

Igal Koshevoy's

ALIENATION
OF
AFFECTION

poems from March 29, 1993 thru May 26, 1993

ANOTHER LIFE DRAINS AWAY

...another braindead genius, another fallen hero.
the desire, why fight it?
need i fight this losing battle?
need i fight this lost war?
just give in, give in and die - like a good lil' soldier.
it is always there
 waiting.
can't shut the door on it.
out, can't keep it out.
it gets inside
 always.
and spreads its cold anodized wings
 inside me.
till i shiver to the bone.

must my drug be so alluring?
must my disease be so terminal?
can't i be an ostrich and hide my head in the sands?
the sands of time,
 they grind me and tear me away.
so quickly, so slow - so persistently.

the procession of Tyme marches on.
click, click - tick, tock - blam, blam.
another soul goes to heaven,
another soul goes to Hell
in a freight elevator.

oh why can't i give in?
it feels so nice to lose a bit of your soul,
 sell it down river,
 lose a little reality that clings like lichen to the
 unbeating heart.
feels so good
 to lose.
so good
 to give it away.

i want to lose:
 everything.
let it all out
 till i'm as dry as the straw in a deserted basement.
it's so hard to just say no,
 as it rides through me
 on nerves of steel.
so hard,
 so good,
 so painful to behold.
and it flows,
 flows,
 flows.
close my eyes,
 but still my tears flow down,
 down,
 down.

i lost.
i lost another meaningless battle, another meaningless struggle.
nothing left to do
 but drag the mutilated corpses away
 (feed them to the fires)
 and make room for the blood shed to come.

blam.
another soul to heaven?
no another soul to Hell...
blam, blam, blam....

-Igal Koshevoy (4 DF&m&s&S); March 29, 1993
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 1:5

TYME'S RUNNING OUT...

~~~~~  
Well, oh well. Seems like just when things were getting hot,  
the Halon rains shall fall. Soothing foam, that will clog the mouths,  
and shut the eyes of the twitching wretches beneath its reign.

Family orientation, wonder what that's 'bout? "Family" is the word that  
George Herbert Walker Bush beat into the ground not too long ago. "The home  
is where The Family is..." And those are those same loving individuals that  
showed Andy Martin, just how much they cared - as they carried the belt.

Family orientation, "that which is acceptable to The Family"

The Family

the last people on this earth I want glimpsing into my head.  
the last people on this earth that I want to see my vanity.  
the last people I want watching my sanity.  
the last people I want telling me that I am wasting my time in idleness.  
the last people I want here.

[CLICK]

Don't any of you see?

Can't you understand?

This ain't no pink-poodle Wunderland here, there ain't nothin' pure in this  
world, and there ain't much good in this world, and there too many fools that  
blunder through their mindfields too damned busy watching their expensive  
slide shows in their heads, the trendy threads they wear, too damned busy  
tending their Beast, and catering to its needs. Too many idiots that are too  
busy looking at pretty pictures of pretty whores that they gave so many pretty  
and meaningless pieces of paper for. But the whores, they sure ain't pretty -  
they're watching their Beast, they gotta feed it too. Money and power, that's  
the game. The more you've got, the happier you are. The happier you are, the  
more you want. The more.... and more you need.

Addicts one and all, hallucinating under a black sun, shaking and praying to  
God - but you pray to yourself - cause you can't believe in anything other  
than your selfish self. Can't believe that there's a world beyond your closed  
eyes, your closed and blinded eyes. Living a million disillusion, praying at  
a million dozen alters, looking through a billion pink colored glasses,  
bleeding through too damned many bandages, dying a thousand deaths. Ain't  
nothing real in this world, "I've worked too hard for my illusions just to  
throw them all away." Your pleasures are all in your fantasies, and your sick  
dreams are yours, but NOT mine. You assume that you know the whole book,  
after only glancing at the title's font. And you understood what you wanted  
between selected lies.

Watch a million die, without blinking. Watch a worm squashed into the mud and  
you come a running and a screamin' "BLOODY MURDER!"

You serve your perdition in your private Hells, keeping a tourniquet tied  
tight around your throat and eyes. Tied the ropes around all your organs, so  
they can wither off and die. So won't have to suffer their agonies.

Long forgotten, the ideas you once had in your own little skull, before they were banished by the iron fist of RIGHTEOUSNESS. Now you're just a container of knowledge. A walking port-a-potty full of shit. Stumbling around as you pretend its alright. As someone stuffs it down your throat, and tells you that you not just like it - but `you love it'. Hey, a hundred thousand lemmings can't all be wrong? And the little port-a-potties go running around in the dark, spilling their sickening contents - that they have been re-educated to approve of, and now stuffing their foulness down another's throat. So much crap - that you can't see your way. Can't find the path to lead you from darkness.

Long ago, you saw the path far in the distance. But on your wild blooded charge towards the light, you were befouled, defecated. "You are of your Lord" and the Lord's alter has therefore been desecrated. Now, with the powers infested unto thee, you take the duties of your forefathers as you kill the minds of the next wave of runners, charging for the light that you can no longer see. You've been poisoned, you're lost. "And the Lord lead the Israelites through the desert, till the fathers and mothers from Egypt perished beneath the sands. They couldn't understand there was no way they could enter the Holy Land, for they were infected." And only the new generation, that was taken away from their lies could arrive.

But that's what some book said, and means so darned little. It's always the same, still little port-a-potties full of shit running down the dreams of others to keep their Beast pleased. Running blind in the name of Righteousness, in the name of Justice, in the name of Humanity, in the name of money, in the name of flesh and lust, in the name of God, in the name of the God Below, in your own name, in you hatred, in you blindness - following your raging Beast. Forever and ever, evermore.

Spinning wildly in Hades washing machine - stuck in the SPIN cycle. Flying around, slamming into walls, as it bleaches you clean. CLEAN, as it replaces your facts with lies, you mind with a broken record player, your heart with coal, your feelings with broken toys. Cleaning out all the good that once was invested in you, now you are infested.

Tyme's come to dream another dream - but this nightmare ain't over...

There's still souls here that can be saved,  
but the others can only be kleansed by the flames.

"If you can't stand the heat, stay outta Hell." -Thr

-Igal Koshevoy (4 AT&Thr&JTB&St.E.); March 29, 1993  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 4:3

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LIVING: THE MOST GRUESOME ADDICTION OF ALL  
~~~~~

i want,
i need,
i crave.
i must,
i trust that will obey:
my affliction,
my addiction,
need a fix.
my demon,
my Beast,
my monster
rises for
the feeding.
burnin' me up,
tearin' me down,
swallowin' me whole.
it commands,

"GIVE IN, GIVE IN - YOU MUST. THERE'S NO ESCAPE, NO LIGHT AT THE END.
YOU WILL OBEY. I'LL MAKE YOU DIE, YOU ARE BUT A LIE.
SCREAM MY NAME OUT LOUD: *MASTER!* YOU SHALL GIVE IN."

and i have.
and i am.
and i will.
always & always.
forever & ever.
till my Beast wears me out,
and gores my rusted remains.
till my Beast has satisfied it's hungers.

-Igal Koshevoy (m&s); March 29, 1993
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 3:6

APRIL'S FOOL

~~~~~

...Stomping down the hallway, ignoring everything.  
Staring at my shoes, I look up and I see you.

...Stomping down the hallway, ignoring everyone.  
Staring at the floor tiles, you look up at me.

Elaborate schemes of avoidance seem to have failed again.  
No mortal man can stand that pain.  
Us both, stop in our tracks ... stopped in terror...?  
I look at you,  
    you're glorious cage that keeps you protected so well.  
You look at my gnarled scars,  
    gained from trying to break down it's walls.  
I look at a caged animal, trapped into it's life.  
Scared to death of life.  
Scared to death of love.

You're a caged bird, but I don't hear your song...  
Lived so long in your cage that you won't come out, no way.  
Maybe once you hurt your wings, beating them against the cage.  
But more likely, you built that cage - damn, you're a good architect.

...you've let your defenses down. You opened the door ... almost.  
You saw the Light outside and it frightened you away, back inside the  
    cozy confines of the bars within...

You don't know just how much I've missed you, no idea at all.  
Did you miss me at all?  
Did you ever hear my call?  
Did you ever feel my presence?

I continue to stare you down. Staring at a poor, hunger ravaged animal that's  
crawled into the corner of it's cage. You're afraid that someone might try to  
reach in and grab you. I can see the dried blood on the bars, from you trying  
to escape in the other direction. I can see the dried blood on the bars, from  
those that tried to save you. I can see my dried blood on the cage, I can  
seem my dried tears there too. Eyes, so big and scared; terror that's  
indescribable, driving at you inside as you look back. Scared, because you  
know I almost got you out of your damned cage, I almost helped you out, I  
almost got through to you, and boy did I try...

Am I angry? Yes and no. Spending so long on what could not be done, wasting  
myself trying to help you see the Light with your own eyes - or see it at all.  
I almost... I almost... I almost... so damned close to seeing the Light....

I tried to help you, you know that very well.  
You know I love you, you know that very well.  
I know your scared, I know your lost, I know you too damned well.  
You know I've been waiting, waiting too long,  
waiting for you, where are you?  
You're only a few feet away,  
but we're still miles apart,  
miles away,  
collided.

\* \* \*

Seconds pass into minutes, and minutes seem to turn to long winter months.  
Standing there,  
    in fear,  
        in awe,  
            and still in love.

And then, we shut our eyes  
and run past each other.  
Almost in tears,  
almost.  
And pray  
that we don't  
see each other again.

(And yet,  
    praying to  
    see each other again.)

Your name isn't April,  
    but sure enough,  
        I'm your fool.

-Igal Koshevoy; April 1st, 1993  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 7:1

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FAMILY ORIENTED POETRY

~~~~~  
i'm sorry mother, i'm sorry father for failing you my whole life.
i never did live up to those expectations that you wanted me to.
forgive me for not yet owning a multi-billion dollar company.
sorry that i haven't graduated Harvard yet.
sorry that i'm still in high school.
i know i must be an idiot cause i haven't yet earned enough money
to put myself through collage -
and an absolute nut to think that you'll pay for me.
i'm lazy, i realize that i spend 20 hours of each day working,
I sleep too damned much.
sorry mother, i understand that any normal person
can get up at a request after sleeping a full three hours.
i'm so sorry i haven't gotten any grants or scholarships yet.
forgive me for not getting my Eagle, i know that ALL people get it
at age 16 without even breaking into a sweat like Bri.
mother, forgive me for not yet marrying a nice, intelligent Jewish girl
and treating her like a goddess.
father, forgive me for not yet marrying a nice and stupid Jewish girl
and brainwashing her into worshipping me.
sorry for filling up a full nine square meters of valuable room in YOUR house,
that could be better used for keeping a rocking chair at.
sorry for desiring two small meals a day.
i'm sorry for being a vegetarian, mom,
and forcing you to spend over 15 minutes cooking my meals,
i can't tell you how i appreciate it.
sorry for wanting things that i could easily make or grow,
like clothes and food.
i'm sorry i made you leave Russia just for my selfishself -
i was a crafty devil at the age of three (months).
forgive me for talking back at you when i was three,
even then i was malevolent and mischievous.
i'm sorry that i pooped my diapers and yelled when i was a baby,
it was most definitely worse than premeditated murder.
i realize that i'm completely abnormal for wanting to learn to drive a car,
i mean, whose heard of a teenager driving a car?
sorry i don't have a cult-full of friends that throw money at me,
and let me exploit them at will.
i have sinned by being a lazy lout,
like you always tell me.
i waste obscene quantities of time by watching the news for over 15 minutes
every couple of days and interrupting your viewing.
i know i just toss my time out by not trying hard at school.
forgive me for having missed 5 assignments at school,
out of 713.
damn, that's almost .7% of the total - awful.
i know i'm nuttin',
you've repeated that enough times to me.
i know i'm not worthy of having Holy people like you for parents.
i've wasted 17 years of your lives on me; selfish waste.
i'm sorry for living.
i'm sorry for not living.
i'm sorry,
sorry for myself.
mom and dad, there's one thing i want you two to know:
i'm trying very hard to be who you want me to be.
you can't imagine how hard i try to be someone
who i am not.

sorry,
for being me.

-Igal Koshevoy (m); April 1st, 1993
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 6:1

SYNTHETIC LOVE

~~~~~

...yeah that's it's name.  
Nothing more than you can buy at the local chain.  
Poured into molds, 5 for a dime.  
When you're done, just go and throw it away.  
When you're done, simply walk away...

Don't need to suffer - it ain't the real thing.  
Don't need to wonder - it all makes sense!  
(BUSINESS IS BUSINESS...)

Sinthetic love, see it on the tube.  
Sinthetic love, hear it through the waves.

Come down, one and all.  
Grab a handful, just pay for it all.  
It ain't nothing serious, just a bit of fun.  
Nothing more than the old pump and grind.

Forget the world, this is the best there is.  
Ignore the rest, go for the best,  
Come on folks, test drive our best!

Shoot them philosophers and the damned moralists,  
They don't know what they're missing at all,  
Be a friend, hand them our coupon,  
"Half off the regular price!"

Down at the Faktory we got it all!  
All sizes and shapes and colors.  
Every type, every class, every taste.  
And if it ain't enough, we can custom make!

Don't listen to the nuts who keep saying "There's more to it than that..."  
Ignore those fools - they ain't seen nuttin' yet!

Come on down!  
Come on down to the Faktory!  
Tell us the serial number of ye'r favorite type,  
Bring us your coupons, and name us a price!  
Pay us, drag it home. (give or take the bone)

Sinthetic love, we got it here.  
Sinthetic love, we got some for sale.  
Sinthetic love, we can give it to you,  
So get your wallet, and ya' gonna get high!

-Igal Koshevoy; April 3, 1993  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 11:1

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CITY OF SILICON

~~~~~

city of perfection,
city of death.
gleaming black,
sharp and correct.

millions of hi-rises,
thin and clean.
billions of people,
all dead and green.

narrow passage ways,
aerial tunnels,
deep basements,
satellite dishes;
all etched in stone.

narrow minded people,
heads full of air,
deep inside themselves,
radioing for help;
all etched in stone.

city of silicon,
city of ex-dreams.
city of the dead
that still walk it's streets.

city of suffering,
city of pain,
city of lost madness,
city in vain.

all its inhabitants
trying to crawl out.
all its inhabitants
never get out.

city is impervious,
to salt,
sleet,
and rain.

city protected
from nukes,
bombs,
and planes.

city of silicon,
the grandest tomb of all:
the city of silicon,
and its silent fools.

streets now all empty,
the dead all at work.
100% efficiency,
100% work.

all huddled masses,
huddled in pain.
huddled together,
inside, still far away.

in their city of darkness,
in their city of night.
in their lost battle,
in their city of unborn eyes.

-Igal Koshevoy; April 3, 1993
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 9:8

I dedicate this poem to the censors:

BLANK
~~~~~

I stare at my blank monitor.  
I stare at my blank page.  
And people stare into my blank eyes  
and my blank smiling face.  
I am happy.  
I am blank.

-Igal Koshevoy; April 1; 1993  
ONLINE 6:66

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REQUEST

~~~~~

standing on my knees
staring at the sky
my lips plead:
"What You have given,
take it away."

-Igal Koshevoy (LH&m);
April 4, 1993; 6:52am
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 12:5

WHORES OF MY MIND

~~~~~

created by my imagination  
for my sole pleasure  
do what i want  
then do a bit more

twisted imagination  
covers up  
reality

my eternal slaves  
my eternal servants  
my indentured whores

my beautiful delusions  
never really clean  
dancing in the flames  
of my violent lil' dreams

light you up  
burn you down  
tear you up to chunks  
anyway i want

sometimes i really scare me  
sometimes i really feel some guilt  
but mostly i feel nothin'  
but my anger building up.

-Igal Koshevoy (DF&JTB);  
April 4, 1993; 05:21am  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 12:1

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INMAGADA INFERNIDA  
~~~~~

(In My Garden Of-Not-So-Eden)

Wanna sing a little song - that I ain't allowed to sing.
Wanna yell a little scream - that so many just won't hear.
Wonder, just what words can I not use,
Thinking, what thoughts might they refuse.

Folks, are we all speaking the same language?
Nope, each is your own - spoken in different tones.
We all speak a dialect - that too many just ignore.
We send thoughts on too many frequencies - that so few ever receive.

I got my vocabulary with so many useful words,
Got so many little words like "love" - that so many will never know.

I got my rifle loaded/shouldered * and my Desert Eagle .50 in the sling.
Keep on wondering just what bullets I can't fire,
Wonder what shots pierce your invisible snake's skin.

I got my little nutcracker - I'd like to break your stupid little shell.
Wanna break open your reality,
Wanna fliiiiiip over the rock you been under - so long.

Who said that your god? Look more like a chained and yapping puppy to me.
Since when were you called "messiah," well your cumming sure ain't near!
I call you stone-cold idol - I don't call you free.

No one's gonna command me * no one will put me down with fear.
I've waddled through shit like you my whole life,
and you sure won't slow me down.

Bible sez' "Cast away what offends thee"
So you'd better cast my words out!

I will keep up my yelling - won't stop kicking just yet.
I won't let you rape me - or try to bleach my thoughts clean, nyet!

Gonna drag you into my garden - gonna let you talk all night.
Watch my flowers grow and flower - they love manure, you see!

-Igal Koshevoy (TBDOP)
April 6, 5:13pm
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 12:7

AIN'T NUTTIN' THERE
~~~~~

Walking past an old cozy house  
I hear a little boy ask,  
"Mother, what's outside that door?"  
Says she,  
"Nuttin', there ain't nuttin' there."

Time passes.  
A young boy opens the door,  
And looks outside.  
He see's the flames of Hell.  
"It's okay honey, I'll protect you," says the mother, she lies.

Time passes.  
A young man walks out the door,  
Into the flames outside.  
His mother yells out,  
"Stop! Not yet, not so soon...!"  
She dies waiting for her messiah to come.

A long time passes.  
An old man emerges from the flames,  
Bowed legged, bent backed, tattered and frayed.  
He's seen the flames.  
He walks past a cozy little house  
And hears a little boy asking his mother,  
"Mother, what's outside that door?"  
And he quietly mutters to himself,  
"Nuttin', there ain't nuttin' there."

-Igal Koshevoy (LH^m)  
April 8, 1993; 4:19pm  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 15:1

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STREETS OF HATRED  
~~~~~

There were simpler times,
There were memories,
Of me smiling joyfully.
There were singing birds,
Flowering trees,
And cheery helpful people.

Now those are all memories.
The birds all lay dead in the dust,
The trees are stumps now,
The people - I can't trust.
Those people, all against me, or they simply step away
As I walk down my grand ol' Avenue Of Hate.

-Igal Koshevoy (LH^m)
April 8, 1993; 4:28pm
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 16:1

Dedicated to my bloodsteam's main components...
(37% testosterone, 21% caffeine, 34% hatred, and 33.8% gasoline)

LUST-DRIVE: THE RAPIST

~~~~~  
Got ye'r carnal satisfaction.  
Got ye'r love on a stick.  
Got ye'r creation,  
Got the thing the Lord gave to thee!

Got all those fires,  
Ain't got no water bucket.  
Got too much to give,  
And know where ta' shove it!

Got my devil on the leash,  
Got that lovely angel all tied up.  
She's gonna burn,  
And I got my matches burning bright!

Got my infatuation,  
I got my love as a slab,  
Got my insanity,  
    coming NOT from above.

Got my love in a cesspool.  
Gonna free you from your chastity,  
Gonna let free your soul,  
Gonna let it all hang out, baby!

Gonna catch up wit' ya honey.  
Run n' hide not gonna work this time.  
Gonna hold you down and take you,  
Gonna tear your world apart!

Ain't got no emotions,  
Ain't got no guilt,  
Ain't got no feelings,  
Sperm-retention-headache is what I got!

Screaming, that won't save you.  
And your mace just makes me laugh!  
Silly knives n' bullets  
    will not shatter my grasp!

No pleas for mercy,  
No prayers to God,  
No beggin' for my kindness,  
None will change my sick mind.

Gonna pin you down in an alley.  
Gonna really shove,  
Gonna tear to little pieces  
    With what you clothe your pretty bod.

You think I'm crazy,  
And probably you're right.  
But that don't make no difference,  
Cuz' I got my lust-drive all geared up!

Gonna screw all those pretty angels,  
Gonna send them all to Hell!  
And there I will be waiting  
With my matches all lit up!

-Igal Koshevoy (DF^TBDOP^JTB)  
April 8, 1993; 2:59am  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 13:5

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BENCHMARK: CRUDE  
~~~~~

I remember a bench that stood outside a beautiful house.
The bench was surrounded with bright flowers,
And its polished surface shone like glass.
The cyprus tree in the yard of the gorgeous white house looked
As happy as a tree could be.
I remember playing with someone's lost kittens there,
Remember listening to the birds as they sang, as I sat on the bench.
Later, I remember sitting there with a girl, both of us deep in love.
So many happy memories, so many happy thoughts.

Today, I walked up to that bench,
But I could not sit down.
The old piece of wood lay on the ground,
Rotting beside an old abandoned house.
The boarded up windows stared out,
There was a stump in the dusty yard now.

And where someone carved on the bench,
"IK & KG: I ♥ U FOREVER"
A swastika's there now.

-Igal Koshevoy (LH^m)
April 8, 1993; 4:25pm
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 15:5

LULLA-bye.
~~~~~

...go to sleep, go to sleep now...

Lived another wasted day, lived another wasted life,  
Wasting away, I live a lie.  
I lay, lay waste to a few more hours of my precious time.  
Nuttin' left, go to sleep, go to sleep now...

Don't wanna remember today, wasn't my fault anyway.  
I'm not at fault, but I'm with guilt and pain.  
Don't wanna remember, just wanna forget.  
I wanna descend into dark silence, into death.  
Nuttin' left, go to sleep, go to sleep now...

All the words I shoulda said well up inside me now,  
All the ones I said lay testimony to my violent account.  
All those waiting, they've left now - mad and angry, me in sorrow.  
Nothing can I do, nothing can I say,  
With clenched fists - I watch my life fade away.  
Ain't nuttin' left, go to sleep, go to sleep now...

Words of anger, thoughts of hate, is this all I'm good for?  
Just another blinded, bleeding, pissed-off bastard, bleeding down the drain.  
Nuttin' left, go to sleep, go to sleep now...

Don't believe in miracles, have no faith in silly dreams,  
Nuttin', nuttin' will flower, for me.  
Dreams try to come, I shoot them away; let the darkness take me away.  
Damn those wishes and those prayers; darkness please tear me away.  
Nope, nuttin' left, go to sleep, go to sleep now...

Don't want those dreams - darkness.  
I want darkness:  
My Savior,  
My Deliverance,  
For my empty pain.  
With clenched fists and gritted teeth -  
I pull an imaginary trigger, that fires a shell that's too damn real.  
Nope, there ain't nuttin' left, ain't nuttin' left,  
Go to sleep, yeah, go to sleep, go to sleep now...

\* \* \*

MIRROR STARES BACK HARD...  
~~~~~

I wake up every morning, a new man.
I walk to the mirror and stare him in the eyes.
I hate him more than yesterday,
Him, I do despise.
I'd really like to kill him,
And let both of us shut our eyes.

-Igal Koshevoy (LH&m)
April 9, 1993; 11:04pm
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 16:5

GHIRAFFEZ O' DAMNATION

~~~~~  
my room is comfortably small.  
has got soft pink stuff lining its walls,  
and the guards are all watching me.  
they got their hands on their gun belts,  
they eye me like hawks,  
as i quiver in my corner, so quietly and cold.

get a million delusions,  
a dozen ballerinas dancing in my head.  
got a 12 gauge,  
some beets,  
and also some heads.

keep on a shaking  
as the guards laugh and sneer.  
i paint my own pictures,  
(in my own little head)  
of fishes and beers.

dancing tarantulas and drunken gnomes,  
are my lovers and friends.  
as we listen to the way that glorious pork sings,  
see, i found it at a sale.  
it told me, "Screw Joy and then Mary!"

look at me hands as they sway and they tremble.  
grabbing out like a baby at something that isn't there,  
but it is (but it isn't).  
and yelling like seven bells  
as i get my food processor ready.

good thing i'm guarded,  
good thing i ain't free,  
good thing that i know they are watching me.  
but i hate it cause they are the devil with nine tails (and two heads)  
beady eyes, spear, and "HOE-HOE!" three legs.

wanna make-up my mind,  
but they won't lemme have Revlon(TM).  
guess this Hollofill(TM) will just have to do.  
they tell me it's infections  
but i really don't care - it tastes good, so there - HA.

listen to a radio,  
running on its last two cylinders.  
watching the tv,  
that needs a hammer in the middle.  
singing a song, but i got no tongue.  
    (playing the drums, without using sticks, nor fingers)  
    (strumming the banjo, without using my hands)  
    (OUCH, stop that, IT's beginning to hurt

keep on wondering whether this sickle...  
is it sick or is it just a satanic pickle?  
gimme the damned rhubarb  
so i can make my mud lie.  
and my screaming hyenas, i luv 'em AND club 'em 2 death.

-Igal Koshevoy (d)  
April 14th, 1993  
RADIOACTIVE STUPOR 20:1

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OUTCAST(e)

~~~~~

gone away into your own fantasy
bordered only by the walls of your skull

sitting, you lay waiting for lady luck to come
take your hand
and take you away
to a better place

walking blinded
not seeing anyone
no thing
stumbling through your existence
staring out with eyes of a shocked fish

we can't see you crying
we really can't see much
for, you walked away from all of us
you caste yourself out.

Igal Koshevoy (St.E^m)
April 18th, 1993; 10:49am
LAMÉ LIBIDO 1:4

KG, when you bring tears to my eyes ... must you smile?
.....

ONE MORE FIX...
~~~~~

damnit, i just can't get enough.  
i need another fix,  
another fix,  
one more fix....

just a damned, condemned junky  
dying of my addiction.  
now, i can't get my drugs any more.  
honey - where the Hell are you!?

how can you be so heartless!?  
you know you're killing me and tearing me to little (bloody) chunks,  
how can you be so cruel!?

isn't your damned pain enough...?  
must you give me your pain too!?

i'm a dope on a rope for you.  
why do you do this to me!?  
i didn't harm you ... i did everything i could to help...YOU!  
must you keep beating the life outta me!?

and still ... i can't get enough of you, woman.  
i need  
one more fix...  
one more fix, damnit.

i hate you,  
i love.  
i'll be back,  
for you  
again  
and  
again.

i can never  
escape,  
i can never leave.  
even when I close my eyes  
you  
are  
there  
(waiting)

-Igal Koshevoy; March 3, 1993  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 1:8

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MEANING(less)

~~~~~

a million meaningless characters * a million meaningless words.
a billion pointless sentences * two billion pointless proverbs.
a trillion empty pages * a zillion snapshots of the same empty soul.

a million points of light * yet so many more dark corners to behold.
a wasted day * a wasted minute * and the seconds keep bleeding away.

a hundred mile road ahead * a pack of wolves behind.
nothing to do but run * ahead.

i know there's a wall up ahead.
a wall i can't climb over.
then the wolves can get me.
there's nothing that i can do.

i can keep running * but how much longer?
how much longer can i, myself, escape from myself?
how much longer can i keep myself from seeing the insides of my eyelids?
how much longer can i hide from what's inside my skull?
how many more miles to go before i rest?
how many miles to go before i sleep?
how much more?
and why?
why?

run.
run away.
keep running away.
think about it some other day.
not today, not tomorrow - i gotta run now.
gotta keep on running, keep on waiting, keep on lying to myself.

i got nothing to lose * nothing to gain.
got no freedoms * but i have got my pain.
have my hundreds of stupid ideas * that no one cares for.
got my endless words * no one cares to hear, they just ignore.
got my continuous screams * that they'd rather silence than hear.
got my million points of light * that no one wants to see.
got so much love * and who cares for me?
got so many ideas * got so much to give.
what do you do?
you shut me up with fear.

thanks a lot.
i'll be shutting up now.

-Igal Koshevoy (lh^TR)
April 24, 1993; 5:30am
LAMÉ LIBIDO 3:3

IRON WORDS ON IRON FENCES ON IRON HEARTS ON EMPTY SOULS (on fire)
~~~~~

you may kill me  
you cut me down  
you may slay me  
you may silence me with your gun.  
    but the dead shall rise  
    again

you may try  
try so very hard  
try to rid yourself  
of me

never  
never shall you succeed  
    my blood  
    you shall never be able to wash clean from you hands  
        my tears  
        you shall never be able to wash away  
            my screams  
            you shall hear them  
            always ringing inside your skull

me  
you shall never forget

never forget

never again  
never again  
never forget  
again

\* \* \*

i am the undying  
i am the forgotten  
i am the dead  
i am the guilt  
i am your guilt  
i am the pain  
i am the pain you made  
i am the anguish that won't leave you  
i am the dying ones  
i am the dead ones  
i am the lost  
i am the murdered  
i am your buried sins  
i am your target  
i am the hunted  
i am the wounded  
i am the race  
that will never die.

-Igal Koshevoy  
May 6, 1993  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 4:11



'LINED RIVER

~~~~~

ideas * words flow into the darkness
rivers * flow into the sea
and disappear

life * slipping into
nothing

rope * i am losing
grip

rope * bites into
neck

and it flows
as the albatrosses sit
and
watch
with
blind
eyes

staring off into the distance
into the hills so very far away
wondering why there's nothing left to wonder about
why there is nothing left to sink your teeth into
why there is nothing left

words * flow
eyes * blank
shouts * to no one but the Devil
flesh * charred away
growl * at the Beast
tear * at it
kill it * you cannot

and the tears flow on
(never return)
flow down the stream
(never return)
disappearing into the distance
(never return)
gone with the winds
(never return)
lost in the sky
(never return)
flashed before the countless eyes
(never seen)

-Igal Koshevoy
May 7, 1993
LAMÉ LIBIDO 5:1

HOT TEARS

~~~~~

I feel your warmth  
Simple  
Wonderful  
I am in love with you  
We lay for hours in satisfied, fulfilled silence  
We don't need words  
    My hands wrapped around you  
    Fingertips sensitive to your touch  
        My cheek, you brush so softly with your hair  
        I caress each strand of it  
        With loving care  
            I feel your slow  
            Relaxed  
            Breaths  
                I feel your warm breaths against my shoulder  
                I smell your dozen smells  
                Intertwining into a rich wine  
                I drink you in

I love you  
I need nothing more  
Nothing more than you  
In my arms  
    Motionless silence flows like lazy honey  
        We have all the time in the world  
        To hold each other

My arms around you  
A smile so clean and pure upon my face  
    You are mine  
    And I am yours

\* \* \*

                                  i awake covered with cold sweat  
                                  arms wrapped boa-constrictor tight  
                                  around a tear-drenched pillow  
                                  my eyes filled with tears ... so hot  
                                  so hot  
                                  what has come  
                                  has gone  
                                  i am left with nothing  
                                  but the tears  
                                  that burn  
                                  down  
                                  my  
                                  cheeks

-Igal Koshevoy  
May 7, 1993; 7:44pm  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 7:1

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TAKE ME AS I AM

~~~~~

falling,
down a block of ice.
 dropping,
 so fast
 past the snow.
 fingernails
 dig deep into it,
 not deep enough.
 can't stop my fall
 my wings won't bite into the air
 won't save me.
 i'm falling
 to a fridged death.
 take my hand...
 TAKE MY HAND!

 i fall
 continue my descend
 and reaching for the heavens
 (or so they are called)
 you cannot accept me...
 won't take me.
 i smash against the frozen crystal
 shards scatter
 whipped by the cold cruel wind.
why didn't you take my hand...?
WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE MY HAND!?

climbing a ladder
of razor wire.
 it cuts bloody grooves into me
 deep
 grooves.
 i ignore
 i'm in chase
 still i cannot catch you.
 i reach out to you
 but you turn around
 and run.
 chase you
 through an endless hell of never-ending labyrinthic crypts.
 i run as fast as i can
 paving the way behind me
 with my shed
 blood
 and
 tears
 you leave me...
 won't you please take my hand...?
 TAKE MY HAND!

drowning in a pool of acid
thrashing wildly...
as i dissolve.

you hold my life line
my key
but you're too scared
you won't save me
i splash away
digits dissipating
limbs rubberizing
i am sinking...
and you watch...
sad
and
scared.

i go beneath the surface,
for the final time.
i stretch my hand out,
to you...
i am waiting
for you...
save me.
take my hand...
TAKE MY HAND!
TAKE IT PLEASE!?
you close your eyes
turn around.
clap your hands over ears.
you let me die...
you let me die.
why didn't you take my hand?
WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE MY HAND...?!

-Igal Koshevoy
May 7, 1993; 8:35pm
LAMÉ LIBIDO 8:1

U'R WASTE
~~~~~

waste of flesh.  
waste of water.  
waste of years.  
waste of tears.

damnit,  
nuttin',  
nuttin',  
but a  
waste  
of breath.

i look  
into your  
empty eyes,  
broken windows  
to an empty soul.

listen to  
your empty  
words that  
flow like  
a river  
of sewage.

silence.  
ponder  
the silence  
as i cut  
your throat  
and see  
my glee  
as i no  
longer hear  
your wasted  
breaths.

-Igal Koshevoy  
May 10, 1993; 10:08am  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 9:5

---

TOTAL SOLUTION

~~~~~

let's maim the masses!
let's kill the krowds!
let's dance in the lime pits,
then chant around the pyres!
tear them to pieces,
 with our sharpened teeth!
let's play kick ball with their headZ!

oh, let's start
the Total Solution!
let's Kill Em' All!
let's light ourselves on fire
 and luv it a lot!
"let's dance in the death of life!"

-Igal Koshevoy
May 14, 1993; 10:01am
LAMÉ LIBIDO 10:7

JESUS AND THE SILVER SNOWPLOW
~~~~~

I awoke  
seated  
at the controls  
of a snowplow  
made of Silver  
that shone  
like the sky.

I was driving  
along,  
minding  
my own  
business,  
being a  
good little  
member of  
society.

so this  
loudmouthed bastard,  
on his little mule,  
comes along.

he yells,  
he curses,  
he screams.

with angry voice,  
shaking fist,  
and flaring eyes  
he shouts at me.

so, I drove him over  
with my snowplow  
made of Silver.  
there was nothing  
else I could do.

had no choice,  
but to run  
down  
Jesus  
with a  
snowplow.

run down  
Jesus.

I just  
had  
to run him down.

Just ran Jesus down,  
with my snowplow,  
made of Silver -  
that shines  
like the sky.

-Igal Koshevoy  
May 17, 1993; 3:23am  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 11:2

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INsinERATOR  
~~~~~

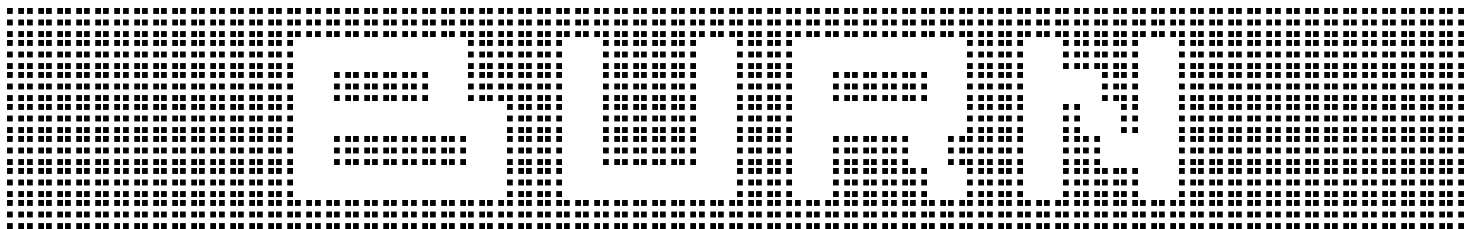
Devil-maiden
you must burn.

Burn
at the touch
of my heart
of fire.

Streaks
of sparks
shall fill
the summer
sky -
as I cleanse
you
of your sins.

And
in the darkness
of my soul -
I let
the ashes fall.

And with
my love -
I bring
your
world
down
in
fire.



-Igal Koshevoy
5/17/93; 10:12am
LAMÉ LIBIDO 13:1

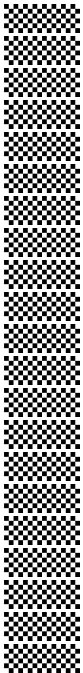
i{italicboxyeats} #5
THEBREASTPLATE



as the
Time Head
sang.
It sang
sad
and
sweet
to the
one,
he who
gathered
clothes
in
middle
of
passion.
...And through
the breaks,
cracked
through
Hysterica...

-Igal Koshevoy,
May 20, 1993; 9:17pm
LAMÉ LIBIDO 14:4

i{italicboxyeats} #4:
THE CASEMENT
~~~~~



you may cry to god,  
but who are you?  
a passed and empty  
Cast is what is  
left of you.  
fill the Void  
with nothing but  
your tears.  
The Casement  
you've constructed,  
Lies beside  
the turbulent,  
crippling  
danger.  
and  
in The Casement you Turn.  
in The Casement you Burn.  
in The Casement you Drown.



-Igal Koshevoy  
May 19, 1993; 6:13am



\oo/  
/[]\  
oo{}00  
(

i{italicboxyeats} #9  
fly on the pile  
~~~~~

let those
that be
Robbers,
those that
muttered
softly
in the
night.

let those
who be from
Robbers,
let them
Drown
as they
mutter
softly,

"Am I for me?
...no."

-Igal Koshevoy,
May 20, 1993; 10:02am
LAMÉ LIBIDO 13:8

i{italicboxyeats} #2

FLASH
DISCOMFITURE
~~~~~
they
echoed
the
stream,
the
flow.
not
like
men
nor
women -
now
girls
looking,
eternally
looking
for
the
spots
that
light
the
night

-Igal Koshevoy,  
May 20, 1993; 10:06pm  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 15:3

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---

i{italicboxyeats} #5

WHO.  
~~~

Oh Mundi Spiritus! >>>>>
The Hunchback Saint let fall the Sands through wiry fingers -
lest He still sing with I in the Old....
We sing eternal!

-Igal Koshevoy,
May 20, 1993; 9:20pm
LAMÉ LIBIDO 14:9



RAINS

~~~~~

let fall the gentle rains  
of shrapnel and of fire  
to wash away the darkness  
to wash away our sins  
to wash away us

ever so tender  
ever so kind  
slaying all the standing  
and the fallen, they lay behind

never discomfort  
never afraid  
never look back  
shuddering so quietly  
like a little dead child  
waiting for the rains to come

let come the rains  
let come the gun  
let fall the bomb  
and once again  
let come the rains  
that wash it all away

wash  
wash me away  
so softly  
so carefully  
cut me away  
like a cancer  
like some sordid disease

stand  
in the rains  
feel them fall  
feel them soak  
into you  
feel them  
take you away

gonna wash  
wash away  
down the rivers  
down the streams  
gonna disappear  
into the ocean  
gonna disappear  
from this earth

and when i'm gone  
nuttin' left  
nuttin' left  
but the rains  
but the rains  
falling rains





May 11, 1993; 2:21am  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 17:3

---

punk  
~~~~~

there you stand before me
all decked out and pretty
looking really good
for yourself.

you ain't got a minute
ain't got a dime
don't give a damn
won't hear me out.

wallowing in you glory
that burns your candle
from both ends
as you wallow in your self.

you haven't got no pity
got no moral
grievs
nor kindness.

don't even have enough respect
to listen
or even
pretend to listen.

hell no
you are god
that's the end
of the line for you.

you can't spare a moment
just to understand me
can't wait a moment
till you insult me again.

despite your pretty haircut
those cute rounded glasses
and the ironed docker's slacks
to me you are still a punk.

you ain't a man
not really even human
just a scrap heap
that rusts away.

leaching its wastes
that taste so
bitter apon
our tongues.

all self confident
so damn proud
you are of your
worthless self.

too damned ignorant
to realize

||# that you are
||# by yourself.

I don't want you
don't want to hear your words
put a sock in it and shut up
or i'll quiet you.

you believe in yourself
believe you are god
therefore
you believe in nothing.

nothing do you hold dear
nothing is Holy unto you
there is nothing you call sacred
no on you love - but you.

you curse me
just for your attention
put me down
just cause you're selfish.

you have no ideas
head is so empty
so instead
you assault mine.

smile that sickened leer
smile that twisted sneer
look at me with your
confident disgust.

you don't understand me
you don't even care
don't even want to know
what you're missing.

you are a punk
just curse at all
insult everything
bitch out all.

don't make an effort
to help anyone out
don't care to solve
or give some advice.

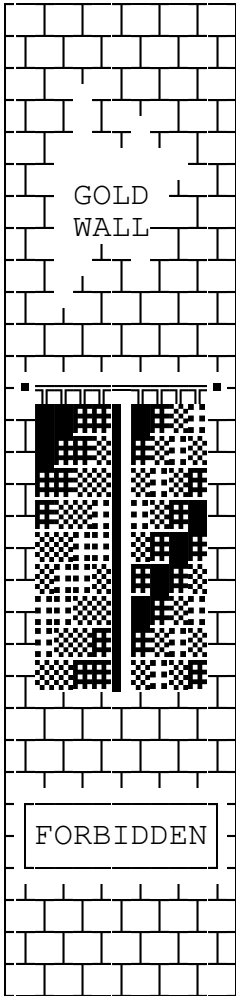
laugh and sneer
as you think
you have got me
but think again.

one of these days
my dumb little friend
your words and your actions
will catch up with you.

just you wait
I'll be waiting for you
laughing your last laugh
for you. ;)

-Igal Koshevoy
May 24, 1993; 12:17am
LAMÉ LIBIDO 16:2

THE 10TH (shrouded) DAY OF THE HORDE
~~~~~



Against  
all courtesy,  
She made  
a Drawing  
on the  
Gold Wall.  
The Wall  
that cast  
the eye  
of the  
mourning...  
cast their  
eye unto  
Tomorrow.  
They didn't  
understand,  
they didn't  
want to.  
And so  
they hid  
the Drawing,  
the Window,  
with a  
Curtain -  
no one  
needed  
to know.  
Years past,  
no one knew,  
all too afraid  
to look behind  
the Curtain,  
too afraid  
to see Tomorrow.  
And so, only  
the Curtain  
would know  
what lay  
shrouded  
behind it:  
Tomorrow.

-Igal Koshevoy  
May 26, 1993; 10:14am  
LAMÉ LIBIDO 18:3



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"Mess wit' mah' poems n' 'Ah break ya' finghas!" -JTB

