

Destined To Offend: Yet Another Working Title Gone Awry



Destined To Offend: Yet Another Working Title Gone Awry © 2025 by David Mitchell
Jacobs Schwartz

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The background artwork is by N. S. S. Jacobs. You can even buy some at <https://www.art2uplift.com>. Check out her novel at <https://www.harvalan.com>!

Previously Published:

"Sweet Child" in Inkblot magazine, Clayton, MO, 1984 "farmer death" in Broadside, Bradley

University, Peoria, IL 1987

"Lunchtime in the Quad" in Number One, vol. 42, University of Missouri-Kansas City Press,
1989

Also by David Mitchell Jacobs. Schwartz:

5/8 of Everything I've Written

"Ho-Ho," Said The Platypus and Other Snappy Titles

Amber Waves of Nausea

A Pickle For Bernice

Hey! I Just Write This Stuff

Winter Poems...More Snow In My Thoughts Than On Television

Get Your Own Delusions of Grandeur

Leased Loved Poems By A Relative Unknown Who's Probably Not Your Relative Jubilation

How About A Nose Squeeze?

Insert Clever Title Here

Directory of Piths (Because “Table of Contents” is so 2024 or before and I haven’t used piths in this context or lifetime aside from a pith helmet I used to sell at a retail job over 20 years ago).

Somewhere In The Middle

Power Outage

A Challenge

Agony (Lament For 2022/5782)

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Somewhere In The Middle

I neither intend this page to be a forward nor afterward to this small volume. When I was between 22-30, I thought that if I had a box set of my music and poetry, I would call it “Destined To Offend: The David Schwartz Story”. I modeled the title after musical collections advertised on TV, especially when 8 track tapes and cassettes were the rage. Although I might sing while playing guitar or at home, I realize that my song lyrics are better left as poems. I’m probably not all that offensive unless you have no compassion for others or completely no sense of humor. As for “The David Schwartz Story”, I’m not retired or Heaven forbid dead, so I didn’t want it to be too final.

This volume includes prose and poetry, and some of my wife Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs’ digital art. In this post pandemic and somewhat dystopian age, It’s a lot shorter than my other collections. I finished this collection a week before my 58th birthday in celebration of getting to this point in life. Therefore, I wanted to collect what I had since 2020, not knowing what the future will hold for me or society.

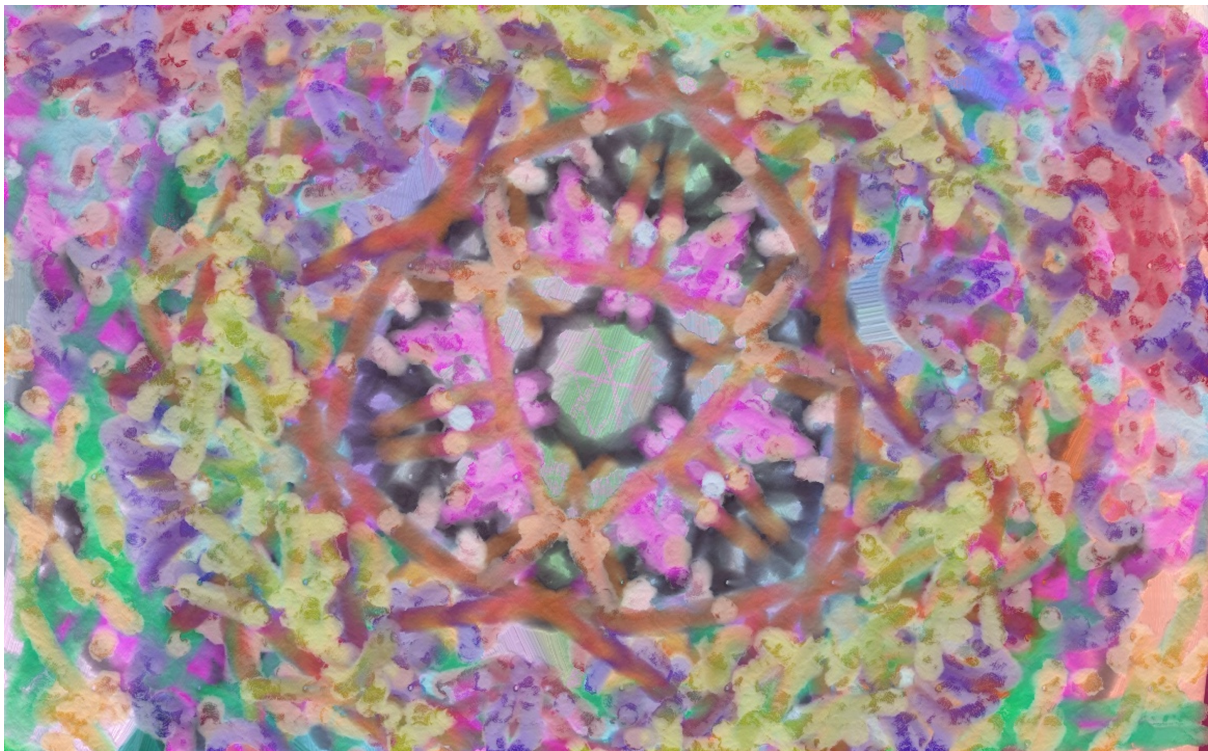
Please do not read this in the bathroom or any unclean place due to the spiritual nature of some of the pieces as I have stated in earlier collections and on my webs Please enjoy this document in digital format. If you must print it, please do so double-sided and recycle as needed when finished.

If you wish to support my professional or artistic work, reach out via my contact form at dmjs.us.

By now, you have probably figured out that this is at the beginning, not the middle. Good for you! Take the rest of the day off, maybe the week.

My gratitude goes to The Creator, friends, family, the Screen Actors Guild (why not?), Congregation Bonai Shalom in Boulder, Colorado, NDConnect.App and The Neurodiversity Community Center of Lafayette, Colorado, and these Facebook support groups: Autistic Jews, Neurodiverse Jewish Community, Neurodivergent Jews, and Autistic &/Or ADHD Adults of Colorado. Special thanks also goes out to the UCHEALTH staff for helping my wife through a kidney transplant

For my only love, Naomi. 🥰🌈👁️🌸 Our souls are bound to one another no matter what.



Kaleidoscope Lane by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Power Outage August 27, 2020

Last night, the lights flickered
warning us to take stock and ready shelf stable food for today.
The utility said it was unplanned in a neighboring town
Some were warned. We weren't.
There's a planned outage for us this afternoon with zero impact but expected repairs.
I don't believe it. So much for signing up for alerts.
I finally ordered the hand crank solar flashlights we might need.
We might also misplace them.

So I went to bed wondering if the CPAP and fan would go out.
Wondering all night long doesn't make for good sleep.
So I wrote an email apologizing to loved ones for misdeeds
hoping the lesson might finally pierce my soul,
that our lights wouldn't go out, and maybe I would find peace.

Yawning, I flipped a switch this morning before prayers
preparing hot water for tea, grateful for power and light.
I realized that much of the world has no power, hoping I could avoid squandering mine.
What if we permanently lost power to our homes, though some have none,
or our unused brains and hearts, which some deny others have?
Yet, we trust it won't go out.
We prepare for an emergency, living on edge, fall back to complacency.
A flicker or blackout await at any time.

A Challenge

Convince me that it's a good idea to deprive individuals of basic human rights, shelter, food, medicine/ medical care, education, legal aid, and employment while companies and wealthy people have enormous tax breaks. Try to change my mind.

Six Feet Behind (A Pandemic Parody of "Farther Along") March 5, 2021

We're so tired, worn and scared
We've worn our masks and waited our turn
Until the whole world's past the disaster,
There's nowhere to hide

Six feet behind, out the door and down the street
Please get away or you'll be laid low.
Don't cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you'll be peekin' up from six feet below.

There's laughter in joy
One thing we know is how to survive
Cherish each day and hope for tomorrow
Find some humor through the tears and sorrow.

Six feet behind, out the door or down the street
Please get away or you'll be laid low.
Don't cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you'll be peekin' up from six feet below.

The healthcare people have proved themselves heroes
The science should not be scorned by man or by state.
Too many lost, but don't you wonder
Why some scorn to protect a needless fate?

Six feet behind, out the door or down the street
Please get away or you'll be laid low.
Don't cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you'll be peekin' up from six feet below.

When we are all protected and past the fright
When we can smile with full face no one to despise.
Then we'll sing as one voice into the night.
Even if we can't explain the reason in the sweet by and by.

Six feet behind, out the door or down the street
Please get away or you'll be laid low.
Don't cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you'll be peekin' up from six feet below.

This piece was long in the works and meant to address levels within oneself, with a partner or friend, between groups, and between Jews and G-d.

Agony (Lament For 2022/5782) August 4, 2022

We once sought each other
courting betrothed ever wed
Oh... daily dancing.

Soon anger followed
with hurt, betrayal, estrangement
exile, ruin, grief, loss.

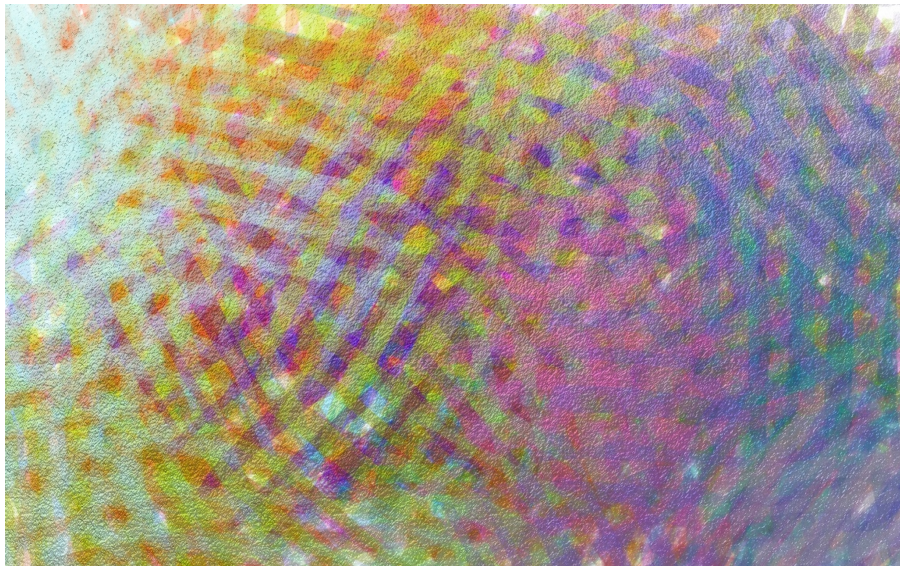
Despite seeming love
Accord trust we lost each other
Do we seek in love

Can we find and mend
Apologize Compromise
Is it too late?

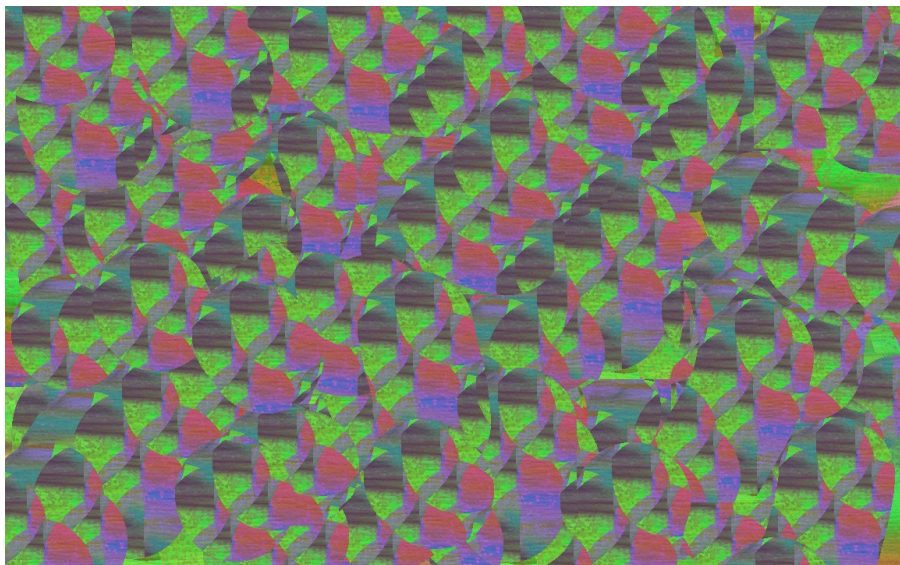
Had we not tried
Avoiding hurt, forsaking joy
No growth would happen.

We need counseling
Not hate, blame, refusing help.
Are you ready to change?

Please, now turn again
Toward, not away in mercy.
Is there any hope?



Cloud Vortex by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs



Glorious Pot Holder by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

An Ode to JOWL May 31, 2023 A tribute to of John Lennon's song "Imagine".

Imagine there's no leaven.
It's easy when bread's dry.
No Taco Bell to bloat us.
Before us only fries.
Imagine all the golems
We can make out of clay. Why-i-hi...

Imagine there's no broccoli
What are we to do?
No clarity in thinking
No indecision too.
Imagine all the picnics
Under shady trees.

You may say I'm a schemer,
but I'm only having fun.
I'll just be waiting for the bus.
when the day is done.

Imagine there's no repression.
No books left to ban.
Don't revive nor bungle,
Darth, Luke and Han.
Imagine all the movies,
Watched on a lark and smarmy night

Yoo-hoo-hoo might want coffee
to chase a sticky bun.
Let ourselves amuse us.
With yet another pun.

Music And The Oscilloscope June 20, 2023

Long ago, I likened music to an oscilloscope or similar device. It's a very loose analogy. Imagine the volume turned down but watching various rhythms on a screen. There's many blips and multivariate things happening, perhaps with pretty shapes and colors. However, that equatorial line is what we all share, hopefully without physical limitations. There's the breath and heart beat. In and out. Now, turn the volume up slowly in the analogy. Add back in various instruments. How quickly we forget those basics.

The Dust Pan of Life June 21, 2023

Are you sitting in the dust pan of life?
Do you only know struggle and strife?
There's no need for anger and pain
Whether dropped in the trash, fed to the pets, or flushed down the drain.

You might feel like pawn or swollen with pride.
You might be hollow or enjoying the ride.
You are what you are, though you feel there's nothing to offer.
Be glad that I'm not a philosopher.

Take a moment each day to breathe or to pray.
No matter being whole or broken in a tray.
Would you rather grumble with curses
Or be grateful that I've only written three verses?

Yodelaydeeheemeehoo...

David's Dirt Road Blues June 21, 2023

I was once a forest with trees and flowers growing around.
I was once a forest with trees and flowers growing around.
Then everything was torn up
not even leaving roots beneath the ground.

There was no shade left and the sun beat down on me.
There was no shade left and the sun beat down on me.
I was stripped bare
leaving nothing left to see.

Whether people or a rock, it all goes back to earth.
Whether people or a rock, it all goes back to earth.
When all is said and done, how much is dignity worth?

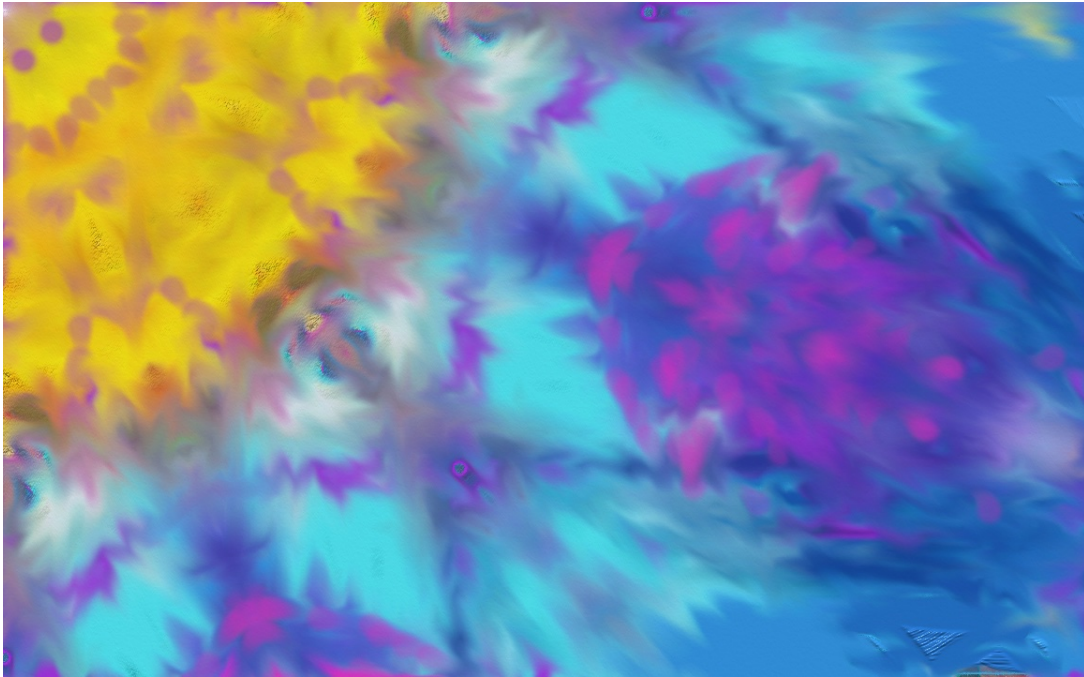
I was left a dirt road with all sorts of things rolling over me.
I was left a dirt road with all sorts of things rolling over me.
I gave what I could between creation and eternity.

Haven't people done enough to leave me so weary?
Haven't people done enough to leave me so weary?
Someone please just leave me alone with the dust.
I beg you let me rest peacefully.

A Thought For The Day

Consensual reality is a scam. Don't become its prey.

Did I ever claim it was a realistic or rational thought?



Cosmic Blanket by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

A Fun Name Game

My full name is David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz and Jacobs is my wife's last name and my second middle name. It is not hyphenated. We take a word, 2 words or three, and put them in front of Jacobs Schwartz. It's based upon free association, but the only rule is that the words have no relation to each other like Furnace Bicycle Rack Jacobs Schwartz. You would substitute your own last name and that of a partner or spouse, for example: Air Purifier Soup Can Smith Johnson. Try it on long trips with your family. You will either thank or curse me.

Speaking of names, I think that a restaurant called The Donner Party Kebab House would be an interesting play on history and cuisine. Why am I the only one laughing?



Sometimes, music or some other form of inspiration sweeps over me. It just happens despite long periods of inspirational drought but I don't force it. It's not that I'm resistant to writing it's just that the inspiration comes more rarely. In this case, the inspiration comes from the original known version of "Goodnight, Irene" with words and music by Huddie William "Lead Belly" Ledbetter.

My Love, Each Day July 17, 2023

Words by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

Each day, my love
Each day, my love
My love, each day
My love each day
we grow together more.

Often I've lived in the suburbs, occasionally in small towns.
Most times I think most seriously though you might call me a clown.

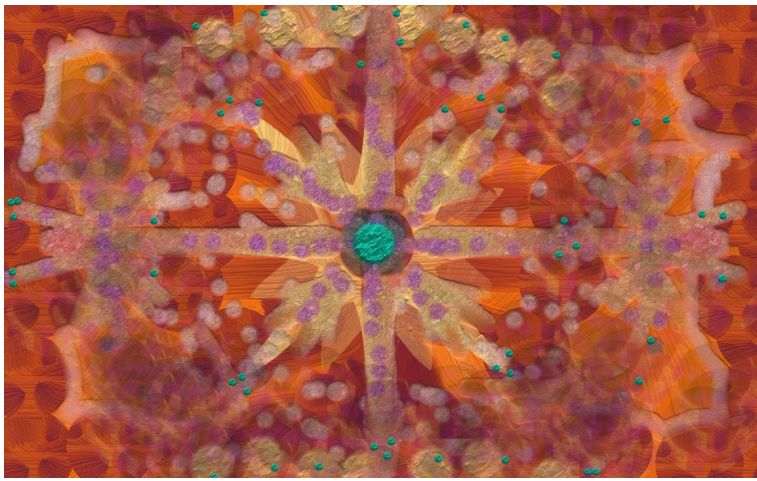
I prayed most of my life for you.
We were both shy yet willing too.
Neither of us thought we'd marry.
I'm so grateful for our love true.

They say imitation is flattery.
The best kind I know.
Lead Belly might be upset
But may his musical legacy grow.

I'm sorry for how I've hurt you.
I try to live right not wrong.
You have so much patience dear.
Here's my ode in three/ four.

We're sad and tired.
We've been flawed wherever we roam.
Many troubles have rained down.
Despite regrets, we'll always be each other's home.

Each day, my love, Each day, my love
My love, each day
My love, each day
we grow together more.



Astral Dance by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

My Troubles' Troubles March 4, 2024

My troubles got great grand troubles
I can't sweep away (2x)
They mock and chase me wherever I go.
There's no use explaining to you.
though I cry and pray.

I've taken on some trials
I could not foresee. (2x)
I can't seem to grasp.
What I'm supposed to learn to be free.

I've made my mistakes and often a bad choice (2x).
I don't want to burden anybody
just to heed my own voice.

I've got little hope but keep some belief (2x).
If I was a better tortured poet,
My craft might provide relief.

I've never been to Mississippi.
I never learned guitar in a graveyard. (2x).
But I lose sleep every night
wondering how to make my life less hard.

I found no romance in rambling
wherever I went always crumbled (2x).
If you're smart you better run so you don't end up as humbled as me.

Who Needs Coffee When There's Bluegrass? (Rhyming's Overrated) * A Very Loose
spin on "Ghost Riders In The Sky" September 23, 2024

They walked into the fruiting body
or so they called the place.
Full of kombuchas, acv, and lemonade
But alcohol not a trace.

They heard an old timey quartet
Strumming and a plucking,
Sliding and picking through their set
An employee asked if there was any regular coffee to be had.
The boss laughed and grinned, "This isn't Starbucks."

The friends enjoyed the bottleneck whine and frailing
They tipped the band and stomped their feet
To the high lonesome sound and voices wailing
The band was unflappable and didn't lose the beat
Even as a drunk called out for Little Sadie and Shady Grove.

The band was steeped in many cultures
From Arabic to Mexican, with a hat tip to Klezmer
And both raga and Japanese too.
They teased at rockabilly with a Dead cover as well,
Because they played for fun and if they got free food,
It would add to the fun.

A courier stopped in and ordered a drink
Staring through the outfit of the employee facing the sink.
He asked does anyone know if they will fill my request?
Just then the music stopped and they stared as if they could read his mind.
"Order a cookie or what you think is best,
But we know what you want to hear. "

"How could you possibly know when all I was going to ask for was apple pie?"
"We know because it's already late, but there's always one in every crowd.
You could have muttered or screamed it out loud.
We refuse to do "Wonderful Tonight", Stairway to Heaven" or what you really came to
hear."

The courier meekly ordered a root beer and sniffled
I guess that means no "Ghost Riders in the Sky"
And the whole establishment laughed at him and said:"NO!"
We have had it with the Yippie-Yi-o
And want absolutely no Yippie-Yi-yay
But tomorrow is reggae night,
And we have a charity bingo game.



Solar Activity by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

A Forgotten Rubber Band December 12, 2024

I dwell in the lowest kitchen drawer in the left back corner.
I was left back by four families moving out
so I wait hoping someone will find me. I badly need a bath.

Once I was safe in the package
both womb and family were removed.
I want to see light, stretch, explore, retreat, twist, shrink back, relax,
be of service, retire, fly, land, rise again to let go
and pop mid air's brief glory.

I could be remade in a hot mess
to be selected, pressed again
into a new e-z open not for resale cellophane womb which rats ignore.

In the right hands what I could do!
But not with you who deny, devalue, dispatch, thinking small, lacking urgency.
How then can you number days, label seasons,
separating the holy yet can't parse millennia?
What I could do but I am thin, tired, pushed back waiting to be used.

How I Spent 57 Years Pretending It Was Summer Vacation 11/26/2024

I learned that I was a slow starter and my thyroid was nonfunctional.
I was slow to walk and speak, slow to gain weight but I eventually did.
Disconnection prevailed despite resource room and various therapies.
“What’s wrong with me?”, was my main question as I balanced between solitude and trying to fit, wondering if I was merely tolerated.

I made it beyond college
beyond bored and scared, some subjects making no sense.
Despite my desire for detail, the words bang together
In my head, on my lips, and in writing and few understand.

I didn’t meet many disorders’ criteria. I double-checked since high school.
In my 50th autumn I learned I’m autistic.
A heavy stinking, dusty shroud was lifted.
I am more than a missing puzzle piece which others claim as a royal crest.
I never liked that logo.
It’s a win to feel at home in my own head and skin.

My head’s full of monitors like NASA’s control room.
On the screens, I find all the connections undreamt or unknown by others. They’re not attentive.
The monitors flash constantly as if announcing airport arrivals and departures. They might not stop, nor has medicine helped.
Past and future implode into the present. So much for a super power.

Sometimes I’m proud, but mostly exhausted with the world’s weight in my brain. All I want is to sit in silence or sleep.
Even relaxed, I carry all the tension Atlas let go.
I’m surprised my shoulders and neck haven’t cracked irreparably.
But whole or broken I take on each day hyper vigilant.
There’s not more I have the energy to share.



Grocery Dance January 26, 2025

Snow constantly tumbles like tv static before my eyes
as visual silent noise partly blocking what I witness.
Futile shoveling and plowing makes way for new slop to freeze and thaw into lakes
while shoppers dodge others, carrying not enough bags for impulse items
that they may enliven or deaden dreary weekends alone even with others.

Some drivers keep to the perimeter outside
as if unsure skaters grabbing the rink walls
Like me wary of forcibly kissing hard ice.
It's a slow hora without break or reward.
Others jockey positions like some hokey pokey back and forth
no one seeking to spin just cut in.

They parry as if dueling or in a ballroom without timing or rhythm just low gear driving.
Speed is no match for skill in a slow tango.
In another lane there's no tip of hat nor Do-si-do.
Avoidance triumphs over connection.

Inside it's no different except for unexpected turns up the bread aisle
or a sudden stop for oatmeal while counting to 10 breathing
doesn't get anyone closer to wheat bran nor checked out any sooner.
Eyes meet to say "Pardon" as a code phrase for "you're in my way"
while lifting plant meat as if it was a girl at a sock hop.

Carts collide near the lavender tea in an eco-conscious mosh pit
of disaffected personal shoppers hoping for a big tip still held up in the self-checkout.
I look on curiously overdressed for winter sweating out toxins.
No thanks I don't want a sample. I don't want to engage
just nap the store away and go home.

A Late January Afternoon January, 29, 2025

The sun shines against apartment windows intensely
working its way through rooms, through lives
as if giving the third degree to an unsuspecting being or furniture.

The light bounces back, reflected in the snow's diamonds
As a cold mountain breath whispers goodbye to the white coating
Pushing cold sparkling pixie dust into a tree trunk.
Moisture nourishes the roots and flowers beneath.

Clear azure meets a thin white line on the horizon
as geese peck for food, in no hurry to take flight.
While cars pass, you can still hear your own breath.
There's room for silence and time for tea or a book.
I have time to compose my own snapshot of the day
strictly in my head, perhaps to be shared with a stranger or a friend.

Yet Another Thought For The Day

You might be able to canoe, but can you fenu? There's fenugreek, but no fenu (insert other culture or civilization here). It doesn't seem right. Isn't there a class action lawsuit for reparations and remediation of this glaring omission from the kitchen pantry and grocery store shelves?

Scavenged From My Email Server

That's right! You too can write to me via the contact form on dmjs.us, and I might just respond or select your email to include in a grab bag of correspondence like this!

Are you ever serious? - N.D. from St. Louis, Missouri

Yes, N.D. I am often quite serious, but the condition has been ameliorated by a steady supply of music, chocolate, medicine, acupuncture, walks, oat bran, off beat cult movies, and naps.

Do you have any advice for fellow writers of any kind? C.A., Peoria, Illinois

I recommend immersing yourself in obscure fiction and nonfiction books and magazines. Watch obscure films. Listen to obscure musicians. Grow a beard or get a paste-on one from a costume shop. Read poets very few have heard of especially in languages other than your own. Join writers groups. For an added touch, hang out at coffee shops and poetry readings. For added character, ensure that you wear black clothes, dark sunglasses, a black beret and black Birkenstocks. If it's cold, wear a long black coat.

Above all, never enter contests for which you are expected to buy a volume or sell a certain number of books to win a prize. It's a scam.

Do you have a favorite color? - F.R. from Kansas City, Kansas

It's blue on Fridays and Saturdays with even dates, but otherwise no.

R.J. from Albany, NY asked me "Where do you get your inspiration and will it work for me?"

Well, R. J. It helps to observe small, seemingly trivial occurrences in life. Perhaps it's my tendency to find connections between disparate elements like music, film and poetry or Jewish lore and something else. I think of it as an autistic super power.

Maybe it's someone laughing as they rifle through their own trash in subzero temperatures. Breathe deeply and slowly and take in people, nature, and animals to be something of a spy as long as people don't know you are watching them. If you need a distraction, start singing loudly and off key the wrong words to old Broadway standards. I don't know if it will work for you, but if you join my webinar "Asceticism for the Wealthy", we'll cover this and more!

H.U. wrote from San Juan Capistrano, California "I've been trying to nurture my inner child with books, old shows, and hot chocolate. Is there anything I should add?"

Well. H.U., by all means you should add mint chip ice cream, brownies with nuts, home made oatmeal raisin cookies, pizza, and spaghetti with marinara and mushrooms. Ensure the marinara is thick.

You're hilarious! Do you dream this stuff up? Have you considered becoming a standup comic and or screenwriter? - W.E. from Boulder, Colorado

W.E., I am glad you like my stuff. Just like the classic movie "Harvey", it finds me like the giant rabbit finding Elwood P. Dowd. To borrow from the film: "Years ago my mother used to say to me, she'd say, "In this world, Elwood, you must be" - she always called me Elwood - "In this world, Elwood, you must be oh so smart or oh so pleasant." Well, for years I was smart. I recommend pleasant. You may quote me." The same goes for me in my outlook on life.

Where were we? Oh yes. My inspiration and wit may be sharp but it doesn't happen on demand nor do I know anyone to help me break into the business. For people claiming to be funny, I could be wrong but the standup business seems to be rather cutthroat with people vying for spots at open mike nights or getting a tv contract. Likewise, I don't do well with deadlines, but if I could find someone with a connection in Hollywood, maybe a contact would help. Set me up with a contact and who knows what will happen?

That about wraps it up for now. Tune in next time because maybe there will be a next time.



Warning: This individual is known to be extremely authentic, normally friendly and occasionally humorous. Also, beware of bogs. You never know when one might follow you and discolor your clothes with highly acidic peat, moss and fungi.

A Short Rhyme February 3, 2024

Here's my life,
and my creativity might stop or start.
Go out and live with kindness and love and call it art.

Be kind! Be safe and well too!

Your friend,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "David", with a stylized flourish extending from the end.

David