

## **pro•logue *also* pro•log *n* : a cheap foreword to captivate a reader's interest**

There are many San Francisco friends and souls I've met in my life who are waiting for me to publish something. Being a native San Franciscan, I'm tense because I practically know everyone here. I literally have to look around me when I'm on the bus to gossip about Whorey Lori who had to drop out of high school to take care of her preemie-baby whose father is now a gay porn director by the name of Beef Cabob. You never know. The preemie might be hiding behind a newspaper in the seat next to me. Preemies are smart. They always end up beating the odds and becoming healthily overweight extroverts who end up going to Stanford.

This city is getting smaller. The degree of separation has got to be down from six to five. That's low. Or should I say that's *hella* low? I say "hella" because I was born and raised in San Francisco. If you don't say "hella" then you're not from the Bay Area. "Hella" originates from the words "hell" and "of." Properly transforming a sentence like "that's hell of people!" to "that's hella people!" where the one letter "a" kindly substitutes for the whole word "of." Don't panic. "Hella" is not part of my written vernacular.

This book is by no means absolutely just for San Franciscans. This publication is made for every adult or young adult who can get their hands on it. Sex, religion, class, and race—all, are whole-heartedly welcomed. If you live in a city like Chicago, New York, Seattle, Portland, Dallas, or London where the weather is bad or the city life is too much for you, you'll most likely identify with me.

As a thirty-year-old adult, I'm heavily influenced by my Christian upbringing. From birth, I went to church at least three times a week. From an early age I believed God chose me as a young voice to talk to his people. I loved everyone in my congregation. I loved the gossipers. I loved the elderly. I loved the babies. I even loved the sinners. In my late teens, the time came for me to show the congregation my faith in God, so I became a zealous preacher. I could make a grown man shed a tear with one of my sermons. I was so good at it. Now look at me. I left it all behind me. You'll soon see that my mind could not live in the boundaries of the structural theocracy of my church. Because I was not able to offer my own theories to the brethren I loved all of those years, I left. I had to leave before more and more people accused me of being an "apostate." Please, there's positively no need to be frightened by that word. In its simplest form *apostate* means: to leave something of which was held with loyalty. I preached from pulpits with great pulp, and upon leaving it, they put me in a pit of culprits. What happens to good Christians who must leave the church to find their own truths? They fucking live life! You'll find that I'm attached but not attached to the Word.

My father is white, Caucasian to be exact. His family originates from the east coast of the United States. His great great grandfather fought for the Union in the Civil War. That's right. I have good genes. Good old American Levi Genes. Like Levi's, the older my genes are the better I look. Because I have an American history, I feel I should live in America, which gives me the right to be an American, and say what I have to say about my America. This leads me to my mother. BLACK she is. Mother is black, African American, raped, enslaved, and

then raped with a cherry on top so I'm not sure what part of Africa...to be exact. I call her my African American mother. America recently got used to saying those two words. It took a while getting there. She is an ever-changing title. America called her a NIGGER. "You. Shut up you nigger. NIGGER. NIGGER. NIGGER. NIGGER." Then a COLORED. "NO COLOREDS ALLOWED. ABSOLUTELY NO COLOREDS!" Then she became a NEGRO. When I was a growing up she was an AFRO American. Now she is an AFRICAN American. That's hundreds of years getting back to her original name. Good old American Genes.

Let's see...black and white make what color? Crayola Caramel. My life, as you'll soon find out, is a lucky one in America. I can blend in with my black brothers on the back of a bus. Why we spent all of those years fighting to ride the front, only to migrate to the back again, I don't know. I've been at my restaurant job in the Marina (affluent district) for years now as the light skinned black manager. Because the only people who have money to eat out every day are usually white people, my colored skin is light enough to allow me to work at a "white members only" joint. As you can now understand, I'm in the heart of it all. I try to be all things to all people.

My credentials of being known among San Franciscans are shot to hell. For my security, I've chosen to use a pen name, a nom de plum. You will only know me as Solomon. Well, you will know me as many men, of different passions, but all of the same heart. And because of this desperate heart my desperate actions have led me to write an entire book without giving reference to my full name.

This journal contains not only my personal anguishes, but poems, ideas, and desires of life on the whole that drove me to my actions. Like wise King Solomon, I am an imperfect man with a story. I have my femme fatale. I have my downfalls. I have my bloody hands. I have wisdom to pass down to those who seek it. I have a story. I have a song.

I will attempt to explain the reasons for my actions. Never in my Christian life would I think to have written a journal explaining the reasons for killing a man. Yes, I killed him. But this is not to say that he did not deserve to die. I should rephrase the latter, to say that *he did not deserve to live*. When we, man, think about death and life as two entities we drive ourselves to the association, after quick mental aberration, that to die is the worst thing that can happen to a human. My dear friend, on the contrary, to assimilate death into life and life into death creates a new mental thought of living life to its fullest. Death, then, is not just a process, but an action that exists to remind us to enjoy our lives. This and such dark/light ideas will further be explained in the coming entries.

I hope I didn't scare you when I said I had killed a man. Did I say *a* man? I meant I killed *two* men. Again, right there! At that moment you started to associate me with badness or evil. I assure you I am a man that tries to live my life to its purest form. By the desperation of finding what is pure in this world I have had the opportunity to observe and document the behavior of humans. From my discoveries about the true nature of humans, especially Western society, I will attempt to explain why you feel the way you do about living as well as encourage you to apply what you've learned.

To begin with, I have SAD. A person needs a certain amount of sunlight per day. When a person is deprived of direct sunlight from a blue sky for an extended amount of time they can be affected by a term dubbed by Norman E. Rosenthal called S.A.D. or Seasonal Affective Disorder. San Francisco is foggy. I have SAD. I know it. When I speak to Mother of this fully documented condition, she feels pity for me. She empathizes but hates when I tell her that it can be a possible catalyst to my depression. Every San Francisco native agrees. This is the city. I love the city and the people in it, but San Francisco can cause severe depression. This is sad. This is SAD.

The morning starts off with me slapping the alarm, rolling over and pushing the blinds to the side to create a one-inch peephole of fog. This is my routine seven days a week. Every week. Every month. And this has been my routine every year dating back to childhood, peering through the seventies style blinds hoping that it would be sunny.

Sometimes I would crouch into a ball on my knees and bow my head as I prayed to God with all my faith for the fog to burn off and reveal the sun. When my faith in God and his existence was booming in elementary school, I would tell my friends that I simply would ask God that night before for good weather and voila! That ounce of childish faith has long been depleted. That was such a great memory of a nice relationship with God. What ever happened to my spiritual side? Now the cold wakes me up from sleep in the morning, and I teeter on the edge of breaking my habit of peering through the blinds to see if the day will cause my partially compacted bowels to bother my large