*All vices lead to a false and corrupt imagination.*

*Rev. 1.0.a: all vices lead my imagination.*

*Rev. 1.0.b: imagination leads to redefining vice.*

*2.0: On intent, repentance - a tribute to all pencils lacking erasers (or those erasers, that)*

*3.0 And this is as close as I get to intimacy*

Late 2016 To Reject All Coincidence, and off we go:

To start a few definitions and terms

Coincidence

co·in·ci·dence

/kōˈinsədəns/

Denial

de·ni·al

/dəˈnīəl/

Rejection

noun

the dismissing or refusing of a proposal, idea, etc.

"the Union decided last night to recommend rejection of the offer"

Vacciliatating

Vac·il·late

alternate or waver between different opinions or actions; be indecisive.

Choice

{Pronunciation not available}

"the choice between good and evil"

Differing Windows:

April or May 2019 Perhaps it was June

But the voices, my mother, eighty something years old, climbed the side of the foyer, scaled it-in my mind I imagine her arms tired but the strength of her desire to not watch me fall (like she must of seen with her eyes in that photo, a sepia polaroid of a forgotten infant), she pulled with the might toward love, the hinge of the window outstretched waiting for her fingers, rheumatoid arthritis be damned, to open that window and climb inside to that infant

But she fell and her scream it pierced my mind and the heart fell apart, and to the center of the chaotic earth, molten and screaming-her heart there with my wrapped body and soiled blanket drenched shit and piss at the center of the earth where I had chosen to close my ears and gouge my eyes out in favor of my sister then with her strength and viciously kind heart scaled to follow only to fall and the screams did not break the glass or open the hinge of the window the screams held and yes they wouldn’t return for some time but worst of all (or perhaps, best of all) I remained at the center of the earth waiting for sleep waiting for the inertia of the rotation,

of-the-everyday-to return and the screams mixed with the air and my tears dried into that blanket but suddenly the everyday returned.

Just normal people going to work on a normal day doing normal things making normal choices to do normal things on a normal day just like every day.

San Francisco to Istanbul 2020 (14 hours, unshowered, last to board, weeping, phone lost, 4 days of now sleep and heavy methamphetamine and alcohol)

The plane lands rushing to the ground faster than expected. It’s going to be ok to die like this, a fireball, oh god its a water landing; the digital map it showed us over Bulgaria (the black sea looms)

but it also showed the faces imprinted into the green mountain

sides of those I had onced loved, those I still loved, my own damn face! P

This is a *farce* to die like this but at least the pilots had indulged us in an adventure. The Avionics: I imagine as the pilot brings the engines to full thrust-Mach 3 the stewardess says but what of my parents and the elderly on this flight, clearly they will not be able to survive such force. We lift and we tilt downward, my stomach is not lurching.

The men 7 rows ahead of me are up to something,

they are conspiring to kill the elderly on this flight;

I can sense a conflict in the forward cabin,

I am getting worried but the lights have dimmed.

(how did we get from circling South America, from being towed down highway 5 to being over Europe). Mach 3 ends up being less of an adventure than the passengers- (the manifest of the plane it should be noted included returning dignitaries, the voice of Liam Gallagher and various friends and colleagues)

;now the pilot is saying we will have to land on water (the Adriatic maybe, below the ground is Tempurpedic but my eyes

can't pull away from the map

suddenly giant roaches appear on the screen they are walking toward on hind legs, vicious, staring with their multi retinal eyes.

The Pilot has schemed to land this plane on water to prove a point but he had not thought of the elderly on board, the children, those at the front of the plane who will die; looking toward through the crack between the seat back in front of me suddenly the truth dawns on me, they are all actors or perhaps mannequins, or cardboard cutouts. What’s the use then?

To backtrack:

The tests were being run by a who's who of doctors and medical academics, strategically placed throughout the flight, the tests that were to determine both the physiological effects and mental effects of sub stratospheric flight on the mind.

We were somewhere over Denver and the engines roared, and it dawned on me that I was the subject of this flight, all around me doctors, medical researchers;

the Pakistani woman next to me is weeping at the fact

that these doctors and so called professionals would dare put such a sad, clearly mentally and physically fraught individual as myself through such tests.

*The noise of the engine quiets and rises, they are raising*

*the temperature again to determine the state of my mind as we pull toward the stratosphere, I can see the curve of the sun descending.*

My mind begins to race but that is exactly what they want how do I calm my mind, slow down and focus; scribbles across a notebook suddenly

I am lost in drawing vertical lines, intersected with horizontal lines

the cross hatching but sounds are incoming, like a mexican ambush shooting at each other across the valley in my mind.

It will be ok to die if this plane goes down, it will be ok to die like this and the cross hatching becomes less tedious and more of an

orchestral standard the lines going up and down

and across and across till the small box is filled, it is truly

a song to the notebook. It will be ok to die on the plane, they are bringing it down, the test has run its course we are returning to San Francisco but no,

he has made a choice: we are continuing on the descent

now canceled and upward, onward, eastward.

But it will be ok to die like this.

We’ve moved Eastward, somewhere through the

flight there was a stop to circle over South America

(Paraguay looks beautiful from above; I’ll save the diversion over the Great Rift Valley), how we got that far I do not know.

We are going to crash into the water, the pilot will land us safely on the sea (the name of the sea is not called out on the IFE, *in flight entertainment,* map). Fights are breaking out in the forward galley, they are mocking my parents, the others, the non professionals, those travelers returning home have had enough of this charade, this petulant attempt to study, it is over. I crawl from my seat over the white oak

(the white oak next to me, no longer at peace, has fallen to a slumber-*a white oak, I was informed early in the flight, is a member of a*

*small band of tribal people known for their mysticism*

*and peace-he had been seated next to me to keep me from doing something extreme, something wild).*

I move toward the front galley, my fists are clenched, this fight was bound to happen and at the restroom the fight calms; I enter the restroom,

shadowy eyes following me-we will be landing on the water momentarily all will die in the front of the plane,

that is how he had (mis) planned this part of the project but I will be in the front with my parents, with the others with the elderly who found

themselves on this flight, taking apart of this study.

I piss, or try to piss and wait and unlock the door. But it will be ok to die like this. I exit the restroom and all is normal.

I believe we are now, in fact, over Istanbul

-the black sea is to my right out the window.

The clouds are moving quickly. We land.

They know the four men in front must be agents. They were looking for the floor trap to the cargo hold to gather their badges and the needed items to remove me from the flight. People are staring as we stand, and wait to deplane, the IFE screen mounted at the forward galley bulkhead is flickering, flashing images of the past two years (and I now see, images of the future)-roads with palm trees, sex, sweat, carnal, sweat. I’ve been allowed off the plane, the men leave ahead of me but they have informed the Turkish agents; I move swiftly, the coat I bought scratches against my neck, the red bumps would later swell and rub against another country.

The police are moving swiftly. They know if I clear customs all will be lost. Searching my pockets-did I leave something in my bag-What is going on and where am I. The hallway is large, and the people mover is crowded, the other passengers scowl at the scene they were forced to endure for fourteen hours, at an average wind speed of 572 knots, 37, 578 feet in the air. The Grand Ataturk Airport (Opened mere months prior) is empty, I can look down at Turks, Pakistanis, and various mutts sipping coffee, beer, waiting for their pressured tubes to screech against the longest runway in the world. The Emniyet Genel Müdürlüğü are behind me; to throw them off my scent I stop, and empty my pockets, an unopened bank statement, ripped open and dumped, my account number crumpled in my hand and thrown into the bin (wisely, I make a point to look intentionally nefarious and wait for them to pass, as I discard receipts and dollar bills into the bin, to show them, no to demonstrate to them that I won’t be prisoner to their law).

Customs are now moving rapidly, I am out of breath, out of nicotine (The cardboard omelette, three pieces of swamp green bell pepper in my stomach turning left and right, a drunk waiting in line at the bar to be a drunkard). Customs now moving rapidly, customs now rapidly, customs now rapidly, customs now rapidly.

The police have gone, I am scott free at this point. It was a moment of sheer terror, as I recall one needs a visa; The lights are bright in the grand customs area of the Great Grand Ataturk Airport, the rest of the passengers are at the police stand hurdling lies and blaspheme about

me, I can hear them, I can see them pointing as I wait in line realizing I had not printed the aforementioned required visa. Customs now moving rapidly, the Millî İstihbarat Teşkilatı agent passes by me, I deign to flash my passport toward him in defiance of this line, of the need to visa to cross a border-I am sick, I demand entry!

I am shaking, sweating, the boy at the custom stand-in garbled English, “No Visa paper, laptop?” I query him, and pulling my laptop out he waves me across (57 lira down the pisser). Someone must have tipped the boy off, likely the secret police to let me into the country. A sad state of affairs but now the rest are moving through customs, the doctors, the passengers crowded at police kiosk point and shout, (this overcoat is too large)-it’s time to move off, to move out of the terminal, their voices hover and whisper as I walk through the newly opened Grand Ataturk Istanbul Airport.

The taxi seat was warm, I struggled to find a cigarette through throngs of touts and jumped at the first response to “The Intercontinental”.

Garbled communications, the radio chatter Turkish, moving through the newly built airport out onto the highway, flat, foreign and hilly like Mars. The vehicles, the minibosses are filled with *them.* My sister is looking out the back of a worn Peugeot at me waving.

Wrong Hotel-Ending up at the front desk, stumbling for Lyra for another card to book another room. Turns out a special room is being offered. Moving upstairs the bald man in the cap leers at the elevators and disappears back into the bowels of the Intercontinental. Upstairs, broken body, the Turkish Army is readying its assault.

March 2020

The strangeness (Initial selection from the buffet of language was *irony* but remember the sun revolves around the earth) of coming out of a paranoid, delusional period only to watch the world slip into one.

Masks. Hand Sanitizer; in between the taut speech of the Prez ads for hand sanitizer; the absurdity-but my absurdity at least had characters this, this charade involves the whole world. Slipping into the delusion, the repetition of the voices in our heads become real like in mine and then the Pedram (Trump) rears; In between coughs, and fevered shakes, “Don’t we all have a little bit of each other in us already”?

Don’t we all have a little of us in each other already. I am Donald Trump. I am my neighbor, my father is my mother, the feral rat is me. Dirt, I am dirt but I am also water that washes dirt away but water also makes mud and from mud the monkeys made mounds and those mounds they dried, mixed with their shit, they made houses. I am my neighbor, I am my mother-Don’t we all have a little of each other in us already.

The moment when the mute removes their hand speaks. Diseased already.

*It’s decent in the first of gentlemen*

*To speak so friendly, even to the devil.*

April 2020

We are there! We’ve finally made it home and I am there, the sober eyed usher taking each and every hand of the soon to be dead, walking them over broken iphone cases along this glorious path to hell! Make your way!

April 2020

What was it I was just thinking of. The strangeness of the current situation. Locked inside; why cannot I remove myself from my situation to see the larger situation, that which is moving our bodies and minds. The world, the universe is strange-I had caged myself in a world, a universe ( a Room!) of my own and refused to let any others in and actively worked to morph my mind, my body to distance others only to find myself emerging from that period of fog and stumbling into a world, still hearing voices, that was having the universe wag it’s finger and say “no, no, back inside”.

The egomaniac in me can look at the situation as the universe reminding me that YOU DONT FUCK with the universe, the UNIVERSE FUCK”s WIT YOU; I had tried to push myself to toddle along another plane of existence (and push all humanity-that last fuck all shred the universe can’t touch-away) and damnit I got real close and then he handed me the crack pipe and I said no but I did take the bar of soap, the box emblazoned *the eye opener.*

I know this isn’t about me now (nor was it ever). Courage to let it go or fear to return. What was I musing on earlier-ew, musing-I was thinking of what it is to be me-will I live in fear constantly of reverting (which I am not now thinking of) or will I have, or arrive at a day where I just wake, and go on with my day; a small kernel of humanity in there somewhere. What is a day to consist of but wake up free. Maybe death will be the only time I will be free. Free from the fear, or free from the happiness that pushes my ego; now of course, when read in retrospect, this will read a certain way but the truth of the matter is that it is the razor edge that I know I look forward to walking along.

It’s all just an attempt to distract us from the unbearable freedom of death. Learn to manage. Learn to breathe. I miss other humans, what a strange thought considering where I found myself nay but a month and a half ago, face down on a plastic bed, in scrubs, arrogantly walking the halls of a psychiatric hospital wondering *why* I was there. What.A.Great.Story.

Just normal people going to work on a normal day doing normal things making normal choices to do normal things on a normal day just like every day.

Just a normal person waking up in a normal place going to work like normal making normal choices managing the normal things that come with living everyday just like another normal person in a cab with a normal cabbie doing the normal thing and going to his normal home to do normal things on a normal day.

And the world was spinning on this, another normal day.

What if I am dead in a month? A normal day in an abnormal month?

Shaʻban 11, 1441 AH-The freeway noises have gone silent, the coincidences are germinating and waiting for whose universe to come into frame? (I direct that question to *you*, Inshallah). Break up the scenes; made more digestible for the audience-the world learning patience, forced patience under duress; waterboarding for dummies; children with toy guns and adults with fragile minds, holding hands and skipping back and forth between the highway and surface streets on this day of our lord April 14th 2020, in Christ’s name we pray for this to wipe the planet clean.

Thinking about watching television vs. watching television. Hearing voices vs. seeing voices. Belittling the universe vs. submitting to the universe. Citing emotional turmoil vs. being in emotional turmoil. A media circus vs. a real circus (or a media circus at a real circus). Surfs up vs. surfs down. The cult leader has to pay rent too (the memo line reads…?)-rented from the Iranian businessman, that rent check laundred back to Tehran and IRG, *Inshallah.*

One hundred Pennies on the sidewalk

And the cameraman has to shit

A deflated balloon in the reporter's throat (*again Nancy*, “another man on the street”, he pleaded for mercy).

Two pennies, picked up, the account ledger by the empty bottle (it’s label torn, the sheriff finds a scrap and reads, in between wiping tears: *pheno-barbital*).

“Hello this is, Goodfellow Rebecca Ingrams Pearson”

Redacted: Yes we offer coverage for Alien Abductions:

-Click.

*God is not ignoring he just waiting, pensive, brooding, following waiting for that one big fuck up, organized and discussed over the simple pint (so sayeth Lodowicke).*

February 2020 Berlin

High Ceilings, Caroline’s apartment with the door and that European lock (the one’s where the key needs to turn *and* you need to pull to enter). The floors are warped, and I catch my toenails on the boards; I am coughing, my fever is running-You need tea, he is from Iraq or maybe it is Turkey, the cabbie is from Turkey, welcome to Berlin why are you so sick, Berlin is an ugly city is this west berlin

or is this east berlin; *i am racing, rising fever, wool jacket too warm scratching neck, Chodowieckistraße fever racing coughing, cigarette “the keys are at the post” the keys are not at the post the water is warm -harbios all I’ve eaten for two days (Lithuania, subway sandwich, she has mask, coughing over Poland, artificial oxygen is stifling).*

Istanbul January 2020

They know I am here; the goddamn police are right behind me, move quickly-I am cashless,

no lira, no euro’s-the reticence

on why Turkey has not joined the EU can be read in a number of ways;

read from the perspective of the current Turkish administration the ascension of Cyprus in the glorious Union was a doggerel move by Brussels against the proud history of Turkey-We will forgo the Union not till she break ties with that malignant island.

I am cashless, friends from the states are tailing me-I should have known better than to get on that damn flight, I should have know they would have used that time to keep me strapped into that sit while the pilot pushed the thrust forward to drive us closer to the edge of the atmosphere (at least I got a nice conversation with Liam Gallagher out of it).

They need a goddamn card, I don’t have my card

they must have taken it,

switched my bag; my card is gone,

likely in the hands of the secret police-by now they must have scanned my bank records, pulled transaction history,

dear god, they must know exactly where I have been and *what I had been doing*. The baggage carousels are empty,

I am rustling my bag for a scrap of the past 16 hours,

my card,

I can see in the distance the idling *rescue* team

assembled by the phone banks plotting to grab me.

My card is found-glancing back the phone banks are empty,

it must have been a hallucination.

300 Lyra, 200 USD the producer (or perhaps assistant to the producer) walks by: *and he had a fucking heart attack and got on a plane”*

I am starting to breath again, the young girl asks:

From where From San Francisco

No Money, No God.

In this jacket I am balloon with a failing heart; my hands are the money,

time to move quick, the secret police act quick here or so I had been told by the chinaman (90’s sunglasses, orbital) on the plane who was trying to sell some silk road bric a brac bullshit to the White Oak (I had swatted him away, I was busy levelling with Liam about the nature of my addiction).

Cash in hand and violently ill at this point the rational man would look for help, for a hand, break from his psychosis momentarily and ask for help. Taksim Square Taxi. Trailed by my sister in a van.

June 2018

In retrospect, my first psychotic episode was, I would imagine, nothing that would shock or even amuse the most seasoned psychiatric professional.

Rather run of the mill paranoia, delusions, and hallucinations (visual, auditory-the tactile would come later).

What I remember of that episode was the way in which the reality of the episode began to creep like a sheet slowly pulled over my eyes; or what I was hearing forcing me to recall the violence of a sea against itself, as you move closer through the dunes, toward the ocean.

Now, what I just wrote was an attempt at salubrious poeticism for what was a reaction to a drug. It starts like this:

Where is she now and what is she thinking about (does she hear voices like I do, reverberations of motor engines against embankments of concrete); what does an orange taste like to her-does she walk over the Howrah Bridge on the occasion when the monsoon rains clear and look east, then west but locks her gaze east. What does her hair look like? Does she believe in one god or many? Would she have said, do not feel guilty if she were beside me now in this room and would she cry if she could have understood the words that came through the television just now-I can’t even remember what it was that he said that made me cry. Her and I we’ve looked at the same sky, at the same moon and perhaps inhaled the same air, memories of each other evaporated clouds in our lungs. What is she wearing? Where did she go to school? Does she like books? Or is she more suited to the cinema? Or was she a scientist who would have scolded me for not understanding the logic behind her prized thought; who was he? Are they still together in old age? What are those thoughts I do not want to write What is best is it to write them to stare at them on this screen to hold them inside to speak them to others to fall asleep and dream of chasing a fish in the break waters at that bay You know what to write {Name} Are you the bastard son of a whore the bastard son of queen nothing in between did she leave and walk away to another family proud did he cry when she told him she had left (say it, write it) *it* there by the river. Yes this is part of the first episode.

January 2019 Istanbul

Through the airport.

Police following

April 2020

In a dream: I rode a bike I had been to this town before it sat at the bottom of a piece of earth jutting from the ground, emerald green but the town’s roads were dusty and the wheels of my bicycle kicked dust I rode toward the bar a “gimme back my bulleit” that I refused, liquor served in a shotgun slug. Was I dreaming when I was trying to strangle myself. In clear sight I can recall the night when I made the half assed attempt and then moved to try and *I still can’t.* More and more wondering if this is real. More and more are staring to believe it’s not just another day where we do normal things like normal people. I think I am starting to crumble. The Gun was in my Mouth.

April 2020, Scene *A Worn urban street, a city, quiet muted by an invisible enemy.*

I am late for the scene. The director (there are multiple but today only a single director showed to set, the rest too frightened to venture to the shoot or tied up on other sets), strolls back and forth across the empty street, roads have been closed for some time now. I am late for the scene, I knew I was going to be late last night, it was late at night when I the rush, the tingles rose from my skin and I knew I would late; the sole director laid eyes on me some time ago, we both knew then that this would be a life long partnership but we did not know the invisible enemy that was to come to interrupt what had been, till that point a productive if not mutually self destructive shoots. The buddhist, in tattered clothes sold me the bag on the street corner then ran toward the city center, dodging used needles, it was there that the director and I caught each other's glance we knew, we both knew I would one day be late for the scene.

The invisible enemy he kept repeating (the director, the gaffers, the boomers, the assistant producers would echo his words as well in unison)-It was fine I told the director this would be like any other shoot, a mild interruptance to an otherwise normal shoot. “We don’t just wake up every day and go about our business there are other things, different universes running alongside ours, alongside this shoot”-the director would go on and on, I reminded him often of the buddhist who sold me the bag and how he ran (“what, was he running to another universe another dimension”-I would scowl back”). We live on top of each other and next to each other but what we failed to remember, both the director and I, this the most tardy of mornings, is that the invisible enemy is inside all of us. The buddhist told me that as I ground the powder between my shaking fingers; I ran off in the other direction with the invisible enemy inside of me, and I tried to embrace that enemy, I tried so hard to feel that invisible enemy, in my gut, in my throat, arms but the invisible enemy was not there. He had lied, the buddhist had lied, the director had lied and most importantly I had lied-I was not late, I had arrived on time, perfect time.

Where is home?

May 2020

Home is close, but like every home it will be temporary but I’ll take parts of it with me onto the next home. What does the next home look like? Is it made of wood or maybe it’s set back on a lot up a dirt road, snaking through a forest far away from my current home; or maybe my home is inside this computer, buried underneath the stained keyboard, dust and circuit boards assembled and sautered by tiny fingers (tinier than mine) far away 5 years ago. I am not sure but I am stumbling toward a new home this time as opposed to falling, and my stumble, caught in creases in the sidewalk is more measured this time and I am smiling this time as I am looking for my home despite the sun not being out. I tried to cut myself the other day but I could not; it wasn’t the pain of the blade against the skin or the thought of the blood, nor was it when I lost my footing and stumbled, dropping the blade-the reason I could not cut my finger the other day was that I still had another home to find; another place to rest my head (even if for a moment or an eon). I look forward to tomorrow, at least tonight; tomorrow my mind might change and I might find myself unsteady and cautiously holding the escalator railing but I’ll remember what it felt like to have no saliva left and to feel my body failing and not wanting to hurt-sometimes escalators take you to subterranean worlds and sometimes they take you closer to the sky. Sometimes I imagine that I am underwater on one and other times I am on an

escalator and it is broken and I am crying stuck between the subterranean and the surface-I am learning that being stuck is ok. I feel good today. I feel healthy. I am clear headed. Tomorrow I might not be. Music is a beautiful thing they said to me. So is writing and drawing and creating something from your feelings, gnarled and gnashing and trying to expire; but it is hard also to create, sometimes you don’t want to and you want to sit, blue light in front of you and wonder what dying must feel like. God this is morose. But sometimes it is ok to feel death, and life at once; the wise man would insert something about the television switching channels on it’s own here but I am not that wise I think. I am clever boy but I have never been patient. I am learning to make a home, to make my mind a home but good god is it hard; what a statement “good god”-I have to wonder what if, what if. But I know better. Or maybe I know worse. Today I saw a bird and I thought it was stuffed and that someone had left it on the electrical wires as a joke and I thought is it more of a joke to me or to the other confused, scattered, diseased birds? There is a camera in mind and it records and it speaks back my thoughts and sometimes I believe it to be honest but I am scared of the wide lens it casts over everything-Rotten City! Rotten Earth! Damned indomitable scum! I don’t want the world to end, cuz that’s just another beautiful birth.

I am happy today though, today i found another home when the bird wasn’t looking I threw a rock at it to test its volatility to test just how goddamn alive it can truly be and let me tell you, just let me tell you it was alive. And all this time I had thought it was just another dumb, stuffed pigeon gawking at me, trying to give me direction toward this home. I cried today. I’ll probably cry tomorrow; sometimes the tears sting and other times they flow and then, like a thick, bulbous, violent cloud the back of my throat tenses and I think of things dying.

But today was beautiful. I am not Francis Bacon. Witty and drunk on my own humours anymore (or sad, wallowing, in the death I couldn't find more clearly when I was born); no, no, no today I am born and I am dead and that cloud rises and cleanses and then it stops! Suspended, and then a mercurial gaze appears; phantasm of godliness and the bird fell from the hastily strung power line and when I walked over, stumbling still (but not drunk) the bird was still dead and the bastard, the ingrate, that beautiful soul hadn't even taken the time to completely stuff the thing. One eye bulged, yellow and the other, likely picked at on high cable by some feral rat gone, this damn bird, this omen lost of its power of flight, snickered and opened its mouth and spoke:

*A rock you threw, and*

*As if you knew that in mind there lived only you.*

*Copper in mouth, studded a once beautiful grouse. I am you*

*And you will be lost, like all, in the dew. May god be with you child, may all come from your body, your piss, your cum, the spittal of your most lustful groans. Believe me, you are love.*

I found a new home today, maybe it was yesterday-the time has seemed to move in ebbs as of late. I blame that on the politicians primarily but I rather lust after those tired, loneseome days of yesteryear when I would go, jazz skipping, a regular negro boy to the corner and gather sweet cakes, corn on the cobz; the pretty boys and the even prettier girls would kiss in between the switching (the white man means go) lights. I became an old man then I was a woman, then I died again but it was OK. Jazz skipping back home.

May 2020, three months in some god awful time-*they* won’t tell us anymore; it’s ok, I call it a lovers lie, they call it muckraking. I’m drunk again fuck (leave the comma, leave the comma, she insists).

Told her, no worries, her eyes were gonna stay black for a while and she could keep the words or throw them, I’d take the trash out next week it was my turn. I went upstairs and then I went downstairs, and then I fell and I broke my hip but I Am a Young man. I’ll break myself against the street and I tried to cut the other eye out of that bird, a small marble, a stuffed pigeon.

Sometime in 2019 I think, I can’t recall-left my.

but below my legs chopped off i’ve lost my fingernails now too you took them. The bus driver beckons me off but I am lost outside of the window but my mind is still in the bus (red handrails, hold the rails); steady, one two, steady, three four. The mailbox blue and worn and the names of my dead friends on the sides or someone's dead friends I can’t recall i take my legs from that box they had been chopped off and I reattach them without a cigarette for a mouth this time.

water is steady is steady today but the waves are crashing and they are not white caps today but made of mud and the ocean has become my mind and this log tomorrow we will see but i had forgotten to bring bus fare for the return journey the frames of the window are about to break from the force of the breaking waves of mud and they roar but i can roar too i think but at this moment i am here and i have my legs they are reattached but ive somehow now lost my head someones dog might pick it up, mistaking it for a chew toy its ok today on the beach looking out this window frame. Tomorrow we will see.

September 2019

I am back in London talking about rap music with an east ender and snorting cocaine in a basement bathroom (lick the baggie). I am livid (alive).

Death is beckoning. I’ve never flown.

This is the first time I dreamt of a plane crashing (the crash would come later).

*What an imagination*; the plane fell

and only later did I learn of gliding and that, due to the inertia of gravity the body would instead be ripped apart, that I would be knocked unconscious before pain erupted through my synapse;

I had *falsely* imagined that I would fall to the ground, in tact, sucking in air whilst piloting myself toward the ground-a shell of the body;

only later did I learn that *in reality*

I would be exploded,

split apart,

my teeth found later by a lanky medical worker (Jeff, Pasquale County Iowa, donning the oft sought after yellow hazmat suit);

Jeff had spent hours in these fields as a child, his first kiss, his first broken bone- his arm there just last year and now, *this sly bastard*, picking a single canine of mine (Just a small root still clinging, looking for a jaw) with his gloved fingers-

(Jeff, phone to ear: *Mom, it’s real bad, it's the worst thing I’ve ever seen, Stacy found the arm of a little boy or maybe it was a girl).*

**

It’s just enough coke, enough to limp the dick, but keep ya talking and in between stale pints of Tetleys, and Cool and the Gang, I am doing just fine, I am doing just fine,

overhead, northeast of the Gherkin a small jet catches my eye in between powder rocketing up my nose.

Poor Jeff was on that plane.

There has to be something better to watch, no?

Sometime in 2019 I think, I can’t recall, my eyes had been removed.

I believe in nothing!

I am kidney; my fingers were sawed off by the doctor and the nurse took them to the other room. I am waiting to leave but the rest just won’t leave yet; the spleen

remaining stubborn, and my intestines are coiled on a small sizzle platter. The doctor’s stomach groans in hunger. I am a ball of nerves, spread out like the thin dried tentacles of a small octopus.

The nurse moves the scalpel away from my right hand;

I believe in everything! I am not Christ she screams!

The sad kneecap is ripped off, scraped collagen collects in a jelly pile, plopping to the floor, gods whitest linoleum.

I am waiting to leave!

This ward is cold, the nurse says, you better have this back-she hands me her head; I cry, and she laughs, finally I’ve learnt to laugh: “Grab the guts, my dear”! I believe she stammers-*it’s time to leave.*

My ears! My teeth!

Pick up the teeth!

Don’t leave those behind, and out of her chest the unknown arm or another breaks through, grabbing me with a force like a wind blowing over an empty bin!

There’s a hole in my body again, ask the liver that foul pig, dried out, gasping for water (yellow piss and shit puddled on the waiting room floor, I am sorry, I am sorry I repeated but the doctor (*arm now known*) paid no mind).

Take me away, I believe in nothing!

I see everything now with the alacrity of a goddamn greek god: I am the photo-I am the boy!

I bit my nails down to the crescent where calcium meets flesh the other day; that day the world felt upside down:

and I was walking on sidewalk

but the sidewalk was the end of the sky

and I kept wondering if I was right side up but looking to my left, and then to my down, it came to me in a rush that I was back on the ground,

alone in a dark mailbox,

a stamp over my mouth-I was going

home-but this time the post had been halted (I learnt this later, yes, some time later); when I left the box and walked right side up, skipping

toward the ocean the buses and eventually I fell back down finding myself on a tram covered in puke shit piss cum and the like

it was filled with nothing i started to screech wishing

i was back in my box but my arms took me in and wrapping me like a godamn anaconda took my breath

away i cried on the tram and as we entered

the tunnel and as we came out of the tunnel the driver thought it prudent to drive on the sky and there i was back on the sky i think i recall thinking we were not going toward the ocean anymore but through the glare one dot two dots three

floaters little oblong shits stuck in the one

eyeball i had left i could see and

oh fuck i am back in the box

Recently I have begun to wonder how many authentic images exist. What if (and it’s a big fucking if) every photo everywhere at everytime (*time immemorial they say*) all those people, all those animals, scraps of paper are all there alive and breathing and dead. I felt ill the other day and became worried and then I recalled the pork I had eaten, it must have turnt my stomach. The violent movements that

ensued forced me to recall the first time I spent a late night as a child shitting my guts out; it was late, I don’t recall the food I had ingested to bring me to that point but what i do recall is how late it was, 2am perhaps, maybe even later the time of night that you pass by as a child for years not knowing:

the darkness (*3am, it's now 3am*) is different at that time of night to the eyes of the child, shitbox enfalmed, enraged by (Tuna, mayo, leftover steak); that darkness is round, there are eyes to that darkness and they pop out (Ha!) passing the stairway, grasping for a railing (eyes not yet removed), trying to find that place,

Eventually, child, you find your designation, palms sweating, there are ghosts, there are others in there with you but that is fine, and they release you and through the house (for this is the other point of that time of night to the ears of a child-*it's 4am now*) the splatter, squish and explosions first soft

then sharp slice through the round dark and at the bottom of stairs the ghosts feeding on the dripping segments of black midnight and godamn, you wake and it’s morning:

below my legs chopped off at the kneecaps (I am a mute, I am a mute!) another’s post left forgotten not rotten though alive and glowing blue light led i can reach for them i can reach for those papers and i open them (i could not help myself) it made more sense to open them than to sit there and let my stumps ooze puss over them it made more sense to skip that tram ride and to get out of the post but i did not feel the need that day the sky was blue that day the sky was gray that day i was in the box and on the tram i was not upside down that day i was outside of the box on the street rightside up

June 2007

I had to wonder about mechanisms that make us forget memories. Lighting. The bloated carapace-exoskeleton of deteriorating calcium:

I’ve found myself transformed into this horrible vermin. *Oh God what a strenuous career I have chosen.*

No one has seemed to notice my transformation of late. The others mull quietly in the halls but what I am most fearful of is my mouth; no, not my lips or my teeth though they seem to have yellowed through the course of transformation-it is my words.

You see, dear reader, while in my mind the thoughts articulate as delicately as a sun rising over the eastern hills (*toward the west, go west)* but when I speak my words are garbled, strained, it’s as though I am spitting about bits of chewed plastic (*a dogs toy! Fetch the dog toy).* My humble requests, my, what I think to be thoughtful strings of thought, fall from my mouth as monstrous abortions-and to my surprise all listen!

I am shocked at my own voice that calls back with caution every early morning, 4am (*for father always said, the early bird ravages, fucks and throws away the worm).*

These mornings I find most frightful but also most exhilarating as I lay covered, and bloated (my hands move over my skin, worn and stretched like the leather of a worn saddle (*once young, I recall the light of my skin))* for, I imagine, one day I will awake in my previous form this just *this* having been another dream.

August 1993

*I see the inside of my finger nails and they frame my eyeballs now, my joints are gelatinous-* Child.

I am digging for China under the navel orange tree, two paws deep in dirt like a bitch in heat. Warm summer sun, cool evening air; the fog has not, nor will it not, wash over me tonight! The leaf on my forehead is not a banana leaf it’s the leaf of the navel orange tree! I am digging *to*

China tonight; I will banish them to this side of Mother Earth and when I arrive at the Imperial Palace.

The Emperor, you say-Yes, you fool, the only head of state worthy of my words has offered me room and board! The damn Emperor and I, see we go far back.

I am digging toward China today! Blasted mother and father be damned, their complaints dull, the Earth is flat you fools, I decried-They will see that! Further, they will come to know that I do in fact know the Emperor of China! Those insolent fools!

The navel orange tree and it’s gnarled roots had caused me to fracture my tiny ankle last year and after a prolonged recovery (I sat on the sidelines of an embattled playground for over 6 months); eventually I finally felt my body confident enough to resume my mission, my raison d'être-To dig to China.

I am digging to China tomorrow; I’ve made up my godamn mind, death to them and the arrogant ways that they turn up their noises and scoff, returning to their *chores* like simpletons-I will be with the Emperor of China in mere hours, feasting on Xi Long Bao and discussing matters of great import, while they, what-idle, list along, dreaming of a promotion, a new car, a festive barbeque.

I prepared the greeting I would present to the Emperor upon ejecting myself from that dirt womb after years (despite a careful antecedent study, I had mistakenly estimated it would only take 4 hours to dig to China, I would later reevaluate the metrics I had used when planning a forlorn trip to dig to the moon); The Emperor of China and his Empress were to collect me at the hole on the other side of the planet, at their palace dignitaries were to be expected from various provincial townships, waiting to entertain and regale the Emperor and myself with feeble stories of plough work and minor monastery travesties (The Emperor, I had been instructed in dream, would allow this charade to go on for no longer than an 一小时).

“Emperor, It is I, the child,from the other side of the 地球 (Earth, as I call it), this leaf upon my forehead, it fell from the navel orange tree from where I made my initial ascent toward your rich, verdant land,I bring to you not just this leaf but for you my wrists, my joints, and the dirt that has collected against my shaking scalp, Emperor, Do you accept these gifts?”

Sadly though, I know the Emperor will refuse my gifts.

For at the entrance to the hole, I find scratched in the clay, by small fingers (*I can only assume)* a message from another traveler : *The Emperor always says no*.

This pronunciation caught my eye. With a sigh, I carried it with me turning back toward the orange tree.

I am digging to China tomorrow.

*Sometime in the future.*

Digging a little bit deeper, it became fairly clear that many of these ‘ghost cities’ were not at all abandoned or defunct, as they had been depicted, but rather just very *new*.

Abandoned tourists going to an abandoned town.

At the hospital giving birth.

The baristas laugh and that feels good.

At the hospital red dot raised to my forehead; fine to enter, each cough a warning, one step over the other, one step over the other-eyeing the mark on the ground;

She leaves the restroom and smiles but turns quickly from my gaze and lifts cloth to cover her voice box.

Two coffees, one milk, no sugar and somewhere a scalpel gingerly slices fat, and blood is spilling on the floor;

At the hospital:

“and they could see my nipples”, an eruption of laughter and I feel ok about most things.

2005:

Either in the spring or the early fall.

I believe I saw through the clouds as I fell, the surface veined with ravines;

Eventually we found ourselves in the blackness of space, doting along, fragmented, like the other rocks, but we were just machines-that old man had put us together in his small lab while he cried over lost love and his failed attempt to hold together a life he had dreamt of believing in as a child;

eventually we found ourselves in those clouds on that Mid May day and in love we fell and I saw the Rivera and it was a marsh, and the cranes, their feather's stained with paint (the paint you had left in the kitchen sink, *I had asked you to clean the brushes, if I recall*), they rose as we descended (Maybe it was ascension) toward the mountains, that coast.

You turned to me, your eyes metal. my eyes crinkled foil, both our sight given to us by another god (by that frail, old man) and we hit the Earth. It was not fall, nor was it summer, winter or spring it was a season of clouds, time immemorial.

*Time Immemorial:*

I have become everything, all atoms.

*I am no longer in love with listlessness. Anger, debauchery, madness, whose surges and crashes I know full well,-all my burden is laid down. Let us assess with composure the extent of my innocence-A. Rimbaud*

1987.

It was near the edge of the riverbank they gave her a name.

Orange flowers bobbing childishly, blanketing the water.

On that bank she was handed the microphone and bringing it to her lips, she spoke my name.

I was not a name that day, that day inside the water.

I was an orange flower;

From inside the river: I could see her on the other side of the bank.

You were more beautiful than ever.

From the microphone:

Her words not listing like the flowers on the river, but jettisoned high, pierced ferociously to the sky above:

Life is not a Farce we must all act out but instead, *is a farce we must outlive.*

2012; *Belfast 40" screen*

The boys face is like an old mans. There are times when I think I am an old man but still a boy caught in between the bellowing howl of space moving along train tracks (caught diapers, used and unused needles-*which are more useful?*); I find myself on the other side of space now and it’s not nearly as expansive as I had thought but somehow it seems calmer even in its most riotous of moments. I’ve floated from one end to the other.

There are flashes in my mind (*as boys we threw stones at each other, as teenagers we threw firecrackers, as adults we threw bombs as old men we threw our bodies (or so I imagine).* There is another place, beyond this fat wrinkle of space and I am toddling toward like a boy who is an old man but is still a boy.

Today.

Did I feel a vision? Or was I just in a vision? There beyond the scattered blackness of the night I was able today to find shards of memories and like a miner at a quarry during the times of the first (and the only greatest plague) I was able to dislodge those memories that I had thought would require the technologies of the future. But! When I dislodged those memories (my hands scared-and my nails having been removed by others) *I woke and in an instant fell back into the vision:*

Today.

For you, for you I am trilling these songs.*-Walt Whitman*

Walt put his weathered hands around my neck and pulled tight till I lost my breath;

My head firmly glued to the pavement,face to the summer sky, stained glass clouds and blood streaming

out of my eyes.

Walt, where are you now? Where has your embrace gone?

As though trying to wake from a dream, my head bobs left and right: to each side Walt’s arms, dismembered, nothing but bloody stumps.

Tonight.

Tonight I am wondering about how strange it is to hear sounds and to be alive. There is a sputtering of nose some in my head and some outside; for lack of want they have merged and there is now a thin vein of mercury (I had once thought it had gone cold) that is moving and though noxious has me awake, slightly delirious.

Yesterday

There are two trees one that I remember then rows of trees marking the small in between from slipped concrete to the old macadam and it’s worn the ground this time of year and wet

the leaves that have fallen in between their branches extended legs of the garden spider whose web caught dew like small soon to be extinguished stars

in the early morning sun i was caught outside again:

i fell back asleep and i was back on the street and

the rows of trees

their leaves

had not yet fallen but the ground was dry so it was not like back then and the spiders passed

away as the summer wind blew;

this was the wrong memory i am now realizing:

it was actually sometime late winter february and the cold left sharp frost on each and every single blade of grass.

the leaves of one of those trees

(I can’t remember which).

stuck to the ground and merged with the slush and the mud and like glue, the leaves; i was stuck and it was spring again and when the ice melted i later realized that it had been winter all along:

*You said this to me without words.*

Fourteen Years from Today

I wake up as a thermometer every morning. It is a simple, quiet, existence. I bring something to those in need-their eyes, they lower to my bulbous, mercury filled head, and in those eyes (black, green, blue-I’ve yet to meet an albino) I get to see through the firing splinters of lightning behind their pupils.

Sometimes, they raise their hands and they flick my head and the mercury jostles and tiny little waves that slosh back and forth in my mind-I get dizzy, and somewhere in my lower body, a tremor, but I do not mind, this is my job as a thermometer.

The worst days that I have are the ones where the mercury depletes from my head and settles evenly in the middle of my body. The slow roll of a perfect spring day is sometimes slightly nauseating.

*Hey Asshole, it's called revision history (arial 11, please). Please send 48 7 oz ml tubes of acrylic (and canvass)-*Cecil B Rhodes.

In Time Immemorial.

In my head a brain and outside of my head

I can see my mind but I do not hear it all the time

on occasion like that day

(*high desert, your picture frame, inside the poppy fields and there):*

ashes being spread out for my brain and grandpas mind is there,

his ashes get caught on the poppy fields in that high desert the hills don’t roll they tumble over and over each other like the sun caught on petals of the poppies

the hills don’t roll

in that field they are orange poppies

and don’t eat them they say they are not like the flowers back home.

(*round cul de sac slight shifting sidewalk, small mountain ranges,where my blood spilled before dinner, 1 time 2 times and maybe 4 times);*

Grandpas head is now my brain and i am caught like flesh against

the barbed fencing brings blood when it tears my mind like the poppy i tore from the ground you said don’t eat it don’t eat it: it’s not like the ones in the garden back home.

*1998*-Waiting

I believe in the sun. I do not however believe in the night (*the story of my second coming of night will come later, I promise this).*

I asked the sky for the sun but like a tattered pant leg button or dislocated eyeball it hung with patient desperation.

Without any premediation, I tugged before my grip ripped it away from the crystalline sky:

I do not believe in God.

2018

Mud Ocean and a singular moment of Desperation.

:below my legs chopped off at the kneecaps (I am a mute, I am a mute!). I am a woman and I am a man and I am a boy and a girl but I am also a dog and tomorrow I will be a fish but I will be a woman fish that day caught between the waves made of mud crashing against the window.

Sometime.

I am a picture frame that no longer fits in the pocket (*these jeans are tattered, they have become worn).*

*Tomorrow, again.*

I believe in the valleys between the mountains. Every star is dislodged now; the mess of light runs back

behind my skull and out my neck and it falls to the valleys of the cul de sac:

split concrete ranges and my knee is my eye socket this day broken into dried white river beds, running parallel (there is no flesh!)

i see the yesterday behind the stars dislodged (every single star, ever to be manipulated from the sky);

the sails of my boat are made of pieces of cloth and the rudder is made of my tongue, the small river of hose water (*i drank the spiders, i am a spider!*)

will carry me back behind the sun. I became a world or so I think

July 1989

i can hear behind my eyes

there it’s a long time before the sun comes up in the west;the stars sit behind my eyes, and i will sleep in the east-I am

attached at the cactus fence that runs up and down the hills and the hills now crash like waves into the desert i will not wake up today!

nor will i dare ever open up my ears to take in the sounds of the lost stars, clanking together like broken teeth;

(black night, night as day)-I am made of a sun and *a* earth; the flowers on those hills (*they are not colored orange this time, this time)*

they belong to me and my grandpas fingers are like plastic i chew on them.

in my mouth my fingers grasp at my new gums;

at night i take my teeth one by one from my ears

and put them back in the night sky, with few stars

i sleep

; the eve of a great.

*you are not a leper, lazarus, today you are the water behind you.*

*Tomorrow, you will rise with the moons.*

And the paper reads:

*August 1929; Hindustan Times*

Lazarus not a Leper!

Outbreak of war stalled.

Child left in a mailbag basket!

Two Saturns in the sky!

you are the water behind me and the piles of bullets are being removed from the backs of the men from the last great war.

*The trench is filled with water*, Lazarus to himself.

and now: outside the trench, the fortified walls of the city of tomorrow are sheared by broken sunlight; raised on elevated ramparts of sun worn earth we move in between those trenches and the sky twenty years from now:

(two saturns in the sky, remind me?*).*

I am lazarus; back again inside the mailbags tucked behind the pilot’s compartment, empty; the planes crash into your irish waters and bounce up and down like jagged oblong, outstretched hands.

the wicker basket is the plane,

the wicker basket is the water, the wicker basket in the trench, but really what is the difference? Today I see the leper in the trench and water slowly rising.

An elevated Pier:

Today you are a moon of saturn orbiting quietly in the drooping

gel of the great night sky.

as the plane bobs on the crystalline ocean, I can no longer see, the blue moons glare, now mirrored in my pupils; losing my step, with two fingers contorted, did I really lose my grip, reaching for a wicker basket?

Wednesday, last week:

*JFK-SFO 2016*

carvings made in earth,

you dragged your pencil along the desert incising ancient canyons,

making them deeper; but

not yet solemn;

(*bursts of dust, a prickly pear and its contorted shadow*

*caught between laps water);*

from out of the window you caught the pencil in a dried lake, and with your left hand

cupping the last pool of water, brackish. You took a drink and spoke:

*I hope all is well.*

Today:

Today my mind was unbroken for some reason. I felt the wind and then I became the wind inside of my ears located now underneath the upside down street. Yesterday my mind blew to the side and dripped from my ears and you asked to take my breath and our saliva fell onto paper, drooling (but smiling, but smiling).

God is an animal, no longer a savage beast but refined and upright; we learn to crawl to learn to walk to touch the stove, long cold. Everyone is an animal, a beautiful animal. God is a woman and a woman is a man but I am an ant-pronunciation made in the cloisters under the sidewalk upon which we walk.

There is a breath inside of me that *feels* like a wind, today. We can learn to laugh with our spit dripping toward the sky; gravity is in the ground underneath the fields of wheat and stars are in our mouths and we can remove them like teeth.

-

My eyes have been bisected-i see a dismantled valley and breathe nitrous oxide to cool the concrete in my lungs (I expand, *no we expand).* tomorrow is another day already set in the past.

July 2020

What is this? Behind the air my lungs sit broken and my bones, my damn bones!, The guts within fallow; the dust turns the sky dark and i am waiting

to see the sunshine and blue sky.

**Prohibido para nada**-spoken through:

other bodies listless within the oceans of my ears.

What I am being told is the last night of my life.

For others. For others!

Speak to me!

Zeptember

Lost me job.

Two in the arm. The tear is burning now; my lungs are on fire like forests. And my blood is dry. Chaffing against the tunnels in my arms-a brittle infrastructure, collapsing back into the hillside.

Zeptember Again:

~~You are made of mirrors and that is ok.~~

~~There are leaves made of mirrors in between my eyes now and I found my skull~~ ~~Inside the bus. Racing; I can’t see colors but you are a mirror and that is ok; made of reflections~~ ~~bolting against that bus:~~

~~What is not working here. Where is the the run, the course of energy that had been there? Out~~ ~~of practice? Fire back up-not ingesting, consuming, vomiting enough literature? Something~~ ~~needs tuning? Found a level only to have it warp in the sun? Something needs fine tuning here?~~ ~~Something needs fine tuning? Break it? No-Craft it, new. Where is the run, where is the~~ ~~energy-put the focus back into~~ *~~it~~*~~. Ground myself and my mind again, pull it back and begin to~~ ~~practice and work with patience to find it. If it means writing again everyday, then that is what will~~ ~~need to be done. Need to practice again. What is not working here. Some energy gone, the~~ ~~words don’t stick they don’t run, they don’t walk, they don’t come out the right way.~~

What is working here? What is not working here?

*Uyuni*

And the sky is not yet inside my mouth:

What happens inside the lines of the brain that race and start and stop like waves in the air colliding in the canyons below the shortest skyscrapers.

I fell down the side of the street that turned upside down and looked down on that salinated lake; the mirror broke and on the other side of the earth the sky came into me.

November (June) 2020

Like a rake down the throat, from my lungs up drags the plastic spines scraping gelatinized granules. To god and science I sang wrapped in the warmth of hospice blankets. *You should have let me die.*

Hand me the bottle, I am fucking downer. But I am back in the sky that morning (her eyes are curved, elliptical);

next to me a life long waiting to expire, recuperates.

*They* always say the same fucking thing:

*You should have let me die that night.* Thanks for the keys.

November 2067:

You Said: *it felt like being a drunk Head Roll sideways a credenza broken apart and placed inside a face covered in mud.*

i am tired but you are awake and dry.

the rain has stopped and i think we should try to fall apart

but in this weather (oh god, this damn weather)

it might be hard. the rain

is not stopping today or so i heard; instead the weatherman took a break and live from chopper seven:

i am a drunk a head rolling sideways neck snapped at ninety degrees and: splash into a puddle but it is dry outside and the sun is shining. So you said.

Time Immemorial:

*An artist is a creature driven by demons. He doesn't know why they choose him and he’s usually too busy to wonder why. He is completely amoral in that he will rob, borrow, beg, or steal from anybody and everybody to get the work done.-William H. Faulkner*

December 2020

***Overheard***: You took a television into your mouth and began to chew the inside of your cheeks and gnashing your teeth on circuit boards slowly light came up and illuminated the sockets behind our eyeballs (together). There is a small piece of copper wire that we took together and you holding one end and I the other we began to walk and with Praseodymium1 Canines, Neodymium2 Molars, falling out of our mouths left behind along the avenue; there is no longer any traffic, the street lights go red, then go yellow and then go red, again the street lights go green, then red, and then go yellow again.

I am a solemn creature these days, you said to me, and I overheard in between slow whispers caught like copper cattails (we will steal more soon, I can promise you this much). The street lights are automated, don’t forget that part, I made a point to remind you. None of our colors seem to make much sense anymore, now do they?

***Postscript3~~:~~*** (we are forgetful these days but this is likely due to the long months we have spent indoors, the many moons we have missed, the sunsets that were cataloged while indoors-do we even recall the relief of a stormy day anymore when juxtaposed next to the following days sunshine?).

1 , 2An ancient mineral found in the bones of the people long dead, deceased. According to historians their bodies had subsumed the mineral to a point of loss, a point of poisoning (body, mental).

3Added later, this postscript was added to confirm what the royal we had known all along.

October 2020

*Amtrak*: He is not withered but the cheeseburger is. He wants me dead, this much is sure speeding along (or rather dragging) somewhere across Utah. The night is settling. He microwaves the same burger over and over again and goes back and forth over and over again across the country. He wants me dead this much is sure. I can see in his eyes that he does not care much for refilling the mayonnaise packets. I’m leering sideways as we hit a small moment-”The switch will take a moment”. I don’t want to do this but I have to. He wants me dead, this much is sure as I walk down the next morning for a coffee-his eyes read that he has not slept, *not out of disturbance but out of a tired resolve to face his demons awake rather than in dream.* He pours the coffee and slides it over to exchange. Unprompted, what are you reading. Prompted, I tell him (he still, this is sure, wants me to die). “I’ve heard that is a great book”. I am not so sure he wants me dead anymore.

**Never respect authority. Respect the person.**

*Chicago (Pequod's Pizza)*: There is a singular joy to entering a new metropolis that causes the mind to whine in anticipation like a bored bitch yearns for a second bowl of dog food.

*NYC:* Penn Station pisser midday, in my bag a M&M brownie and a half eaten turkey hoagie. A needle drops from his arm, for a second I think to go and pick it up and hand it back to him. (Child: *The needle rotates in your hand like the needle of a compass, motivated by an unknown magnetism- find a direction: we have all been there).*

*Upstate*: Ochre. Mustard.Red. Opal. Sky. This morning is broken and we are speeding back. He had to play the ponies before he picked me (Babcock Lane). He’s done this before, we will be fine.

May 2020

"Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better." — Samuel Beckett

An uneven convalescence. A steady keeled catatonic state.

February 20th 2020

Wanting to write a personality with a body. A subject without a Body so I decided to write about Power and that conversation on the side of a street (not a sidewalk because both sets of legs were halfway out in the street). So I decided to write about power and what power is because of this conversation about power and in between greasy bites of overcooked sweet potato we talked about power and how power is just a misrepresentation of self confidence that white men (and later, white women) take on, and subsume. And so i wanted to write about power but the issue is that power corrupts all and that you and i are just the same as those stupid white people at least that is what i thought when i decided to write about power but instead we ended up talking about how there is a type of love that sits in front but that power (not that power I just wrote about) but that power that comes in horizontally and tries to obscure that endless march toward some spiritual love so instead I decided to write about love.

January 2021

Now what do I write? (*Write what you know).*

February 2021

1. Future Skillset Manufacturing Society. To Hell!

2. No Reflection on myth or fantasy, just the raucous embrace that it *is.*

March 2021

Inside a brick building.

The bin is filled with crumpled, wrinkled, brown, edged maps

draped over raised tables,

Inconsequential, foreign squalls lifting the corners of the maps.

A contingent of bespectacled

drafters stands idling;

another group circling a single table,

a candle extinguished, it’s fresh wax

dripping onto the floor

(drip, drip, drip).

The table:

leaning-a stubborn, loose foot;

(to the north, toward south,

then the west,

finally east)-

;the draftsmen are dancing,

their hands in the air.

and with their drafting pens shoved

into their ears

they incant

(high pitched, shaped like a crystal-shrill): *there will be no more cartographers*! *there will be no more cartographers*!

the ink from their pens drips like tears from their ears (drop, drop, drop)

April 2021

I heard the same news the other day.

Americana*: a room, tucked inside the dusty right angle of a L shaped motel.*

Three sketches are brought out and placed on three separate easels that have

been stood in front of the bed stand:

The First, a House.

The Second, the same House on fire.

The Third, the House burned to the ground, still smoldering, smoke rising.

What exists in the space between each easel?

November 2020

A shattered mirror or

a sidewalk whose mountains and valleys are

wrought by the roots of a growing Tree?

Either way, you prick your hand reaching for a piece or you break your ankle running for the next bus out of town.

I do not know the present, future, or past.

Some Time, Some Time Ago

*To speak so friendly, even to the devil.*

My feet crater the mud and...

...sink and then i become a tree..

in i went down to the center of the earth and by the time i got to the center i was covered from head to toe

and wet dirt clung, a naked body dripping to the floor.

i stopped by to see the devil and asked when I would get to the other side of the earth then nodding,and pointing, his mouth opened, stumps of maroon molars,

revealing cankered gums, and with a bowing smile

a single bead of mud from the corner of his mouth:

*that's where you are to go-*but i was stuck my wooden feet not on fire, not fused but melting atop the stone floor;

(and they had incorrectly said, bark falls from the tree in Autumn!)

-felled.

Hong Kong 2019

Great Wharf: A jetty, my lungs are filled with smoke.

Drunk, projecting mindlessness onto the walkway,

I throw myself toward the end of time, the end of time!

October 2017

In a Car Crash.

*There is the offramp, take that exit-yes, that is the one right there.*

*I get sick this time of year, every year and my throat snarls*

*black snot-I can't ever seem to shake it.*

Tilted sideways, flying: I can’t orient myself but we have landed on the passenger side and are being dragged by spark plugs;

and slicked with oil, I feel at home right now, don’t you?

The windshield breaks through me.

I crash through the windshield.

November 2020

*Autumn Tree (Branch)*

A single point of failure brushed against my side and the leaves of this tree fell to the ground; there was not a wind but a gale that brought the ocean.

the water moved back and back to the horizon of the sea

and at the moment of *that* failure i was looking at the horizon and the water was being drawn back by the dipping sun-*a worn magnetism, an ancient magnet itself,* i was thinking*;*

smeared strokes, dulled ochre light pushing toward me,

and I sighed because there are always multiple points of failure during storms like this.

June 2021

I see no farther than the end of the aspect.

The escarpment:

I bite your fingernails for you. And taking your hand

together we drag

the fragments of your claws across the ground.

I am in that river now and naked,

liquid, dry sun;

my nose was mud and now it's gone down the river and arrived at the shore.

I come ashore and looking up, you wave your finger,

before drawing it down and scraping the shore away:

An Exegesis: A Critical Text, Particularly of Scripture.

(*Howling, howling).*

Epiphany Day 2020

I’m jumping stone to stone just to be submerged, bobbing toward the surface looking for Christ.

November 2021

Ed Mordake.

The face, a devil in the mirror,

staring opposite the door:

the door is locked,

unlock the door,

The door is locked.

A mirror: a splintering, a sharp piece

falls to the ground.

What did she learn today?

*February 2022*

High incantation: drowsy now there is a crumpled piece of flesh

left to the side and while it had fallen from my arm like another leaf in that breeze that one day long ago i did not take the moment to stop and pick it up.

My back is broken sideways and I walk like the broken midpoint of a roman aqueduct (stretched soil, dying grass, open your fucking eyes!)

On learning how to walk again: but then some time in the future picking up that piece of dried skin like a note I opened it and found your name, their names scrawled in thick lines of india ink. Ok

Arching rightside up, finding orientation, a spinning compass needle trying to find rest, a massive miss as north is now due west:

finding your name lodged between the ball of my knee and the cartilage. I am god, I sleep standing up.

In terms of an incantation made on high.

Freedom.

March 2021

No

Calculated Spontaneity.

Spontaneous Observation.

Through Reflection: Spontaneous Mutation of Personal Histories.

What are we trying to correct/create?

April 2021

Well intentioned days become plasticine Midnight's. Not that drunk, I swear.

Drawn east, feet glued inside the neighborhood of histories (grit caught in kneecaps, hazy fire smeared, smokey skies: I can no longer recall Rohnert Park and it’s alphabetized neighborhoods during waking life-it’s just a dream, you scream). The 57 is late.

Drowned in the puddles outside the substation. Oakland.

February 1999

*On my reorientation of direction;*

Point A to Point B drawn as a straight line.

*Point A to Point B drawn as a curved line, bloated pant lines of the Globe.* What is lost, and what is gained, when our horizon becomes bowed?

A year.

*Spring*

-you do not look at the sun. You look at what's growing around you, feeling the sun's energy.

The sun (*no, you*) becomes the supplicant of the blueness of the sky and of the clouds floating above.

*Summer*

-The Santa Ana's, lazily, grab at the sun, whisking light, bringing them to our small suburban court, circling, particles colored mountain dusting, blanketing us with the universal.

In the night sky the stars fade, drawn inward like long sighs caught in the course of endless days.

*Fall*

-What is that smell? Following a short rain, wet leaves are readying themselves for their final descent capturing those final warm rays.

Painted jet black (it's so cold) Cardboard sky, pin-pricked backlit, a single switch, no electrician. The stars don't fade anymore but are turned on and off-a stuttering electricity.

*Winter*

-It's an aberration-all this sunshine, so we wait for the rain, always looking westward (compass eternally spinning, storms never coming from the east).

At the end of the storm (any storm) a small glowing disk hung behind cheesecloth fog signals the end of the day.

*In theory the spin of the compass will eventually slow, and provide direction*.

*yesterday*

*the camera turns left the camera turns right there are eventualities everywhere; however to most there remain portions of this stage*

*that are refusing to be substantiated*.

*so it is as follows:*

Punctuation; penetrations made.

Euclid's electrical lines, like the spines of the malnourished-protruding from earth.

*Today*

The leaves of the tree are mirrors not yet made invisible by the saving of our light. One lacks color, subsumed by the sky; a reentry capsule, banking as it descends, tumbling, propelled by an invisible hand.

Guilt of the universe dripping down a splintered screen; where instead suspended droplets race. Summer rises from me like an explosion. What makes a choice *right?* A chasm, or a scar, curves, bends with the earth (attempting to find *anything*).

Reclamation of the curves whose progression is tied to the blaring horns of ships whose hulls are filled with plastic bodies. Meat to be repurposed. As these horns signal, the jilted orbit of the moon draws the tides over my body. How many years till the moon just falls to space (or even better slowly, and with claws, pulls itself toward the sun, toward an infinite fission)-creating new orbits.

That curve, that line, each point of those leaves, a manufactured camouflage. How do we listen to others when all we can hear is ourselves. Compression, slow tide of importance grapples with the invisible pressure of gravity.

*Cell Phone Towers;*

Neptune trying to break free from an underground sea,

jostling for space with other mythologies

other gods he does not know, some that no longer exist.

*Illinois*

Billboard I: *Enjoy Life Now*

Guard my neck.Just another card in a deck.

Billboard II: After you die you will meet god.

Location: *The center of something. On the joy of everything:*

On American mythologies.

Drawn inward toward a wild, unknown core-a recklessness to the whole endeavor, wouldn’t you say? Tiring, exhausted, or still drunk from the night before, I push (*or am I pulled?*) toward a phantasmagoric West (*They peddle fantasies from the back of canvas wagons, a snake bite; The* Oregon Trail: *digitized landscapes)*.

Arriving but unsure which direction to look next. Glued to the screen.

*Mark Twain National Forest:*

Tendrils of those violent storm clouds dragging across Mark Twain's grave,

tilling his sarcasm from the Earth-

Will he sneer forever?

*Recliner*

*Point A to Point B drawn as a straight line.*

There are two certainties to existence. Birth (A) and Death (B).

A child:

Grab both certainties, and with your hands grapple against the gales of the universe to avoid both points

*(A and B)* ever being able to form a truly straight line.

Ongoing (as it should be); there is no *are* in who you are:

~~How to write a note meant to disarm, invalidate the intrusion into a life without sounding overly~~ ~~haughty?~~

Redactions by others, not by author, for the purpose of maintaining narrative.

Chiefly: to not look at my situation (the experience, the interaction, the urge to use drugs and crossdressing/porn) as an experiment, as research toward something aside from the development of personal identity.

● To acknowledge that this *urge* was felt as early as age 9 while bearing in mind that the urge itself was not acted upon until I began to ingest substances (age 14). ● To acknowledge there seems to be a conditioned master-slave dynamic (historically, tragically, and misinformed man-->woman) that might be culled from the ingestion of porn.

● Sexual inhibitions (and those lessened by drugs) are only reflections of restrictions (bullshit) put in place by societal and cultural systems.

● Shame evolves with society/culture (and therein all parties are complicit in that evolution, have a stake) *or* that the evolution of shame (and by way choice to cultivate that evolution) should be personal or belonging to the individual.

*November, a iron snake:*

What if the Earth stopped spinning, just for a day, just for a second?

The ceiling of the sky was the ceiling of a skull. I was standing atop the brain of the earth in New Mexico. I felt stillness; it was purple outside and the inside of this skull (all purple) will always be rotating, becoming a new home *ad nauseum.*

*Indefatigable, Looking ahead to January this time:*

*An undoing, sometime around the time when fall slowly crept in between my joints and got me immobile.*

Everyone around me has become that neon orange lighter on the floor. I want to pick you up (or rather, I want you to light) but I remain hesitant.

A sound that no longer carries, a word or a phrase stripped by the vultures swooping from out my ears,

covered in brown wax; our rusted inner ear lobes. Rosemary can’t see, but she sure as fuck can hear.

Ramses. Cleopatra. Tukethamen;Mummified in the wires, the copper charged bones of this home, any home.

*Drunk*.

A lost conversation where neither could find direction. Your compass spins with a direction all your own. I am a monster, the likes you have never met. God forgive me this time I am on stage throwing snowballs, ideas, destitute.

A child draws a face. A child is seen and observed by *it’s* parents in the full eclipse of immaturity. What then?

What then?

What now?

Who makes sense of this?

No one.

*Oakland. it seems long ago;*

I slept and woke with the molded face of Eli Wiesel. Tapping below my feet, she asks for help but I had been made catatonic by my own aggression and uncertainty toward the world. A shaking indecision will linger for time immemorial.

Was it the funerary arrangement that changed?

*Long ago. Some time, white flowers on the mantel place, roll the body over in the casket and note the protrusions, the vertebrates. San Francisco International Terminal 5*

The nylons pull tight in the back of the taxi cab.

At the Westin the Wonka elevators pulled fast toward the hill around union square all night, I am up and down with small bits of crank dropping from my nose to the dirty carpet. I didn’t mind it much but she did (can you imagine legs like that snapping (Ed Mordake, the face

in the mirror; Christmas time is here...), after plunging 400 feet toward the bottom, a silted, shifting San Francisco).

The next morning, the nylons pull tight as he checks his rear-view mirror. I am bowed in the fetal position in the back of the cab wondering why SFO, (no I am not wondering why SFO). He races in between lanes as I mumble incantations forward-nothing seems to bother him, dark eyes, dark aviators., there are signals that something might be all right today. My ass warms, something below the seat? No money, let me find some to compensate, very, *very,* sorry.

3 Times:

Ring around the terminal, ring around the terminal, ashes, ashes we all fall down. Pull the cable from the cigarette lighter, run-where was security? At Target?

Back around-I saw you running, another cabbie, where we were running too. He is playing with his thumbs, they end up depositing me, and parts of my body in the empty ballroom of the intercontinental hotel, amongst disused furniture in about a week.

I’ll see you in…

Time Immemorial. Civic Center Station

What are stories made up of?

A growing pressure behind my jellied eyes?

All dead, the scraping of metal on metal (steel on iron ore).

Laying, backs flush against marble, bloated, diabetic legs set: sloppy right angles. Schizophrenia *in situ?*

None too soon, did I begin to speak.

On Redactions

The hieroglyphics spelled: let's meet later today, when the sun is past the river.

What is 6:02pm? (Telling time by the height of the tree, arc of spring sun ).

A Fire:

Naked. Why that night? Why Tonight? Crawling across prefabbed planks meant to snap *(bring the body to rest*). Two together, one alone; a boarding pass, six hours too late.

SF Pride 2022

Some sort of fluidity, in the air: a dynamism that did not flow in accordance to the blood in my veins; how the crowds moved with the clouds, and there I could only pause and stand, lodged, waiting for night, in the proud sunlight of this the strangest of all Summer days.

Powell Street Bart:

* The voice on the other end of the phone: “How can I help you”?
* (she) (they), all dressed in all black, “do you want a knife?”
* Market Street-They kindly light a fire. *A single spark can start a spectral fire.*
* I remain nude screaming through the tunnels back, toward, *home.*

*Found time*

Entanglement with others all suspended at different poles and now containing only a few bleary eyed, wasting toward a catatonic superposition, conducive, equal waves-short,

orgasmic

(*bodily)*

bleeding from all five dimensions.

A murmuration for a time trying, breathlessly now, to discover life.

*The following year, it might have been early Fall…tell him I apologize the basement was stifling…*

A subaltern mind, a great blue fell, an inert body wherein, by way of alloyed planks I feel deployed beyond the measurement that had, allegedly, been categorized at birth.

A Birth now? A life later? Liable (should I say susceptible to the crime of alacrity). We do not die in this tube, floating to the top of the sea, gelatinized marrow now kelp soon to be awash on the shores (a creeping sense that the ocean might be *just too far.* Basking in the narrowness of how these rivets had been set into this building, the clack in the brain served, chilled (47 degrees) alongside the explosions that would eventually roil the sky.. Cell phone tower. A field of dreams-was the ground this sodden this time last year.

Writing a history of death or a history of an individual already dead? Muted. You slur, You stink, I am one of Miller’s Cunt’s and now, this tube, this stagnant bay brought to a cacophonous boil: “You become what you think all day”.

*Time immemorial:*

And the schoolchildren, google "ring around the rosie", and, looking away from their phones for a moment, sing in unison:

*Ring-a-ring-a-roses,*

*A pocket full of posies,*

*A-tishoo! A-tishoo!*

*We all fall down!*

it's good to be alive, and that our children do not yet know *(nor will they care too know)*

Intubation and polyurethane arms, tangled, thinking before you think. What can our eyes communicate?

SF Pride 2022:

Some kind of fluidity in the air: a dynamic that did not flow according to the blood in my veins on similar days, deliberately removed from memory;

How the crowd ran along the clouds, and there I could only stop and stand, rooted in the street, waiting for the night, in the strangest sunlight of the summer days.

July 2022;

Machismo. mistakes. Took off the shirt. This motherfucker has had his shirt off since last October. -colored ochre, torn shirt; Rolling down the hills. Cars flogged (are you running away?) a church.

Two shoes, his breathlessness. A lucky strike.

1968/2022

I still debate whether you're a wanderer or a traveler or neither?" (I still debate why the need to classify or define; for whom do I write for myself or for you)

Why is it that I imagine you in the middle of Zocalo?

You hadn't yet flown across the turbulent Rockies, in the plains

towards the Pacific but now you are there, captured by something terrible – the soul that drove you away from this terrible, beautiful geography ;

gathered in a hotel room (I, seemingly thousands of years later-

alone in his bed).

(I will always debate whether you believe in symbols, any symbols, a square, a raised fist —what symbolism can one see in the blood of another or in the blood of one's own?)

Rounded, points of sand are drawn easily toward the base of a polished wooden hourglass.

When I was a child

Looking down,

The pink hair of the pencil's eraser writhe like dried ants caught in a bursting sun and, made weak by the bullseye of a magnifying glass atop the yellow laminate

table top of a punch-drunk Clinton laundromat;

*Don't let the bedbugs make you happy*; a snarled smile, weaves across your face. I never knew you to take an unexpected illness, or the malevolance of the world in stride but fuck, this is evil.

I’ll swirl the drain, believing in something better for tomorrow:

Subterranean nocturnal fires.

*February 12th, 1944-*On Violence

The ability to coordinate,and mobilize a mass of people to harness the energy of the universe, and create something so destructive.

The earth allowed it and then speaking to the universe - ''will we let them proceed just this one time".

Exhaling heavily, and with much consternation, in unison, they moaned: "yes, let them proceed"

Oppenheimer, unaware of this conversation , mutters ``I have become death, the destroyer of worlds".

Hundreds of thousand dead, the earth now vengeful at their failure to halt and reflect allows them to proceed further, to compute and dissect the very universe (as one, the universe and earth, now heaving, worried that it's breath might flee), allow for the sun to bake the earth as punishment for our hubris, so that they may learn to listen-to learn from their mistake.

Oppie, in his grave, or amongst the wildflowers of some far off meadow, made aware of that conversation between the universe and the earth and their vengeance muses, "why such a vengeful universe? It is as though they had been trying to help us understand-to learn, to expand, rather than contract".

In the darkness of space, The Earth Conferring with the Universe responds to Oppenheimer’s question, speak as one: "Why we learnt from You Oppie"

*Berkeley California, 2023-*A Proper Memorial

The lot where Oppie’s house once stood (how he had never wanted a memorial, a tombstone!) stands empty awaiting a fire to be set.

*Used Syringes: newspaper clippings:*

*Select all images that contain* ***x:***

In singular, perfected synchronicity, non digitized identity is secured behind a seemingly invisible door, while the lockset itself is milled anew algorithmically.

The metal shavings from that new lockset are swept up by a young man in Lagos, a woman with keyboard hands in Kabul, and a blind child, drunk, in outer space.

Today I will exclaim:

I shall no longer spell.

*The white capped waves of normalcy* (a *return to*); a schematic discussion, a fluid blanket of normalcy that we pull over and

the return and in that (seemingly eternal) movement the mechanics of economic disparity creak (*your music, in my ears*)-You set down the pencil halfway through drafting the plans for our future and left (*Lead Broken).*

*Hasidic Riots New York City* (a consolidated outburst of faith against both nature and the body politic).

*Suburbs like an Oasis;* an inversion of the migratory patterns of the early aughts. Your hands smell like Taaka but I can’t smell your breath (thank god, thank god). How do you smile with your eyes?

Every Cough is a pipe bomb. Election Day.

Black (Bloc) Masked Friday. Creative Class.

Expert Class

Some Used Cameras To break up the Rioters. More Cameras than Looters.

On Social Distancing: Who will remove the adhesive stickers from the floor (and more importantly who will remove the faded circle of glue that will haunt the floor for years to come).

*Pfizer Shareholders/AstraZeneca & Moderna shareholders:*

Vesting, Waiting for all the erections; 1998. Vesting, waiting for a single cure; 2020.

Political Mask(ing).

*China*:

The deal with the Devil that blood letted goose made.

*Buenos Aires,*

A Restaurant: Wrapped Cutlery. Empty Tango (bodies still dancing, wrapped together; death shrouds for sale).

*Costa Rica, 2020*

Where once small grains of rice, torn clothing, other relics of the dead, now taped photos, flutter in the breeze-an empty church-*Life Is Easier on an Iphone.*

*Jerusalem:*

Hebrew Caught Behind the mask. What sounds, what faith hit the wall?

*Qatar:*

Masks hang, and blow in the wind like dried fish strung from dhow, now piloted by a foreigner.

*Napa 2020.*

Senior Center On Fire; “All out of Masks”. In the end it was *invisibility* that burnt us all to the ground.

*Moscow November 2020*

Delirium Pandemic or Delirium Tremens? Delirious, regardless (Two Jabs in the Arm! Break the vile and pour in your glass)

*Caracas*

A minimum wage funeral.

*Wuhan*

A harmonious construction: instruments laid on the earth to incise the rhythm into the skin of a new generation. (Back flat on the ground, look up toward the sky!)

*Vatican*

The Basilica filled with soon to be extinguished, plastic candles.

*Domino Park*

Whack a Mole with Real Humans!

*Mexico City*

Dual Ceremony, Dual Ash to the wind.

*New York November 2020*

Voting as: head in the sand(box).

*Washington DC January 2021*

Posing for photos. Steal the look, not the country.

*California 2021*

[Super Spreader](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Superspreading_event). [Super Sites](https://nypost.com/2021/01/12/california-opens-covid-19-vaccination-super-sites/). Super Normal.

*Washington DC Time Immemorial*

When was the last time you apologized to your parents? When was the last time they apologized to you? On equal footing.

*Section 13; Business Park, empty lots, business park, empty lot, business park, empty lot:*

Accurately Moderated. Incorrectly Offensive. Relatively Droll Day at the Office. Precious Minutes. Precious lives.

Compartmentalized Belief (Sun Up/Sun Down. Clock in/Clock out).

The head fell, rolled like an apple from a tree in a storm. I expected more blood: “Mom, made good wages today.”

Suburban Phoenix Arizona: Shivering over the urinal. Section 13 prohibits coprophilia.

Suburbs, south of San Francisco-Facebook campus: Two colleaguesfuck upside down, on the ceiling of the waiting room to the restroom (Gender Neutral).

Creativity becomes less an act of usurpation of the everyday, less of a key meant to jar open the top of the *unknown,* and becomes a *means* to a constantly iterating, constantly commodifying, end.

To wrestle with the creative process from class, economic divisions and let the mouth sit agape like Laocoön.

Where there are possibilities there come to exist necessities. There can be no creative process unless we *deny the availability of possibilities* and recognize the infinitude of the creative process-a process that abnegates necessity in favor of an incalculable vastness.

*Measles, Mumps, Rubella:*

I am your arm (yes, think of it that way), I am quivering, pulsing veins running up and down, obfuscated by your goddamn flesh-I’ve been waiting for this like earth waiting for a satellite to crash into it.

The lights of the cameras flash, the sleeve is rolled up, shirt sleeve folded

upward, fold over, fold slowly, (coming undone, the revelation of the body underneath), revealing the tired, the youthful, an accepting arm; the skin is prepared, a cloth doused in alcohol

runs up and down a small patch of skin, the doctor moves slowly in and the hand is tensed (*open, closed, open-closed)*, there is beauty coming inside,

the explosion between needlepoint and the puncture of skin:

inside a fire , a rush of commodity, a primitive chewing on a leaf, seeking cure. We have solved *it* and yet may we all remain diseased.

-

*Le Petite Vivre*: To remove or alleviate, sensually speaking, a looming sense of death.

I am the needle, a slut of sorts, I’ve already dunked (the vial sits wheezing on the table) myself into another before you. I am waiting for your skin, clenching your fist and waiting. *Le Petit Vivre.*

We discipline ourselves with overly abundant options to achieve toward being ourselves

On the availability of selves: The freedom to be oneself is also the freedom to despair at not being able to *become oneself.*

The freedom to become oneself is the tireless oscillation between desire and despair.

Individual despair lacks the possibility to reflect as the heightened pace of iteration available for the self comes to be conflated with consumer choice, economic habit, *individual style.*

The self then desires not to be *oneself* but to be a collection of other selves.

When these collections become intrinsically tied to our economic well being, and in effect transactional, the auto replication of the self becomes nothing more than a beast laboring a field of pseudo authenticity.

Despair grows in this field and yet the farmhouse has been abandoned.

In multiplicity the soil of the authentic self slowly grows fallow while continually being farmed. Picture in Picture-Self in Self.

An apology is nothing more than an attempt to absolve (corrupt) a moment of historical truth.

Does that previous failure of leadership become a moment of honesty through that corruption of historical memory?

Teleologies of failure signaling to newly emerging beginnings the potential for scarification not as a warning but as a welcome, *you are alive my love.*

In the waiting room where other beginnings meet, out walks of the office a short *Failure*, stout, a rounded *F* (cursive), scuffing their feet along the floor-the rest of the beginnings cannot take their eyes away from their phones.

We prefer the clear headed violence of debauchery against systems.

Casus Belli silently slipped into my back pocket.

On creating definitions to suit (or the inability to).

(as though a slow fog racing ahead of me)

*Coming into Austin, Plains:*

My lot in life.

The air has cooled but the leaves are refusing to change color. It smells like gas, so I inhale.

Fists clenched; a catatonic unease at how flat the Earth is, and how the bend of the sky must allow for greater ease when,

At night, the stars are jostled, allowing nightmares, lodged in the sky above,,

to fall to the ground with greater ease.

My lot in life is to collect from the ground.

*Texas, I Think.*

The peaks and valleys of irrigation ditches, running east to west (or north to south) as the sun chases this train.

Endless supplies of water. Words like gravel in my mouth, falling out of my ears. “In practice the compass should not be spinning.”

*Blue Bottle Coffee Company (of my own design)-2012;*

The Standardization of Everyday Language

It wasn’t my fault, this much I swear, your words fell into the back of my mind; at night

my brain (that sickly pink matter)

poured from my ears.

I kept them clean, my ears, cardboard

Q-tips adjacent to a piss, shit stained toilet.

She sang:

These addictions start so small and end up,

11 years later, being so big.

It’s just my job, you will see.

*Steganographia; never out of breath-you are growing listless*

Spirits communicate over long distances.

That’s all they are, muttered, feet bare

Listless, an

Electrical outlet here or

The tag of bargain bin basement dress lifts the skirt of the sky and up above, concentric circles,

A satellite comes down into the middle of the city.

*Digital polynomials:*

Kicking leaves in the wind; caught against a chain link fence.

Anxiety and the act of making something that belongs to me.

Points of data…now everybody…

*On being perpetually wet.*

A beaux arts building, a period to the run on sentence America, at the western horizon.

Dewey and his decimals; Swedes dreaming of a clean architecture.

Outside (my insides) a market for sex, and the carnal.

Emperor Norton unmasked.

February 2023

Pulled *a* pin:

"Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side"

I said, "Hey Joe, take a walk on the wild side"

Umpteenth; on delusion-Lectures on the Philosophy of History

*Faintly he realized that the atmosphere of old times and places that he had always cultivated in his own mind ws strange and foreign to the thing that was growing up in the minds of others. The beginning of the most materialistic age in the history of the world, when warrs would be fought without patriotism, when men would forget god and only pay attention to moral standards, when the will to power would replace the will to serve and beauty would be well-nigh forgotten in the terrible headlong rush of mankind toward acquiring of possessions…Winesburg Ohio*

The only material of note so far, a pimpled tanned ass, and a bottle of lube. Stranger nights have happened and will continue to happen-time immemorial

Sometime ago, in between blackouts, in between being alive and hearing that I was dead for a minute:

The crowds (*my crowded mind)* peters out; small particles, isotopes really, rattle inside my lungs;

Another California Hurricane (*king*) blows in from the west, and I am lost

On creativity moving forward;

*jumbled citations wrack my mind, the withered pages of an Encyclopedia Britannica tethered to a buoy in a slowly drying lake*;

February 2023:

A *bad quarto*, in Shakespearean scholarship, is a quarto-sized printed edition of one of Shakespeare's plays that is considered to be unauthorized, and is theorized to have been pirated from a theatrical performance without permission by someone in the audience writing it down as it was spoken or, alternatively, written down later from memory by an actor or group of actors in the cast – the latter process has been termed "memorial reconstruction". Since the quarto derives from a performance, hence lacks a direct link to the author's original manuscript, the text would be expected to be "bad", i.e. to contain corruptions, abridgements and paraphrasing.

Such phenomena are termed *hallucinations*, in analogy with the phenomenon of hallucination in human psychology. Note that while a human hallucination is a *percept* by a human that cannot sensibly be associated with the portion of the external world that the human is *currently directly observing* with sense organs, an AI hallucination is instead a *confident response* by an AI that cannot be grounded in any of its training data.

Recent:

Ok. January 2023.  *Fentanyl.*

*imbued with the energy of a thousand suns;*

*Needles in mah arm.*

*Needles in mah neck.*

*And at the end of the day you aint nothin but a fuckin speck*

It fuckin felt like i had a million little loops, the ones that always seem to settle

aftah you drop your laces on the floor-like

Infinity loops, you know-it was like my dna,every fuckin blood cell was an infitinty loop-does that make sense-coursing through my body and i was charged with enough electricity that all the fuckin shit ass dirty blood in my body was going to come flyin outta my pores and

Drench the entire room in purple blood or whatever the fuck

So you thought it was the fentanyl-

-no i thought it was the speed, the dirty crank and the fetty drip they had boosted into my arm without me knowin that had me loopy-well didnt you pull the iv out and like a burst pipe it woulda gone up splattering the nurses face in that red-

i had fuckin overdosed so i wasn’t sure but the thing i can be sure about is that

i could feel the jules poundin the walls of skin trying to get outta my system-20,000 of those fuckers

-and heres the thing that wigs me the fuck out and gets me to get them to rip the needles outta my arm-hold the tape so the blood dont squirt-

im howlin for my dead mother-

like a kid whose about to get the shit kicked outta him by the headmaster - i knew i was fucked then-so i sit up and my left foot is numb feels like jelly-fuckers are goin to cut my foot off and say i shot myself in the foot-

Fuck em-nah i didnt say that i was still howling for mom- two guards hold me down-two shots one in each arm-fuckinnnnn benzocainnnnneeee i got about 16 minutes before its nap time-a long nap-and in my ear a fuckin voice and you wont believe this its calmly repeating its time to go Brandon. Lets go Brandon.

its time to go get up and go get me my fucking mom i scream-

What then-

-another fucking doc, sweet talking me, youre gonna be ok, you came in here yadadadadah, and get this another nurse, thick fuckin accent and with these eyes they aint evil eyes but the kind of eyes were i knew it might just not be the foot they were out to take.-

So you got the fuck out

Yea, dragged myself back, crawling and screaming they tried to kill me again. That part don’t matter, what i think i’ll always remember is the feeling-like my blood was alive-like it was charged with something-like a sun a star something from outer fuckin space.

*Memories:*

“Jammed a screwdriver in the phoropter the other day”, the optometrist mutters to himself.

Subterranean Nocturnal Blues

Continue to insinuate (or so I seem to do, and you continue to do).

Malcontent

Maladjusted

Bent tongues made of rock candy

On display

Suspension

Suspended state of animation

Pieces of papers flipping by

Caught in a breeze

Broken pencils

Tendrils, worms of an eraser

Now behind the ear

Wake up

Wake up

Forked Tongue

Snakes in my shoes

Spiders up my arsehole

BOREDOM!!!

*We’ve discovered a need for time!*

I wore Marylin Monroe’s dress that afternoon

But they

Had decided to bomb the subway that morning:

From down below the grates, amongst the moans of the dying,why there still was an updraft- my dress ballooning upwards, my thighs radiant in the afternoon sunshine.

I finished our last bottle of Chartreuse, and my thoughts, flitting through my head,flapping as fast as the wings of a butterfly, filled my head: “here you have the ingredients of the drink”

August 2023

(*Muffled, his body buried-a well manicured mausoleum)*

*Grass, 3.5”*

*Temperature: 78 degrees fahrenheit. Humid;* its always so fucking humid,and

James Webb Screams:

“You Fools! All she had to do was send back fucking photos”

*Yesterday:*

How many Journals did Stevenson lose as he sailed the Pacific:

*I apologize my dear, the sea was rough last week and my journal seems to have gone missing overboard.*

An erratic windfall-your thought is, your mind-those diaries that you claim you lost; I’d respond with kinder words, Robert, but you seem to need to be obsessed with these damn adventures. The waves, the ships, the knots you have to undo-what does it matter to me, left here in Monterrey (or worse yet New York); Robert, what do I care about the peoples of these lands-the prince of Apemama, a man I will never know. Come back to me Robert, or learn to keep those waves calm, your sails tied tightly to the masts. I am despondent, and will remain so until you can find your way home….for time immemorial.

With love,

Fanny

*Somedays*

“Everyday becomes worse than the day before”

Memorialized Time

*The Destructive Character*

*Valter was a good boy*

*Valter did his exercises every day rain or shine, it didn’t matter.*

*Valter never ate to excess, never swore at his mother, and never left the house without shining his shoes.*

*Valter never let me read his writing and by the time he was brave enough to ask me to proofread I had lost sight in my left eye.*

Walter delighted in watching the city burn, the towers of the capital crumbling as banners were raised, a chiaroscuro

of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Fuck the police.

Valter sings*:* The authenticity of the creature is in inverse proportion to the dishonesty of the master

10/23/2023

Fuck-I need to learn how to deal with myself.

NEED TO STOP PULLING MYSELF TOWARD POLAR OPPOSITES EXTREMES TO FEEL THINGS.

On the importance of cruising