

# VAGRANT POETRY

AND BIZARRE TRUE STORIES  
WAYWARD AND UNRESTRAINED  
A WALK INTO ANOTHER WORLD

By Brian Thomas



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**TRAGIC AND COMEDIC TRUE STORIES**

**NO HOLDS BARRED POETRY**

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## INTRODUCTION

Proceed at your own mental health risk. The following poems and stories are not for the faint of heart. You will gasp, cry, laugh and touch a few nerves. The contents are reality at its worst and at its best.

They could be too real for some. There are no holds bared and nothing is Sacred. This book was meant to expand your mind in all directions and it will, so get ready for a ride on the wild side.

# POEMS

## THE CLERGY

Perhaps this is too harsh and critical of the clergy, but it is true to some degree of all clergy. They share a life where security is promised, and conflict is at a bare minimum. They truly do lead a peaceful life with lots of perks. Some deserve it, and some don't. people tend to put their trust in the clergy, which allows them the ability to take advantage of the circumstances or to actually perform criminal acts such as the sexual abuse of children, which has taken place all too often. The worse crime, however, is that the church hierarchy covers this up and allows it to continue so that the church will not be subject to law suits and criminal prosecution along with the loss of trust. What is lost in all of the adoration of priests and all clergy is that we are all God's children and all share the same moral dilemmas. When we place others above us, we automatically place ourselves below them. Thus, we are all of God's children -- If people could only see that, no one is above or below anyone, we are just different. If we could look at others that way, we would understand God did not make us to judge or be judged. If we could only accept ourselves and others as God's children and nothing more.

## THE CLERGY

Oh, to be one of the special people  
Let's make everyone in the world a clergy  
And release us all from physical drudgery  
Make everyone in the world secure  
So each and every one can be so demure

Give us our daily bread  
And keep a roof above our head  
Then give us a parish car  
So we can travel near and far

Release our minds from fear of need  
Filter our brains so we don't want to breed  
Keep our bellies full and our bodies warm  
And put us in a safe place free from harm

Give us time to think and meditate

Let us think our thoughts and contemplate  
Our being is free and we can smile  
At everyone as we walk up our church aisle

We can refresh ourselves and then relax  
Because after all we don't even pay tax  
We would have money to blow  
Building ornate churches to house our own ego

We would dispense our good advice  
Then reassure our flock their donations would almost suffice  
We would greet all with a pleasant look  
Then go right back to reading our book

Some would say we were too smug and complacent  
Others would say that to God we were adjacent  
We would listen to the trouble of a mother  
And prescribe pat cliches of one sort or another

A smile would be branded on her face  
After all we would be in a state of heavenly grace  
Gone to God's good work, we would say  
And when you're in trouble all we can do is pray

Get a nickel and a dime from each of the poor  
Get a piece of the action from those with a little more  
Keep the church building fund and buy a new door  
Save a couple dollars and find a discreet whore

Preach that God will come sometime  
But until he does, I'll make sure I get mine  
Heaven and Hell and the Holy Ghost  
Can be used to batter our sheep from pillar to post

Guilt and shame, we can constantly dispense  
Remembering to keep the masses on the defense  
But oh my god, I just happen to recall  
We are God's children one and all

## THE POLITICIAN'S DELIGHT

This poem may be a tad cynical, but it reveals the two or more faces of the politician. The problem is that we are under the control of these charlatans. Our lives are influenced for better and mostly worse as the result of their actions. The real problem is that society has created them and so is stuck with them. They start at the bottom and prove they will go along to get along. Should they fail this test at anywhere along the way, they are out and out for good. There are so many benefits to elected office that they will do anything to get it and *anything* to keep it, no matter what. Their desire is to keep people ignorant and dependent. The fact that they are reelected time after time is proof of their ability to do just that. Do we get what we deserve, or deserve what we get?

## A POLITICIAN'S DELIGHT

Say what the people want to hear  
Say it loud and for God's sake say it clear  
Speak to the young and promise love and peace  
Speak to the old and give them nothing but peace

Tell the factory worker that he should have more  
Tell the capitalist that the factory worker is only a whore  
Tell the housewife you're going to cut the price of potatoes and meat  
Tell the farmer it's ok to up the tab on tomatoes and beef

Promise the VFW that we're going to win  
Turn around and inform the liberal that war is a sin  
Give the white collar worker a little superiority  
To help drown and wipe out his mental inferiority

Say what the people want to hear  
Say it loud and for God's sake say it clear  
Promise each of them what they need and desire  
Truth is a bummer and a loser, the real winner has to be a liar

## **A FORLORN LIFE**

Negative people are to be found everywhere. Some are religious people who faithfully go to church. Nothing their clergy says touches them. They remain negative and vindictive, unable to truly love or care about anyone, even themselves. Thus, they go through life leading a joyless and barren existence. They probably have never even given a thought to the meaning of their life. All lives have a meaning even if they seem not to have one. At the end of her life all she had believed in was exposed to be untrue. What she thought was enough wasn't. When she thought she was living a "good" life, she wasn't. When it finally dawned on her that life was also about other people, it was too late. The tragedy was not realizing and knowing this until it was too late. She died a very forlorn woman.

## THE GOOD WOMAN

The good woman represents part of society. They live their daily lives doing a little good, maybe and doing only small bad things. Bad things such as gossip an unkind word, judgmental of other people, envy, and some greed as well. Their lives are for the most part meaningless. They consider themselves good people since they have never done anything so wrong that they got arrested or did prison time. They die wondering what it was all about. They say they believe in God, but never go to church or even think of the simple adage of “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.” Everyone makes a choice of how to live their life. The “Good” woman has inadvertently chosen a life which goes nowhere.

The corners of her mouth turned down  
Her face was nothing but a total frown  
She saw the negative part of life  
And continually found something about which to gripe

Quick to condemn and impossible to please  
And always wondering why she was always at ease  
Suspicion and mistrust was all she knew  
The years went by and her hostility grew

“They out to be put away”  
“God will surely punish them someday”  
She uttered these words against many people  
A good Christian woman who sat under God’s steeple

She felt that because she broke no laws  
That she was a good person with just a few flaws  
She sat in her house and talked about  
Her neighbor and anyone whose reputation was in doubt

The day finally came to pass  
When the life was leaving her fast  
I’ve been a good woman all my time  
I’ve never done wrong or committed a crime

“Exactly what have you done?” asked a voice  
“Did you help or tum away when asked a choice? You’ve done  
nothing with your life but be  
Heaven and happiness are for those who do good, you see.”

# THE WOODEN PILLOW

Death and life all run together. They both serve an end and a purpose of which we may only vaguely aware of, no matter what we may think and believe. Our end and purpose into a grand plan and design which we cannot even begin to understand. We are given life and promised death. We are promised nothing else in between. What happens between is a matter of choice, fate, and destiny, all of which comprise the in between. The in between is what gives our life meaning or little to no meaning, but all lives have a meaning of some kind. The “Wooden Pillow” follows the course of everyone’s life to one degree or another. The thing no man can avoid and the thing all men crave and then the finale, the grave.

## WOODEN PILLOW

A wooden pillow was placed beneath his head  
A wooden pillow was used because he was dead  
The life was gone and the spark was out  
One more being who isn’t going to move about

His life was short, a little bitter, a little sweet  
But all that’s over now since he’s under a sheet  
He never realized what life really meant  
The years flew by and suddenly his time was spent

His face is bland in death as in life  
His human nature destined him to constant strife  
His soul and mind became numb after awhile  
Then it was he who could do to fake a smile

He bounced back and forth from pleasure to pain  
Like a ping pong ball during a rather fast game  
His greed and lust pursued momentary pleasure  
His fear and ignorance caused pain he couldn’t measure

Most of his life was lived in vain  
Most of his time was spent avoiding pain  
He took and took and only gave  
Something that wasn’t wanted or he couldn’t save

He reached down to help a man lower than he  
“Let me help you, he said to the one who couldn’t see  
He lifted his brother up to his feet  
He realized then that he was far from beat

He knew now he could always find a positive thought to think  
He was also aware that a positive deed was the link

## DESPAIR AND DEPRESSION

There isn't a person in this entire world who at one time or another hasn't been in the depths of despair and depression because of circumstances and events which seem to be beyond his capacity to deal with. Most turn their efforts into constructive chances and climb out of the mental morass. Some don't and more lives are wasted, and negative thoughts continue to dominate. Thousands of words have been written in verse and prose to inspire man to overcome his mental dilemma and love life and be happy again. These few lines are written for the person who is so down that the bottom looks like up, and if only one person on this planet reads this and breaks his chains of depression slavery, it will have served its purpose.

### THE BOTTOM TITLE

Fear clings to his every pore  
Despair is with him ever more  
Anxiety forms a cloud above his head  
Failure is a constant and awesome dread

He is down and he is out  
Of this there can be no doubt  
The bottom has finally been reached  
His contract with life pitifully breached

He looks around for a friend or hope  
He has a problem with which he is unable to cope  
No family, no friends, no way to go  
Just a broken man who has hit his low

The negatives have torn him down  
Reduced his face to a perpetual frown  
Till one day he noticed a man in a similar plight  
The only difference was the other had lost his sight

Into his world of negatives was thrust  
A positive thought that things could be a little worse  
A smile found its way upon his face  
A positive deed was about to take place  
In the chain of life which he was a part  
A positive thought and deed is where you can start

## WORDS

When you think about it, words are the most powerful invisible force in our world. They have overturned the empires of old and the super states of the modern era. They influence us, arouse us, pacify us, allow us to use or be used, allow us to visualize what we cannot see, and prevent us from seeing what is real and present in front of us. Our words give our conscious mind tools to use and are the frame of the ideas, visions, and **all** other thoughts which lurk deep in the subconscious. They have allowed us to communicate in hundreds of different languages throughout time. They are the link to each other for better or worse. The pen is mightier than the sword, and the pen only comes alive through the use of words. Such is the power of words.

## WORDS

Words and phrases come alive  
When men with a desire start to contrive  
Beautiful and sweet sounding they seem  
Catering to delusions plus an occasional dream

Hate, fear, love, and compassion  
Emotions are played on in a simple fashion  
Events of the past are vividly recalled  
Experiences are recreated traumatic, large and small

Using his gift of words to describe  
The glib tone takes you back to the day your mom died  
Your mind is now reliving that dreadful event  
The preacher uses the experience to make us repent

All the things you did as a little boy  
All the heartbreak and all of the joy  
Everything that happened to you both good and bad  
Words will take you back to the times you've had

The worries and the anxieties of the present hour  
Are brought to the surface of your mind with verbal power  
Should it be a fear of a woman's fear of growing old  
With a few words its awful dread can take hold

“Your face has a few lines and wrinkle or two,”  
Says the cosmetic salesman, “but this will  
Make you fresh as the morning dew”

Unless you speak good English, have manners and social grace  
You won't be invited for dinner at the boss's place

Rejection and selection are brought to the fore  
Good conversation brings many friends to your door  
“Be one of the gang,” the leader will extoll  
He uses group acceptance to gain control

Words can take us back or illuminate the present  
Words can bring us forward to anticipate the pleasant  
Words can create an overwhelming effect  
Our fate, actions, thoughts and emotions they do direct

## **PRELUDE -- I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU GOD**

Many of us are destined to lose our memories through the disease of Alzheimer's. There may be nothing we can do to prevent that, but if we make a vow never to forget God and surround ourselves with the signs of him, a cross, a bible, a picture of God that Da Vinci painted in the Sistine Chapel, a picture of Jesus- at the Last Supper, and put into our minds what each of these represents, then perhaps His will be the only memory we have left. It's important that God is with us in mind and spirit to the very end.

## **I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU GOD**

As our life comes toward its end  
Our minds begin to lose something and start to blend  
What was in the past with the present  
Forgetting much of what was  
The thoughts we allow to stay with us no matter what comes  
Into our life, we make a vow to never forget the ones  
We love and cherish as we grow old  
But most of all we'll never be told  
That we forgot God because we'll make a promise to him  
"I'll never forget you God"  
No matter how much my memory goes dim  
How could I ever forget you after all you have done  
You gave me life and let me live under your sun  
You were there when I needed you  
You were there when I was happy and when I was blue  
You knew my heart and were forgiving  
Of all my sins and all my sinful living  
How could I ever forget you  
When only you were the one who knew  
The things that held my deepest regrets  
And you were the one who forgave me of my sinful debts  
I'll never forget you God this I vow  
I make this promise to you here and now

## ONLY SO MANY YEARS

We can't see time, but we can spend it or waste it, and time has passed with us truly realizing it. We take time for granted like we will always have some, only to forget we only have so much and none of us know how much we have left, but we don't think about that. We can't see it so it keeps going by right in front of us. So many of us fill in our time like filling a ditch with dirt. We look for things to pass our time with. When we do this, we have no respect for time, it's just another way of wasting our time. If we were to become aware of how precious time is then perhaps we could make better use of it. When a person is given say only three months to live, their time becomes very precious to them. They will spend more time with those they love. They will spend their time doing something meaningful and beneficial, not only to them but to people in general. This poem was written to make us aware that since we have so little time in the scheme of things, that we try to at least make our time account for something and to be spent in love.

## ONLY SO MANY YEARS

We only have so many years  
So many years, so many tears  
So little time so many mistakes  
So little time so few good breaks

Our world, this world is over  
Thirty billion years old  
Why must we live some or most  
Of our time with hearts so cold  
We only have so much life  
Is it really necessary to have so much strife

None of us have a guarantee on tomorrow  
But too many of us live our last day in sorrow  
And regrets for the wrongs we have done  
And the hurt we have caused our loved ones  
Why do we keep on hurting with so many  
Of our years ahead gone

Seeking God, searching for something or someone

To which we can belong  
Deep down we realize and know  
That we must at some time reap what we sow  
Compared to the billions of years in time  
Our life is like billions of dollars  
Compared to less than a dime

Only so many years, so many seconds

## **PRELUDE -- NEVER ENDING**

There are times in our lives when a confluence of emotions and events take place and create a dynamic which only grows strange through time and realization until it haunts you without surrendering. It will not let go and you can't let it go. It reaches the point when you even stop trying and accept it as your fate: It then becomes your daily ritual to ask God for forgiveness throughout the day, knowing he forgives but the dynamic goes on.

## **NEVER ENDING**

Sometimes we want to talk to the dead  
To tell them things that were never said  
When they were here  
To tell them how dear  
They were to us and how much we regret  
Not fulfilling their expectations they had for  
Us but which we never met  
They went to their grave thinking we had ruined our life

They had many hardships and much strife  
But there could have been no greater sorrow  
Than to die with the thought that her son had no tomorrow  
There is no way that we can ever take back  
Yesterday so we live day to day with  
The fact that our mother's heart we did break

We know and believe that God forgives our sins  
But we still must live with out heart  
And mind and what lies within

Each one should count before our  
Final fate beckons  
Forget everything else all we have is time  
Our life we always depend on how  
We spend our little dime  
We only have so many years  
Why the need for so many tears

## **BEWARE THE SMILE**

Beware the smile and toothy grin  
Your body and mind are the prize they hope to win  
A glad hand and a pat on the back  
Usually means you have something they lack

Beware of those who speak with someone else's voice  
You may find you will be given a choice  
Accept what they say and never doubt  
Or you may question, but you will do without

Beware of those who speak with someone else's words  
You may find yourself in one of many herds  
The verbs, prepositions, adjectives, and nouns  
Will be used to extract your flesh, by the pound

## WHERE DOES LOVE END AND SEX BEGIN?

Where does love end and sex begin?  
What part of intercourse is labeled a sin  
Who do we become when our pleasures control us  
When do we turn from human being into pure animal lust

The lovers proceed to quench the awful thirst  
And slowly begin to consider themselves first  
Romance and fantasy fill the woman's head  
Her feminine nature wants to submit to the man in her bed

Where does love end and sex start  
Sex begins when feelings or the other person depart  
Who do we become when pleasure controls us  
We become what in reality we are, animals of lust

## **SOME MEN CAN ONLY LOVE MEN**

Some men can love only another man  
And on this society has placed a ban  
They may truly love and care in a special way  
But no matter how beautiful the word is still gay

Laws and custom will not hinder  
Love, provided it is between the opposite gender  
Sex is limited and has its bounds  
So says those who own and run the towns

A combination of young and old  
Receive a shoulder which is cold  
The act of love between sister and brother  
Is sure to get you in trouble one or another

Making love is therefore only allowed  
For prescribed pairs, all other is disavowed  
But wish as they may and try and they might  
When love becomes true nothing or no one can reach its height

# LOVE IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

Love is love and nothing else  
When the other is number one  
Or you consider the other before yourself  
And what ever they ask will be done

Be that woman and woman  
Or be they man and man  
Or be they any combination of one, two or more  
Love is love if for each other they stand

Sharing becomes a thrill and joy  
It doesn't have to be a girl and boy  
It can be a pure love for yourself  
If a true concern and empathy is felt

Negatives are banished, the positives reign  
Many words are spoken, but never to corflplain  
Smiles abound and your joy is let out  
Fear is unknown, for there is no doubt

Love yourself first, I strongly advise  
You have to like yourself before you can think of another  
Loving yourself is no crime you see  
For unless you like you, you can like no other

## **PUSH COMES TO SHOVE**

Push always seems to come to shove  
The young use snotty words and preach love  
Understanding is supposedly the word of the day  
But the young still refuse to let any other have a say

Prejudice is a no-no if you are under twenty-eight  
The young are not biased, the old just fail to relate  
Give to me and do for me but I don't owe you a thing  
The young call the giver and the doer a ding a ling

The world owes us oh so much  
The young tell everyone who's good for a touch  
Sex is supposed to be bonded with love to have real meaning  
But young men are forever discussing seduction scheming

The search for truth is constantly taking place  
The young like everyone else, lies to save their face  
Money is said to have no importance of its own  
So why do the young keep what they have  
and when it's gone they moan and groan

## **BY THE BALLS**

The medical establishment has you by the balls  
They have total control and make all the calls  
You have to do what they say when they say it  
The best you can hope for is not to get a young twit  
They have no regard for your time  
The way they keep you waiting is a crime  
They slice and they dice  
And whatever the results, they don't even think twice  
Forget the oath they had to take  
I s all about the money they can make  
Don't even think about getting their cell number  
They are not about letting their patients encumber  
Them and take up their time and pleasure  
They do not feel responsible and this they treasure  
We are at their mercy and their whim  
They believe that their patients can either sink or swim  
We all get sick at some time in our body  
And the treatment we get is likely to be shoddy  
Over doctors some people fawn  
On some it may never even dawn  
The medical establishment is just about the money  
But when you wind up dead or crippled it's not funny  
Most people in the medical profession have a tendency  
To treat yo with no regard since you have a dependency  
On them and they take full advantage of this  
They have you by the balls in case you missed

## **ALL OF MY LIFE**

All my life my heart has sought a thing I cannot name

The author of this poem lived in one of those rundown buildings, inhabited by more than a few families. In one of these apartments where the author lived, there was a piece of blue art paper written in white with sequins on the lettering, which read “All my life my heart has sought a thing I cannot name.”

This seemed to sum up what this generation was looking for. They didn't know and never found out. They eventually drifted back into normal li es with wives, kids, and a lot of responsibilities. This poem illustrates their predicament at that time in their lives.

During the 60s when the Vietnam war was raging, there was another being waged on the home front. The children of the men who had come from WWII, were now coming of age. They had grown up in a world of plenty; they were given material things like no other generation before them. They indulged themselves in physical pleasures to no end. Yet it was not enough to satisfy something, something lurking inside of them. They sought a cause and found one. They sought different ways of life and found them only to keep coming up empty. They tried every drug there was only to find temporary relief, but it wasn't what they were looking for. They formed families. They needed a family no matter how unreliable other members of the family were. These families all lived in a certain part of town in rundown apartments and old homes.

## **ALL OF MY LIFE**

All of my life my heart has sought a thing I cannot name  
My heart is always restless and refuses to be tame  
My heart is always looking to know  
So my mind constantly wonders to and fro  
I know that I am not the only soul  
Millions of others are desperately seeking the goal

Of what their heart wishes them to be

Working in vain for the one thing they cannot see

So we all go around in a daze  
Our minds clouded by a never ending hope  
We sometimes think we know  
Only to find that the answer lies in  
A place deep in our subconscious mind  
Where we dare not to go

Yet we try to go deep in our mind  
We search in utter futility only to find  
That the real answer will always elude us  
But we continue on and on because we must  
We constantly prod ourselves  
And never give up this futile game  
Only to find out that all of my life  
My heart has sought a thing I cannot name

## **THE ONLY REASON**

Life always leads to death  
We are closer to death with each breath  
We only seem to be alive  
When we struggle to survive  
We are all put here for a reason  
And each part of our life is but a season  
And each brings a new chance  
To get past ourselves and enhance  
Our lives and to bring out the good  
In all of us which should  
Bring us to fully realize and grasp  
The true meaning and to know at last  
What God has called us to do and be  
So that we might be able to see  
That each life plays a part in God's plan  
And what happens to us is in God's hands

## WHEN THEY WERE HAPPY

I saw them when they were at their best  
I try to forget all of the rest  
Memories resurface of when they'd fight  
Usually over something so slight  
And despite the way they'd go after each other  
They were all I had, my father and mother

It was all a blur, how both would shout  
And to this day, I'm not sure what about  
They called each other unpleasant names,  
Since of course both of them were to blame  
I loved them both, but the fighting I would hate  
And of course, thoughts came much too late  
To tell them how much they meant to me  
It was something that was not meant to be

They died early, before I could say  
Now regret fills my heart each day,  
But I recall past weekends, how they searched  
For antique bargains like kids at play,  
Hours on end, seeking out treasure  
Their happiness was beyond measure

Too much of our time is spent fighting over meaningless worldly matter and things; we forget what's really important and what has a true meaning in our life. We are human, we all do this, but we don't have to. We can choose to act with love and kindness or react with anger and fury. God gave us that choice.

All things come from God. Thank you God for loving and forgiving us. Thank you God for your mercy. We love you dear God.

## **PRELUDE -- LEFT AND RIGHT**

They are different. They are the same. Endless hours are spent arguing which is right. No decision has been reached. No decision ever will be reached. The deciding factor will always be who achieved power. People are used like pawns in their quest to gain and retain power. Either one will use almost any means to accomplish this. We can be sure of only one thing, and that is our life is for us to determine, no one else.

This poem points out that as much as they are different they all have one aim, power, raw power and nothing else.

## **LEFT AND RIGHT**

Left and right there's a difference  
Some people will say, one is good, the other is bad  
Liberalism and conservatism  
Are as to day is to night more or less

There is a difference that part is true  
That difference is the same as me and you  
Use your talents, pick your brain  
Their programs are varied the ends the same  
Control your body and mind, thoughts and deeds  
The difference of the three is who runs the game

Organize, consolidate, manipulate and stimulate  
Play one side against the other, ignorance is the wedge  
See all, know all, do all, and control all  
Indoctrinate, condition, decondition and recondition

Inhibit and mistreat our movements of body and soul  
Automate and accelerate our will to live on and on  
Delude and exclude all those who deviate from the chosen path  
Bend or break and regiment all wills for total control

Create a crisis, encourage conflict, jeopardize  
A way of life, threaten our existence to its core  
Then solve the problem, erase the doubt  
Ease the anxiety, but first take all you want plus a little more  
Smash and bash the bones of those very few  
Who dare to be different from the ever common millions  
Power is power and who has it is of little concern  
They will do anything to keep it, that you will soon learn

## **RACING TO RED LIGHTS**

We see them every day racing as fast as they can, even when they see the light is red, then slamming on the brakes to avoid hitting the car in front of them who is still waiting for the light to change. When the light turns green, the next race is on. What we may ask is the cause of such madness. Could it be they are in such a hurry that good sense has abandoned them, or could it be that they live at such a frantic pace that they do everything in their life with the same intensity.

We don't know, but what we do know is that they are blind to everyone and everything around them. Hopefully this poem captures reckless abandon and the absolute feeling of those who endanger the lives of others as well as themselves.

## **RACING TO RED LIGHTS**

They grasp the wheel with such great intensity  
Their impulses racing on relentless  
They look neither to the left or right  
Of other people they have lost sight  
They are consumed with but one desire  
For to reach their destination they burn with a fire

So they speed ahead faster and faster  
Ignoring fate and courting disaster  
They pass other cars, weave out and in  
They literally fly down the street like the wind

They have beaten every car and let none stand in their way  
They raced to the red light and won the day  
Gunning their engines, they are now ready  
For the next race their look is intense and steady

They are focused on being the first  
The ignorance of the feeling of their quest  
Have they been cursed

## **PRELUDE -- THE SILENCE**

We live in a world of overwhelming noise: cars, construction, etc... and we then add to this din with T.V., car radios, stereos, and shouting. Collectively, when all of this is employed, we are unable to think, which may be the point. If we can deaden the thoughts of our mind, then we don't have to cope with any reality, which may come through by pure chance.

Some, if not most, cannot tolerate absolute silence for too long. Our existence seems incomplete unless we have some kind of noise injected into our life. Monks who take the vow of silence and live in a world of silence must contend to look at their inner self, our world, and the meaning of their existence in the scope of a perspective that brings them into a different dimension.

## **THE SILENCE**

The blast of deafening music numbs his mind  
leading the listener to believe he will find  
a way to still the thoughts running through his head  
fearing the one thing he has come to dread  
SILENCE--the total absence of all noise--a stillness  
revealing a desperate need to fill the emptiness  
making him look at his life  
making him listen to the strife  
going on in his mind that he so artfully deflects  
hiding the fact his life has no purpose and hoping none will suspect.

## **A FORLORN LIFE**

Negative people are to be found everywhere. Some are religious people who faithfully go to church. Nothing their clergy says touches them. They remain negative and vindictive, unable to truly love or care about anyone, even themselves. Thus, they go through life leading a joyless and barren existence. They probably have never even given a thought to the meaning of their life. All lives have a meaning even if they seem not to have one. At the end of her life all she had believed in was exposed to be untrue. What she thought was enough wasn't. When she thought she was living a "good" life, she wasn't. When it finally dawned on her that life was also about other people, it was too late. The tragedy was not realizing and knowing this until it was too late. She died a very forlorn woman.

## A SPECIAL HELL FOR THE OLD, CRIPPLED, CONFINED, AND INFIRMED

It looks just like another building  
From the outside you would never know what it's shielding  
The light is blinking, it won't stop  
A noise down the hall from that old grandpop  
Let him wait, says one of the nurses  
This is followed by a string of curses  
He's probably in pain or something like that  
So she just kept talking where she sat  
The people she was to take care of didn't matter  
She just kept on eating and getting fatter and fatter  
The employees, most but not all, just didn't care  
Of loving, kindness, and help they didn't share  
Those who were confined were left to suffer  
And after the friends and relatives left, there was no buffer  
Then the staff could ignore them if they had a need  
And the old, crippled, and infirmed could only concede  
To whatever the staff wanted to do at the time  
Which was to ignore the old, crippled, and confined  
And leave their caretaking duties behind  
The old, crippled, and confined were wise not to make a sound  
Or the staff could not be found  
It was senseless to press the help light  
Since forever they'd wait for staff to come into sight  
Their food would arrive on a tray all mashed up  
And unless they wanted to starve, this was their supper  
Should they soil themselves all over, they'd sit for hours on end  
Because no help would the staff send  
This is the fate of the old, crippled, and confined  
This is how the rest of their life would be defined

## SCREAMS OF THE DEAD

He lay on the grill all rigid and cold  
He was without life, he had sold his soul  
We had no idea who this was to be  
We will have to die ourselves to see  
The gas flames were turned on  
In a few minutes his earthly body would be gone  
He would then return to where he came  
Without him the world would not be the same  
The flames were now doing their job  
His loved ones in another room began to sob  
The flames were turning his body to dust  
His bones were becoming but empty crusts  
Like a dry leaf thrown in a fire, his body began to curl  
He sat up as the fires started to unfurl  
The air in his lungs was about to be forced out  
Rendering a sound to curdle your blood, it was his last shout  
It was over all too soon, leaving nothing but bones  
Which were ground up in a machine that seemed to groan  
His remains were now put in a ceramic vase  
It would become harder and harder to remember his face  
His ashes would be scattered to a bend  
In a river where he was born, he was now but dust in the wind

## FLAT LINE

That fateful day had finally come  
The life he had, now there was none  
He knew that someday he would hear  
That he had no life, but never thought it near  
The flat line said there was no more  
It was good because life had become a bore  
Those who loved him all had fears  
And losing him reduced them to tears  
Now he was never again going to be around  
The flat line was to take away the sound  
Of his voice and all the things he could say  
Since the flat line made it his last day  
His future was gone and he could not begin  
Again to promise God he would not sin  
Anymore and do things that would  
Cause someone pain and do the things he should  
Have done all of his life  
The flat line had just ended his strife

## THE MESSENGER

He came to the door  
He was just the messenger  
The door opened  
He said he had some bad news  
“Your husband is dead”  
It was the most direct way it could be said  
The wife stared straight ahead  
Oh my God, he’s dead  
She didn’t even know where to start  
The messenger stood silent at the door  
It was obvious he could do no more  
She closed the door and sat down  
Her emotions were spinning around  
An emotional tide of sorrow swept over her  
She broke down unable to control the tears  
They were together at the start of the day  
And now on a cold steel gurney he lay  
He lay on this cold steel gurney unable to say  
That she was his one true love  
He could say it but no one could hear it  
But she couldn’t hear him say  
Because on a cold steel gurney he lay  
He was gone either up or down below  
She would not be able to let him know  
How much she loved him and be able to show  
Her love with one last kiss  
And now left with only deep regret that she did miss  
Her last chance to show him her love  
Before he was taken from her to the above

## THE DANCE OF DEATH

Come dance with me, death would say  
You may beg off for now,  
But you will have to someday  
I'll hold you in my arms  
While you start to expire  
I'll even let you have one heart's desire  
Maybe and maybe not  
That's up to me  
You knew this moment would come  
And now here I am  
Would you like to tango,  
Go out with a dramatic flair  
Or would you like to waltz  
And go out as gracefully as you can  
Or would you like to do the two step  
And just let me come and take you  
Or would you like to dance fast,  
And gyrate with all of your limbs twitching  
Or would you like to dance slow,  
I'll slow dance with you  
It will be something akin to a romantic moment  
I'll hold you close and caress you  
Dance with me  
And I'll take you into another world

## **FIRE IN HER EYES**

She was a plain person  
She looked plain  
She dressed plain  
And she wore glasses  
Which hid her eyes  
But every once in a while  
She would come out  
The plain disappeared  
And off came the glasses  
Mascara and eyeshadow appeared  
Rouge and bright red lipstick  
Changed her into someone no one knew  
A man would catch her eye  
She would stare so intensely  
That something in him made him turn and look  
The pent-up passion in her eyes was like fire  
He couldn't move  
She melted him like wax on a hot stove  
I'm yours, take me, now  
Her eyes could talk and seduce  
This helpless man in front of her  
He fell into her web and got lost  
In the clutches of this plain woman

## THE BIG CON

How do you ruin a nation  
A country that was God's creation  
How do you cause chaos and confusion  
And then say it's only a delusion  
How do you create a false pandemic  
And claim that it does mimic  
The Black Death of old  
How can you ever be that bold  
How do you pit race against race  
And still manage to save face  
We have a border that has no meaning  
The result of much plotting and scheming  
How can you let so many illegals in  
And then say it's someone else's sin  
Our economy has been put oh the wrong tract  
And we may not be able to get it back  
A country that was God's creation  
Can fall and we will have lost our nation  
Who or what are we to blame  
The end result will be the same  
We will have been deceived  
By the big con which we believed

## **TRUE LOVE IS NEVER A LOSS**

Sometimes our loss can be a gain  
If a positive attitude you do maintain  
You can think back to all of your love  
And be so happy that your loved one is now above  
You can look back at the good times you had  
And the things you did together will make your heart glad  
That you found each other and became of one heart  
And know that in a way you will never be apart  
So by now you have went on to discover  
That after your loved one there can be no other  
And that one day you can look forward to being together again  
And through the love of God on that you can depend

# TRUE STORIES

## MIKE

Day by day in each and every way, I'm getting better and better, stronger and stronger, through the grace of God.

Mike was a man's man, both in stature and demeanor. He served in the Marines during WWII and survived Guadalcanal. He was generous to a fault and had a special type of kindness. He came back home and married the love of his life. Things were good until one day he came home early and found his best friend, the one he had let stay in his home, in bed with his wife. Something called care left him. He became hard, with no feelings. His uncle, who was connected to organized crime, got him a job as a collector for a loan shark. He broke bones and smashed faces without giving it a thought. He did this for many years and rose in rank in the organization. He was on his way to the top when he found out he had Uremia, poisoning of the blood with urine, and the doctor gave him six months to live. Thinking he would be dead in six months, he took a tour around the world for six months. He came back. He didn't die, but he did run into a girl who he had dated for a short while a long time ago. Long story short, he fell in love and was able to love someone again. He was happier than anytime he had been in his life. He didn't want to die and he called a friend up feeling sorry for himself. His friend said to him, "Mike, you've always lived like a man, and now you're going to have to die like a man." Mike died like a man. He died with great love in his heart, in his last days. You see its never too late to find true love and have that love till your last breath.

All things come from God. Thank you God for loving and forgiving me. Thank you God for your mercy. I love you dear God.

## MORGUE HUMOR

The Allegheny County Morgue was a huge Graystone building dating back to the 1800s. It had a two-door entrance which led into the chapel. This is where the bodies could be seen and identified. It had a high vaulted ceiling with a stained-glass mural on the back wall and going up to the ceiling. On each side of the chapel were slanted glass enclosures, which opened from the back. The bodies were rolled into the glass enclosure where they could be viewed. People could stand at the foot of the enclosure and see the bodies. Anyone could come in almost any time. Sometimes after a party, a gang from the party who had too much alcohol already would go down to the morgue. There were also chaperoned visits by various scout troops. A reporter from the local paper had the morgue as one of his “beats”. He would go down to the morgue and sit around and talk with the guys who worked there. They had a fantastic sense of humor. I guess they had to. This particular reporter liked to play pranks. He would get on a gurney and have the morgue guy roll him under the glass. When someone or a group would come in, he would wink at them or turn his head. People would run out of the place screaming.

He was sitting around with the guys one day when they were told that a girl scout troop was coming down to see the morgue. Here was his chance. He could scare the hell out of a bunch of young girls, so he got on a gurney and had them wheel him under the glass. He had been under for a couple of minutes when a new guy came in. It was his first day. The reporter had never seen him. The morgue guys started talking and someone suggested that the reporter deserved a little karma, so the new guy got on a gurney and they wheeled him in right next to the reporter.

The reporter and the new guy were laying there for a little while when the new guy turned his head to the side and said to the reporter, “Cold as hell in here, ain’t it?”

The reporter was so shocked that he sat up too hard and fast and he hit his head on the glass and actually suffered a concussion. He was so dazed he fell off of the gurney and was scrambling around on the floor. The new guy said, “I bet that hurt.” This threw the reporter into a panic so he began screaming and pounding on the door, which could only be opened from the outside. The doors didn’t open for a few minutes since the morgue guys were laughing so hard they were rolling on the floor. When he did finally get out, he was babbling incoherently and couldn’t stop shaking and twitching. It took more than a few stiff drinks to calm him down. Needless to say, he never went under the glass again.

## A KLEPTOMANIAC IS BORN

Another true story. It's a shaggy dog story, but it's true. Phil was a generous man. You might even say he was overly generous. He had a beautiful wife and wonderful family, fame, a great career, and of course money. He also had a partner in his business. Dan and Phil were a great pair and created a very unique business. They were so successful that Phil was featured on the cover of national magazines.

This all came cracking down one fateful night. Phil and Dan got into a real brawl in a hotel. This was complete with screaming, broken furniture, and lamps through a window. Things calmed down and Dan called Phil's wife. Phil was a very personable guy and also a prolific womanizer. Unbeknownst to Phil, Dan had kept record of each affair complete with name, date, and location of each tryst. When he got Phil's wife on the phone, he proceeded to read off the entire list. He then handed the phone to Phil. His wife asked him if this was true. Phil was not known for being the most truthful of people, but this time he told the truth, and confessed all. The partnership was dissolved. Phil in one fell swoop lost his business, his family, and his mind. He had to be confined to a mental institution.

He came out a different person. He was angry. He would rage and he would steal and "walk" checks in restaurants. It didn't matter what it was or even if he needed it. He would steal anything from "please be seated" signs to waste baskets, pens, books, and virtually anything he saw. He was still a womanizer, but he would insult and humiliate the women he was with. He would nickname them with the names and introduce them that way as the horse, the fox, the gopher, and so on. He upset a woman so bad one time that her eyes rolled to the back of her head and all you saw were the whites of her eyes. When the waiter came with the tray of food and saw only the whites of her eyes, he dropped the whole tray on the table.

It seemed Phil felt that since everything had been stolen from him, his business, his wife, and family as well as his reputation and fame, that it was only right to steal back what he could and he became a diehard kleptomaniac.

He stole everything he could by his hand and he did however get his comeuppance when it came to women. He met a widow who was a first-grade teacher before she retired. She saw something in him and they got married. True to form, he would rage and insult her. She would ignore him and say things like, "Now you don't mean that, Phil." He could not upset her. When asked the question of how she

was able to deal with him when no one else could, she would answer that she would just treat him like she did her first graders. The rage ended but every once in a while, the kleptomania would surface. He never felt that he had gotten even.

## UNCLE COZ

You knew instantly Caz wasn't right. It really wasn't hard to see. He was disheveled and his hair was wild. His eyes darted constantly, and when he spoke, nothing made any sense. His nose was broken and twisted to one side. His jaw stuck out and there were flat spots where his cheek bones should have been.

"Hey, what's going on? I got to get to the place, need something. Gotta go now. What's the matter? Nothing the matter. Gotta go."

This was typical conversation for Coz. He lived with a widowed sister and brother in the Hill District. They lived on a small street house on Cliff Street, which got its name because in the back of the house on the street, there was a cliff which dropped a few hundred feet. From their back porch they had a panoramic view of downtown Pittsburgh. They had lived on the Hill since they were kids growing up. Ralph, Coz, and Emily. Emily and Ralph took care of Coz. He needed a lot of taking care of.

Coz hadn't always been that way. When he was in his twenties, Coz was handsome, smart, and possessed a charisma which attracted women by the score. He was a dapper debonair dresser and the envy of most guys on the Hill. Coz always had money. He was one of the sharpest gamblers in the city. He won at cards and could figure the odds correctly on almost any sporting event for boxing and baseball. Coz had it all.

Then one day, he met a girl, a beautiful girl. He fell madly in love, and she fell madly in love with him. They would steal precious moments together. They had to. She was the girlfriend of the richest boss in the Hill. He was a boss of the syndicate operating in the Hill and downtown. He controlled all of the illegal gambling and prostitution in his jurisdiction. He was powerful, and he commanded an army of thugs, tough guys, enforcers and yes, killers. This is why Coz and the woman had to sneak around. They had to be careful. The boss was insanely jealous, vengeful, and of course, very violent.

They weren't careful enough. They were found out. They would always get together at a house that belonged to a friend of Coz. There were there together one night making love as they always did. Suddenly and without warning, the boss crashed through the door, accompanied by a half dozen or more of his tough guys, the two of them were defenseless. Screaming, shouting, and cursing ensued. Several of the tough guys held Coz. The boss pulled out a razor-sharp stiletto, and while two of his goons held the girl, he cut her face up one side and

down the other. He then smashed her nose and mouth with his big ham first. She wasn't beautiful any more. This wasn't enough for him. He had his boys take turns raping her in every possible way while he forced Coz to look on.

Now it was Coz's turn. The enforcers took out their blackjacks and beat Coz's face and head to a pulp. They broke most the bones in his face and fractured his skull in several places. They took the girl away and forced her to be a prostitute in a whore house. They dragged Coz stark naked out in the street and threw him in the gutter. They say it was a miracle that he lived. Perhaps that was by design. But live he did, minus his looks and brains. They had literally beat his brains in.

He was mentally impaired for the rest of his life. There were times though that he would stare into space blankly and repeat over and over "Angie, Angie, Angie". Angie was his love. They say she died of a drug overdose. Nobody knows for sure. Coz spent the rest of his life being taken care of by his brother and sister, but he never forgot Angie.

## KIM WONG AND THE GREAT PHYSICS MYSTERY

A true story, only the names have been changed so that the people involved can retain their dignity.

It all began in a cemetery and ended in a cemetery, or did it?

A sales manager for a cemetery was talking to the owner one day. The owner suggested they go out into the cemetery and see if anyone was buried in a particular plot. The owner frequently forgot where he buried people. He took two coat hangers and bent them straight out and bent them again so he could grip them properly, and off he went into the cemetery holding two coat hangers straight out. He came to the spot in question, and when he walked over it, the coat hangers crossed. He remarked that he had found the gravesite; as he walked on, the coat hangers went back straight out when he walked across an area where there were no burials.

Years passed. The sales manager had moved on to bigger and better things. He formed a business deal with an associate named Kim Wong. He had never forgot about the coat hangers. Kim came from a wealthy family and had a doctorate degree, so when the sales manager told him the coat hanger story, Kim was in disbelief as most people would be. After stating his doubt several times, the sales manager suggested they get a pair of coat hangers and go to a local cemetery. When they got there, the sales manager bent the coat hanger straight. He walked along until he came to a grave and the coat hanger crossed and straightened out when he left the grave site.

“You made them cross,” Kim said. The manager then suggested Kim try it himself. Kim walked along with the hangers straight out, and when he walked across the grave, the hangers crossed. He was in a state of disbelief, and when he walked along several more graves, the hangers crossed over each one. Kim asked his partner what was the principle behind this?

The sales manager said he had no idea. Kim insisted there must be a principle of physics that would explain all of this. Kim had gone to UCLA and knew a physics professor there. He said he would call the professor and find out the principle behind this. He phoned the professor and explained how he had taken two coat hangers, which were bent straight out and that they had automatically crossed when he walked over a grave. He asked the physics professor what principle was involved. There was a pause, a long silence, and then the professor said to him, “Kim, please seek professional help.”

Kim was now in a complete state of quandary. He felt that he

might go his whole life without the answer to what had now become a mystery to him.

## HOMER'S LOVE LIFE

This is another true story where the names have been changed for the sake of the living relatives.

Let me tell you about Homer. He was a short, fat, baldheaded guy, and he was not what you would call good looking. He worked all of his life in one job - a mechanic on the railroad. He fell in love with a girl of beauty named Angela. They planned to get married. A deep true love on both parts. Her father felt that Homer was not worthy of his daughter so he sent her abroad to study. After having lost the love of his life, Homer wound up getting married to an older woman. She died. Homer then gave it another shot and he married another older woman. Number three also died. He turned 65 after number three passed from this world. He was retired and lonely. During all this time, Homer and Angela were exchanging passionate love letters.

Now in his sixties, he met Ruth who owned an antique shop and got married again. Number four. Ruth was a little frumpy, but that didn't stop her from becoming a successful business woman. She opened up two more stores in different parts of the state. This took her away from home and Homer most of the time. Homer was lonely again. He and Angela were still writing passionate love letters to one another expressing desires which neither would ever be able to achieve. Angela had married a Texas oil man who had gone to that great oil field in the sky. He left her well-off. She wrote Homer and told him it was time for them to be together. She told him she would buy him a new Cadillac and they would live together in her upscale home with no money worries. She sent him the money and he bought himself a new DeVille. He deeded the house to Ruth, gave her all the money, got into his new Caddy and drove to Texas.

It's an old saying but it's true, there is no fury like a woman scorned. Ruth got into her car and drove to Texas. When she got there, much to the chagrin of Homer and Angela, she set up camp in their front yard and refused to move. This could not go on forever, and finally went to court.

Ruth sued for alienation of affection. This was the state's record for people of that age to sue for the alienation of affection. There they were. Two women in their seventies fighting over a fat, aged, balding man who was never considered to have good looks. This was the comedy of comedies. There was not a dry eye in the court including the judge and jury.

Ruth won and Angela was glad to agree to a generous settle-

ment. Homer divorced Ruth and married Angela, the love of his life. Marriage number five. Angela and Homer lived together for several blissful years. Angela made their funeral preparations. She bought two graves side by side and a dual headstone with her name on one side and Homer on the other side. Angela died. Ruth found a home in Texas and lived there. Homer was by himself and was lonely once more. Homer could not stand to be alone. He was cursed with a need to have someone in his life, no matter who.

He started seeing Ruth and eventually they got married, again. This was number six for Homer. This would be his last. Homer died. Ruth has also made preparation for their final remains, two lots and a dual headstone for her and Homer. Ruth had Homer's body flown back up north and buried in the plot she had prepared for. When she died, Homer would be next to her. Remember, hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. He was her man in life and death. Homer and Angela were destined to be apart in death as they had been in life. They were the loves of each other lives, but this for whatever reason, was to be their destiny.

## MIND OVER MATTER

Dewey would say to Brian on many occasions, “Life is mind over matter, if you don’t mind, it doesn’t matter.” Brian always thought this was funny and would laugh. Dewey would just smile and say, “Some-day you’ll understand.”

Brian moved to another city. Dewey kept on helping as many people as he could. He would frequently say, “So much to do, so little time to do it.” He felt like he had much more to do, but he knew his time was growing short. His studio was above a popular delicatessen in downtown. It was open late. Dewey would go down after his last appointment and have a cup of coffee. One night, he went down for his regular cup of coffee. The waitress came back to the table to see if he wanted a refill. Dewey had laid his head on his arms as if he were asleep. The waitress left and came back after a while. It was getting close to closing time, so she tried to wake Dewey up. Dewey was not to be woken up this time. He had died.

Dewey was a prolific writer and left box full after box full of private writings in his studies. He never shared these with anyone. His wife Mattie had the job of clearing out his belongings. She packed all of his writing up and took them to a lawyer to look over. This was the life work of a very unique man who had insights into human nature and the nature of material things that very few people had, if any. The lawyer started to read Dewey’s writing and after a while, turned to Mattie and said, “This is the work of the devil and must be destroyed”.

Mattie was a simple person and the lawyer was an educated professional. He must have known better. She agreed and both of them fed this brilliant man’s life work into the fire. God only knows what secrets he had discovered and unlocked. All gone. Brian found out about his death a year or so after he died. Several years later, he had to go back to the city. Mattie had died in the meantime. Brian knew where they were buried because Dewey had told him his arrangements for burial before he left town.

Brian went to the cemetery office, found out the grave’s location and went to pay his final respects to his dearest friend and second father. There they lay together in death as in life. Brian read the words on Dewey’s tombstone.

“Life is mind over matter, if you don’t mind, it doesn’t matter.”

Brian smiled. It had taken him over twenty years to figure out what it meant. Dewey would have been pleased that it had finally dawned on Brian. After all, it was his favorite saying and the core of his life.

## DEWEY DEEVERS

Dewey Devers was born in 1897 in Paducah, Kentucky. He ran away and joined a traveling carnival when he was 14. The carnivals of those days had many different acts, among which were hypnotist, a martial arts expert, a strong man act, and a Geek. We'll come back to the geek a little later on. The hypnotist, martial arts expert, and strong man all took a liking to Dewey and taught him everything they knew. He married a woman named Mattie and moved to Pittsburgh and opened up a studio divided into two parts.

One half was for teaching hypnotism and doing hypnotherapy for people who had problems of shyness, sleeping, depression and other mental disabilities. Psychiatrists would also refer people to him who they felt helpless to cure, such as paranoids, sadists, masochists, and people with dual and multiple personalities. The other half of the studio had a mat that covered the entire floor. It was here that he taught boxing, wrestling, Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, Kung Fu, La Savate, which is French foot fighting, southern plantation head fighting and even dirty street fighting.

He never owned a car, and at 4 or 5 in the afternoon, he went by street car to the Boys Club of Pittsburgh where he taught swimming and life guard training. He worked 23 hours a day and hypnotized himself to where he would get eight hours of sleep in one hour. Usually, he worked six days a week and sometimes seven days. Dewey always wore a double-breasted suit and parted his hair in the middle. He would put on hypnotic acts where he would hypnotize people and hang them. A strong man act he performed before he came to Pittsburgh consisted of moving a boat load of 23 people across the widest part of the Ohio River, while being tied and fit with a harness as well as having large slabs of rock being broken by a sledge hammer while they were on top of his head.

Dewey and my father were good friends since they both come from Paducah, KY. My father died when I was ten and even though Dewey wasn't married to my mother, he became my father, my mentor and my best friend. He taught me all he knew. He was strong, kind, generous and had a sense of humor. He was truly a very unique person.

Oh, by the way, the Geek -

The Geek of the carnival was a guy usually kept in a cage. His act was to kill a live chicken and then eat it. Raw.

## TOTAL HUMILIATION

Sometimes Dewey would hypnotize people he liked just to get rid of a minor problem. Someone might casually mention that they had an ache or pain or some other minor ailment. That was all it took for Dewey to swing into action. He would say, "I'll take care of that for you" and proceed to deploy a hypnotic method.

Every Saturday, after swimming class was over, Brian would ride into town on the streetcar with Dewey. The streetcar was open about halfway with a long seat on each side. In the back were seats with two on each side facing front. Dewey always sat on the long seat. One Saturday afternoon as they were riding into town, Brian casually mentioned that he had warts on two of fingers.

"Warts" Dewey explained, "that's easy to take care of. Here, give my your hand."

Dewey took Brian's hand and in a strong distinct voice said, "Wart, wart, go away."

The attention of everyone on the streetcar including the conductor was riveted on them. Dewey continued, in a voice heard by all, "Wart, wart go away." He continued to repeat the phrase.

Brian was looking for a hole to climb into or something to hide behind, but he couldn't stop Dewey.

"Wart, wart, go away."

Brian was hoping that himself and the wart would disappear. It didn't happen, but two days later the warts were gone. Even the wart would not withstand the humiliation and disappeared. Dewey had no idea that he had embarrassed Brian so bad that he would never forget it.

## BEYOND DEATH

“Don’t anyone say he’s dead,” cautioned Dewey. He was about to do something he had done several times, if not many times, before. Dewey was going to put himself in a trance and cease all bodily functions. He would not only cease all breathing, his heart rate would be so low as not to even have a pulse. On this occasion, as something in the past, a doctor was on hand, usually out of curiosity. It was hard for medical men to believe that the human body could be shut down to that extent and not be dead, so they came to see for themselves. They saw, and what they saw absolutely amazed them.

Dewey would put himself in a trance and shut his body not only down, but off. When he would do this, the doctors would feel for a pulse, only not to find one. They would take out the stethoscope and listen for a heartbeat. If there was one it was not discernable. They would hold a cold piece of glass under his nose to catch the slightest hint of breath. None came. The glass did not condensate even ever so slightly. This is why Dewey would caution everyone not to say, “he’s dead.”

Although it did appear for all intents and purposes that he was dead, since he was in a state of deep hypnosis, he was vulnerable to the slightest suggestion. His life was connected only by the thinnest of threads. If someone had said, “Oh my God, he’s dead,” he would have been. The suggestion would have been given, accepted, and obeyed, and he would have departed this world. The doctors could do nothing but shake their heads. They did not understand. Dewey programmed himself to come out of this death-like trance after a few minutes. He performed this feat to demonstrate the power of hypnosis. It worked. People came away with a newfound respect for the power of the subconscious mind.

Brian had seen him do this many times. One day, he asked Dewey not about where he went when he was in his death-like trance because he did not want to intrude on something he felt was very personal to Dewey, but he did ask, “What about death, Dewey?”

Dewey, without hesitation said, “There is nothing to fear.”

Wherever he was during those times in the deep trance, he was literally disconnected from life. It was an experience which left him with an insight that gave him a peace rarely found in human beings. When he said to Brian “there is nothing to fear”, he had a look in his eyes that transcended all worldly and natural things. It was a look of someone who had attained a complete peace within himself. Brian

wished many times that he had asked him what he experienced in that trance; perhaps Dewey would have been able to describe it or perhaps not. Brian, like most but not all people, feared death and the great unknown. When Dewey said there was nothing to fear with that look on his face and in his eyes, Brian never feared death since he was 19 years old.





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