

BIG

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First Edition

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Introduction

I wrote this because I wanted you to understand what you might go through. Because it's a big deal. You're a big deal. Just because you feel small doesn't mean that you can't be big.

Big Opportunities

Lights in
Gears chug gatorade
Fluid flies for more
Streamlined determined bubbles
Swoosh through thought
Racing corvettes through
Primed canals
and explosions in the sky

Backdrop of a hundred muscular stallions
Burgeoning urgent messages
Even internet speeds zip
and cannons sound off
counting down their gunpowder
Like a Formula 1 race
From trodding to tapping to flickering,
from slime to paste to smoothie,
from static to crackle to lightning

Thin light brings interstellar motion
through harmonies craft
Extravagant explorers thrill themselves
Shed waste to break atmosphere

Trilling high
Skipping
Fast form
Energy
Takeaway
Perfect

This thing is definitely on

Big Ideas

Run and sprint and fast and jive
Contain? No, I'm taking my swan dive
Sugar fueled escapades
New friends and old drugs
Blast the music; blast the past
Memories overwritten
Shark fight; knife fight
Cannot hold back this hurricane slice
Try and bye, hello and I'll die
If I stop at all,
Stereophonic ball
I can do all the dances
Rick's puppet, a perfect cadence
In a band, in a march,
Thrumming on into the night
Can't stop like Keidis
I'll drive to a high five
This energy unquenched
I'll be happy if it doesn't kill me

Big Antlers

These signals are inopportune
Raise your head at a different time
I don't need your emotion
Not now; maybe something later

Your antlers cue envy
They tell me I'm downtrodden
Yes, I love their fractals
But hate why you show them

Your antlers are loud horns
Songs of mourning
Songs I disagree with
Bite an apple in the snow please

Start and complete a change
I'm sick of these hates
Bring back smoother heads
The antlers are inopportune.

Big Rubber Ball

This big rubber ball
Outside catastrophe
Latex protects
Sealents divide
Rolling in comfort
Rolling in style
Spin around my finger
'Till it crushes me
Wobble and smack Play around like drums
See me roll healthy
See me bounce to sickness

Can't trap it, it's gone
Rolled on to another sinner
Too big for one woman
That's me, the recent sins
Sing 'till the plastic
and the rubber
have choked out my voice
help me bounce
help me roll
until it settles again.

Big Mud

Sing with big muddy water
Emanating brown waves
Mucking up with bass
Crashing giant against unseen shores
Mixed up silt on clefs
And teardown trees with harmony
Making joy from ugly
Making friends with depth
Bragging about what is lost
Losing to criticism in the murk
Light pierces water
To create symphony
Bubbling CO₂ to breathe the air
Breaking glass for the solo.

A Big Pan of Pizza

Big pan of pizza
One through eight
Each try is worse
Trying to drown my misery
Promising more math to myself
A counter; please short
As if I enjoy it
Waiting to be penetrated
Losing out to hunger
Bubbling hot with guilt
I'd wanna share if I could
But I have to count to eight

This Big Sky is All Mine

Float, appreciate
Fly, commiserate
My song of the south
Settles on gold clouds

I own you for as far
as I'll ever see

This flesh bleeds cotton
And eyes of rubies
Scan horizons
Unknown for as long as I want
I can explore anything

I own you for as far
as I'll ever see

Ripped jeans and
Sequined ties
Flapping blue in
my expert tailwind
Ascend to heaven
and get lost in the sky

I own you for as far
as I'll ever see

Don't chart 'till I'm done
Crazy circles dream in my mind

Voyage to the Big Land

Making hardships
and selling seafarers
they are new partisans
and create the laundry-wearers

Give them the best
Better than deserved
Never a moments rest
the whip was reserved

Get 'em to the stocks
No light; a skin immune
None given. In shock.
Seeing product without might

Vengeful words
Bring 'em on home
Selling paradise for trophies
Ending with nothing but bone.

Oceans of Bigness and Blueness

Wailing waves,
taciturn entwined
Each provoking their own braves
Drunk on salt and blue wine
My feet undertow
and head taking blows
Draping comfort sheets
Lilac-gray over my cheeks
Smashing and mashing
so brash
whispers of sleep
under the deep
And wooden rays
for which I pray
Destiny does call
like a punctured ball
Drowned and smothered
dragged down with the others

My heart is blue, and yours too
as soon as you grasp me,
as soon as you name me.
for I am in this ocean so blue

Big Love

Big fish
Reeled in with date-rape bait
bet you wholesome
clean the guts
best intentions
Travel down south
Land of evergreen pines
Long and sharp
Big and tall
Love in a backwater boat
Sworn to the fish
Crucial to the bait
I am a fishing man
no tradition but the rifle,
and no kill with a rod
But I love to fish
This love you feel
when I date rape your mind
is custody complete
This lake is a prison,
bait is a bitch
keys to the catch,
Showing big rods and big love

Big Poetry

The big man is evil
Factory words
Slimy-silky handshakes
Rhymes all the same
Grind to the top
Dash to the bottom
of the page
Grit and coffee moves
the machine side-to-side
Printing money
Enslaved writer-workers
10 dollars a word
But none good enough
Go faster, go harder
or even go faster
It doesn't matter
Big Poetry is evil.

I'm a Big Boy

I'm a big boy.
Long dick,
Long skirt
I'm a big boy.
Scratchy beard,
Scratchy thighs.
I'm a big big boy,
Big muscles,
Big dresses.

I make my decisions each day,
by the light of my bidet
which to choose there are so many
pick pink, periwinkle, or just black
I wanna rock it all for a penny
slap you up if you talk smack
reveal what I am, I'm in bliss
This is a sight you'll never miss