

PAIN.



by I. Parrot.

Pain can be a poem but not when it hurts. Today I hurt and it feels right to try to express that hurt. I honestly do not care if it makes sense; I am happy enough that I can express my feelings in words rather than action.

At this point in time I need to be hostile. I am so much in pain today that I do not even care what you may think. I could kill with relish today. I agreed to write this article two hours ago but I hurt so much I could not even get the words together. I still hurt but I feel much calmer.

The reason for my pain is that I feel alien to this world. Or to express my feeling more directly I think that the way most people choose to live is stupid. Justify that statement said my parent, fuck off said my child and I as an adult have to try and decide.

I hurt so much I do not care if I am rational or reasonable or any of the other words we use to describe conformity. I hurt and have no interest in being anything other than how I feel. I hurt so much that I feel I could laugh if someone else got killed. I can even imagine the mind of Manson or so many others who have killed for pleasure. I am not mad because I know that the expression of pain through violence is stupid. But in a stupid world it is easy to follow the established pattern.

Part of me is horrified by the way I am writing; part of me is exultant. I can and do hate the plastic and pretentious life that seems to exist. I think I am a good guy and what I feel is pain. Can I call for help? Only from idiots who are earning their living from my problems. How can any honest person pursue a career in psychology?

I would love to be of help to others but I hurt so much that I do not feel able to give answers. Even in my most positive moods I still feel hopelessly inadequate to advise anyone else. And to merely act as a mirror (which is obviously distorted) seems like a con game.

I fucking well hurt and am trying my best to make sense of this world. Today I do not even care if someone pushed that button that will wipe us all out. At least it would stop the pain and I would not have to decide.

Religion, Psychology, Politics are only ways in which we express ourselves. I should throw in Economics as well, for that is also a bastard science.

Humanistic Psychology is a fraud unless it is concerned with life. Whose life is the question that you should be thinking. Who am I to question you? Just some guy who felt the pain was too much and decided to do something about it.

FOOTNOTE.

The above is authentic feelings without any subsequent correction at all. I do not wish to elaborate except to say that this followed some weeks of depression prompted by tense personal relationships. If the veneer of civilised behaviour cracks so easily perhaps we need to be a little more watchful.