

Art, Humor and Hate
Volume 54
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Great Growth

In this world
There exists lots of great folks
I grow
It's enriching to experience them all

Original everyone is
You can't evade that elegant astute austere truth

The more folks I know
The more I grow

This life thing sure has some great elements in it
It's about that great stuff
Life is

Life like this is edifying
People edify me
That is cool!

Overcoming the Depressing

A depressing event occurred
Trying so hard
I trying to make it not in vain
Message of defeat and message of perseverance
I'm gonna keep doing all the groovy things I do

Giving up – not!
No way not ever

Life can be a confusing game
Alas can be the team nickname

Inner

The pressures attack
 Attack attack tack tack
 Heightened by the unreleased
 Inside oneself crazy stir

Release an obstacle
 Enough reinforcement to wish for more
 Frustration.
 The loving ones get hurt.

Fuming with compassion angst
 Tearing apart
 Peace evaporates
 It's gotta be let someday sometime

A wreck a wreck
 It reflects the yearnings
 Of a sincere attempt to do well
 To make a difference
 Accomplishment insufficient yet
 Catharsis inadequate

Boiling negative emotions
 Ripping away at that state of pure esasy
 Urges to vent of the horrid plight
 Undesirable consequences to face
 Get it off the chest
 A jolly old laugh is needed
 Or a fab ole cathartic lecture

Restless and yearning
 Are the ultra high standards
 And the consequent beat downs
 Symbolic of self love or self hate?

Prized Most

Sometimes the reaction
 It justifiable to be despair
 All this introspection
 And over analysis depresses

Be hopeful
 We love
 The future can be all good
 And all groovy

Change starts here
 It starts now
 Life is being abandoned
 Sadly enough
 Save it from demise
 You can!

You and I and all of us
 Have the might and the will
 Battles have been won
 Let our society progress
 The progressive way
 Don't let evildoers rob you of the precious

Win one
 Not for the gipper
 But for the beautiful affirmation of life
 A noble fight, no less.
 Join this inspiration brigade
 Affirm beautiful life.

True Primitivity

Grandpa and grandma
 That is outrageous!
 Such stories are so alien and freaky!

I can't believe you lived in such an archaic time
 Why didn't you cast aside the whole darn shebang of society as being obsolete
 Defunct it was, it was defunct

Damn, you were backwards
 Back in the olden days
 Wow your society really was super regressive!

Glad, we're more evolved nowadays
 Man y'all were way old fashioned in the olden times

It's beyond comprehension
 There is no common sense in that old lifestyle
 Goodness gracious you people were screwed up in a major way

We now look back and wonder how society could be so oppressive
 We ponder how your society was so ignorant
 Mighty gee, things were wrong back in the day
 I don't know how you beared the less advanced times

I can't believe in your day people actually exploited animals by using animal products

Justified

I hurt now
Is the inner punishment justified
Is it?

Did I really do such a bad thing?
Do I need penance?
Did I do way wrong?
How wrong was I?

Is this thing really minor
And am I fretting over really nothing?
I need a reassuring voice
I've worried to sick again
Feeling bad is not an ounce fun

Is this guilt trip justified?
Did I sin real horrid?
Ouch, I am aching
I eating away at me
Ouch Ouch Ouch

I try to be super swell
But I am not perfect
Is it right to beat me up for my mistake
Do I deserve suffering for this error?
Is it a minor fluke of a major full blown transgression?
I'm not perfect
I have high high standards

It now seems like I always need something to feel worry about
Can I ever expel all this inner stirring that sits inside me?

Pain. Unfavorable to feel
I want out of this rut
I'm now lonely too
I wish within reach was a great pal to tell me I've done not so bad and it's all good
That's what I wish

Did I do something bad?

Soul Help

I don't know if you know this

So if you don't I will tell you
 Political Rabble rousing does wonders for the souls of us

I can't ever get enough of the old time rabble rousing of political sort

I feel fundamental worth and joy
 Rabble rousing is very dandy
 I made my point
 So goodbye.

Knowledge of Ultimate

When ya leave is that
 When ya find the answers out
 I hear it a lot about the journey thing
 Is there a finale where
 The answers are known

Who even knows if I am wise
 Relativity has wisdom
 I wanna make the mark
 Does anyone know
 Is this significance profound?

All different life games
 Some of us win
 Some don't
 Some don't even know if they win
 And sometimes just sadness flickers
 The background of dismay has set the mood for despondence

Even in the dark and in the sad
 There is passion
 Passion.

Production

Time wasted some
 Down the drain some
 My inner calling to be productive
 But not productive the system way
 To be productive the antithesis of that

Maybe it's my perspective
 Maybe or, I'm not getting things done
 Some of both?

Drive drive more drive more

For expression for prominence for altruism for edification, the motivators

Others deem me superbly productive
 Though I know I could be more so
 The more productive one is
 The more one is edified
 The more the system of oppression crumbles

Claw away at the system
 The mongers at the top
 Wanna eliminate all free minutes
 So people are left unable to rebel
 I fly in the face of that
 And despite all the efforts the system tries to keep me occupied
 I still have mucho energy and time left to rebel with zealous might

Time flees fast
 I dislike moments of nothing contributed
 I wish to be more efficient with my moments
 To undertake even more
 To release my pent up fire
 And to conquer evil
 And achieve prominence

There's no time to squander
 I don't need to be frantic
 Just steadily employing the minutes fruitfully
 So I rise and the exploitative machine falls

Sexuality

Sexuality is good
 Enlightening and magical
 I wait longing till the day I experience the fruits thereof
 It seems infinitely long

You know
 The conventional things don't turn stimulate me really
 The traditional theme rubs me dull
 The culture that degrades females and is overall screwed up
 Does not produce my brand of stimulation sex wise
 Those damaging turn ons don't turn me on

The good stuff works?
 How long will it be till
 I please a deserving female in the a very sensual manner
 In manner not exploitative to her?

I am more prone to be turned on by the alluring fruits of unconventionality
 My urges for sexuality are beautiful things
 I won't slander them
 Sexuality is good

Sexuality, high pleasure, endemic to life
 Imagine how electrifying sexuality can be between two people of liberated minds
 Abandoning the rubbish shackles of conformity and willing to be as kinky as is
 pleasurable.

Sexually is a pleasure of which I yearn I could partake of more frequently.

Woo For You AS

Hint hint
 I hope you get the hint
 And respond favorably
 There are new things

If you dig me like I dig you
 This is all good

Somehow the pleasure I long very very strong for
 is hooking up

Increased interaction quantity and quality wise
 I hope

My energy is restless
 And I like you

I try to be mellow
 I wanna pursue oh way bad
 Eventually a couple, hey, I plead

I attempt to talk to ya a bunch
 Because you are a groovy one
 Alas, the amount of conversations is not sufficient

Do you want a fella of passion?
 If so he yearns, he yearns to be yours

Let's celebrate
 Yup, give me, please, reason to celebrate

The Days

Happy day was once here

Now it's gone
Sad day was once here
Now it's gone
Mediocre is not ever

The artist ostracized
By the media
The media chooses now
To only represent one side
Of her or his psychological reality
Smiley faces and nothing dreary are her or his technique

It wouldn't seem too right for
All these society members
To encourage her or him
To create a bad façade
She or he says "No I am driven
But I am enchanted
I see the light"

They don't like the dark
You won't get an ounce wiser
Malarkey has caused artists to fold

Hogwash said the caring
Supporters in the background
Who cares said the dormant
They have no clout in the modernity's eyes
Just the ubiquitous emotions and logic
Swirling in the putrid air

Uncontrived passion is at stake
The critics of the artist love it
They wandered onto her or his playground
And made it a whipping ground

She or he was approaching the root
"People aren't real this way", said the artist
Bah Humbug" said the Happy Grinch "plastic ain't all that bad"

The fake optimists really got art good this time
Now with a foot in the door
They are able and ready
To permanently subdue
The art and the artist

Resist!

Hearing It

Hearing it
From someone else
Adds force to the punch

Hearing it
Reassures
That's precisely what is needed
So I can be in the position
To better celebrate the passion of life

Relief
Much of it off my chest
Can't wait till it's all gone completely

Ahh! Breathing at peace, that's wonderful

Perception for Wisdom

My eyes perceive a lot
I try naturally I try to look for the answers
Wisdom is the pursuit

Tenderly, I peruse the the things of life
And discover some things exhilarating and some things terrifying

There darkness and light
Sanity and insanity
Pain and evil and Pleasure and good

Can any of these parts work together in harmony
Lotsa pressure building up
Formative stage and growing

It's a fight, it's a struggle
The hope there are some rewards
Yes, that's the hope
Catharsis, hip hip hooray

Inner discord, I ask you to vanish
Can I do a public secular sermon and let it all go
Can I write and let it all go

I am thinking
Of the effects of modern day living and living itself

Thoughts race in my head
 Empowering and dethroning
 I wanna be at peace so I can save the world
 Or maybe it's I get to be at peace by saving the world

Hurt

Us vulnerable ones get hurt
 By all the evil forces out there
 Yesterday I was invincible
 Now you can see the sad side of my psyche
 The day after yesterday I was vincible.

It's nice to relate
 The turmoil
 He and she and they and them
 Can't conceptualize their own pain
 I love it when people can

Confidence works wonders
 Opening up heals wounds
 I wish I was able to pacify that frightening madness
 I cue sanity to restore itself

Where's the female to make me feel the feeling human's feel?

Reassuring myself that I am sincerely a homosapien
 I ask am I human?

Ultimately, I am taxed by my struggle
 Now, is my brain slowly transforming into exhaustion based slush
 Humanity's common denominator is so often hurt.

It is up to me to provide my rescue
 I got strength and I am good
 Despite despair, hope persists

Some of those emotional motions make a prodigious difference
 In the lives of the suffering
 To those who have helped, I poetically thank you for your grace

The Color of Blue

Blue – the bluest color
 Perception the fickle tool
 Growing blues abandoning
 Childhood's gentle days

Facing a world far too crazy and evil;
 I bathe in eerie water
 The people they are missed
 The purpose is sad distance
 Youth is vanishing one way
 Abyss to some

I think I am to blame for this melancholy
 Time to mourn
 Now that's a reason for tears

One's perception
 The non rigid gauge ruined
 Not only your life but that of hundreds of others
 There is joy without me

Proactive organisms provide joy

Temptation

During times of reflection and introspection
 Self doubt and self war
 It's tempting to give in
 And soothe the soul for the plight of eternity
 I won't do that now

I know my pain
 Is a result of the fact
 I have so much energy to love with and to do great great things with

I am following the right trial
 Redemption will come to me at the end of the path
 I am motivated by justice and compassion.
 I try hard
 Saving the world is no easy job
 There will be misery along the way as one discovers life and self

The easy answer is tempting
 And the proponents I know are well meaning.
 I have love in my heart
 And someday it's gonna help a prodigious amount of people optimized justice.

Eclectically I have my idols
 I seek to emulate and exemplify their magnificence
 I have a good heart and will not give in into the less than glorious

Temptation is there

It's quick and easy
 I gotta pass it up
 For pursuit of greater things

I march for a better world
 Doing what I can do to make it better
 And someday it may come down to it
 Giving my life for a noble cause
 A noble purpose
 And I hope I do not shriek at the opportunity
 Because that is the greatest love
 Martyrdom

If I become a martyr making a profound difference
 I have done well, done great

The shit inside can try to eat away at my inner linings and such
 But rest assured I will keep fighting
 Hoping one day
 To join my great brothers and sisters
 Who have given everything
 For righteousness.
 Now it is said
 I aspire for the noble of the noble
 Hope I don't crumble when the time comes

Kudos to Barry Horne

We have seen the hero
 Let us emulate he
 Exemplify the love which beats from the breast of Barry Horne

He hath loved
 Hope I got the stuff to be intrinsically driven and loving like he

Barry Horne has done the great thing
 Sentimental romanticism tells me this is something to strive for
 Freedom fighting using every last fiber of the soul
 So that every animal can live in peace and harmony

Barry Horne loves
 Barry Horne is love
 Kudos to Barry Horne

This passionate excellence is morally superbly supreme
 Barry Horne has actualized the dream
 And by following his lead there will be justice with opulent completion

Barry Horne
 Cared more for revolution than selfish gratification
 Barry Horne is great
 He has made one of the most amazing statements
 The power of love

Kudos to Barry Horne

An Inherent Difference

Picture this scene:

An eloquent poet standing firm and confident
 Upon a classical theatrical stage
 Not pretentious
 At least not pretentious to the everyday observer
 Reciting poetry

After the completion of
 A not ever egregious love ballad
 He or she turns his or her head
 Towards the audience
 With an intelligent intellectual mien

A request spews from the orator's eating and speaking body part
 "Audience please think up a wonderful metaphor for life
 And submit these metaphors to me on a 3 X 5 card with the date, your name, and a
 daytime telephone number.
 The winner gets to share the stage with me for the remainder of the evening."

Without a moment's hesitation, a prominent famous philosophy doctoral student
 interjects
 "It is quite absurd to suggest such a thing.
 I am not on the same wavelength with the poet at all."

The poet rebuts
 "Life is majestic.
 One's comparison to life itself reflects one's inner state and soul
 Our perception of the world is vital
 No less."

Reply
 "Oh but sir or madam
 One simply cannot conceive a metaphor for life"

"Why not?"

Is there a dangerous oppressive against metaphors?
 (fluent laughter from the audience people)
 The only metaphors that are crimes
 Are Shel Silverstein trinkets of thought"
 (Seemingly never-ending hearty laughter of wit)

Chuckles opulent still

"No law of politics against it
 But there is a natural law which thrusts forth a massive restriction"

"You philosophers and your erudite talk and esoteric logic"

A joking jester in the audience, rambunctiously announced
 "Is that the best metaphor for life?"

The audience was bemused and dumfounded
 By the dry wit of the jester of old.

A melodramatic literary scene then occurred with claymation figurines bobbing and
 weavin through the audience distributing cheesy anti lunatic dictatorship, anti Republicrat
 cartoon tracts. Yeah haw. Literary irony! Bet ya didn't expect that, now did ya?

The poet resumes
 "Audience you have the power to rack your brain cells
 For a pithy metaphor"

Once again the doctoral student interjects
 "Your exercise is futile
 It is fruitless
 It bears no fruit"

"Audience do you agree with me
 Or the bombastic spirit of academia?"

A nonchalant non revealing murmur
 Arose from the balcony and all over

Mr. Or Mrs. Soon to be Ph.D. spoke
 "Audience, heed not the idealistic words
 Of this rhyme person
 He or she speaks for passion
 And rarely utilizes the savored logic
 Thought is the primary truth
 Here
 Not romantic yearnings of yester"

"You vilify the craft
It saddens my heart."

"By concentrating on the art
You vilify the rationale potential of humanity"

A muddle halfway angered audience bloke articulated the following:

"Get to the heart of the matter
No more banter
We care not for the debate of intellectual differences"

Another audience folk, ornery but loving shouted
"You two both have valid points
The night is getting old
We have to retire soon.
Justify our attendance
And be as pithy as you can be
I resent some of your drama
But not all of it
I would enjoy seeing closure on the matter at hand."

The poet full of fire and passion retorts
"Since my efforts to obtain suggestions for life metaphors
Have been sabotaged by an ivory tower goon of the intelligentsia
I will suggest my own for your critical pondering thought

Life is a poem
It can be sad, happy, fickle, deep, shallow, elusive, miserable, funny, witty, depressing,
angry, glorious, seething, embittering, empowering, crazy. Mystical, thoughtful, prurient,
frightening, insightful, rigid, amazing, nauseating, warped, surprising, ironic, fast, slow,
blistering, original, cliched, stupendous, raw, refined, liberating, magical, inspiring,
despondent, powerful, silly, stuffy, loving, juvenile, mature, scary, sketchy, soft, tough,
idealistic, literary, insulting, clever, broken, borrowed, bald and misread
Always is it real, majestic, passionate and romantic and soulful.
That is my grand metaphor
Life is a poem."

A notable and not one bit ironic dissenting result
That of the Ph.D. hopeful scholar
The doctoral candidate objected
"Life cannot have a metaphor
Simply it is impossible to compare
A part to a whole
Allowing a part
to be a comprehensive encompassing representation symbol of the whole

Any metaphor for life depends on components of life itself
 So finding a metaphor for life
 Is essentially comparing a dog to its tail
 To be real metaphor
 One must compare life
 To something external from life
 Because everything else is a part of life
 And can not be compared the whole of life
 Like say, death or the unborn
 There is no other way.
 Of course life is a poem
 Life is also surgery
 Life is also a Beavis and Butthead rerun
 Life is also an ornate bathroom
 Life is also a pristine sculpture
 Life is all these things, life is everything in life
 Nothing in life can be detached from life and compared to it
 For metaphors
 Are comparison of two unlike things.”

Who won?

Hello People

A statement on society here
 Society so often is constantly making a statement on me
 What need is outlets for expression

So much is due to inability to express
 Believe it
 Believe it, man

For womb to grave
 Expression

I got my comments
 And the hope is these comments will
 Promote better healthier adaptation for me and for all

Saying a lot, pithy substance
 Lotsa thoughts stem from brain
 The beauty will be shared
 It's natural

There's plenty of surprises and there's no surprises
 Expect to be confused
 And expect to glean massive wisdom and learning

Another statement
It hadda be made
It eases the innards
It promotes dialogue and critical thought

Look around
We're all unique
Expression is communication
Vital for the macro fulfilling purposes
This journey is love
The journey is rich with overflowing opportunity
Partake at a savoring rate

The statement was said
Ponder its implications
Interpret the repercussions
Think
And love
And live
The well of opulent opportunity never runs dry
