

# Napkins

**Rare Poetry and Prose Archives, 1995-2004**

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## INTRODUCTION

Over the years, I have published several articles in various small publications, Xpressions Journal, The Greenwood Leaf, The Souled Out Newsletter, and Greenville College's Papyrus.

Also, I set up an amateur website of my own works, published under the “publication” name, STRTJCKT Publishing.

There were many writings that I didn't publish anywhere, as they came straight from scraps of paper and restaurant napkins to be placed in this book in their original, raw format. Some of these I'm quite proud of—some of them, I debated whether or not to even show them to close friends. However, in the end, I decided to put it out there.

I came from a religious background and lifestyle, but evolved into a non-theist currently. Some of these works show my spiritual past. I'm not embarrassed about where I come from, as my walk brought me to where I'm at now.

But to be clear: There were writings that did not make it into this volume because of the depth of the spiritual and religious content. That which was so saturated with god-talk, I had to discard as I cannot stand behind the words, seeing them as mythic, hopeful and groundless.

That said, I do think there is some decent content that was left over. Besides a spelling error here and there, there is little correction to the original content. Looking back, I see how much I've changed since the decade of the most recent writing in this publication, and feel okay enough to share my old writings with you.

And I hope you can enjoy the vulnerability.

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## The Sixth Apostle (via 2003)

They sat in a small, smoky room in River County's First Bank's basement. Thicker than the smoke was the denseness of the decision process. These meetings were held as needed, repeated when a local issue of mistrust or misconduct was in order, to be addressed.

The five persons, all of political status, sat at a circular wooden table of fine oak. In their hands were fine cigars of the best quality, and eavesdropping on their occult conversation were delicate, crystal glasses of imported wine. Each figure of power had their own personal ashtray which constrained stale remains of burned-out cigar butts. Cheeses and meats sat off in the corner, already taking the appearance of roadside carcasses—the dried cheeses surrounding the room-temperature meats. The State's Attorney broke the silence in the room.

"It's quite clear, then, what the decision is," he said, looking about the table, satisfied that the meeting was finally coming to a close.

The Preacher, obviously anxious after sitting for three hours in this bare, cramped room, spoke his response.

"This meeting was rather redundant, given we already knew what needed to be done." He paused, composing himself, his impatience being attempted to be undisclosed. "I assume you'll talk to the Attendant about the job?"

"No, I'll have my assistant do the hiring."

The Preacher nodded. "Very well," he agreed.

The Banker seemed reluctant to the decision. "Must it be the Attendant?" Everyone turned from the Preacher to the Banker. "I mean, rather, we've only used him once, and that time almost cost us. Can he actually do his part without the slop? Besides, for such . . . unclean work. . . ."

The State's Attorney dropped his eyes to his lap in thoughtfulness. As First Apostle, everyone awaited his response to the Banker's concern.

It should be noted there was always a lack of hostility in this room, even in regards to the honest and justified concerns—no matter how blatant or crude one spoke. Honesty kept the tightness of trust and respect in River County's elite group, in this room. Each individual in this room was dependable on and to the next, each having their share to bring to the community, bettering it for the well-being of the residents. Much of the laws were passed in this room. "Community meetings" were a B.S. front to keep citizens content.

In reality, the public really had no voice, no say so. As small-town, drunkard, factory workers, what can the average citizen possibly know about politics; what works, what doesn't, and what was best for them.

It is like this across the nation, in small towns. These meetings were for the citizens, for the very ones that knew nothing about political circumstances.

The State's Attorney looked up from his lap.

"How the Attendant chose to do his duty for us was fine by me. He had some complications, so he had to . . . improvise. He did a fine job, and for less than what this wine cost me--this wine you drink tonight."

The State's Attorney looked around the table, the heads of three Apostles nodded in agreement to the decision, but the Banker's lack there of was the exception. The Preacher shifted restlessly in his seat, fearing another hour or two in conversation. His wife would question his whereabouts.

The State's Attorney inquisitively looked at the Banker.

"Have you another solution? Who else in this peasant, Midwest town would you trust with such a task? One of such professionalism without falling into financial greed or fall into the vice of the interrogations?"

Three seconds passed, and the air thickened. The State's Attorney was about to speak but was cut short by the Baker.

"Me. I'll do it."

There was a deafening silence, and then abruptly everyone gave into chuckling or laughter. The Banker looked around, hurt, and attempted to vindicate his embarrassment.

"I can to this job. And I ask no fee. Just your trust and your okay. This chore must be completed without flaw."

The Sheriff, who remained silent since the decision, spoke up. "Sir, I assure you that the Attendant can do this job without failing, and there's no risk. If he's fingered—pinched—I'll disrupt the evidence. It's quite simple.

"You," he said, pointing to the Banker, "have no record of spot. Any suspicion of you even being connected to such an event would drive you out of town. Please," he concluded persuasively, "don't offer yourself the trouble of these complications. You have a beautiful wife and daughter to look after."

The district's Republican Representative added, "I, myself, have already made the political contribution to have the Attendant paid off with monies from a 'charity'. Besides, his 'vacation' funds are now ready to be transferred into a secondary account."

The Banker tumbled their arguments in his mind, as he tongued the remaining food in his teeth. He needed assurance.

"Flawless?" After all, this conversation was at his petitioning, his request.

"Completely. Absolutely," the State's Attorney responded with conviction. "It's risky, yes, but it must be done. It's obviously something we don't want to do, but it's in our best interest and the interest of 7000 voters out there. It is they whom we work for."

There was a moment's silence, then all five men rose, with the State's Attorney's leading, standing at their chairs.

The Preacher gave the benediction, the parting dismissal.

"The State's Attorney's assistant will do the negotiations, the hiring. After the completion of the job and the Attendant's on his vacation trip, we'll again meet to discuss updates and further concerns."

The State's Attorney bowed to the Republican Representative. "And thank you, sir, for supporting the welfare of the common



people, as well as your generous, financial assistance."

The Rep's hand grasped the State's Attorney's firmly, friendly. "Until next time," he smiled. They grew up together practically as brothers.

Everyone dispersed from the room, to head home to their families.

The only one absent from the meeting was River County's Mayor.

Two weeks later, the Mayor's body was found in the fairgrounds, naked. He was black and blue, and had a single bullet hole in his forehead. A small, empty baggy of cocaine residue was found nearby, the homicide ruled as a "drug deal gone badly." The Sheriff himself signed the documents himself.

Making decisions without the okay of the other Apostles is prohibited. There must always be a round-table. Always a sit-down. The Six Apostles must always be in agreement.

## A Nightmare of the Common Parent (via 2003)

I see her everywhere.

At the supermarket. In class. At the theater. Arrogantly, just ignoring me. She just sits there, even in church, paying attention to the pastor's lecture, knowing damned well she's distracting me. A stalker she is, I tell you. No! She doesn't merely stalk as one who follows her victim—rather, she's planned her schedule around mine. Yes! Even more thoroughly truthful, and more credible, she's a demon. Yes, a beautiful demon, manifesting herself into a tangible young girl. She knows where I'll be, thus she arrives before myself--in foreshadowing mockery.

The estranged girl, a mere bloody girl bastard, was unfortunately a child born out of wedlock, thus accursed she was. What guilt and shame that child brought to my integrity. And the brat of a mother she had had. To seduce me so. So cunning and conniving and witchy, the mother was. Cursed be them both! That is why they both had to die.

I really had to do it. Get thee behind me, Satan! The witchy woman caused me to sin, so I plucked her out like a sinful eye—an eye in a state of lust, thus freeing myself. The truth in my realization set me free—my testimony empowered. It was fairly easy to bear this cross. Allow me to explain, for daily bearing this cross and renewing my mind becomes more enjoyable as the days go on.

The mother of the girl bastard at least stays put, remaining

where I placed her beautiful, cold carcass—at the bottom of the lake. But I did use the prime cuts of her buttocks and breasts in my meatloaf, prepared with the choicest tomatoes and onions and large eggs. My students ate well that day.

However, that little daughter just won't put, that girl bastard. I've tried everything. Scoldings, putting her in the corner, extra chores, spankings, still other things; and she still visits me while I tend to my errands. The arrogant, stubborn girl bastard is so benevolent! Just like her mother. And almost as sinfully enticing as the years progress, as she gets older.

I do believe the first time I rid of her and her evilness was at the lake with her mother. Oh, how beautiful she was, not older than a youthful six months in age. She appeared so deceptively innocent, yet I knew very well the evil that lurked inside her shallow torso, just awaiting to emerge. I knew the curses that hid well behind those big, curious and gay eyes. I had to rid of her before she'd turn into the slut her mother was. It was inevitable. And just as sad. She sank beneath the lake's surface peaceably, never once arguing. I cried myself to sleep that evening, guilt leaving with the snores.

She behaved and stayed put for a few years, but then started to show up. First at the daycare I taught part time. I resigned immediately in a state of anxious despair, applying then for a position at the local grammar school teaching mathematics. She turned up at this school, as well. That's when I killed her the second time, this mischievous girl bastard. Just as she did as an

infant, she welcomed death silently, like a lamb to the slaughter. I placed her limp, frail body in the furnace of the school's boiler room. The following day, I took her bones and disposed of them into a dumpster, within a sturdy Glad garbage bag.

She still yet returned a couple of years later at my church. After the second Sunday of her imposing presence, I flogged her privately and rid of remains in a similar fashion as previously mentioned.

Following this incident, just as things were getting on well with my life, I saw her again--this time at the mall. Demonic in nature, I swear she is, that girl bastard. Again, the girl in radiant seductiveness, clothed in innocence, needed to be rid of. This time, she refused to go quietly. Her flirtatious attire similar to that of her mother's, giving the surrounding people a peek at this and a glimpse of that, as she kicked and screamed. These alerted other customers, but after seeing she was obviously my child, they calmed and carried on their duties. Daddy was taking his trouble-making child home. What a good father I was.

(sigh)

This is maddening. Pure lack of pleasure, not to mention my unsuccessfulness. I think the girl bastard's become schizophrenic. I pray for her. You can pray for her, as well, for she needs redemption desperately. Deliverance. Yes, that's the ticket! I'll do an exorcism—schizophrenia is mere demonic possession, is it not? Why haven't I thought of this before? Deliverance, oh yes! I feel such a release of stress. God knows I've tried everything and

nothing's worked satisfactorily: spankings, embarrassment, drownings, burnings (you'll never forget such a smell, by the way), stabbings, lynching, sodomy with sharp items, a gun shot, everything I could think of.

It was fifteen or so years since the girl bastard's birth, two years since I've seen her last. I didn't even recognize her at first, sitting in my Algebra II class. The new girl, tardy this morning, sat down in the open seat in the front of the room, after I introduced the new student. I addressed that she'd need to be more punctual.

During my lecture on the subtraction of variables, I glanced to the windows and saw the reflection of the girl bastard watching me. I glanced back to the new girl's seat, and there once again was the girl bastard, the one I've killed oh so many times. I had my game plan down now. I will deliver this cursed child with an exorcism, for she's in chains and needs to be freed. In good timing....

I did well in ignoring the girl bastard until the dismissal bell rang. I asked her to stay, in regards to her tardiness, and do you know what that cunning girl said? I'll tell you her response! She said she got lost in the halls. Lost. Girl bastard, if you only knew lost! How can a flirtatious stalker of a girl bastard get lost, one that can so easily find her victim? Of, how continuously tortured, I am! Where's the relief? The answer is simply to free the captive—deliverance.

I smiled at her. Such a poor doll of a girl bastard, being such

like her mother, the tempter. Pouting there, as well--just like her mother. The moment for the exorcism was at hand.

"Come out!" I cried aloud, as I jumped on top of her. "Freedom to the captive! Don't fight it!" I was probing and choking her, I believe. "You look confused. Claim your victory and be free! Open your eyes; release the demon—"

Suddenly, I was seized by school security. It was like waking up from a terribly awesome dream, as I was being restrained.

The girl was different now, no longer being the girl bastard. This student was crying. I wanted to embrace her. "We did it!" I exclaimed hysterically, as she was escorted briskly into the hall. A-ha, it worked! The girl bastard is gone, most likely to the destination for such evil as her and her mother. Way, far away. Staying put, like a good girl. Peacefulness, finally.

Well, peacefulness until my release from jail three years later.

Accomplice (via 2002)

Some songs are simplistic  
They tend to run cliché  
Merely echoing words of another  
Repeating what they say  
How do I attempt here  
To put my thoughts out  
Vulnerable and open without lie  
To speak what my heart's about

It's easy to call a station  
And have the radio play songs  
But it's plagiarized emotion  
To display where you belong  
A reflection of light resembles  
Lightning in your stark eyes  
Dark iris times two more  
Poetic than midnight skies

A lot to lose situation  
If I advance too soon  
But much to gain perhaps  
If I could give you the moon  
A present sealed with stars  
Galaxies of passion encompassed  
My heart I give to you  
Asking that I be your accomplice

Act of War (via 2001)

All that was colored turned to gray  
Voids of emotion turned to disarray  
The storm has been brewing over time  
Their home land has been made mine  
I've seen families divide before  
As well as the sick be restored  
I've seen the causes of laments  
But never have I been subject to this event

Lightning crashes, the thunder roars  
I watched rain fall, Unmercifully downpour  
We've seen it coming, yet it's by surprise  
We're all soaked by an act of war  
We're all soaked by an act of war

Our very nature has been attacked  
A seeping virus through the cracks  
A young child is stripped of innocence  
Upon this hour of decadence  
Our eyes have been revived, opened  
The result, opened wounds in question  
Our scars will remind us all here  
What we take for granted, or consider dear



Against Her Will (undated)

She was sent on her way to the store  
When she found herself on a detour  
Down in the shadows of an alley  
A demon waiting hard for little Sally

Against her will, yeah  
Against her will, no no  
Against her will, oh dear  
She's only thirteen but he's in there

He was sent on his way to the store  
When he wanted to settle down the bore  
An innocent victim so young and pure  
His dick throbbed it needed a cure

He tears and rips  
She cries and drips  
He don't understand  
She can't comprehend  
They hurt

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