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Why do they Talk About Heartbreak? It's the Throat that's Killing Me

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WAY-OUT
We come as close as we can come to once again relive the past but talk of times enjoyed or shared and the reflection of dim memories in mirrors of another’s soul do not bring back the moment which forever is part of us and forever lost transformed by time and other times into a blueprint for tomorrow for we will come again and seek to disinter the past half-decomposed metamorphosed our souls seek to escape the walls of time and space.
Cor W. Barendrecht

UPSHOT OF A LECTURE
It is far easier to die on stage than it is to finish the act.
Cor W. Barendrecht

WHY DO THEY TALK ABOUT HEARTBREAK?
IT'S THE THROAT THAT'S KILLING ME.
You are a brilliant person, darling, Though sometimes somewhat less than bright. Like going away, for instance: What unspeakable stupidity it was, What damnable logic withal: To abandon hope like a jalopy Encrusted with salt, rotted by winter. And now there is memory, Memory hounding me in paralysis; Suspending me, skewering me aloft Like a butterfly, or a moth, Or a specimen of the romantic. In the kitchen at night with newspapers The narrow columns of global hurt Contend with downtown's weekend sales: Tornadoes at up to 50% off; Thirty thousand hamburgers lost In the Bay of Bengal. Then, ah yes, the disaster comes on again: The throat aches hollow to a nightmare; Pain oozes out in measured drops, Falls with a tap on the ads And finds itself smeared across the cabbage.
Gordon Taylor