

AN
**UNSUPER,
VICED
MIND**

THE RAMBLINGS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS OF

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An Unsuper, Viced Mind is a collection of writings and images I've scribbled over the past twenty six years, then arranged in chronological order. It begins in 1992, I was fifteen, and continues through to present day, 2018. I have refrained from editing, for the most part, many of my early writings as a way to reflect my age and/or state of mind when it was written. Many, many thank you's to those who have inspired these ramblings through the years and many more to those who decide to read them. I hope you enjoy

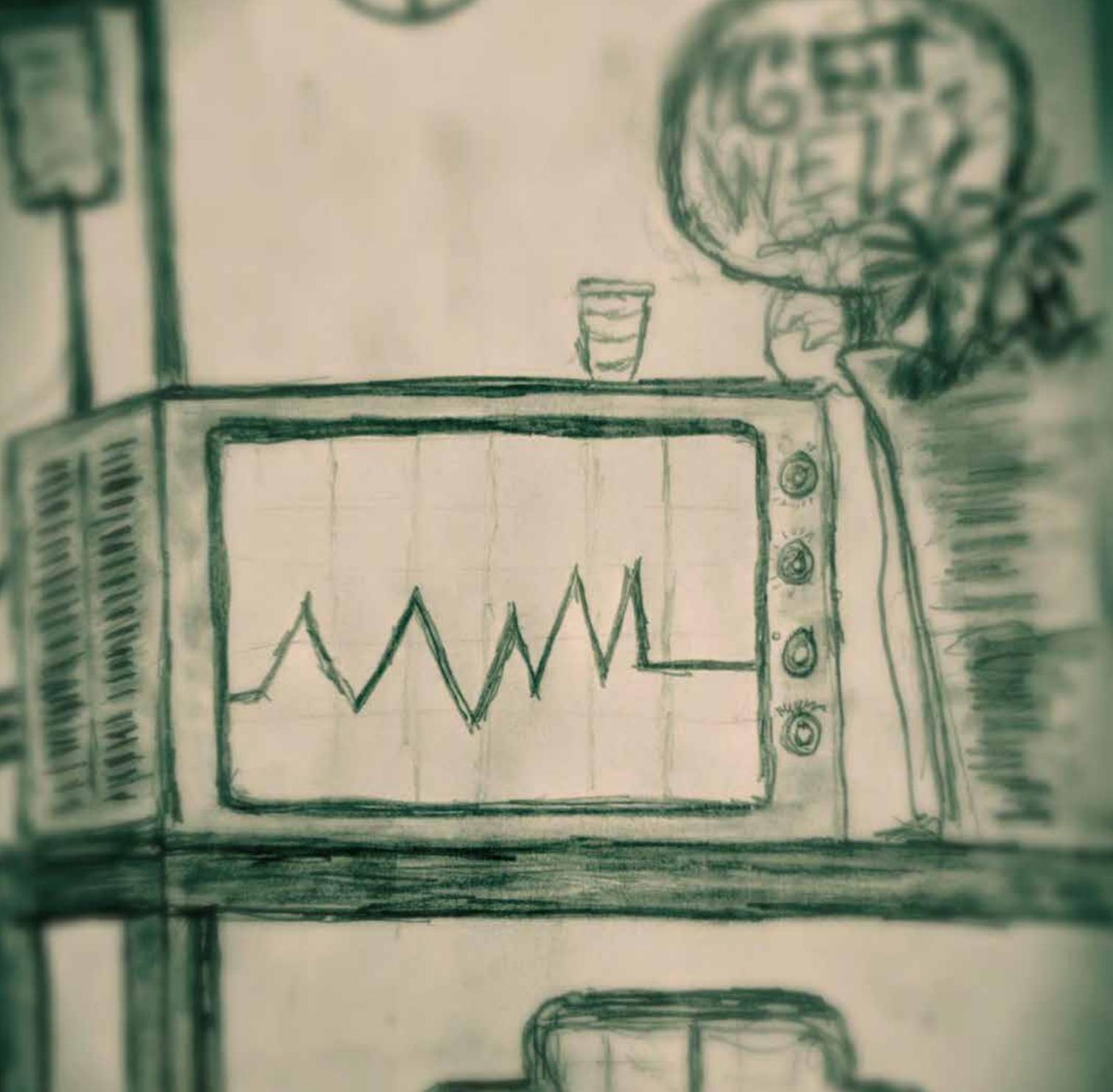
...MP

ONE

—

A FALSE
SENSE OF
OMNIPOTENCE

Adolescence is just a thrifty explanation for a ten year fall from innocence. A slow, pounding ride of realizations. Ironically beginning with a thirst for knowledge and discovery, ending with a feeling that maybe ignorance isn't such a bad thing.



PARALYZED

The setting never changes,
flowers live and die.

Sometimes I see my loves,
and often they cry.

The pain remains constant,
the beeping never ends.

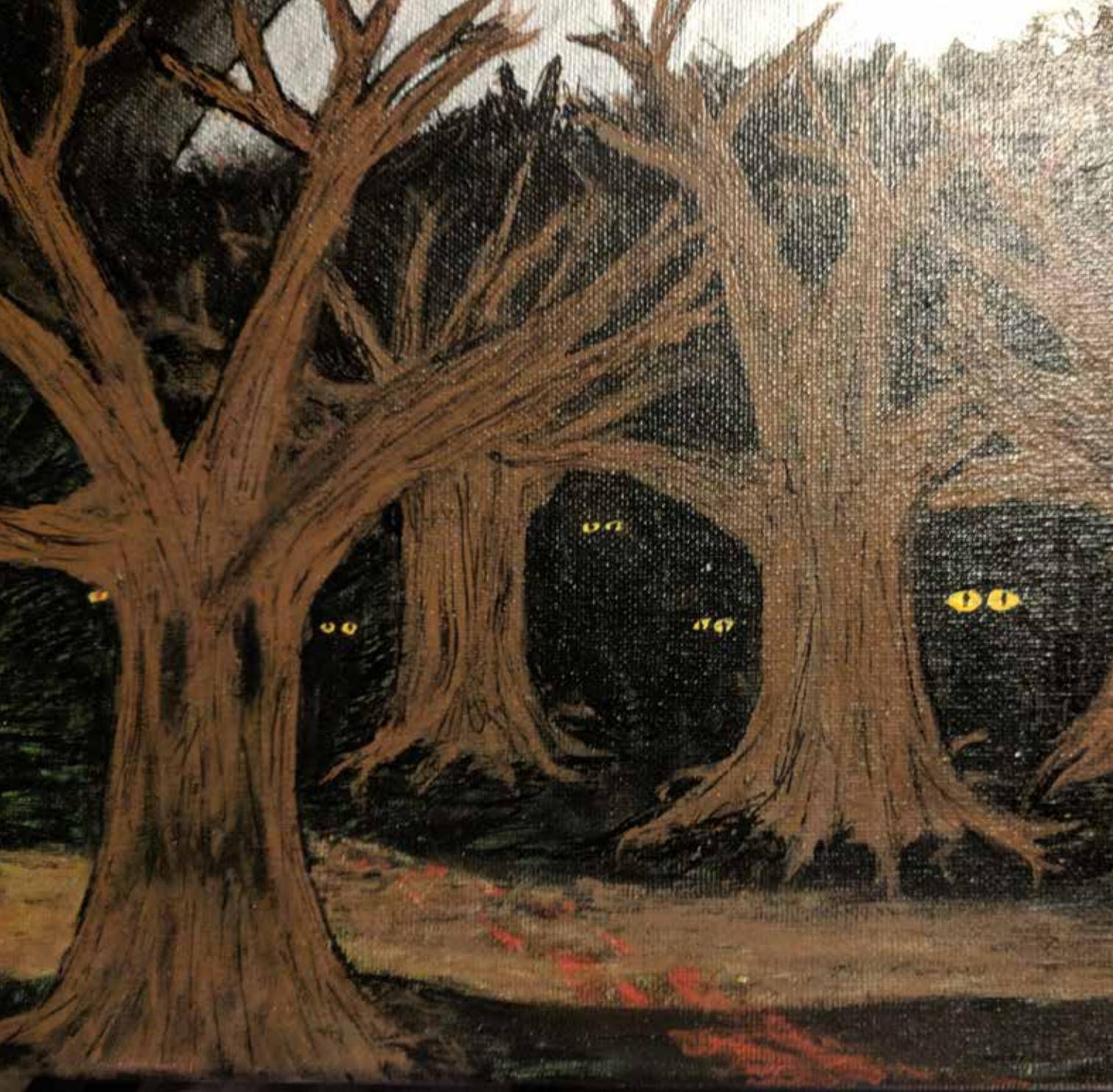
I'm so sick of lying here,
where are all of my friends?

Everything was perfect,

I felt like I was on top.

Now I just lie here, waiting,
for the beeping to stop...

...MP 1992



THERE IS A PLACE

I've been there once before,
to that special place behind her eyes.
A place where happiness once lived,
now a place full of lies.
I don't think I like it now,
that place where the sunshine never goes.
The rain comes often here,
and with the memories it flows.
Once a beautiful tree grew there,
now it is just dead and twisted.
I can't bear to look at that place,
that place where love once existed

...MP 1993

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I love

sometimes I hate

sometimes I even hate the very ones I love

sometimes nothing lasts forever

sometimes it does

sometimes I forget

sometimes I remember what I meant to forget

sometimes things are a mistake

sometimes they aren't

sometimes people are destined for each other

sometimes they never make it happen

sometimes people tell you they love you

sometimes they don't mean it

you told me you loved me

I believed you

sometimes

...MP 1993

BEGINNING THE END

Finality.
 Everything is going to end.
 I wonder,
 what's going to happen?
 The hole is dark, cold,
 my new home.
 No comfort,
 yet eternal peace.

The beginning.
 Entrance into this hell.
 The peace is over.
 Greed, ignorance, pain, hypocrisy.
 I want out.
 Now I'm stuck here,
 until she calls to me again.
 Then I will crawl back into my hole,
 enjoy my eternal peace.
 I hate the world

...MP 1993

AND WHAT FOR?

How can you worship
 something you've never seen?
 Something light or dark,
 what does it all mean?
 Is it worth the life,
 you give to this thing?
 Who is he? What is he?
 How odd does it all seem?
 Maybe someday we'll know.
 Maybe someday I'll care.
 Someday, one day, every day,
 all I can do is sit and stare
 at the world around me,
 imagine what's above and below.

What kind of so called god
 won't even acknowledge or show
 himself to his creations
 who are not at peace but war?
 Just sit and watch all die.
 And what for?

...MP 1994



SET FREE

Intense hallucinations fascinate,
 a corrupted young mind.
 While the fungus grows inside,
 blooming lines of color dance with the light.
 Waves of cartoonish figments follow suite,
 trails and trails and trails spiraling out.
 Love is felt strongly along my journey,
 the energy blows my mind.
 Thanks to those walking steaks and milk bags,
 as they've given me a key to an alternate reality.
 I have complete control of my surroundings,
 as long as I can remember to breathe from time to time,
 I'll make it home again just fine.
 I'm falling madly in love with this land of dreams,
 everything is always peaceful and not as it seems.