



WORDS FROM
RIB

Words From Rib
By Rib
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The Writer

I've tried before to write this wrong,
But it makes me sad, it's never strong,
so I sit at home, my the days are getting long.
I doubt if I could ever attempt to fly,
can't see no use in being that high.
I'll just sit by the window and heave another sigh.

My thoughts on paper are a jumbled mess,
maybe it shouldn't be written, that's it I guess,
there's no one to talk to, nowhere to confess.
I've written before, why is this a strain?
Now I laugh at what I once thought was pain,
I look again, but of course only rain.

Being all alone is great for me,
acting out dreams so tenderly,
writing them down so others can see...
how lovely alone can be.
These are the last lines, I did it tonight,
now reality suddenly feels all right,
I can die like I lived, alone out of sight.

The **joke** is on the **table**,
wine **spilled** on the **floor**,
loose, argumentative...

see

evil to the core

Preoccupied

I see him flash across the screen;
He's surely something to be seen...

I wish that I could talk to you,
How can they possibly treat me like that?

It's gone and rained on my parade,
They say she's slowly getting paid

his mouth falls open talking mean,
Still, my thoughts are back to you.
they won't let me get through to you.

How will I ever see you again?
and now I can't seem to get laid.
but my heart is ripped and frayed.

BIG WALLS OF THE CASTLE
WHO COULD BE INSIDE?

All Is Lost

All Is Gone

All Is Hope

ALL IS NONE

All Is Here

ALL IS *THERE*

All Is Forgotten

All Is Saved

All Is Round

All Is Frost

All Is Grown

All Is Naked

ALL IS FREE

The Dream Piece

Jack finished his cold cereal and tossed the old Tupperware bowl into the sink. It's a routine he's become used to in the last six years. Jack has become a very lonely man since he lost his sweet Elaine. Somehow, he's managed to pull himself out of bed each morning, living out each day the same as the last. Every day he sets off for work and mindlessly smashes buildings with the rest of the crew. Old faithful Jack always comes right home, he watches the news while tearing into a Stouffers entree, then crawls into bed. He's adjusted to being alone, he gets by... He looks at the clock and grabs his crumpled shirt. Heading out the door, he thinks to himself, another day, and another dollar.

Walking down the usual street, all he could think was one word, UGLY! That is the only word to describe it, dirty children playing on the corner, graffiti filled walls and run down buildings. It was Jack's business to tear down the filth and he has really come to hate ugly. It is so unnecessary. As he walks, his mind drifts to Elaine, as it often does. How beautiful everything seemed then. She made it that way with her touch, her smile.

"Hey, watch it man," the stranger he just bumped into growled.

"Oh, excuse me."

"Yea, well watch it," the man sneered.

Why do I go on in the past, Jack wondered. I suppose I will never know happiness again. I'll never find anything to make me that happy again. He rounded the corner to today's work site. At least one of these eyesores will be gone by the end of today. One down, millions to go, he smiles, shaking his head.

The day goes on, dust and cement flying. The once proud building stands in rubble. There are workers everywhere, some hauling away pieces of wall, some cleaning up, and a few loafing. Some are tearing down the stubborn parts that do not want to give up without a fight. Jack is one of those men; he's working on the corner of a wall with a sledgehammer, slowly chipping away at the brick and cement. With all his strength, he slugs out a big piece that knocks him flat on his ass. Clumsily standing, with a chuckle to the boys, he spies a shiny object inside what little is left of the wall, probably just a glare from the sun, or is it? He peers down into the hole for a better look. Inside is what appears to be some kind of small ornament. Jack

grasps it and examines it closely. It seems to be something from a necklace, some sort of symbol or design. He shoves it into his pocket and continues working.

When the whistle blows, the cheers arise and everyone rushes to get out first. "See ya at Jerry's tap in five minutes," one voice yells.

"I'll be there in four, and I'll have one down before you even get there," yells another.

A chubby little man sighs, "I gotta get home to the old lady, see ya tomorrow, guys."

Jack walked at his usual pace and silently sets off down the road. He aches from his long day. A head filled with smog and hundreds year old dust from the building makes his head too weary to think and he likes it that way. He wanders past the ugliness again and doesn't even look up. It's all the same, no need to look. A shower and a meal are the only thoughts occupying his mind. At last, he saw his front door. He brightens a little, and grins, it's home. Entering the modest home, he immediately unbuttons his shirt. At the shower, he turns on hot all the way and the cold just a bit. Going back to the kitchen, he removes his shirt, and tosses it toward the washer. It pings when it hits the side and falls to the floor. He suddenly remembers the funny little thing he had found today. He took it from the pocket and throws the shirt in. A study of the ornament showed it to look like an arrow with loops around it. How old could it be, he wonders, it's so bright and shiny and that was such an old building. Shrugging he sits it on the table and moves toward the oven. The turns the dial to 400 degrees and throws in a frozen dinner. Jack stretches his tired body as he heads for the shower. The water is so relaxing, so warm and clean. He stands in ecstasy, knowing this is his only real pleasure. To feel the pulsating drops of water is like a dream.

After his glorious twenty minutes, he pulls on his big flannel shirt and long johns. His dinner is done and he sets it in front of the television and turns on the news. More filth, guns, bombs etc. It's just too much, he finishes the chicken whatever it was, turns out the lights and climbs into bed. Might as well make it an early night. All he can think about is sweet Elaine the meal she could have cooked him tonight, if she were here, he could almost taste her homemade biscuits. He stares at her picture on the nightstand dreaming of quiet nights they had make love, until he finally dozes off. His dreams were constant through this night, he dreamed of Elaine, so alive, of roses, blue skies, smiling babies, all that was good. He had not seen Elaine so clearly in years. She was so beautiful. Such a simple woman, so unspoiled. Jack awoke, he felt so groggy, so restless. For having slept so long, he sure thought he could use a few more hours. He was having trouble focusing. He even felt strange. Gazing into

the kitchen, he thought he saw a pair of legs at the table." Holy shit, this is the most real dream I've ever had or I'm losing my mind," Jack said, rubbing his eyes.

Slowly, pulling himself out of bed, he slid on his robe and heads for the kitchen. He moves slowly down the hallway, blinking over and over again, trying to clear his eyes. The legs are still there, beautiful and familiar. She just sits there, Elaine, yes this is a dream, a great dream. This can't be real. She looks so real sitting there.

"Oh, what did I do to deserve this?" he squeals.

"You found the dream piece, my love" the dream answers.

Jack jumps back and hits his head on the top cupboard. He doesn't know whether to be frightened or ecstatic. It can't be. His sweet Elaine is sitting right in front of him and now she, or it, was speaking. He surely must be losing his mind.

"It's all right sweetheart, it's really me, Elaine, in the flesh. I don't know if I should thank you or not. I love seeing you again. I've missed you so but heaven was wonderful.

I have watched and seen how much you care, though you always did. It means a lot. I wouldn't be here if you hadn't thought of me so much."

"What in God's name are you doing here? What are you? This can't be happening."

"It's happening, Jack. It's the dream piece you found. The ornament in the old building. It's been buried in there for a long time. I can't believe you found it. Don't you understand?"

"Well no! I wish you would explain this to me. Are they gonna come and carry me off to the nut house or what? What have I uncovered? Is it evil or good? Oh, this is insanity."

"Oh, darling," the dream laughs, "You always were so adorable when you were confused. That hasn't changed. You see, my love, you have in fact uncovered one of the most powerful amulets in the history of the world."

"I'm sorry but I didn't know there were any powerful amulets."

"Oh, but there are a few things in this world that can't be explained away. This is one of those. What did you dream about last night?"

"Dream? Well, I suppose I dreamt of you. Well of Elaine, as I usually do. Yes, in fact I'm sure of it. It seems as if that is all I did last night."

"Well, there you go. You see this amulet is called a dream piece. Whoever finds it and blesses it with his hand, will be the master of the amulet. His dreams will no longer be only dreams. I am real. I am here."

"I don't know what to say? This really isn't some sort of sick joke or hallucination?" "I am

here, now until you pass on. And last I heard you had quite a ways to go." "Really, you know that? Do you really know all the answers when you pass on? Is every vessel of the unknown unlocked?"

"Well, dear, it really doesn't work like that. You find out things slowly. It's really rather complicated. But I do know how long we have left. Believe me, it's a good long time. As far as the dream piece goes, it is not a heavenly creation. In fact, an old sort of witch doctor gave it its power. As you can see, it can be used for good. But, I must warn you, you must be very careful. Now that you have it you can't control it, for the one thing a man can never control is his dreams. My advice to you is to bury it or put it in a place like you found it. It has to be put deep in order to lose the spell."

"Oh my dear, sweet Elaine, who cares? My Lord you are here! I've needed you so badly."

Jack couldn't control his tears as he held his departed wife. He made a call to work, telling them he was sick. Talking and lovemaking went on all day and most of the night, like joyous old times. Elaine's giggles and humming filled the house as she was cooking the best meal Jack had eaten in years.

After a wondrous day, they lie in bed staring at each other. Jack's heart was so full of love, he thought it might burst. "I'm going to watch you sleep. I always used to do that you know," Jack grinned. Elaine laughed, "Just make sure you do something with that amulet before you sleep." sleep overtook him, though. It was a restless sleep too... When Jack awoke, he looked at his sleeping beauty beside him. It was real. Now I'm sure it is real, he thought. Turning his head, the smile faded. He knew that face, the face of Adolf Hitler stood above him.

Dreams really do come true.

LOVE OF HONEY, LOVE OF CASH
IN NO POSITION TO MAKE
DEMANDS
COVERED IN SATIN, DROWNING IN LACE
HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU
GET CAUGHT IN THE RAIN?



Orange Circle

The Whoa

left turns, so high
lost in magnificent why's
solid colors, turn away
swirling jade, swirling gray

THE HORRIBLE
LATHER OF A
WESTERN
DREAM

Walter Gibbons

No one heard the screams, the last gasps of breath from Walter Gibbons.

The alley was quiet now, except for the fading footsteps on the pavement.

There were a few people on the streets; the day was just getting underway.

Walter Gibbons still lay behind the garbage and dirt of the city, very alone and very dead, with the millions jostling here and there. It wasn't until 11:30 that a small black child, skipping school, happened by the body. He didn't even scream, just looked over the lifeless form, walked to the restaurant on the corner, mumbled something and hurried off. The lady at the table he'd informed paid no mind. Someone standing near had heard though, and contacted the authorities. In 15 minutes, a police car drove up to survey the scene. It was just another murder in a big city. No I.D. on the poor sod, just a pack of unopened camels. He was carted off and few questions were asked. Of course, nothing was learned, not a soul had been around.



*In the dead of night, how do you count your toes?
Blackness swallows you whole.
You could move them digit by digit, counting each one at a time.
but, alas, you can't see them. Are you sure they are really there?
One needs to be assured, at times that all are accounted for.
Dark can play tricks, dark can be fun, dark can be lonely, dark can open your eyes.
But...
how many toes are there in the middle of the night?*

Midnight Menu

*CAN WE ADMIT THE SKY IS FALLING
DO WE STARE IN WONDER?
ONLY SHE CAN HEAR HIM CALLING,
FROM THE LIGHT SO FAR AWAY.
CHOOSES HER LOVER FROM MIDNIGHT MENUS,
A BURNING HUNGER STAYS INSIDE.
FINALLY, THE SUNSHINE FADES,
OVER THE BLEARY MILES.
TEARS OVERCOME THE PAIN,
WHILE SHE SHINES WITH INNOCENT EYES.
I SEE HIM IN HER AND HER IN HIM,
THEY'RE WASTED SO ELEGANTLY.
THERE'S OCCASIONALLY TROUBLE WHEN
THE CROWD BOUNCES SO BOURGEOIS AND GAY.
POWERS FROM BEYOND BRING'EM HERE. . .
TO MY HEAD WHERE THEY'LL STAY.*

The Other Me

Younger dreaming days with children screaming
a honky-tonk place with every room the same
There's True Romance and Tupperware,
cheap flowerpots, the cupboards bare.

Drinking and sleeping with all these faces,
winding up licking a few foreign traces,
Keeping an eye on what I'll never have,
all the time praying that I won't look back.

The man I have ain't me no more,
the man I want wants me no more.

I try to be real, but I'm always foggy
the haze is thick and I cannot see.
an emotional phone and the urge to leave,
next morning I wake up still being me.

A chill lingered in the air. Calmness surrounded the shore. Betty loved to walk along the shore late at night, with no one around, the peace and quiet was so soothing. It was a wonderful place to sort out the day's problems, and it seemed she had so many today.

Annie was going to flunk math for sure, and that damn mutt crapped all over the new rug. If only, for once, things could go right. God, if George takes another drink. Oh, time to listen to the silence and clear this head. Her thoughts started to fade as she sat on the dock, gazing at the moon.

Of Another

A small town grieves of nonfiction
all the parents complain
while young ones just sustain
there's fright aplenty if you dare
but on one digs up suspicious relics
for time has frozen here.

In the big town friction spreads
I smell plays of another era
they hand out boas in the streets
where age never seems to matter
crashing the filthy conventions.
Sex steaming from high atop buildings

Shake **Quiver** *Shiver*

Gone

*Here we go, we're on our way
far beyond the world,
where dreams collide with reality
far beyond the world.*

*Pull up the stakes
throw out the brakes
and just plain let go
use up the love
look up above
and really be the show*

*Here they come, they're on their way
far beyond the world
where dreams collide with reality
far beyond the world
the only time I see
now free that I can be
well... I'm gone, gone, always gone
very, very, very gone.*

Next Door

How often does he open his door? Man, I know it can't be more than once a week, if even that. He must be so pale, probably ghostly looking. The odor seems peculiar, too. There are never any cooking smells or cleaning smells. There is just this old, used smell, I've noticed outside the door. Not a soul knows who he is. An old woman upstairs told me once that she's heard that an old man lives there. She just couldn't believe that in ten years she's never seen him. That closed door certainly gives no clues. It's such a curious thing to live across the hall from another human being for months and know nothing. Neighbors should know something of each other. An emergency could arise at any moment. If he's old, he could fall and need help. My roommate could choke or I could be raped and we wouldn't know if we could trust him. I don't even think he has a phone. There is never a phone bill in his mailbox. What about his mail, it's so strange, not that I pay much attention. It's not that I think about the guy often, but each day I find myself staring at that door longer. So many times I've decided that I'm going to march across the hall and politely introduce myself. I've sat and wondered if borrowing a cup of sugar would sound too fishy. He probably wouldn't answer the door. There has to be a good reason he stays in there all alone. Perhaps he's insane, rotting away from AIDS or cancer or maybe he's a wanted fugitive. What if he did answer and I turned away at the sight of him or he invited me in and I never again saw the light of day. He could be deaf and he'd never even hear the door. Well, I suppose it's best to let him live in peace. Sometimes I'm just too curious. But ... why would someone just lock themselves away?

What ... No, my eyes aren't really seeing this. A man, standing at the door and he's going to knock, yes he's knocking. Oh, this just can't be. The lonely man must actually have a friend or is it an acquaintance, a salesman? I've never seen anyone at that door. The man at the door doesn't appear nervous, I would be. There is something odd about him, or is there? He is such a small man, yet wearing the biggest hat I've ever seen. I can't begin to see his face with that hat in the way. This mystery just seems to get bigger. He's knocking again, still no response. I'll bet the old guy is dead, probably has been for years. The stranger is looking at his watch. It's likely that he doesn't even know the old guy. I'll bet he's lost, at the wrong door, looking for someone else. He'll come to our door next. I know the old man couldn't have a

visitor. Wait, he has a key, that guy has his own key. It's not the landlord, who could this be? It's in the lock, he's turning it, it's open, and he's inside, damn! Total darkness, can't see a thing, closed again. How could somebody so alone trust somebody else with a key? If only we weren't on the third floor, I could go around to a window. What in hell could be going on in there? Who is this new stranger, a brother, a friend, a son, a lover? Yes, maybe that's why we never see him, he's in the closet, oh no, bad joke. Hmmm, I wonder if his apartment has a little entryway like this one. If you walk in and slide to the left, you're hidden from sight. Did he lock that door? I didn't hear any clicking noise like ours makes. If it's open, I could sneak in quickly and just listen for a moment. I just want to make sure the old guy is ok. The man with the key could have been with the mob. God, I'm getting carried away here. I'm going to curl up with a book and forget all this. A chapter later...

I wonder if this hat guy and the old guy are deformed and that's why they are friends. Most likely they are ashamed to be seen. No, I know, secret agents, spies that have to keep a low profile. They are probably only allowed to make contact with each other. They are on a top-secret mission and this is home base. It's probably filled with all sorts of computers and spy stuff. I have to know. Nobody would ever know if I just listen at the door. Ok, I've got to open my door very slowly, oh shit, I forgot about that creaking, stop it, stop it! Ok, now I'll just make my way over to the other side of the hall, quietly, quietly. I'll just barely breathe and put my ear next to the door ...nothing, I hear nothing. Maybe if I put my ear right against the door, there, no just silence, this door is thick. Aah, oh no, I've pushed it open just the tiniest bit. It must not be locked, should I, could I? I have no good reason for entering this strange apartment. I don't even know these people.

What will I say if I'm caught? I know, I'll knock ... no ... then, I won't know what they are really up to. I'll just reach for the handle to see if it'll turn, yes, turns easily enough. I'll push it just a little; just open it a crack, my heart is beating like crazy, whew! Now, just enough to see, but all I see is darkness, complete and total darkness, and it's so quiet. They must be in another room. I'll just slip in and slide over to the corner. Ok, mission accomplished. Oh my God, I can't believe I'm in here. I can't adjust my eyes to the darkness, it's so black. I have gone too far, I have to get out of here. Let me find the handle and I'll make a quick exit, no one will be the wiser. Brightness suddenly filled the room. The light was as intense as the darkness had just been, I could still see nothing. I'll put my hand over my mouth or I'm going to scream. Where is the light coming from? What could cause such a blinding sensation?

"Enter into the light, Dr, Raymond Wayne Howard," a voice roared from the light. Holy shit, I gotta get out, my feet get tangled and I fly headfirst into the room in front of me.

I hear two loud gasps as the light fades back to darkness. Complete silence again, a chill goes through my body.

"Didn't you lock the door?" the same voice demands.

"Who is that, who is in this room?" I nervously spill my guts.

"I'm from next door, I noticed a strange person breaking in and I thought I might help. I'd heard an elderly man lived here and I thought he may be in trouble." Silence

"Yes, I know your voice and I know you are lying," the voice answered. "Anyway," another voice called from the darkness, "I have a key, but I'm sure you know that. My, my talk about curiosity killing the cat."

Now I'm really scared.

"What do you mean by that? What is that light? Why is it so dark? Who are you?" Both voices seem pretty amused as they laugh heartily at my expense. If only I could see them, if only I hadn't come in here. What am I gonna do?

The first voice seems to pull himself together and states "My dear you have just made a huge error in judgment. I'm afraid you cannot leave and it won't hurt to tell you why because you will never tell anyone. You have stumbled into the gateway to the afterlife. This is where spirits come who have lifted from their dead bodies and are ready for their next adventure."

My mouth was hanging open but I had to say something: "Oh please, you have got to be kidding."

"If you cross back over to where you came from, you will instantly die," the second voice said. "The living cannot know what lies ahead. You are still living, so you are unable to go into the light or the darkness beyond this place. I'm afraid you are stuck right here until it is your time."

The first voice continued, "This is sort of the foyer to the next phase of your journey. There isn't any heaven or hell, as-you may know it. There is light and dark, though. People with a good soul will wander forever in the light or later be reincarnated if they wish. The rest will forever fall in darkness. So that is what we do, we send them on their way. You are not the first to enter here unannounced. In the twenties, a burglar broke in and, well, you can imagine his surprise, I'm sure. I'm sorry but you will be with us for a long time, you had a long life ahead. So, please just stay out of the way and let us do what we have to do."

As I walk over and sit in what I believe to be a corner, I try to fathom what I've just been told.

"Enter into the darkness, Sandra Kay Smith."

This can't be happening, I can't accept this. Do I sit here forever and say nothing; do I make a run for it? Oh, why do I have to be so nosy? I don't know what the matter with me is; I could never leave well enough alone. Here comes that light again.

"Enter into the light Robert James Beyers."

I wonder what it's like in the light. I wonder if it smells like flowers or if you have no senses any more in there. Hmm, I wonder if your childhood pets are in there or perhaps your grandparents. Well, maybe if I could get a little closer

Ran

Forward schtoink wings
Fruits of my labor
Fruit in my bed

Lapses in total emotion

A step away... to Hell.

Feel it....
see it....

Fall

"Hoo! Hoo!" said the owl, "I hate games! Games are for the living dead. One must boast of living samples, of beasts with a slow refrain, again and again."

Your pain rushed through me one night in a dream,
your eyes made me cry, your heart made me scream.

Where did you go? Where could you be?

I saw your face so clearly, so pretty, so clean.

How does it look now? Old? Indifferent? Serene?

How did you know? Have you finally let go?

Are you calling me, how will I know?

*Dreams that come in the shape of an egg,
filled with pomp and circumstance.
I see the devil inside and out,
now she's screaming rape like a pro,
so vital, so fresh, so alive.
soon the reality sets in reality incorporated
when you almost touch the fantasy . . . reality incorporated
as it's dripping down my leg... reality incorporated.
From dancing and singing to the luck of the draw,
even she can deliver the hunger.
A brush with greatness, long ago,
he keeps order once a week or so
finger lickin' comments over the phone.
soon the reality sets in reality incorporated
as the smile comes across your face... reality incorporated
while you reach to find the spot... reality incorporated.
scarred and aloof with a second life to live
this time we can visualize.
A wet 'n wild visit from an old friend
sent chills up and down my spine
when I remember he's six feet under
soon the reality sets in reality incorporated
when the texture begins to make sense... reality incorporated
as the blood flows from the body... reality incorporated.*

Lost in a fog,
me and them,
I've said it before,
we could sink or swim.

Passing by

at the same kind of pace,
nobody here
can win the race.

Strength

Oh, how I wonder,
oh, how I stray,
gimme the strength
to seek, to say
to fly away.
I see how love grows,
so out of control,
so full of holes.

I don't know the feeling of the stratosphere

see no reason for parties on the patio.

surrounded by casual council
clinging to nothing in the night.
What's the new method for pain?

A long slow fuck, the way it ought to be
or hearing laughter before it's taken away?

*Then he fell
to the center,*

The cloud gave way

And he was gone

Rumble

The rumbling has started again. When my head begins to feel like this, I refer to it as rumbling. It doesn't happen as often anymore, but each time I get the feeling it's a little bit worse. Things started to "rumble" when I was a child. I suppose I was about seven or eight when I clearly recall the pressure starting. It would begin slowly in the back of my head, a thumping, like the beat of a drum from far off. Over a matter of hours, it would begin to get louder. I'd sometimes turn around, eyeing every corner to see where it was coming from. For some time, I thought there had to be an explanation. I would ask others if they had heard it, no one ever did. In time, I accepted this wasn't terribly normal but it was me. As it got worse, louder and louder until finally the voices started, I knew I was truly different. I've never felt crazy, though, as most people who hear voices probably are. I also knew I could never tell anyone. The look in someone's eyes would be too much to bear. I'm secure enough to handle the fact that in most ways I'm all alone. I've also realized that once the rumbling begins, I must make a quick exit. It usually becomes unbearable. I have had a few strange looks when people see me clench my teeth hard or bang my fist into something for no apparent reason.

I suppose it was manageable, if not annoying, until I was about sixteen. The voices and those head splitting whistle like sounds started then. The whistle was not unlike that of a train. I would picture that I had miles of track in my head as it started from a distance and got closer. I thought surely my whole body would explode. If I believed in God, I would have prayed. And the voices, they were so amusing at first. I probably would have been startled but it was such a nice change from the whistle, the thumping and, oh yes, the shrieking. It was such a relief to just have quiet, soothing voices. I can never forget the shrieks, they still send chills down my spine. Those long, high wails in the dead of night make me feel so empty, so alone. At first, what sounded like a person was just mumbles. Once the mumbling became words, I could rarely distinguish one voice from another. There were two male voices that spoke often but the rest were all a jumble. I'd hear a word or two here, a few comments there. It was as if hundreds of people were telling me about their life, giving suggestions, warning me about what others were thinking. This wasn't like any movie I'd ever seen about multiple personalities. I never felt like a different person or changed my outside appearance, or

my voice. Everything happened on the inside so I was the only one who knew.

Of course I worried once my inside friends started to suggest some off the wall ideas. I came to realize, though that I could do what they asked but still be me. I was able to separate what I, myself, wanted to do and what I was told to do. It's sort of like being stuck in a job that you don't really care for. There are times that you don't like what you are doing but you know you don't have a choice. I think one loses a little bit of themselves when they can't be what they truly want to be. This other part of me is sort of like having a relationship, there are compromises. I can't always have my own way. A real relationship with another person is almost impossible. I have tried but having one of my episodes on a date isn't too romantic. This doesn't always make for good sex either. A couple of times they thought my screams were for them, but the rest have quickly fled. I can't blame them, I mean how many times can I say it's a flashback or a bad dream.

Sleep is s a luxury, I have to catch a few winks whenever I can. There are times that I don't sleep for days and times when that is all I can do because I'm so exhausted. Holding a job is no picnic, either. Mostly I take odd jobs, do some carpenter work, things I can do alone. Luckily, I'm pretty good at it and make a decent living. I even have my own cards...

Don Collier

Man about the house if it's broken, I can fix it. 666-3454

Oh God, the thumping is getting so loud, like somebody's playing "wipe out" in my head. I wonder what the voices have in store for me today. The first time they told me to kill, I resisted. I guess the first time for anything is somewhat hard. It just seemed so senseless but they have assured me there is a reason for everything. I have never really minded the thought of death or blood for that matter. I just never thought I'd actually take a life. I have always had a smile for everyone, been the first to say hello, am even kind to animals. But I suppose you have to do what you have to do. The first rape sure took it's toll on me, of course now I'm an old pro, but it took a long time before I could do it again. I think it was the look in her eyes; I've always worried what is going on behind someone's eyes. I've endured so mush inner pain, I don't want others to have to live in turmoil. I remember how I kept apologizing, over and over. I tried to explain but it was futile. The first voice kept telling me to go at her again, once hadn't been enough. My dick just wouldn't stay hard, though. I tried everything but her pleading and crying were just too much for me. The voices finally relented and told me to go home. I was so sick when I got home, I sat in front of the toilet for an hour. I was such a wuss. It took a few more times before I

actually started to get into it. I guess practice makes perfect.

I have to chuckle, oh, oh, my, yea here they go, chattering up a storm. It's been a few months since I've heard from them. When I was young it would happen every other day sometimes. I'd kill or rape five or six a month. Now it's few and far between. Sometimes I get a few rumbles a day or I might go six months without even a thud. Perhaps they are taking mercy on me because of my age. So many people kill each other off these days, anyway, who needs me? Don't hear any familiar voices today, just a lot of chatting about the past, the weather. I don't want to toot my own horn but one of them is asking about a spree I went on years ago. Ah, yes, I could never forget that cool October eve, I raped five women in one night, my personal best. The voice seems impressed. I still can't believe I'm a free man after that but nobody ever came to my door. The voices said they'd protect me and so far, it seems I'm immune to law enforcement. I do try to cover my face but, c'mon, five women, that is just plain lucky. I stumbled onto three of them in a parking lot behind an old run down factory. They were in a car smoking some weed, like kids do. They looked so scared when I appeared in their window with my ski mask and a pointed finger in my jacket pocket (the gun I didn't have). It made them cooperate, so I could tie them up, tape their mouths and throw them in the trunk. I took them in their car down to some local woods. The old factory was kind of a hang out for kids and I was afraid I would be spotted. It was quite a trek back to my car but it was worth it. I took my car to the local red light district, purchased two whores, and drove them out to the woods. Why did I have to get two more? Why weren't three enough? I really don't know, the voices suggested it and it sounded like a challenge. The whores tried to get away when they realized the gravity of the situation, but it was too late. I knocked them out cold but I think the others thought they were dead and it quieted them. I was something to see that night. I lined them up and just took turns until I couldn't go anymore. I made sure I came on every one of them too. The whores had seen my face so I had to kill them. I let the other three live, though, I didn't want my fabulous performance to be forgotten.

Ok. Ok, so a few of the voices get a little carried away. Sometime they act like they own me, the way they order me about. Well, I had better get up and dressed, get this day started. There are things to see, people to do, blood to spill (ha! ha!). My goodness, look at these shoes, I could really use some new ones. I guess I'll add it to my list that I keep on the fridge so I won't forget. Let's see, here it is...

1. milk
2. bread
3. duct tape
4. call Carol Jackson about redoing her bathroom
5. fix Sam's front steps
- and, 6. shoes

Now, where are my keys? I know I threw them in a drawer, oh yea, this one . . . there's so much crap in here ... yes, and there they are.

"Bye, bye Ginger, use the litter box, you big fur ball, daddy loves you."

I have to fix this door, it keeps sticking. Ok, Ginger you're locked in safe and sound. Holy shit, look at my car, had better run it through the car wash. Maybe I better wait until I hear what the voice have in store, a shiny car could stick out like a sore thumb. I guess I'll go have a cup of coffee to start my night ... What? Ok, left ... two blocks and make a right, whatever you say guys.

Later...

Yea, she is pretty. Better than some of those old cows you've been finding lately. Let's see, the video store closes in twenty minutes. It's too bad her car isn't going to start when she tries to leave. I think she's going to need a little helping hand, tee he he. I crack myself up. Now for a little mood music, mmmmm, the waiting is the hardest part. Good, all the customers have gone and she can close up.

Still later...

The lights are going out. Here she comes, yum, yum, She doesn't know what she's in store for. She looks great from across the street. She's trying the car. What a pity, it doesn't seem to want to start. I better let her sweat it out a bit. There she goes again, still won't turn over. Darn, she's probably flooded it by now. Bingo, it's show time ... Action!

Ok, I'll come flying into the parking lot like a bat out of hell, Now, I'll jump out of my car...

"Oh, shucks! Are you closed? I ran two lights and thought I'd make it. My wife was counting on me." I have to look so sincere.

"Sorry, it's midnight." as she tries the car again. She can try all she wants, it's not gonna

help.

"Having a little car trouble?"

"I don't know what could be wrong. I just had it tuned up a few weeks ago. Damn! I gotta get home."

"Well, I'm kind of in a hurry, but I guess I could give you a lift, if you don't live too far."

"Oh, I don't know. . .

"Suit yourself, but it's kind of dark out here. Will you be all right?"

"Actually I have a friend who lives about a half a mile down the road. If you could just drop me off there, it would help a lot. It is pretty dark out here."

"Sure, I suppose, but let's hurry!"

"Thanks, I really appreciate it."

Pulling out of the parking lot, I couldn't help but think I'm the one who appreciates it. She's even prettier close up.

After, I realized she had to be one of the strongest women I ever met. She sure put up a fight. As I gazed down at her, I thought some part of her had to enjoy it. The struggle itself was a turn on. To bad, she was unconscious through half of it, she just wouldn't give up. Oh Damn, I need a cigarette, shit they're in the car. I gotta walk all the way back. Why did I walk into the woods so far? Half the time I was chasing her. She sure can run...

...ah, nicotine, that sweet first blast of a new cigarette. I haven't felt like this in a long time. It's nice to have someone with fire. They usually beg or cry and that gets so old. I like a good fight once in a while. I suppose I shouldn't leave her too long, she may wake up. I have to go finish the job. I'm so turned on; I may even be up for another round. Don't worry darling, here I come. I'm so energized I think I'll jog back. I'm coming, I'm coming, and it was right around this ... tree. Wait, I know this is where I left her, where the fuck did she go? She was out cold, how could? Shit, did somebody come along and... no, no, nothing ever goes wrong. I must have miscalculated. This has to be the wrong tree. I mean I'm invincible, I'm supposed to ... AAAAAAAHhhhhhhhhh. Oh my God, what is this? Oh, such a pain in my back. It's hot and cold at the same time and it hurts so badly. It feels so strange, I have to turn around but I'm frozen in this spot. I must see what this is. If I turn slowly, a little at a time. No, no it can't be, she has my knife. How did she get it? There is blood dripping from it, my blood. This can't be happening, I must reach for her. She can't do this, not to me. I'll be ok, I always am. I must ... AAAhhhhh, my hand, no, not my face, AAAAAAAHhhhhhh! I'm falling, I feel so dizzy, so weak,

and I taste blood and earth. Help! Why is there so much pain? Where are the voices? Where are the voices? I have to get hold of myself. I can't quit shaking. I can't quit crying. Why did I get in his car? Any idiot knows better than to get in a car with a stranger. He looked so harmless. I just wanted to get home. How does one become a monster like that? I have to think. I'm blubbering like a child. Pull yourself together, girl. Pull yourself toge

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What is that noise? It sounds like a rumbling.

The End

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