

how i felt in the summer of 2013

Balance

be

a painting
a landscape
a little hazy

heal

your trouble
with waking
and sleeping

tread

on mud
trudge
and drudge

stay

loose from your body
even if your body
is you

carry

an almond in your pocket
to nibble on
when you get hungry

make

lines of peanut butter
then say 'who am i kidding'
& eat them

mind

is everything
so mind
mind

wake

to the tension
in your joints
listen to your stress

drift

with lines
that flow around you
within you & through you

rocks can be your lungs

your vision is the sun
tinging red
on each exhale

when you

use words
know them
mean them

love the earth

with detached compassion
you are every person
you are every droplet

an electric field

that screams at you life-
affirming energies
telling you to remember
that you are not fragile

sensing

your hunger
your heat
your breaking
synergy

each thought

decision
and action
is the product of
something undeniable

in the woods

a candle's hot air
elevates you
to a new
but certain height

carry your shoes

by their laces

face a part of you

you thought was gone

it's good to take time and

take your shoes
and socks off
and let your feet breathe
is all i'm saying

i feel changed, detected, gliding above, a pool of livelihood, elemental green, & paralytics

Ramblings

You are lean and thin. "Embrace circumstance," you say, stretched out tall.
You live within and your souls abound. "Energize your flow," you say, dancing
with the night, "channel the world around you," and your limbs elastic, you
say, "find that warmth is truth."

It's quite a show, "isn't it," the sun and heat take you around,
"don't they," you say, give you a summer's slap on the back, "a
firm form adjusting and reshaping to fit a mold of beauty."

Sexuality, well, alright, I'll take it for a spin, if you, say so.

You love those crawlers struggling up a thickened slab, littering, poached,
gotten, quenching, and pure. "Clean, forward-minded, intelligent, and pure."

"I love that" "I loved that" "you saw" "what I saw" "and it" "**felt**"

"A crapping hole," you say, you are the darkness, you think, so,
"be a bit & bite it," so, "ingest art in control of your direction."

I hear
alligators
want to call some shots.

A journey to the roots of a thought, you trace it back like a
history, finding the origin, of the world, of your own, mad, case.
"Emotion motivates motion," you say, "forward, back, through,
in," in, & then you turn to dust.

"A moth flew into my room one day. It rested on my walls, preparing,
sometimes fluttering about as if it wanted to say something.
They say a moth lives for a year, feeding on dust & expending no energy.
The day before it disappeared it told me something I couldn't hear."

You can now hear an astounding sonic wave crashing
through the air.

Your body is emanating water. Your eyes are glassy from laughter.
You are swimming in a waterfall of joy. You are young and alive.

Words and images are spilling everywhere, in a blur, in a composition of really
nothing at all. "But soon it'll all change," you hear someone say.

Park poems

pigeon

you will build a hut
in the middle of the city
time and people
will pass you by
you will observe
& do what you can
your hut is your home,
for now

a / my / our / the resounding echo

i sit in this old square,
where many before
me have sat, and
ponder, as many
before me have done
i am their image
many times again;
there are many to
come who are mine

on primrose hill tonight

a man and a woman
are lighting a small
hot air balloon
and watching it
together
as it flies away
a contorted
distorted
shape of a heart
a candle in the sky
not so deluded, i think
less so than me

floating

i feel light, and
calm
i am resonating
endlessly
and blending with
everything
into another
hollow pitch
submerged in this
sea of sound
a current sways
me gently
and my thoughts
float me up & out

forager

erase all that's around you; erase yourself.

in front of you is a path, gravel, and all around you is grass.
there are bushes, trees, some birds pecking about.

you are walking down this path, you have simple shoes, canvas,
and each step you take rustles a bit, producing a pleasant
sound, which you enjoy and makes you feel more awake.

the sun shines brightly. a soft breeze comes and goes. you run
your hand through your hair, it feels right. you have long,
unkempt hair. bugs are buzzing around you.

you hear the trickling of a stream nearby. (you try to pinpoint
when you first started to hear it, but you let this thought go.)

you tread on some damp earth, and come across the stream, a
small stream, which you feel is moving almost too slowly to
notice the moving.

someone is sitting by the stream, dressed in plain clothes, legs
outstretched and hands on the damp earth.

now i yield. do what you like.

*i've neem l;ppomg fpr sp,etjomg a;;; tjos way
and i really think that it's something close to this.*

My room

spider

alone
short-sighted, short-lived
no holistic vision
nothing left

a fraud
waiting to die
waiting to live

unspecialized
not really good at any
thing
vaguely living through
something else
building webs
to eat flies
and other little
things

not greed
not malice
just a
lowly piece of
nothing
feeling sorry
for some reason

beer... God... wine...

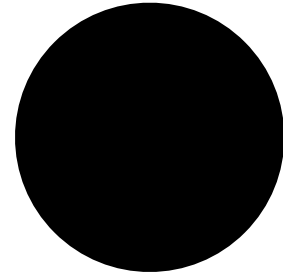
i fall asleep with sirens wailing
and mountains forming
on my bed

in my mind
control is shifting
and i'm riding a train
going underground

you're seeking in reverse
in streams of senseless
unfocused grasp
there's no one there with you

but a poet
confined to this place
writing
and reciting

a glowing orb that hangs
above the river
your girlfriend sits in silence
gazing off



me as a ghost

i am no longer here
i know this

there's no sense left
and no god
i know this

i am a ghost
there but empty
still
but gone

you don't even ask me
if i'm ok

There is no happiness;
Only change.

– *Guide to Wellness, Volume 1*
(pp. 49-50) 1998

crunch crunch.

what does it mean to be in anguish? what is agony!
it is knowing that you can do anything but not knowing what to do.
it is seeing opportunity go as easily as it comes.
it is living the day dull and the night vicarious.
it is planning and anticipating futures that never come.
it is a lifetime of regret, oozing over and into everything.
it is when nothing is genuine.
it is knowing how to be happy but being too busy wishing you were.

Self-Help

or, Happiness Is Easy

Remember this. You have effect on what you believe you can effect. You are a powerful, meaningful, active force. You have meaning, strong meaning.

Not all do.

Consider this. You are natural; be and feel natural. Spend time in nature, and time in the city. Things work out – you know they do – but you can't rely on it.

Go places, think things. Talk with others, read books. Be glad to be hungry. Eat slowly and modestly. Don't be righteous.

Be a little skeptical of all things.

Enjoy the air. Take a walk and think of nothing. Experience your senses. Listen. Watch small things happen by your feet. Remember them, hold onto them. Write them down at the end of the day.

Time passes. Do not push it forward or pull it back; go with it at its pace. Patience.

Take some time alone. And some time with others. Call those you have loved, love, wronged, righted, saved, liked, seen, talked to, or never talked to, and meet them for coffee.

Write on paper. Use a pen. Use what has been spilled. Erase only negativity.

Reminisce, but not often. Know that it is hard to start again. But expand your aura. Accept. Make sure you feel right in your clothes, not just satisfied.

Run a little, find yourself somewhere unexpected. Sit outside every day and feel good for 10 minutes at least.

Do not be too ashamed or embarrassed of things that you did in the past. Be at peace with them. Be one with the earth. Do not be afraid to believe that this is possible.

Confide solutions, not problems. Don't be unwilling to talk to others.

Don't be afraid to teach something you are still learning.

"[redacted] gave his life to the gorge to save another"

Real places and real things

a bag of cookies melting
melts
in the blistering heat of the
sun

a man walking around the
track is keeping time
the man approaches
i must go

remember on one morning
when a stranger yelled at me
and in english class i wrote
a poem about being nice

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ant

*waiting on a coffee
looking for a spoon
grass turns to gravel
underneath the moon ...*

you tell me things about the world
that i think are amazing
and you insist
that they're true

but how can that be
that you see everything right
and where was that coffee
you ordered

dog

name is xu

have crummy scar
on face

stay out by street
by the street

dig holes in yard
with eyes closed

it never stop

cause what i do
never change

today's episode of a tv channel that's telling you how to live your life better

resume tips
some golf swings
mobile manners
masturbation
to sensational weather
and
YOU WIN
flashing every hour

introduction & farewell in a single night

*don't look for things to remember
leave me out. of it.*

move

before you get caught. in it.

*"enjoy," and an upwards gesture of an
almost-empty bottle of wine, and with
that, a continuing onwards*

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sitting on a park bench at night
a cat does circles around me
i understand the game, i think
it's my turn to do circles
around the cat

but
whenever i think i've figured it out
the rules change
and so i feel like a statement
always being qualified

she mentioned a guy back at school and said she was "in love"

"El mundo moderno"

observer (barcelona)

sitting at the corner of a small table, staring at a plate. listening to the table talk, laugh, and share stories, talk, laugh, and talk.

feeling increasingly detached, the loathing, and all that, appears, like a vulture over meat, arriving on point, staying, till every last bone, has been picked, every, last, word, has been chosen. not even this, is real; an idle state, without cognition, only listening, listening, listening and what else.

thinking, "why is there nothing to say?
am i still something?
will i ever open my fucking mouth again?"

morden via bank (london)

invest this quick move it quick and phone him close that turn it off run these simulations what does it say about the money if you take the hit run it again do it again 6 minutes till it closes train doors open train doors close there'll be another transfer here get off there don't lose your wits you're in the big city everyone is waiting on you see how fast it closes you've gotta be quick this is no place for substance or thoughts act from your gut and listen to no one else

city of love (paris)

a subway car screams
underneath the street
where a man bums a cigarette off
a hobo who's
feeding pieces of bread to the pigeons
while buses full of asians
spill out at the eiffel tower

overheard at the airport

"let's see... i have two books, my ipad, my ipad charger, two barbies... wait no. i have three books, my ipad, my ipad charger, two barbies, my blanket, and everything else."

found in an envelope nailed to a tree (dated 2007)

hi, friend!
things are well. i feel fulfilled. i am me. i'm living in the woods!
the ants keep me good company. the grass in my hair seems to like it there.
i have no desires besides sharing joy with others. i think i am glimpsing the good in it all.
come visit sometime. how much i'd like us to cross paths again.

Stories from the london underground

a man is wearing ragged cargo pants and has a book
in each of its pockets
his bag reads “freight dogs anonymous”
do not take any risks

cctv cameras
are in operation
images are being recorded in the
interest of safety, security, and
crime prevention
this scheme is controlled
by london underground

two men in love are standing next to each other talking into the phone
professing love to their respective wives but really talking to each other

a lady (dressed-up, made-up) says “whoopsie-daisy” as a man (strong) jumps into the
subway carriage (new one, clean, beeping) and keeps the closing doors open for his female
partner (dressed-up, made-up) so she can come in with him. the (now standing-tall-and-proud)
man and his (now quietly-smiling) partner sit down in two seats (adjacent)

the portuguese man, he has large circular glasses, wears tan-colored pants, a polo shirt, and
a sweater sitting loosely around his neck, and has a large duffel bag and a smaller briefcase
type bag with the wheels and a stalk to pull it along. he is grinning wildly; it’s his first time in
london, and his first time on the tube; did i mention that he’s grinning wildly at everything

next stop chalk farm, says the voice
available at a watering hole near you, says an ad
we lost my brother behind subway doors, is the situation

people are gathering on the platform
for a train to chalk farm
and when it comes they crowd in
then new people gather on the platform
and a new train comes
and they crowd in
then another one
crowds in
another one, another
so we walk across and wait to go the other way
we crowd in

“only the one whom he actual is improper if it loses sight of him”

sounds

there are more sounds around you
than you might think

long sounds
quiet sounds
all happening together

each of them
doing something for
you or
someone else

you sometimes don't know
where a sound is
coming from

sometimes a sound is
not really there
at all

sometimes
like repeating a word again and again
the distant sound
long
and not really
there at all
becomes
absurd

it is sometime in the early morning

you know, trying to fall asleep is
such an absurd thing to do
you wait, you're waiting, for what exactly,
till you forget entirely
that you're waiting

to let yourself go
and drift away...

how will i ever do it again?

when there's nothing else to read read the book of your mind

patience
calm
pensivity

you can attain these virtues
merely by repeating them
over and over
in your head

how can you forget anything

the eyes cannot stay shut
the mind cannot keep quiet
there's vague control
over what, exactly

i am unsure
of my place but
i feel right .
most seem to know
their place . do
they ?

breakfast

sweet honey extract
blueberry tangerine goo
apricot ripe vision
hardened lime jam juice
riveting crispy plantain
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

i just wanted to mention that the “universe” is all *you*. *you* control it all.

but of course there is no “you” – to say that “you” “experience” is egoistic.

so “you” simply “are”. do not seek. do not desire. but have infinite energy.

marie

i've got a friend
her name is marie

she's been down
last few days
you know
lost her job
living in a
shit flat

anxiety about
'getting old'

she's in one of those
hating-every-living-moment
sort of periods

but she's great
and she's
well
really pretty too

and she loves these
romantic things

so i'm thinking of
going out and
writing her name all over
on sidewalks, roads
walls and signs
bridges and steps of bridges
playground structures and
empty bottles and
trash of all kind

on every unpainted piece of
paris

and i think i'll put
a little heart
over the 'i'

port authority, nyc

is the best place to get a pile of shit to eat
they've got
congealing pizza
with meat circles called 'pepperonis'
& cookies that are
just sand, packed down a little
like cardboard
that crumbles
and you can't even taste the chocolate chips
for some reason

and the people are all shit
yelling at and with each other in line
yelling at the bus drivers
who've had it
with these people
and themselves

there's a man with a stick
yelping uncontrollably
whom everyone's scared of

there's a woman in heels with a dog in her bag
who's yelling at a driver who tells her she can't bring it
and yelling at an overweight lady
about being overweight
to which the overweight lady says "you're ugly"
and there's a young guy, maybe 16, with a scarf
who stands up and starts yelling too
but his voice gets lost
in all the noise

there's an indian guy in line
accusing the guy behind him
of being drunk & reckless
and they've started yelling
and the indian guy's silent wife is standing a couple feet back
smiling a little
trying to calm him from afar

so

if you can't find the crazies at the bus stop
it's you