THE BEST POETRY EVER WRITTEN
BY KENNY ELLER
Kenny elite

these bases.
I must of spent half my life behind
cop cars.
seen plenty of flashing lights and
I've been in high speed chases,
heart.
gears, always one step away from the
slamming gears, and speeding
street.

rubber up and down these country
drinkin' and drivin', bouncin'

life saw.
I learned, wouldn't believe the shit
you couldn't imagine the things
I could crawl.
I was hell on wheels since the day
Green Bud is growin'.
'you know' where all that killer
I just call it home.
they call it the emerald triangle,
A little town thers unknown.
Born and raised in humboldt country,
I must of broken every sin.
I was a heart breaker, hell raiser,

of what a life it has been.
living my life on the wild side.
Kenny Evere

-1-

you taught me how to stand up to those bullies,
keeping my body close to the ground.

you taught me how to wrestle. By
its the only thing.
as a kid, winning isn't everything,
remember son, there's no such thing
then put their lights out with the right.

you taught me how to box, and how

Turn to bar.
can put it out of the park, when its your
never go for that single, when you

That.

you're a winner son, don't ever forget

Second Place.

First, it's only the loser who settles for
He said a winner will always take

You taught me how to play poker,

First and how to hunt,

how to shoot a short gun, how to

A base and how to bunt.

how to steal.

you taught me how to throw that
She was quick off the line, she was fast on her feet. The left hook. She could shoot a bow and arrow. She could throw a bongerang, she could ride a skate board. She was a master with all these toys. She had a stiff jab, but her favorite was the nose. Kick them in the balls, whatever. It took.

First I taught her the fundamentals of the street fight, scratch out the eyes, bite off the nose. I finally had a lil brother I could pick on. It was on and cracking from dusk till dawn.

I still remember the day. It was so much more. She was so small, you wouldn't even notice she was there. She was a tomboy. Blue eyes, blond hair.
Be tough.

Because to survive in this world, you better

I was so worried?
you know why? I picked on you, you know why,
you know why?

It hurt.

I was laughing and teasing you cause I knew
what was on my mother's mind and eating her.
By the time you were eight, you were realizing

little brother, I never had.

This was the price you paid for not seeing that

I made you mad.

I know I pushed you to the limits, I made you cry.

Down on the ambulance, packed

I taught you to drive go-carts, and ride motorcycles.
Slice into home plate, how to throw up on the bar
I taught you how to throw a fastball, how to

in the creek, teaching you how to play real good.

teetering your ass off in the pool.

warming you swim across the river on your back.

Headline you used to hold for two seconds with a

miss.

just a lot of shit.

on the group, not you.

She was lean. She was mean. She pulled pins.
In my newest book, you can read the story and see this poem:

Get a new left hook. Enough to be a grand mother, I bet you still

It's hard to believe you're already one.

Every day,

I still love you dad, and think about you.

You are special.

Mom, if I don't you wouldn't be the woman I know I was happy on you Stella Rebecca,

I definitely would've believed it.

No shit if I hadn't saw it myself with my own eyes,

Roll it into the basket.

Times, then down the court and throw.

I saw her steal the basketball turning season,

IN A SANTA ROSA BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT.

I ever saw.

Her her size, she's the best pure athlete.

Shoot and distribute a basket ball.

She could run, stay, jump. But she couldn't pass.

When young Shirley died.

Because there ain't nothing you need to know.

Your target unlike it on the pump.

Remember how I taught you how to lead.
Kenny Ever

19

That cops back door.

My front wheel was only a few feet off
we all had to of been done a 120 or more
I still had a gear to go, and lots of gas
Monson beach was coming up fast.

on the floor.

The cop must of had the gas pedal
your bike couldn’t do any more
you were lying down on your bike,

Must of been dreamlining.

If we thought we were stopping, he
screamed.

His lights were flashing, his siren was
your back wheel.

with a cop no more then a foot off
like i was standing still.

All of a sudden, you come flying by me
It was halloween night, 1969.

Way behind.

I was in the lead, you were somewhere
Could’ve swore we were all alone.
Those wasn’t anyone on the highway, we
were

home.

Fucked up, but through we could make it
On our motorcycles. After the party,
Thanks for being a part of this book.

We're off the fucking hook.

P.S. Now that I look back, we definitely have all those memories.

But no matter where I am, it still we use to be.

"Done" I know were not as close as

Day.

"Me. I lived to our run The Coppers Another

the car let you want your bike away.

you pleaded over, you're lucky Keeper

in the mirror you two weekend every there.

By the time I got to McKinleyville, I looked

the wind in my hair.

I opened up the portfolio, all I could feel was

filming you the block when I blew on through.

I didn't just pass the car, I passed you too.

On the straight stretch I decided to pass

Ass.

Claw Beau, that car was still on your
Stealing every two bars we could find.

Most of the time:

Riding bicycles on our bikes, crashing
Telling the teachers to kiss our ass.
Passing notes, taking back in class.
Playing quarters.

Strip poker with the girls, getting drunk

In that order:

Sex, drugs, and rock-n-roll, not necessarily.

In Drake Goodell's ass.

Per me double dog dare me to stick a dart
Remember getting kicked out of class.

The bus:

Walking to school, cause we got kicked off

Neither knocking, you can't catch us.

Flush the cheeks, bombs down the toilet.
Taking gun powder out of bullets.

School:

Breaking all the windows out of Toody Thomas

Smoking cigarettes, thinking we were cool.

And I bet you could still remember all of this.

If you close your eyes, and you're just real Truly miss.

Doze, you're one of the few patients I
Kenny Ever
22

Out the fire,

Some stupid motherfucker trying to put

Porch, the flames getting higher.

A paper bag full of dog shit on some ones

Danelein Deli.

Your favorite was, do you want some of ours

Suck some cock, it weepen me

Some of the stupid things we use to say "quit"

Pointing at someone fast.

Like ass.

Who the fuck cut the cheese, it smells just

Always fixing things that never needed fixed.

See what made it tick.

Taking your brand new watch apart, just to

We could.

Thumbing our noses at the law, just because

Done all the crazy shit no smarter kid would.

Letting all the air out of all the neighbors tires.

Fucking marches, staring faces.

Germs busy for things we never done.

Terrifying the neighbor hood with a B.G. gun.

Drapping rocks off the over pass.

The sound of broken glass.

On Halloween night.

Shooting out all the street lights.

toter paper burning, houses, throwing rotten eggs.
Thank you for giving me all these memories.

How we made it to be adults is beyond me.

We were juvenile hall bound at some point.

Getting busted at school for smoking a joint.

Getting switched off for writing graffiti all over the boys bathroom wall.

Getting switched off for writing graffiti all without getting busted.

We couldn't lift a candy bar from a store.

We sure couldn't be trusted.

We were like petards but stupider,

up at the police station.

our parents were constantly picking us up at the police station.

It seemed like the older we got, the bigger the street.

The gas station that got broke into.

down The cop at our house questioning us about we got our asses beat.

Swearing we wouldn't do it again, after do it again, were getting arrested.

The principal telling our parents, if we look under the girls dresses.

Looking mirrors to our shoes, so we could "this is the crazy shirt we use to do.

Face when they say their shoe.

Imagine the smell, can you picture their
You'll never have to shed another tear.
No more joy, no more fear.
All these things are now out of reach.

No more keep parties on the beach.
No more skinny dipping with the girls.
You're now forever where you are.

No more wishing upon a star.
When you died, you gave them all away.

No more Easters, Christmases, or birthdays.
No more tears at breakfast.

Out of the bars.

No more Whiskey, no more getting wasted.
Your friends kids all these stories.
Somebody else will now want to tell.

No more having out with the boys.

No more feeling sorry for those loved.
No more sadness, no more crying.
No more looking forward to tomorrow.

No more laughter, no more sorrow.
None of this will do anymore.

No more kindness, no more sin.

I guess it's too late to say goodbye.
You shouldn't die.

Your wounds of sorrow telling me
Hammer's Dr. Dred Scott. 30/20

Due to a tragedy unforeseen, Harley Wayne

I miss you kid, is what I'm really training

to say. Away.

Something in me died the day you were taken.

Do you now see, what your death has done

I loved you Harley, like you were my own son.

I loved you Harley, like you were my own son.

we had.

What about all those future plans that

Mom and Dad?

What about all those memories? What about your

Mom and Dad?

What about all those memories?

All those possessons are now gone.

been taken away

All the times you used to do, have now

Games you loved to play

Gone! All the baseball and football

You found that out the day you fell!

No more wondering if there's a heavenly or hell.

All those memories must stay that way.

No more beautiful sunsets, or sun shining through.

The only one I love to take

Art Nietzert. Now you know where I'm going to

There's been a murder. No more taking their

I'm on your phone, praying not being the one.

Your son, your daughter, your beautiful anime.
HERE'S ANOTHER STORY ABOUT MY BUDDY AND ME.

THE TWO BLACK SHEEP OF OUR FAMILY.
HE WAS TALL AND BROAD, I WAS SHORT AND STOUT.
WE WERE THE TOUGHEST KIDS IN CAMPTON HEIGHTS WITHOUT A DOUBT.
WE WERE BARE KNUCKLE FIGHTING OUT IN THE STREET.
WE NEVER ONCE FOUND SOMEONE WE COULDN'T BEAT.

WE GREW UP IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY IN THE LATE 70's AND EARLY 80's.
WE WERE A FAVORITE WITH ALL THE LADIES. WE HAD TWO OF THE FINEST BITCHES, BOTH WERE OUT OF SIGHT.

THEY HAD PILE DRIVING ASSES, THAT COULD FUCK ALL NIGHT.
YOURS WAS SHORT AND SASSY, MINE WAS FINE AND TALL.
BUT LET US TELL IT, WE HAD FUCKED THEM ALL.
WE MUST OF PUT MY WATER BED THROUGH EVERY TEST THERE COULD BE.
YOU AND LARHONDA, AUTUM AND ME.
WE THREW WILD AND OUTRAGEOUS PARTIES,
WE WERE OBNOXIOUS AND LOUD,
WHEN THE COPS CAME, WE HAD NO PROBLEM
GETTING LOST IN THE CROWD.
PLAYING FOOTBALL, BARBEQUING ON THE BEACH.
ALWAYS HAD A BOTTLE OF JACK WITHIN REACH.
WE BUILT HOT RODS THAT COUNLNT BE BEAT,
WE WERE CONSTANTLY BURNING OUR TIRES UP
AND DOWN THE STREET.
FUCK ROD STEWART, DAVID BOWIE AND THE
GREATFUL DEAD.
IT WAS AC/DC AND OZZIE OZBORN BLASTING
IN OUR HEAD.
STRAIGHT SHOTS OF YUKON JACK, SOME TIMES
RUM AND COKE.
WE DRANK AT THE BARS TILL WE WERE BROKE.
SPINNING DOUGHNUTS, GETTING "SLIDE WAYS"
AROUND THE BLOCK.
IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY WE DROVE, YOU
BEST STAY OFF THE SIDE WALK.
WE HATED THE SYSTEM, ESPECIALLY THE COPS.
WE WOULD JUST FLIP THEM THE BIRD, AND
REFUSE TO STOP.
THEY COULD CHASE US, BUT THEY NEVER CAUGHT
US, WE HAD TO MUCH HORSE POWER.
THE SCANNER ALWAYS BLASTING, BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR KENNY ELLER, AND DOUGLAS FLOWERS.

-27-
KENNY ELLER
WE WERE DOING SPEED, WE WERE SMOKING WEED... WE FUCKED WITH ALL THE BAG WITCHES...
WE WERE DRUNK, WE WERE DRIVING, WE WERE WRECKING CARS.
WE WERE LEGENDARY DRINKERS AT THE BARS.
WE NEVER GAVE A FUCK WHAT THEY THOUGHT.
WE TOLD THEM ALL TO SUCK SOME COCK.
ALL GROWN UP NOW, BUT STILL GETTING INTO SHIT.
IF YOU WERE TO LOOK UP "TROUBLE" IN THE
DICTIONARY I'VE SURE YOU'D FIND KENNY ELLER AND
DOUG FLOWERS' NAMES RIGHT NEXT TO IT.

IF YOU HAVE A TENDER MESSAGE, OR A LOVING WORD TO SAY:
DO NOT WAIT TILL YOU FORGET THEM, BUT WHISPER THEM TODAY.
THE TENDER WORDS UNSPOKEN, THE LETTER NEVER SENT.
The time of love unspent.
For those some loved ones die, for those some loved ones wait.
So show them that you love them, before its way to late.

- 28 -
KENNY ELLER
The call in the middle of the night,
that triggered fear.

Getting the news you never wanted to hear.
A unknown number, the sound of my little brother's voice when he answered the phone.

Right then and there, I knew the feeling of being alone.

My brother told me a man by the name of Sid Stout, wasn't going to be there anymore to pick us up when we fell down.

This was a man we took for granted, this was a man we always thought would be around.

There are so many things now, me and my brother wished we had said.

Now it's too late, the man we once loved is now dead.

This man taught us to stand up for our self, and to be considerate of others.

This was the man who once loved my mother.

A bit of advice, don't wait until it's too late to say goodbye.

If you love someone, show them now, before they die.
Remember, death is forever. It will take any loved one that you had.

This just wasn't any man, the man I'm talking about was my dad.

Since you've been gone dad my life hasn't been the same.

I wrote these poems, so your grand kids, and great grand kids will never forget your name.
All the statements were on file, the accusation were half true.

It was late September 2011, I was preparing for jury trial in a day or two.

The deal was five years, but if I lost I was getting ten.

The state of California wasn't fucking around no more, if it was up to them, I would be going back to the pen.

You should of saw their faces when the jury heard the evidence they was Shelly Stutsman's word and a photo of a turd.

Was there laughter in the courtroom? You fucking bet.

But listen to this story, cause you ain't heard nothing yet.

Do you swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, the judge asked you before you got up on the stand.

You held up your hand, you swore to God, then started lying your ass off, just like we planned.

They called you a thief, they said you were a liar.

The district attorney told the jury, Harley Hammers is the defendants gun for hire.

They threaten to throw him in jail for lying up on the stand, but no matter how hard they tried, Harley just wouldn't break.

It's amazing how much lying two friends will do, when one's freedom's at stake.

The harder they tried to trip Harley up, the more he twisted their words around.

By the time Harley was done testifying, the truth could never be found.
OBJECTION, OBJECTION, MY LAWYER COULD CLEARLY BE HEARD.

YOUR HONOR, YOU'RE TELLING ME WE'RE GOING TO CONVICT THIS YOUNG MAN SOLELY ON A SHADY TESTIMONY AND A PHOTO OF A TURD. THIS MY FRIEND WAS CONSPIRACY AND PERJURY AT ITS BEST.

THE VERDICT WAS IN, "NOT GUILTY" THE JURY RESTS!

IF HARLEY WOULDN'T OF SHOWED UP THAT DAY, AND LIED HIS ASS OFF UP ON THE STAND, I WOULDN'T OF WALKED OUT OF THAT COURT ROOM THAT DAY, A FREE MAN!

THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN EXACTLY 3 YEARS BEFORE HARLEY DIED. FOR YEARS HE HAD THE ONLY COPY OF THIS POEM. IN 2012 I STARTED WRITING A BOOK CALLED, "LIVING MY LIFE ON THE WILD SIDE"; THIS WAS ONE OF THE POEMS, I WANTED IN MY NEW BOOK. HARLEY SENT THAT POEM BACK TO ME. BUT SOME HOW IT GOT LOST IN THE SHUFFLE. I REWROTE IT AFTER HARLEY DIED, IN A SANQUENTIN PRISON CELL, ITS AS CLOSE TO THE ORIGINAL AS I REMEMBER. HAD HARLEY LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO READ THE BOOK, I'M SURE HE WOULD OF BEEN SURPRISED AT THE DETAILS THAT CAME OUT IN THE STORY'S.
Harley, you don't know how many tears this tough guy's shed.

The day that I heard you were dead,

It never really hit home.

Until I saw your name etched in stone.

You were the little brother I never had.

Now you're gone, just like my dad.

You never hurt anyone, until the day you died.

These words can't possibly explain the hurt I felt inside.

We couldn't wait to be Grampa's, so we could tell our grand kids stories.

About the things we did when we were boys.

You finally got your one wish Harley, you're not going to feel the effects of getting old.

Now all those stories are put on hold.

"Memories", that's all I have left of you my trusted friend.

Hopefully on the other side, we'll see each other once again.

If I don't show up on judgement day.

It means I went the other way.
You're that "hemorrhoid" burning in my ass.
You're that "stuck up bitch" who denies she passes gas.
You're the "blood pressure" that's getting higher.
You're that "rash" that's got my skin on fire.
You're the "ache" in the pain.
You're that "tumor" growing in my brain.
You're the "lice" crawling in my hair.
You're the "scratch" that's always there.
You're that "foul tasting bile" in my mouth.
You're that slimy yellow "puke" they call Ralph.
You're the "dirt" beneath my nails.
You're that "stinky fart" I always smell.
You're the "grime" that grows in the funk.
You're the "stench" in a rotten cunt.
You're that "person" my mother always warned me about.
You're that "crazy bitch" I just can't figure out.
You're that "dirty dick" my wife sucks.
You're that "best friend" she always fucks.
You're the "nervous tick" in my hand.
You're the "bitch" I just can't stand.
You're the "deceit" in every friend.
You're the "fucking" in all the letters I send.
You're the "face" that has no name.
You're that "stupid bitch" playing all those headtrip games.
You're that "ball and chain" locked to my leg.
You're that "bag whore" who does nothing but beg.
You're that "bitch" who sucks dick for gas money, and doesn't even have a car.
You're that "chick" begging for free drinks at the bar.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, WHEN THE FUCK WILL THIS POEM BE DONE.

"ACTUALLY" I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN.

YOU'RE THE "SCANDAL" IN THE DEAL THATS TO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
YOU'RE THE "GREED" IN EVERY JEW.
YOU'RE THE "SLEAZINESS" THAT MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL.
YOU'RE THE "PROFANITY" THEY WRITE ON THE BATHROOM WALL.
YOU'RE THE "RECKLESSNESS" IN MY EVERY MOVE.
YOU'RE THAT "RUT" INSIDE THE GROOVE.
YOU'RE THE "SHIT" THATS GETTING DEEP.
YOU'RE THE "TEARS" THAT MAKE ME WEEP.
YOU'RE THE "CATSHIT" BURIED IN THE SAND.
YOU'RE THE "FOOLISHNESS" IN MY EVERY PLAN.
YOU'RE THE "CRAZY THOUGHTS" RUNNING IN MY HEAD.
YOU'RE ALL THE "STUPID THINGS" I'VE EVER SAID.
YOU'RE THE "TROUBLE" THAT ALWAYS FOLLOWS ME.
YOU'RE THE "PRISON SENTENCE" I JUST DON'T SEE.
YOU'RE THE "ANGER" IN MY VOICE.
YOU'RE THE "WEAPON" I USE WHEN I HAVE NO CHOICE.
YOU'RE THE "WAY" IN MY FRIENDS SUICIDE.
YOU'RE THE "REASON" I BREAK DOWN AND CRY.
YOU'RE THE "WEIRDO" WHO BABYSITS WHILE WATCHING PORN.
YOU'RE THAT "DIRT BAG" WELFARE RECIPIENT FILLING OUT ALL THOSE FORMS.

CAN YOU SEE THE "HATE" I FEEL INSIDE.
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES THIS TOUGH GUY'S CRIED.
YOU'RE THE "ONE NIGHT STANDS" IN MY PAST.
YOU'RE THAT "ORGASM" THAT NEVER LAST.

Kenny Eller
You're that "mistress" who will crush your heart.
You're the "affair" that tears a family apart.
"You!", you're the cause of all of this.
If you ask me, it's getting to be quite a list.
You're the "thunder" in my ear.
You're the "lighting" that's getting near.
You're the "sweat" I get when it's hot.
You're the "smell" in a dirty sock.
You're the "electricity" in the wire.
You're the "spark" that starts the fire.
You're the "chill" out in the cold.
You're the "crisp grasp" that it holds.
You're the "destruction" in a hurricane.
You're the "dark clouds" right before it rains.
You're the "quiet" before the storm.
You're the "power of a tornado" before it forms.
You're the "ocean" pounding the surf.
You're all those "catastrophes" of the earth.
You're the "terrorist" who's gone insane.
You're the "panic" when he's on the plane.
You're the "mark" in a poker game.
You're the "cash" going up in flame.
You're the "payment" I can't pay on my loan.
You're the "fucking bank" that took my home.
You're the "system" that keeps locking me up.
I'm the "convict" who's always getting fucked.
You were that "make believe friend" I had when I was a kid.
You're the one I "blamed" for all the things I did.

-36-  
Kenny Eller
You're the "Sad Story" that has no end.
You're the "Lonely Kid" that has no friend.
You're the "Sorrow" when we mourn.
You're the "Child" who dies before he's born.
You're the "Stab in the Back" that nobody sees.
You're that "Past" catching up to me.
You're that "Dope Fiend" that's smoking crack.
You're the "First Sign" of a heart attack.
You're the "Heroin Addict" who stole my shit.
You're also that "Tweaker" who's helping me look for it.
You're the "Withdraws" that make me shake.
You're the "Addiction" I can't seem to break.
You're the "Drugs" that's killing me.
I'm the "Slave" that will never be free.
"Smoking Dope," and "Snorting Lines."
This is the "Life" I wish I could leave behind.
You see, I'm the "Weakest Link" in the chain.
I'm the "Mother Fucker" that will never change.
I'm like a "Retard," but "Stupider."
When I die well know for sure.
YOU BRING ME "SUNSHINE" ON A CLOUDY DAY.
YOU "EASE" THE PAIN WHEN IT COMES MY WAY.
YOU"RE THE "LIFE" BEATING IN MY CHEST.
YOU GIVE ME "PEACE" WHEN I NEED THE REST.
YOU"RE THE "BELIEF" WHEN I HAD NO MORE.
YOU"RE THE "FAITH" I HAD ONCE BEFORE.
YOU GIVE ME THE "COURAGE" TO CARRY ON.
YOU"RE THE "STRENGTH" I"VE HAD ALL ALONG.
YOU"RE THE "DREAMS" OF A BETTER DAY.
YOU"RE THE "HOPE" THAT NEVER FADES AWAY.
YOU"RE THE "ANGEL" WHO SAVED ME FROM CERTAIN DEATH.
YOU"RE THE "AIR" WHEN I COULDN'T CATCH MY BREATH.
YOU WERE THERE "TO PICK ME UP" WHENEVER I FELL DOWN.
YOU"RE THE "FRIEND" THAT ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE AROUND.
YOU"RE THE "LAUGHTER" I LOVE TO HEAR.
YOU"RE THE "SHYNESS" I GET WHEN YOU'RE NEAR.
YOU"RE THE "COOLNESS" IN A SUMMER BREEZE.
YOU"RE THE "SKIPPED HEART BEAT" I GET WHEN I SNEEZE.
YOU"RE THE "LUST" IN MY WILDEST DESIRE.
YOU"RE THE "PASSION" THAT LIGHTS MY FIRE.
YOU"RE THE "ECSTASY" THAT'S HARD TO FIND.
YOU"RE THE "SEX" THAT KEEPS BLOWING MY MIND.
YOU"RE THE "FANTASY" IN MY EVERY THOUGHT.
YOU"RE THE "GIRL NEXT DOOR" THAT'S SO FUCKING HOT.
YOU"RE THE "BLUE BALLS" THAT MAKES MY BODY SCREAM.
YOU"RE THE "EXPLOSION" IN A WET DREAM.
YOU"RE THAT "BEAUTIFUL WOMEN" ON THE SIDEWALK WHO CAN CAUSE A CHAIN REACTION.
YOU"RE THE "SEXAPPEAL" IN THE NEWEST FASHION.  

Kenny Eller
YOU'RE THE "THRILL" IN THE CHASE,
YOU'RE THAT "CENTER FOLD" I DREAM ABOUT WEARING LEATHER
AND LACE.

YOU'RE THE "SEXINESS" IN A SKIN TIGHT DRESS,
YOU'RE THE "HARD-ON" I GET WHEN YOU'RE WEARING EVEN LESS,
YOU'RE THE "SMUT" I WRITE IN A LOVE LETTER.
YOU'RE THE "SMILE" THAT ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.
YOU'RE THE "HAPPINESS" I NEED SO MUCH.
YOU'RE MY "CHARM" WHEN I NEED THE LUCK.
YOU'RE THE "JOY" I FEEL DEEP DOWN INSIDE.

YOU WERE ALWAYS THERE "TO Wipe AWAY THE TEARS" WHEN I CRIED.
YOU WERE THERE IN "MY DEEPEST DARKEST TRIALS".
YOU'RE THE "ONE" WHO COULD ALWAYS MAKE ME SMILE.
YOU'RE THE "SADNESS" I GET WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE.
YOU'RE THE "SORROW" IN THE TEARS I CRY.
YOU'RE THAT "HEART" BEATING STRONG AND TRUE.
YOU'RE THE "WARM FEELING" I GET WHEN I THINK OF YOU.
YOU'RE THE "ONE" WHO KEEPS ME OUT OF TROUBLE.
YOU'RE THE "HELPING HAND" WHEN I STUMBLE.
YOU'RE THE "LOVE" THAT'S IN THE AIR.
THANKS "BABE" FOR ALWAYS BEING THERE.
YOU'RE THE "EYES" THAT MADE ME SEE.
JUST HOW MUCH "YOU MEAN TO ME".
Thanks Cindy for being there for my son, when I couldn't be.
Thanks for being there at my grand-daughters birthday party.
Thanks for all the birthday & christmas cards that you send.
Thanks for being my big sister, thanks for also being my friend.
Thanks for excepting my every call.
Thanks for catching me when I fall.
Thanks for believing in me when no one else would.
Thanks for cheering me up when nobody else could.
Thanks for all those happy moments you share with me.
I'll forever and always cherish all those memories.
Thanks for showing me a little class.
Sorry for sometimes being that pain in the ass.
Thanks for making me smile, when all I wanted to do was frown.
Thanks sis, for always being around.
Thanks for being my guiding light.
Thanks for calming down when I wanted to fight.
Thanks for all the nice things that you say.
Thanks for all the good times you brought my way.
Thanks for all the wisdom that you share.
I'm sorry for all the burdens that you bare.
Thanks for not making me feel guilty for all the stupid things I've did.
Thanks for being my guardian angel since I was a little kid.
Thanks for backing me up whether I was right or wrong.
Thanks for making me feel like I belong.
Thanks for telling me the truth, when everyone else would just lie.
I'm sorry for all the times I made you cry.
You've been my freedom, when they locked me up behind these bars.
Thanks sis, for just being who you are.

Kenny Eller
THANKS FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT THAT YOU'VE SHOWN.
THANKS FOR WATCHING OUT FOR ME WHILE I'VE GROWN.
THANKS FOR ALL THE SUPPORT THAT YOU GAVE.
SORRY FOR ALL THE BULLSHIT I SOMETIMES BRING YOUR WAY.
THANKS FOR ALWAYS STANDING BY MY SIDE.
THANKS FOR TAKING ME IN WHEN I NEEDED A PLACE TO HIDE.
SORRY I KEEP CRASHING ON MY BIKE.
I DON'T BLAME YOUR HUSBAND FOR TELLING ME TO TAKE A HIKE.
I'M SORRY FOR THE WAYS I SOMETIMES BEHAVE.
I SHOULD OF LISTEN TO ALL THOSE STERN WARNING THAT YOU GAVE.
THANKS SIS, FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DONE.
THANKS FOR MAKING THIS LIFE, SO MUCH FUN.
I'M SORRY I WASN'T THAT BROTHER YOU NEEDED ME TO BE.
I'M TRYING TO GROW UP, I HOPE YOU SEE.
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME.
I'M SORRY FOR GIVING THE "ELLERS" SUCH A TROUBLE SOME NAME.
I GUESS I'VE GOT NOBODY BUT MYSELF TO BLAME.
"WELL", I BETTER LET "ANGEL" TAKE A LITTLE BLAME TOO.
SHE'S BEEN IN MORE TROUBLE THEN YOU EVER KNEW.
SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO EXPRESS HOW TRULY GREATFUL I AM.
THANKS CINDY FOR ALWAYS GIVING MY SON AND HIS FAMILY THAT HELPING HAND.
MOST IMPORTANTLY, I WANTED TO SAY "THANK YOU" FOR ALL YOU DO.
ABOVE ALL ELSE, THANKS FOR JUST BEING YOU!

Kenny Eller
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I SURE KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN.

LIKE A RETARD, I'M JUST STUPID ENOUGH TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

AT ONE TIME, YOU WERE MY EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING I EVER NEEDED IN THIS WORLD.

IF THERE WAS ONE WOMEN I COULD OF FALLEN IN LOVE WITH, IT PROBABLY PROBABLY WOULD BE YOU GIRL.

YOU WANTED ME TO HATE YOU, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY.

WE COULD'VE JUST KISSED, AND SAID GOODBYE.

YOU BROKE MY HEART KID, YOU HURT ME LIKE NO WOMEN HAS EVER DONE.

SUICIDE BY SPITE, YOU DIDN'T EVEN NEED A GUN.

WE COULD'VE BEEN HAPPY, WE COULD STILL HAVE BEEN LIVING THAT AMERICAN DREAM.

THEN YOU TURN ON ME AND CALL THE COPS, AND TRY TO PULL THE MOST SCANDALOUS SHIT I'VE EVER SEEN.

I THINK ABOUT THE WHOLE SCENE NOW, AND IT STILL MAKES ME LAUGH.

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN OUT YOUR FUKKEN MIND, IF YOU THOUGHT I'D JUST LET YOU PUNK ME OUT OF ALL THAT CASH.

I DIDN'T ROB YOU BITCH, I WON THAT MONEY AT THE CASINO FARE'S SQUARE.

THE ONLY REASON I LET YOU COLLECT THAT JACKPOT WAS I DIDN'T HAVE MY IDENTIFICATION THERE.

I SPENT EIGHT MONTHS IN JAIL FIGHTING A CASE I DIDN'T EVEN DO.

ONE OF THESE DAYS BITCH, ALL THAT SHIT IS GOING TO CATCH UP TO YOU.

-42- 

Kenny Eller
You tried to send me to prison, but it blew up in your face. If it wasn't for Harley Hammers I'd have lost that case. Me guilty, that's just absurd.

Next time you better have more evidence then just a turd. Your dirty little deed done sealed your fate.

I'm coming for you bitch, by the time you see me, it'll be too late. In your letters, you beg and plead Kenny I hope you don't ever forget about me.

Bitch, you're already a long and forgotten memory. Write you, why the fuck would I do that, you dirty little tramp. You're not even worth a fucking postage stamp.

I never loved you, you were just another fucking whore. What part don't you get, when I said I didn't want you no more. Fuck you bitch, and everything you ever said.

The only thing you were good at was giving head.

You're a sneak thief, and not even a good liar.

I wouldn't fuck you in your ass, if it was on fire.

These words hurt don't they? But you know every word is true. I'm so glad I'm fucking done with you.

If you were to die right now, I wouldn't even care.

To me you're already dead bitch, just like you were never even there.

When I first met you, you were just some skank sitting at the bar. Sucking dick for gas money, when you didn't even own a car.

I can't even believe I was ever with you, just thinking about it makes me sick.

I wouldn't fuck your nasty pussy with someone else's dick.

"Well", I guess that's all I've got to say.

I hope you have a fucked up day.
you stink, you drink, you fall, you crawl.
you're the most scandalous bitch I ever saw.
fuck your heart, fuck your feelings.
im done fucking with all your shady dealings.
fuck the weeds, fuck the grass.
you'll never be more then trailer trash.
fuck the crying, fuck the laughter.
fuck you happily ever after.
fuck the hurt, fuck the pain.
im done fucking with all you lames.
fuck the love, fuck the hate.
fuck every breath that you take.
fuck the good, fuck the bad.
fuck every orgasm you ever had.
fuck all the things that you do.
fuck all those mother fuckers who fuck with you.
fuck the high's, fuck the low's.
fuck all the people that you know.
fuck the car, fuck the truck.
one of these days, you're going to run out of fucking luck.
fuck the house, fuck the loan.
you're lucky I don't bank a left hook off your dome.
fuck the money, fuck the bank.
fuck the way your pussy stank.
fuck the sheep, fuck the cow.
how do you like me fucking now
fuck the cat, fuck the dog.
you're nothing but a sweat hog.
FUCK THIS, FUCK THAT.
I'VE GOT PAPER WORK ON YOU, YOU FUCKEN RAT!
FUCK THE 49ERS, FUCK THE RAIDERS.
FUCK ALL YOU FUCKING HATER'S.
FUCK YOUR SUNTAN, FUCK YOUR HAIR.
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I FUCKING CARE.
FUCK THE SNOW, FUCK THE RAIN.
IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S ALL THE SAME.
FUCK THE BOAT, FUCK THE BIKE.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A FUCKING HIKE.
FUCK THE GUN, FUCK THE KNIFE.
FUCK YOUR PIECE OF SHIT LIFE.
FUCK YOUR GRANDPA, FUCK YOUR GRAND-MOTHER.
YOU SICK BITCH, WE ALL KNOW YOU FUCK YOUR BROTHER.
FUCK YOUR UNCLE, FUCK YOUR AUNT.
FUCK THAT THING IN YOUR PANTS.
FUCK PAROLE, FUCK BEING ON THE RUN.
FUCK THAT BASTARD YOU CALL A SON.
FUCK YOUR MAMA, FUCK YOUR PAPPY.
HOW CAN YOU LOOK SO HAPPY, WITH YOUR HAIR SO NAPPY.
FUCK YOUR NEICE, FUCK YOUR NEPHEW.
FUCK ALL THE TIMES YOU MADE ME FEEL BLUE.
FUCK YOUR EAR, FUCK YOUR NOSE.
FUCK ALL THOSE PLACES YOUR PUSSY GO'S.
FUCK YOUR TITS, FUCK YOUR FAT ROLL'S.
FUCK ALL YOU DIRTY BAG HO'S.
FUCK YOUR FACE, FUCK YOUR ASS.
YOU'VE NEVER HAD NO FUCKING CLASS.

Kenny Ellen
Fuck you life, fuck your soul.
If I hadn't of straped a board to my ass, I'd have fallen in your fucking hole.
For your girls, fuck your boys.
Fuck all your sex toys.
Fuck all the smog, fuck all the air.
I don't think anybody really fucken cares.
Fuck the climate change, fuck the weather.
Fuck all the times we spent together.
Fuck the sun, fuck the hail.
Fuck all that crack that you sell.
Fuck the sheriff, fuck all the cops.
They can all suck my fucking cock.
Fuck your cancer, fuck your brain.
I'm done playing all your head trip games.
Until death do us part.
Consider this a divorce, thanks for breaking my fucking heart.
Fuck these bars fuck this cell.
I'll see you all in fucking hell.
Fuck you cunt, I'm glad I finally found out what you're all about.
A back stabbing bitch, without a fucking doubt.
How many times do you think I used the word "fuck" in this fucked up letter?
If you ask me, I don't think I could've said it any fucking better.
A LITTLE WINKING OF THE EYE.
A LITTLE FLIRTING WHEN YOU PASS ME BY.
A LITTLE PROMISE NOT TO TELL, AS WE
GET A ROOM AT A CHEAP MOTEL.
A LITTLE KISSING AND A SWEET CARESS.
A LITTLE MOVEMENT OF YOUR DRESS.
THEN YOUR BRA IS SET ASIDE.
ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT TO HIDE.
SOON YOUR PANTIES HIT THE FLOOR.
YOU DROOL IN EXCITEMENT FOR WHATS IN STORE.
A LITTLE LICKING AND A LOT OF SQUEEZING,
BUT I PROMISE THE END RESULTS WILL BE
MORE THEN PLEASING.

YOUR SKIN TASTES THAT OF PURE HONEY.
YOUR BODY IS AS FINE AS ANY PLAYBOY BUNNY.
OH BOY HERE WE GO.
WHERE MY TONGUE STOPS NOBODY KNOWS.
THINGS GET SWEATY, THINGS GET HOT.
OH MY GOD, YOU HIT THE SPOT.
MOANS OF PURE PLEASURE ESCAPING YOUR LIPS.
AS I GRAB AHOULD OF YOUR FAST MOVING HIPS.
SLOWLY, I EASE ALL THE WAY IN.
BACK-N-FORTH, AGAIN AND AGAIN.
DEEPER AND DEEPER BUT NEITHER
WILLING TO GIVE IN.

-47-

KENNY ELLER
"YES, YES" YOU BEE, GIVE ME ALL YOU GOT.
HARDER- N- HARDER I POUND, DONT WORRY
IM NOT ABOUT TO STOP.
"IM CUMMING, IM CUMMING", YOU FINALLY SCREAM.
THEN YOU WOKE UP "IT WAS JUST A DREAM."

"PS" OUT OF BREATH, AND SWEATING BAD.
TELL ME THIS ISNT THE BEST PAPER FUCK
YOUVE EVER HAD!

-KENNY EVER
Backed in my cell like a sardine in a can, to them you're a number, not even a man. Treated like an animal locked in a cage. When they wonder why we're so full of rage, this will be the last time I come back through. For the time they have taken, they will see my all day. A guilty verdict would be death and defeat. My next court appearance will be balls to the wall in the street. The jury will be my bullets, the judge my gun. Guilty, I die, not guilty I run. Both guns blazing in my hand. This is where I'll make my final stand. And when that day comes, don't cry for me. I may of died, but at least I did it free. Take me to my grave, and bury me like a man. A fat bud joint in my mouth, a bottle of jack in my hand. Before you throw that last shovel of dirt on me, play some AC/DC and have one last party. To all my friends who knew this legend well. Just tell them I was guilty and I'll see them all in hell.
WELL I HOPE YOU LIKE SMUT, BECAUSE HERE GOES.

A LICKIN YOU WILL GET, STARTING WITH YOUR TOES,
MOVING UP YOUR LEG, MY TONGUE'S DRIPPING.
GROOVING ON SMOOTH SKIN, MY HEART STARTS SKIPPING.
INTOXICATING SMOOTHNESS MEETING MY TASTE,
SAVORING YOUR LUSCIOUS BODY, NOW I'M AT
YOUR WAIST.
AROUND THE NAVAL, UP THE MIDDLE I GLIDE,
ONTO PINK NIPPLES, ONE I MIGHT HIDE,
ONTO THE OTHER ONE, UNTIL IT GROWS TALL,
FOR IT HAS NOT BEEN LEFT OUT AFTER ALL.
CHewing ON YOUR NECK, YOUR EARLOBE I FIDDLE.
FUCK ALL THIS BULL SHIT, I'M GOING BACK TO
THE MIDDLE.
SINKING INTO NECTAR, SO FINE AND SO SWEET.
YOUR HOT LOVING OVEN REALLY SIMMERS MY MEAT.
Mom, thanks for being there for Vita and my son, when I couldn't be.

Thanks for loving us all unconditionally.

I was your wildchild, I guess you could say I was border line crazy.

It seems like the cops were always after me.

I know I was a pain in the ass since I was a little kid.

Thanks for believing in me, when no one else did.

You hid me out when I couldn't run no more.

Bold face lying to the cops, while I hid behind your front door.

I was a problem child, always on the run.

I'd be a liar if I told you I knew when and where it all begun.

In and out of trouble, living my life day by day.

Never even thought about changing my evil ways.

Kicking the dog, throwing the cat, pulling the wings off a fly.

I was a mean kid, don't ask me why.

Playing deadly games, pushing my luck to the limit.

If there was ever any trouble, you knew I was in it.

Starved for attention, always acting like a fool.

The cops chasing me in my go-cart through the school.

Out after curfew, riding wheelies past the cops, drinking, drag racing.

How many times have you had to pick me up from the police station.

I've lost count mom, and I'm sure you have too.

It always was hard for me to say sorry, so I'll just say I love you.

Thanks mom, for your kindness, and everything you've ever done.

One of these days, I'm going to make you proud of your only son.

PS: I'm just a confused man who's sometimes misunderstood.

Thanks for being there for me, when nobody else would.

-51-

Kenny ELLER
Kick, bite, scratch, pull your hair, she did whatever it took.

Hands downs, the toughest girl in a town called Field Brook.
She had dirty dish water blond hair, and blue eyes.
She was always making the boys cry.
If you thought you could out drink her, you must have been out your fucking mind.
If you think you could whip her ass, you better step to the back of the line.
She didn’t play with no Barbie Doll, a dirt bike & football was more like her toys.
She never got along with the girls, you always found her with the boys.
She was lean, she was mean, she was as tough as they come.
Always drinking Coke, and rum.
She was one of the craziest women I ever knew.
It makes me laugh today, thinking back on all the things I saw her do.
She would sleep all day, party all night.
I never once seen her back down from a fight.
Yukon Jack, Jack Daniel’s, Lord Calvert, Snapp’s, rum, she drank them all.
She could out drink anyone I ever saw.
She had a stiff jab, not to bad with an upper cut, but she was most famous for the “one hitter quitter” she brought to the fight.
With one punch, she could easily put out your lights.
She had this "fuck you", I don't give a shit attitude. It was a trade mark in all she'd do.
Like me, trouble seemed to follow her wherever she goes.
Nine times out of ten, you fucked with her, you got your nose broke.
Straight shots of tequila, bring on the beer bong.
When she was drunk, she didn't care if she was right or wrong.
Drinking and driving, but some how she kept it between the lines.
She'd grind those gears every time.
Don't tell her that, she might fuck you up.
Find your self like Joe Filyau, getting ran over with her truck.
She's given me plenty of laughs, but even more scares.
She once ripped my toenail off on a dare.
Did it hurt, I'd be a liar if I said it didn't.
But back then, you'd never get me to admit it.
I used to let her punch me in the face, it never hurt.
Well, that last one almost put me in the dirt.
Women or a man, she didn't care who she fought.
She was a "chin technician" she got more knock outs than I've got.
If there's one person in my family that reminds me of myself she'd be it.
This girl has given me memories I'll never forget.
I've never once lost a bet on her "knock on wood".
"Angie Eller" the toughest bitch in our neighborhood.
Well Dad, it's been twenty-three years since you were taken away.

If you were still alive, you would have been seventy-four years old today.

There's not a day that goes by, that I don't think of you.

It brings a smile to my face when I think back on all the things we used to do.

This isn't the first poem I've wrote about you, and it certainly won't be the last.

I'd give anything to bring back our past.

I miss all the rides in your car.

I miss all the fun we had at the bar.

Life hasn't been the same since the day you died.

I couldn't tell you how many times I've broke down and cried.

If you were still alive, it would be hard to believe how much I look like you, and how much my son looks like me.

Your grandson Cody is all grown up now, his daughter just turned five.

It's amazing how fast life seems to be flying by.

I'd like to say I've changed, but it would be a lie.

I'm still in a prison cell, just like I was the day you died.

I love you Dad, and I forever and always will.

These poems I write could never explain how I truly feel.

- 54-
I miss all your wisdom, I still remember all the advise you ever gave.
I miss you Dad, I miss you every single day.
You may be gone in this world Dad, but you're still alive inside of me.
No matter what they do, they'll never be able to take away all those memories.
I often wonder what my life would be like today, if you were still here.
Today we'd be drinking Jack Daniels and chasing it with beer.
As you can see, I'm still writing I guess I've got a lot to say.
I hope you're looking down on me, I hope you're having a happy birthday.
Thanks for being a great father, thanks for just being my friend.
Hopefully on the other side, we'll see each other once again.
If we don't end up in the same place.
I'll always remember your smiling face.

Sidney Franklin Stout
May 17th 1942 - August 1st 1993

- 55 -

Kenny Eller
STANDING AT THE BARS LIKE SOME DUMB ASS LAME,
WAITING FOR THE NAIL MAN TO CALL MY NAME.
YOU SAID YOU'D WRITE, YOU PROMISED TO SEND ME SOME
NAKED PICTURES.
YA RIGHT BITCH, BET YOU'RE OUT SNORTING UP THE
HOUSE AND ALL ITS FIXTURES.
FUCK YOU, F**K ALL YOUR FRIENDS.
F**K ALL THOSE LETTERS YOU SAID YOU SEND.
YOU'RE ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT HOW MUCH I DRINK.
I DON'T GIVE A F**K WHAT YOU THINK.
F**K YOUR PUSSY, AND THE PLACES ITS GONE.
IM TIRED OF HEARING THAT SAME OLD SONG.
GO AHEAD BITCH, KEEP TALKING SHIT.
IM TELLING YOU RIGHT NOW, IM GETTING TIRED OF IT.
F**K YOUR SLOPPY PUSSY, I'D RATHER STICK IT IN YOUR BUTT.
TO ME, YOU'RE JUST SOME DUMB F**KING CUNT.
WHAT WAS YOU THINKING, DID YOU THINK I WOULDN'T FIND OUT.
YOUR TRUE COLORS CAME SHINING THROUGH, AT LEAST NOW
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL ABOUT.
WAS IT WORTH IT BITCH, DID YOU终于 FIND WHAT IT
WAS THAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR.
I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO ALL MY FRIENDS WHEN THEY
SAID YOU WASN'T NOTHING BUT A F**KEN WHORE.
IM SO TIRED OF YOUR ATTITUDE.
DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT YOU IN THE ASS, "I'M DONE WITH YOU."
F**K YOU BITCH, WE'RE NO LONGER TOGETHER.
IM TIRED OF WAITING FOR YOUR F**KING LETTERS.
IT WOULD BE JUST MY LUCK, YOU'D FINALLY WRITE BACK.
BUT I'D HAVE ALREADY DIED OF A HEART ATTACK.
LIVING MY LIFE ON THE WILD SIDE ISN'T JUST A GREAT POEM, IT'S NOW A GREAT BOOK ABOUT A SMALL TOWN KID WHO LIVED HIS LIFE LIKE A ROCKSTAR, WITHOUT ALL THE FAME AND FORTUNE. THE BOOK REVOLVES AROUND ALL THE POETRY AND THE STORIES BEHIND THEM. THIS IS JUST A SNEAK PEAK INTO THAT INCREDIBLE LIFE, HOW I LIVED IT, HOW I SURVIVED IT. YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS IT.

THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN FOR JAYDEN, MY DAUGHTER WHO GROW UP WONDERING WHERE HERE FATHER WAS. IT'S ALSO TO MY GRAND-DAUGHTER WHO'S TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND GRANDPAS WEIRD LIFE. SORRY I WASN'T THE FATHER AND GRAND FATHER YOU NEEDED ME TO BE.

THANKS MOM FOR PUTTING UP WITH MY SHIT, NO MATTER HOW HIGH I STACKED IT. YOU NEVER TURNED YOUR BACK ON ME.

DAD, HAD YOU LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO READ MY BOOK'S IM SURE YOU WOULD OF BEEN AS PROUD OF ME, AS I WAS OF YOU. IT TOOK YOUR DEATH TO WAKE ME UP. IM SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG TO WRITE THESE WORDS.