how natural things occur, because so few have risked entering this deeply into who you are. And when they do, you want only the good things, and you want to show that person how grateful you are that he has broken into the fear of people you battle on a daily level. And you lose him because his interpretation of your action is that he no longer has a say in the situation.

And if you don't lose him, you have sufficiently become afraid to ever feel for him anymore. Your wall is rebuilding steadily. His love sounds like a lie. He just feels sorry for you. He can't win. You don't let yourself be in the moment. And that is what shakes him lose from your affection. He finds a much less unique, much more shallow, and much less intelligent women.

Then you become disgusted at your inability to let things happen, and you come to the realization that you are simply meant to be completely alone. And you wish you were dead because the pain is so great.

And you feel stupid for feeling so selfish.  
And that compounds that pain...it's a vicious circle.  
You can't break out of a pattern when you  
never were given the chance to discover  
other possibilities.

Then it happens yet again. You have been broken  
into. Your soul and solitude are violated.  
You actually begin feeling that love thing.  
Your fear grows, knowing that it is his  
lust and infatuation leading you into it.  
You want to have a NORMAL relationship.  
Then it happens. You are saying IT. And you  
become disgusted with yourself. You try  
to hide, then you try to con yourself into  
feeling by sending a card, or a rose. If he  
feels good, then it won't be like the others.

You don't realize you are stepping back into  
that pattern, until he starts feeling anxious  
and trapped, and begins pulling away all  
of the warmth. Then you scramble, and continue  
into the stupid gift store, hoping that he  
will be happy.

Then something else happens. Lonely  
people do not understand that it is ok  
to attempt to break a pattern.... You try  
to cancel the flowers, yet are stuck because  
it is Mother's day, and the florist is swamped  
and forgot to cancel your order. SO there you are  
there again, in his way, smothering his distance, and  
hoping he doesn't call. You are realizing that  
you are attempting to break the pattern. You turn the  
ringer off of the phone, leave the machine on, with  
the volume off. You are now inaccessible. You are  
now allowing him time to breathe because you will  
not answer his call for a few days. Nor will you attempt  
to break into his silence, because he needs to feel safe.

You rethink things. He was the pursuer, and you went  
and turned the table on him, leaving him helpless  
in his pacing. You have decided to let him make  
all of the relationship decisions, but you have  
also decided to let the wall build up so  
that if he chooses to step away from it, it won't hurt so  
much.

Lonely people spend little time working  
on relationships in a healthy way, because if

love is meant to happen it will be forced away from them.

Lonely people don't understand that others don't get where you are, or that they have no idea how deep loneliness is, because it began with a mother who never listened to a baby's cry, or a father who was living with your first step mother when you were so very young.

Lonely people spend 90% of the time working on becoming a better person. They achieve and succeed and exceed other's expectations. But that just helps to make the wall higher. Kenny Dwight knows this. Andy knew this. Lonely people become indispensable in their hierarchy, yet dismissable in any personal relationship because who is really caring about the person inside when the outside is so cool, and deep, and talented? Who gives a shit if you would love for someone to simply stroke your hair as you sleep, when they can get instant satisfaction from a drink and a fuck?

Who wants to just be silent in the darkness with you as you sit on a cliff in the mountains, when they can watch you be funny in Hollywood? Or watch your videos and ooh and aah. Who wants to listen to you tell your favorite childhood camp story when they can borrow your last dime, car, and ex boyfriend?

Lonely people are frustrated that they are the ones who are so ready to give, and yet are just a bookmark in the history of other's lives. They love all people, they love all of life, and have no one to explore any of it with.. And its our own fault.

Suicide:n: Intentional killing of oneself

No lonely person commits suicide. They succumb to the death of their spirit, and remain shells until their bodies die, in an optimistic daze that it will not always be this way, once the pattern is broken, and they can simply accept another's feelings without trying to overfill on them.

## Shadow Puppets

Odd the dream, makes me the subject  
of someone else's fantasy  
That I don't find out until I see  
Him looking back at me  
Glazed eyes remembering our Synaptic connection  
Eyes avoiding his gaze direction  
Same dream I had a few days before this  
Ending abruptly awakened by kiss.

Odd the photo that I'm in the background of  
someone else's memory  
saved for a lifetime in an old man's scrapbook  
Wasn't trying to see me  
glazed eyes remembering his long lost wife  
centered in a photo of another man's life  
Same thoughts I'd have if I lost my own love  
Ending abruptly, all love is tough

Odd this life, I need to escape from  
alone with a man, I don't love  
That I don't realize until it's too late  
Lost inside his twisted fate  
Dead eyes remembering the moments of passion  
Fearing the pain of another reaction  
moments of living up to his bizarre expectations  
love is up to interpretation

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## A fresh non man composition

I think, therefore I think too much  
Brandt has got her shit together. What I find is that I'm doing all  
of the right things. The write things  
Perhaps writing is too much a part of me  
Solitude  
Self preservation  
discoverer of inner self. I perscribe to the rights of a scribe.  
My best friend, PenAND Paper let me grow for over  
twenty years. Published at eight  
disillusioned at ten  
The only thing preserved, blank pages and pen  
Look at the stupid room. I've counted eleven notebooks

filled with brain mumbles  
Upon my evaluation the nine autobiographys  
written during my teen years were the only  
guides I had to growth. Parents, foster parents  
teachers. Lucky me. I picked the Saturday Night Fever  
Years to be a teenager.  
I was blessed with the incredible remarrying parents.  
If a statistic was printed in the paper  
I was always one of the numbers.

Divorced Parents, incest, drugs? alcohol? Chronic  
diseases, child of mentally diseased, argh.  
My radiator was the location of choice for reading  
Creative writing? Creative SURVIVAL  
that's the magic. of it. good or not.  
mother literature, rescue the lonely  
create a love life, be important  
isn't that why I write? to see  
if I will be important to somebody someday?

This is 15 minutes, starting now..GO!  
Monty Python, Ernie Kovacs, Winsor McCay  
Mel Brooks, Where are the women? Gilda Radner  
Lois Bromfeld, cathy guisewhite, Kathryn Hepburn  
Bryan Cary wrote "Rocking table coffee chair  
Greta Garbo, Linda Blair, I watch tv, sometimes  
I think it's watching me  
Copper and Robber, Bow and Arrow, Mea Culpa  
Mia Farrow, I watch TV, sometimes I think  
it's watching me."  
That's 15 minutes. Crumbs on a cheesecake.

I'm watching patterns. Perhaps I should  
watch why I watch the patterns.  
Thorns  
Inspiration comes through pain CLICHÉ!!  
Stem  
Invitations come through pain. Especially for handsome guys  
Leaves  
the pain in spain is for all of us plain janes  
gawdy, she's stretching, must be a brain mumble  
Ah, rosebud

## **right before we let go**

Clouds stole me again. O for months on end I've  
waited for our golly gee nice sunny days to end  
clouds put reality back into the sky

I know now that I'm now down to earth  
because I have something to compare myself to  
the fog of smoke is lifted. air.

Rosebuds?

I'm cheating myself. Here I sit doodling letters  
on a former tree, rather than allowing myself  
to ramble for hours. I can only limit my writing time  
I'm cheating myself. There are three books to my right  
crisp air by my windows, and bad shows on TV  
I'm cheating myself although not hungry  
I spend moments deciding on my next nibble  
my man is in venice and I thing I'd like to "make" love to him  
right now. I'm cheating myself  
The desk is filled with nearly completed bloodshed  
my drawings that need filming  
I'm cheating myself. Life's too short to  
appreciate it I want to obsess in each of  
my avenues of life. Instead I become a dilletente  
in all that I find is my life essence.  
I'm cheating myself. damn it all, Whoosh.

as a woman, I find it annoying that I can whine without a break.

Questionnaire/Brande

Them me

do you believe in god? I believe in faith  
under what aspect? It promotes hope and ambition  
do you believe in free will  
or are you a determinist? I determine that I am middle of  
the road on this issue  
free will prevails but fate denies  
do you like men? over easy on a skewer, I like men  
yet I can only love man  
do you like women? when they are true to self they  
are true to me  
Do you like children? they are my favorite species  
what do you think of marriage? Jaded, wallowing in self pity  
Do you consider romantic love  
a delusion and a snare no, it's a rare gift that must be  
savored every millisecond before  
gone, inevitably it is gone  
do you think the comment  
"it will all be the same  
in 100 years" is profound  
shallow, true or false? I think "IT" will be spelled the same  
but all else applied to "

home