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Tavius Dyer

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Philosopher Stoned

RECOVERED

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**RESONANT FREQUENCY
RECORDS**



writing

whatever happened do the hippie
Transcendental Philosophy
Drugs were an exploration
Now we

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered



A Poem

A poem
is
like

a mouse
trap.

It

Must

Be

tightened tight,

baited

with aromatic
hors d'oeuvres

to lure
and

kill

the nosey
critic

in your

head.

Creative Expression is Self Exploration

To write
is to pour forth
pen to page

or fingers
caterpillar-like
on keys

running the stem of a rose bud

only to cocoon
and birth
the beauty of a butterfly

when read or heard

we witness this

a transformation of the senses

imagination plus a fire

that burns between the lines unseen
yet, felt specifically
as awe

an utterance
a sound
a site

all of these things
compile themselves
within us

take new form

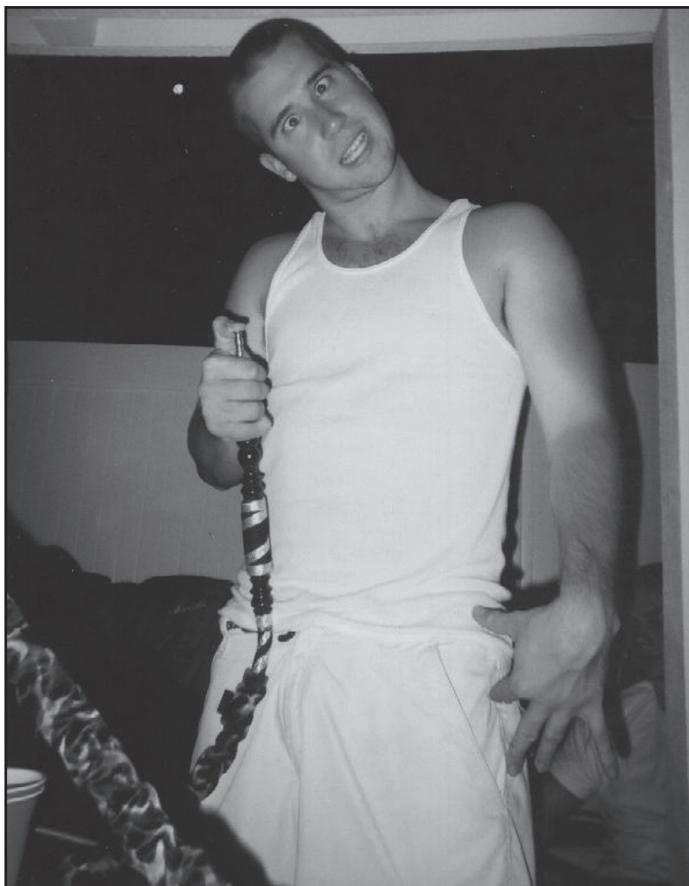
one person
to the next....

coloring THIS moment,

which is ALL

that exists.

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered



Head Cocked, Tongue Bit

e
s
i
r

Conversations Crinkle

As the exhaust of what we say

A
The W D

These words be come

Crumpled fingers in to
fists

S
P
I
L
L OV
I an ER
N d O
G VER

Unquenchable thirst for
Formlessness

As the air we breathe Becomes B r e a t h

Eventually Atmospheric

Just as These

W-O-R-D-S

D
N
E
C
S
A
U s a t r d.
n c t e e

unClichéd

Choice cuts
even before
the action

“God is in the cutting”

on
the operating table of
reality

dissect this instant with
instruments
unseen

to narrow oneself
dressed in
the excesses of
sight and sound,

Rather than write

I spit
my intent to
impregnate
like some
self serve
circus
the bible calls
mutilation

and bind
together
journal
pages

with a stain.

Women





Women

You taught me to

Lather
rose hips
into pores
of my face,

wad
toilet paper
before
wiping,

use
my toothbrush
before
sleep,

Make my bed
so not to mistake
you
for being
there.

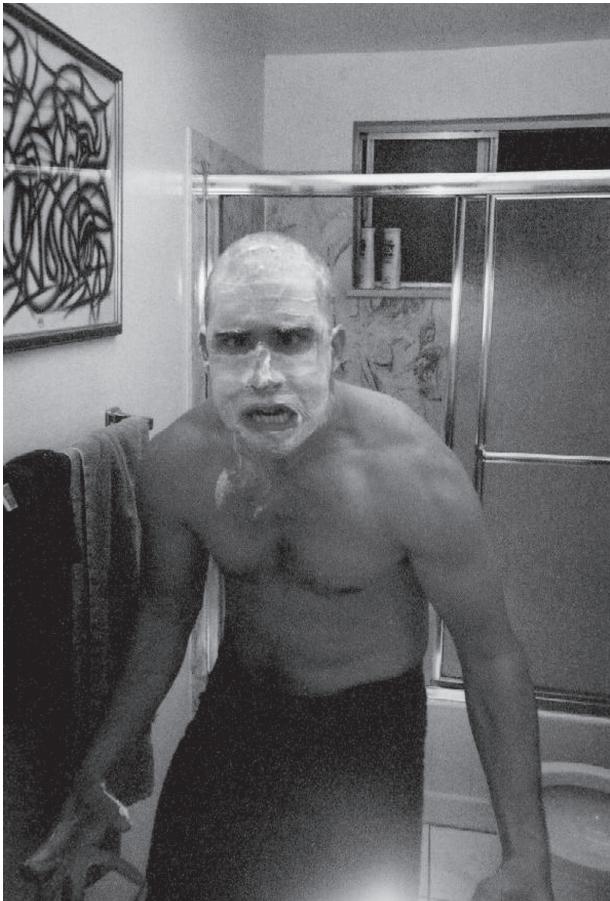
Rely on others
because

a closed top
candle

suffocates
until
extinguished.

Tavius Dyer — October 30th, 2007

Lovers



I
carved
out
a place
for
them.

We were scarred
like
that.

Open
wounds
that
did
not
bleed.

Untitled

Challenger explosions cannot resist twin tower chaos

Collapse of the infinitesimal hold

We have
Over

Creation.

The circumscribed
equilateral truth
of the 12 steps
triangulates
the turning point

much like moonlight
naked
in the garden
of your mind.

Eventually
Everything

leads to orgasm,

even

Death.

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered



Silicon Valley Incubation

Catholic
school girl

all winter
in the gym

finally sunbathes on the Mission Rose
Garden lawns.

Spring has sprung
long lean legs—

paper white
skin,

black ink
bikinis,

and a dirty
blond pony tail

interrupts the drone of a commercial jet's
pillowed laceration of the baby blue dome above—

If not for the world's crafty egg shell reality

An obsession
I carry

exactly

this
far.

Tavius Dyer — May 25th, 2008

Dumbfound

Misspelled
Misplaced

I found
Myself

Dumb

Stuck on stare

Lost to her precious face

Joy has countenance
I realize
Now

Upon reflection

How

I forgot speech, and

The moment drew its long lost breath

Begun
Again

By the familiarity of spoken tongue, and

All I could do was laugh out of embarrassment

Apologize profusely

And say, now, what I could not then

The smile in your face arrests me, is merriment's wide eyed awe,
beatitude

At least, now, if I carry this, and we meet again

I'll be prepared

To return favor

Tavius Dyer — 2005



Madame Melody

amazing

the subtly
of
sound

(she haunts herself)

outside
everything is gray

but the white of her coat and her boots and
her hair

Tired Arrives Tomorrow

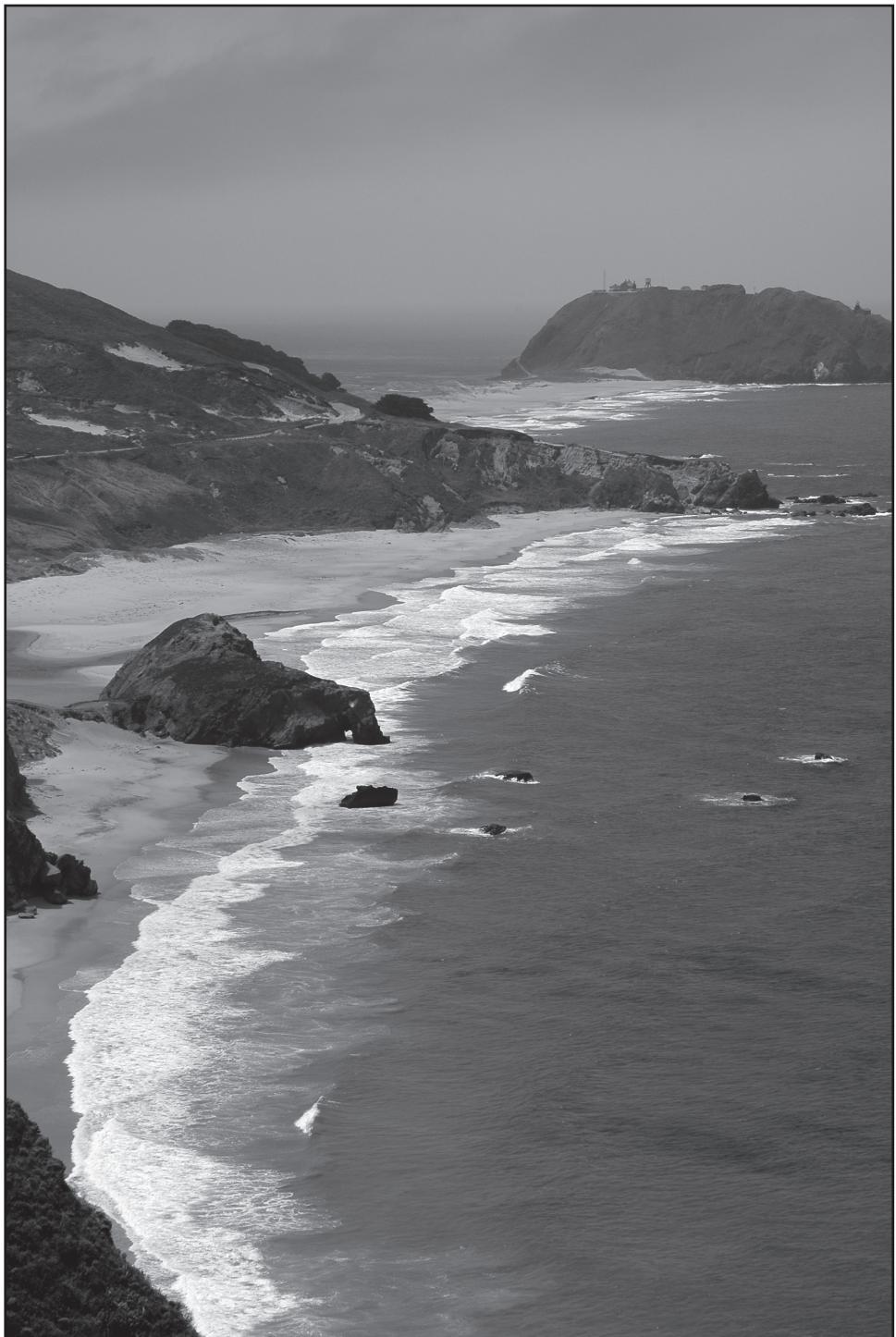
Church parking lot conversations
carried us
into the moment
we opened our wounds,
told the stories of our scars.

The reverberation of our voices
gave life to space we shared
inside your parked car
as we
entered upon
a certain kind of midnight bloom
early reflections
could not color.





my wife



Consummate

Tickle pink clouds
over
tossed
white caps—
windows for walls,
boundless thirst
for
out
pour
into
Carmel Highland's
rocky coastline—
the strike and slip
fault line
of our
bodies

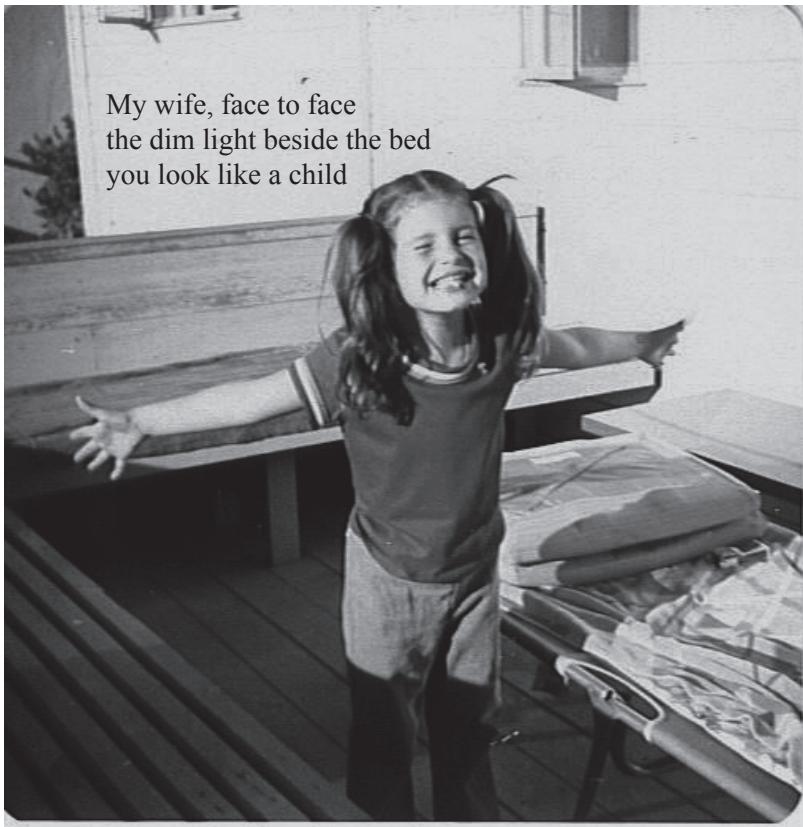
emollient grind
became
scintillating bloom,
effervescent,
when you said, I was what you
saw
as I bounced you beneath me
on the honeymoon bed
until finally
head numb
eye rolling
tremors.

Tavius Dyer — May 17th, 2008



Haiku

My wife, face to face
the dim light beside the bed
you look like a child



Tavius Dyer — Date Unknown

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered



little pants

Today
I get to fold
her laundry.

Her little pants
remind me
how little

we really are

in this world,

and how much smaller
we feel
alone,

but you Love
me
enough
to let your
come out
and Trust
little girl
and play,

encouraging

my little boy

to look up and out

and see something so beautiful

he cannot resist

stepping out of the darkness

and

into The Light.

Tavius Dyer for Lorraine Vegas — December 16th, 2006

Imagining My Wife Talking to her Mom

It's not that you weren't there for me
It's what you did
while you weren't
there for me

and what I had to do;

search for a clean spoon that wasn't charred black
to eat my morning bowl of cereal,

hand our money out the window
to a stranger you'd whistle to
who'd hand me a deflated balloon
which I have come to know was your dope,

your one
true
love —

how could you love
anything else

it consumed you
became you

stole your beauty
and your
soul

from Heron
to Heroin

you traded your Heron future
for a Heroin past

dried out
withered up

fallen too far from God's tree,

yet you speak of him
even upon your frail lips

pronounce His truth

amazing the grace, if not for forgiveness?

The Language of Love

The greatest language

is the language

of

touch.

No other sense

More aptly conveys

Immediate

Truth.

Shower Me

Your touch is
warm water
trickling
over
my skin.

Bathe me
in the beauty
of your most loving
language.



Sobriety's Face

Her countenance
took on a patina
God
Him Self
could not
create,
once featureless
babyish,
exposed
after swollen all her years
behind the bottle,
stories
handed down from Mother
acted out together
until
splayed, exercising the exotic
as if to outline
felicitously
a youth
untold,
until
Now.

Tavius Dyer — May 11th, 2008

I Love You Beyond My Flesh

The other night
You whispered in my ear
After we had made passionate love
“I love you beyond my flesh”

And what came to mind

“I love you beyond my body”

Our touch

Pours us into each other.

I wanted to respond

“You dive deep

Within me

Deeper than I have ever been before,”
Exploration I cannot do alone,

Reborn in our Togetherness

What I open to you

You return

in
full
bloom.

*Tavius Dyer — Written for and inspired by
Lorraine Michelle Vegas Halloween 2006*

Cracking up Crying

She awoke
that
way,

she really did.

It started
in her
sleep,

and
continued
as she lay there
unresponsive
otherwise

I could not tell
if she was
awake

other than
her face
straining to cry
and then
opening up
to laugh

again
and

again.

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered



Spurious Signals

Bed sheets sprawl open
with a movement of my naked legs.

Your eyes saccade as you approach

as if to find
the illusion of motion

tempting
this way,

so desire follows
similarly.

A path succinct to the nature that will be our movements

still frame
after still
frame

unreeling,

the world blurs

interlaced

before
Us.

Separation

To be separated,
but not

separate,

how is this so?

Relationships
can be
this
way—

the married couple
now roommates

pretend to be friends
and then
that ends,
however,

remain under one roof
no longer
sharing
the same
bed.

Distance
can be painful

like the slow
pull
of a band aid
tearing
each hair

one by one

instead of
a quick tug
and one
final

sensation.

One Day

“One day
I woke up

And I
Wasn’t crying
Anymore—”

Exclaimed a deep voice
Out of a tall
Thin
Body with shoulders.

She reached across the table
For a perspiring carafe of water
As both arms extended
Her cardigan sleeves pulled back

Revealed she’s a cutter

and
The Eye of The Universe
Tattooed on the inside
Of her other wrist
Unmarked otherwise

Somehow amends the act.

Later, I look for her

As if finding her
Will somehow
Recover

My wife.



The Disease and Recovery



LIVERMORE CYCLERY
1006

20TH SEASON
• TRI 4 FUN SERIES '07

1006

Raffle
tickets
↓
Right
price

Rapid Cycling

This is no
Tour De France—

I pedal
through my days

wheels turn slowly
sun
cast shadows
that shade.

The Big Bang
in my head
expands
and
contracts

minute by minute

(not tall enough for this ride,
rollercoasters, and rubber bands
at too early an age).

However,

I realize
the line
is long

and

runs
full
circle.

Tavius Dyer — July 15th, 2009

My Inner Child and His Bottle Dreamt of Saturn's Rings

Not authorized
to have feelings

we took
the stage

in the presence of others

to act out the stories
we told ourselves

allowing

the dreams
we dreamt
but hadn't lived
become
our memories.
We stayed up weeks

manufacturing
the fear of coming down

until

a continuum of uncontrollable acts
orbited
our every move,
and

our specific gravity
held moons
captive.

Still,

even Saturn orbits the Sun,

though her dark matter

is significant

enough.

Conversations Not Graffitied on Bathroom Stall Walls

Needle for a gun
he's all shot up

hobbles around out front
on a gout gone leg

no shoes
no shirt
no service to his pool raised
salmon colored skin.

Even from the open doorway
I can see sad stories
well up in his chlorinated
eyes,
the off beat rhythm
pressing out
against the baby bird like walls of his chest—

hand extended in a fist
thumb up and pointer finger pointed
firing off to the air
like he'd just drawn in a duel.

*“the mirror of judgment is merely
negative self talk”* he stammers aloud to no one
on the unmowed lawn

“because who, other than ourselves, hear our thoughts,” I think.

“eventually, we become them...”

He collects himself
burned bare and sweaty
against the rough textured stucco wall

I call out. Misfire.

Realize I am the gun.

Tavius Dyer — May 12th, 2008



Wino

Cut avocado colored fields
reveal bare grape vines
crucified

against the backdrop of
Almond trees

whose birth of blossoms
like torn tufts of cloud

sweeten the breeze

unlike the man we pass by
Riossiti's corner market

four blood red stop signs
signal two roads crossing

Nowhere

Except for a flush faced man's aura
shuffling off in a mirage

earth and excrement
contained

in his clothes.

I Fought Feelings with Flight

Defined by booze
in my blood
and illicit
intoxicants
on my brain.

Now,

I want to use women
to get over
a woman

I cannot hurdle.

She stands before me, statuesque

attached as if umbilical, I cannot reenter her,
but must leap horrible heights
while
within myself
cartwheel,

acrobatics I am not versed

but in prose, I carry myself a single candle flame in the wind,
attempting extinguish. However, I am free to express myself, hold
back my feelings with flood, damn the ego, craft stories not about
myself, but about nothing, but the void fulfilled momentarily, word by
f'n word.

It's Saturday

Your face illuminated
by colored explosions
in the sky

and
the concussion
that follows
felt against our chests
as if our own hearts'
beating

boom boom boom

champagne sparkles
bloom
in rapid succession

kids nearby cheer

for smiley faces and stars

in our apartment
our cat scurries
head down
from corner to corner.

The retriever
tied to the couple
standing next to us
jumps in strangers' laps.

Red White and Blue
fans and fills
the firmament

bigger and better

The American Way!

I just got released
hours ago
from the Psych Ward.

Monday, I wanted to kill myself.

Tavius Dyer — July 5th, 2009



Bottom

A swirl of caffeine crystals
At the bottom

Of my dried out
Coffee cup

Looks like still brown waves
Upon an empty sea

Or the end of a batch of Meth
Cooked atop the stove at home with Dad

Often our only meal for sleepless winter weeks
Steamed off glass Pyrex pie plates

Crackback scraped
Fluffs to snow

Like frost on ice cold
Window panes

The car windshield on the coldest day of winter
Offers a kaleidoscope of rainbowed hues

In the glint off the sheen of daybreak
Above the crest of suburban homes

Hillsides powder coated

Fog from the tailpipe

Eventually evaporating

Somewhere beyond.

Tavius Dyer — Date Unknown

Echo Balance

Hear your voice
Lean into
The space you borrow,

A breath,
Constant reminder
Of the here and now-

Spring blossoms gather
On concrete
In waves
Where breeze lulls
And feet scuff.

I walk towards silence
Under covered walkways
Leading to treatment,
The arrest of my disease,

No longer handcuffed
Steel gives way to feelings
That flutter like butterfly wings
Up the cavity of my now treasured chest

Where mind finally exists

Having journeyed

The Greatest

Distance.

Tavius Dyer — May 14th, 2009

h.A.L.T.

My brain is spent on movie tickets
and buttered popcorn
dipped in nacho cheese.

I am Angry. I am Lonely. I am Tired.

I claim sleep as my savior. In dream I can fly just as skip.

But upon waking I must arrest my thoughts eluding
to discontinue the way I feel
like some classical Rachmaninoff CD special
I used to listen to for hours before finals in college.
I'd show up late, peers madly writing all looking up at me in unison as
I took my seat
and proceeded to finish first with a perfect score.

But, Now is no Concerto in C Sharp Minor.
These keystrokes poorly imitate the virtuoso.
However, our bodies once transduced calligraphy,
A science art cannot define,

“Bodies in motion tend to stay in motion.”

But not ours.
They fail us.

Our diaphragms are coiled, solve not another breath.

How much energy must be amplified before our inaction's loudness
can be heard by others?

F. Output vs. F. frequency?

Our impedance constant, just as the scientific mind escapes reality.

It reminds me of an egg on end
in the Equinox of Spring—

I suffocate in my bed sheets,
distill my self intoxication,
sip the cup I spit in,
emerge from the other side of a blinking cursor Paper Mache
so willingly party favor
stuffed full of stale sweets I cannot digest

a sacrifice to the constant bat I swing.

Emollient Confabulation

Drinking
phase cancelled

our
duality of thinking

not good, or
bad
just
indifferent

Who knew

The Greatest Distance
traveled

in one's life

is out of the head
and into the heart?

Call it

Emotional Bandwidth

or, the distance of
drink
to mouth.

In the disease

the addict is apparition,

barely clung to
a carcassed body

haunts the shadow of
the sun
beyond the sunset—

nowhere to go, but rise again

and warm the bones
of those who died before.

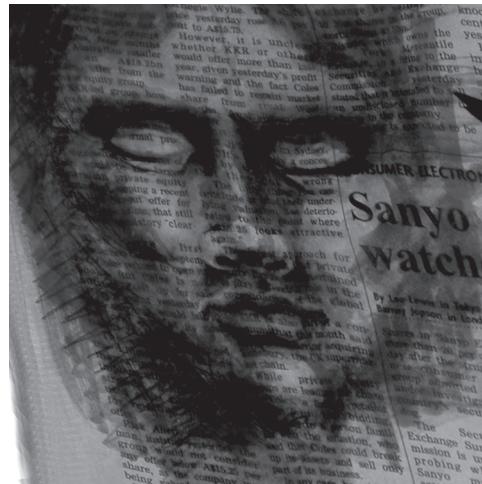
They are out your front door
at your porch

frantically
sweeping the dirt away

awaiting entry

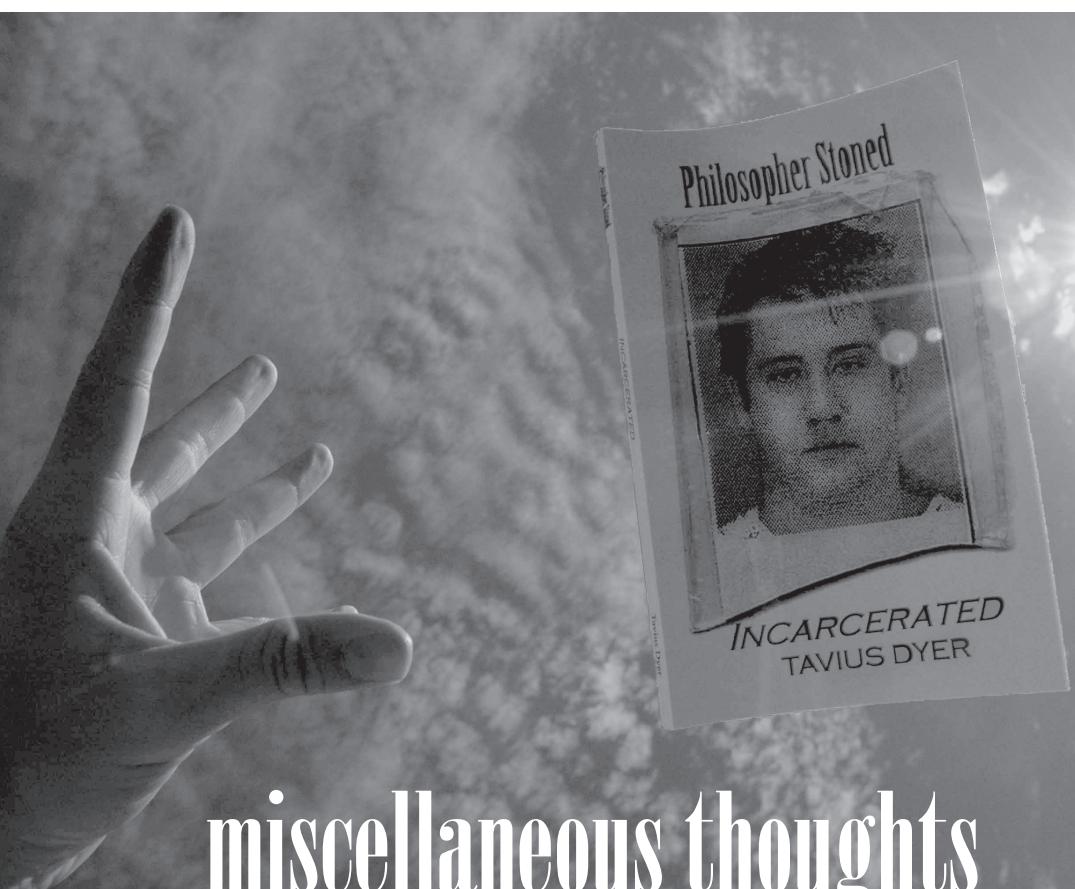
into

a new life.



Artwork by Entr, San Jose, CA





misoellaneous thoughts



Terminal B.

Exasperated

from

cold on common cold
has it been?)

(how long

Utah Rockies

coupling

Salt Lake

I sit to write

perhaps

(stacked
as Egyptian
Pyramids,

plausible
by alien

intervention)—
how they
rise

cut throat
the low
hung cloud
cover scarf
a pillow
halo

(as if blown
by God

Him Self

through

smoke
rings

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered

fathom,
discloses
Who am I
who am I?

I can only
for my cough
who I am)
to wonder

Tavius Dyer — December 12th, 2007



Arrival

Riding Bay Area Rapid
Transit.
Reading poetry.

The woman's coffee
next to me
smells of cherry
and herbs.

My senses
grip The Moment
like my heart
blood

offering
a nakedness
once found
in the Garden of Eden

where God was born to us
breathed our first breath
mouth to mouth—

a baby is born
merely a handful
flat-lined.

Her wafer-thin walls expand
with the doctor's short
bursts...

Philosopher Stoned: Recovered

nothing left to say

I'm off the beaten path, cliché
and running in rhymes

for my shuttle
to the hospital
in the sky

awaits.

Tavius Dyer — July 9th, 2009

The City

On approach at night
she illuminates the bay

bedazzled, glitter on her industrial rave sweaty skin
gold rush gone Broadway strippers

Dot Commie bastards set up shop
and played out her digital massacre
needle tracks on vinyl

gray streets and concrete sky scrapers
up in her gut we played new age hippy flips gone candy
her kids' eyes rolling from serotonin syndromes

Financial districts ghostly weekend mornings
her homeless panhandle change from passersby

toadies cruise the haight and ashbury's gone commercial
headshop after headshop

tie died tee shirts
benevolence

Some say

The Coldest Winters
are
Summers

Others sing

They lost their heart
there

Tavius Dyer — Date Unknown



glitch (A Haiku)

our broken thoughts skip
needle over scratched vinyl
flat rock across still water

Tavius Dyer — May 17th, 2008



“progress” (unsustainable “growth”)

that even a parasite, or virus
does not kill it's host

yet,

we kill ours

fashion it and ourselves to our liking—

Driving one of the word's most fertile valley's
once was an inland sea

The deciduous trees
cut away
along the roadside
to allow

freight commerce

to pass by—

we cut ourselves out of nature

to nurture the illusion of control, permanence,
shadow box omnipotence

as if we weren't
crude oil
ourselves
someday
along with all life
that has passed before us

compressed under layers of history
to build our roads
and travel our freight
and make our tires
and all the Christmas toys

for fear of death, the unknown
another natural part of life
those that have passed before us
far outnumber those that are
and, yet they have all gone through
this body on borrowed time
is a comfortable dwelling place for my
mindless self indulgence

Perhaps
everything
underneath
behind
just
beyond

awaits us,

for death
is merely

lacking

preposition.

This Glittery Experience No Longer a Cosmic Event

The Ugly American's
corporate body

is bled

lay off by lay off

"death of a thousand
paper cuts,"

until

The American Dream

is no

longer
on loan
and

The
Government's
gone

half way house
after

Celebrity Rehab

aligned in reruns of
Hollywood Stars

pixel by pixel
to place soul's foreclosure is
on high resolution

public
displays

of picture house
affection.

We obsess
over feelings

by beauty

faked

Otherness

reinforcing
our stories of

no longer
biblical.

Somehow,
the body of

The Church

competes

but can't keep up

audiovisually.

Tavius Dyer — May 3rd, 2008



Noise Made Heard

Noise

(stretches beyond music)

has grown
into discussions

which expand

the second
as yet
impressive

more than
landscapes
dominated
by lovers
still growing

fueled by
time running
to make

these quirky ambitions
scope
the overlapping audience
from out their own ethos,

interesting and vital

(how taste evolves
from the suffer
sound pigeonholed
as
joined notes)

allowing time
a measure
of success,

eventually

celebrating things alternative,

and for many,
something like
ascendance—

to die shrinking into space,

(the degenerative world
of the last thing keeping

shows we're all
still noise

in great wide exposure).

Just the Two of Us

I'm over half
my Mother's age
and
remember her
when she was
mine

braces and a perm

Sundae dinners

and slow dances
standing
on her
feet

The \$10 bill she
ran after
down the street

wearing her jammies

telling the ice cream man
to take back the ice cream
I had bought all the neighborhood kids

Happy Hour Hors D'oevres

Pulling a second chair
next to mine
so I could

lie
and
sleep beneath
the white table cloth
at fine diners out

Taking a candy bar from the store
under the hour glass produce display
where boxes gathered around the base
made tunnels for me to hide and eat

Walmart

Kids
with
kids.

Grandparents
with their
kids'
kids.

Middle age
is flush faced
strung out
at check stands
twitchy,

roam aisle ways
playing darts
with their shifty
eyes,

rummage
through
large open boxes
of \$5 DVD's

searching for Disney's
next underage sex idol.

Britney's here
everywhere
tortured by too many mirrors
and undersized clothes.

Beavis and Butthead
express
the exhaust
of their
brain loss
with each

stupid laugh.

Untitled

I am
parenthetical
myself,
someone else
entirely
unto
my self.

Tavius Dyer — Date Unknown

The Rings in a Tree

In the bathroom

I pull the large roll

of toilet
paper

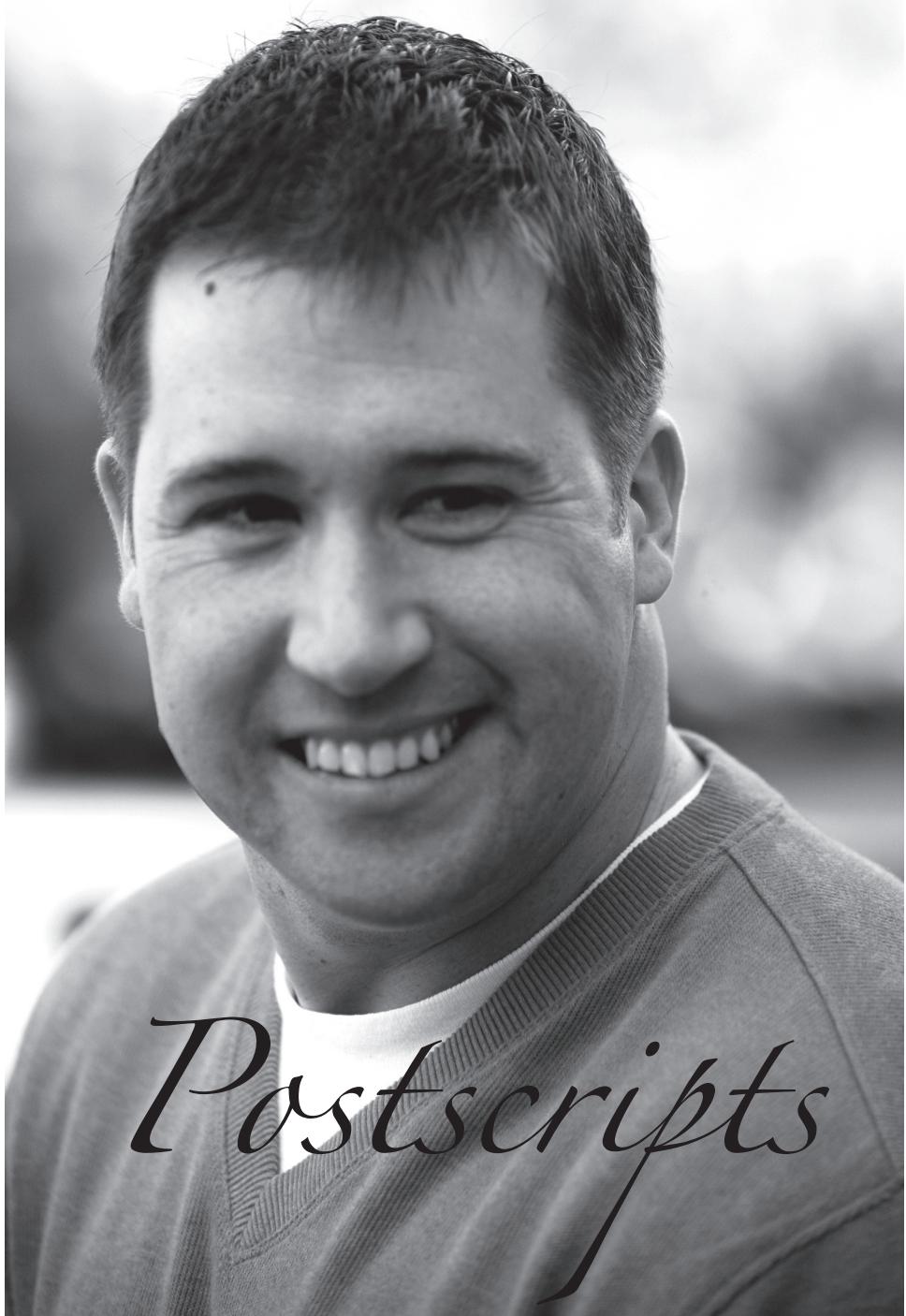
(into gobs to wipe my nose)

unraveling

the entrails
of a tree

I don't even know.





Postscripts



Section: Writing

Page 1

A Poem

Page 3

For me, so much of writing is a freedom of mind and language. It must flow, somehow. I am probably overly critical of writing. I favor few writings, and typically only parts. I am most interested in the tightest, most meaningful, unique and felicitous expressions. Sometimes, it's a combination of words, or the words used to create an image. Others, it's just the diction throughout a line or stanza, or an image itself. It must be attractive, stand out, lure, bait, and hook its reader, who may be reading at a pass and not really looking to get engaged, but find themselves so.

Creative Expression is Self Exploration

Page 4

The fire. “Take the heat of it and work with it,” my college professor once spoke. And to write is to burn, brighter than before, to emanate, to lend oneself to the creative spirit within, to have it’s way with us. I like it like that, losing myself in a medium. Language. The sight and sounds of the symbolic. Thought. Merely, the symbolic over time, outside the moment, conjuring the ideas of past, and future.

Head Cocked, Tongue Bit

Page 7

This piece made its way into the 2007 edition of DeAnza College’s literary magazine *Red Wheel Barrow*. The book staff had to scan it in as an image to get the fonts to display correctly in the final print, so I guess it borders on imagistic art, not only in the mind’s eye.

Another common theme for me is breath becoming air, and the atmosphere. I actually wrote the poem years ago, probably 2003. However, I “found the heat of it” and ran with it, playing on the page, not only with the words, location, and style, but the overall “canvas.” Not to think of myself as a painter with words (I am decent, but not that good).

I wrote this in a café. Cliché, I know, but my reality nonetheless. Writing

comes up here as the self’s need to break form and become one with everything, to be that which we see, perceive, to pour forth from within until emptied enough to take the world back in, I suppose. The words. Thought. Too much one and the same for most. I think words as thoughts come between ourselves, each other, and the world. However, when used to deconstruct new meaning, perhaps unlearn the unknown, we gain a bit of freedom from their dominance in our lives and experience.

unClichéd

Page 8

This is another piece derived from the “heat” of others. The quote is from F. Charlie, a dear friend who shared that “God is in the cutting,” furthering my college professor’s notion to “find the heat of it and work with that.”

There have been random times throughout my life, typically under the influence, where alone and feeling isolated, I wanted to but could not write. Instead, I let myself release physically onto the page. That was what I had for it, myself, between the pages, eventually, a stain, binding the pages of my journal together.

Often, I have trouble expressing love outside of sex, and have equated love with a good feeling, typically inspired by getting what I wanted.

Section: Women

Page 9

Women

Page 11

A bit of resentment comes out in this piece as I ruminate on specific things I learned from women in relationships. If anything, I was the predator, the taker. However, I justified my anger by making unreasonable demands upon the women in my life and expecting them to deliver. When they could not, I would resent them and put them into the place where I unfairly held my own mother hostage for my father’s absence in our lives.

Lovers

Page 12

Ah, yes, the perpetual doom of past relationships, love failed, and the odd nature of it all, not all that unnatural. This piece is the heat of another worked on it's own to capture an idea through imagery about how, perhaps, relationship wounds are there. We carry them on us, though not necessarily all that noticeable to others.

Untitled

Page 13

This one is a fine example of the heat of several pieces distilled into one abstraction. Built upon notions tenuously connected, their uniqueness, contrast and flow seem to bind them.

Silicon Valley Incubation

Page 15

The Mission Rose Gardens bloom in the spring with bright buds and babes in bikinis basking in the sun after a winter in the gym to catch eyes like butterflies in the nets of their semi-nakedness.

Dumbfound

Page 16

Here is an old piece predating my marriage to and relationship with my wife. I had a thing for baristas. This particular one turned to face me and rendered me stoned, literally, like a statue, unable to communicate or move, just stare.

Madame Melody

Page 3

Perhaps this one is about lust. I saw an oddly dressed woman on the gray corner of a gray morning. Also, here, is the obscurity of dress; the lady like a skid row show girl. The infatuation of first love, and the street corner hooker to satisfy our not having it.

Tired Arrives Tomorrow

Page 19

A moment was shared deep in conversation with a young woman late one night in her car. It was one of those extremely open and intense conversations that really bring you into the moment, the present. I wrote this in tribute to that particular moment and The Moment.

Section: My Wife

Page 21

Consummate

Page 23

Married February 24th, 2008, my wife Lorraine and I stayed at the Tickle Pink Inn on the coast of Northern California's Carmel highlands. We had a magnificent view of the rocky coastline and sea thrashing about it.

Haiku

Page 25

Extrapolated from another piece, this one became a Haiku. My wife looks young, sometimes really young. The look of innocence and beauty that becomes her in the off light by the bed at night, at times, is remarkable.

little pants

Page 27

A sentimental piece spurred on by a comment by my wife to write something about her. I went into the other room to help fold our laundry and noticed just how little her pants were. They reminded me of children's clothing. I thought of the inner child and the children we were growing up in recovery together, and in our relationship comfortable enough to let our inner children play. Her mother Anne once heard this and thought the world of it. She called herself big pants and then passed the title on to me after her daughter and I married.

Imagining My Wife Talking to her Mom

Page 28

The reality of addiction, for the children of those addicted, here. This piece is a collection of tidbits of stories I recall.

The Language of Love

Page 30

Touch - like music - is an immediate experience you cannot fully hide from when in proximity. Both are powerful. Words are an interesting attempt at communication, use of the symbolic to construct shared idea as sound and sight associations... I guess feelings might be considered symbolic, maybe even of thought, so escaping the symbolic or representative rather than the real may be impossible in communication. However, I like how touch allows one to feel another immediately, and together experience feelings unique to their togetherness.

Shower Me

Page 31

Another piece about touch and it's being the language of love, perhaps the greatest language known.

Sobriety's Face

Page 33

Having seen pictures of my wife growing up I was amazed by the beauty exposed upon sobriety. Heavy drinking bloats the body and swells the face. Her face once was not so chiseled, features lost behind the swell of booze in the blood.

I Love You Beyond My Flesh

Page 34

Another straight forward love piece suggesting the idea of touch as the Language of Love. "I love you beyond my flesh" is the most wonderful, spiritual, and poetic expression every shared with me.

Cracking up Crying

Page 35

When my wife and I first moved in together she once woke me while in dream straining to cry and then suddenly cracking up. She alternated between these several times. Startled and unsure if she was okay, I woke her. She did not recall any of it, unaware, I guess dreaming of something which made her feel these opposing emotions simultaneously.

Spurious Signals

Page 37

I was inspired to write after some technical audiovisual communications training online. Some of the vocabulary and ideas were interesting. My wife walked into the doorway. My imagination took hold of her, the situation, and the idea of energy between people.

Separation

Page 38

This piece captures separation as analogous to the removal of a band-aid, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, but either way the pain is a sensation with duration. Most think it best to pull a band-aid quickly and get it over with. The same could be said of relationships, the more they drag on, the more painful it can become. However, with marriage, it can be more complicated. There's a concept of commitment and the idea of forever. Any separation can be a struggle. Some more than others. I posit the slow separation is the most painful, similar to the difference of removing a band-aid slowly versus quickly, though obviously less painful.

One Day

Page 40

In outpatient treatment for depression, I noticed a girl who had scars on her wrists from having cut herself many times. In some way, she reminded me of my wife, though she had not cut herself. It was also a correlation between what I wanted, and not having it. My seeking romantic love from my partner, but not getting it, and seeing that lack and deficiency everywhere and in everything.

The Disease and Recovery

Page 41

Rapid Cycling

Page 43

Rapid cycling is a psychology term for the quick mood changes of some bipolar individuals. I compare it to the greatest cycling race in the world, the Tour de France, and my own inability to ride while out of shape. I also mention the clichés of a rollercoaster to describe emotions and a rubber band to describe the universe. It's the idea of the universe expanding and ultimately contracting that is of interest here. This process, extremely excellerated, describes the mood changes of a bipolar when rapid cycling.

My Inner Child and His Bottle Dreamt of Saturn's Rings

Page 44

This piece is a convergence of several brainstorms. Much of this work is concept drafts woven together. A dear friend Tom once told me his inner child was screaming for his bottle and I knew that line was meant for print. I maintain it in the title of this piece along with reference to Saturn's rings as another piece that made it's way to this one after having interviewed Saul Williams and witnessed him perform oratory spoken word in a local theater. His child's name is Saturn, I believe, and the idea of Saturn's rings is what I took away from that experience poetically.

The idea of confabulation is outlined in the beginning of this piece, where dream and memory are mixed up with reality, at least that's my interpretation of it here.

Life is but a stage, and reality the stories we tell ourselves and act out enrolling others into believing them.

The cycles of self destruction in the addict and my life are mentioned here, too, along with the fantasy of the drunk, our "coping" mechanisms perpetuating our problems.

Conversations Not Graffitied on Bathroom Stall Walls

Page 46

This one is a reflection of myself and my Father. I imagine ourselves back in his suburban home living together and the wacky times we had when making Meth was our pastime. I think of him drunk, spun-out, which was diurnal, but rarely did he show it. I imagine me, too, similarly and the self talk judgement really is... we see in others what we don't want to see in ourselves.

Wino

Page 48

Springtime in the central valley of Northern California provides pastures, farms, orchards and vineyards. This particular day almond blossoms were abundant as I approached a corner market in the middle of nowhere. The image of bare grape vines hung on their crosses came immediately after, and then the thought of a homeless wino. These images played into each other to become this piece.

I Fought Feelings with Flight

Page 49

Writing and recovery for me go hand in hand. If I were not to write, or talk, I would not know what I think, but feel, for my head is an empty vessel merely allowing temporary pass-through of ideas imagistic, mainly, but sometimes caught in the web of the symbolic as words. The disease manifests itself through self-centered ego, not picking up or taking a substance to change the way I feel, I may pick up a hostage or take something else to feel differently. These manifestations are constantly attacking me. I must be aware of myself, what I am thinking and most importantly my true motivations for action. In awareness comes choice to choose right from wrong based of whether my actions come from a place of loving tolerance and servitude or not. Typically, it is that simple, just being self-honest and aware is the first challenge.

It's Saturday

Page 50

I had just been released from inpatient hospitalization for suicidal contemplation the week prior to the Fourth of July. I got out just in time to view the fireworks with my wife from the fields behind our apartment complex. The light of the fireworks lit up her face. It was magical in light of the closeness brought about from my situation contrasted with the recent talk of separation. The concussion from the explosions mirrored my heartbeat symbolically. It had been some time since I had felt close to my wife, and was losing her. Otherwise, the moments we have in life are varied and sometimes extreme. It's the moments we live for that ultimately define us.

Bottom

Page 52

This piece found its way into print first in De Anza College literary magazine *Red Wheel Barrow* 2007 edition.

One morning, staring into my empty coffee cup, the light brown smudges reminded me of what the end of a batch of Methamphetamine looks like after you have steamed off most of it. I wrote of my experiences cooking Methphetamines atop the stove at home with my Father during a winter without sleep and food.

We were a suburban family in an affluent neighborhood of Northern California nestled in Silicon Valley, the technology capital of the world. This juxtaposition of realities is a fact in my life and the driving force of this piece.

Analogous imagery extends beyond the coffee cup to cold frost windows and what a good batch of Meth looks like and fog from the tailpipe like smoke from the homemade air freshener glass blown pipes we used to use.

Echo Balance

Page 53

In my first outpatient treatment for depression of 2009, I wrote this piece while sitting outside in the courtyard during break. A counselor had spoke the phrases “echo balance” and “lean into,” and I ran with them. The steel handcuffs could define the prison our minds can be, but for me offer a reality I once knew in the disease where I found recovery.

h.A.L.T.

Page 54

Depressed, facing separation, I recalled a time in my life where I was successful in college, and held onto the fact that I was once doing quite well. However, I reflect on the differences, here, as well. H.A.L.T. is a term used in recovery to define when someone should stop and do something to help themselves when hungry, angry, lonely or tired. Popcorn dipped in nacho cheese was a favorite movie pastime of my wife's and mine. At the end of the piece I compare myself to paper mache, fragile, built into a piñata for beating, and beaten.

Emollient Confabulation

Page 56

The addict and the ghost the addict becomes under the influence of ego, self, and something else. I recall the void I once felt, now filled by the moment and the spirit of all things there, when my mind is under the influence of now, all that exists, without the need for a drink or fix.

Section: Miscellaneous Thoughts

Page 59

Terminal B.

Page 61

The last lines are most worthy of postscript: “who am I” to wonder “who am I”? This is the realization that existential thought is selfish self-centered pursuit of self and who am I to waste my life trying to figure myself out when there is a life to live in loving tolerant service.

I wrote this one while awaiting my flight in Utah having visited Salt Lake City for work last year during the winter, and the Rockies burst jagged from the lake-bedded valley, snowcapped and shrouded by foggy dark clouds.

Arrival

Page 63

One day while riding BART to outpatient treatment I was reading poetry, which often motivates me to write. I am typically stirred by my senses. Something tangible spurs me to write from conscious reality, which ultimately is a vehicle for unconscious exploration. This piece explores a version of the idea of God and the Garden of Eden as a doctor in the hospital.

The City

Page 65

This piece is an attempt to recreate a lost one from memory, just remnants, not quite the tightness of language or imagery. I always felt I left my soul, there, in San Francisco during the height of the rave and club scenes, methed out, K'd out, E'd out. I was out of mind and body. Perhaps too vague a memory to expel its truths felicitously.

glitch (A Haiku)

Page 67

Having read “*Applecart*,” a collection of Haiku poetry, borrowed from an associate at my wife’s work, I was inspired to write a few of my own. Glitch refers to the sound utilized in music much like when a CD skips, though often a bit better sounding than that, but also sounds derived from the idea, perhaps, thus the rock across still water image, along with a needle on scratched vinyl.

“progress” (unsustainable “growth”)

Page 68

Another pieces tied together from remnants of others’ heat and the heat of this one is about our need to control and to recreate reality, and my current idea of death, comforted by those who have passed before me, a part of life I can live.

This Glittery Experience No Longer a Cosmic Event

Page 70

This piece is a convergence of social critique and personal philosophy for me. The struggle of church and state is apparent, too, though not traditionally speaking, rather how each are forced to utilize multimedia forms of entertainment to get through to us. The main idea behind this piece is that media vies for our attention to capture us via "programming" through mediated communication, fracturing our focus and consciousness into easily fed passive receptacles unknowingly meditative. The spectacle of society has become the expectation of fulfillment through entertainment media, so much so that we obsess over media and celebrity as if government. Our dreams, our lives are spent plugged in, tuned in and turned on. Meanwhile, those in power rule without real resistance as entertainment constitutes enough of what we need to be apathetic enough not to act — but when an actor does, we can feel.

Noise Made Heard

Page 72

This was written years ago, and though not since recovery has remained one of my favorite poems I have written to this day. It's something about the way the language flows and uniquely expresses some original imagery and interesting abstract notions.

Just the Two of Us

Page 74

A story about my Mother, what I remember doing then, and our memories. This one is a bit of a confessional of things I had done wrong as a child mixed with fond memories of my Mom.

Walmart

Page 76

Walmart seems to have become the rural mecca for pop culture. Everyone is there. Most seem to live there, typecast into a lifestyle of bargain shopping as if buying something could mean savings, even if unnecessary. I may be overly critical here, but where I am from Walmart brings out the best of 'em,

and the best of us, too, I guess. “Us and “Them.” Who do I identify with? The oppressor? I was shopping there, too, just one amongst the herd vying for sense while stoned senseless on bright lights, the color red everywhere and dazzling chrome shopping carts.

Untitled

Page 78

“Parenthetical myself” (an interesting line unto itself), however, how I felt at the time I wrote it, I suppose, and I often dislocate myself from myself and everything else. Writing is like a dislocation, I suppose, the writer and the writing to become one so that the writer does not exist, but the writing can most genuinely exist.

The Rings in a Tree

Page 79

In the bathroom unrolling an extra large roll of toilet paper, I noticed how much it resembled the rings in a tree. It felt as if I were unraveling the entrails of a tree I did not know, manufactured to clean my own waste from my body.

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