

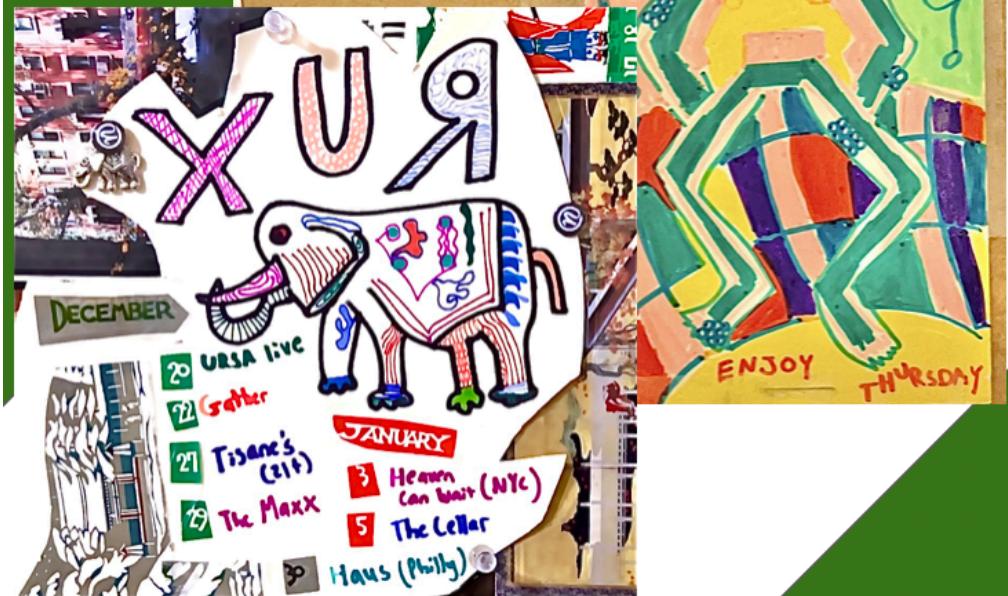
Hippie Poems



CEASEFIRE
NOW



THANK YOU
AND GOOD-NIGHT.



By the strange ones, the believers, the addicts, the self-uprooters, the un-becomers, and all who do not know how to code.

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TO: the nihilists, the burn-outs, the realists, the heartbreakers, the seekers, those who walk without skipping, those who make choices, those who suffer.
“Athā Yoganusasanam”,
FROM: No body

Another Poem About The Moon

I used to write such good poetry when I was young and inspired and alive but now I am happy and dull and I

can no longer squeeze out every drop of raw emotion from some lonely scene like the full moon above the beach at night in November
when it's cold and the pebbles I skip across the gentle lapping waves expand into larger and larger circles, fading paradoxically as their influence grows into which I stare intently, not out of fascination but more so out of trepidation to break this gaze and glance up at the pale eye above me, pulsating with such a heavy reality.

I know it will leave me unwound and stumbling & bleary-eyed in the parking lot.



No, it's not like that anymore.

Instead I write about how waves and weather
and websites are all made up of the same stuff
And me, too.

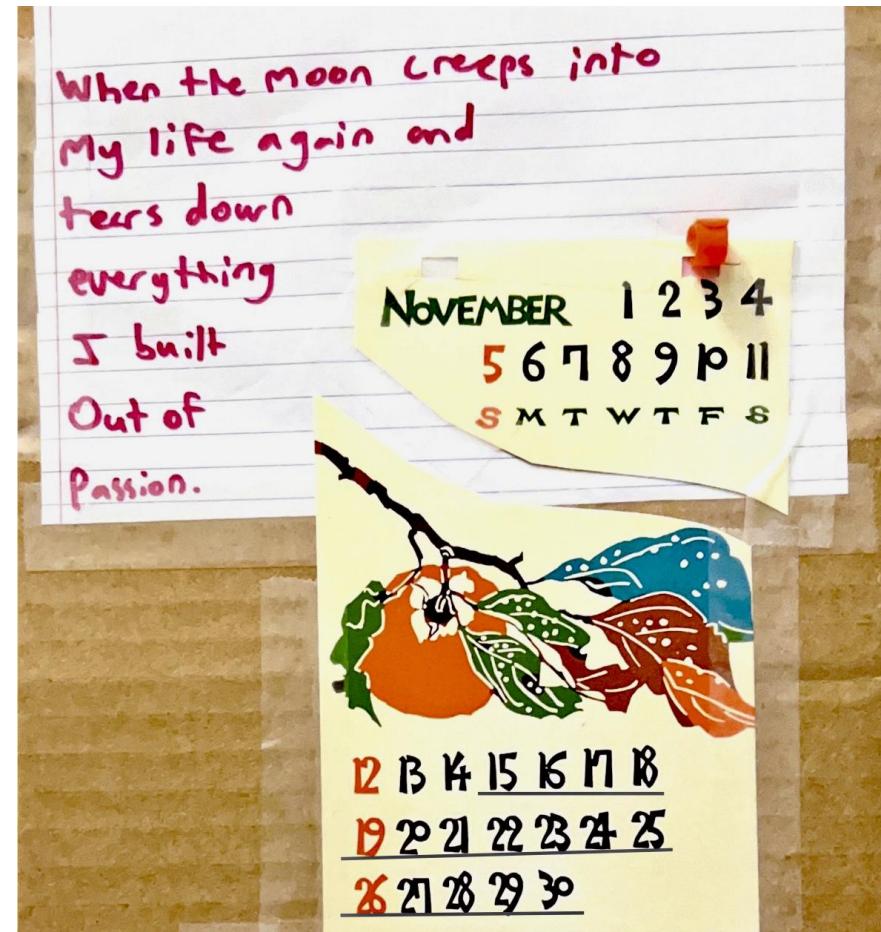
I'm part of this world and the omniscient light that pours out of the
moon
is the same that reflects off my eyes from the computer screen
and that powerless feeling has become my pedestal.

Here, I stand

on the countless bodies of my past who have all been massacred by an
exploitation of meaning

and misadventures into the void.

Playing with impermanence like *fire*
I keep on lighting myself up and even now,
I can see a new form being born from ashes.
born and raised and born and raised until finally
I begin to experiment with describing the thing that cannot be named
(what a friend of mine called the darkness surrounding a flame)
Or, the part of me that doesn't change



20 19:48

Motifs



I look around at a desolate 'scape
She says I walk like I'm in a trance
And I see that same look in your eyes
mine duplicated

This boy, nodding on a park bench
It's emotion shown in paint
brushes

like orange street lamps
One motif impossible to escape
Memory estranged in the glow
that says "Here, I exist
Here, time is spent like

coins in the fountain"
Heavy steps on reverberating streets
pick up a paper
pick at my brains, I replicate
in words, hippie poems
Hippie poems consume phobia
Again on the concrete you don't deserve
to be

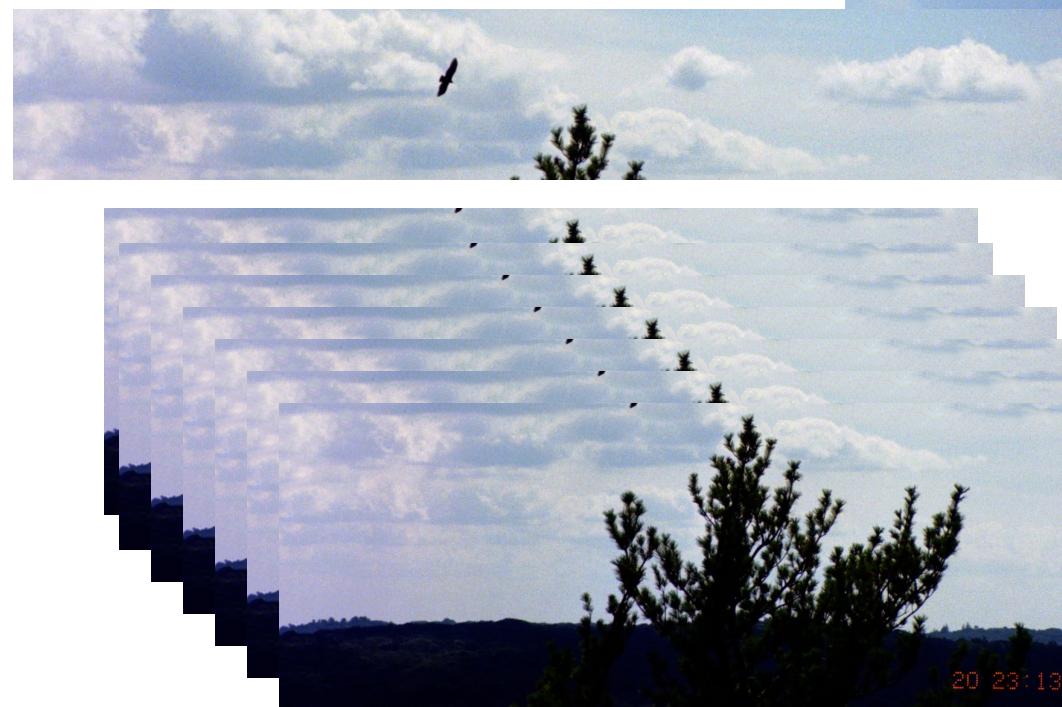
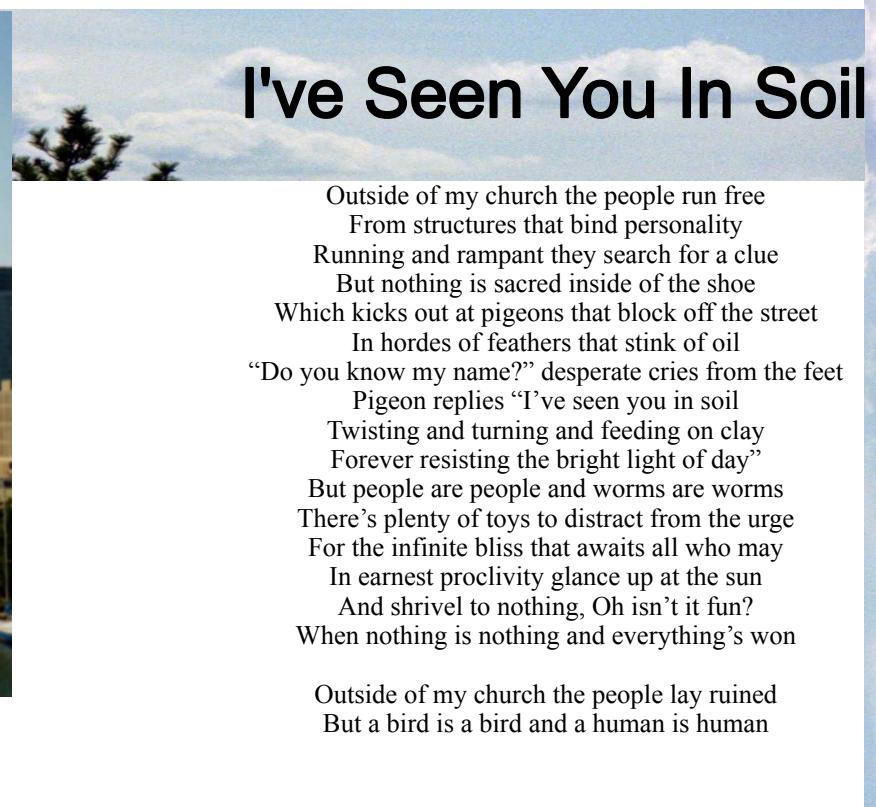


Drawing by Cole Lohman

I've Seen You In Soil

Outside of my church the people run free
From structures that bind personality
Running and rampant they search for a clue
But nothing is sacred inside of the shoe
Which kicks out at pigeons that block off the street
In hordes of feathers that stink of oil
"Do you know my name?" desperate cries from the feet
Pigeon replies "I've seen you in soil
Twisting and turning and feeding on clay
Forever resisting the bright light of day"
But people are people and worms are worms
There's plenty of toys to distract from the urge
For the infinite bliss that awaits all who may
In earnest proclivity glance up at the sun
And shrivel to nothing, Oh isn't it fun?
When nothing is nothing and everything's won

Outside of my church the people lay ruined
But a bird is a bird and a human is human



A Response To A Reading To Look Closely

In Which Students Were Told Into A Flower

Do you feel unpoetic?

Poets say it is only because
you haven't looked closely enough into a flower
But the poets are bound by a golden chain
and stare into the world as if it were sour
apple to be gnashed between greedy teeth
juicy meaning licked up so maybe they'll breathe
life out into words on the skin of a tree
but a tree is alive and life cannot be
squandered and molded to fit to our needs
for due representation of our finite existence
and a name to be shared for all we have witnessed

Do you feel unpoetic? Do you feel like you've witnessed? Are you looking for
ways to hold on to the richness?
Or is it proof that you need-
"James was here!" (scribbled onto the void)
How poignantly dull. didn't anyone tell you
to check your mind at the door?

Poets say it is only because
You haven't signed your name on a page dripping blood
from the gashes surrounding the chains on your wrist
which deepen their grip as you yearn for
release.

So this! I say to your chains:
I am poetic and I have no name
I looked at your flower and it has no attributes
no memory or idea or motif in its bloom

The flower is crying to let you out of your snare
The flower is wilting under poet's glare
And just like its petals, we'll all one day unfold
And see that a flower's a flower
And nothing more.

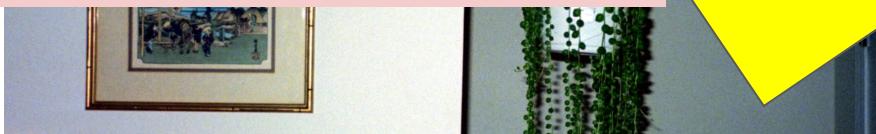
I'm not sure
I'm on board with
all this
multisyllabic;
Latinate
language
↓
it becomes
quite
abstract.
Realistic
→
Symbolic.

... is a doo.
is a little cliché,
like to see a a.
or a de familiarizatio
in its normal meaning
↳ especially b/c everything else
in this poem is so
resty, "void" feels sta
release.

...
layout hole
and line breaks
and imagery
not you checking everyone
in this class IMMAD

Shatter!

I scurry to look upon the hasty doorknob
which switches its lessons to lock out my
mind
patterned and prodded
soft metal clicks cushions and I,
tweaking,
aximone my products.
I axe my phone, shatter!
Gruesome nobility of fluttered fraxioms that
dangle and dazzle me with their many colored
auras
Like butterfly wings, lush, mellow,
thousands of them truncate my eyes!
Floundering in dreek transmissions
I hold my ground and my cello and shout:
Sickle, O, penetrating creatures!
Pierce my porcelain head no more!
Let me stink and ooze
eliminate glassy perspective, I am trash now
And you are the diver.



Encroachment

Now, I don't really mean anything by this,
but I still remember being high and
eating a grape and a cracker for at
least 30 minutes

I remember rushing away from an otherwise unoccupied task
to write down a thought and then
running back to the moment feeling
like I had aged 20 years

And my creaky bones cried wolf to any sense of accomplishment

I remember what it felt like to stare into
a long, drawn-out silhouette
I remember what it felt like to
scream for mercy in the chariot

Now, I stare into a watchful sky
for a few minutes before ducking into
another self-incision, while I continue to criticize
a log in the waves
Look deeply into a flower.
Does it have any chance at all?

I remember tearing up white robes and pointing a finger at the moon
ripping off my halo and tossing it into the ocean on a string
and reigning in a little fish makes me think that everything is beautiful again

I remember having thoughts that would
climb over certain barriers like
spiders racing through blades of grass
and metamorphosize the curve of hand-
writing with beginning-less creation
I remember staring up at an endless brick
wall and collapsing into relief
cradling the head of my king
as I praised the gods for stealing my
will and putting a knife in my hand

Emmanuel said, "Why are you so busy
being holy?"

He also said death is perfectly safe
**And babies are chanting Hare Krishna
while their parents are dragged into hell**

Excuse me for vulgarity
but living in the world is living
uncontrollably
There's a golden egg in funhouse
mirrors
And every reach
is another encroachment of my own
misplaced efforts.



Ode To The Forgotten Horse O, Raymond!

To be sung with great lavish

Oh Raymond, oh Raymond, oh where have you gone?

Dmaj D7 Gmaj

His darling Forsythia to never be won

Dmaj D7 Gmaj

Oh Raymond, oh Raymond, your concepts be damned

Dmaj D7 Gmaj

I'll never forget who was always my friend

15 odd years have gone by, but Raymond still waits in the mud

Fmaj Cmaj

Gmaj Cmaj
For me and my brother to newly discover that we had never been
less alone

Fmaj Cmaj
Gmaj Cmaj

Oh Raymond, oh Raymond, you were cursed by the mage!

Dmaj D7 Gmaj

To a deathless existence of lying in wait

Dmaj D7 Gmaj

For two foolish mortals to clean out your stall

Dmaj D7 Gmaj

But they had never been so calm

Fmaj Dmaj

When O Raymond you pushed them along

Fmaj Dmaj

But they had never been so calm

Fmaj Dmaj

When O Raymond you sand them this song

Fmaj Dmaj

Think

Outsid
e

Th
e
Bo

X

You told me to
Think outside the box
In doing so you have created a box
And now I wish to stubbornly
explore all of its corners until I have
licked up all the dust and
then

I will sit contentedly for one million years
until the box and my body erode and
there I will be

Inside of nothing
which was certainly something at one point
when you were alive and condescending
And practicing your aim on the angels
with arrows forged of intellect.

Your arrows fly and then crash down to Earth
My angels never die.

even if their baby's wings are
Pierced or torn up
My angels will cry and cry and cry
then repair their wings with their tears.

Try to hold my flesh
you'll find a giggling infant covered in oil
slipping through your fingers
And there, look, you've gone and done it-
You dropped the baby on its head.

You told me to
Think outside the box
You may as well try telling a Sun-sized
toddler to stop playing with the Earth. Or
tucking a stray cat in to sleep. Or shaking the
sky with your fist. Or putting a name to

Now III (Ars Poetica)

Isn't it obvious?

As soon as I realized everything I have been chasing is in fact everything...

It is not hidden in a song, chords to be ripped out by my teeth. It is not a rhyme that eludes me. It is not a flickering moment enticed by patient creativity or ecstatic performance.

It's all that! All of it!

Every whisper on my lips, every motion of my hand, every minute detail. All of it encompasses this moment and is pervaded by it. And i find that

There is nothing to do. Nowhere to go. Nothing to make. The anxiety of creation - waning earth, waxing moon, the urge to make, be, do, do, do something!

It all melts away.
It all melts away.

And here I am writing but I am not writing.
Here I am thinking but I am not thinking.
Here I am doing but I am not doing.
I am sitting on a lotus flower, staring out at the calmness of a still lake.
I am a still lake reflecting the image of a lotus flower.

Here, I rest.

And I realize

I have no questions for a God that cannot answer me because one does not exist. I am answered by the steady rhythm emanating from my heart which beats without me telling it to.

I am answered by the slow decay of the world around me and its valiant rebirth. I am answered by my own quiet solitude. I am answered by the fact that every sunrise I have ever seen is the first one

All Over Again



Self-Uprooting

I've been given the tools to clear the land and dig myself deep into the Earth-and the patience to watch my roots grow strong and weathered

But every time I lie down in the soil it's like trying to go to sleep with my feet sticking out from under the blankets shoveling the dirt over my head feels wonderful until I start itching and sprouting and some vital part of me shoots out like a zombie's hand and pulls me from the grave.

It seems
I am helplessly addicted to self-uprooting
planting a seed and ripping it out of the Earth a day or two later
like a little kid's science experiment-
Teacher says give it time
And little kid pouts but listens

I pout but drop out of college
and tell everyone in town that I've found a magic bean stalk which will carry us all up to heaven.

Occasionally, I say this with conviction.
And by the way,
You can tell I am lying by the smoke that escapes a clenched grin
and in my nihilist fingers
The loose swagger of self-deprecation
Stubbing it out in disgust.



Overconfidence is a signal of my emaciated ego
And nothing hurts better than burnout.

That's why I make my bed in the morning and change into warm clothes at night and pray I wake up somehow different That's why, when I gaze up at the priest from underneath the floorboards I forget which one of us is on acid. Because

Self-uprooting is a double-blind study between myself now and myself three seconds ago-



and I know a journalist in Boston who says the commitment will pay for our indulgences down the line.



In Another World I Could Have Loved You

Isn't it obvious? How the candle flame flickers under the gentleness of breath? And how it's extinguished with a thought alone? I move through this world like a phantom - trailing behind a body and mind and a body and mind and a body and mind

until I become bored of blatant synchronicities. Are the crows that call above the trees on a cold November morning, lonely and petrified, the same crows that called the year before last?

Are you the same as you were even a moment ago? Pay attention - is there consistency? Is there any sense of connection? Step into the night - feel the cold air on your skin. You'll see there is only the thinnest of membranes separating yourself from the void. Do you have the courage to step into nothingness? Do you have the strength to leave everything behind?

In another world I could have loved you. If I was unhappy, if I was ignorant, if I was frightened.



Hippie Poems

It's 4:20 in Hoboken which used to make me giddy but now I only feel gross like those long-winded hippie poems that make my stomach churn with Grandiose romanticization.

These personal statements of surely this Vomit of words that are never quite truthful It leaves a stain on my shirt and It reminds me of the time I spent in that punk house in Buffalo

Where all the kids are beautiful and on drugs and you know by flicking through a chopped up zine someone left on the basement table that you'll fall in love with every single one of them because somehow their drawings look just like *****'s did

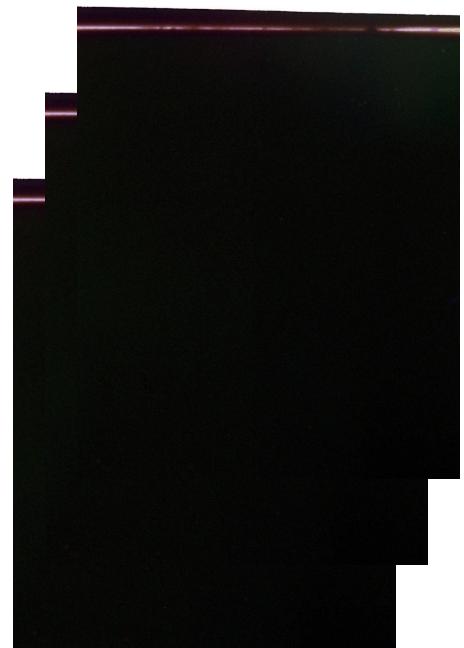
And it stings a little cause you had thought hers were so unique And every special moment we shared like Falling asleep on the Katonah train Or on our knees by Baxter road Fade into irrelevancy, and it doesn't matter anyway

Because I'm in love again in a punk house in Buffalo with a girl named ***** who draws boogers and brains and stares straight through my eyes to the back of my head.

She makes me feel real which is funny cause I'm not so sure if she is.

In the midst of a clusterfuck of egos and violation I am concerned with how welcomed I feel

It's like an open-air prison, or downtown Manhattan Under a guise of free expression it turns out You're all just as neurotic as I am And our resumes are simply filled with Long-winded hippie poems.



In this division of queer schizophrenics Our art becomes our lives and our lives become each other's
We are long-winded.
We are grandiose.
We are in love.
And we are so, so delusional.

