

The Composted Texturas

Book of Poetry

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Væ enim mihi somnia
pati non verbum
sed et patitur solum silere.

Datum est involutus liber
foris praedicat a quo est
ut excedat receptio omnem.

- A bastard pagan's Latin carving

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Part One.

Untitled No. 1

You had been hanged off the overpass
so the drivers would see your withered ilk.
There, the mountain cloud that drifted
through the cars would cry you a storm.

Their motions came swift, guarantees vast;
words ample, drenched in superfluous guilt.
On the next sunny day, the clouds lifted,
paraded their feelings remade in a gentle form.

The singular, disgusting atrocity shook neighbors,
unveiled a closeness that transcended concepts.
Its wretched flare of murderous contempt
illuminated the question of each to each.

Days carried human-made grace, compact in favor;
the crux of their task follows more merciful
footsteps.
Light of pockets, their indifferent inability exempt,
with care, recounted the modest lesson they teach:

They said to savor the brightness of life left,
to embark that gladdened remark set in stone;

it stabilized — perhaps — the hard plain event,
six under, your flesh already beaten now rots.

'Though to families, seems an unresolvable theft,
a weak-healing wound ultimately left alone.
Ruminated their feeble stratagem to prevent,
handed over the Timely Tide— in the present held
taut.

Untitled No. 2

Glossed on the edge of resignation,
tore the frail skin of innocence;
patches of adolescence hidden for comfort.

My world here shimmers between poisons
and rusts; draining pipes of a grimy bathtub,
every outgrown hair I ever owned.

Days since the day now, a sound hangs like smoke:
Lying on her side, crying— sick with alcohol
she had forced down to stop hurting.

Glanced up and down, emotionless, as every
oozing, throbbing fatality of composure fled out.
My stoic reaction found no additional frenzy best.

After all have left, returned vacant space – save me,
I turned to re-figure their twelve-hour-ago steps;
and there, judged healing potential in a fresh
nothing.

Untitled No. 3

word hath brought
in sampled sound
its meek frozen thought
and enervated basis found

;;

my ideal never stayed
opened hearts now bare
to a humble mark frayed
under that indolent stare

Untitled No. 4

You've made the battered case,
enumerated its points clear —
already weighed in unfamiliar minds.

Aptitude, soaring above any base,
demonstrated a nerve to persevere —
the patience unfound, lagged behind.

Handful of decades leveled your pride,
something you never thought mortal;
settled in style, the age and experience.

Your nerve beaten, anger now subsides,
random friends found quaint and cordial;
gained new breadth for your resilience.

The calm after the occasion is motionless,
as your grizzled mind in focus, veering frenzy
away from the cherished compartments.

Caught on principle choking, emoting us
by drowning energy in that best envied —
the intent shuttered in your department.

Affirmed once more, resolute and bold,

in that hall where each night you paced;
what I suspected, I rest – out of respect.
Then I recall the brilliant verse you told:
"all meaning rests exactly as you placed,"
knowing then, you've vanquished your regrets.

Untitled No. 5

Sets of Forty-Eight hours going on Seventy-Two;
all days left their mark, regardless.

Emotions can move you or drown you;
bearing heavy — unseen on waking motions,
the tension strewn downward —
and glancing back up.

Dangerous instinct — to reflect —
whether out of things to smoke,
or drink, the sobriety of memory
clashing on the spacious moment
that we set aside to get high and dismiss
the aching, invisible mandate.

Untitled No. 6

The Grime of the city
in the mid-noon rain
brings out all the days
before Today.

Walking past old rugs
and broken pallets in
the rain describes a
recent past left still.

Wandering in youthful
expectation – the few
stretches and byways
at hand.

In the valley of houses,
a wide open embrace
that cradled evening light,
turning and stepping free —
left all trace secret.

Untitled No. 7

Thoughts seem overtaken by recent memory,
still moving shakily down the present path.
Loneliness is undeterred in outlining the
overwhelming feeling still mundane: the
fidgeting, quivering correspondence thereto
remains in the peripheral sense. And the
central sense, which only changes with the
motions, recoils on the flight from unthinking
grace.—

As ever I knew a friend: I understood too.
"How are you doing?" answered without
adjective, appropriate and apt.

Untitled No. 8

(Oh) the days, acquainted the pages,
hoping to tear out of a constricted frenzy.

To **bolt** from under streetlight
with a snarl of pleasure.

Here, I abide a precipice again;
an illumination like daylight
about a bond soon made —
a greeting, an arrival.

Giggle to shudder,
desires in days
and fulfilled in hours.

Untitled No. 9

Lofty disaffected
choices rummage;
the execution — speech,
hailing by "hey" and
a name;

(where) the form bends back to nothing,
virtual ramifications descend.

* * *

Part Two.

After New Year

Day came only supposedly: the calendar's mark
laid open the blank, ephemeral slate of time;
with its measurement, primed a familiar new start:
the morning, over the city, held no contest with
mine.

Oh, then our dead streets of 4:45 AM, January First
teemed gently with a few stoic drivers in cars;
from the half-panel, eve before New Year burst,
no more different before their laughter in bars.

In sleep as with waking, I sulked, inspected keenly
the rim of the first waking daylight upon us;
anticipated grudges and obligations unseemly,
met the three-hundred-sixty-five marker that
reminds us.

Older, and quieter still, for all the patience behind
me;
I summoned the patches of recent history's
endeavor,
was left unsurprised as its nil value blinked kindly.

There, rekindled the acceptance: a world going on forever.

The bottles drained, couch-sleeping: a precious retreat.

Grabbed frivolously at the last twenty-four hours' part,
judged modestly the annual task complete;
and opened that same door — the Three-Sixty-Five Start.

Notions, Perhaps, Of Self-Flattery

Saw you standing, then shook.
"Oh, I am seen—" the reflexive,
superfluous and damning adjustment.

Stretched body with mind,
teetered on passing out cold —
face and eye sockets flutter away,
nauseous — then recovered;
washed over with an indifferent frown.

There, it was bold as it was plain:
this legacy I weave will be akin
to the grime on this asphalt;
although neglected, still witness
to comings and goings, present —
but scarce enough to overlie quietly.

(Enough to *have been*;)
when suddenly, after a blink,
I gave myself a break after the assault:

knelled down, dipping into the pool of Want,
strained to place it exactly,
and unwound in sadness to abandon it.
Overcame the tears, weight lessened

in learning to hold the strength of a
sigh, and then allow some utterances
to take hold.

Want's only shape, if not the warmth
I needed to unlearn, was of handicraft
which transcended its task— raking dust.

That they might hear me in Trial—
or at their vigil and protest—
their mind opened for a second
to one who stirred in words, of others
and of hers, to grasp that phantasmal clue
of what the course of now corresponds
to.

Regardless is my digression; the same weary
retreats into a journal to figure it in solitude.
I dissect their findings without certainty,
while each step and turn begets empty fortitude.

To Whom It May Concern

It is the most sordid task
only to get through it.

Reeling quietly under
a dormant state of sadness.

The coping with hurt —
bleak and constricting;

severely conscious
and vaguely remorseful.

□

Yet the ringing on the air
is far from hurting, killing you.

It wasn't your fault (alone)
that things ran away like they did.

It only stands to remind gratefulness
and harden the instinct to reflect.

Opportunity itself is laid open
to regenerate differently.

Thirty-First Of January

Damn. Teetered, then adjusted.
The Sobering of ones once too young to drink;
my whole life's point shimmered, and combusted —
that summarization leaving me on the brink.

While I sat in woe, reaching the abyss' middle,
I wept at how I was conquered by dark.
Defeated in circuit, grappling at its painful riddle,
my only answer: the haphazard journey I embarked.

The lone life's point weighed (in mind) all around,
determined and quivering — seeking recovery.
The picture and the item fed something profound —
gave its meager substance, suggesting a discovery.

Now need (of mine) seems liquidated and frail,
shunted around this fading world's phases;
for one singular suffering – in comparison pale
as chaos in order reeled on international stages.

Nearer then, nearer now is my death, nearer days
carry the near end — but held at hand.
Those printed scribbles that jumped and frayed
played part in the pain to understand:
thus the contemporary device feels sickening,

meek through and through for a clear mind.
So (for I alone) the world was halted,
 before quickening,
and anything survived would suffice kind.

And survival, held higher, lurked quietly
before the rumor in attitudes absolved.
The march made hope prisoner to piety,
cheered victory by the wider union dissolved.

By the wall, where face and thought drawn,
I knew the terror I had given to myself:
for I to my ruling imagination, an emotional pawn —
one or other seems pointless by itself.

Survived *still*, and forward (somehow) to go,
this depends on no faultless design.
Held high inside while my head is low,
alone to hold is one's own piece of time.

So here, the infernal sequence I'm thrust to abide,
my spacial use here has all it can to show.
Upon some passing of mine, yours over to preside
as humbly as All, the sudden loss of a faint glow.

Age-Old Tempest

Before the recital, I held in my hand
two pages, four per all sides—

and only on two sentences did I
place the summary strategically:

"I don't know what I want to do with my existence,"
 (nobody does,)

"and so, I will convene on *that* for eternity!"

Skewed by, and for, the matter of subject;
all the well-worded pioneers are screaming.

Like angry wronged souls, they crawled
up from under prose and verse,
lifted ampersands and semicolons.
Desecrated commas, destroyed periods.

Their glare from the grave taunted my speech,
as I looked out on their riotous limbs:
torches and pitchforks waving at me.

Trampled any subtle cry; attempted to don
on behalf of the unvarnished negation —
a simpler revision they preferred,

directly lowered my ambition:

"Here, I will *stop writing*—"
 (trusting my contextual angst,)
"I will bow to *that* Higher Light,
because I have failed."

The mob, scarcely satisfied,
struck the form of how I savor things,
and left me yet again watching at a distance.

□

Until— my pen wailed; my mind fled—
the various things that move us,
indifferent to what compares.

Now I see the jarring strokes
take form into their mouths, and chew.
Hungrily, the tombs are flooded —

A napalm-esque fire engulfs the jury
for whom I made no deciding motion,
or decided ultimately over time.

After the effectless carnage, I loomed
in a mental field, savoring, clueless —
this momentous, irrecoverable prime.

Mediator-Translator

Oh god please stop fucking with me.

Please get back,

please untangle,

please stop

please.

□

Now I'm needing again,
now I cease knowing the way.

Affairs conducted in such a way
to encompass anything & everything.
The City rests in bustling fashion
with no regard for who or where you've been.
"No use" has remained the function,
and through this mode, all substance follows.

Now I'm reminded again
how the coercive resonance rules.
An inner urgency sparked a hope

that honesty over some nominal transactions —
after some absence, longstanding or abrupt —
would help to acquire a temporary comfort,
if only to know a mind at ease before sleep.

In the end, the machines only bred sorrow
begotten of complexity;
the jubilant ideals flaunt their doomed ascent,
because surely a memory alone must hold.
By this unit, I merely abided the mindless turning:

it smolders under the paper
before rupturing in that banal dance.

The Cold

Take all of the cold:
all of its apt burning,
all of its quiet force.
The ground is victim,
leaves ensnared by wind.
The dead of night holds
a starving blank space,
there on the wall is where
I am curled into the corner.
I sit still, taking all of the cold.

The Shame Of Loneliness

As if the principal vulnerability,
tucked away and discouraged —
set behind the determined motions.

Held steadfast, the singular body and perspective
before the teeming multitude in finite dimensions.
Was once akin to the stalwart river – unitary in
broken streams; but now struggles under
the hovering weight of a shadow cast.

That shyness could cease momentarily,
opening the heart's doors to ashen hopes,
weighed on the dangling-down life.

And this darkened figure, reminding and giving
to itself the emulation of heart-lifting elements,
is what stood to prove the substance of the apathy
in shame; the discouraged reflex inward again.

& Of Queer Loneliness

When last did the credits roll?
The glorious end of all times,
in the auditorium of introspection.

The part-by-part mentality –
where "making the very best"
takes center-stage for nobody.

I guess I languished in thought too long,
but I remember I appreciated something
missing— savored the day panicking to savor it.

Hesitated to conclude the series
of conclusions; it always seems closer
than it really is. Then, it is near.

How I want to think that my fall
did me some good. To uproot a personal
sanctity, and thrust my potential forward.

In unspoken secrecy, I imagine
something, someone – at all possible;
but recall a pattern I must devour.

"I am here for you, I am here to stay..."

"...I need you as much as you need me..."

abruptly ruined the imagination,
snickering at the detestable hobby
of feeling— then discarding.

I know better now than to think
there is a warm presence at my shoulder;
only a familiar moonlight melancholy.

Flag

My flag is a light gray,
but is confused for white.

Trudging in the valley of day,
it assumes a darker shade on sight.

That pressing, directionless step
that hardens in each foot forward;

I leaned into its cold, murky depth
to ignore the point I move toward.

These are the calm hills of my heart
whom I graced distantly for comfort;

then my windy solace is tore apart
and leaves me at the storm's front.

Moving still, I tell Me to "End yourself"
at the passing thought of love.

Curious, how I stand myself,
burrowed the crux in these clouds above.

And the modest houses I met

did their best as did I;

talk and touch done, made bereft
and said our goodbyes.

Came, went: offers empty taking all,
each glance and word wanted this intact;

the quiet pain drowns with waves tall,
stood still — then my flag waves black.

Avoidance

Scarlet-bruised remnants stand at the feet of
Disregard,
a bleak innocence we bore now whimpering alone.

I sleep in disparate wastes,
hinging the dawn's horrid rise;

then, on waking, a memory I could discard
has flooded the sense of eternity shown.

When it melded with solid castes,
each effort evaporated to subside.

I slept diagonally at my rift,
traversing that worn mile undiminished —

around me, the simple feeling to muster in haste
produced the relics by turmoil they comprised.

It set itself, by nobility, adrift
before declaring its ideals finished.

Half asleep, peered from the crater dug by States,
under conflict, tiring, born by their reprise.

Turning World

No ground nor wind
before the star seed.
Contagion after hydrogen,
frozen in cruelty - an elemental
razor - aborted after spawning.

Drifted lifeless, mundane satellites
collide, a supernova once
every pre-human millennium.
Thoughtless rumor of budding,
taking on inner form, distinct.

The stars shine their familiarity
stoked by distant indifference;
a pleasant radiation – near docile –
fashions crude contemplation about
each thing out of reach
and virulently indiscernible.

Division. Multiplication. Now green
tendrils grow and weave; stiffen —

hurled over, humans spawned with
eyes gazing upward at night. We,
the star descendants, know the

echo: the dull satellite's reverberation
uttered quietly under each thought.

* * *

Part Three.

Godfear

Woe like impotence
and reverence like
certainty.

The water drop ripples
over eternity, confirming:

being a person
is its own trauma.

Claim

I declined the claim to tragedy
from what remained evident for this lifetime.

What damage trial spared of capacity
merely refined the spells and rites of mine:

they took no eruption of norm seriously
while the pillar crumbled and burned;

and while the distant resolve stirred furiously,
only to the winds, those held captive turned.

As normality and sadness converged,
my mortal extension was almost allayed.

Then, I secured my spot in shade submerged
from that corner of refuge hued and surveyed.

Clearance

Survive, hunchbacked of heart –
exhausted of that late endurance –
although crying and begging for rest.

□

As day shined warm after rest had eased,
the air welcomed breath, and by this – helped.

The journals of Loss and Regret, portions ceased,
were forgotten like wind on that Morning felt.

So unburdened was I, nearly undeserving,
sat politely at the steam from the cup held;

smiling wisdom cast out the emotion conserving
the unwelcome throbbing of an injury dealt.

"The wound is there, the substance – I cannot grasp,"
these, my only words were.

And kindly, my company replied: "'Tis no problem
too vast!"

They, of no bother of mine, were sure.
After tea, we lie in the calm open field

neighboring the wind through the trees.
Wordless, our leisure, soothed all concealed:
mortality, meaning – understood through the
breeze.

Witness to importance — none of one's own,
the last place thus removed itself from me;
and so, under me, where seeds I had sown,
sprouted as the temperament shined gladly.

□

Temporary, the light; remained
up 'till the dusk. Rested to resume
your dependent care.

One Might Recall

Fretting away— by unsure means—
from the spiraling frustration.

Old news as always,

persistence, that turns on itself,
marks the remindful route;

merely back to what I'm used to,
as others' uncertainties reflect my own.

□

Need known and neglected to know
the negligent shortcoming that I cover
only for the sake of *carrying on*.
That same regretfully human understanding
which plagues the waking moments through
all paradigms, Past and Present.

One strain to an ease —
still very much alive.

Harnessed In Full

Wood's standing, plain wisdom
recognized and lusted by the fall.

God's wanton purpose? To feel
and think — toward knowing?

Reamed all composure by a prism,
to congeal and consolidate it all.

Doubted what is possible, even real
for the fabled amazement of growing.

;;

Surely, the worst parts of you wanted
so worse than all to disappear at wake.

They occur only mild in lonesome:
frivolous stretches in mind measured.

Where solace proved, a stretch departed
that ventures forward give such they take.

Reminder shows eerie as loathsome;
held back before everything treasured.

Then, you nodded to leave—

"I will only know *when I know*."

Verbatim In Praxis

A number of things with unique openings
is the beloved constant. Noun to concept,
concept or thought to word.

Word then asks effect; effect hypothesized
and left to the proving. The effect gleams,
or withers, bargaining idly.

Every essence thus decimated. Before, word
lent its gruesome attempt at alleviating the
bald nothing of reminiscence.

And after thorough decimation, upon the
place where the raw figure was struck, held
in its perished maw: the unwritten truth.

Outside, smoking. Nothing rears toward the
head's turn, exhaling. Before any number of
years, all variables were different.

Standstill

Whatever you told yourself
replaced with what you tell now.

Hold your notes (firm in hand)
where your dexterity tests.

Deep breath, and the voice,
"you don't offer anything greater."

Then the withdraw: a solitary doing.
Foreseen, corrected, apologized.

Disposing glance and remark, "what
you were struggling through
in your own life..."

breathed again: "scatters down
to spring up new in paths older."

Like Sevastopol, or some stagnant artifice,
countless apartments we're tucked in.

"Oh, lend it five or ten years," the voice
of resignation sounds under the cloud.

;;

You would circle the core of "nothing,"
because it comprises your discovery.

Frustration, even after it's settled;
expected so much to be made clear.

Loosened, maybe, but remnant,
so sorrows uphold without pity.

So legacies all one's own will not
simply disperse after a faint time.

Dispense with the self-flagellating —
over the self-inflicted blows
and the various braces on expression.

Realizing, the drunkenness more sound,
that which convinces into the next day.

;;

Steadily on the wire above death,
record and attention to detail,

good faith and hard determination —
a friendly face that fends off the dark.

Now you step again; jostled and firm,
prepare that distance before the conclusion.

Fear Of Waste

Quantity suffers no expenditure.
Although quality is nearly unscathed,
bliss degrades under making's deplored station.

Fashioned for me, this pragmatic renderer:
Ease held by importance now gained,
declarations adrift in the same rusted location.

Braced onto me, pictures of the firefight;
machine guns and bombs under the night sky.
Their erupted echoes carry away the souls.

And on 'morn, rain gave a brighter light,
but was kept dark by their minds in comply:
revved the steam engines, stoking their coals.

Abrupt Outliers

Properties of flux, a sense of momentum.

For life (
 for creation,
 for vitality.)
"—For"? What *for*?

The sense of possibility being so severe.

Go and do. Distance is neutral.
Here, carnage is commiserating again.

Remembered walking,
those dawning childhood days,
all spent for holding up close
to the face of relaying their
hourly impression.

* * *

Part Three.

Monologue

One.

YOU TAKE STEPS TO PROCURE THE FEELING. You acquaint the faculties with the causes— aimed at the tools— adjusting from the idle seconds, which seemed less obscure.

Waning to rising. Pride and terror before the light, before the dark. An initial annoyance at consciousness urges the blink splayed still under sleep.

At first flash of the creation, the flash of the completion and the impression— all courses prove kaput before anything. Stagnated, procedure swirls null, intent somehow.

Expecting that a recent genius looked at the world, weighed the shifted constants and affirmed that "it doesn't matter," you still find strength to rise for virtually crumbs and air.

Circulation behind the face that stares from bed: the eyes open to look before closing again, knowledge prior to acknowledgment takes hold— showing itself as word.

Not grand nor dull, any character gleams on a neutral surface: exact for the setting and perhaps for the steps forward in its content;

what then you insisted by objection, promise in word's deed, you merely hoped to repeat its divergent impression— shared or concealed.

Surging before any ascent, before any moved finger, the passages flood a stack of blank pages: unforeseen effort, determination, dualistic dances intensifying. Walking in the conviction that craft through intent— intent through craft— should it not dither, deplete— would stand.

The circulation gathers. Medication, water, stretching— begun this waking hour. Coffee, the first spark before something smoked. Memories, passive, torture unflinching. Those "quirks," surreal nuances, you remember them seeing.

Some odd years of discovery and development lead here. Those unthinking rites which carried on when

you had assumed the control of pattern and tone.
Nominal solitude met by **break**:

Mental arrest made from emotional duress, and the
series of motions attempting resolution—

known to do around, in avoidance of, known
obligation; a challenge to time as an unwinnable
anxiety strewn negligent in itself. Like that, series
started and circled.

Somehow, it contributes as it cripples. The harsh
turns cracking the neck, balled fists cracking the
knuckles, they all *prod* to prevent atrophy.

So that even in sulking to such a degree, a reduction
of harm still plays under the helpless care.

Month by month. Does any aperture retract,
constrict, for what all your energy balanced on? Is a
universal heartbeat's rhythm holding you? Is it only
strength for witnessing degradation?

Is a ballad of nakedness guaranteeing some primal
continuity for you?

You asked yourself so much that you wept.

You rested.

You held out by hobbies and interests to see the better aspects after them. You stepped in and out by urge and sensibility both, who seemed like enabling parents in your brain.

You shaped intricate conditions and exceptions for yourself: while in your own murmured world, you annihilated the churchly sense of morality and purpose, you did not let that take away from a pragmatic application of what you wanted to put out into the world:—

you let human madness continue, only to act as tracer for what the worldly winds had in store. You discerned trends, attempted varying levels of intellectual empathy, and came away as discontent as before.

But still, you persisted. Not because of the people or the proving of ideas, but because of the happenstance regions, dates and confrontations.

So when you stepped into that moment after heaving and gasping, holding your best possible fortitude in suspense with some firm statements you

had rehearsed— it was too shocking to you to find the whole condition indifferent, letting you go.

Each time, when you said *touché* to yourself, expecting the worst and finding only... continuation after the fraying – never seeming to place it well – it was a bludgeoning by relief, and return.

And how you loved your beatings. They gave you life, taught you stamina, injected you with realism. They made you sober, they made you feel wise. They made you feel like you were all who ever felt, while seeing all the unique angles that see the same thing but not in the same way.

You were determined to prove to yourself that it is still worth going through. To see the way out, if nothing else. A thing to have in mind on the way back, when you leaned against the passenger door watching the trees fly by.

You gave in to the next day regardless.

Two.

How these familiar variations made your depression impassioned: the kernel of dismissal amid the obvious and distressing presence of sustained abandonment.

You sat, dragging on the smoke, detesting. Healed by poison, one realm's hand-off to another.

No bother for how *refinement* takes its course—health, personality, endurance, all hobbling in a shaky pace with the psyche acting as cohesive with the placid domination.

So should the smile degrade, regardless of the bodily failure, it would be only a superficial decay for a heart whose blood coursed dry in withered valleys that once beat, aching to beat again in a better fashion.

Your intention remained there, of course. All important hours obvious to expire have graced your desire in those anxious throes. You needed it made right. You needed your hands on the means toward solution.

Your *proposal* for *solution* was to bring all concerns to the very front. You knew to apply what you know, and felt that familiar visage of confidence which occurs dissimilar every time. You almost knew word to be dependable then; you allowed it to be the only traceable form.

You knew that all meaning and purpose that derived from the present day/present time had its roots in caring, if only to a personal degree of importance.

You needed to *project* it through some sort of impromptu establishment. You sought out *a raw semblance* of what is barely suggested in formal gatherings.

The caring thus lingered, like distant smoke come adrift, while the scent going unnoticed degraded your primary muse. Time and effort, patience and listening. You hated the balancing act, for others and yourself. You wanted the walls of discomfort and guardedness to be razed, and right when you believed them to be gone —

deeper trenches ensued. Still trying...

You sat and continued, knowing: the coat-clad character we each inhabit would forsake the burning cherry's rich prop, shedding nicotine's loving bite — but only if the weather in our hearts and the world steered us to health— not to spite. To see that gradual uplifting through instead of another emergent sedation.

The whiskey would dither as a haughty boon of debauchery; your idle moments shared with others would exceed the skeletal-emotional needs—

how your sonic teenage leather & booze would never aim to let up, not even as the same beautiful spirit you feel dancing in the sky.

How it would persist, unchanged:—

As if caught by some romantic resurrection bringing all of us with hearts *Home!*

We could return our uniforms of counter-culture, eased from the workaday hell altogether. Our choice remains, but the *real* bounds of desires lifted? What then?

Imagine, the mall or plaza parking lots left to no car.
Left instead to lie and smoke in. Live in, even. Would
we, after a time, still care about *that location*?
Somewhere else? Is anyone wanting to revel in the
same idea come to life?

Where? When?

To answer these, you returned to what begun this
circle.

How you lament, again. Having already smoked
some, you commended yourself to tasks. Far off in
your head, you can't be there like you are *here*.

Occupy. Assume composure.

On rejecting a gradual plunge, the clearest option
remained— to write the forthcoming bits about
those prevailing subjects, but mostly of life itself.

What of method? Simple. Accost one shade of
gradual realization with another, stiffened by the
commendation of dead vagabonds and iconoclasts—
pointing to their hundred year's plight that is no
different from ours; how it glimmers in the present
just as dull— yet profound. Like those silent nods

among friends, witting and otherwise, the new developments spring from ancient, vital seeds.

You clung to that Infinite Torment, the banal and the preeminent. Still, it kills you here and now, sitting before yourself.

Three.

But what truly pissed your life off the most is whether it *mattered* or not. You think, if that question changed as much as it was answered, you would not be writing this.

As the Kingdom Of The Black Planet is hailed and sworn in for life, you and your friendly romantics are here writhing in pain, needing things, watching desires far off in the distance take steps again and again each hour.

It is pain. You are only a best attempt after your origins, turning for the next pages, crying covertly. But the pain was not so much being dragged by the harsh progression of civil affairs, nor even the endless machines of time, regrets and age — but a lack in *placement* of effort, rather than of *effort itself*.

The effort was always there. The effort was the original affliction, sin, whatever. If you had discerned anything, it was that everyone puts in their share of stress and endurance.

Effort is the original money, doled out either by the generous, suicide-by-altruism kinds of people, or the

puppy dog-eyed losers who enable the former's self-debasement. Money comes and goes. Effort comes and goes. Just like love, just like a personal sense of valor, simplicity, or serenity.

So the mission settled to accommodate the possibilities. When affected by the general order and chaos— continuation and overturning— the goal became *to let any life seep back in*. When it became too horrid to match the senselessness, the goal was to let the problem mull over in the world among those currently enduring or preparing to endure it.

On these terms, what needs happening is explicit, not pussyfooted.

The effect is not exempt from itself being affected.

No need, then, for sixty-five-thousand columns and articles and op-eds about problems and solutions. You thought this simple container would apply to everything, coddle every stupid question with a clean sentence, unplugging the persistent idiocy from every upright babbler, revealing the untapped empathy and intelligence in all.

"Powerful ignorance is cured."

If it was out of place, it was due to how the scale for perception went about. After all, the range of sight deludes easiest, maybe, by the lesser yet wider scales of those inside walls and doors:—

All of the city appears as unified, synchronized in dysfunction to enrich all narrowed possibility. And although you trudged and withstood just to see the ends of it, none of it extended their roots deep enough to satisfy, to realize.

At every intersection, there is a reason to be here or there. But in your own purposelessness of being present, witnessing these strangers' affairs in silent, you understand Life as meaningless in *that exact context*.

That exact daily expectation, meeting itself in the reflections of those outside, is what induces in all what you dissected to overcome. And with such obvious paradigms at play, with you being one person... *only* one person, walking through it all. There, you found others.

Yes, as enticing as it was anxiety-inducing— you were humbled and ultimately refreshed to meet, talk, even connect eyes at an uneasy but heartfelt

glance. You worried, composure near-faded. You felt horrible for taking their time, even if they specified your usefulness for that particular contract.

Life went on. Snippets for the memory bank. Immediate satisfactions scheduled and met for under 20 dollars. Sated this day's reason.

It made sense that it happened out this way, all variables and intentions now considered plainly. In that specific time, the actual comings together were for shaping and sculpting expectations and their capacity— but they impacted like failures in spontaneous regret.

All points converge, yes, but only where they terminate. Here, we merged into our different expectations as one, and walked away more different. The words in stride, like some form of leisure in a downpour, reduce the *ephemeral* to the *sensible*. This became to surrender and vanish.

Scoffing. Walking. How they went on inserting themselves, their worries, in between each attempted pathway.

Of course you knew. How could you not? You had swam in the quarries of your mind, drowned in their waters and been revived on the shore enough times over to cease consideration altogether.

You knew that every night and every word had amounted thus. And you felt strongly that nobody has it any less intense just because they don't really consider *relaying* it all.

But it only revealed *a fact* of concealment, brandishing nothing.

Nothing to you. Nothing to those trying to help you. Nothing to anyone seeking help. Nothing to anyone seeking to help.

Fondness distanced itself within: smiles laying foundations of weeping, desperate hugs. Every loving gesture had lost its significance for you, but enriched your appreciation tenfold.

Comfort thus totally shed its childlike husk, losing all part in existential fences mended or frayed. Comfort of the heart becomes a luxury, or a lubricant; you hunger for it only to see the next day, the next week, to avoid **break**.

The *magic* of warmth and closeness was snuffed out at some point for you. You didn't care to put a stake in where exactly; it merely integrated as a reflex. As much as you were starved, you knew the pain most from thrashing in search.

Such as the surreal normality of your dreams: the landscape held slant by a vivid sense of concern and drive. Every occurrence ricochets in plainness. Maybe one or two distinct features then, and only a faint recounting later.

Waking a week later, the dream resonated. You wished for no misunderstanding about the most important part of *anything at all*. Just how you loathed losing things, even sometimes negligent trinkets, you detested the failure of explanation's endeavor. You would not allow the promise of word to die with you.

Thus the saving grace of the same idea shown— and faded away in elaborating.

Your id staggers behind. Taken to last refuge straight out of the gate, having bet on one of three outcomes. The egoist in you withdraws, an inspired cognition having gave lyric to rhythm, rhythm to anxiety.

Panic to numb. You knew your capacity— perhaps better than anything. You clutched a keen estimation, how this footprint would add to the list. At least a note of the *effort* exists somewhere.

Imbided into the deadline, and packed up what you could not carry.

When you closed the front door, climbed the stairs and crashed in the space made for you, that hurtful evening stood to remind.

You wouldn't accept it when you saw your own weight on different shoulders— no break, but a **drop**. Dropped into the depths. The depth of your uncertainty.

Now the week is up, and you don't care where you awaken.

Four.

A flat-line, for what seemed like an eon, spikes only once to a moment in the past.

A blink of ease, when you held a kind soul in a jar; voice and touch later replicated to self-inflict. You hugged that artifact, testifying her sweetness, proclaiming the brightest resolution by a would-be embrace.

Had hearts, like most all containers, not been cast from glass for only particular things, you might still have a chance. If they were woven like baskets to hold what didn't slip through the seams, maybe the hidden days would be cast into light. Easing all aimless woe, unwinding all deathly tangles.

"Misfortune," the word that hardly names and never sufficed, hung apologetically over the roots. And how the word stopping at itself, with any further direction being sadness or strife, was what ruined the proposed, quiet-mouthed succession.

You extended, and were receptive to, a courtesy thought lost. You didn't know what it was at first. You looked to see. And in peering over the edge,

expecting the face of the genius — or the demon —
you saw nothing. But your mind went ahead:—

drawing the ghostly outline in your eyes, looking
into the static depth of darkness— a pulsating
crimson, in sync with your heart's mounting beat,
which colors in the momentum rushing at you,
stirred and twirled in your blood draining over the
rocky lip.

You examined your limp, battered corpse. Your eyes
were more at rest than ever. The blood which fell
from the stone tips was collected in a vessel for the
pen you would inherit in the next life.

Blink opened, revived. You felt levitation in the cool
mists of isolation as the first sensation of day. In
your travel the next hour, you paused to look upon
the wood. Only the birds trifle with the stillness,
then the wind.

Between inner wailing and outward composure, the
actual termination— where "nothing" seems
considerably more, this haunted your every step.
You reached for solace in your daydreams, whose
poems were printed to be read alone.

Even with the daunting gears in motion, under momentary control, that they had an unfriendly expiration measured in days or weeks is what convulsed your spirit. Your course aimed at the stark, singular truth that is Death, and the cost for not being there yet.

You felt like the worst person for all your intents: having scraped the wanton normality clean of who you'd been born as, you insisted benevolence by this honesty.

You thought if you lived out every stitch of what made most sense to you, even though your worst quality was having those intricate things *make sense* outside, the universe would reward you for your depth of thought you were determined to know wasn't pointless suffering and lost time.

With such weight distributed, oscillating and direct, a moment seated, still and relaxed seemed like a gate opening downward:—

An hour you hadn't woken to before. You stepped into a hallway. Songs once played lightly now shudder your psyche in its shaky pace; blurring the

frightful tug to ask. Volume only crudely surmised
through intensity—

your drowning by oxygen, emboldening the terror
that devours you.

A chuckle behind a door at the hall's end. A voice you
remember: that long lost hug. Your own momentum
rises to evaporate. The minutes and growing dark
helped you to realize again.

The laughter, the volume. They drove your senses up
the fucking wall. Caused you tears, screams and hurt.
And still, it did not matter. You decided to awaken.

And so you did.

A second upward in bed before everything flows
back: the flower pedals, the pictures, the oozing tar
of the tasks, regrets, addictions and facades... the
ephemeral drive to see behind a curtain of some sort.

An effect being obvious, it propelled the bulk of the
words' purpose, but languished only as an
occurrence. Vague, unprofitable. It furnished your
hollow fort:

it complimented the withering leaves on the tar and asphalt. Those distant companions, who shared the weight of where you sat in thought, remain *here* in your memory.

You proclaimed one night, *"Surely, every flower from sprouting to wilting has penned some apt summary for their flash in the human-like eternity."* You continued.

"Without a question, each bird in the sky is possessor and distributor of myriad poems composed on their wayward flights and scavenges. I do not doubt, by any measure, that every school of fish knows entirely different ideologies and histories than all those standing upright in the town and country."

As you dwelt in the mirror, you contested yourself with it all. You invented a war underneath everything that you could not advance in, and you took your losses out on those around you.

Your genuine damage, not to the origins of wider suffering, but upon the innocent endeavors in the same whirlwind, is what collapsed your spirit more than your relatively forgivable shortcomings.

Now a fist-sized crater consumes your reflection.
The most adequate callback, your yearning for a 12
gauge blast left caving out your head's crown.

Of the Two Ways to choose, you chose *to learn* than to
react inward. "Correction for the next steps," you
told yourself. Mistakes, and all that. But at what
cost?

You salted the gardens of Utopia with a blunter
prospect; you desecrated the Library of Alexandria
with simpler notions. To you it was triumphant,
never mind that neighboring bands kicked your dust
along the empty hillsides of that fantastical
overcoming.

It was *gated in* by your own mind: bound by fear of
using your hands therefor, trauma-riddled strain in
your flow of form, and the detestable repeats of
automatism— *strangers* born of your own hands
which you distrusted, but equally depended on
hither.

The apprehension divides between the *fearful* and
the *learned*, in whose latter aspect you tasted clarity.

Wherever and however life wound itself into this nodding trek, it relies only on precious conjecture. *Thought* without *doing*: how one's life can still occur after it's gone. Various pieces concealed to form a chase, the final determination [thought to be] unearthed at the end.

And in trying to examine *a life* in context to *this life* or *this world*, one focuses and retracts sporadically over the passing details. A firm point between years or centuries passed, the breath of those past recorded efforts is gone.

A diminutive glimpse into one specific universe held in the iris, printed on worn pages, but whose insights are expunged by the banal cruelties which invade the seconds.

As for the Total, the default *doing* was to spread the *enlightened* formula of Universal Wellness, integrating its new children into the equation. But the default *feeling* [guiding thoughts] was of ascension that the former did not compute.

In your case, those who thought it familiar were quickly refreshed on the hole in the Boat Of Life between that person's start and the finish of the

sentence at present. Their nervous chuckle, or bewildered quiet taken aback, were all that confirmed for you a charge that ignites nothing.

An agitated "**Leave Me Alone!**" when some fragments of Paradise resurface. That bright swell which cures bitter hearts is itself colored brown and yellow by its opposite side. Greenery of life shaken, but undisturbed upon the door slamming.

A hanger for all bests and worsts then comes loose, falling onto self-admission.

The lifeline dulls in pitch, its dial tone left discarded.

Five.

An owl at noon asked about you. The call, unanswered either way, echoed as the friendliest thing to you.

An ancient, far more inward series of repetitions than those of Zen or Tao coalesced— not into contentment— but into a weary discerning still on your tongue's tip.

You rose not at all. Anticipating the anxiety, you carefully unbound what truly plagued you: *How long a journey humanity has made, out of foraging and roaming, only to return into their own minds.* ☹

With new charters, heights by subordination etched eternal in stone, they fought bitterly for all life to correspond back to one indomitable Truth. As you endured, you witnessed: bodies made prisons of mind— conscripted to oil and tune the gears bearing whichever emblem.

Mere testimonies of the suffering for Truth are themselves superfluous, bringing not into question the Nature of Truth— how this Truth was forged— but how we meek human dreamers can be as Great

as That Truth; to reupholster its values, and— *this time!*— to don the One True Coat for all time over our new, Beautiful Truth.

Those few who drew their arms and said "no" were then heretics. For not fixing eyes upon the whole, which was professed as The Source Of Everything, their names and aspirations would **rot**, cursed by all who hear or see their spirits mingling in dance with the new class of degenerate life-lovers.

In this was displayed the intricate matter of *ganging up* on the first real individuals who seceded from the whole; to realize the Real God of the Holy Collectivity that History had thrust on them, assuming the dominion of this or that leader in this generation or the next.

Trying, in this hysterical shadow of the masses, was itself your own self-rape.

Acknowledging how it turns 'round and *encircles* you, knowing nothing of you— only alluding semblances of you and *your place* in it, you grasped the plight's entire age.

Stripped down, the bulk of some ten or fifteen years lived to learn wherein Nietzsche and the like cascaded their apt abyss. You kept it in the heart to exult silently in the pending works. By sheer text, the accomplishment wins nothing. And *nothing* was the root at which to start— to be overturned, filled with your own.

👉 Here, you discarded the beautiful description once again.

You held, sifting through the strands of inspiration; blood, sweat (and tears') lubricant upon the smirking heart of what stands now. What you thought would be obvious disintegrates in its own image.

Those same people asking of their potential— fixing it to a form, were entranced by the potential magic unveiled at the Right Time of Discovery; only after many more additional self-inflected debasements. Behold. The universal political program.

Unasked for, drama and tragedy. Even the comedy! They remained shadowplays of grief, incontestable only on the terms of their absurdity. Secured in your manic diatribes, you knew of one answer among all the world's showy philosophers.

Still, you wonder what the acknowledgment of the whole series has to do with *anything*.

The dreamers of Truth sought only to send their thoughts and feelings into great heights at incredible velocities, but they recounted no sprouts from their alleged potency. Soaring by sight, and depleting by motion.

At pause, you turned the reflectiveness of other people in the firelight. How things occurred to you, you imposed— in your own frame, and intention, of understanding— your impression over theirs. That is how you tried.

Hoped, prayed— in your own way, of course— to shed your earthly marrow that anchors you in that same harbor of sorrow.

You felt that each character describing honesty was a step through the shade and the light.

* * *

Has the achievement congratulated you yet? Has anything transpired from all your planted effort? Did the return meet the amount of what you had given?

Do you have *any* answer?

Of course not.

The specialty of special moments, special phenomena. *Phenomena*. Blossomed into compost. By your trudging through the manicured wastes, the phenomenal moments in self-consumption burn with the tinge of dried feelings and worn love notes.

A blink, a cough. A drop of sweat stinging your eye. A memory boiled to a mutter. You still trudged.

Meditated on 'answer' as a rite of perfection: its expectation to show up like a call, the *answer* weighing on you.

The dying stench of Summer; through mashed aluminum and bird carcasses, the answers which the machine wrought bring themselves to the surface of the scorched crust.

Your mild, expressionless merriment flutters wildly in the centers of all faded circles. You trot like a wolf

along your path, discerning and removed. An "answer" never came to your mind in these states of being.

Every step in stride you wore into the Earth was powered by the last hour, and the chain of hours reaching back into those distant evenings never to be lived again:

Chased! Lived! *Loved!* Withered gods All, you knew!
You sung and smoked and *smiled!*

You held your smile upward for once. You exorcised the original shame of your features and smiled *for you alone.*

Do you feel better, now that you said it all?

Could you make it any more honest?

What's your answer?

Where bad feelings land, their sour modesty blanketing the regular upset, that is where you answer your own questions — and pause not at all for the exterior receptors to parse and approve.

Merely bemoaning existence, you woke and wrote.
That was your choice to hone in on. You went from
there, telling yourself "*Go From There.*"

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—relentless wordcraft—



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