

He's got the keys to the car but he doesn't remember why he owns it

He's here and I am there

The deep sea's here and I am there

The car crash is here and I am there

A nervous click and a thousand colours

A nervous click and a thousand colours and paranoia strikes like the midnight sea and he waits for the motel and he fades away and he's half asleep and he can't remember his own age and he can't remember his own romance and he can't remember how long he's been here and he can't remember why he ever came here and he sits and he watches the television the burning light brings such a beautiful sensation a truly beautiful a truly alive all-analog unpretentious sensation and he wonders if this is real life

He's lost in the tall grass

No, he's walking through the forest

No, he's walking through the library

Here I am and there they are

Here I am and I'm waiting for love

I'm sick of relationships and I'm waiting for love

Years later and I'm sick of relationships and I'm waiting for love

What is love? I'm unsure.

I don't know love. I told someone I knew love but I didn't mean it.

I know death. I think I know death. My cousin, my age, lost her young child. This is the truth. He passed away at only a few months old. Should our sympathies rest with the mother or with the child?

It's like static noise

His name was Liam

And here I am

The date is April 13, 2019 and here I am

I'd like to place this poem in a period of time but I'm not sure how to

Should I address the weather? The truth is that I haven't looked outside.

The truth is that I am here and you are there.

The truth is that you might wonder who is *you*.

The truth is that *you* is you.

The truth is that *you* has been you all along.

Here I am and you are there.

Another sentence and I'm lost for words

The click clack of a mechanical keyboard the click clack of a typewriter and analog meets digital and life meets death and when I was sixteen years old I was convinced that my death would be caused by suicide but now here I am, the date is April 13, 2019 and here I am, unamused

I watched a film and here I am

I heard the sound and here I am

I heard the click clack of a mechanical keyboard and here I am

Here I am and there you are here I am and you are there

Hands reach but can't find the distance

I'm lost for love

You ask me if I've missed you, and the answer is of course I do yet you never existed

Yet you never existed

Yet I met someone who loved Debussy as you did yet you never existed yet they never texted

And here I am and there you are

I think of the music, or rather the art, of BiS Kaidan – a collaboration between alternative idol group BiS and harsh noise legends Hijokaidan. There's a moment during their live show where the girls sit around a flaming trashcan and just kill time. Their song plays, but they've lost all interest in singing. Here I am and you are there.

I'm waiting. I'm waiting and I'm waiting.

My age is insignificant and I'm waiting. I'm young and I'm youthful and I've got my whole life ahead of me yet I wait after another glass of wine to find truth to find life here I am you are there here I am you are there here I am you are there here I am you are there I'm sick of 4/4 time it isn't intentional here I am you are there and I'll always love you

The truth is I have plenty of love

Plenty of love to give

The truth is I've already found an aesthetic

Unorthodox spacing, repetition and metronomes

The truth is the truth is the truth is that I couldn't care less

The truth is that my next poem will be a recording of the sound of my keyboard

My keyboard clicking and clacking

The truth is that my words don't matter since I write to you – you who will never read these words – you who will never stumble upon these words – you who will never understand the internet – you who will never understand the computer – you who will never understand life – you who will never understand life – you who will never understand life – here I am and there you are

It's like improvisation, these words. I'm afraid of ever looking back.

We hear the sounds of Derek Bailey, Joe McPhee, Utah Kawasaki through these words. We hear the sounds of Scott Aukerman, Thomas Middleditch, Matt Besser through these words. It doesn't matter. Here I am and you are there.

Here I am and you are there.

I vow not to edit this poem

I vow not to edit this poem once sober

I vow not to edit this poem once sober

I am here and you are there

32 minutes and four pages deep

32 minutes and four pages deep and half a glass of wine

I should not be afraid of sharing something true

I should not be afraid of sharing something true

I should not be afraid of sharing something true

But it's so hard

But it's so hard

But it's so hard

To repeat in threes rather than fours

But I'm trying my best

Here I am and you are there

Here I am and you are there

Let me ask you a question

Are you familiar with the sound of a contact microphone?

Let me ask you a question

Are you aware that my spacing is purely aesthetic?

Let me ask you a question

If I've convinced myself that pure aestheticism is pure art, why do I still feel pure
shame?

Here I am and there you are transcending me in every fashion transcending me in every way and I'm sick
of my mother you smoked crack cocaine when I was 11 years old you smoked crystal meth when I was
10 you had the money you had the love and yet you insisted on ruining my life my childhood and here I
am and there you are and I hope you know that I'll never forgive you

Yet I know that I am young

Yet I know that anything could change

Yet I know that I'll never edit this

Yet I know that truth is completely arbitrary and doesn't matter and here we are Certified Copy and here
we are Certified Copy and here we are Certified Copy and here we are Certified Copy and here we are 9
minutes and I'm sick of my mother

Over the past year my mother has been so kind to me but I'm not ready to forgive you

You made my childhood very difficult and very confusing

It was only a year ago when my cousin's child passed away, wasn't it?

Liam's death was only a year ago and yet you expect my forgiveness?

Go fuck your new boyfriend you expect me to love him what do you think of me a coward no here I am
you are there here I am you are there here I am you are there a synthesizer drones in the distance and
brings me comfort

I want to write with truth but I'm lost on the concept

I'd like to ask what's the truth of a character

I'd like you to refer to the films of Hong Sang-soo

I'd like you to ask what's the truth of a character
I'd like you to ask what's the truth of a character

I don't want to mention the title
And I'd like you to refer to poem 24
And I don't want to have to refer to the
title

And here I am and you are there
Without time and without melody

Here I am and you are there
And here I am and you are there

Here I am and you are there
And here I am and you are there

Here I am and you are there
And here I am and you are there

Here I am and you are there
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Here I am and you are there
And here I am and you are there

And there is the singing
Lens flare, for example

The music of Francis Plagne

The music of Crys Cole

In collaboration, they call it Two Words

Here I am and you are there
Here I am and I vow to never edit this poem
Primitive photography, for example

Hotel Hyperion, for example

And I'm very aware of when a page starts and a page ends

I'll stop typing for a moment

English subtitles

Here I am and there you are

Thank you

Without words

Without words

Without words

Typewriter music

And I'm finished

11 pages and I'm finished

I vow to never edit this

I love you

Here I am and there you are

At 3:24 in the morning of 4/23/2019

The current temperature is 3°C

The wind is 9 km/h, the humidity is 81%, and the sunrise will be in three hours and eighteen minutes

The sunrise will be in three hours and eighteen minutes and I'll always love you