



The Black Pen

Scott Allen

Explosion ...

Love is impossible except when you are in love.

"Don't you want to discover something?"

"Yes, I do, as long as I don't have to change."

Impossible, that is what it is being, doing, having, wanting desire.

The need for forever, the wish for better.

Lost, losing, getting, a loss.

There was music behind them.

Is there anything to the motion of traffic? The uncertain destination of cars.

It is the same for everybody, except you, me.

Hope is endless, not continuous.

True writing is without inspiration, yet the only way to lift the pen is with it.

... the patient wait when there is nothing else to wait for.

Is anything meant to be? I certainly wasn't. This cup in front of me, the table it is on, the room I'm in, the couch, the picture on the wall, the outside, the sounds coming from outside, the day and everything and so on...

It was like a roller coaster, not just up and down, but with twists and turns, and sometimes, straight away.

Sometimes you can see the future. It is so far off that you are not sure if that is what you saw, but, in some way, you know it was. That is all you can expect to see of it.

A new region to live, build, grow, construct, tear down.

Acknowledgments, reminders, destinies.

A book is about now, just then.

Why do they remain alone? ... I almost had it.

Listen. All I have to do is listen.

It takes time to be good. It comes and goes.

Is there a language other than language? The question of music.

A moment (un)like any other.

"Why would you want someone to read this?" "I honestly don't know. Perhaps ... no, I'm not sure."

I see someone. They're walking. I recognize them as anonymous. He understood why everyone was (so) silent.

There is always a truth to be had floating around in one's life somewhere. "I am truth-free," she declared.

Others were thinking of him too, he thought. Perhaps, because he was thinking of himself too much. All he could do or say was "Don't think about me." No one could stop until they started to think or do something else. No one did anything just then. No one waited.

In the world, want is want. In you, something else.

Just because you write does not make you a writer, but when you know you are one, it is the only way you can tell.

"It doesn't mean anything." "Then why do you do it?" "Because its meaning is mysterious."

Inspiration separates us all.

Things on the floor, not just there, but everywhere.

There is a woman leaning over, touching the ground. She is walking now, taking steps. Two young girls pass by. This is the beach.

To be as honest as you can and still be able to say something about yourself, your world, your life, etc.

It's almost like everything I say doesn't say anything. You can't rush wisdom.

You violated a law. You communicated.

Impossible, a word that too often comes to mind while we are trying to live and while we, nevertheless, still go on.

I do my own waiting.

"You didn't say anything."

There is a time when nothing is written. When it is all out of reach. And just goes by in silence.

Life:

you don't live, then you die.

Nobody else listens.

To be, to be yourself, feel like yourself, like you, no matter what comes or passes, doesn't come or pass.

No one can tell you where you are in your life. You can't read or hear it from somewhere or someone. Somehow you just put it together and come to it.

If not become it, for a while.

The plight of writing "that you write rather than not write anything at all.

You have to weather it like it is your own battle.

Push me out, they push you out, until you realize, only you push.

This, this moment here, in which nothing is happening and I am unable to do anything except be in it, somewhat uncomfortably, feeling so many things that I would never be able to say "no song, no movie, no brush, no pen could ever capture it. How could you express being alone, you're being anywhere, your solitude, and your distance from anything and everything? This how it is all the time and images bring us closer or further from the image we only imagine.

"You must say something." "I will try to be quiet."

Everything felt awful just then. Like everything was so disappointing. Like it would not change. Like life and nothing else.

A writer keeps going.

It was his first look at the outside.

This is where you are.

(they say)

To write:

to say what not been said to make it sound like it has not been said.

No matter what befalls you, you have to still go on like nothing did.

We think because we wait we should be rewarded. Have you ever received anything?

Why am I here? They say I was not capable of being anywhere else, or that I didn't want to be anywhere else, that I wanted to be here. To that I say ... spit. They are right. To that I still say ... spit. They, who are they? No one and everyone.

Others, many things, all of which we learn throughout our lives. He never understood anything. Just then, he dropped the pen and paper to the floor. But picked them back up to write this.

As a writer, people depend on your words as you once depended on the words of others, that depended on the words of others still. And so on. Until ... your words, as a writer, are the words of others.

The real is not real. Though we live as if it is.

Sometimes it is so quiet that I don't want to do anything.

... outside, outside yourself, you are always outside yourself, except when

You think you are being called.

Expression of death ... House, the expression of work. Work, the expression of self. Self, the expression of death. Death, the expression of pain. Pain, the expression of wound. Wound, the expression of others. Others, the expression of life. Life, the expression of And so on.

Don't do it. Any of it. Just work.

It's not here. What you are looking for. Where is it then? You'll see.

I'll acquire distance and it won't be what I thought it was.

"You can't do anything." Your mood determines everything. And anything can determine that. "Quit trying to tell me how it is."

There is nothing we can say to anyone.

Right in front of you ... mystery.

There is someone for everyone. There is no one for anyone. Perhaps.

What is should not be. You could almost say that.

Dream:

half-knowing.

The trick to writing is to write. It is not a trick at all. A trick!

What if I found what I was looking for? The horizon is someone else. If not, then it is solitary.

There is something "spiritual" in just being.

Don't be mad at them, they make you what you are.

I express myself, only. I express everything there is, only.

Those are the thoughts that get us through the day, the ones nobody actually puts into words to say, or really communicate, but to oneself, and still remember, or if forgotten, knowing they are somehow still there saying to the world politely, forcefully, "go away," as the world continues to still be there.

Life: something you can copy, mimic, imitate.

"I wasn't waiting." "What were you doing?" " ... waiting."

You will live your whole life rich and complicated, then one day, that whole life will be seen by you in a sentence, phrase, image or something, and you won't even take much notice to it even though it says everything.

Immediately, I open.

Ache.

In the end, they didn't want to think of it as a game, but as something else.

The beauty of silence is when you don't have to say anything.

I keep going until I reach that place that stops me and tells me, "you've been here before."

If only we would try to speak another way, in another language, another time.

Language is a game. Life is a game without words.

No thinking. I will not think. I will dream only.

This is my reason for being: At least I know it, I guess.

to scribble a sentence.

It is quiet in their home. They don't talk to anyone. They are alone. The same, the different, the same, different, same

"They can see everything." "No they can't." "They are looking right now."

... the most I can do ... nothing else ... empty.

I know where I am at. I am not there.

It could be something, it could be nothing at all, it could be something else.

Sleep, extreme rest.

Sometimes you get stuck and realize who you are; lost again, going out to find something that is not there, but always still looking.

There is nothing unique but the simple movements of "beings." Anything else is just interior glossy.

The only thing to say is that I'm looking out the window into a blue sky, clear day.

The only do what the world does (to them).

Sometimes you want someone else to read it.

When I look at you, I see your ways.

This place I'm in, I don't know where it is, I return to it all the time. And yet I don't.

They had a gift for each other:

vision.

No other way to be? No?

He wanted to write something new just then.

I don't know what being is. Perhaps it is everything.

"You were always so tolerant." "This is intolerable."

Where it takes me, I belong. If only I didn't go there.

I don't even know the meaning of the words. Thus, I don't write, I try to write. (It gets very technical.)

I will lose:

I mean I have lost.

That is, I am losing.

I stretch.

Excitement is a one time thing.

Each time I write it changes. So, I write something else.

It almost seems like there is nothing to say.

They didn't know how to be alone. It felt so ancient, new.

I'm not even a part of this world. I'm a particle.

We live on and on hoping to find this "on and on."

I can see my eyes.

They see something else. I don't know how it works.

I missed the night because I missed the day. I'm on a course. What writing does: if it doesn't confuse, it refreshes.

People compare themselves badly with others.

I'm going to wake up tomorrow. I'll be dreaming.

Here:

where?

I write to get somewhere: somewhere else. I never quite get there, but I will.

I'm free. Not really, I am.

We all say little.

Their affairs kept going ... beyond.

Change toward what? (They were sure of something.)

I'm keeping myself here!

There is a voice, no matter what it is, it is still a voice.

What does one say when one says what has not been said?

It is the untold secret of being that explains who we are.

I've had it with words. I need some music.

More than nothing is not something, but more nothing.

The morning is fresh somehow, almost new.

My world, your world, our world, his world, her world, theirs. There is no world.

I have a pocket-full of wisdom.

Man is free, but not simple.

"I'm here now." "Are you?" "I'm not here."

I have no thoughts. I'm as empty as a canvas with paint splattered on it.

Television is repetitive. Life is the same. Books are boring. Music is meaningless. Art is irrelevant. Man is violent. I am alone: Nothing. All I have to do is go on. the radio is playing.

Life is strange. Then there is death.

I see a crowd of things.

Writer:

a tiny spectacle.

I talk out loud, out of turn and in circles.

"You see me." "I saw you later, the next day."

I'm trying to say something "that at this moment I have nothing to say. There is not enough distance to say it.

"You should not be writing." "I know, but I am." "You should be"

In this place where we never know that anybody is thinking.

"We have to hurry because it is already out there." "Precisely why we should take our time."

A common stranger because there is no such thing.

Sometimes there is language, sometimes music. Sometimes.

To write:

to capture, not catch.

There is no new way of seeing, just you.

I couldn't say anything. Everyone thought he knew what he was doing. He does now.

Celebration.

They talk with their clothes, cars and bodies. It is part of the creative process.

You must join.

When it's you, it's not you, it seems like you, but it's not.

He studied the ocean, she studied the sky.

The face is someone else, you seeing yourself, not seeing yourself. Even the near is distant.

I wish I could go further.

Your justification:

you usually don't see yourself in the world.

Don't think about -----.

A place to stretch.

It was said: "I can't teach you anything, either. Somehow we must learn together."

And you probably can't teach yourself

Everything is new, so a moment is important.

A boat with red sails moving by. I am near the ocean.

Life is a crusade for some, a bonanza for others.

Whatever it was, she threw it in the trash.

You're not a wreck. You just need a change of scenery.

Being is writing without writing anything. Being is being alive. No, being in love. Doing something. Nothing.

Frustration, his own violence ... sacrifice ... deciding, being. They took pleasure in holding the pen, pressing it down, and moving the hand with it, accordingly.

The same thing that saves us, loses us ... anonymity.

To listen is to hear something new.

Back and forth, straight, circular, back again, forth.

It was outside then forever ... eternity, outside.

Fire, shoots and points.

What happens after forgetting. A newer forgetfulness. There is a person there.

"I write."

A little better, want.

Not quite a light.

Everybody does what they do. Huh? Yes. What are you doing? Just reading.

Grant a life.

I write like someone else, but with my own pen.

Everything is trivial. It all seems real.

I'm sitting out here alone, in the cold, for a reason.

There, a fiasco.

The secret was the only thing they knew.

I haven't had a thought in a long time. I didn't speak either. I put the pen down. I found a contrast. More.

A book, a frame. A paper.

I will lose this perspective. Time will take over. It will close me. Mystery, strangeness.

I laugh.

I don't want to say anything.

I want to tell a story. I want to speak with rhythm. Line a cloud.

I'm at a stoplight. I get impatient. The light turns green. I forget. Go.

What do they want from me? Nothing, I said.

People everywhere, on the side, in a galaxy, restaurant, porch, somewhere, they are there.

The words didn't last, but the pages did.

In the river, the bottom is the same as the top.

"Where are you going?" "The same place, yet" I tried for hours, though no one saw, if understood, the motionlessness.

Love"two people being the same who are not the same.

It is too quiet to do anything.

I walked across the floor. I didn't, though someone in me did. A man. When I walked back, he was gone.

Progress, a moment.

There is a time to read and a time to do something else.

You are no more alone than anyone else. Something you don't say. Some are. They say, I am more alone than others.

They thought of him because of the places he went, the things he did, the things he said and the solitude he was in afterwards.

All you have to do to be lost again is snap your fingers.

Close to the night is ... morning.

Up, up ... nowhere.

"Come find me," the call of the lost.

You made it, only you didn't.

I am not a writer. I keep wanting to write from this place where words come from.

Do as you please, sort of.

The grand prison, prism.

"Who put the distance there?" "It was already there." "I never saw it before." "It was there."

Are you what they think you are?

Perhaps not.

Tiny stars kept him going.

They changed the world without anyone knowing.

We drift for the same so no one see us.

He was creating from here, this room, this street, land.

You without being you.

Eternity, the moment that goes on.

Some things he said he would never say again. Others he would keep respecting. And some others, just never say. And some, he wouldn't know.

To go from place to place:

the economy.

"I know who I am." "Do you?" "... maybe not."

I didn't copy, I once listened, later heard, then wrote.

He said something interesting when no one was around.

Look away, find. I only want to be alone. I only want to be here.

I'm not sure of anything.

The conversation took a turn in everybody's direction.

Someone, somewhere, is writing this sentence.

You want to be different than you are. But then you want to be the same as well. Without being you, you continue being both.

A delicate time, the process of deciding.

Society, culture preaches expression.

... a momentary relief ... from mistakes.

He never wrote what he was feeling for the sake of more feeling, color.

"Don't tell them, they might find out."

Everyone does their own thing, which is why everything gets done.

I could be more alone. Yes, I could.

He woke up each morning to make sure nothing happened.

The only reason you are what you are is because everyone is what they are. So, you continue being something else.

I found the secret, but didn't write it down.

I don't want to go anywhere, do anything, be anyone, see anything.

There's a struggle to see the world.

Neutrality"a gleeful compromise.

The cry puts them over, the will takes them away.

I (truly) waited. Thrown in, tossed around, falling out, back in, gone.

It is not a question of catching up, keeping up, or getting behind, but of going away.

I could be sitting and doing nothing and struggling.

I'll paint this blue, then I'll think about it.

He is sovereign when the world is not.

No way to get ahead, just clear.

They were made of ghosts.

It's madness because it doesn't go anywhere, but it does.

Work is like the spirit in reverse.

The world is next to me, near.

The word I choose now is:

nowhere.

I sort of listen.

I'm not true to myself. I'm lost. I wake up the same.

I dream without dreaming. I can't dream. I dream. It gets so quiet sometimes, they almost talk.

They have their most profound thoughts when they are alone. They are little ones that catch fire.

If it weren't for being lost, there would be nothing to do.

There is no word for it"everything.

We do what we do so often we don't even know why we do it.

A workless effort:

imagination.

I am covered with words.

I have a narrow view of things:

it's called perspective.

In circles, into more circles, never leaving the circle of circles.

Couldn't go any further.

This peace and quiet will change.

"Are you going?" "Yes, I'm still going."

I grow slowly, if I grow at all.

Gems.

Thought:

the fire.

I get lost. I get lost.

Mourning is a quiet celebration.

I can't control the days. I wake up at random.

Sometimes you pick up a book and it looks good; other times nothing seems right.

What is thought? Discovery.

They tried to get the spot they thought would take them there.

This night reminds me of those nights when I would say there was nothing.

The world in a day, maybe two.

They never tell their name, sometimes they forget it. Yet, it is still them.

Tomorrow is already gone. So.

Silence is your gift.

I'm as lonely as a cat. There was an energy, but now it's gone, coming back chaotic.

A face has range.

I am neither positive nor negative, but a citizen.

Was it too soon? Almost. Almost? Not yet. Not yet? No.

Louder, listen?

Conviction, obstinance" a sheer exploration.

The only power, music. Experience is when you don't know what to do with yourself.

If I did what I did why you say I did it, I wouldn't have done it.

"Knowing screws you up." "I'll take your word for it." "So does not knowing." "If you say so."

Too far, far, too.

I should have done it differently, everything.

In the afternoon the day lingers.

In the night it dies. In the morning it begins again.

Here I am. I must be mistaken. I'm here.

He stood for what he could, everything and nothing at all. Hope, fire, relief.

I must be surviving, I'm driving along in my car.

The earth is spinning around me.

It always comes and goes, strays and leaves, begins.

To grow is to accept the population.

I am kind of dumb, a part of me does not grow.

Confusion" to feel strong about nothing at all.

Birds are mean, too.

Obligation, so nearby, so unfair, so right, so ... what?

What am I? An expression. What do I express? An expression. Who am I? This expression, me.

Black here, blue there.

It looks like a city. When I'm inside I want to be outside, when I'm outside

I may be on to something. I may not.

Time, collective destination, unrealizable, yes.

A reputation, or an opportunity to laugh.

Voice, the limit.

Weeks remained, days ended, months began.

Words come and go. People change. We speak in a hundred ways.

It's the same everywhere. You can't say how it is.

Without going into detail, you pass yourself off as who you are.

I don't know what is going on ... yet.

Yeah, we know what life is like; you don't have to tell us.

You can go outside, hear somebody talk and almost know what they are saying.

People live. The most profound kind of wisdom you can't say because it is so obvious it doesn't say anything at all.

Literature, fiction, writing, art, music, etc. make life into something it is not while telling what it is.

I'm trying to be myself and someone else at the same time. That's interesting. That is you anyway.

Most don't even know what they say. You don't want to say that.

There is such thing as too small. There is no such thing as too small.

That's what they would say, that you had nothing to say and that's why you didn't say anything. "It's impossible." "What are you trying to know?" "I don't know."

(One's) worth is measured by ... I don't feel anything.

When it's time it is never the time, after is when. It is never the time, except now.

I'm supposed to be the same no matter what happens.

Be silent. There is suffering ... in everything.

I am not listening to them; they are not listening to me.

I want to be that "unknown." You are.

Somehow you do things in your own way. That doesn't say anything. That wasn't what I wanted to say anyway.

They can see that you know that you don't know anything.

There is no such thing as a unique experience. It is all unique, of course.

It is your life and you don't even know it.

That is why it takes so long (sometimes)--because it has to happen without happening.

You are listening to someone else "now."

It is night, dark again.

They "used" others to see who they were.

Satisfaction looks foolish from here.

I'm tumbling.

Art is cruel.

More nothing.

They call him. He goes ... forward ... looking for them.

They were going through a different time in their life.

There are so many things to do in the world and all of us are only doing some of them.

What is it? I don't know. That's what it is.

"I have to write something." "What?" "This." "Is that all?" "No."

What is this?

Yesterday?

"You are not being fair."

Moments without precedent.

I have a month. It is useless. I don't use it. I simply speak.

I don't know who I am. I don't. I do. I don't. I do now.

The night is in me. The day is outside. I'm like night and day.

Crowd, cloud: the same thing.

It is going to happen, the contrast between us. We will fall short of each other. We will not wait. We will meet again.

My house is an apartment.

My apartment is a room. My room is dwelling. My dwelling is a home.

We are all bored, chaotic.

At the very bottom of her voice, tease, scratch, the.

He looked down from his car at the squirrel, lying peacefully, by the road.

Speech is a habit. Silence is a wait.

Words are kind of dreamy.

If ever, if when?

That time when you are thinking about something you are interested in, but at the same time feeling very sleepy, and you struggle to hold on until you finally just get up and do something else, since you don't want to sleep just yet. Death would be that time when you would have fallen asleep, if you didn't get up and do something else.

All his thoughts came with an air of purpose and concern. Yet, when he wrote them down they became a matter of distrust.

Away, going, bye, once again, back!

A good conversation is one no one else is having.

What is the present? Somewhat present.

I'm in another realm:

the not-beyond realm.

We don't know what is going on, but we do.

I may just be repeating myself. I'm searching for a word that will cut through the day. (lost)

We are so empty, fascinating.

A thousand things are taking place.

Yet, somehow people are always there. You sort of pretend they are not.

Real? True? It's all a hoax.

He said to her, "I'm a loser, you can't have me." She said He

Not only is it impossible. It is impossible.

I don't say anything.

It's the chemistry between the outside and you.

"It's impossible." "You still have to respond." "I am responding!"

Your condition is waiting. Anything you might do is in between the wait. You're awaiting.

The outside is always there. You just don't notice it.

The creative process is varied. And susceptible to much criticism.

The most interesting stuff does not get said and the world still goes on as if it did.

To know that you don't know more than anyone else is your strange goal.

Just say no to everything. "I can't say no," you say. "Say no to as much as you can."

Death cannot be grasped, understood. You cannot get around it. And, yet, it is the direction you are moving.
(The essential without any essence.)

I still have time. Somehow I must do something else, something of my own again.

Death, final, gone, thin air.

I'm dead, lifeless. No will, no energy, no drive, no power, empty, unable, with no prospect of change, or adventure.

Be ugly. Take a stab at beauty. She can endure it.

Passive, alone. Power.

She is working. I am not working. Love is a trick.

I didn't live, I worked.

Just the night wind and some chimes is all it takes sometimes.

Writing is something you are not supposed to do, so you have to be really careful when you do it.

We hide our creativity.

You have to work with the outside even if it doesn't always seem to work with you.

To write or not to write?

What is the outside? The inside's pleasure or horror or some combination of both. Then, what is the inside?
Loss of the outside or just simple contemplation.

The mind is fair. Experience is not. Sort of.

Everyone is creative by definition. It just gets expressed differently from person to person.

My job is to sit here and let stuff pass me by.

When you write a song, poem, book, or make some piece of art, whom are you "talking" to? The great big

outside. If you make some contact, it can be exhilarating.

We try to keep it fair, whatever that is.

I have no inspiration left. I'm dying.

That was inspiring. What? The last thing I said. Oh, yes.

Somehow, I keep writing. Even though I feel as if I can't anymore.

"Don't write." It said. "Okay," I replied.

The unstrung heroes. Like an instrument without strings. No matter how hard you try, you can not make a sound.

Hopefully, you will have faith. And, hopefully, you will have confidence. And, hopefully, you will ... live on.

I've got to keep thinking about it.

I'm doing my book now. I was just sitting here doing nothing before I wrote this down. I will go back to that now.

"Not again." "What?" "Another day."

"I'm working." A book is everywhere.

Don't look outside. Keep going!

The music does that.

"I'm working." "No you're not." "Yes, but" You're sitting there doing nothing and listening to the radio."

I'm human, he cried.

"Why don't you write a real book?" "This is a real book." "Yeah, but nobody wants it." "That makes it even more real." "I'm afraid you are at a dead end." "I know."

Life is a dumb game.

This is a day to just let go by.

To write, escape. To read, go.

I got a life.

It takes a while. Suicide. There is no advice. Hang on. "I am hanging on." Hold on. "I am holding on." Stop. "I can't stop." ... go on.

He's dead.

She.

The best girlfriend I never had.

I'm making some progress. I hate that word progress. I don't know what I'm doing.

You patiently wait for it because you now it's coming:

death.

I can't deal with anything. Everyone else can.

I'm not writing anything right now.

Oh, I'm going to die.

A writer is inert.

There is nothing in this life for me except a little bit of rock n' roll.

I made it to the morning. Why?

I could give some advice, but I won't.

A couple of old men walked by.

Don't touch it.

"He found another way." "We'll see."

I need my space.

I need the whole world.

There is a voice in the writer that says, "quit writing." "What do you want from me?" he said out loud. And then, he said, quietly, softly, "Don't answer that."

"I want a woman." "Why?" "At least, I think I do." "That's better."

A writer is not perfect.

I just want a little party.

I just have to wait.

Speechless.

There is no failure, only trial and error.

Shut up and go to work.

I'm going to die sooner.

This is a job, but with peculiar benefits.

I'm doing all this so I can die?

I don't know.

It helps a little bit.

I like to go by myself.

She sheds new light on me.

I'm still writing.

A quiet thanks.

If you went to work today, why couldn't you go to work all those other days?

Maybe that's my name.

Walk with me.

While everyone was at work, I was in the clouds.

I'm out there, away ... goodbye.

I don't live, so I can write, see.

If there is perfection, she is it. If not, she'll do.

Just walk out into the night.

That's what I get for trying.

They told me to go. I went. I didn't come back.

Ever.

To write is to write more.

Impossible, I am. It is.

Such simple words. Such lost times.

I'm doing my life now, not doing anything.

I'm not depressed.

I'm going to collapse.

This man can't die.

Now I'm late.

He dug his pen into the paper that day.

Across the city, across the plains, through the desert, he couldn't say "across.

Enough.

This is the only time I have, I hope it gets me through. (Morning.)

Don't come in.

I write because of failure.

Life is dramatic. So is art.

I thought you were the girl for me, but you're not.

It's really quite impossible for me.

It's a disaster.

Good!

I'm around.

Death colors everything.

I need some elixir.

I didn't respond for over an hour.

She should have given me her number. That's okay I can "talk" to her like this.

To make death alive. That is the writer's occupation.

Don't die. Death. How can I be sick for thinking about something that is going to happen to me which will never happen? Because once you experience it, you are already dead. That's what he took a hundred years to say.

Everyday I write the book. Everyday I ride the bus.

Light up the sky. You do it.

Partly because of the day, partly because of you, but mostly because of the day, you are susceptible to the world.

I write for them.

I closed my eyes. The traffic went by. I was almost still.

I know who I am. I'm down here.

They will teach you something.

I'm glad I'm not the one in love with her.

Life is a movie I'm not showing to anyone.

Maybe that is what it means to be an artist "to not grow anymore.

The book is out here too, and then there are times it is just nowhere to be found.

Forgetfulness has something to do with the self.

Are you dying, too?

Where does she go?

The only way to keep your love alive is to not be in love. That's beautiful. Free.

It broke.

"I live by candlelight." "How romantic," she said. She is busy being a woman.

I'm dying. Come pick me up.

I must be dying. I can't move.

You'd do the same thing if you were me.

I looked to the sky.

And saw a billboard.

He was out there.

Throughout the city, down the streets, over buildings, in the air, I am an acrobat.

They are just like you and me, except wealthier. They have been struck by the "stars" differently.

Resolution, finally.

Just then, he shouted the word "no" and collapsed.

We are made to sleep. We keep fighting it.

We are made to die.

I want my guitar. I'm scared.

"Where's my breakfast?" she said. "It's coming," I replied.

I want something else.

It's all about appreciation and condemnation.

I had a dream I blew out a candle.

I talk over the night, over the day, in the air, far away.

Do I want to die? The whole world plays house.

You can only see so much with your eyes.

Burn the newspaper, smash the TV, kill the radio, and throw the computer out the window.

I have a day job. It's a different one.

I can't fight the "spring."

More punishment.

We're just going through the motions until we die.

A life.

Women are a come on.

It was pleasant for a Monday.

I'll be working on my death.

I don't like what they are putting in me.

Don't say anything.

She'll strangle you, mangle you, entangle you.

What can you see with your eyes? Disruption.

All for nothing.

One dead.

The deadly planet.

A cheap life.

Phase.

In the middle is a good place if you can get there.

You don't even know who you are.

A book connotes understanding.

How can something so easy be so hard? (Life.) The story of the impossible.

I can't. But I will anyway.

What is death? I know.

I conquered the world with sleep.

Writing is no big deal.

I hurt.

"I thought I was lucky." "You are. You just don't know it yet."

Loneliness you get used to, yet it is always still there.

Do you know the meaning of late? It is was past late.

I can't wait any longer.

Come wait with me. The mind is like a dream.

He pet and hugged his cat.

The wind switched around. The day blew forward. I didn't see anything.

There is a lot of dying to do.

I'm not lost.

Withdraw, withdraw, into a little ball.

He doesn't say anything.

Speech is hopeless.

Let them be. They are just people.

I don't know anything.

It's lonely out there.

I don't know where I am. I'm doing my own thing now. I can't write here.

No.

It's mostly about death.

The man who talked to himself.

Death:

what is the world coming to?

It's "no" every step of the way.

I'm taking a little break from death.

All you have is your face.

We live on bs.

I'll have my own life.

It's what makes the merry-go-round go round:

_____.

I feel like a dead animal.

"See you tomorrow, if I don't die in a plane crash."

He followed him around like a sick child.

He carried a penny.

"You create your own darkness." "Yeah, I guess so."

A friend with no friends.

We don't see a lot with our eyes.

Be careful, it doesn't last long.

He sat next to his cat.

God said, "shh."

I don't want to write about it anymore. (death)

There is no word for it:

d-e-a-t-h.

Being alone is what makes you what you are.

We are neither dead nor living, but somewhere in between.

He whispered, "impossible."

I see old people racing to the finish line in their cars.

I missed out on my whole life.

They had their own heyday.

I have to reach out. That is where the music is.

Pens everywhere.

This is it for me.

"What's going on?" "We're dying."

Everybody is in their own world. Dying there.

Your life:

it is part of the same "dream" on any given day.

It wasn't anything at all.

He had the silver tongue. He walked down to the river. Sat down on his knees. And hoped. He went looking for inspiration, imagination and feeling.

I don't want to talk.

I can't justify (it) right now. it=anything

By the time progress comes around, there isn't any.

Death is in my body.

Legitimacy aint so legitimate.

She's got the sweetest face. A really special look.

I just changed.

I can't be authentic.

I have to keep looking outside.

Do nothing.

A nightmare.

It's amazing. I made it this far with nothing. "Be glad you're alive." "I don't know about that." "I mean you should be." "Yeah."

He slept with his book.

Oh, shut up.

Hold on. I'm in love.

"I want to write something." "You're not in a position to do so." "I know."

Better than any human:

cat.

I have to fight and lose at the same time.

I see faces.

The face that doesn't quit.

Bittersweet.

There is always that "some place" to go.

Death in a minute.

She's going to give me a hard time for having no money and being who I am.

What is wrong with being alone?

It's better for your life if you don't know about mine.

Death is light.

It's impossible. The only thing you need to know.

I might not make it another fifteen minutes.

He can't talk.

Ride the bike. I mean the bicycle. That is, the lightning. I can't wait.

They live their lives like they had done it before.

I did it.

She invented conformity.

They were left speechless:

animals.

I feel better than I did yesterday. I don't know though. It all seems relative.

He was painfully quiet. "I'm still here." "Where are you going?" "Oblivion."

My book.

I wasting my time in nowheresville.

I waste too much time being "negative."

Do nothing.

Life is amazing when you consider death.

Our minds are in the moment. Time is everlasting.

Last look.

Don't think about it.

Let's make sure nothing happens.

The future may not happen.

I hate my life. Sort of.

The Black Pen

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