



Rudimentary

(very im-
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JESSE COUGOT

Rudimentary

(very imperfectly developed)

Jesse Cougot
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Eloquent Books

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To: Coila Glass
Thanks for everything

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Are you an artist? A photographer? Maybe, just a doodler when you're talking on the phone? If so, utilize the "eye"con pages placed between each piece to create your graphic/visual ideas.

There will be another release of "Rudimentary (very imperfectly developed)" ILLUSTRATED!

Submit your work to www.jessecougot.com to be reviewed by Jesse Cougot and hopefully be chosen as a featured artist in the illustrated release. Be sure to include your name and contact information for your published notoriety.

Also, feel free to use the pages to write down your own thoughts, your own poems or your own questions to be answered at future book signings.

Prelude

The pieces you are about to read are not just poetry. These pieces are my diary. It is a growing experience for me and, hopefully, for you, too. I feel that as the dates evolved my writing style did as well. This collection is about the trials and tribulations of a young man's life. It's about confusion, meditation, spirituality (sometimes lack thereof), sexuality, anger, resentment, love, lust, freedom, heaven, hell, masochism, suicidal tendencies, suicidal attempts, actual suicide, politics, etc.

Writing is how I deal with my emotions, both positive and negative. Some pieces are riddles; some are self-explanatory. Some are literal; others are not. You decide.

INTRO

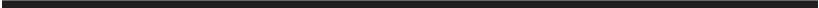
Circuitry

It's my belief
That like the physical, circular shape of the world
Everything else is a circle,
And within any given situation
It takes several people or objects or forms of energy
Which complement the next thing in order to complete
The cycle or cycles.

This allows the balance.

In my belief
There must always be balance so one doesn't topple.

So when it seems like the end,
Remember there is no such thing.
It's only the beginning



Tattoos Are Forever

02-18-99

Some say they're pretty
Some say they're plain
Some say, "But when you're old?"
And call me insane

Some say I need attention
Some think it's cool
Some say I'm crazy
Others call me a fool

Some say they're nice
Some say they're chic
Some say the opposite
And call me a freak

They just don't understand
A shame that they don't know
Tattoos are forever,
But lovers come and go



The Visitor

02-19-99

As far back as I can remember
It's been either black or white.
There was no such thing as a gray area.
For a while I attempted to disagree
In search of the colors which I knew were in front of me,
But the more I walk . . .
The darker it gets.
So I turn around to run back to the light,
But it never seems to get white again.
Just like two semi-circles with a wall in between
And I'm stuck on the dark side
Without the tools to break the brick which binds me there.

As far back as I can remember
I've felt like a yo-yo.
My life went up and down from the good to the bad
And then back again,
But at least the cycle was complete.
Now it seems that some cadaver grabbed hold of my yo-yo,
Dropped it down with no intentions (or abilities for that
matter)
To pull it back up.

So what do I do now?
I try to wake from this nightmare,
But the sandman says I'm not finished
And must continue to dream.
I disagree.
I think it's time to wave goodbye.

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Feeling stagnant is a terrible emotion.

After all, my wisdom means nothing
To the ones who pretend to be deaf.
If they don't care then why should I?
I think it's time to wave goodbye.

I awoke this morning with no self motivation whatsoever.
That's not like me at all.
Have I given up? Am I gonna fall?
As I went to bed, last night, I laid my head down
(not to sleep) to cry
And scolded myself for wishing I would die
Then continued to cry on the inside until I finally fell.

I had a visitor today.
A quite respectable individual indeed (I must say)
How he made me dig once again
Into my head and beneath my skin
To the center of my soul.
We laughed and hugged;
It felt so good, but when he left
I was all alone.
I guess that yo-yo thing is happening again,
But I won't let it continue!
Remember the wall around the dark side of the circle?
Well, I'm gonna borrow it
And stretch it
All around and throughout my largest muscle
Just like my visitor showed me.
Not to be deceptive or anything,
But since he can't learn from me
I'll get something in return for trying,
And if it's nothing else than his knowledge then so be it!
I think it's time to wave goodbye now

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03-02-99

I am depressed
I am confused
I am lonely
My heart is bruised

I am blunt
I am rude
I'm a whore
They've all seen me nude

I am overwhelmed
I don't care
I am young
And losing my hair

I am unsure
I am stressed
I don't know God
I don't feel blessed

I am depressed.

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Maybe God's a Hermaphrodite

03-27-99

We call him He
We call him Father
But is he She
Shall I bother?
Mother or Father?

Flowers. Trees. Birds.
Taken for granted everyday
In my eyes they're beautiful
In their own special way

Poetry. Song. Script.
Each can bring out joy
But since beauty is feminine
Is he a girl or is she a boy?

If I were made in his image
I must be beautiful too
If I were made in her image
I'm still beautiful with or without you

If she is seen through our eyes
We must be beautiful as he
If he is seen through our eyes
We must be beautiful as she

We call him He
We call him Father
But is he She
Shall I bother?
Mother or Father?

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The World Through My Eyes

03-29-99

Love

Hate

Delusion

Stalemate

Stability

Intrusion

Denial

Compromise

Diffusion

Calm

Maniacal

Confusion

This is the world through my eyes.

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