

Tell me about the dream where we pull the bodies out of the
lake
and dress them in warm clothes again.
How it was late, and no one could sleep, the horses running
until they forget that they are horses.
It's not like a tree where the roots have to end somewhere,
it's more like a song on a policeman's radio,
how we rolled up the carpet so we could dance, and the days
were bright red, and every time we kissed there was another
apple
to slice into pieces.
Look at the light through the windowpane. That means it's
noon, that means
we're inconsolable.
Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.
These, our bodies, possessed by light.
Tell me we'll never get used to it.

“Scheherazade” by Richard Siken

My words are dissolving like an old, old man covered in mud
hunched in the corner unexpectedly brooding - lazily, he
fades into nothingness.

In life, the semantics are drawn out, slowed to a tangible
rhythm. Sentences pass by like a leaf in a stream, meanings
are sucked out of damp stones, tongues course, jaws
entangled - Inside in parallel, wet leaves flow through a
winding mass I have only stepped in once. But as my mind
clears and the clinging hand loosens its grip, leaf and river
becomes scenery, and gently I reach into the stream and
shape a human form from the mud.

Calmly following the relaxed ebb and flow of the waves
expanding and contracting over mossy stones - gnarled pines
stand proud and tall overhead, bathing me in their ancient
wisdom - I am immortal.

Four figures twirling and dancing, the bass drum mimics the
beat of the universe, guitars sing beautiful melodies, and
contorted lips form a chorus that tugs at the heart - I am
immortal.

Loving so deeply until you and the beloved become one,
suffering so deeply until you and the suffering become one, it
all coalesces into the infinite - I am immortal.

Trust the gut of the universe: It knows all because it has
consumed all
Everything beyond the veil is also veil
Until you focus on the intuitive heart inside
And watch it get ripped apart
Just to lay open-
Trials by fire.

Ah.. so
So here we are:
Empty of our separation
All ears for the lover
Listening close to the pitter-patters of the intuitive heart
Swaying this way or that, gently tugging, an open brochure
Read the fine print closely
All the instructions are there:
How to find a home inside
How to hear what it is
This body must do
While I'm sitting here
Just sitting, so lovely
And watching the dance go on, the wheels turning
The old man's hands withered and decaying
just as they should be.
Driving the car to go visit friends and also destroy innocent
lives
in places that just so happen to be rich with oil
Man of oil-
He has many faces and limbs. And all of us,
Lost children
Running straight into his open, loving arms to horrible
endings.
Every possible pain
every possible scrutinization
are all ours to share.

And I'd go so far as to be
totally convinced that any
words I write down could
possibly explain how the
all-pervading light reflecting
across the lake and melting
into your face amidst total
darkness means anything
other than what it is-
And all the funny poems and metaphors
all mean the exact same thing
You know me and you know exactly
what I was thinking as the heavy
pounding rain folded up my green
pants and the celestial skies merged
into one great circle commanding
the rest of the night-
And sprinting
home you read my mind as my
senses all switched off
Sopping and dripping I
looked inside.

And I'd go so far as to look at
the drawings on the wall and
be convinced that I drew them
wearing a face that vaguely resembles mine, then
Laying in the grass I would re-recognize
everything like how all of my friends are Gods.

And given an opportunity to
learn from your heartbreak and tears
I know
We are open!

Aimless, dreamlike.
Whether unnamed urban street
or endless fields
of glass, I keep on ending
up in the shadow of the
same view; glinting sun reflecting
on something tall and illusive like
a tree or tower or mound of dirt.
And craning my neck to get a glimpse
of the light, I stand on
tip toes unbalanced and unruly. It's
the stretches of sand on the beach in November,
it's burning the eyes on a stone
by the pond, it's the blinding blue
vision that surrounds the
landscape up on the quarry behind
unfinished concrete caverns - when you realize
everything you know is dissolving. Ahhh... so...
it always circles back to that
moment of birth. That
moment that never leaves even
with three
deep
breaths.

A knock on the door
Reverse engineering the hysteric dream
It's constant mania
But through the plethora of swirling colors and motion
I burn my fingers in the flame

I touch something Real in her hair

The tension rising and falling and rising again

We are all open here
No place for secrets or thoughts of my own

It's all shared journey
A place we've all been before
And here we are again
Walking ourselves back home

Take me to the place where we would plant butterfly
kisses on each other's lips like the little kids we are,
Burning holes through our ocean skin,
Never quite understanding why we rejoiced when
the bright flame licked up any sense of meaning.
How our heavy feet made the world reverberate with
every slow step on unnamed streets-
And dissolve completely on sloping dunes.
And when we buried ourselves in sand from head to toe,
The waves,
With snow-white uniqueness, ever-changing-
But still waves all the same,
Would lull us gently to sleep.
Take me to the place where snakes writhe hidden,
Beneath our checkered protection-
On which we lie unaware,
Tugging on shining blades of grass.
Where our lazy fingers would draw random lines in the
Earth.
And we would scream every obscenity that found
itself parasite to our bleeding tongues-
Never questioning this unobserved will,
Never wondering just how far down the water
reached under our outstretched, paddling arms.
Take me to the place where everything we touch
turns to flame-
And kiss me as we douse ourselves in gasoline.

Constant non-attention
A plethora of 'isms
Fragile ties to emphatic non-discretion.
See me
Lost in a sea
Or don't see-
Textile granulations
As I touch on granite.
Leaves no marks but burns the hand,
untethered, but twisting
Wrings an owl's neck
And suffers my addictions.
Fuel for the flame
Animalistic scavenging
Heavy, heavier
Let heave my holy lungs!
Imagine:
Indented in
Snowed in fields
Snuggled between gray cabins-
Once filled sections
Printed, patterned
Aloof and dragging
Like crust-filled crashing waves
Piano chords
And
Swaying in the wind,
Rebellious insufferable purpose
Doors wide open.

The grey smoke upside-down drips thick
The surrounding air plays no tricks
In, my breath
-Out my exhale, the script
Pages I tore up and left
as litter on the street.

If I don't play for no-one
What is left on set?
Costumes, props, backdrops-
The actors all quit.

If I'm a lonely observer,
One seat away, stage left,
I'm here to show the stage
I'm here to show myself.

If I'm a lonely observer,
I make no effort-
I am no change.
But the play goes on,
And no one is there to hear it.

If I'm a lonely observer
Consuming all sound,
filled with it, frothing at the edges
Would you listen?

What's this discrepancy?
My tendency to my tendencies
A non-conversational complacency
Of informal formalcies

What's this discovery?
My sly shadow turns its back
Mirages I clench and expunge
Expanding secure un-securities

What's this redundancy?
I am a moon revolving habitually
Un-forming liquid light mercury
Shapes, faces, phases,
(Uncomfortable company)

What's my immunity?
Exposure of darkness, expulsion of light
Tear this bandage off the moon
Re-evolve me, resuscitate this orbit
(Left, right, up, out)

My ears are all plugged up
-Who are you talking to?
 Look at me
 Sway your hips
 Milk a cow with your hands

I have
No place to be
Or so I thought, watching your crescendo
Rise and rise and rise
Adversary to the sun
 But-
 You don't come back down
 You're a song that never ends
 A lava lamp set to boil

Until,
It bursts into flame and pieces of goo
And terrific shining glass shards

I used to think that darkness was
The natural state of things but now
My state of mind has changed and I
Am just where I was again but still
Somewhere completely different I think
Now that there's a heavy wool blanket
Draped over things simulating obscurity
But if you happen to fall in love or
Get really high on stuff you can gain
The strength to timidly tug on just
A corner of fate-fulfilling warm
Illusion and peeling it aside you see
The bright mind-numbing Sun and it
Burns your face and eyes and dries
Your lips up like a fire and all you
Want to do is scream at the Sun for
Disrupting your pretty little nightmare
Place I think that anybody can really
Get used to anything even though
Change causes the worst of suffering
Is dissatisfaction just a part of me
Or will I ever be able to-
Look into the brightest lights without
Wincing and yearning for how things
Were before?

How could I be anything
But totally and completely
relaxed-
As I gaze out the window
from my seat on the
train, and observe
the fleeting landscape
of graves?

Across from me the seats
are empty and full at
the same time.

When I close my eyes
and chant I am dead
and alive at the same time.

Open them:
More graves, more peace.

I've died so many times.
And lived to tell the tale.

Ah!
A beautiful lazy river-
It's corrupt.
By dirty concrete and
pollutants.

Graves again
Oh!
A corrupt lazy river
interferes with concrete.
So:
I sit on my train seat
Uncorruptible.

Do ya need an explanation?
If I give it to you it
won't be explainable
Anymore.

The most I can say is
this:

Rusty iron statue!
Flat, to an extent
Of mother and child
holding hands.

I wasn't ever able to get rid of that feeling of being left behind, so I just had to wait. But now that I'm finally here, it seems that everybody's already gone. It's a generous give and take, tugging on the pressure points in my ears. This must be what they meant by a beautiful refinement of the decline.

Breathe or get
High either
way I'm there
at that place
where it's all
a beautiful screen
Reenacting
the full color and
character of the
lives of actors in
un-skippable advertisements
Who did you get this
time? Which set of
die did you roll?
I'm curious
as to how you
managed to pull
the cards this
type of way?

Breathe out and
I'm sober.

Universe I know your face
universe you look just like me

The aesthetic leaves me quite enamored
Who is this poetry-writer and do you do something like I do?
Do you see me like I see me through your eyes?
I only have a minute but I'm not a writer like that
I'll go skinny dipping and lose my shirt and lose my wintered
youth
I'll wander and catch the wind with my arms if only I have
the strength to lift them and grow feathers
And my heart will break so many more times
And maybe in a couple years I'll recognize who exactly to
blame for you going to prison.

The exact words fade so quickly
How can I care?
When the significance is a shining something in the sand
Breathing in
Crashing, white existence
And breathing out
A happy return to nothingness.

What is this overgrown pity party? A tangle of snappers, trippers, pointy bushes and roughened hands indefinitely loops in a mocking trail. It's a bird with a huge beak and glowing, putrid eyes flocking in circles high above your head, shouting and cawing. Left wondering how such a large beak could ever be supported by wind and air, the cold handed slap reproaches.

Look,
This man sells his poems. They are original and on-demand
for a few dollars. Here's mine:

“Once again
Slipping into a
Translucent dream.”

More and more burning desire lines. Oh how fluid
boundaries feel when you don't believe they exist. I'm one
here, twice nowhere. Nowhere but inside this calm relaxed
center- Disinterested, totally involved.

Once again

Let's begin:

Haven't you heard?

The dogs are dead and there's devils in the streets.

Disinterested, yet totally involved. The true mime portrays not just the glass box but all the empty space in between. The prison, in which is filled the very essence of freedom.

Because the first step to understanding total unity with the universal consciousness is an acceptance of its passivity.

Liberation is not an escape from the prison because that would entail a desire to not be in prison, which brings us right back to where we started, trapped in duality.

Letting go even of the desire to be enlightened...

Tip toeing on the fragile line of infinity...

But what about all the other states of mind I've either never experienced or simply forgot about? Racking my brains, I can only seem to come up with three boxes of imagery all connecting to a certain drug or substance or activity. I wonder if I can disconnect experience from its subsequent feeling. What is an autonomous feeling? What is a raw experience, free from all forms of charisma and sharp edges? There's gotta be a) a lot more, b) nothin' there at all, or c) something incomprehensible.

Three boxes of imagery:

I.

Inconsistent

Incoherencies

Rambling and Muttering

Alone and Disjointed — Cigarettes, Painkillers, Bad Trips

II.

Present

Involved

Disinterested and Flowing

Qualities of Water — Yoga, Learning, Weed, Meditation, Instruments

III.

Itchy

Interested

Active and Looking

Seeking Eyes/ Wandering Limbs — Coffee, Love and Relationships, Sex, Icebreakers

What have we got going on here? Experiential exposition...
always a slow rise and a slower fall. Ah, here it is again!
The style changes every year.

Soaring through colorful skies
My melancholy grip on it all loosens with each subtle
interference.

Beautiful day! Not too fast, not too slow. My legs feel just
right.
Beautiful day! Not too heavy and not too light. The air feels
just right.
Yes I am light
Yes I am light

Dear Diary,

A discussion has commenced. Recognition of un-reality and frugal inhibitions. A thunderclap summons two strangers, and the bat's eye eclipses the night. Silently ignoring the Velvet Underground poster on the wall, my eyes lock onto the rain sneaking through the slits in the air conditioner. And my thoughts keep going back to two nights ago's epiphanies. Two nights where you can't tell which had a better full moon. And it really was a close call. The kind that might leave you feeling weak in the stomach... Drunk like the toddlers all lined up and clutching a rope with their tiny hands wearing bright yellow reflective jackets. Smiling and waving to random passerby and insects - give them little hard hats and they'll be workin' Men and Women on the site, the type of job that works up an appetite and tucks you into bed at night.

Hail who you think you are, fragile pretender
Hail to the guy in the funny suit,
And to the creeps, to the inviters,
To the teens and the shade —
Light rain now...
Hardly a smidge of reality to this air inside the air.

It is all so seemingly unreal
Pull me back from this pathetic observer
Searching for meaning in the waves and crushing weight of
my past actions.
Overwhelmed by the cacophony of my own creations-
Otherwise left to their own ramparts and delusion
This world is one of distorted bass and occasional screaming
And everytime I jolt myself from sleep to take just the
smallest breath of fresh air-
That hint of a whisper in the wind,
“I’m home”
I’m home and it’s gone.
It fades into impossibility again.
There is no moderation in my faith
I am paddling in the ocean surrounded by hands reaching
out to grab my wrists and pull me ashore but my eyes are
shut tight and I don’t know hand from demon and my legs
feel loose and the world is spinning-
I’ll go walking in the night.

Old man
Hat man
Little kid
Wait!
Up high
Down low
Too damn slow!
Bike man
Windows
Train man
Three boys
Hanging out in the pavement
Stretching.
Bridge-crossers
The bridge being crossed
And powerlines.

Walk in when you need us
Not a second before,
not a moment too late.
Relax:
You will always be on time!

Suburban purpose is
A tanker full of oil
Burning itself up as
it shoots past a
replica of itself going
in the opposite direction.

Clouds or waves or

Dead baby birds.

Have you ever seen a dead baby bird rotting beneath a dusty
wood staircase?

The ants form very tight formations across its tiny limbs and
bulging, deformed belly like a clove hitch tied over a horse's
face. Its mouth is wide open awaiting its mother to feed it.

Never given the chance to lay hatchlings herself and feed
them desperately, dead baby bird is still a mother of ants.

Mother of ant

Mother of an

Mother of a

Mother of

Mother

Mother

Mother of

All.

The illusion has started to dissolve before my eyes. The system fails to reinvent the same scenes in a beautiful enough package - Total strangers fill and seep into pre-existing forms, and just now a butterfly landed safely on my finger tip while I turned my head from the helpless in total humility.

Basically:
Everything is clouds
They form
They dissipate
They form from what's dissipated
We are clouds who
think we are clouds
Angry thunder
Sad rain
Calm air
Let go of form and become everything.

Bird is so busy only existing in such a state as devoid of unnecessary brilliance yet a total prerequisite like color in a 1,000 piece puzzle to the non-compassing portrait of my vision.

The murky surface, unknowingly green, mirrors like a funhouse

Total fantasy.

Bird now disappearing, (the games never cease)

Other senses diminish the bounded eye.

And I can hear EDM reverberating a car maybe two blocks down.

Neon corner

Street corner pageantry

But still the green two-way is ever rising.

While neon corner

Or rather

Everything there ever was, is, or will be minus neon corner, exudes light

Stolen for your sins from the constantly dwindling pre-conceived notion of what dusk should look like.

Just check out

In deep solitude, one-sided voice of forgiveness pours deeply into itself with tremendous steel ladle

Upheaves the churning definer, soup of the pointer finger-

That I know anything at all!

Concepts morals morels and definition

fade dutifully into the places between non-being and being

Well I get itchy just singing the songs of the birds and showing off my wings like they do.

I get silly, holding the door open for Mind At Large,

Seep through this hand of hands

And entice me with fragile grace.

Cheap beer and cigarettes
Funny guy's too drunk laying in a tub and tearing at the
wall's insulation
Roll up with the dudes in the math-rock band
God I smell so bad
And this time Colin with one L lets you climb the ramparts
and hang out dangling your feet above the crowd on the
catwalk
And you can't seem to catch anybody's eye
Totally in love with red illumination
\$20 3pm to 3am and thank God the beer's free for bands
We will check IDs except we won't
Everyone's family here.

So structurally sound this plywood stands yet I curve with
endless impunity. (Losing vision of the pencil in front of me)
I leaf through all my outfits and pick something at random.
Now listening to "The Pull " by The Microphones and sinking
into the slow breath of unconsciousness, I consider the
relative-ness of ephemeral contact.
"The Glow surrounds you
And when you breathed in I felt the Pull"

I think I'm starting to get it-
Baby holds baby and burps baby's back
Keep baby in the shade because baby will get scorched by
huge ball of fire in the sky.
Hardly a risk,
For the funny liquid Earth is so totally worth it
(to play in).

Here I lay:
Journalist of my own desires-
Totally enraptured.

Living-knowing
Knowing without living
Knowing yet living noncommittally,
I play my games
I am a million shining-sea-silvers of slivered-star dust.

Currently I am hit by waves of nausea relating to the
stretching of my fingernails and knuckles as I slip and
scratch off the cliff of what my rational mind calls reality-

Slowly

My breath reminds me

That the cold sea-water redefines

If only I jump in head first unhesitating!

And also

The fact that if I scramble my way up the rocky surface and
stand courageously with my back straight and chin up

I will be shot

Proud soldier of the firing squad

And the sheer force will propel me backwards anyways.

So with deep breaths

Deep, slow

In, out

Totally aware yet completely relaxed

Slip with dignity!

Premonitions of instability

Reckoning with forces too obtuse to considered anything but neuroses

Or maybe I'm just being silly

For example, the fact that it's taken two years for me to really understand that "two years ago" was a thing that actually happened.

So that's done, but I'm still not sure who witnessed those events.

Why do I think I should be okay anyways?

I keep forgetting I am only two years old- and growing.

Reminder:
I have forgotten