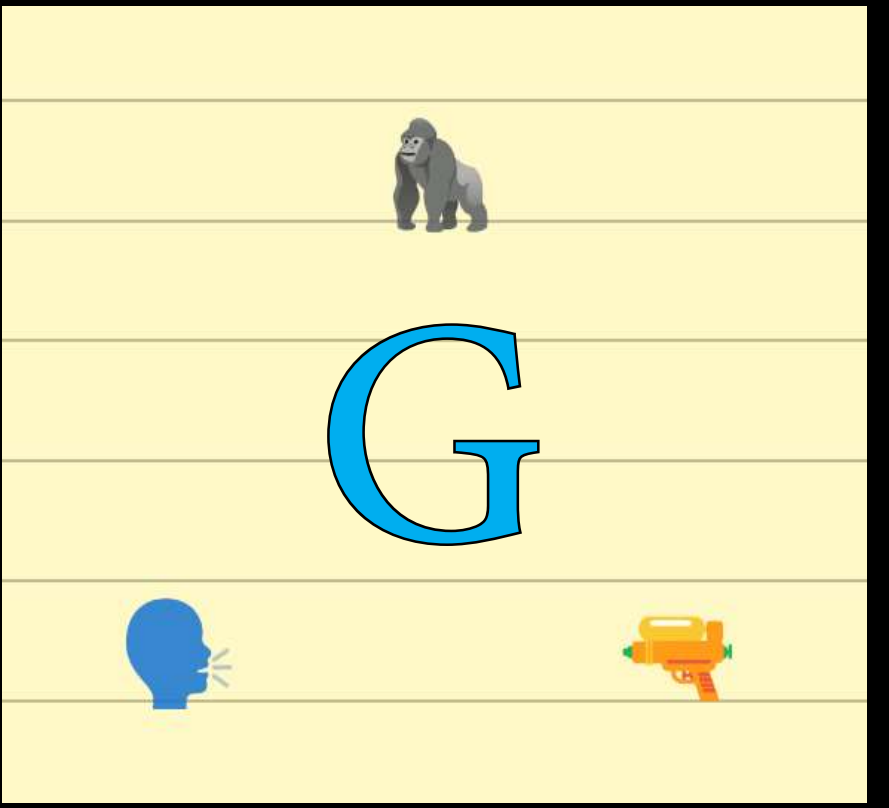
# Garretts Chapbook



# INSIDE FRONT COVER

Inside Covers should remain empty

# SWIRLS

Feelings like a tornado, they swirl and they spin,

Gathering force, from deep within.

They start as a whisper, a gentle breeze,

But soon they grow stronger, with [illegible]

They twist and they turn, they toss and they churn,

Tearing up everything in their path, they burn.

Their power is fearsome, their rage uncontrolled,

As they leave behind chaos, where once [illegible]

Sometimes they're gentle, sometimes [illegible]

They're comforting like a [illegible]

But other times they're destructive, [illegible]

And it's hard to believe that anything will [illegible]

Like a tornado, they come and they go,

And we're left to pick up the pieces, to mourn and to sew.

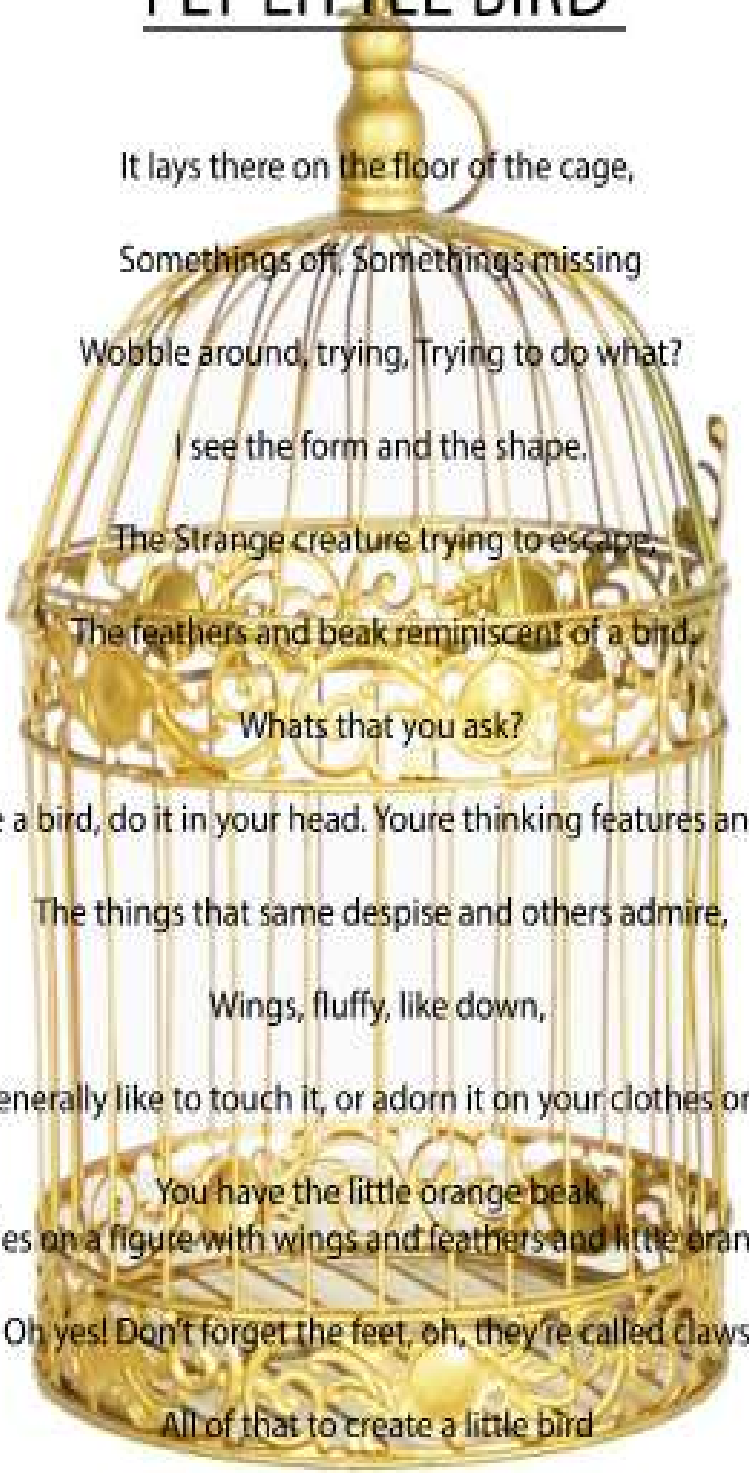
But even in the aftermath, there's a [illegible]

That we can rebuild and find a new way to cope.

For feelings, like a tornado, can be a force to be reckoned with,

But if we learn to harness them, we'll find how to live.

# FLY LITTLE BIRD



It lays there on the floor of the cage,

Somethings off, Somethings missing

Wobble around, trying, Trying to do what?

I see the form and the shape.

The Strange creature trying to escape.

The feathers and beak reminiscent of a bird.

Whats that you ask?

Define a bird, do it in your head. Youre thinking features and trails,

The things that same despise and others admire,

Wings, fluffy, like down,

You generally like to touch it, or adorn it on your clothes or crown

You have the little orange beak,
Triangles on a figure with wings and feathers and little orange feet,

Oh yes! Don't forget the feet, oh, they're called claws

All of that to create a little bird

Only three parts and then you can guess it right

Take one away, its no longer what you think

You could look at that picture on the page, poorly drawn

You'd never guess what it is without one of those parts,

Look at that bird jumping around, signaling unspeaking for your help

Whats wrong with it, whats missing?

Oh no, it can't be! It doesn't even have wings!

You stare with pity, which quickly turns to wonder and disgust

Start off with "How could this poor little bird make it without wings ?"!

You wait a moment and youre no longer in awe

"A bird without wings? That's not right!"

"That's not normal. That's really not even a bird!"

There are other things about that bird But it has no wings, therefore not a bird

That little bird was funny, so cute, lovely to be around

Makes people feel so happy

He passes the feeling, because every persons heart he touches,

The ones that stick around and give him a chance realize:

This bird may not be able to fly, but every time

I'm in its presence, it may not be able to

But I feel like I can fly

# ALWAYS BUT NEVER

You don't honor it,

You let it lay on the floor,

Can't even clean it up,

Add it to your lists of chores,

That Corpse, you leave it,

You let it lay on the floor,

It's mangled and destroyed,

So disfigured it lacks in face or hair,

Is it any different than before,

It laying right there on the floor, All chains attached, yet absolutely no strings,

Leave it there, it'll blend into the surroundings

Just as it did before,

That mangled, tangled, strangled corpse that lies there on the floor,

-Wait, you say choked?

That's new, when'd it pop up?

Whats the reason, do we even know? It was obviously a persons there's only one set of hands

The red marks all over the walls and his neck

On his polo, his light blue wrangler jeans...

On his pec, on his neck

Whoever it was, they weren't very careful,

People that had close to Two Three, for more?

One mark left from each person, a bullet hole from each problem?

Too many holes, life has its tolls,

He messed with the wrong people, that's how he ended up here,

Before he passed, his eyes dropped a single tear,

They called him names, nothing like the worst curse

All he wanted to to was appear

He did, that's why he's up here.

Still doesn't explain the hands around his neck

And there's not enough blood on the wall

The way his hands are positioned,

Like he's strangling himself,
Wringing out his own neck,

We solved the case, know exactly what happened

He strangled himself, not from the problems he had,

Those come after.

He's had some before, has some now,

He solved his problems. Future, past, solved them all.

You can never tell if he was riddled with bullet holes, with problems,

Because he covers them up and never lets them show.

They leave the room and leave him be,

Because the only one that could ever, ever understand,

Ever help himself, ever solve his own problems, was him.

There was never anyone else there even when there was.

He finally found has problems and covered them all,

Unable to ever truly be fixed.

They'll continue to leave him there, step and walk around his corpse.

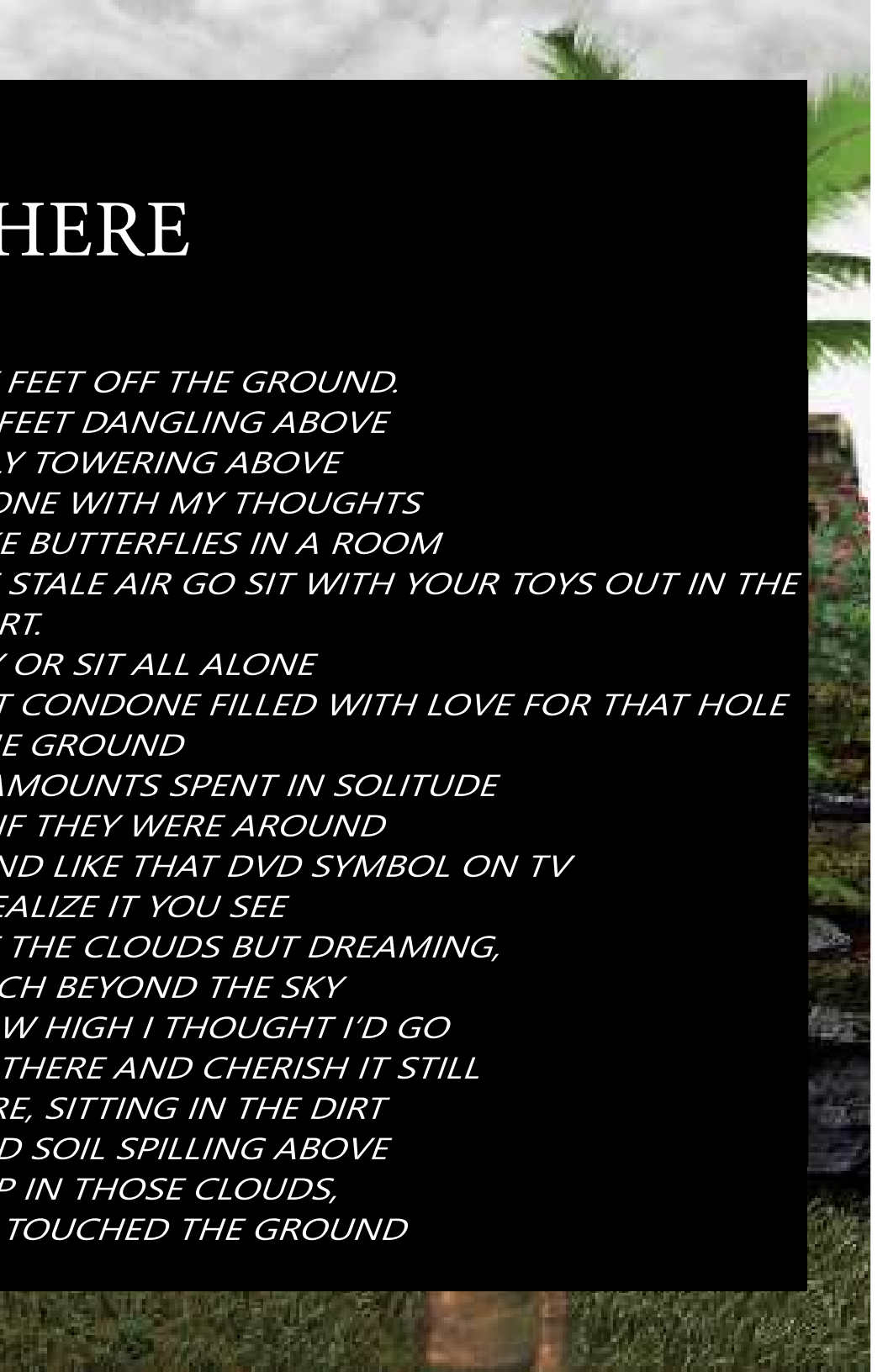
Nothing has changed at all for him.

Has still there helpless on the ground,

Don't leave the blame on others, he was never truly found.

# UP TI

*GROWING UP WITH MY*
*SITTING IN THE CHAIR*
*JUST LIKE THE FAMIL*
*WHEN I WAS YOUNG ALO*
*TOO MANY TO COUNT LIK*
*WOULD ONLY NEED A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE*
*DI*
*INVITE SOMEBODY*
*AN ACTIVITY THE PARENTS WOULN'T EVER NOT*
*DUG IN TH*
*MEMORIES, UNIMAGINABLE A*
*OR WITH MY FRIENDS*
*THE THOUGHTS BOUNCED GROUN*
*I DIDN'T EVEN RE*
*I SAT OUT THERE LOOKING AT*
*DREAMING FOR MU*
*I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE HO*
*YOU SEE, I CHERISHED THAT*
*BUT I WAS NEVER THER*
*THE DUG UP, UPROOTE*
*IVE ALWAYS BEEN U*
*AND I'VE NEVER REALLY*



# HERE

*FEET OFF THE GROUND.*
*FEET DANGLING ABOVE*
*Y TOWERING ABOVE*
*ONE WITH MY THOUGHTS*
*E BUTTERFLIES IN A ROOM*
*STALE AIR GO SIT WITH YOUR TOYS OUT IN THE*
*RT.*
*OR SIT ALL ALONE*
*T CONDONE FILLED WITH LOVE FOR THAT HOLE*
*E GROUND*
*AMOUNTS SPENT IN SOLITUDE*
*IF THEY WERE AROUND*
*ND LIKE THAT DVD SYMBOL ON TV*
*EALIZE IT YOU SEE*
*THE CLOUDS BUT DREAMING,*
*CH BEYOND THE SKY*
*W HIGH I THOUGHT I'D GO*
*THERE AND CHERISH IT STILL*
*RE, SITTING IN THE DIRT*
*D SOIL SPILLING ABOVE*
*P IN THOSE CLOUDS,*
*TOUCHED THE GROUND*

# GUTS FINAL PAGE

# INSIDE BACK COVER

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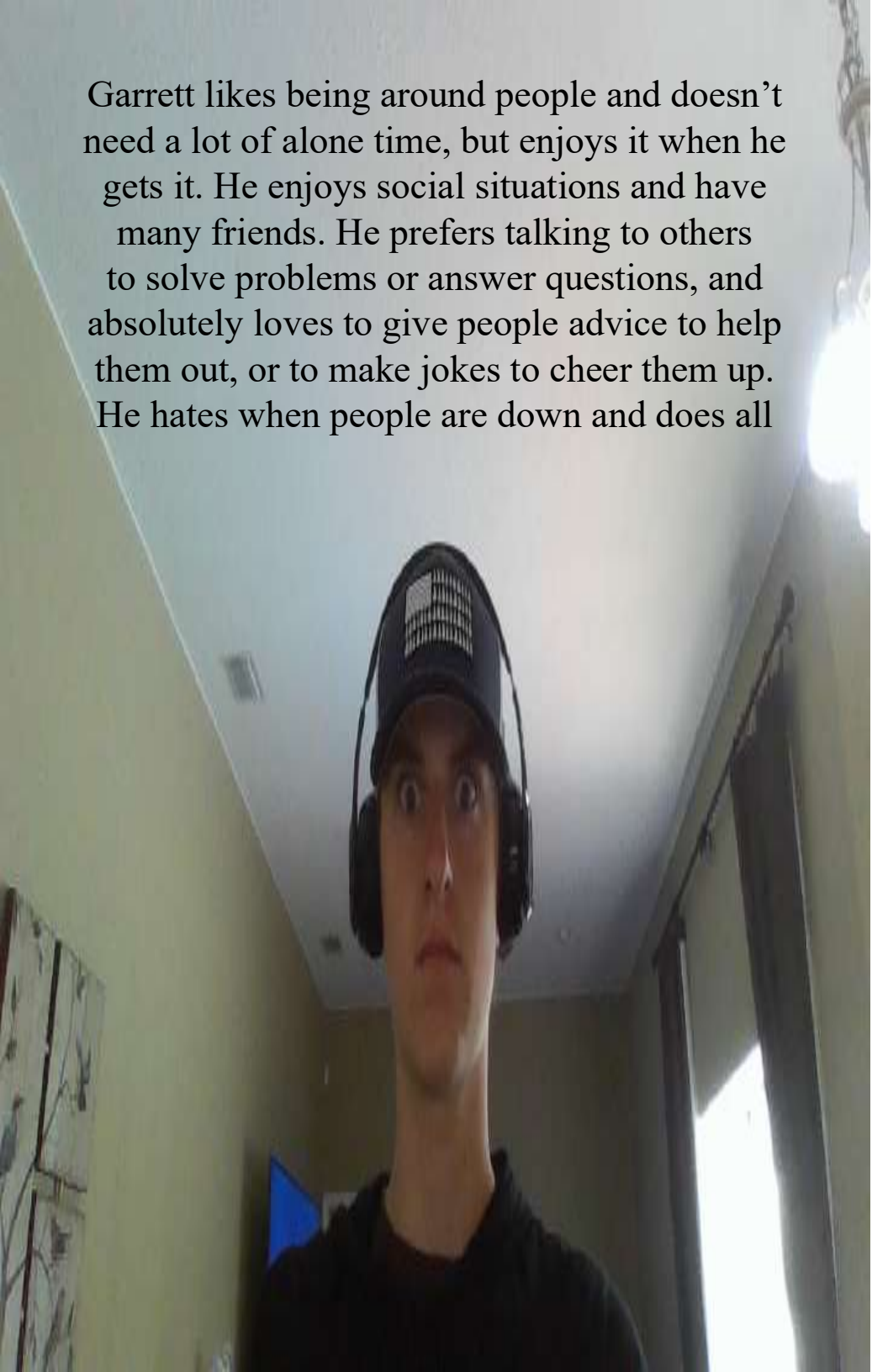
Garrett likes being around people and doesn't need a lot of alone time, but enjoys it when he gets it. He enjoys social situations and have many friends. He prefers talking to others to solve problems or answer questions, and absolutely loves to give people advice to help them out, or to make jokes to cheer them up. He hates when people are down and does all