

**(to me) , goodbye & good riddance
pt. 1 , 2 , & 3**

Written by Drew Seitz

Introduction: A Prayer @12:53am

“Dear Jesus,

I know you've been seeing me, here. Amidst all the struggling & SIN: maybe I don't deserve the rest that I've been craving. Though, I'm still asking to be able to sleep better again. I know you've seen my **darkest dark** and my clinging addictions; but here I am praying. Please tell me what to do, give me *conversation*. I know I got to wait on heaven but I just want a taste of it: to see *love* now and not wait for it. Maybe that is what I am really asking of you, despite the underserving. Maybe that is what I am writing about, a petition for my *soul*. I'll see, I need to let go, I'll let it grow. Need to say **goodbye & good riddance**, (to me) & come to know I'm truly **forgiven**.

...

Jesus, help me understand the life I've been given. But for now, I'll write them off, the lost & torn, one by one, write them off of my <3. & I've got to write your truth onto my chest. Isn't it a start?

Amen.”

Part 1 of 3

The Forgotten Victories

,

Now Contemplated

3 Pillared Lantern

Standing guard on a short brick wall
Illuminating all the city sins
On the corner of 11th near that coffee shop
I didn't know I was getting my heart broken
But more importantly, this little light
Was attempting to illuminate,
Not the mistake & sin,
But all the forgotten,
All my forgotten victories.
Three pillared lanterns
Trying to remind me
All that I've been given.

DRUNK

*A*ll My Memories

Sweetened or Soured,

& Either Way,

I Drank Them Like *Lemonade*

J o y , (o f t h e F a t h e r)

gift given for the relivin'

this is the naming of your meanin'

i am afraid you do not understand what i am writing ,

slipped , broke, or fate

does not fake

you should know , your definition

is the revivin'

{ Untitled 1 }

Bruised,
Battered,
& Beautiful

Souls

Will Know

Joy & Sorrow
Are Neighbors

& Not
Nemeses

[untitled 2]

i'm still smoking

that cigarette

on my deck

& you're still hurting,

making a mess,

inside my chest

Gravity's Smile

**Back sweating and knuckles bruised,
Panting from the exhaustion,
& from my down casted position I raise my eyes,
to only face gravity's smile
again.**

Self-Destruct Initiated...

...Been here before,
Repeating
stupid self-destructive tendencies.
Hoping to break them
This time around,
Before I face my end.

99 Voicemails

"You have new voicemail; would you like to listen? Press '1' to listen to new voicemail, Press '2' ignore new voicemail"

"1"

"Playing new voicemail..."

"Hey it's me, your past. You shouldn't be surprised to hear from me, it was only a matter of time before I found a way to contact you again. Funny, we used to talk for hours and now I have to crawl the earth to find just your fuckin' number. Look we both know why I am calling, especially now of all times...we could talk again, and you could just pretend you haven't moved on from me. Ha, we both know that you wanted to reach out to me—but you felt you just *shouldn't*. I'll be straight with you, I need you to talk to me again, or else I'll die out. You couldn't ever forget, even if you truly wanted to, but I won't exist like I used to. I'll change, & you and I are both scared of that, at least that was what you used to tell me in our late-night conversations. Don't let me go out, I'll only thrive if you talk to me...I'll—I'll threaten you. I'll make your life a living hell. I'll go public with info I got on you and you will have no one. That's why we only talked at night, right? Too *shy* to talk to me in daylight? What would everyone think of you then? No, we both know we can't do *that*. So, then you will be forced to talk to me again. Don't make me do that. This could go over so easy, don't make it hard on the both of us. Deep down I know you like the feeling of talking to me, you don't need to move on, we could remain and get *real* comfortable in our little dark, dark dialogues...Anywho, call me back! Don't go ignoring me! Ha, just remember, I know how to get a hold of you now..."

"End of message. Would you like to replay the message? If yes, press "1". If you would like to save the message press "2". If you would like to *delete* the message press "3"...to hear these options again pre—

"3"

"Message deleted. You have 98 new messages; would you like to hear them? If yes press "1", if no

press "2", to repeat these options again...

Tough Guy

Sorry Pa' I'm not as strong as you raised me

All my strength was spent on skinny poetry

Little Snow Bird

(sober)

She bounced on a branch on December 1st

&

Been about 6 weeks since I was last drunk

&

So, I'm thinkin', as the snow drifted down

&

The little bird glided towards another tree,

* * * * *  * * * * *

It's a beautiful thing to ponder

&

to keep moving on.

iN∞FiNiTi

if only i could spill it
empty of what i've filled it
& to know i am infinite

Part 2 of 3

Unanswered Prayers

,

Heaven Only Knows

Horizon's Cry

Finding what we would soon discover
Knowing we'd soon have to cross this river
Hope we come out the other side
Despite the clearly rising tide
Who know what lies ahead ,
But we have to try
Either way
We'll know soon enough
Beyond the horizon's cry

(A)Cross , my Chasm

If you ever change your

mind

If you ever re-decide

If we're ever on the same damn

side

I'll wait till you're under my

skies

Then will you talk to me,

Maybe then the sun will be
shining

Slipping through my bedroom
blinds

Telling my heart

Awake from this so-called
hibernation

But It'd help if you reach out ,
across my chasm

&

Don't (Take Me Back)

It was not yours to retrace
Or all this misleading embrace
This is not yours to take
Please, my heart, don't break
“there's nothing left to retake”

Don't take—

(Is this an attack ?)

Don't take—

Me back

He Raced Her ,

Is there a pencil with an eraser to wipe away my memories?
To write words that pierce & shatter the windows of these fragile metaphors:
I'm writing into the ominous sceneries' seas
& I'm writing onto all my scary scenarios
Drawing an undesired future with words
I don't want more negative self-prophecy
I want more speedy recovery
So that I may fight the good fight
& try to run the good race
Can words help me do more than escape?
Can I outrun my own foretold fate?
I'll have to race her
But I don't want to erase her.

I don't wan...

Dragons, Goblins, Love,

&

Other Fairytale of Drew Seitz

The young squire had no stories to tell
no victories over evil
or giants, goblins killed
so, he gave up on the adventure
& he returned to his master.
then when the old man asked:
“Tell me what you have seen & learned
from all your journeys spent,
did you finish your quest,
that you had been given?”
to which the squire replied:
“You sent me out to vanquish & conquer
both demons & monsters,
you told me to be brave, without fear
to be young in heart & old in mind,
o’ confident & bold!
knights, they carry these things
& let us not forget,
‘knights, they earn the love of someone dear!’
but what you failed to tell me,
how you tricked me, my master!

That these dragons, goblins, & Love...
are things you can’t touch, see, or hear
for they are fables for the foolish
& stories to pull us through the years.”

Work of Fiction

They embraced.

“Goodbye”

“Goodbye ____” she said quietly and slowly

Then the two drifted away, dragged off by their feet in different directions. Each one turning their head & twisting their neck in hesitancy—almost enough to spin around & sail for each other once again. It felt much like a denied encore.

As ____ made his way from security, he knew, he would soon be interrogated. With his eyes fixed to the floor, watching his legs rise from the escalade “What do I say? The truth I guess” he thought to himself.

Finally, he exited the sliding doors, onto the departure’s sidewalk & slipped into the backseat of the car that was awaiting his arrival. Before the doors shut behind ____, Josh asked in a father-like way, with a sigh, extended vowels, and emphases on consonants, “How did it go bud?”

With his head tilted slightly downcast, peering into his open palmed hands, he let the question go unanswered. The car began to move & breaking the awkward silence “Well what did she say?” Joseline threw & prodded.

Josh driving, found ____ in the rear-view mirror & Joseline turned in the front-passenger seat to face him. & there ____ was, now resting his palm & elbow on the inside handle, looking out the window. With a small sigh, he began, “She told me she ‘wrote our love story a long time ago, deep in a journal, revisited & contemplated on, but never came to fruition—despite all the prayers and wishes—simply just wasn’t meant to be. Never our reality. It was just a work of fiction” ... Despite the soft and sad sound in his voice, ____ finished, holding a subtle & thin smile while watching the planes take off through the car window.

SLiPPiN'

Jesus, wish you gave me stronger grip

sorry but i feel my faith is on the slip

& with every bit by bit

i'm falling deeper in a ditch

From which

i can't climb up on out

Because you gave me slippery grip


but i want my hands to hold on through

the doubt.

NiCOTiNE

Jesus you said you care about my healin'
That you are providin'
& i knew you weren't offerin' dreams
But that You were promisin'
"The return of a spring"
& i'm still striving to keep on waitin'
But then dear Jesus,
To see that promised spring
& for my mind's survivin'
Pass me that
God damn nicotine.

CiRCLiN[®]



Sorry , no more lies
you've got those killer's eyes
you make me comprise
& you destroyed my pride,
scared my life.
i need to break this cycle
, stop falling for this girl
to stop myself
from ruining my world
but every time
& with every line
i find that
i'm stuck in circles
just by falling
& just by falling
for these girls

PROPHECi

i don't have the gift
Can't tell you what's gonna be
But i know what i wanna see
So, Father, hope its alright
If i lift this light
& write some happiness
of my own , this time

My Matchstick Savior

These are the ramblings of a late-night, near sobered writer:

Strange, isn't? Strange how we continually build on connections of positive & negative associations, despite the, even divine, attempt to change our perception of them. Continuing to associate the darkness with separation from the 'happiness', 'God', 'good', or however else we define the *lighter* side of life, proves strange to me. I hope I am not on a path to thinking that the *good* & God do not have contrast. I am, in my mind, not trying to make an argument that evil does not exist nor that good does not exist. I am only beginning to question the legitimacy of the stereotypical *dark* chapters of one owns life coinciding with the idea that we are farthest from God *when it is dark*. Simply put, I may just start believing that it is in the gloomiest, shadow-heavy, and abysmal periods that God's goodness or happiness is most bluntly offered. By example; it was truly dark days when Jesus was 'sleeping' in the tomb, maybe even darkest right before his re-arrival. But that's the point, it's in this emotional, maybe even spiritual, darkness that we are so close to the out pouring, or rather the opportunity to witness the flash, the warmth, and the retreat of shadow. We can choose to look away & to be blind to what we so easily, naturally desire—God knows I have. For the sake of not destroying the metaphor, I won't continue to talk about confusing associations or why we think the way we do. All I will say, and end on for this subject, is I do certainly believe God offers us a matchstick in our dark & hidden rooms. We then look puzzlingly at him and maybe even say "why not give me a torch, why not build a window, why not tear down these walls?" What we fail to do is actually use the small dosage of light to find the candle he is holding in the other hand.

End of attempt at philosophical inquiry.

Ghosts in the Gallows

But you've been free for a long time,
had your soul liberated from the prisons,
moved on from those heavy shackles,
left those demons in the dust,
& walked out to freedom with a friend.
Now you want to put down the pen,
That's how you wanted the story to end,
No need to revisit the dungeons,
Nor question the gift you've been given
"You're free, you're free my son
You no longer share walls with those demons"
but that doesn't mean they cease to exist
just like forgotten shadows,
lingering & lurking on behind,
out of sight but not out of mind,
not you, but a part of you
& you're scared of what they just might do,
afraid of what follows unfinished business
So, down in your depths
there is a haunting
in the distant vacant jail cells
there is an eerie echoing off the walls
of hidden, hushed, & quiet sins,
your prisoners are neither dead nor living,
one could say:
they're like ghost in the gallows

CHRISTal Clear

**fuck , unravel before me
that which every christian seeks
Jesus , my beautiful mystery
you're cloaked in unheard symphony ,
covered by the incomprehensible eternity
how art thou' be?
praying to bind the creed(s) ,
the breaking of *sightful hazardry* ,
and haphazard consistency
that is within our intimacy
fuck , unravel before me
CHRIST , I want some crystal clear clarity
how art thou' be?
(help me in my disbelief)**

***Mark 9:24**

Semblances 1 & 2

	1. I'm crying Mima	
	could you recognize your grandson?	
2. I've been lately		feeling your prayers
	All wayward & torn ,	
I promise I'll		see you later
	wandered farther than the prodigal	
& I'll be		praying
	faith like sand castles	
That there is a		Pacifica Beach
	leaves like the waves	
In the great		here-after
	I'm crying Mima	
	& I'm in need of change	

Intermission:

**Let's take a break from me blabbering
on about myself with 2 pieces that
focus more on observing other's lives
:^)**

My Appointment in Samarra

He bruised his wife's arm when he grabbed her bicep, tugged & yanked—dictating an immediate new direction. She winced but did not squeal or whine. Her eyes blinked hard for a moment, & she shut her mouth small & tight as her husband physically demanded her away from the bar. I was sitting no more than 4 barstools away, sharply (& with the intention of discreetness) watching the husband leave an imprint of his wedding ring on the outside of her arm. "We're fucking leaving, now" he said. His voice hit like a hammer on sand, a pound but no echo or ringing—just a sudden, deep thud. I slightly turn my head to follow them out the door. Watching out of the corners of my eyes, I finally got to see the other side of her face that my seat did not allow me to see before—a brush of foundation failing to conceal yellow & green skin, right on the cheek. The last look in her eyes seemed not sad, mad, or scared. Her face took on a sort of weariness. & only minutes ago I heard her obnoxiously laughing & flirting with the two old men who sat not far from me. Now as she was forced from the bar, her face carried the same kind of tiredness that a graveyard worker starts their shift with—a long night ahead for the both of them. I then offered a whispered & quick plea to my God. "Don't let me become that man, if I should ever be blessed with marriage". It was an ignorant prayer of mine, no wisdom behind it—just self-righteousness. Here I am drinking at the same bar to wash down my problems, just like her (& probably her husband before her), & making a half-hearted request to my God "let me better than *him*." As if I was making an actual attempt to escape that fate. If I meant it, I would have done something when he bruised his wife or left the bar immediately. Just set a new path for my life. But I did none of those things. I drank. I *prayed*. & here I am writing about it, hoping I don't have an appointment in Samarra with this fate I am trying to escape.

* "The Appointment in Samarra" (as retold by W. Somerset Maugham [1933])

One-Eyed Evan on Colfax

His name is probably not Evan
& I'm sure no one calls him "One-Eyed"
But the homeless man wears an eyepatch
& my friends ask if I think the one eye is legit.
Even if its fake, all a ruse, can I blame him?
You got to tug at people's heart strings for a dollar.
So, One-Eyed Evan asked us,
While we're eating desert in the back of a friend's truck bed,
Right off the sidewalk of Colfax,
If we could hear his story.
I actually wanted to hear,
Despite how awkward it could be (was).
I asked, before he started,
"Is it poetry?"
He snapped "its reality."
& as he unwrapped & shared a spoken word
He confirmed the grossness & wisdom of living on the streets
Confirmed that alleys smell like piss & shit,
Confirmed that you are force fed humbleness,
That warmth is the heaven,
& cold is the hell,
But "getting used to" is most common.
He warned women & scolded men
He never condoned the drugs but never condemned them either
Pitied the prostitute
But also paid them a few times,
To get that "warmth" he spoke of.
He confirmed what I have only read about
& seen from a "safe" distance.
His name probably isn't Evan
& I strongly doubt anyone would be so curt to as to call him "One-Eyed"
Even if his story is all fake,
& the eye patch is not covering an empty eye-socket
Who gives a damn?
Wouldn't blame him.
He was telling his story for a reason,
Hoping to earn or receive some compensation,
So, I offered some dessert of mine.
He wanted cash instead.
My friend gave him five dollars.
"God bless" he said
& away One-Eyed Evan went.

Part 3 of 3

All the Potential Letters to You

,

Ten Years from Now

Dear You , (Too Late to Tell)

How did it get that bad?
Why didn't you tell me you were that sad?
When did you go below?
How come you didn't let me know?
Why did you carry that weight?
Please just tell me it's not too late.

Dear You , (The Real Deal)

Hope the love isn't esoteric
Hope the love isn't purely philosophic
Hope you can hold more than the metaphysical
& come to know the real

Dear You , (Conversations with the Mirror)

Asking the Mirror
Why did you cheat on your girlfriend ,
Again?
Sick and tired
Sick of asking these questions
In the reflection
& reflections
Are telling you
To cut ties with the tensions
Or else you'll be making love
Only to this self-perception

Dear You , (Stains, Brains, & Grains)

Remember when you thought
"I don't want to go to work today,
I just want to wake up to your face,"
Well now you're wondering
If you left the stain
A scar on her brain
Or maybe
A seed in the grain
God , I hope you change

Dear You , (Jesus Told You So)

Did you know
Think you do
You don't have to be a walking overdose
Remember, Jesus told you so
To hop off this
Popping of fictional dopamine
And one
By one
Your memories
Will remain free

Dear You , (More)

Well , you're more than that
So much more than that
More than that
More than *that*
So much more that , the mistakes
So much more than the misplaced
More than things that I take
More than that
You are more than that
More than this self-hate
More than it
C'mon believe it
Believe it in your spirit
Print it on your soul
You are more than that
Don't let go
You are more than this
You are more than you know.

Dear You , (True Story)

Pain has taken the reigns
(but don't flee the signs)
& I forwent the parable
(you'll compromise the story told)
Fight the wrong flight
(I promise this will subside)

Dear You , (Thunder's Applause)

Do you remember that evening drive back from the airport?
I know that's pretty vague, but this drive was special.
Life had just thrown some more shit at you, as life does every now & then.
You were flying down the interstate 70 in the rain but you felt heavy,
The world moving around you but you were staying still,
& you were having thoughts you didn't want to have again.
So you prayed to Jesus & made a promise
That you'll let him be your guide on life's shitty drive,
That you won't be led by all the dark thoughts in your head.
& then it happened,
West of the 70, just over the blue dusk mountain range
The clouds that were hanging grey began to part, allowing the shy sun to peek out
Yet the rain was still falling...then lightning came striking nearby!
Quickly following each other, one crash, two crash,
Each one clapping & lighting across the changing skies
& then you heard them...heaven's standing ovation came roaring
Thunder's applause swept through the car and straight into your heart
& you knew Jesus was there too
Clapping on for his son to continue to have the strength to go on.
You remember that drive? Think ya need to.

Dear You , (Rid & Dance)

Rid yourself

Of hands at the side

Raise up your voice,

No silent tongue compromise

C'mon son,

Stride in it,

Your renewed freedom

Say bye & bye

Do yourself a good rid-

-Dance away

All these sad poems

& write yourself a new one,

One you will chant & chant

For all your life

Until your moving & dancin'

Right into heaven,

(dance until heaven-side)

Dear You , (A Rich Man's Advice)

A rich man's advice:

Let me tell you,
If your wallet was fat,
even if your worry was choice
& not options
If your investments prospered
& multiplied like rabbits
If the gold flooded your gutters
& cash was stitched to be your blanket
Even if you didn't feel the sacrifice of charity
& you unlearned the definition of waste
You would not have it,
Would not know it.

But ,

If you could see it,
The sun falling in for sleep
Behind a smoke screen,
From fires down south,
Glimmered and glowed
On a puddle ridden , sage valley
Just an arrow's shot away
Through young & leaning trees
You would see ,
& behold
Little bowls of water
Scattered like shot off shotgun pellets
& shining bright , like flakes of gold
If you could just see this
You would be a wealthy man

The Death of Drew Seitz

**All looking down at the lowered casket ,
said in unison:**

**“goodbye & good riddance”
& then Jesus whispered
“Amen”**

Thank you :^)