

portrait of the man as a young art

if i were an animal
i would be an ocean spider
thats grown moss on its back
and slept way past evolution,
that cartographers mistook
for an archipelago
and when i wake from my primordial slumber
and return to the depths
i will be in the news
"cluster of islands no one cares about
goes missing"

try to find an atheist at a card table
and ask them about the strange gods they pray to before betting
totems and sigils and chips
dumb and deaf Sybils
seing signs on cardboard
gods that grow on moldy carpets and unwashed cocktail glasses
you don't need to
believe,
so says church dogma,
they work
even if you don't

when we're drunk we sleep in each other's arms

the rest of the time we sleep feet to head, for plausible deniability.

8 of *November*

the end of the world is here
and i have a fever
an unholy--
a prophet's fever

one head cannot sustain
both fantasy and prophecy
there's not enough space
either way
fantasy goes
so your sanity does
and you're left a man's husk
devoid of hopes and lust,
mumbling Aramaic to yourself in the street
you will die right (vindicated)
and be remembered
but is that worth it, losing your humanity
to write scornful histories
people will call mere curiosities
and be dismissed
another Cassandra
casually forgotten?

or if prophecy goes,
you end up bereft
of the grace of god,
and you will want better
and more
and true,
but what's the use in wanting
if you can't name its target?
even if desire is the root of suffering,
it is also the source of motion
the only known antidote to entropy.
maybe that's the trick:
you're supposed to stay still,
it's a rigged game, like the computer said,
the only winning move is not to play.

it's christmas but it feels like
Halloween

i keep trying to be scared
i sit near windows and think in spooky voices
what if you wanted to fall
i call people who shouldn't answer and imply
maybe i do love you
i read books that are too relevant and hope they'll make me cry
i watch movies i used to like and hope i hate them now
none of it is working
halloween is just an excuse to get drunk

maybe i am searching for the wrong kind of scares
there's a frightfulness
in what seems mundane
that only reveals itself so after staring at it for long enough
like a perspective trick on a painting that makes you
get it
and say
oh

ghouls are a kind of mesopotamian demon
ancient entities with a contemporary name

hollow wretches that leech people's humanity
out of something like gluttony rather than survival
i suppose that's what makes it a demon instead
of an animal

i read a book by an Englishman
fascinated with deserts and other lands
Europeans don't quite understand
he said
you can find them at night, in graveyards,
eating the dead
isn't it grotesque
and he's not wrong
but what was he doing there at all
at night at a graveyard alone
that was so beyond reproach?

**to the woman sitting on the railing
on pont d'alma**

paris doesn't help i know
paris doesn't help i know
and neither could i
and i mumbled
soothing lies like
i don't speak french well enough
and i would just make it worse
and death is a private primal human matter
but it's not I know
your expression wasn't pained or sorrowful
but calm, like you were breathing in the scent of the first day of spring
but your hands gave you away
clutching the railing
I saw you wanted to make it bleed
but there won't be an indent tomorrow I swear
there'll be an indent in those gathered around you
but not on the railing I swear
I don't know you
or your story
and I will never know
and my little steam-powered brain

is trying to abstract you into omen
a signal that had nothing to do with you
suicide is in the air today
but that's another lie it's not
and you're not
I know and
I hope
I hope
I hope

27 of march

there's a cut in the roof of your mouth
your tongue keeps poking it
it won't let it close
the thing that speaks in your head
tells you to stop it
so you try

you heat up the tip of a knife
and cauterize the cut
you can't scream all that well
there's a knife in your mouth

this works for a while but
eventually
your tongue wriggles enough against the scab
and it tears open once again

the thing in your head is becoming desperate
as if the open cut was his and not yours

you try again
with a mirror and and a needle

you run a thread across the cut and close it tight
and with two nails
you pierce the tongue in place

but tongues don't feel pain
you do
so it writhes; a year long seizure in your mouth
until it breaks free and again
opens that cut

the cut stopped bleeding long ago
(the salt and rust of blood ruined the taste of wine)
you have leaked out of the roof of your own mouth:
you spit some
you swallowed most
and now you are left
a ghoulish worm for a tongue
a ghoulish abandoned, voice fled and
burrowed tight in a spine with no marrow
a specimen of
obstinacy

now in your errancy
you are often hissed and jeered at by wall-dwelling scorpions:
why did you never simply

cut out the tongue
and you don't really know
it seemed

.

..

...

..

.

excessive

part song part part and tongue

who is the patron saint of all that is silly and wrong

can it be me

who is the patron saint of never knowing if you're lying or not

can it be you

who is the patron saint of callous disenchantment

can it be us

i don't wanna correct your latin anymore

what do i do but nod

can you nod like me

at paper

on percocet

in paris

can you nod like me

leaning on bare piping and rusty mesh to the rhythm of the beat of a
foreclosed nation-state

can you nod like me

reinless and ridiculously, remembering real and rehearsed romances
and their remakes, remasters and re-releases, rosy and torrid alike,
rosy-and-torry-eyed recalling rifts and release and recurrence in
rhyme?

Walhaz, Wallace, Welsch

Wally South and his cast of friends
Terrible things happen to all that fall to the plague of the page
But it's 8:18 and late and we never change
lecherous glory and flesh

vanity is great
self-knowledge sucks
narcissus: a play in five words
paint a portrait of me in
bitchy bitter tones
i'll buy ten
and love you too late

I want to quote The Breeders and pretend as if I always knew they
existed
I want to reply "just do something" and not mean it
I want to pay the ferryman in installments and screw him out of the
last one
I want to already have been
I want my gravestone to say
'it was a shame
how he carried on'
and for you all to have kept a straight face

to the man practicing the trumpet at eight o' clock on a Friday

I don't know where you live
it sounds like you live several floors above
but i'm on the last floor
i've never heard you before
i've heard the stringent guitar
play of the daily blazing man
who lives on the fourth floor
i've heard Chopin from the music school
across the courtyard
I've heard the people in the sixth floor
fighting loudly and violently enough
for me to wonder if I'm a bad person
for not calling the police
I've heard the atonal sing-alongs of the
arab roommates in the first floor
I've heard my neighbors dog bark and
pant because he was too old to keep up with her on the stairs
(I think that old half blind dog died, that woman is always alone now)
I've heard the screams of people falling down the stairs and how thick
bodies sound when they fall
I've heard the suitcases coming up and down
I've heard fading footsteps recede from my hallway

but it was only your trumpet playing, yours
that made me feel like
i will be alright
it was only your trumpet playing, yours
that made me feel like
i was in the right place
it was only your trumpet playing, yours
that made me want
to listen for a little while longer
if you went at it all night I wouldn't resent it
and even though it's freezing and polluted
outside, if you did, I would open my windows
at midnight
just to hear you better
I hope you're having fun and I wanted you to know
even though I will never meet you
you are a good trumpet player, trumpet player, and I love you for it

there's a rabid, emaciated mongrel dog
laying down by the ruins of Teotihuacan
bisected by the shadow of a wall
surrounded by peddlers whistling unnatural animal cries from
strange musical artifacts
and tourists looking to take a picture of themselves with
the ruins of a pre-Christian civilization and its ancient pyramids in the
background
the dog is chewing every now and then on a festering tomato, moldy
and punctured by cigarette butts
(Belmonts, cigarros de obrero)
its fragile ribs bob up and down with every lazy breath it takes
it looks at the passerby with devouring rage
it's not hungry
he's right at home beneath to the Pyramid of the Sun

what goes through my head when
i say 'aww she's so cute!'

i travelled a long, long way
to see my newborn cousin
familial duty forced me to
celebrate the arrival of a screaming,
useless sack of shit
when i met her she looked at me
mouth agape, and drooling
and then fell backwards
her spawners cooed and laughed
i was not impressed

i wish supervillainy was a real profession
when I look at children and see noise
and think what a much more pleasant universe it would be
without these screeching parasitic blobs
these incessant repetitive things incapable of meaning
how do they ever become people?
our planet should be quarantined

perhaps this makes me a misanthrope
but i see none of the things in children that make humans worthwhile

and all that make them hateful
i mourn each time my friends successfully breed
what a waste of people

i don't think i am alone in feeling this way
have you noticed how every time some doe-eyed young person makes
an earnest impassioned speech in favor of the environment they bring
up how it is 'our' children who will inherit our sins towards this
planet
the rest of the world nods in agreement
and calmly continues melting the arctic for profit?
they heard very well
they just agree:
the young deserve an ashen world and poisonous air

'but you were also a child'
i hear the extremely clever among you retort
you got me, o hoi polloi
sick burn
why don't you go have a celebratory fuck
and congratulate yourselves over the fact
you managed to shoot straight
in a hole.

Tattletale

someone has pulled you out of the tar pit
you vomit oil and bile
your windpipe pops open
you are panting
on the inside
you can't move the rest of you
you feel a rough cloth lick your face
water poured over your eyes
thumbs pressing down
opening your eyelids
the white of your eyes burns
but you are not yet blind

you see your savior
lumbering gait
ram horns
gentle hands
wrapped in ox hide
reeks of ash and children
there's snow all around
you are dragged by your hair
to a meager flame
you don't remember how warmth felt

you want to crawl into the fire

it is morning

the woods gave you a blanket of snow

you hear grunts behind the trees

your savior brings the corpses of nymphs, dryads and deer

eats the deer

and burns the rest

their fire is superior to lumber

their smoke smell like sap and incense

your savior looks at you

the outline of their lips bloodied

gibs of meat clinging

to the fur of their hood

"You are not from this place."

you feel ancient

bones brittle

flesh stiff

tongue split

not from this place

you stare back from the ground

you keep silent out of gratitude

until you are alone

you are left to die
again
you don't

The Doom Pronounced In Milan

a soft, blue-gray reflection of a
jaw
and joyful lips
on an obsidian looking-glass
obverse branded ripe
a half-eaten--
the way that smile,
independent from gaze, holds the air still for a breath
everything is as shallow as it wants to seem.

There are three futures, so say our soothsayers:
One lies on an island off the coast of Morocco,
a dead empire's tattered flag waving unnoticed for decades atop a
ravine waiting for me to make a bonfire out of it.
This is the future wherein I die the soonest. I suppose I am an animal.

The second hidden in
a communal showering room
at the first school I was thrown out of
Our Sacred Lady of Nazareth,
under a loose ceramic tile:
keys to an apartment
that belongs to us

disparate people
all mad, all friends
I know the apartment better than the people
There are, I suppose, events I don't want to forget

The third future is off where wine grows
not champagne nor cider nor bores
Where everything is fake
and those I hate
are well-bred and know
how to handle loathing
We will rehearse tragedies
scene by scene
We will try out all the roles like we did our mothers' jewelry
The kind of people I like to watch talk, I suppose

**gog, magog,
demagogue**
1/1/2017

my american pals
it is i your friendly foreign internet poet
i have emerged
from the jungles of South America
like the ghost of christmas to come
to jerk you off
but first, like all proper sexual encounters,
a lecture on demagoguery

i am sure you understand the basic human horrors
of persecution and corruption that will come from
a so-called, so-promised revolution
offered by that political aberration
that comes to life in the dark unpluggable
cracks of the democratic machine
i am
fairly sure you understand
you've seen documentaries
and read articles, both wikipedia and otherwise
about the tough time
some other people will have to endure

and this constant exhumation of human suffering
wrought by what you have all resuscitated
will help no one, it's been too long
and we're too numb
and after all, it's their own fault, the retards
they wanted this
so let them have it
you and i know they will not be spared
so chuckle
we know of the ancient horror they've summoned
for we have read the Ancient Greeks
(in the original of course, what are we, plebes?)
and their warnings about demagoguery
and what is there to do, but say, oh well,
fuck them.
is there a good-ol' liberal democracy left
to where we can fashionably exile ourselves?

but since humans don't really strum our heartstrings anymore
let me tell you of a subtler threat brought about by demagogues
it's a symbolic one (get your essay paper and hand lotion out):
What the Republic lost when they became an Empire
wasn't the rule of law or of the people, it was a loss of symbols:
When you give into the base pragmatism that the demagogue tempts
you with--

when the sacrosanct aura of institutions is publically allowed to be disparaged,
then you have a banana republic. Or what do they call it, when it happens in the west?

A failed state? Third Reich? A decaying Empire? The Sick Man of North America?

Forgive me, Godwin, I couldn't help it, but I don't think it counts this time around.

Do not misunderstand me, my overeducated friends, I am not asking you to grow compassion for Nazis-- I'd much rather you readily scalp them, if you have time between grant applications for knife sharpening-- but you need to know that the apathy bred by contempt for the hoi polloi is what the demagogue counts upon for his rule to grow, after all, who's there left to oppose when those who would are too indignant to try to keep at bay the rot?

The resistance to the erosion of symbols is rhetorical, necessarily. talk. tie yourself to the truth and plant yourself there and your words will resonate once the machine becomes exasperated and executes you in public: this is your job, to expose until you can see a glimmer of recognition of the social utility of empathy and law and the abolition of Machiavellian logic and eventually as the horror extends around them you will have made an ally

in those who have been once again fooled and violently fondled by
this old enemy of democracy
expose the demagogue for the kleptocrat, unravel
their populist consolations with the logic of pragmatism
that the demagogue craves applauded:
disrobe their empty aesthetics
and mock their penises.

It is a struggle you can win
if you can be fucked to try
History hasn't ended yet
resignation to the inevitable
is a self-fulfilling prophecy,
you can still prevent his name from ending with
First of the Empire and Last of the Republicans.

revision:

my eunuch editors have told me im too angry
that i'm inciting the very same sort of relentless radicalization
that brought us back to this ridiculous point in history
and that threatens to consume us in an undifferentiated ball of rage
and that to call forth a second terror isn't really an answer to the first
one
this is all quite true and very insightful of them
but don't pretend you don't get hard when i yell at you about
scalpings and gulags

editors note: i do have balls

you desire

to be the object of desire
of that which you yourself desire
endless (blue) balls
this is (spartan) madness:
unconsummatable lust
how ugly
deep latinate & germanic
the two foulest strands
of this bastard language come shine
at the apex of frustration;
it ploughs the tongue with rusty blades
and scars in parallel lines
whole centuries of disfiguring sounds

have we done anything lately

for real? Like, seriously, what have we done lately-- Surely we've done something for real. Surely we've done something seriously lately, haven't we? Haven't

we done something seriously, lately?

But something for real. Not just waiting.

What have we done lately that's just not waiting? Surely we've done something lately, haven't we? We have done something. Surely. We must have. Something serious. That's not just waiting, for real. We must have done something lately, for real. That's not just waiting. Surely. Surely. Surely. Surely. Surely.

things ive said out loud today to
myself alone in my room

12:28 this isn't working we're not even high yet

16:31 you guys dont get it youre stuck in here with ME - to the flies
while closing windows

16:32 i wonder if the flies dont think im cool anymore because
watchmen references are so dated (not out loud)

17:18 im watching cabaret at 5pm in my pjs - im basically sober now
right

17:36 shut the fuck up joel gray youre in a movie

20:07 how is there still an hour of cabaret left

drinking at the airport
prometheus' stomach is nailed to my wall

its drip of gastric juice has started digging rivers into the plaster
it looks better than bare

poolings ponds of scum
simmer in trash bags under the summer heat

i know the only force at play here is inertia
my superpower is i can convince myself i hate anyone

If you keep making faces
your face is gonna get stuck like that

send

nudes

sick and swollen and seams showing say it

ends, It's good enough if it ends at all,

no more lending out sleep for xeroxed sheets

droning on about what's better left forgot.

not to disparage the distinguished dead;

under their advice I've managed to not

die so far, besieged by pixellated heads

extolling the dread vices: sex, drugs, rock.

self-flagellation: catholic handjob.

terpsichore

Sandstorm. Morning, Crackling in the corners.

Eyes stray around. You want then-I all on you.

Not the couch, not the bed, not the lovers

dry breathing at each other. They are new,

not at ease with all the soot on your nose

under a witch trance still. Your red sweater

dangles as a bullfighter's cape you sway,

enticing them to join but a redder

Sun comes up. Only you will remember.

dour cartographer, make me believe there's
Elysium somewhere, and that it's not new.
Strain out these colors, just leave one hue.

That Woman

So often I wonder about this smile

Exactly after I dreamt Of your laughter

Nestled, echo'd d around a beach bonfire –

demonic- somehow many. and after,

Nothing pounding. And there you were naked

Unashamed, heeding my feverish tales,

dreams from no sleep, and you smiled slow, fated.

Explaining that smile and your reluctance to laugh has taken me a while.

Should it be because I dreamt true?

These days I don't think so.

These days I think you felt bad,

that in real life you couldn't laugh like that.

I. MANIA

Tell some dorky firecracker

I never knew

the phrase 'to screw brains out'

could apply so literally

Words don't come to your mouth or true:

somebody pulled the language parasite from your guts, didn't even need a hook, just a strong grip, but you're there and the gap-toothed one asks

where's the poet? as if they'd forgotten the cheese on a pizza; you can speak in tongues. there's ghosts in sport bars watching this all unfold, rooting for you in droves.

Consider this, you say, no breath, sitting on a table like you've always been there,

in a tattered-tanktop like your tattered-brain

wild-haired, legs wide, your reflection wishes

it could keep up

I wanna fuck that self-satisfied bitch from last week again

just to tell her she's not as good

Make the sounds, fend off

the cavalcade of memories

with sheer ferocity and drunkenness,

shout time down 'till it's too narrow to contain you. Will light red and
when you're about to fail fall back on truth it will help.

You want to make mouths quiver in the dark. You want to make
yourself be forgotten. You mean everything you say.

Walk home in a sex daze, who cares where you were?

You can *see* again

like coming out of an abandoned mine

like turning on the lights midway-up the staircase
(somewhere between breathing crisp air and
coming up from a voyage in the underworld
is Chatelet)

You wonder why they call it a walk of shame

You've got a crown of laurels, your skin's been soaking in gold and
purple--

You should be thrown a parade.

II. FADE

You are on a road you used to frequent.

You pass a library you've never paid attention to before, even though you were aware of its existence.

This is a day now and a day from long ago. But you are fine so you decide it's a day now.

You read the titles of a stack of books near the window, they all start with 'What is...' and are stacked chronologically and

the one at the top is about your life from a long time ago, the one below from a little bit later on.

The day seems real enough, quiet, all the colors firmly within the lines. The hotdog you ate earlier tasted like mustard and windshield fluid. Your Coke was flat and reluctantly cold. You think it's weird that these books are about you. You chalk it up to residue.

Everything seems real. You just want to read but you keep going places. There's an event you have to go to. You're just glad everything's calmed down, that things aren't superimposed anymore, that you don't have to crank your soul brittle trying to figure out what is there and what is here.

You smoke and think about the Sorbonnes-Descartes university. You could have gone there. You wonder if this is how life is supposed to be, mostly normal and a little weird, instead of. You feel uncomfortable with how still everything is, like the buildings and the graffiti and the wind are just waiting for your guard to drop to become effervescent once again.

But the day seems real enough. You find a seat in a cafe and read. You like how books absorb time like sponges and prevent memories from forming: remembering tastes like muddy ashes. A bird shits on you so you dump your coat in the trash. You are at the event early. You are convinced you are. There is wine and communism and books.

But before the event starts it begins to rain. And there it is. You can't hear anything other than the rain. It knows you're crazy.

III. CRASH

listen to the dead,

reply in grunts

smoke in bed,

for lunch

some coke and

tea and other drinks

open the windows

breeze cools the

residual heat

of dulled anger

clean up glass

bleed

sugar free caffeine free

carb free taste free

listen to album miss the lyrics

read book miss the plot

jerk off miss the moneyshot

orgasms like discarded newspapers

you take a half-glance at

on your way to work

cancel plans

replace with escape routes

find elsewhere soils to desiccate

drink to hate

hate like a swollen lymph node

you can feel if you don't black out

there is nowhere to go

out of tobacco

rummage through ashtray

cigarette ends crushed too soon

meant to be killed twice

there's some hope

in these ashes

mutter

there must be