

Flux



Kyle Richtig

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Flux

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This book is dedicated to my readers, who let me know that I wasn't the only one who thought the world was crazy.

- Kyle

Foreword

Flux is a compilation. It is a mixture of old and new, the snapshot of my life as I moved home to Sault Ste. Marie.

Like most of my generation, I was pushed out of my comfortable home of Sault Ste. Marie as economic disparity held the land. The young Saultites moved to larger centres and brought with us the unique perspectives of the north. We often served as a mirror for those who had never lived outside of an urban setting.

Living there, never felt quite right.

Now back north and resettling amongst my own ghosts and the ghosts of the city, I've been able to emerge new again.

Flux is a blend of brand new items mixed with items written over the past 12 years. I found it only fitting to include the three different transitions of before leaving, away and returned – as it reflects who I am today.

My greatest learning has been moving back to Sault Ste. Marie, and learning that *those who create, have creativity around them always.*

Enjoy.

i am
the smell of cedars
olivia katharine
august 1st, 2015
electric
exotic encounters in pizza
chester's hope
cheated
from the bonny shores of newfoundland
visitation
west
underneath
the last yawn of winter
toby & seth
media rape

Flux

å

Sporadic the changes
of misunderstanding
as our culture folds and recombines

and less people know who they are
unless people know who they are

Now who we are is
who we were
a clash of those patterned mosaics
and ignorance bubbles north
of the pot

I am no longer German, or Czech, or Ojibwe
no longer Scottish, or Irish, or loyalist
I am no longer gazing at the past
no longer the sum of my parts

I am Canadian
and my tile is brilliant
the lustre is knowledge
the pattern acceptance
and fired in a recombinant womb

and the less people know who they are
unless people know who they are

i am



I miss the smell of cedars
when the forest is warmed by the sun
so dark earthed humidity
could ~h~o~v~e~r~
between the ground and the canopy

We dined on wild raspberries
and created empires from woven golden rods
the only boarder guard
a discarded roller skate

Those days amongst the dogwoods
escaping time and home
was the place we could rule without fear
for we knew not
why they would not venture inside

Us amongst the leaf litter
out of sight and mind
years away from the rationale
it was you ~ it was me.

the
smell
of
cedars

雨

燒

olivia katherine

Olivia Katherine stepped out into the early light of morning. The grass was soft beneath her soles, and she stood naked, save for the white sheet draped around her cures. Her blond hair hung unrestrained, as if she herself were being called back to Olympus.

She tottered, weak limbs strained, off the grass and onto the coldness of the pavement. The faux rock gave her feet purchase, though she did not recollect or consider where she was going. She was going, though she needed no destination.

Head swimming, Olivia Katherine kept one foot in front of the other down the old street. Trees hung low and brushed through the golden tangles of hair. It was of no consequence. Instead of sweeping away the branches with her free arm, Olivia Katherine opened her ears to the sounds of the song birds in the trees.

“Do you need a ride?” A voice called from the right. Olivia Katherine turned her head to see a man leering at her from his car. “It’s not safe out here.”

Olivia Katherine had nothing to say, and instead turned her gaze away. Something which sounded like “fucking bitch” breezed past her from behind. Olivia Katherine did not

like listening to the wind.

Absentmindedly, Olivia Katherine walked the length of the street until it ended at the forest's edge. Undeterred by the end of civilized walkway, she slid into the darkness under the canopy. She clung to the sounds of the song birds as softly she stepped through the undergrowth. Sphagnum through toes, she continued until the light re-emerged.

A small secret meadow opened in front of Olivia Katherine, and in the middle she spread her sheet and laid herself out. She stared at the pillows of clouds floating by. Unfocused her fingers pulled gently at the twigs which had intertwined themselves in her tresses.

Olivia Katherine watched the sun move above the canopy and over dead. The warmth of the sun on her skin teased her into slumber. Her rest was fitful. Twisting on the sheet. Flailing on the sheet.

Olivia Katherine awoke to a sound which silenced the birds. A feral sound, somewhere between a scream and a sob erupted from her chest. She curled up fetal and watched a lady bug march across her arm.

As the sky darkened, Olivia Katherine pulled the sheet around her. It was not enough to keep her warm, and her body shivered.

It was not long after the light faded that Olivia Katherine was frightened by sounds in the trees. Branches snapped, and shapes clattered their way into the clearing.

“Man, why do we have to hide out here for.” A voice broke through the night.

“Stupid cops will take us in if we get caught in a park again.” Another said, forcing Olivia Katherine to recoil her limbs close to her body. She held as still as possible as she shivered in the dark.

“Well this is the best plan we’ve got right now.” The taller one said as their forms became clearer to Olivia Katherine’s adjusted eyes.

“That’s why I should be Prime Minister. I’d get rid of all the cops, and let people get drunk wherever they wanted.”

“That’d be awesome.”

Olivia Katherine watched as the boys opened their beers and begun lighting a small fire. In her walk into the clearing earlier in the day, she had not been lucid enough to notice the fire pit – a sure sign that humans would return.

The light that emanated from the fire was cast not quite far enough for the boys to see Olivia Katherine huddled in the grass. She smelled their marijuana in the darkness, and listened to them embellish stories of sexual conquests. If she could feel, Olivia Katherine would have laughed out loud and given up her location. She loved the lies that boys told each other when they did not understand women.

Whiskers. Olivia Katherine jumped to her feet, arms and legs oscillating wildly. She screamed in fear, which made the boys scream almost as highly pitched as she. The raccoon tumbled away back into the dark.

“What the fuck!” The smaller boy yelled toward the nude woman.

“Calm down.” The taller boy said grabbing his friend’s arm. “Are you O.K. lady?”

“Yes.” Olivia Katherine said, uttering her first words that day. She picked up her sheet and wrapped it back around herself.

“D’ya want a beer?”

Olivia Katherine made her way over to the fire, and accepted the bottle. She had neither eaten nor drunk anything that day, and the heavy liquid felt good going down.

“My name’s Corey.” The taller boy said diplomatically. “And that’s Dave. What are you doing out here?”

“My name is Olivia Katherine, and you wouldn’t believe me if I told you.” She said taking another drink from the bottle. “The fire is nice.”

“Yeah it can get pretty cold out here at night.” Corey said pulling out a cigarette, and extending the pack to Olivia Katherine, who gladly accepted.

“What do you mean we wouldn’t understand?” Dave said weaving with drunkenness. “Based on what you’re wearing, I can guess what you’ve been up to.”

“Shut up.” Corey said rolling his eyes. “I’m sorry, but he’s had a bit to drink.”

Olivia Katherine lit the cigarette, and pulling in the smoke deep, something awakened in her. The cloud began to lift from her mind, and she started to re-evaluate the situation she had mired herself in. She wondered if there was any escape from her fate.

“Don’t worry about it.” Olivia Katherine said preening her hair with a free hand. “I can’t say that I am the best of examples right now. Look at me; I’m not even wearing any clothes.”

“How did you get out here?” Corey asked as Dave played some air guitar on the other side of the fire.

“Honestly, I sort of wandered out here this morning. I wasn’t thinking too clearly.”

“Yeah I get like that sometimes. I have come here myself in the afternoons to chill out, and collect my thoughts.”

“Well I killed my husband last night.” Olivia Katherine said drinking down the rest of the beer, and accepting another from Corey. Dave stood agape, still holding his invisible guitar.

“Yeah right.” Dave said nearly falling over.

“Shut up fuck face.” Corey said angrily. “What are you talking about? You killed your husband?”

“Yes. Look at this.” Olivia Katherine said slipping the sheet down her back. “See those scars? He would cut me every time I did something that he did not agree with. He put them there so I would always be able to cover up any wounds I had. He knew that I would be too ashamed to tell anyone. He thought that breaking women was like breaking an animal.”

“That’s intense.” Corey said wishing he could feel the texture of the scars.

“Yeah. Something broke in me though. It wasn’t my will to survive, as he wanted; it was my ability to deal with his bullshit.”

“What did you do though?” Dave said. “I’m so sure you just like stabbed him or something.”

“No. I beat him with what I had to use against him. As much as he hated women, he loved sex. He loved being tied to the bed and having me take care of his needs for him, which I had always done well. I had always done what I was told. I did this time too, for the most part. I waited until he came. He was out of breath and too weak to fight back. I used every bit of strength I had, to push in his chest. I watched him shake his head from side to side, with no breath to yell. No breath to judge or order. No breath to fight against me any longer.” Tears slid down Olivia Katherine’s face as she stared into the fire.

“So what now?” Corey said too shocked to know how to react. In his sixteen years, he had never known a woman who was battered, let alone one who killed her husband in retribution.

“I don’t know. I haven’t thought that far ahead. Today I’ve sort of been in a stupor.”

“Well fuck the cops!” Dave said falling over this time. “You have to get out of here.”

“For once he may be right.” Corey said. “But I don’t know how I can help you.”

“I do.” Olivia Katherine said wiping the tears from her face. “If you go and get my car, I will be able to make my escape.”

“Won’t the pigs be watching your house?” Dave said still on the ground.

“I’m sure they are. My car is not at home though. I left it at the mall. He picked me up there last night, and I was going to go back and get my car in the morning. It should still be there. Do you know how to drive?”

“I’m a fucking awesome driver.” Dave said rolling in the grass.

“I meant you.” She said to Corey.

“Yeah I can drive alright.” Corey said looking at the empty bottle in his hands.

“Will you go and get my car? You can leave your friend here, so you do not attract too much attention. There is a hidden key above the back wheel on the driver’s side.” Olivia Katherine said desperately.

“Yes, I’ll go.” Corey said looking at his friend laughing on the ground. “Just make sure he doesn’t go anywhere until I get back. I usually take care of him.”

“Done.”

Corey stepped out from the trees and onto the same pavement that Olivia Katherine had traversed. He meandered down the streets, overwhelmed by the circumstances of his task. Corey's mind quickly came back to him, as walking cleared his body of the drugs and alcohol. Every car that whizzed by, every set of eyes he passed, he was sure they knew of his destination.

It took Corey an hour to walk the ten minute drive from the forest to the mall. He found Olivia Katherine's car exactly where she said it would be. Fortunately, it was surrounded by the cars of the patrons of the movie theatre, which gave him enough cover to search around for the hidden key. Corey felt as if he were finally living. As if film could come to life.

Key in door and in ignition, Corey wasted no time starting the trip back to where the road ended. He drove cautiously, trying not to draw any unnecessary attention to himself. Inside the car, the scent of vanilla was overpowering, and his stomach growled to the phantom smell of baking.

Corey stopped just short of the trees at the end of the road, hoping that nothing had befallen his friend and felon. He made his way through the trees to the clearing, where still sat Olivia Katherine draped in her sheet. She stroked Dave's hair as he slept with his head in her lap.

"You're back." Olivia Katherine said twisting to the sound of Corey's footfalls.

"Is he OK?"

"Yes, he's just fallen asleep. He continued to drink after you left, and I think he found his limit. Did you find the car OK?"

"Yes. It's waiting at the edge of the trees." Corey said handing her the keys. "Where will you go?"

“I don’t know just yet. I have been thinking though, that I doubt anyone has reported him dead yet. No one went to his house but me, and he didn’t have to work today. I should be able to go back to his house and get my purse. I’ll be able to get as much money as I need from my accounts. Maybe even his.” She said moving Dave down onto the ground.

“Are you sure there isn’t an easier way?” Corey said helping Olivia Katherine to her feet.

“What do you mean?”

“Are you sure anyone would miss him?”

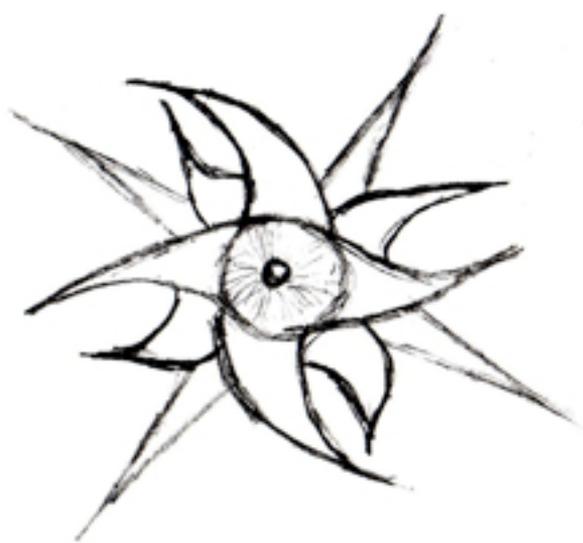
“Right now I’m not sure of anything.”

“I’m sure that Dave will believe me that you were never here. He often loses his memory of the night before when he’s been drinking. No one will ever have to know that this happened.”

“Thank you.” Olivia Katherine said as she hugged Corey. “I will not forget this.”

“Neither will I.” He said taking a step back toward Dave.

Olivia Katherine took one look back at the boys and the fire and made her way through the undergrowth. As she approached her car, she knew that once again she could be O.K.





August 1st, 2015

Dear David,

I hope that you have been keeping well, and out of the sun. I remember your fondness for the summer, and I only wish that you could still enjoy it the way we did as children. We were quite the pair in those days! I remember how we would catch frogs and tadpoles in the swamp, and toads in the woods. I visited our old stomping grounds not too long ago, and unfortunately, the swamp was drained to make a gold course. The children in the area have never seen a wild amphibian in their neighbourhood. I couldn't believe it!

I guess we can't always blame global warming for the disappearance of animals. It looks like the human race's stupidity is just as grand.

I don't know if you've heard, but I have been working at the new water treatment plant here in Sault Ste. Marie. It only opened a few months ago, and was a huge undertaking. Since so many of the rivers and springs have dried up in the area, we have had to start pumping in only water from Lake Superior. The United Statesians are trying to procure more water from us, now that the lower Great Lakes are almost dry. Do you know what they are going to do with all of the new land? I heard about the street car that travels to Toronto "island". Have you taken it yet?

I am enjoying my new job, though it is alarming. In my role, I sort out the contaminate levels, and suggest what needs to be done to the water to make it safe to drink. Honestly, the majority of the water that we drink has been altered so many times, we might as well be using recycled water. You know the world though, they feel it is their right to

use as many resources as they can get their hands on. The overly contaminated water, (usually during high algal blooms), end up being used for coolants. It's a good thing that the machines the water is used on are not organic. Sometimes the contaminate levels are so high, that biohazard stickers must be applied. Who knew that the many years of freighter activity had been depositing inorganic particles deep in the lake? A better question would be: Who knew we'd ever have to access that water?

Last night I saw on the news that the last living polar bear, "Tess", died in a zoo in Cochrane. As we were growing up, I remember learning about extinctions such as the dodo, passenger pigeon, etc., but I never thought that it would happen in my lifetime. I thought that the world was a great deal smarter in my youth than I do now. Maybe I'm jaded. I'm really not sure how the polar bears were supposed to adapt to having no habitat. Once all the ice was gone from the northern glaciers, there was nowhere left for them to go. I can't think of any other animals that were eradicated by humans, that wasn't hunted to extinction.

I don't know why "people" still think that the human race can ever make informed decisions about the future. We are the first on this planet to make such life altering, (and destructive), decisions. Where is the metre stick to judge by?

I've been meaning to ask you if you have had many cases of auto-immune disorders in your clinic. Has there been an increase? I have heard through friends, that many of their puberty age children have acquire immune deficiencies – apparently through the use of "sanitization" gels and cleaners. Apparently when the parents first had children, they were so worked into a frenzy about germs by the media, they sanitized everything that was in their house. They made their

children use anti-bacterial gels. Now these children are having problems being able to fight off illnesses as they gain independence. The parents no longer know who they are with, or what they are getting into, and it's having disastrous effects! I'm very appreciative that I didn't use them with my children!

It's ironic that for parents who thought they were doing a good thing for their children, they have handed them a lifetime of health problems. It just goes to show how little we know of the impact of our actions.

Well enough of my doom and gloom! On a positive note, we have been able to finally plant more fruit trees in Algoma. With the warming in temperature, the growing season is such that we no longer need to import as much produce. I know it goes against growing local native food sources, but at least we don't have to worry about foreign or alien seeds and insects stowing along for the ride.

I hear we might get snow this year!! It'll be there first in three or four years. Maybe if you are up this winter we can get the kids together and show them how to make a snowman! My youngest still has never seen snow.

All the best,

Kyle Richtig

My chest tightened at your touch
For forbidden are your fingers
And your lips on mine
And your lips on mine

I dropped my clothes uninhibited
To stand naked before you
As an offering
I am offering

It's electric

Your tongue drew highways
My nails dug trenches
The night just sighed
Around me the night sighed

I never knew the electric shock
That pleasure tides and ebbs
Until boy met boy
Until boy met boy

E L E C T R I C

Box open I felt your
Shellacked skin
And the jagged sensations of your circumcision scar
As it was pumped into my hand.

Red juice between my legs
And stinging the scratches
Carved by your fingernails down my back.

Your dexterous tongue lubricates me
As you devour the remnants of green peppers
And mushrooms!
From my crevasses.

Cheese hangs between us
In long protein strands
Stretching in gooey heat filled wetness.

My mouth and belly filled
I collapse awaiting the next delivery boy
Awaiting his tip...

**exotic
encounters
in
pizza**



CHESTER'S HOPE

Chester, lost in thought, grabbed for a pencil. He began scrawling images and words; sometimes connected, sometimes gibberish.

He kept writing until all the words were used. LummoX crowded proboscis. America lay prostrate in front of Canada. Cube appeared to have a romance with perpendicular. Trasubstantiation seemed edgy. Zyzzogeton and aardvark understood each other like never before.

Chester looked down at the squiggles and lines. Punctuation was written, but not represented, the convention lost to madness and fervor.

Letters crowded letters, crossing each other, rewriting history around them. The page graying, and Chrester's hand cramping, as the dance of letters, converged onto one another. And the Es disappeared.

E was tired and over used. E wanted to rest softly in the human psyche, not be forced onto the page over and over in a useless scheme. So E dropped out E took control of its destiny.

Chester blinked and rubbed his eyes, as read became rad , and care became car. Words began to become duplicates, copies of words fierce to keep their status on the page. The new words had problems.

Car and rad tried to rally against the new car and rad, but without E, there was no vengeance, there was no death. They'd lost cohesion.

Chester watched as letters started to follow E. First went A, then N and T. Z, W and X tried to hold out thinking that finally their time to shine had come, but without O and L, they too had to give up.

Chester had lost. His page as blank as when he first began, was naked and virgin before him. He held his pencil and thought he might start fresh, that he might rebuild his army of words. Between his eyes and the blank page, the void became thick with haze. Somewhere between the top and the bottom, all he wrote was hope.



cheated

The alarm rang this morning like every other morning. My eyes opened and stung in the early morning rays. As I stood in the shower I tried to think up any excuse not to go to work. This morning was like every other morning. I didn't realize as I held my head under the stream that this was the last morning I would see.

I got dressed and stepped out into the heavy summer air. The smell and sound of the inner city attacked my orifices, weighing down my lungs and burning my nose. Like every other morning I pushed past my disgust at the rotten city around me, and stepped onto the streetcar. I held onto my regular pole and remembered my dreams from the night before. The sway of the streetcar nearly lulled me back to sleep.

I dreaded going to work every morning. The fact that I had a Bachelor's in English and worked as a customer service representative for a large faceless corporation could have been the reason. Loathing most of my coworkers who were in the doldrums of life could have been the reason. Whatever the reason, I arrived at work only a few minutes before nine, the time that most of the employees arrived. It was a special time where no one could get mad at you for being late, and you also had the strength of the herd to keep you from being singled out. In a dead end job where no one in management knows your name, you at least have the solace that no one can get directly mad at you. You blend into the cubicles and are no more important than the fake plants that decorate reception.

My anonymity kept me in my lowly position in customer service, but also allowed me the free time to slack off – the most important treasure in an office environment.

I settled into my computer around 9:15, after, of course, I got my morning coffee and bagel. I strapped on my headset and waited for the first call of the day. I read my e-mails until I heard the familiar beep I dreaded.

“Good morning, customer service, Zack speaking. How may I help you?” I said trying to muster up the strength to care.”

“My phone isn’t working.” The caller barked into the phone.

“It isn’t?” I said wondering how he made the call in the first place.

“No.”

“Well, what’s wrong with it?”

“It’s not working.”

“Hmmm,” I said perplexed “Where is the phone now?”

“I’m on it right now.”

“Well what *exactly* isn’t working?”

“The caller ID isn’t working. I want to see who’s calling before I answer the phone.” The caller started to get angry, as if mind reading was part of the requirements of my job.

“O.K.,” I said, already well versed in what a caller ID unit did “Has it worked before?”

“No.”

“Is the caller ID part of the phone or separate?”

“Separate.”

The caller’s one word answers were not making me very happy. It is one thing to have a question, problem, or need. It is completely another to get angry at me for your own bad luck or ignorance.

“Did you follow the included instructions?”

“Yes. Do you know what’s wrong with it yet?”

“No. I’m trying to understand based on *your* answers. So all the cords are attached to the phone and caller ID?”

There was silence on the other end of the line. The caller was obviously weighing his answer carefully before responding.

“Hello?” I asked impatiently.

“I thought that the caller ID worked like a beeper. I thought it was wireless.”

“Did you wonder how the power would get to the caller ID?”

“I thought the phone sent out energy waves.” The caller said defeated.

“Why would you think that?” I yelled into the phone.

“I don’t know.”

“Can you tell me why someone who can obviously read, can not follow instructions?” I said not letting up.

“Well.... I....”

“Am a moron? Eureka, you’ve got it.”

“I don’t have to take this. I want to speak to your manager.”

“Actually I no longer have one. Because of your idiocy, I am quitting right now. Thanks for calling.”

I slammed the phone down full of rage. I banged my fist on the desk and looked around. Most of the office was standing up in their cubicles looking at me, including the shift manager. I realized that there could be no bartering my way out of this. Abusing the customers was strictly against policy.

“Fuck this.” I bellowed. I grabbed my headset off and threw it on the desk. I grabbed my coat as I saw the shift manager coming my way.

“Come with me.” The shift manager said putting his hand on my shoulder.

“I don’t think so. I’m leaving.”

“We understand that some calls...”

“Right.” I said shaking his hand free and walking toward the door.

“Wait!” He said looking around at the other gaping faces.

I quickened my pace and walked out of the glass doors and into the heat of the city.

“Wait!” He pleaded. I turned around to see the shift manager in the doorway. I stepped back again, unwillingly into the path of the streetcar.

Before the darkness fell, I knew everyone would get the day off. I felt cheated.



*from the bonny shores of
newfoundland*

I went sailing over the sea,
While gulls and grey gulls following me
Dreaming of things that could be
From the bonny shores of Newfoundland

I left me wife on the shore,
With my babe waving at the door
Said "Pa, when will we see you more?"
From the bonny shores of Newfoundland

Our ship was tossed upon the wave
And we fought our nets to save
We prayed to God that we'd behave
From the bonny shores of Newfoundland

As we fell into the sea
The only life boat picked up me
Others died who could not flee
From the bonny shores of Newfoundland

My wife said "Must you go?"
My babe held me and said "No!"
Said, "Dear, the sea is all I know."
From the bonny shores of Newfoundland

When east is light
And west is night
Out walks the ghosts of men.

When east is light
And west is night
They seek their brethren.

visitation

When above is night
By candle light
The hearts of men beat fast.

When above is night
By candle light
Wonder how long it can last.

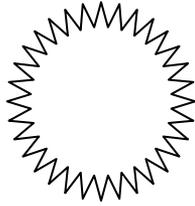
When full of dread
They fear to tread
And minutes bleed by slow.

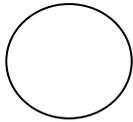
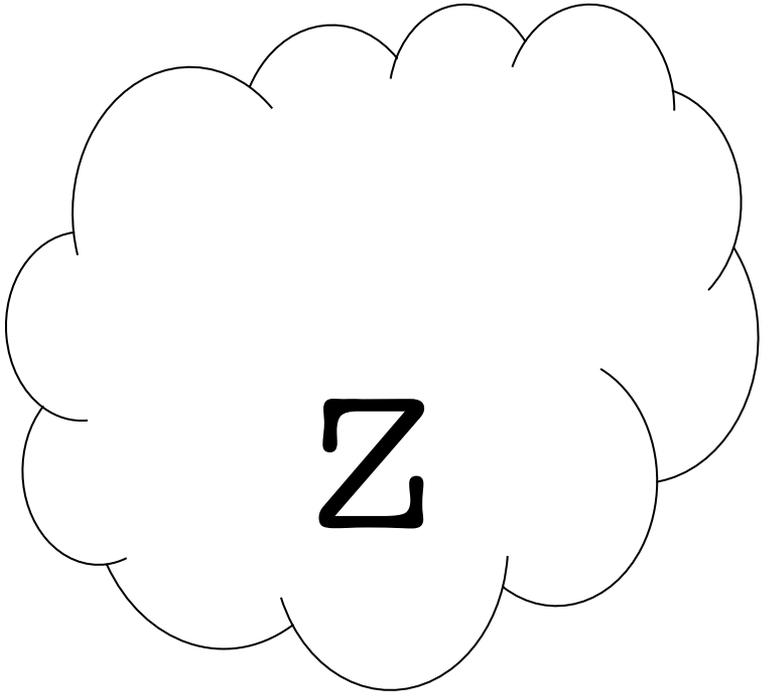
When full of dread
They fear to tread
Those ghosts, they will not go.

When sky of morn
And sleep forlorn
They clamor from their beds.

When sky of morn

And sleep forlorn
Still can't shake them from our heads.





A

Electrically
The children dance in awe
Dreaming
Of the next product to consume

Languidly
Father changes the channel
Medicating
The last stings of an employed day

Despondently
Mother fills the dishwasher
Hoping
That stereotypes can heal all wounds

Magically
The teen disappears into the night
Spending
What he last stole and said he found

Interestingly
We all hold our breath and wait
Wishing
It were all over in the morning

west

underneath

UNDERNEATH

Underneath the guise of human services
the human resources
are left
left, right, left marched
into inquisitions based on breaking them
not improving productivity

Underneath the guise of unity
the human resources
are divided and conquered –
as some on platforms raised
work with their own rules
and the rest tread upon for them

Underneath the guise of constructive criticism
the human resources are attacked
with personal bias,
lies wrapped in innuendo
and only the emasculated
are allowed to bow at her feet

Underneath the guise of joyful appreciation
the human resources lie
and the understanding is
to read between the lines
you will never be anything
but underneath, underneath, underneath

Diamond crystalline
The last yawn of winter
hangs
from the sill

And I

Stare out of the belly
of the beast
of tedium

the last yawn of winter

And pray

That the warmth of spring
will soon
wash over the land and sky

Water lays melting

And digs channels

like glacial melt water
across its own ice

The streets part pavement

Part disaster

as the cars
dodge the treads

And I wonder

How many people
are dreaming
of the salvation of spring

I from the window

Gaze down on children

games undaunted

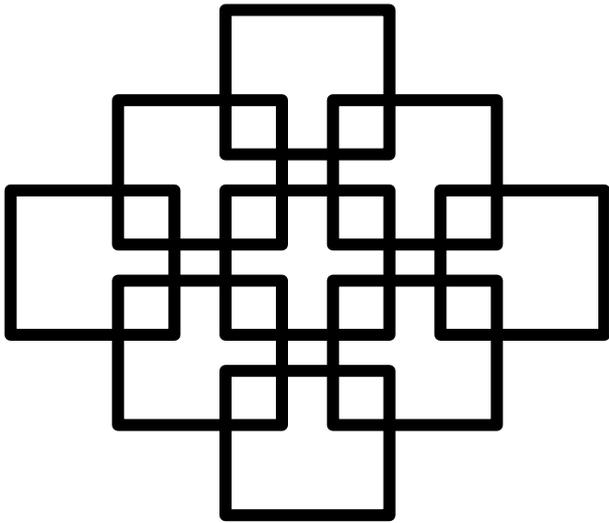
by cold or disguise

The last yawns of winter

Growing tired in my eyes

I am dreaming

of the salvation of spring



Toby trained a fox to be tame. He called him Seth, because he thought it was soothing.

Toby

Seth didn't have a choice after the child "liberated" him

& Seth

from his mother's den. Instead he bided his time.

Toby's family grew more concerned when Seth began bringing home small mammals as tribute. Their cat Saskwatch had brought home mice, but never a rabbit.

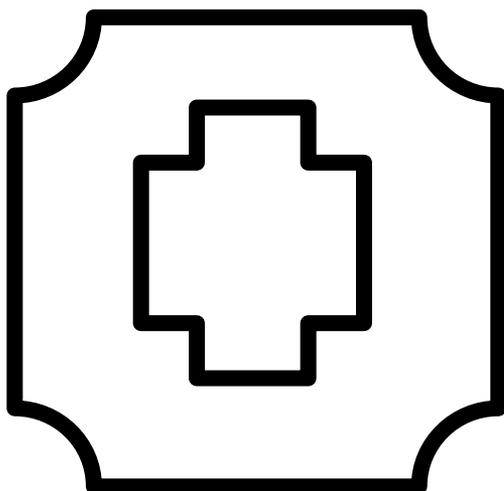
Seth just wanted to gain their trust. He thought gifts were a sure way to a human's heart.

Toby paid no attention to Seth's gifts. He paid no attention to his family's warnings. Instead he played the accordion while Seth danced on his back paws.

Seth knew there was big money in the modern lambda markets.

Toby began to question his choices once Seth began riding a motorcycle. He knew that Seth would not be ready for the crowd he'd attract. He was, after all, known as The Red Menace.

Seth brought home rabies. No one liked him after that.



the photographs of me you posted on the internet
were not appreciated
nor the story of my drunken fall
oh how did it become
oh how did it become

MEDIA

that we could media rape our friends
you've become my paparazzi
and my demise
and my demise
you've ruined my social guise

RAPE

upon your page and in your blog
the weapons are gilded
as my privacy becomes curiosity
for your media rape
for your media rape

Other Titles by Kyle Richtig

Bakkai (Available Now)

Book I – Children of the Mountain

Global warming doesn't matter. It's already happened. For one man, the world is still full of secrets. His name is Jonah.

In the world after the Great Extinction, Jonah leaves the oppressive confines of his life to find the Prophets. In Jonah's work in the archives, he learns of a group who tried to save society. The Prophets warned of the Great Extinction, before leaving the city to start their own society.

Jonah has always itched for change. He loved to read, but the more he read of the world that used to be, the more Jonah needed out.

Jonah sets out on foot from the ruins of the city into the wilderness. He walks into the desert with only the knowledge he read in the archives. Stories told of nomads, wanderers that set fires and killed travelers.

Jonah seeks out the greenery of the mountain. And when he is swept into the river, the story begins...

The Lost One (Available Now)

Book II – Children of the Mountain

Jonah's presence has rocked the foundations of the society of the mountain.

Cloud is ousted from Sephim. She has lost her title as both leader and seer, and though she thought she was saving her people receives no thanks for her years of service to her people. She is given the choice to stay amongst her people forever silent, or leave their villages forever. Shunned by everyone she's ever known, she strikes out on her own.

The silence of the day and the tormenting dreams at night drive Cloud to question her place in the world. Disappointed by how the values she lived to uphold were used against her, she descends from the mountain. She was not ready for what she found...

Jade Buddha (Available Now)

Jade Buddha is a collection of short fiction, poetry and essays.

In four parts, Jade Buddha links together the random waves of dreams, emotions and fantastical worlds that crop up in Richtig's brain.

Jade Buddha is a mirror of the world today. Will you step through?

Last Generation (Available Now)

Last Generation marks Kyle Richtig's step into his third decade. A snapshot project, Last Generation is a record of what Richtig perceived was around him at the time.

He wonders if the last generation is now. Do you?