

# I Channel Quevedo

*by* Bill Yarrow

- Hey, life! Nobody answers? WTF?
- Ah life! Nobody answers me. Well, what did I expect?
  
- All the years that I have lived, fate, fate has chewed my days.
- Back through the decades I have lived, my days all ripped by fortune.
  
- My insanity has covered my hours.
- Madness has hidden my time.
  
- Without knowing how or where, my youth and health have vanished.
- Without the ability to know where or how, my strength and happiness have fled.
  
- Visiting the living, there's no misery that doesn't surround me.
- Attending to calamity, there's no obligation that doesn't bury me alive.
  
- Yesterday's gone, tomorrow hasn't arrived, and today is fading.
- Yesterday's dissolved, tomorrow has not yet come, and today without even a "Screw you, buddy!" is disappearing on me.
  
- For much of my life, I have been tired, I may well be tired tomorrow, but today, today I am completely without energy.
- I was, I am, and I will (tired though I am) continue to pretend to exist.

- Yesterday and tomorrow and today, we are all in this dreck together.
- In the today, the tomorrow, and the yesterday, there is no "you," there is no "I," there is just "we."
- Soiled diaper to immaculate shroud, I've witnessed a fucking unending parade of decay.
- Matricides, fratricides homicides, suicides—I've endured a continuous shitload of grief!

