

## Conspiracy Theory of the Month

*cont'd. from page 19*

your day uncomfortable, aware that the only conclusion was how much waste your attention generated. You knew there were hungry mouths out there needing the food of recognition that their words were living inside of you, growing the crops, so that they may feed in the future. And when harvest came, this little piggy went to market - the market where reasons were sold through language and prices declined ever since.

And so it went. You kept on reading. You kept on writing. All with no purpose until you were to die. And you said "Death would be good for me, because I would shut up." But maybe if someone read what you wrote, they would remember you and carry your name on forever. It was kind of ironic that you lived in death more than in life. But that's what being a writer was like. Death itself was more or less an inconvenient metaphor one used to describe reading. At least Death was a way out. Not so when reading. It sucked.

You knew that when you wrote this that it would be unread by millions of people all like you, and that if one's reading of this mess(age) was realized to the end, it would merely measure a length of time and nothing else. •

## *Ego and the Senior*

Once upon a time I owned this place.

I remember when it was mine.

I knew their faces and their names,

And never questioned time.

I always thought that they would watch me,  
in wonderment forever.

Now I'm in their shoes.  
Staring within myself,  
And I see that I was less clever.

It's not about me.

It's not about them.

And it's hardly about us.

It's about a place that once I owned,  
And now I'm leaving thus.

by: a senior and his ego

*[This poem was anonymously submitted to WheatBread]*

## My Punk Manifesto

*By Steve Guo*

Fuck it. Smile to no one. Be nice to crap. Accept your role, to fuck up the social rules. Drink drunk, while singing, "punks are punks." Discard all the sparse moments of passion, delve into the overwhelming sea of apathy. Talk to mimes, about their silent lives. Reconsider who you are.

Forget your identity. Share a cigarette, consider it etiquette. Doubt the innocent. Glorify the art of irresponsibility. Travel. Trifle. Try.

Laugh in the face of love. Quantify sex. Make no sense to the sensitive. Make sense of the senseless. Withhold judgements. Randomize desires. Abandon self-discipline. Discipline the disciplined. Go unemployed.

Point fingers. Talk jives. Beg to differ. Strive to be distinguished.