

desperate dialogue – selected poetry 1988 - 1999



for my mother & father

my wife & son

the memory of heidi

everyone who has encouraged me over the years

...and all the misunderstood sufferers of depression

foreword

in 1985, at the age of 19, i began to have very powerful thoughts of depression. i also began to struggle with bouts of anxiety that led to strong paranoia. these thoughts prompted me to search for answers to questions that could not logically be answered. everyone around me was frustrated and confused with my behavior. eventually my state of mind suffered greatly. it deteriorated to the point that i suffered a breakdown of sorts. i had reached what i would call a mental bottom and through luck was rescued by conventional science. unknowingly i was about to embark on a journey of recovery at ucla hospital of neuropsychiatry that would include being physically restrained, receiving plenty of therapy, medication, and ending in a diagnosis. i spent roughly one month there when at the end, i was diagnosed as suffering from bi-polar disorder.

at the time it came as a large shock and deeply disturbed me. i now had an official label that made me different from the rest of "normal" society. i already had problems with being extremely self-conscious and now i was different which made me that much more susceptible to my faults. ignorance is a pretty detrimental thing, and luckily in later years i began to do some research to better understand the illness. in doing so, i grew comfort in the discovery that many famous creative people suffer from the disorder. i have recently been reading about theories as to the creative side effects of the disorder. why am i telling you all of this? because i believe that the words contained here are largely due to the abnormal creative chemicals that bubble in my brain.

i have been lucky in that i seem to have a mild version of this disorder. i have not been on any medication for many years. regardless, like any serious illness or injury, i can vividly remember what i had to endure to overcome it. it isn't something i look forward to visiting again.

i did not start writing immediately after my stay at the hospital. in july of 1987 i had a car accident in which a friend was killed. many close people around me as well as myself feared a re-lapse into depression, but it never materialized. i guess that due to all the support and love i felt all around me, as well as the natural battle fought by the human spirit i would overcome this tragedy. but that was the time i decided to start writing. there were periods after the accident that i was overcome by extremely powerful pure raw emotions. i felt that i needed to somehow expel them from my mind to continue the self healing process, so i began to try to put them down on paper. i hope you enjoy what you read, and that it triggers emotions for you like they did for me when i put them on paper.

i would also selfishly like to also take a moment to urge anyone that has someone important in their lives who suffers from depression, to do a little research. clinical depression can be a very serious illness, and if it is not approached as such, the consequences can be devastating.

if you would like to contact me you can do so by email at: mark@krynsky.com

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happiness takes on many forms

sometimes I wonder what would have happened
had I not veered down my current path...

looking back I distantly remember
my self-induced excursion
to a world of isolation
where my friends and enemies
were one in the same
where looking in the mirror
felt good and bad
but bad mostly felt good
because it was comfortable
and soothing
and there was no urgency to
alleviate the situation

i remember it well
and miss the chance
to taste it once again

yes it's the neurons misfiring
but they are mine
they are what shape me
and what brought you these words

quick and dirty

there are times when words flow
little thinking,
quick inking,
eyes blinking.
i cannot keep up with my mind
the pen is slow
the heart and mind work fast
the words become part of my past

Simply Breathing

the boredom of loneliness
has reached its peak,
all joking aside
happiness does lie inside
although dormant
still visible
just waiting to leak
its bitter taste
onto the lips of
another lonely soul

familiar surroundings

insecure
cause you're not sure
just where you want to be

distant and cold
and as it unfolds
i find my heart put on hold

frozen again
as i pretend
that this is a phase that will end

under the sheets
my eyes cannot keep
holding back the wet drops of despair

the plight of my life
cut off by a knife
not sharp or bright
but polite

i was not forewarned
of this favor performed
which you did quite well
as you bid me farewell
and once again
for the time being
i will visit hell

blind mind

how swiftly the tide of happiness
can subside
and go from calm
to a river that boils
with anger

upsetting
regretting
don't waste more time
on overfed emotions
take control
soothe the soul
and paint a mental picture
of the things you've come
to count on
when your blind eyes
can't see light

the drink

this empty glass sits
in front of me.
it's reflection displaying
my solemn face

many reasons enter my mind
to fill it and
soothe the uneasy feeling
of losing something i
have yet to find

the power of my mind starts the chain
of events
which unfold
as the glass becomes full
with despair

it's evil taste now
touches my lips and
the weakness of simple
escape wins once more.

the sun, moon and you

you smiled that day
as happiness shined down
from the sky

you laughed that afternoon
as the moon appeared
during the brightly lit sky
with a sly smile bestowed
upon its large face.

the sea unknown

there are times when
i want to pull the plug
my plug
the one that detains me
and forces me to play
the game i cannot win

as dodging the obstacles
becomes increasingly more difficult
i allow myself
to slip, veer,
lose contact with the norm
although there is none
in the calm waters of the sea unknown

nothing learned

alone and depressed
as i sit and assess
this doomed situation
between you and i

why do i prolong
the pain inside
this situation is not new to me
yet from the past
no lesson was learned
and once again this feeling
has returned

give me back my lonely days
when my emotions did not
travel through an unknown haze
feelings weren't that of happiness
but i know now
that i don't miss
my heart descending to this abyss

held hostage

please let go of your
hold on my heart
please release
i need to depart.
your words not enough
i have to feel your touch
your skin touching mine
its power is so strong
and the only possible chance
for you to reassure to me
that love isn't long gone

lucid lust

i see you
and feel you
although i've never touched you
you see right through me
you cannot touch me
you don't dare hold me
the metal chains
will never link
the dog and cat
will never befriend
and you will never love me

screwed again

why didn't i savor
those moments with you?
taken for granted
what you were doing for me
trust took me some time
but i released it to you

life was great
and the next item at hand
was the undeniable knowledge
that love had violated its way
into my heart
the four-letter feeling took
a shape of its own
it guided me into giving you
what you were longing for

mission accomplished
your deed is now done
you get what you wanted
i made sure that you would
my only regret is
that i am not you

life hasn't changed

the jester is laughing out loudly
as he watches the king's heart
drip tears of blood

his queen has betrayed him
the jester now crying from the humor
his happy tears fall and splash
as they hit the puddle of blood
now formed at his feet from the ailing king

hiding behind a curtain the queen observes,
two contrasting emotions
displayed to her at their ultimate extremes
and her the cause of this effect

strange to watch this liquid formed
by uncontrolled happiness mixed with desperate pain.

blood alcohol .20

pleasant sounds that go around
ringing inside of my head
bring me such bliss
and help me escape
for these brief periods of time
life is enjoyable
but not totally unavoidable

here he lies

i'm searching
but i don't know where to look

i'm crying
but i don't know why i hurt

all i want is a simple answer
good or bad i need to know
i don't want to live
with questions unanswered
i don't want to love
because my expectations had to be compromised
lonely and full of mystery
i will lie

lived without life
on my tombstone transcribed.

my favorite season

summer has ended
and once again
it is time to set myself up for the fall

it happens so expectedly
as i make sure that every piece
of this elaborate puzzle
falls firmly into place

from the moments of euphoria
to the screams of silence
that disallows my mind to rest.
this familiar climate,
so dark
so cold,
and i always awake to
the sounds of the birds singing songs of sorrow

it won't last much longer,
i will grow much stronger
and the leaves on the trees
will once again grow.

broken compass

emotions run lost
once again in my life
i awake confused
unaware as to which direction
my feelings will guide me today
i need a path to follow
some guidance from a hand
filled with trust
to change my view
of love being hollow.

suffocation

i lie in bed alone
remembering,
the blanket wrapped tightly
around my body
as i try to grasp
the beauty and happiness
of another person
this blanket once covered
crying
because all i have left
is this cloth to cling to

is this reality?

that euphoric feeling
that comes from within
with things on the outside
that takes their role
in this play called happiness
it comes to mind ever so infrequently
and when it does
i cheer for extension
as it ends too quickly
and with a strange wonder
as to when it will return

girl rap 1

so you let me come back,
have another chance
thought that this time
you would be ready for romance

that's not on my mind,
i remember too well the last time.
you used me,
and didn't think twice of it

now it's my turn to teach you all about it.
i pretend,
you enjoy it,
i'm glad to accommodate you
put you in the mood,
let you feel what i felt

i slowly remove
the net beneath you.
won't let you fall
and have something catch you.
it's time for you to learn
instead of teaching,
the artful skill of mistreating.

another lost soul

if i died tomorrow
my soul would drift in anger,
because i have yet to love
someone other than flesh and blood

the need to love someone unconditionally,
carries by far
the strongest feelings in life for me
i dare not imagine
my life ending in such frustration
being unable to experience life's greatest gift

drink and be happy

as i stand here drinking
everything
in my life
suddenly seems so clear

the obstacles
in my mental path
which always seem
to block my view
of the simple forms of happiness
are gone
for
now

my jaw
involuntarily
cracks a smile
as i walk
alone and proud
as the music
plays
loudly

the drive

another day
turns into night
and for me
at the end of the tunnel
there is no light
i continue to drive down it endlessly
because one day
there will be light
at the end for me

i remember all the times i've driven
down it before,
wishing,
hoping,
wanting
for it to last a while more.
there is nothing like driving
through the tunnel
without destination
the uncertainty sets my heart on fire,
yet yields in desperation

i start to drive
faster and faster
with the light in sight,
and as i get closer and closer
the light starts to dim
instead of getting bright...

once again my journey
has turned into disappointment,
but without the drive
my life would never see a happy moment

desperate desire

the hardest thing to find in life,
is what i desire
desperately.
a woman whose love
will quickly heal
my endless bleeding soul

i constantly find myself denying
such happiness will ever enter my life,
and with this severe pessimism
i seem to be incurring
this self fulfilling prophesy

i feel anger
when i see others
passionately loving one another,
for this is the missing link in my life,
which is the strongest source
for my heart's depression

although this sounds exceedingly hopeless,
this hollow emotion serves its purpose
because for each passing lonely night
advances into day,
and every day brings forth
a new beginning
for my never-ending search.

insomnia

it's late again
deep into night
and i can't go to sleep

my eyes shut tight
lock out the bright
but help to no avail

i watch the digital numbers spin
on the clock beside my bed
no matter how damn hard i try
the thoughts won't leave my head

ideas spark,
things forgotten,
past events,
future dreams,
is the fuel for my insomnia...

poelosophy

rhyiming in poetry
is highly overrated
especially if
the struggle for
the rhyme
takes you far away
from your inner expression

let your life slap you
with the urge to scribble
the set of circumstances
which make an impact
on you.

mute speak

it's dark
lights out
empty thoughts fill my mind
life without meaning,
i begin to cry

what can i do
to leave my mark?
transpose my feelings onto paper
do others feel the way i do?

the power of verse,
so strong yet solemn
trigger different feelings in jane and joe
regardless of what they are
i am eager to hear
why jane is crying while joe begins to drink
jane is rising while
joe begins to sink.

the one

don't just stand there
can't you see
you're the one

the pushing back,
don't let it stop you
i won't easily let you in
fight your way through
webs woven by the spiders
of my past.

girl don't give up
you can reach me
hold me
and suddenly you will touch me
it's been so long
since i've been felt
hold me tight
don't let go

i've lost my balance
and your stability is desperately needed
don't suddenly fear what
you've unleashed
the warmth will encompass you
and start to burn

bless you
for you're the one
that didn't run
and shall receive
all that i gave
and
all that still will be given.

good bye

beautiful day
not from the sun but from the rain
what a tranquil sound
the pitter-patter of teardrops on the ground
i told her it was time to go
the drops begin to fall much harder.

violent sigh

with my fist clenched tight
i remember the night
anger and frustration
my sole sources for salvation

this unfortunate memory
in my mind will stick
like a broken record
the situation skips in my head
i don't have many choices the way i see it
another action forcing me into desensitization

next time synthetic emotions will prevail
removing myself
is a great excuse
to prevent any future emotional abuse
so now that we know the rules in the beginning
lets start all over without pursuit of winning

just another dream

i haven't met you yet
but you tell me things
i want to hear.
you love me in places
where least i fear
and for the short parts of time
the thoughts of death
elude my mind
you whisper sweet every things
in my ear
now my lovely loneliness
will soon disappear
you give the answer
before i ask it
you fulfill the wish
before i pray for it
my companion to perfection
and during this lucid
frame of thought
the bitter liquid
that soothes my discomfort
won't find its way
down my throat

depressions definition

my dreams are shadows,
behind fear of the unknown
chances in life untaken

lost hope shaping its form
into a molding sculpture of self pity

my future comes into focus
the camera filming despite the dark
barriers overcome quite often
without lesson to be learned

lack of faith my only savior
in this comfortable emotion

stoned again

kaleidoscopic colors
dance like tiny speckles
of neon colored paint
swaying towards the ground
slowly from trees that
rise in the shadows of a
surreal yet hauntingly vivid
extension of reality

Have You Xperienced

with a simple extension of my hand
the tiny grains
of a synthetic chemical
find their way down my mouth.
waiting...
for the storm of emotion to erupt
and swallow my mind.
I wait patiently
waving my hands in the air
to the fast beat of the music.

within wanted time the tingle
finds its way from mind to body
the wave of warmth is slow and soothing
as little beads of sweat
work their way down my skin

all the time the music pumping
torso turning to the rhythmic vibration.
eyes unfocused
blurred by light of white
transforming to a circular rainbow.

all is fine

common play
defray
i pray
similarities
from day to day
delay
and change
and re arrange
or madness
soon will come.

the unknown
you know
you cannot face

focus eyes
centralize
decide to risk the future
for future becomes past

and past become memories

and memories
can sometimes be
bad.

life without you

for heidi

your memory lived inside me tonight
triggered by the unexpected
and in an instant
the wave of emotion formed
a big swell
that landed on the corner of my eyes.

the water burst
through my lids
like a dam,
holding back the pain
which has been collecting for so long.

unknowingly,
it will form once again
only to repeat this numbing process
of remembering the night
when your second life began
and I,
was to continue my first.

robbed of wisdom

for my grandfather

I remember
holding his hand,
coarse and wrinkled
and wondering what happens in life
to make it feel that way.

he was strict and stern,
a military man,
but a wealth of warmth
is what I remember.

it's strange not having
the elders to guide you
from boy to man.
mistakes made nonetheless
as I live
to someday hold
the soft small hand
who will listen
to this old man's words
which make no sense.

somewhat religious

I know not now
what future will bring
I fear for faith
because it lacks inside of me

I touch thoughts and tremble
as reality grabs hold of me
why must I live in denial and remorse
why do I cry when laughing is much worse

at birth I did earn
the right to life and to learn
to cause death and to burn
in the fire that's been lit in my mind

our time

death and dying
life and living
the end and the beginning
from one to the other
you always sit and wonder
how did it begin
and when will it end

our time spent here or there
we lose our fair share
so count the minutes
on your fingers
and watch time slip through your hands

tick tock
stop
reverse the clock
I want to go back
change
reverse and refrain
and redo the chain
as we struggle to happy ever be

sudden fall

as I sit here
alone
and let the unfiltered thoughts
pass through my mind
I am scared

scared of the future
scared by the little things
that adds up one by one
like simple math
and paralyze my mind momentarily

somehow after time
the smoke clears
the blood pressure drops
the drink becomes drained
and all is back to normal

harder than the lottery

the success rate in human mating
seems to straddle such a thin line
whose chances become lessened
if the parties involved
have a true desire for one another

fear of failure
brings on love gone lost
and your perfect mate
becomes vanquished forever

the games rules change
from her to her
and
him to him
yet your strategy unchanged,
the real me,
will win my mate

the maze traveled through
with dead end routes
and roads leading nowhere
leave me running in circles
with the sands of time
washing up on shore
awaiting
another search

win or lose

I pull my finger
off the button on the phone
and quickly hear the first ring

its now been several weeks
in which time
you discarded me

the phone has rung several times
you never got it fast
always wondered
with whom you would connect

my hand is shaking
and it is very cold in my room
but sweat still finds its way
down my forehead

the ringing stops
I put the phone down
hear several words
close my eyes
and pull the trigger

let me in

why do I always
pick the ones
I have no chance with

it's like going to the pound
and being rejected
by a dog
whose life you're going to save

i'm simply attracted
to the hopeless
loveless
ones
that fear what is inside of me

they won't let me give them
what i've been
saving for so long

with blinders on
and in the dark
I know no better
and try to penetrate
a decision that
has already been made
for them
by someone else
a long time ago

friend or foe

I came by last night
to visit you
approaching from behind
unexpectedly
as my heart beats aloud

no idea of your notions,
disinterest and distance
may have been your wishes
but I still cannot decipher
the thought patterns of your kind

blabbing on about this and that
I have desperation in my voice
which I pray you don't notice
but this situation unnerves me
and just by luck
your occupation enables you
to offer me the medicine I need
which allows me to cope with you
and all that surrounds me

I now become the person I know
and want to be
comfortable conversating
with the other patrons
here at the well

I can see and speak clearly
and hope this is the person
you have met and want
to be your companion

so after a little more
small talk
I bid farewell
nonchalantly
legs quite loose below me
wondering
will we ever speak again

lost again

I'm now where i need to be
my world of absence
both bad and good
have balanced each other
and i need far less
than i thought

sounds unheard before
now pleasant as they pass
the things i miss
i never did
and never shall
once more.

who are you?

you're silhouette
sticks in my head
from the day we met
till the day i'm dead

lack of sleep

grasp my mind
i'm not unkind
but lost in verbal expression
my pen speaks when i am mute
my heart cries within
for i only speak with ink in hand
at a time when mind should rest

Reunion

ten years
have come and gone
and now
are back again

faces frozen
back in time
in my mind
morphing to the present

gathered together
after appearances have changed
but that's about it

opportunity taken
to talk to those
I never did
and always wanted

the fantasy ends
after gaining respect
not needed now
but desperately wanted
then
when gratification was needed
to calm
the daily tragedies
of my mind

crippled cranium

decision-making
made
under harmful mental states
where stress and anger
harness your brain
to stampede down a path
of remorse and regret
worries me
every now and then

life time

i've searched
the lost and found
for years
but my purpose
down here
never showed up
until recently
during my last visit
and with its appearance
the burden of life
or fear of future
that dwelled constantly
in my mind
now dies

mind flying fast

the pathology
of logic
that links the mind
from thought to thought
and ventures to
an ever-winding forest
of swinging branches
that hit you from behind
propelling you to future landscapes
are my imaginary segue
when taking mental trips
in bed
lying still
with my eyes shut

an excuse for stupidity

met the wrong girl
in the wrong club
at the wrong time
in the wrong frame of mind
in a drunken stupor
in a desperate state
and now i'm dying

happiness for a nanosecond

it's an evil irony
that occurs in life
like now
when things have never
gone so good
that I worry
that some one
or some thing
is going to take
this
all away

human shit in sheep's clothing

just the fact that
you
are a member of the male species,
does not guaranty that life
will enable
you
to reach the levels
and emotions
that will one day
possibly make
you
a man

**another run on sentence that forces you to read it
over and over again until you understand...**

it can be
so god damn draining
dribbling down the words
that exposes your soul
on an open silver platter
for all those that hide
and find it simple
to criticize
an easy action
in life i've taken
that most can't
dream of divulging
for fear that anyone
but them
will ever know
who they
are

fight without fists

pretty boy
you thought you saw
and soon would be
mistaken

my hands squeezed hard
behind me
tightly together
for fear I might let go

physical punishment
has never been an option
i've chosen
but life has a way
of showing you
new sides you never knew
existed

my magic red button
never pushed quite
this hard
has been hit
by someone
whose life
will soon change
as he sees
where I am going
and where he's just went