

PenniKader

by cooper doyle

Introduction by H.L. Leary

Ith would press you to find him ifh you did find him as little coop doyle. Farmer's boy went buck wild in the fields one day. He liked to farm I guess, and don't ask me why he did it. Why he killed that boy, so much younger than his story is now. Anyhow, he wrote a book about his time in the city. Now he's dead. This is the book. It was first called, "My Memoir is written in Pencil." The second title was, "Grandma beat up her Hospus Worker." Now it is named after Pennikadar, the Park!

Day 1

Frozen Oranges

He told her he liked cutting himself
it was the first time she hadn't
known what to say.

She said, "what would you like people
to say to you, when you say that?"
He said Frozen oranges helped
me. Frozen Oranges. It feels good.
on your arms.

Not as good as Razors.
But good enough to wait for
them until to-morrow.

She shot herself in her room,
a few years later.

"PeneCadar Story"

There was a park, not very long ago at all. She's been left alone now. Reds and pastel colors. The place was grand it was shining. Never had I wanted to go to a place so bad! I was 20! And I loved her like a woman loves a man sometimes. God. Pennicader.

The park was started by ol Max Farebout. He and his son, Massimo, who everybody called Junior, (because even his father called him that) started the place. One day Max was comin' home from the work strip. And Junior was at his side with a package. He opened the passenger door, and a goon was sitin in the back seat, with a gun. He hopped out and said,

"One Step Closer Max, and I'll blow off the head of your boy."

Max put a bullet through the man's forehead. The bullet blew through the air with a brain-snapping twang, the shot fell into Junior's chest and laid him out on the parking lot. Max looked close to him, but he was already dead, so he looked away. Max plugged the key into the engine and drove off. He left the package soaking in blood.

They say the two of their bodies, junior, and the gunman, that is, are burried underneath PenneCader. I disagree.

I do think however, that when Mister Farebank had his idea, the loss of his son was deep in his heart, like the bullet, that shot through his son.

As the years passed mister Farebanks got fatter and heavier, He would close his eyes and feel his pulse in his brain, some of the time. I don't think he ever killed anybody after the robber, and since that can't be considered murder, under the circumstances, I don't think he murdered anybody, ever. Still, He would piss me off, He'd get rageful, bash his fist into some of the worker ladies. Do all kinds of scuffed up things. But other times, He was sweet as cherry jam.

Day 2

was an overcast day, and the sunset bled through the clouds like lamb's blood.

I was pissy and angry today. I was worked up about people leaving me. I'm terrified of people leaving me, like my mom on that bicycle, riding away. I could feel that pit form open up. It made everything else around more denser. I had never loved anyone more than my mother, the first years of my life. Dressing up as a pirate for photos, When I got older, it was about the photos, not about me, so I didn't like it. but did she do it to get back to that feeling of when I did love her? I don't know but sometimes I reminisce about when I was her doll.

Universe is indifferent we are not animals are not, perhaps even trees are not. Perhaps where there is conscious, indifference is lost. However, the cycle, sustainability of life and life in general relies on indifference. You must kill things to eat and then you regrow them to eat again. You'd think that there is tension between this and indifference and this conscience but there is no tension and it isn't because it is all indifferent as humans are not. Submitting to indifference and the single fate is equally cathartic to submitting to your conscience. Maybe current death and current life are linked because all is dead and alive in the dimensions beyond time, because there the time all happens at once.

The atoms of my charred body, being thrown from the soil into the earth into the flowers that grow and the pollen of bees is as living as I am now, as the beginning and end are of the same. Maybe that limns such things as indifference and consciousness.

rejecting all belief allows the clarity necessary to find meaning

"They Were Hurting
The Stray Cat
Next Door"

The cries crack through the wall
with each thud
there is a shrill bellow
from the voicebox
of a white stray
running from the cold.

It scratches out whimpers
and takes the beating from its back
A leg broken
then there is a shot
Bang!

Advice Book

I refuse to hollow out my heart. And bleed
anger.

If you want to be good at something,
there are many avenues. If you want to be successful,
there is only persistence

All the life is swells of sea. Anger, Melancholy,
excitement. It is all part of the gig. Think Clearly.

Yoor dreams ar NOT rare. all that you can do
is be yoo.

There is no such thing as a savior. There is only
Self Preservation!

Always wear your most comfortable clothes on monday, because
it is Monday

You can do it good for long time but all it take
is one day, one minute.

When I was younger my aunt and uncle had some problems.
He cheated on her. So she cut off his dick stuffed
some spiders in his bladder and then super glued it back on.

What happened next? I asked.

He didn't notice.

Spiders

I pull my rags off
to step into the shower
as my towel gets gross
and the spiders crawl out
of my asshole,
The puritans don't like me very much."

//I don't know what but something is
ripping up my heart strings. Stretching them in all
directions. I suppose it will pass. I bet it is not being invited
to hang out. I had a fun time in Mass. I don't like to feel
that I am intruding. The loneliness hurts most when I pretend
it isn't there. If I know it's there I have my heads, my stories.
We are sickly codependent, me and them, but it is fulfilling. They
are me so it is a way of self-dependence, which is different
from independence.

Independence is a myth to those who drink water.\\

What I would what I done

I wait for the gears to turn.
The person I love has finally faded
with the pictures.
I no longer think about coming
inside him.
or holding on after
a night of Rough sex.
Or Rome.
I just think of the pictures
which have surely faded
by n o w.

goodbye now.

-Coop