Theory of a Madman
   Emiliano Lebron

1.) Obsessive Compulsive Disorder:
   OCD
   Guess what I have?
   Is there a better way to alienate yourself from society
   Than to have a mental disease?
   OCD
   It does strange things to you
   It makes you look at things in a new light
   All of a sudden, things become...well...dirty
   You notice little insignificant things
   Just little tiny moments
   That drive you nuts!
   How hospital patients cough and sneeze on magazines
   With their tuberculosis, influenza, strep throat, whatever
   It is disgusting!
   And then people expect you to read their little bacteria book
   And get all pissed off when you don’t
   It’s just a magazine
   What’s your problem?
   The fact that Hackity Hackenstein over there
   Was hocking a loogie on page 36
   That’s my problem

2.) OCD
   I can say honestly that as a crazy person
   I like religion
   Life is so fucking miserable
   It gives me some hope for a decent future.
   And I like the fact that the people there
   Are just as crazy as I am.
   I can sit through the common right-wing Shiite Republican tirade
   About how Barack Obama is going to usher in the Apocalypse
   And I think to myself:
   I can hang out with these people
   This is why I can’t stand atheists
   Always breathing down your neck
   Telling you you’re some fucking idiot for having a faith.
   In the effort of creating a visual
   Imagine a little girl and her mother walking down the street
   The little girl turns to her mother and says:

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Mommy, why is that man rubbing his hands all weird?
Why does he open doors with his sleeves?
Why does he stand in the corner of a crowded room?
Why does he jump when I sneeze?
And I can hear it now:
Oh honey, it’s all very simple
According to Darwin’s theory of evolution
He has de-evolved
He is a lesser being
Don’t go near him, you might get infected
Natural selection?
Oh, that’s comforting
Nice to know all this has happened to me
For no reason whatsoever
Life is just a bowl of cherries!
Rotten cherries
Survival of the fittest?
Well then I should’ve died a long time ago
I’m not exactly “fit”
Not under any definition of the word
I’m not physically fit
I’m not mentally fit
I’m not financially fit
I can barely function around people
I’m not fit
And I could care less
I like living
And I know that when I die
I’ll look God straight in the face
And I’ll say:
Were you not watching what was going on down there?
Did you not hear what people were saying about you?
Did you not see the stupidity and bigotry oozing out of every single person?
And I’m sure God will interrupt me right there
And say to me:
I saw it all
I tuned in every day
That would explain a lot
I can see the entertainment value in that
Humanity:
The ultimate reality show

3.) OCD
This is all very controversial
As indeed it should be
I am gripping onto every fiber of reality that I can
Hoping to keep myself regular
There’s no Activia for craziness
I can’t make sense of it, can you?
Just be sure not to ask a psychiatrist
He or she will give you ten simple words:
*Here’s a prescription for Prozac*
*Now shut the hell up!*
Two-hundred dollars.
I can hear my psychiatrist now:
*Emiliano, you need to take the medication consistently*
*Have the benefit of the medication*
*With the cognitive therapy*
*The therapy and the medication need to be taken together*
*Before we can see benefit*
Did you catch any of that?
I cannot take Prozac
If you would like to experience what it is like to take Prozac
Feel free to join me in this simple simulator
I would like for everyone to please be quiet
Now just listen
You hear that?
Now imagine that in your head
For three hours straight!
Absolutely no brain activity whatsoever!
That is what Prozac does for you
I mean, it works
But it messes with your mind
I remember when I found the mysterious tick
From not taking the medicine regularly
Yes, as well as OCD
I now have a tick
Thank you Prozac
Thank you medicine
Thank you science
For constructively fucking with me for six years

4.) What is existence?
What is life?
I’ve asked this question multiple times
And not a damn person has been able to tell me
At least not give me a straight answer
The Bible leaves this little answer out
Every religious text seems to not address this
Humanism is a the proverbial crack whore
On this big street corner I call “bad ideas”
So bad, in fact, I won’t even bother explaining it
And everyone wants to turn into the expert:
You need to seize the day
You need to define your own happiness
You need to value the future
You’re the boss of your life
You have the power over the universe
You can do it
Really?
Is that the best you’ve got?
Have you been stocking up on fortune cookies?
Confucius says shut up
You know one of my friends asked me
What two words could I use to sum up my life?
I though a while, and came up with these:
Huh? and What?
Yes, ladies and gentleman
Life is a giant question
No one seems to be able to answer
At least, not truthfully
Or competently
Life is a metaphor
And as everyone knows:
No one pays attention to metaphors
When you think about life, think about this:
No matter how bad you think you have it
Someone has it much worse
And that is enough to convince me
Though life may suck
And everyone dies
It could always be much worse
I’m blessed to live somewhere where food is readily available
I’m blessed to live somewhere where I can find a doctor
I’m blessed to have my family
I’m just blessed
And I’m the crazy one

5.) Here are the grounds of my theory:
The people who claim that they are so rational
That they are on the side of logic
That they are right
Have made one similar claim:
That people like me
You know, “the crazy people that think”
Are not fit to live
All men are created equal
But apparently some are more equal than others
And my theory:
If only certain people are fit to live
Then what is the point of living?
I give you the three-ring threshold of testable bigotry
I give you the intolerance of intolerable irrationality
And I ask you
No, I implore you to prove them all wrong
Beyond a shadow of a doubt!
Live, damn it!
Live life how YOU see fit
Not how others see it fit for you
This is not a call to revolution
Nor is this a call to anarchy
There are some morals involved here
You should know them and embrace them
I can’t tell you what they are
That’s for you to decide
Your life is meaningful
It may not be perfect
It may not always be happy
But it still has value
You still matter to someone
You are needed by someone
Despite what you may think at times
Your life is more valuable than gold
More valuable than every diamond in Africa
More valuable than every gallon of oil in the Middle East
More valuable than every company on the New York Stock Exchange
Your life is more valuable than you could ever imagine
And I can definitely say that your life is more valuable than
A
Worthless
Piece
Of
Paper