These people (blue collar offenders) live in a parallel universe and yet they don’t, they are definitely part of our common world with all the same values and aspirations common people have. Still perverted, dangerously exaggerated or violently diminished, beyond the point where they would be recognizable, except by themselves, and to others who know the signs.

Jens Martin Svendsen, Stockholm Business School, Stockholm University, Sweden
Ambulance rushing through the blistering wind
Rescuing the needy
Flimsy Raindrop

Flickering lights pouching the darkness
In the windows of the
Windmills

Walking through the rain stained dessert
Of the crisscross circled
Heart of the street

Muscle embedded eyes looking for
that which sates
Yearning

Ambulating in the wild comfort of
The sound that breaks through the
Seclusion

In eyes, in ears, in senses of
No one, no time, no place
no wonder
Poor Raindrop

In the midst of dancing amazement an
Amassment of joy in the dwindling
Feeble Raindrop

In this hour this is the rush of feelings
of joy in the nowhere, know where
now here, tiny Raindrop

So much to lug in a night like this
So much to do, so heavy indeed
Dismal Raindrop, this is the
Ambulance
#2: untitled

paraphrase
parayearn
paratone

parambience!

you’re desire is futile because you’re not
given what the other people get
just by feeling comfortable.
in the given!

paralogic

you’re not given what is rightfully yours
appropriating is the way to go
thief is just another word.
fulfilling needs!

prison is the place to be when you
worry that you have not
what your heart desire.
you cannot have!

paraphrasing is what you do when
you need to feel the comfort
in thinking about what is.
in the violence!

resound
of the not
for you
ever!

parambulate!
#3: untitled

Ingestion is violence and the violence
Is all around me, I’m not given in kind so I control
Move away from my desire; move away

I got all that it takes to get it
Prison is the place where the calm order exists
Prison is concord

Pain is just a four-letter word
Just let me be

Don’t see me
I’m not here
You never saw me
Ride the White Horse
Into the wind

Take me home

#4: untitled

like a woven rope
no core, no soul, no center
held together only by the pressure
from outside

my story. I am my story,
I am devoured by my story; I swallow
my story in large gulps. I get by every day, intoxicated
without

within. Keeping me
at bay. The silence
towards the
end.

... daybreak ... stillness ...
for you
this is the Ambulance