

Prose, Poems, and Thoughts

2/20/20

She looked better than the others, but sounded the same as the rest.

2/15/20

She is stunning, but she doesn't see it.

She's scared and tense, funny and beautiful.

She was a truly unexpected energy that will never be seen again.

1/17/20

Piercing red hair in a tan suit and a red clip on bow tie.

A Manhattan dressed man touching bathroom door knob with solely his pinky.

A ski bum local yelling about his girlfriend having to pee as I enter ahead (chivalry ??).

The pool table has only 1-8 on its side, 9 was a premium.

In the corner there's an old man dancing with his hat pulled down low enough to leave him with darkness and music.

The brother band, the older drinking warm cream ales, the younger neat scotch. Neat scotch unless his older brother tells him to have a genessee that is.

Two men at the bar spoke with me of beers with love and caring.

The fourth of a cigarette I smoked before ashing and tucking it back into my coat.

The bathroom is beautiful, what a LES dive bar works to convey with far too much effort.

The effort dilutes the execution and removes the charm.

I used to have these chairs in my kitchen I think.

The 250 pound man in the cutoff t-shirt and hoodie, tattoo poking out. His eyes are overly glossed, his arm is around a nearly beautiful woman. Brown bowed hat tucked over her eyes to the right with bright red lips, a full brown suit. She idolizes him. Her teeth are too big. She's bored. She believes she is the most beautiful person here.

**** is happy.

She loves him and he loves her.

She's afraid.

Fuck.

He loves her.

We're numbing the conversation and ourselves with beers and overly loud music on the drive home.

12/19/19

My eyes are great to me in their refusal to see all that could hurt my mind

I don't know what she wore last night

I can't picture her with the poor excuse of a man she chose for the night

I didn't look at her eyes

Is this evolution?

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Will we all do this soon in the age of mental instability?

12/12/19

We're all killing ourselves

We ruin our psyches and fill our lungs with smoke

But the music is loud enough that we can't hear it

Until it quiets

And you're naked next to the girl whose name you have to work to remember

And you sit back in the bed you've crafted in the room you've built

And worry she will be there when the sun rises to ruin your bliss

12/9/19

He is not telling a story, he is explaining the world

12/6/19

I hope your drugs aren't hitting

I hope your loves aren't licking

I hope you sit back in your bed crank back and you're thinking

I hope you laugh and your happy

I hope your day was shitty and laughy

I hope you wish for last night backy

I hope you wish you could back tracky

I hope your shoes won't tie

And it's cold outside

I hope you wish you tried

Night came and you started to hide

I hope your drinks ain't so drinky

I hope your tinks ain't so tinky

I hope you cry as you think of me, god damn that's so cringy

12/4/19

Her calm was incredulous to those few who could see it, who could understand that she did not just look better than everyone in the home that night, she thought better as well

11/21/19

I tried my best to repress my shivers tonight as I watched her across the picnic table.

Upstate New York may not be the most opportune setting to add literary romance to coffee by walking with it.

Her shirt matched the darkened sky, her hair illuminated it, her eyes warmed me, my coffee was cold.

I caught a glimpse of the blue as she held the lit tip of the cigarette to her lips.

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I couldn't move my gaze until she had taken the light away. It is almost as if she had cursed me with it, grasped me with a dark and unseen magic

10/30/19

Our hands touched as we sat and indulged ourselves in the stories of others, without realizing we were in the midst of crafting one of our own.

9/7/19

I have one stomping through my head right now

In her leather doc martins

As all the cute hipsters wear

As they ruin my mind