



# *The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded*

Poetry  
By Shaun J. Apple

An entire book of insightful poems written in one day from sun-rise 'till midnight  
in 1998. Discover experimental poetry inside us all.



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*The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded (TTOSJ) - 1<sup>st</sup> Edition*

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# Dedication

To all the ones I have loved, continue to love, and love me.

*The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded*

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## **Three Wholes:**

- / Communion**
- / Yourself – Individuality**
- / Other (etc.)**

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## Wounded

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Wounded is...

Wounded is an idea; a peculiar, particular idea  
of hurt.

Wounded is a natural occurrence  
of everything unnatural.

In attachment; everything unnatural nature.

The world on, exists fraction-by-fraction  
of what mellow existences we can preclude.

The world only exists merrily frisk to tell how we perceive it.  
So, take - take your "*wrongs*" and throw wrongs off a bridge.

Your rights right behind to follow.

Do not follow me. I am rights and wrongs by so-called "*speak*".

A world exists. The world will affect you.

While you exist you will always be wounded.

After you have been spread or changed  
to bits and pieces that you might like  
to believe whole may spend forever.

While your judgment spats and design and creates and mutates  
you wound as likewise everything around you wounds.

I do not think "*woundage*" is necessary to say,  
but the force is extraordinary as the ordinary.

Broken flowers don't hurt the sun which helps the sun.

Everything shall be marked "*destroyable*".

Everything is wounded there as an equality fragile, which can pension dying.

Broken flowers,  
and flowers can  
broken too.

I love the rain,

but you make love the sunshine more persuasion.

Well anyways, the sun will keep shining, anyways, as long as the sun can.

Hold a sun and have it saw my hands.

The long flashes goodnight.

"*BadflowersflowersGoodflowers*"

Ignorance of good and bad.

Wounded is hurt.

## Life

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Life.

Every moment of every moment.

Dearest every element.

Chartered of you:

Life.

Makes up you.

Destroy your life too.

Destroy you and the world spread out.

Because my life is on the world's collar.

*"Their"* is life is the universe.

Life in the universe is a sparkle of electricity.

Things really go as clockwork.

Festoon let the Le ethereal.

Cytosine left waiting - One of many kinds cozy -

Marry me.

That particular second, or that particular star, or that particular person.

That particular person dies.

Something is alive for a moment how long a moment lasts how life is. Life moves  
on...

The pattern changes. It is like layers. Built up and down as tapestry.

Life lives but only for a moment how life lives.

I would still like to say that the concept  
of life really does not exist since everything is made of the same materials.

The only reason life may be named life:

The Life that is living for a moment is made up  
of a pattern that includes many individual pieces.

The pieces are individuals.

Counter stroke – Doppler radar heart

Effects and hearts emitted - Everywhere.

## Mercy

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Mercy - This poem doesn't have to be complete.

Just the name. Is.

Everybody deserves love.

As everybody is "*mainstream*".

Nothing is 'aught.

Why is existence still disregarded on such a high level?

I know why the obvious piles on top.

People are stockpiles and people are living how to live.

If I could shine my "*light*" on you.

That could be light. That could be dark.

Light does not matter, but a spark.

Why you do not love me?

Why do not love the neary neighbor?

Wait, I know why!

Why life is how to living; live to living.

You can make your emotions more  
attached with others in respective words to yourself.

Mercy is the "*openness*" that collaborates in yourself.

Love is not mercy.

Love is just an emotion which runs through you.

Close to mercy is truly loving everything and not just yourself.

Every speck, every pebble, every spark.

Why you can not be merciful to all..... (- *all is a big word*)?

Mercy is truly loving everything and all around you.

There are those now most unknown.

Those whom in any reason can not.  
Change is a drastic thing..... (- *happens so drastically*)  
If you want to learn on (*how to live*), there is no way to live any way you can.  
If you want to learn love and mercy - Share.  
“You”, any of you can, if ability is had.  
To build the world up in structures and networks.

However,  
wishes gain wants.  
However? You want!  
Mercy as in my opinion and my powerful morale dictated  
is loving everything  
around you.

Openness you will hopefully one day be able to develop.  
Mercy is the openness I would dare dream. Hope suspect.  
As your systems enable.  
Mercy is openness  
I would dance, understand  
and smile in,  
in happiness.  
If I were alive for that day  
and believe..... Emotions are just emotions.

## Universe

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Everything in the universe is in the universe.

Everything that is in the world in the world.

If you “*exist*” you exist.

If you “*contain*” you exist.

You must exist to contain or hold.

The universe is everything to you right now.

It is your babies and your ways.

There is three main “*sparks*” I can recite:

A,

an individuality, ab communion of existence,

and a other, etc...

The universe makes everything go

and run on time.

After all, time is just special effects.

Stir triumphed by motion.

The universe is based on *The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded*.

You can accept what you take or not believe at all.

## **Motion**

**March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998**

Motion.

The motion is things that happen  
of that universe.

It is the motion  
of things that happen in the universe.

The universe is too wide to hide.

The universe is divided into three parts.

Like any how.

The motion of the universe is the motion  
of things that relatively make sense.

The motion

of the universe is the motion

of that “*motionally*” (*incredibly*) makes these motions.

Motion of the universe is the motion  
of things that can.

The universe allows transportation.

One or another cause the motion:

A) Individual B) Communion c) Other.

The special effects of being joined.

The effects which are motion somewhere.

You are thinking about where you have been.

Where you have gone.

It is okay.

Move around where you are able to.

Motion is concurred by other motion.

Stirred by “*other*”.

Jilted. Molded.

Danced on. Throughout, Within.

That is it.

## Mind

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Your mind is just as in the universe.

What it, what your mind is the makeup of your mind.

Allows you to think.

To and from, your mind helps you continue.

Your mind is stabilized as everything in the universe.

That continues must

for the time being continuous your mind as many things

flowing through your mind.

< *The universe is the sun burning*

*plain yawning. The skies craving* >

You can look up upon and perceive occasion to say "*the universe*" is dearth  
of answers.

All the answers - All the answers are right  
there.

"*You*" is contained in your  
mind.

"*You*" are building blocks fused together everyday.

"*You*" are in your mind (*maybe not always*).

"*You*" are the idea of you.

"*You*" are you because of all of you.

"*You*" are produced upon the ability  
and given towards upon yourself.

Your mind thinks just as the universe.

In all space, center, in all ability, all the sharing, pieces, you, others, other.

*\_Your\_mind\_is\_just\_as\_in\_the\_universe\_*

## Existence

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Existence is truth,  
and that,  
is the only truth!  
Creation is starting over.  
Creation happens every moment.  
Existing is existing.  
Some are "*creatable*". Some are "*uncreatable*" every moment.  
Some can create.  
Existence is being of any kind.  
All people exist. All stars exist.  
All creators exist.  
No matter how you change around, as long as you exist.  
Existence is being.  
Place; to be.  
Something that is real and existing.  
Pretty; to me.  
Existence is a thing having an existence, entity and duration forever.  
Do you believe in existence?

# Hurt

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Hurt.

Hurt.

Hurt is...

Hurt is pain.

Hurt. Hurt.

Hurt. Hurt.

Hurt is pain.

Hurt is unfixing of pain.

Unpreventable. Unknowing. Not sharing. Blankly staring openness.

The \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_.

Hurt is thinking you are alone  
and hurt is knowing you are alone.

Hurt is thinking you are hurt.

Hurt is knowing you hurt.

Hurt is knowing you are being hurt.

Hurt is not knowing you are being hurt  
and hurt. Hurt. Hurt. Hurt.

Hurt is universal.

Everything in the universe hurts.

Hurt can be opened. Hurt could be healed.

Hurt can be shared. Hurt can be ignored.

Hurt could be opened.....Hurt can be shared.

Hurt could be healed.....Hurt can be ignored.

If we were so open that no hurt could escape what we see.

What is preferable to see?

If hurt were preferable to everyone,  
then everything that hurts,  
somewhere in any lonely, hurtful thing,  
any of those of lonely hurt, and universe,  
hurt could be bolstered away.

Hurt. Hurt.

Hurt. Hurt.

**Triumph**  
March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Triumph.  
The winner of the “*winnerest*”.  
Shall Triumph. Star triumph.  
Love your dearest.  
Beat your weaknesses.  
Love does not matter as much as a graced Olympic athlete.  
What more can you say, when you think all you think?  
Say all you say to think  
of the triumph - The winner.  
Below the belt or above?  
The one that is not just  
of, but on the center and eventually beyond.  
Things triumph over other things.  
No matter what may have happened. Moment triumphs onto the next one.  
Things combine and share and break. The outcome and then another  
of the moments' past and so on.  
Triumph goes on forever (*I guess*).  
It is all about the idea of who is “*better*”.  
Most things triumph. What things do not?  
Are you going to worry forever about your needs?  
Are you going to care any more than you can be careless?  
Wondering who is the winner while the world is in motion.  
We all triumph.

Here comes one  
and here comes another.  
Moody and changes.  
Some things must have,  
because they happen.  
Some things must because,  
because they happen.  
Some things must,  
because they have.  
Whatever comes out you can watch or not.  
Mostly triumph is envy.  
To get there. Must get there.

## Ability

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

If you have the ability to it.  
If it is able to happen. It will happen.  
If it is happening it has happened.  
Ability truly decides what will happen.  
Only ability; how ability goes.  
What ability goes?  
What ability does?  
How the ability works.  
+  
How the ability concurs.  
'Cause the vehicle of ability.  
Ability is the able, occurs, and existing.  
Ability is everything that can be made to happen.  
Everything that can make... < *ability is also decisions* >  
come together.  
In your woes, your ability gives to you.  
In your upper coat, your upper roads give to you.  
Ability is having ability is put together. Fundamentals to what is able  
and what is cause onto that.  
Ability is set,  
is set new abilities, are able by the right,  
kind of force.  
Right kind of structure.  
You know how ability  
can happen.

## Structure

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Structure.

Structure is the multi-existence  
of our world.

Structure is gazed.

Structure is the built up; building and existing.

Structure build up existing.

Structure is free.

You will never understand it,  
unless you look and can see.

So, "*nah*".

Structure.

Things are a build up.

Things are made together.

Structure holds place in all  
of the universe.

Structure is

there and built up

and down the center line.

So, there. Outrageous:

"*Uh*", beyond the center line.

All things are made up

of the mix and match individuality – Self communion - Reaction  
of each other, other etc...

"*Their*" is individuality and their is communion which holds.

People are held in gravity to each other.

Gravity holds itself in what space gravity has to hold (*unless chipped or altered*).

Structure can be made,

because structure is there.

Ability; force acts, of course, motion,

because structure is there.

Motion would still react as long as (*something existed*).

Which structure existed?

That which encodes structure is the master.

For its own approval to binding.

## Center

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

There is a center line in our universe.  
Our universe expands to try to reach extremes.  
For certain things to persist,  
certain things must,  
must mandate on a certain line.  
The line as part of an infinite.  
Something as used as a scale.  
You can tell what goes where and how,  
and how fit in our universe.  
In its own kind.  
Everything existing in the universe  
is on this center line.

## Creation

March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Creation is whatever makes, however, whatever wants.

Creation is mild and bold.

Creation in the ultimate world we know.

To make whatever is made.

Creation:

Ultimate plot of building blocks.

Little bit more count unsure.

Creation is a mind that is just there -

The "*ultimate game*".

*"Unfigured"*,

for the ultimate cure - Ultimate game.

If you can not figure it out.

Creation is the placing

of points with directions and forces which "*effect*" must carry and must carry on.

Until told < *Your body is shared*

*and you are your body nothing more but an "ecliptipse" >*

If you can not share enough

of the matter,

more can be made on command.

That is why God is in your head. So, you can make more.

Everything is even in my creation.

In my equation, every thing is creation.

The only difference is make up.

Make up is not outside form,

because (*outside is in side the made outside is the make inside*) outside is inside

< *not make up as in made up* >

*Made up as from this to that.*

If you can find those equal.

The world is stiff on its painful fix. Forever 'till we or an other change.

Our ability to create. Will come as naturally as fate. Everything is natural.

Everything has meaning and effect while in motion..... Just as damaging.

God passed by here another time again tonight.

If you can create you can (*mate*) make..... Just when you equal yourself you are

gone.

*"The"* is not just here. Nowhere.

**Ann Brand**

1998

Let me trance your heart to trust,  
as you experience the '*golden glaze*'.

You will no longer live how you have before.  
Havoc perky at your door.  
Her cerilithic rose.  
I accumulate in my own.

Not to have a child, but to have my child.  
Alone. I could teach him dreams,  
on peach dreams slide.

Ann Brand, a magical moment at any moment.  
Hosts love on purpose.  
Ann Brand, smirks at the sigh of her smirky, little smirky, sun lost.  
Sunlight beyond the backs of the dawned.  
On beach current rode frozen.  
On warm summer giving up early in early winter's fall.  
Script the sky down, Sonny.

Openness is sharing.  
While sharing is of any part.  
While... While...  
You are living your life; someone else is living its life (*always*).  
While you are living your life; someone else is loving its life  
and (*always*)  
while you are living your life upon living; something else is losing its life (*always?*).  
While you lose eye contact,  
shoot your eyes, and energy, and lose your eyes, and energy,  
and bring up.  
While eye contact is lost,  
the sigh of relief, and missed, like earlier, while sad.  
You make my eyes go, up and down.



## About The Author

Shaun J. Apple

*"You can build a house out of your mind with the right principles that can be used as structure."*

*"Who I am"* has been defined by places both inside and outside of the United States of America. I was born in Ocala, Florida. When I was a kid, I had a golden retriever named Lady. She was my best friend. My parents had split when I was around age 12. I was sent to a children's home near Deltona, Florida and later on a foster home in Ocala due to problems at home. In a nutshell, I would say I was a suburban kid in central Florida.

My foster parents were black. The foster home where I lived was on the outskirts of Ocala. A lot of roads were dirt, dust, and sand that blew away. Already I had my first car which was named *"The Lemon"*. In Ocala, on the weekends there were bands playing death metal, ska, hip-hop, and alternative rock music at a local concert hall. Most of the time, I crashed at an *"open"* house hanging out with best friends – Whores, artists, and psychonauts. I did not know who paid for our house. I brought food for the house cats. I drove overnight regularly between Ocala and Deltona to visit friends from my teen years.

I moved to Daytona Beach, Florida on a whim with friends from that house. My roommate physically abused his girlfriend. I counseled my roommate's girlfriend. I dropped ecstasy for the first time with my co-workers. They were people who thought they were vampires. My best friend at the time was a hot lesbian. I decided to move to my own rental beach cottage. I can recall the joyous feeling of using paid vacation days to go body surfing in the Atlantic Ocean. I lost my spectacles in the sea. I can still feel the waves in my sleep. I decided to lose my \$600 deposit on the cottage in order to move to an apartment block four blocks away. *"I rented a two bedroom apartment in a very grubby apartment complex. At least the new place was near my recreational drug friends and my gay friends"*, says Shaun. During major hurricanes I would go out on the beach to feel the strong winds in my face. I started going to wild rave parties with Internet friends.

My poetry is everywhere that I have ever wrote. Each poem I wrote helped to highlight an adventure of mine, display an idea, and made me to think outloud. In 1999, I did not have every minute to devote to poetry any longer. By 1999, I was already addicted to the Internet.

On a whim in 1999, I moved to California at the request of friends on the Internet. I continued the tradition of going to parties, in California, which included throwing some infamous house-parties. I got involved with teaching people how to safely use recreational drugs, E.G: "*Harm reduction / Harm minimization*". I became a moderator and an administrator for several years on the informational and social [Bluelight web site](#).

I worked for a year in Los Angeles before my journey began overseas to The Fiji Islands and Australia. I wrote a dozen poems in a V.W bus on a week long trek across Australia from Melbourne to Perth. Four months later, I went for a second time to The Fiji Islands. I was in love with the country, people, and one person in particular. I lived with families in villages all across the remote islands of Fiji. There on a daily basis I saw the absolutely most beautiful rainbows, sunsets, sun-risings, and deserted white / black / red sand beaches and traditional ways of life that revolved around family. During the day I chopped coconuts, harvested taro, taught groups of young girls the game of basketball, and volunteered with an Australian based medical outreach program.

In 2002, I waved goodbye to Fiji to return to the United States. I got invited to work as a caregiver in Seattle, Washington for a summer after I posted on the Internet. My next move after the summer was to Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada for six months. Vancouver Island is a majestic place covered with stormy beaches, hippies, sprawling rain forest, quaint / interesting towns, and an astute capital city. I spent the winter of 2002 in the Canadian Rockies watching the "*northern lights*" in the sky.

I did a "*driveaway*" road trip from Portland, Oregon through the states Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and California stopping everywhere nice along the way in early 2003. I was then based in northern California leading groups of European tourists around on "*treks*" with an outdoor trekking outfit for the summer of 2003. One trip involved driving from San Francisco to Anchorage, Alaska (3,307.59 miles) in only a few days! By fate, I "*discovered*" San Francisco, which is the place that I still like to refer to as my "*first home*". Proudly I protested against the "*War In Iraq*" and "*got down*" to block parties in the streets. In towns north of San Francisco I started to take a keen interest in growing organic foods.

I decided to "*find*" myself again overseas in Asia after a close friend suggested that I was "*meant to be in Thailand*" and that Thais are "*sweet and sincere*". I flew to south-east Asia in the later part of 2003. I taught English for an EU Micro-Project Development Through Local Communities (MPDLC) project at a rural village in Laos. The classroom was "*basic*" and the village located between Thailand and Vietnam. I ended up here because fatefully a bus broke down. The next year in central Thailand I volunteered with Hmong refugees at a Thai temple. I resided in Thailand for three years, excluding stints to India, Laos, Myanmar, Cambodia, Malaysia, and Singapore.

In India, I was able to immerse myself for six months in the birthplaces for the Buddhist, Sikh, and Hindu religions. I stayed at ashrams along the path. Being able to visit ancient towns, ruins, and cities in India is incredible! The highlight of India for me was that I traveled across the Himalayas by bus from Manali. On the other side of the Himalayas is the district of Ladakh in Kashmir state where many Tibetan people live. Many connections were made there. "*India is a place that really makes you think. Every day I felt like I saw something new and different. I think the insight gained is even greater in retrospect*", reports Shaun.

I returned to Thailand in September of 2004. I worked as a teacher in Bangkok, Thailand for two years. I taught various subjects like English, Math, Science, P.E, and Computer classes for many different age groups. I relocated to Portland, Oregon from Thailand in late 2005. Portland feels like a "*second home*" in America.

*"I make a deep connection and I write poetry. That is what I do for a living", Shaun outspokenly concludes.  
"Sometimes forced. Sometimes found."*

## About *The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded*

One day, when I was 18 years old, I planned to write an entire book of poetry in one single day from morning until midnight filled of all about the ideas in my head. I accomplished this on March 26<sup>th</sup>, 1998. The book is called *The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded*. I talk about many different elements in this book, and as always, experiment with words and English grammar.

In the book there is a bonus poem titled *Ann Brand* at the end. The poem is about a red haired girl who sat behind me in Drivers Education class. Then one night I saw her at a high school band function, perhaps only in my mind, and I wrote the poem about her.

*The Thirteen Original Sins Jaded* is quite experimental in its written textures. The book contains a treasure trove of 13 themed poems plus one bonus poem.



***The  
Thirteen Original  
Sins Jaded***

