

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

### Title

Full Throttle

### Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/42g847hq>

### Journal

The Vernal Pool, 5(2)

### Author

Elias, Gabriel

### Publication Date

2019

### DOI

10.5070/V352043727

### Copyright Information

Copyright 2019 by the author(s). This work is made available under the terms of a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives License, available at <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

## Full Throttle

By Gabriel Elias

Slow down. They tell the clown but he can't hear you. He's almost out of gas  
and he's already past the point of no return.

So it's full throttle, drinking straight from the bottle, here's to one more laugh.

Headlights blurring as he's zooming through the freeway pylons in opposing traffic

He laughing as he's trying to find his path yet again.

Foot slams harder, tears running down this clown's face,

cause he didn't think he'd catch a case.

But laughter can only plaster, depression so long, before here comes the devils number one  
hitter, the reaper .

So before life hits its final act, clutch the bottle,

Throw the bird. Pray and say those final words.

One more time it's a leap of faith.

Everything's black, is this it?

Is this the ending? Just like that

And just like that I'm already back.

Alarm clock ringing, reminding me that I'm still clinging to life.

These darkening thoughts, intruding my dreams.

Those scenes so real or at least it seemed.

But what the hell is that loud ass beep?

Its irritating why won't it go away?

Slowly it goes away and but I feeling numb , is this okay?

Gaaaaaaaaaaaasp, I'm laid in a gurney, paramedics yelling,

Stay awake son, you're gonna make it, can you tell me your name?

Are you insane, did you know you were going in the wrong lane?

Eyes lids feel so heavy, a curtain call to the tragedy I called a life,

All this strife and this may be the final strike, cocaine is probably the only thing pumping the blood through these veins. The bottle I'm still clutchin.

He's going out like a light, defibulators are to your right, aight, son this is the best chance that we got, one more shock and hope that you can make it past this, no more rock, not a single achohol drop, this coping method, you need to shred it.

Please son just make it...

Hurt

Honestly, a lot of shit happens every single day, the type of shit that make close ties, no stronger than the flies caught in the spiderweb w/ red eyes hovering over them fangs inside, It's the ticking time bomb son , who living in strife razor blade edging closer to the lanes of life, The beaten kid living with a dope fiend and his only way out , is selling dope on the corner of 17<sup>th</sup>, either that or he better make it on a sports team , basketball and football his likely way out, Maybe if the kid lyrically inclined, he can spit bars acidic-ly and melt them chains holding him down. The lonely kid bullied for the games and clothes that years later are a #1 trend, no longer does this kid have friends, he trench coat wearing, head phones blaring, outcast staring in, the trench coat the only thing holding in the sinister thoughts floating in his den of sin. This the shit barely scratching the surface, that got the average man crackin in!

And honestly not a single person would care...

I could be gone within the next breath of air, caught in my minds endless snare, beartrap of depression, anxiety, lack of sobriety, a society that deems us useless like the helmets used in the NFL for CTE, then they wonder how the kids and celebrities end their lives because they all in disbelief until the next major thing , fake care for a week , maybe a month

But the fact is no one would give a fuck...

No amount of words is gonna change that. It's just how I feel, some people in my past prove me right, because one second everything alright.

Then like a light switch, instant flip, Living room once lit now dark. I get stuck

There writing my art as I try to repair my heart. Suturing ventricles while blinded by acidic tears, beyond repair aortic valve bursted in here, Bon Jovi Said it best,

So continue to tell me get over it, tell me I should look to the crystal clear sky, head held high,

But stop lying to me , stop implying you care, stop this fake love that you used to engulf me like the oil spill did to seals in gulf sea,

My heart can't take it no more, I stare at the carpeted floor,

the popcorn ceiling, at the ever present stars, looking for answers, but a world full of dancers, move so slyly, tongues spread lies faster than wildfires that hit up Cali or mid-east and their tornado alleys,

They tell me stop my feelings, you lazy, laying in bed, dead weight stop acting like it's the end , stop being a burden...

then what the fuck am I supposed to do pray and kneel, To a god that may not even be real, a divine man that supposedly punishes me for my sin, that shall strike me down, lightning bolts scorching my skin.

No! you gonna tell me to exercise, ill build some great bi and tris and massive thighs, maybe improve my life, but every time I look in that mirror I still see the same pain in my eyes.

Go have fun, as if it was as simple as ABC and 123, as if my depression would simply lessin.

Like my anxiety wouldn't become a priority over anything in a party. Bacardi, hennesy, and a bit of weed, are really supposed to fix me, I don't trust these advices because it has been put through the vices, wood worked and burned, its in the grain of my skin.

And now im getting closer to the end , to those that try to give me advice in the minutes before this pen had inked this in, just know those words were in my head and if you see my name in headline news know it wasn't you ,the hormones in my brain playing with strings of neurons like a six string guitar,

So before I kick this stool and let this chain relieve my pain , I hope you make it here in time, save life, sever this line around my neck and hold me tight, because I lost my fight , but if you don't it is okay , because todays light will be my final day...

## Hurt: The Other Side

I read that letter you left behind, how come you couldn't tell me you were dyin' in side?

I didn't know the blades were so close to the lanes beneath your hide, I can only guess the feelings finally got to you, drug you under, injected your brain with novocaine replacing that serotonin, leaving no dopamine for the numbing pain, hid you from the sun way down under, plundered the very will that withstood the neighborhood's metal rain, mentally stronger than killers that lived on their victims pain, withstood the hatred of the nation that seen us as worthless unless we made them a profitable gain,

Who would've thought that the strong friend balanced on the thinnest wire, the one that gave us advice, a mountain figure, a statue made of pure ice, the indomitable shine was no longer in your eyes, a fire that I didn't know how to revive, I can't deny that I gave you basic lines of advice but any other advice from this guy would've felt like spoon fed lies, said go to the gym, gain that new aesthetic, bulked up muscles, chiseled figures, a marble statue, hoped that if seen yourself looking better you see the same you I seen forever ago, seems like you have a fixed mirror, mirror on the wall reflecting back all that you fear, I was hoping you would get through this fray unscaved.

I'm sitting here, as the paramedics take you away. Your face a deep blue life faded away, dead due to asphyxiation, crimson mixed in brown yarn, slip knot rope got a ring of broken flesh which it separated from your neck, your noose still hangs there, a taunting image of the only foe to ever hit my bro and ko the unbeatable, hour glass broken because I'm still lookin at the pendulum no longer swinging, letter still being read over and over, still doesn't make complete

sense, every muscle in my body get tense, how long were you humpty dumptying on a fence. times frozen still sitting where you hung not even days ago, your mom already knows, every one of those tears felt like a heavy hitter hitting me with heavier blows, I had to tell her, her little man no longer can see the fam from the same P.O.V. , I kept her from seeing you dangling on the rope, I couldn't let her see her baby boy in his weakest point, Nope that shit would've put another in the ground.

Its been weeks and I still can go to sleep, without the after image of you dangling from the rope of troubled years, nightmares of being nearly there wake me in tears , acidic tears burrowing canyons down my face branding me with these scars, reminding me that I wasn't there, if I had sprinted those last couple yards maybe I could've saved you from you, when you needed me most, I was coasting up thinking life can't get better than this, child on the way and I get to tell my best friend that he's the Godfather to be ,I used to boast that my friend was the man to change the world, didn't know the weight could fold a titan, I was the only one in the world that knew who you truly are, because god damn you were a shooting star in a hood of unfulfilled wishes and dreams.

Years later since I hit up your number, when I was down in the depths and numb, Id hit that dial, speak to the voicemail for awhile until the tile wasn't spinning , tell you all the secrets that kept me from complete freedom, so this is my letter that I finally got the balls to make, until we meet again ...

My strong friend...