

North by Train

March 24, 2011

traveling incognito
north by train
followed the river side, the alluvial plain
washed by trauma
this cannot help but scream
see your sneaky streak and lie
reveal your secrets
betray one another cry intermittently live
listen listen skim dig that delicious enterprise
hokey pokey general propositions rattled by trains lost on
businesses
the river winds oh
the river winds
pass heritage by
my dear friends
what night will take us
who is connected and is silent to
who protects the best of our cohort
lakes and dark nights
who for years was the guardian
what power I gain I hold
oh natural phenomena begin
bring others who make shine you you and I we were the
explorers how you guided me

- the one thing I turned to as all my mind turned white

who has begun to hallucinate monsters on the floor
crawling music at command now
use words correctly and be fluent in them,
my lover: know my life transformed me and yet years pass
by, I am the same, I ride the same train

I have been transformed trained myself
I am saving my strength for a great fight for the borders
of our land will need
protection soon.
I want to start out once again
the future will be better and still we may not be on the right
path now

who lets coffee grinds become a source of knowledge
which concepts have not given up to manipulation
which concepts remain fixed, love? even I do not
understand
how to give a coherent account of it
I guess we will always come back to realizing that our
language is something which is ambiguous
-not the operations of our thoughts which lead us to
dilemma.
- the dilemma is that words hinder some processes, are
illusory,

I don't believe I am a person in at least two respects.
I don't think I am coherent nor am afforded the rights of
persons,

I don't believe words have absolute meaning, I do know
being and this being is what I am talking about and to
experience being is with what I now suffer
what I desire, to be with and for now am without
- have had elaborate fantasies to remove myself from
pain of life
seen smiles that weren't there
the meaning I see it in your eyes and am wrong, read it
into you incorrectly

to be so wrong about something with such delight
to drag something through the mud and exclaim it's all
right it's meant for that

to burn to look back on and laugh
to contact and raise to your communicative awareness

there is this other place for you and that world may be
and though the architecture may not slip down nor just
hang in the air
the hot surfaces shimmer and vibrate and move around
the room
- people get off the train yet I don't feel lost without them,
my brain must be working correctly

my lover you are for me a source for I have felt from love
hurt and pain I have fallen
what life gave to us was this place

who while feel over every turn and curve in your life and
not just listen with ears no.

who shares the capacity for understanding

housed the thoughts of others so clearly

who used thirty million little pixels to do their bidding

- the symbolic elements were under your fingertips

- those elements became electric set as stone by fire

- how do you remember this all will you remember

it's just a step back to the computer

- no number is ever lost but yours I cannot find

- mine I got disconnected

for all those times I lost my phone and felt so lost

after feeling lost I just gave up that thing it never helped

me find but only did so represent that which is

and there is what I find

the trees, as they climb up the hill from floodplain to flood
plane, grow old there

uniformed liked soldiered lines

my lover

I will protect you

that is the first thing my love will do for you

I will shield you cloak you be in love

how come you're down on your knees

how come you can't get up on your feet

I just tried to get up early and make the morning
something

make your motion

pour your gasoline right on the road
and fill your tank again
you won't hear that one from me again
no.
you look like you're afraid but you're just alone

little timing takes the motion drives them home

list of things to take:
trash, cloths from the floor, all my thoughts of you.
you and I cool down
as they heat up
it comes to you in a dream like that the phenomenal
experience
that is your life
what i mean you get of it
there it is there
there it is there
you saw the weather change and you were like that.
so what-

where was you heart when you we slipping and falling
how can I make love to myself if you're too restrictive with
your definition of it, my love
somethings coming
somethings coming
you'll never turn to it again,
it's just a dream.
not fearing the dark dark forest

who knows but the same ways home

reflections can be broken
high places in green mountains
cold springs
and feel removed from it all
to feel absolutely the same for so long
like our habits played for us
the only thing that changes in it is our language

with its mysteries and confusions
childhood and start a new life
outreach capture when your hand
lay or fall yourself to sleep
rest light into the night go quietly

and it falls apart at the seems from many things
any you're there
your a million little pieces and
how come you're down on your knees
how come you can't get up on your feet
I just tried to get up early and make the morning
something