

*Remember
To
Forget
Me*

"Among other things, you'll find that you're not the first person who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You're by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and *stimulated* to know. Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them-if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. It's poetry."

- Mr Antolini

The Catcher in the Rye
J.D. Salinger

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Neal David Sorenson

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In loving memory of Neal David Sorenson
April 29, 1994 – April 29, 1999

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*Dedicated to every singer, poet, artist and self-
expressive person who has blessed my life by
making me feel not so alone.*

9-10-98 (“This morning”)

This morning the sun was bright
I woke up in a good mood
I felt peace
I was ready for some breakfast food

But then I thought of you
I thought about my mistakes
I thought how things might have been
It made me shake

Then I felt sick
I wanted to cry
I wanted to go back
I wanted to die

Now I still feel sad,
 but the day must go on.
I must push you out of my head
 because you are gone.

How long will this last?
I keep hoping you will return
I can't believe I messed up again
You would think by now I would
 have learned.

9-10-98 (“When you think of me”)

When you think of me

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what do you do?
Laugh?
Do you joke about me?
Do you look down at me?
Do you tear me apart?

When you think of me
what do you feel?
Uneasy?
Nervous?
Fear?
Nothing?

When do you think of me?
In the morning?
Late at night?
When you hear Bob Dylan sing?
When you think I was right?

When do you think of me?
When you are lonely?
When you think it was your fault?
When you need understanding?
When you do a sommersault?

Do you think of me?

11-12-98 ("I hate sex")

Sex is a curse
Sex is incredible
Sex is my pain

Sex is wonderful

I want to make love
I want someone to hold
I want someone to whisper my name
I want sex more than gold

I hate sex
I hate it so much
I wish it didn't exist
I wish I didn't need your touch

I pray in heaven there will be no sex
What freedom that will be
I pray in heaven I won't need sex
I pray you won't be able to get from someone
else what you didn't find in me.

I hate sex because I want it
so much.
I hate sex because it's not love,
yet it feels like love.
I hate sex because I can't want it
or not want it.
I hate sex because I'm so dependent
on it.
I hate sex because it's so selfish.
I hate sex because if you try to love
and have sex you will be crushed.
I hate sex because if you don't try to
love and have sex you will be crushed.
I hate sex because I die when I think of those
I have loved having sex with someone else.

I hate sex because it makes me feel so used
I hate sex because it makes me feel so loved

11-12-98 ("The salesman")

Working in retail
Working in sales
Working over 50 hours
No time to see the whales

I'm doing OK
I'm not sure though
I'm trying to survive
I'm too busy to know.

My job has highs
My job has lows
I'm making more money
 than before.
My wallet grows

I think I'm working too much
A work-a-holic perhaps?
I'll try to cut back
I need to take a nap

I've got a new studio
Yes I'm still alone
No relationship in sight
Just the painful memories
 that have lessened and grown.

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I decided to write again
 although I never thought I would.
I might as well put my thoughts down
I probably should

Yet what else do I have to say?
What else is there under the sun?
Yet this will mirror my life
 if it is a rerun.

11-12-98 ("The chip")

The end times....
Surely it's not hard to find
I'm not into apocalyptic stuff
Yet I can't ignore the signs

Soon we will be buying with
 a computer chip implanted
 in our skin.
It speaks of this in Revelation
It must be pretty thin

11-14-98 ("Take a number")

You're just like the rest
You're starting to blend
You're just another loss
Another reason my heart
 won't mend.

You like to play games
You want to live a lie
You want something perfect
You want what I can't buy

What kind of person did
 you think I was?
Who do you think I am?
Who do you hope to find?
Forgive me if I say
 Goddamn.

I think you made a wise
 decision.
I think you made a
 terrible mistake.
I think you will be happier
I think you're destined to
 be a fake.

I could have made you happy
I could have made you
 feel ashamed.
I could have made you
 feel loved.
I could have made you
 feel maimed.

You were perfect
You were a dream
Was it real?
Where you all that
 you seemed?

I thought you were special
Now you're just another number
You're another who has run away
Lord grant me eternal slumber

Good-bye NF
Did we ever meet?
What happened?
You'll never know what
 you meant to me.

Maybe that's what scared you.

Why couldn't we just meet?
All I wanted was something real
I didn't want to hide behind letters
I wanted the real deal

Why did my one sexual comment
 mean the end?
Or was it my over honest letters?
You never got to know me
That is where you failed
If you would have taken the time
 to get to know me then I wouldn't have
 felt the need to test you.
Yes I tested you and said things I knew you
 wouldn't like.
I wanted to see what was there.
I didn't want to go far on a broken bike.

You wanted me to be secure

Well you didn't give me a chance
I wanted to get to know you,
but you didn't want to take that step.
You wanted to live in a fantasy world

I know I made mistakes, but you bailed
out too soon.
You never got to know me
You never will
I think you would have liked what you found
I honestly believe that
I am the most sad because I believe that

It's all my fault
It's both our faults
Many people can relate with me
That doesn't help

11-15-98 ("H.O.T.")

H.O.T. - H.O.T. - H.O.T.
If I want to make money
I have to be.
If I want to win awards
then big sales they must see.

I don't want to be their pawn
I don't want to fit their mold
I don't want to live for them
I don't want to be sold

I hate their ways

cause it sucks me in so much.
I do want to be awarded
So I hate it
I know it's hard to explain

So what if I have more sales
than others?
So what if I win awards?
Why am I so drawn toward that?
Why do I need that?

They seem to keep people in the
company by rewarding them
with pieces of paper.
I will take the green paper, and they
can keep the white paper with
the gold trim.
Although, as I already said, I fight within
myself cause I do love to stand out
for my accomplishments.

I don't want to lose myself
I don't want to be H.O.T. for them
I just want to earn a living
Is that a sin?

I will take from them what
can help me to earn more.
And all the rest I will let
fall to the floor.

Lord, guide me now
Provide my life

Thank you for your blessings
Thank you, even though I am
alone without a wife.

11-17-71 (“Birthday”)

Today is my birthday
27 years old
Today is my birthday
So much of my life has
been untold.

I have a lot to be thankful
for.

I have a lot of regret
Inside my head has much
much of my life been
spent.

I'm eating cereal
I'm about to do some sales
I am afraid to win
I am afraid to fail

Lord, please provide
Please sustain
Please deliver
Please maintain

11-18-98 ("Overworked underlaid")

I feel low today
I feel tired
I feel lonely
I feel retired

Do I not have a social life because I work so much, or do I work so much because I do not have a social life?

Do I need to make a change in my life? If so then what? What else is out there that I haven't tried? I wish I could clean up my life. I wish I could keep my stuff organized.

I kinda hoped maybe NF would call me on my birthday. In the store I saw this woman come in and at first I thought it was her. Boy that hurt when I saw it wasn't.

Truly I am going to be alone. I feel like a freak. And as much as I want to be with someone I just don't feel like I have the energy anymore to even try to make myself look appealing. Anyways, when I try to look appealing it makes me not look appealing. I guess you either are appealing or you are not. Cause if you try to look appealing then it makes you look insecure cause you are *trying to* look appealing.

Why has God left me alive? Truly he has blessed me with this new job. Yet I am cursed also. I suppose that's how all things are.

I just feel stuck. I don't have the energy to change, and I don't know what to change to. The days just go on and on.

Sheesh. I feel so sorry for myself.

And my skin problem brings me shame. I keep it under control, yet if I ever was with someone for long they would notice. It's almost symbolic of me hiding parts of myself which would drive others away.

God have mercy on me. Do not forget me. I am broken. Hear my voice. I know I go in circles. Love me Lord. I am needy. Have pity. Do not forget about me. Do I have anything to offer? I am scared. So afraid. I am tired. Remember me.

11-18-98 ("Remember me")

Remember me in your kingdom
Remember me when you pass by
Remember me when you think of others
Remember me when I die

Remember me when I fail
Remember me when you reign
Remember me when I sleep
Remember me in my pain

Remember me in eternity
Remember me today
Remember me when I leave
Remember me when I stay

Remember my name
Remember your creation
Remember my weakness

Remember my situation

Remember the one who has rejected you
Remember the one who has turned away when
 faced with the cost.
Remember the one who has not met your standard
 of perfection.
Remember the one who is lost

Remember the one who hopes
 you will consider him your child.
Remember the one who hopes in your
 mercy you will look upon him and smile.

10-18-98 ("I feel great")

I am sleeping on the floor,
 And I am not Beck.
I am lonely,
 And am I a wreck?

I am insecure,
 And I like to play games.
I can be hurt with a look,
 And am I to blame?

I am a salesman,
 Yet I have nothing to give.
I want you to be close,
 Yet with me would you like to live?

I understand,

Or do I want to be understood?
I have messed myself up,
Or did I do all I could?

I am not what you wanted,
Or did you know what that was?
I am not what I wanted,
Or is my mind just fuzz?

I am alone,
And I am known.
I am alone,
And I am alone.

I am alone by choice,
And I am alone by fate.
I am alone feeling terrible,
And I am alone feeling great...ly depressed.

11-19-98 ("Not an option")

You are not an option
You are only a dream
Are you real?
Are you all that you seem?

You are not an option
You would not like me
Maybe I would not like you
Maybe we would fit like a tee.

I am not an option

You put me on the floor
How do I become an option?
How do I make a score?

Ignore you?
Make jokes?
Make money?
Hang with cool folks?

I wish I were an option
I wish you would consider me
I wish if I were an option you wouldn't
 be crushed by reality.

An option for what?
What do I seek?
Someone to hold
Someone to hold me

To be desired
 instead of feared.
To be wanted
To be near

An option to be taken
At least to be considered.
But to be brushed aside
 feels like a deep splinter.

An option that's real
An option that's true
An option that's really me
An option that's not only you

An option that's not a dream
An option that's not money
An option that's not only looks
An option that's not the
size of my tummy.

I am just dreaming
I want to be an option that's just
a fantasy.
I will never be what I want
I will just be me
(How pitiful was that ending?)

11-21-98 ("On the phone")

At work
On the phone
Doing a phone
I hear her tone

We make jokes
She makes mistakes
We tease each other
We are kind of fakes

I gave her my address
I gave my number
Will she contact me?
Will I be a cucumber?

It was so fun to talk to her

Maybe cause we shouldn't have
 been talking like that.
We are professionals right?
I enjoyed talking like that

It felt good to talk to a
 woman like that.
Where we joke
Where we play
I could do that all day

I hope she contacts me

11-22-98 ("It figures")

She didn't

11-22-98 ("Dear family")

Dear family,
If you ever read all this
 let me say this:
I hate thinking of this hurting you
I love you all
I know I've made mistakes
If I've said something bad
 it was just a passing breeze.
We all have positive and negative
 thoughts about each other right?
I just put mine down.
I didn't say that many critical things

did I?

I can't even remember
I hope this "poem" will take priority
and clear up any ambiguity.
I feel joy when I think of you
Oh sure there have been rough times
I'm not trying to sugar-coat that
But we all know about it so why dwell
on it?
Through everything we continue to
move forward.
Surely God will bring us home
We may and be battered and bruised
We may be crawling
We may look terrible
But we will make it
In the end we will win
Let's press on
I do love you all.
This is the first and last word I have to say
about you all.

11-23-98 ("You did write back")

You did write back
And I wrote back
I tried to say the right things
Will you write back?

What am I doing?

11-23-98 ("At least I thought so")

You were the one for me
And you were the one for me
And you were the one for me
And then you were the one for me
And you were the one for me
And you were the one for me
And I was the one for you
And there was just suppose to
 be one of you.
Were there any of you?

11-23-98 ("Artificial Intelligence")

Artificial love
Artificial life
Artificial sweets
Artificial wife

Artificial friend
Artificial foe
Artificial self-esteem
Artificial hoe

Artificial looks
Artificial joy
Artificial peace
Artificial toy

Artificial touch
Artificial sex