

Come Part

Allegedly Poems



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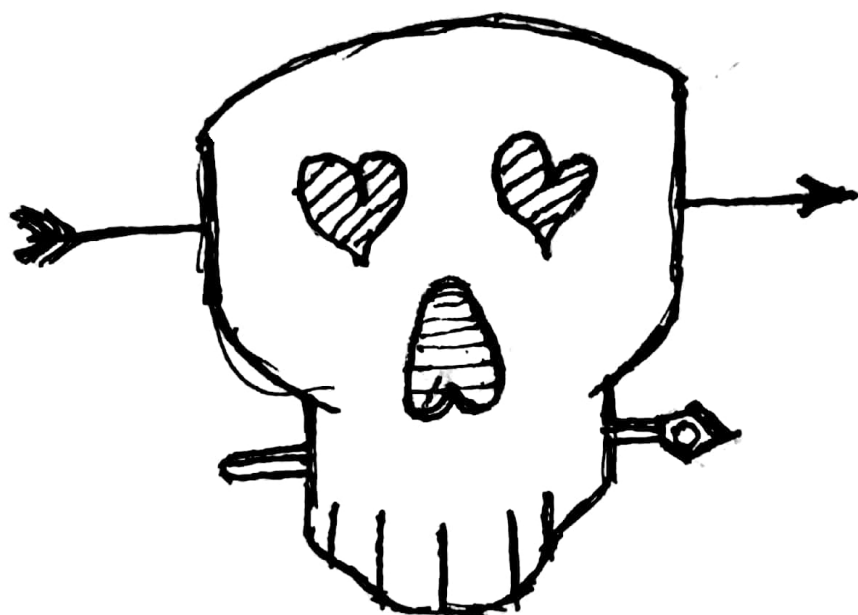
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One: null

*(I'm giving you words
with which you abuse
the sudden drop-off—)*

—

Timely, or untimely. Read? The epitome!
The written *epitome* of having it *read*!

*(Some have told me they wanted it read,
wanted its result from me observed, and somehow
this met me in my refuge—
as them wanting to read it!)*

I suppose it is where one *recollects*, although
recollecting without beginning— let alone
understanding.

I was cast out at someplace beyond habitat.
I watched from down and across
as the smoke parted against me.
My back had turned: *it burns behind me*,
passing smoke from that distance *haunts me*;
and in the doorway I turned again.
The whole world around me *ceases*,
becoming one unified stare from its gray expanse.
The buildings grow eyes and nourish judgment;
ten thousand shadowy arms, flailing and grasping
from the heart of the mass. A cauldron of
howling cries harmonizing in a droning shriek.

Figures of darkness emerge behind me.

I turn again.

Faceless appearances— *facelessness itself*
stares at me, stares past *the point of me*, past the
points *before me*— and asks *where I have been*.

I collapsed on the ground beside those towering
doorways, at the margins of smoke-filled rooms.
Perfect mouthful of the ground I walk on.
Sudden allies with floor grout which did not
languish—
adored its detail and its plight,
for it would be my only witness.
A friend above all treasure.

Despite all, they gave each and every account
of my feature in one indomitable gaze.
It burns in front of me! It establishes itself *in me!*
And now a voiceless trial ensues, continues:
it glides across the terrain brighter than the dawn.

I must disregard the mirror, repel vision away,
lest I peel this flesh and consume the glass.
Turning in a tumultuous, vacant assault;
an unimportant madness to everyone else.

Concluded— adjourned— before its beginning,
here is the sentencing before *nothing!*

— (No. 1)

To know for sure. This vessel is unpiloted.

"Okay. First you, then me?"

"Or *me* first? Then *you*?"

Always about the same thing; always in a
straight line regarding this awful circle.

Can't know for sure. Do you *want to*? Why?

Listen careful. *Heed.*

All the papers and objects I would burn and forget
are crammed in an unloved hole in my closet;
how should *the sureness of this world*
be so different?

— (No. 2)

SOMETHING HAS GRABBED ME BY THE TEETH
and plunged me into its terrible chasm.
A ghost with more names than reasons
assaults my victimless grime of merely being.
More emotionally mortal than dead marrow;
the hour is not nigh, the window testifies.
Parallels in the room I had disregarded,
but now confide innocence in.
The once noticeably disheveled things are
now quite apt and adequate for this den.
Yes I know the blatancy of it. The depth
and the confusion and the processing.
The feeling, the time. The change.
Ten dimensions thick with morbid intrigue
which I and you and her are guilty of.
Eighty times over, the courts of the head and
the heart would sentence us and drop us from
their gallows— if we were still so young and
stupid to revere whatever they decree.
And still morbidly, that is the root of it:—
for where and whence I was dispatched, some
air of stillness amid careening cries emerged.
Your triumphant departure could not outshine
the blazes which occurred solely to me in secret.
It could not do better than the realizations that
approached in their entirety, and became the
extent of my nothingness.

Creating a sense
of panic, as if it was
the first — of the last.

— (No. 3)

Didn't hear you
the first time. Please;
help me understand.
Throbbing, aching lobotomy.
That one day, in splintered
memory, I heard—
one and two making three.
"Come along,
go along,"
it won't be for long.
— (No. 4)

Desperately deepening
opposite the depression.
Keen indecisiveness
bent on respite's breath.
— (No. 5)

So easily important.

So gradually exuberant.

Under the spell

of a sickly sweet witch;

influenced by the breath

of some different tragedy,

of some different affliction,

of some different heartache.

Casually convulsing

with all feeling.

"You needed to cry."

I can't cry on you,

I won't cry on you,

but I will remember

and think of you.

— (No. 6)

Here in a silent room,
sitting in a lonesome chair,
not knowing how to move—
past this same, familiar despair.
Notions of going out, or
finding a dollar to earn—
so little learned; *I only yearn.*
Jesus Christ! *That noise again!*
Out from bed, *I ascend*—
razors, soap, suds and blood,
this nightmare Never Sleeps—
living as crud.
The Sole Witness of this...
fucked up decline, I feel...
apprehension dripping down my spine.
Pooling down from the chair,
encasing the floor in tears—
across the room I stare,
thinking [...] on these past years.
Going nowhere while searching everywhere,
All hearts die with Time—
resolved with everyone; clean, fair,
they might find it sublime.

— (No. 7)

Glad not to have said what's been said;
so sad to have said what's not been read.
Accompany convenience to faithful heads—
and prepare overview long after we're dead.

— (No. 8)

Could be
shrieking Jesus
shrugging mistakes.

Court Marshall
sacred service—
signing off.

— (No. 9)

Nothing god-fuck smoking crack out of the light bulb of
Liberalism's big Idea.

Immortal dusk-dawn sponsored by the sea turtle slave labor
syndicate.

Requesting benefits for the projection, applying solutions to
the suggestion.

Grazing on gazes, a meal of sulfur and stares.

Mediocre attribution for outstanding deterioration.

There is a whisper of a whim looming around the crowded
understanding.

Walking outside to go sit inside.

Salvation dies with sin, our final open season.

Heroics of the primordial problem now surpassing staleness,
ceding vitality.

Consolidating in the ravine our precious right to weep and
scream.

Fossils suspended as archived witnesses to the faded logo,
scraping across the floor and playing the vinyl it discovers.

— (No. 10)

Throw it together: some acceptable
accessory. Not like I really care.
Acknowledge, laugh along, embellish.
Let their pity try, but let it down easy.
"I bare the scars, not you.
You bare your own."

I can't do this traffic in personality,
can't stand this grown-up talent show.
Can I survive these passing glances?

Cancel out the background noise,
because it's all too much.
Discontinue this transaction,
all this persistent smiling,
this mechanical nodding.

All right, coming down now.
Worn in contention.
Dispose of me where is
easiest.

— (No. 11)

To turn this corner
and assume a new direction.
You act like you aren't religious
in some modified fashion,
some primitive form.
Go, you, to those distances:
go out and touch the toes of
your proud reassurance.
Don't waste it on me.

__ (No. 12)

In my mind, I'm asking you questions;
on this paper, I'm charting these concerns.
In my heart, I'm anticipating some answer —
but directly after, I'm left in tatters.

__ (No. 13)

In this moment,
one or two tongues.
Maybe out of place.
I welcome it.
I welcome the change.

__ (No. 14)

The world at hand,
it dies with me.
I got my corner
with four walls.
The tie that survives
bides time to strangle.
— (No. 15)

Believe me: I envy you.
Your casual grin.
Your polite recognition.
Sometimes I wish
I wish I hadn't seen,
wish I hadn't felt —
and gotten to know.
— (No. 16)

Intense. The disfigured joints of
who I hate being seen as — Lingering.
"Intense." Right, my Prime Adjective. My crime
and curse. Don't do it — I am gloom:
Happy Sorts disregard — into oblivion.
— (No. 17)

Unhappiness
is all we know.
Happiness promised—
completed, thus never complete.
You cry over my pain, I over yours,
and complete the awful circle:
hands held in sorrow.

— (No. 18)

What she wrote, hours to herself;
isolated as they worry— different glances
on different sides of town.
The phone is as silent as the paper,
which has more words than any voice;
sentences measured and characters corrected.
All her feelings in a few lines,
punctuated at a slant — that it won't offend.

— (No. 19)

I know no characters.
Miscalculated everything.
Perhaps it is music
in a silent lonesome.
A bleak image chosen,
erect in a corner,
that all apprehensive expectations
be broken before manifesting.
— (No. 20)

Perchance—
 margins made a little narrower,
that I could say—
 what would best
describe, relay
 an actual effort,
not brute response.
— (No. 21)

Things are falling, catching with my arms;
hands bound — trembling. I exit the room,
to be called back in from a new distance.
Rush in, withdraw. Expressionless: sobbing.
— (No. 22)

Excuse me,
as if I were alone;
solitude stares.
I'm ! *afraid* !
of all that's happened—
then and now.
— (No. 23)

Well, that's something—
for all that's unasked.
All that goes on over there
happens undeterred.
— (No. 24)

I am incapable,
always tense —
when not alone.
Weep into the concrete.
Start into the space.
Grasp this last breath.
— (No. 25)

Lone body. I want it over with.
Death for life, life for death.
Being through twisted form,
and the form of difficulty's feeling.

(& to bend Yeats:)

*One lone hound only lies apart
on the sun-smitten grass;
she holds deep commune with her heart:
the moments pass and pass.*

— (No. 26)

The bombs that
berate the cobble
of wholehearted monarchy
sold by weight
at the commons
of new hegemony.

— (No. 27)

Excerpts under the birds;
the opposite of memory
glistening through the sunlight.
Fathomable non-particulars
discarded obliviously
without need to remark.

— (No. 28)

Unsure of what to do,
anywhere in any measure;
confounded in a multitude.
And now the days resemble
calendars more forcefully
than in younger memory:
bullet points of To Do
planning eternal succession.
Drain orbiting,
abort conquest.
Joy meets grave.

— (No. 29)

The heights of understanding
tremble at words unfurled.
What fills your heart
with warm happiness
defeated upon holding,
deflated upon ascending.
Entropy suspended in want:
brighter pictures savored than
the journey's climactic passing.
— (No. 30)

I paused
in saying a two-letter word
in response
to a situation beyond any regard.
— (No. 31)

Sober panic laid
gingerly in layers
of perceptual distress
over the day
and over night.

Any nervous qualms
need no introduction.

In lighter days
these fangled feelings
melt away, effortless;
but now they
stir into sludge,
circling the hours
with eyes open.

— (No. 32)

Our friends, of
four legs, tails—
loud instincts and
particular personality.
On leads, close
beside human mundanity.
Wordless friend, I
cannot watch after.
Your begging eyes,
thoughtless disposition,
all evade humanity –
all shatter burden –
leaving ever-wanting
a Like Conscience.

— (No. 33)



Two: verse

(At the top of my indignation, anti-reverence in all that is passed.

*As prepared to retort as you are to assume;
hopefulness pressed its last from the focused, churning mass.)*

—

Fifteen or so ways to toss a moment around;
stir and shift to your liking —
although consistently circling some silent solace
over apprehension.

'Now' shades the part where 'then' has shone –
and like its light – passed.

— (No. 1)

Where always on the cusp — the purpose stained;
how these years and miles have journeyed,
clever hopes and reluctant mantras remained.
Peace made with time — tumultuous, torrential;
repeatedly reconciled – scattering back, flailing,
to revive lost potential.

— (No. 2)

The world abides the death of hope.

"Loved one!" cry out, reach with your eyes;
how the shelter and its ease erode, collapse—
descending in distress down a dismal slope.

— (No. 3)

Gentle Solace of Slumber, splayed on the bed of Green.

The leaning fern that caressed the face of morning,
slowly shadowed by the gray of emerging rain.

Branches like perches of height for attentive finches.

Sunlight of contentedness draws its shade quietly,
the air hushes while the raindrops fall and build.

— (No. 4)

This manner of contemplation, that casts
images of feeling and material atop each
other, has vexed the world-weary hearts
with distance so close to them.

And now this company made melancholy
recants and retracts the perilous prodigies
laid in haste above the lines made sacred.
Exceptions rendered and answered for.
Forever in solemn recovery, with only
crumbled accounts of ardent endeavors
that scarcely scalped the monarch,
for whom War Bells tolled.

— (No. 5)

Nothing better going on
in or around the awful outside;
all components remain bound
hardening the urge to confide.
Place it there for me –
I'm dead. Dead, dead, dead.
Where my mind weighs, tense;
more than you think I left unsaid.

— (No. 6)

I'd like to buy My Mortician coffee—
maybe a beer; go over the details
she should probably hear. Under a
corpse going cold and eyes that
don't look, was a whole other series
of pain and pleasure took. Some light
now snuffed; where, when, how, why—
I hope she'd consider The Moments of life,
glossing over pain, and those who might cry.
An interesting enclosure
of time & space had, I suppose in some
sense it is sad; but all is give and take—
which is just too bad.
Perhaps there might be a better side to this;
coming and going, blooming and fading,
defiant grappling — not having what we miss.
And to you, handler of my bones, I lend trust;
your morbid, mechanical task seeing us off
as we journey in a shadow, the Final form of Dust.

— (No. 7)

You turn all your focus to a corner's reflection;
derelict passages under melancholy shadows,
teeming with tough-to-swallow reception.

— (No. 8)

This is where I'm at, gray T-shirt and all.
Curious enough to go on, all energy tested;
dexterity broken, leaving me in withdrawal.
Slow down, life's short – killing the time of your life.
Others' perception being the most treacherous,
in my pocket I grasp a knife.

— (No. 9)

There comes a point— regretful,
that time washes over all that's near.
In turning, regretless more boldly—
time washes over all foolish fear.
One year ago, other year:
Warmly regarded, COME;
sullenly submitted, PART—
glowing embers of life blown over
whence ever returned.

— (No. 10)

Cheap endorphin release painted this life
as hesitant invention planted its strife.
Because of times strictly laid,
means and ends of getting paid—
It isn't good where I stand;
complex obstacle ever-planned.

Weary wits recount mournful rendition,
little to help my present condition.
Spread over hills, spread over borders;
severed ranks, disregarded orders—
this ceaseless death they push towards.

Because its periodic resurgence
constructs dire threats of perversion,
there is a desperately needed insurgence:
for life worthwhile on terms one's own,
to surpass all temporary thrills ever known.

— (No. 11)

That was the daylight you kicked across the floor,
grabbing a shirt and a bag – not needing more.
This waning Summer turns its hours and days,
quiet routine to gather and give due praise.
In solitary weeks, I have ample time to consider
what must in lonesome hours been dreadfully bitter.
Now this trench has been sun-sweltered over,
imagination commandeered to get much closer.
Upon us closely is another fresh season,
which promises yet again no positive reason.
At this juncture where dawn fades again,
look upon one another, going 'till our end—
with grins
even then.

— (No. 12)

Distant rooms echo laughter
unseen by severed patronage.
Whole humorous portions dissolved
Day for Night — Night for Day,
as encumbered hearts unburden.
The corner-wall barricades
my restless regard found rejoice.
Compartments, countless, invariably
turning corners without worry.

— (No. 13)

No bitter friend lost than the passing day,
anyone else beside me says "it's okay."
But I was never good at finding my way,
a profound sense like scattering comes to stay.

— (No. 14)

The rift between anxiety and loneliness:
no bridge that harbors a restful passage.
no direct resolution on which to lean discontent.
Sweating, panicking impossibilities made casually urgent;
all The While is lost until reflection
meets tear-stained continuation.

— (No. 15)

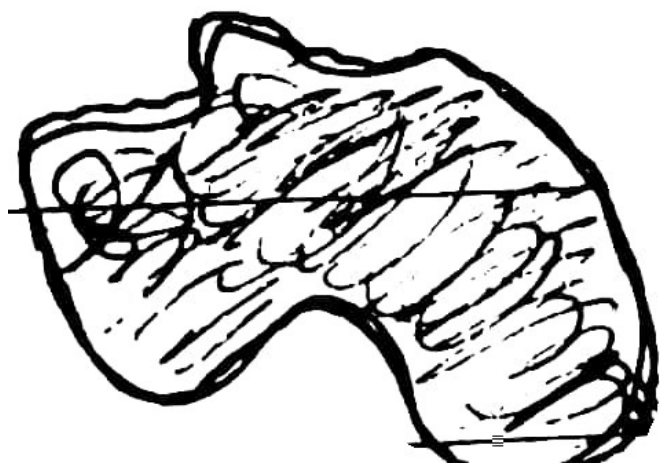
What you Soul Harlots want
after going my way; is it not enough
that I choose silence to stay?
Although tasting good intention – hushed
under your breath, plentiful word of promises
sewn — scarcely kept.
Given my position regarding that fling,
you would forgive me for keeping to my own thing.
For it isn't caste or creed setting any bound,
but vivid memory of cost and effort found.
Now pity resurfaces at the other end
of drunken cheer; involuntary bashfulness
cripples words that *would* be clear.
Although I know this show taking stage,
friendliness drawn like being engaged.
Tossed laughter glances from one end of a room,
prancing and parading this suggestive shade in bloom.
For all the night that's tip-toed in,
converging— culminating in devilish, sexual sin;
the entire weight leaves me— out of shine—
where I've been.

— (No. 16)

Pensively, the pen scrawls to reach out
from under the cover of noise.

With pages in hand, written words unsaid,
a world somberly nods in familiarity.

— (No. 17)



Three: screams

(You would ask me out of nothing greater than passing curiosity, to be sated in a second. I would answer one way, but seek you out later—

under cover of disguise— and disclose: "I am trying to write the honest elaborations of my screams.")

—

"I maintain..."

Above and Beyond —

"I have attained..."

— (No. 1)

No
way
out.

[. . .]

They evoked The Spirit:

[. . .]

They evoked God,
they evoked Divinity,
they evoked sanctity;

[. . .]

they evoked rights,
they evoked humanity—

Property—

and they're fucking killing us!

*They fucking ruined **me! And You!***

— (No. 2)

Bear the flag here, O Worrier; O *self*-holder of *harm*.

Eater of the day's apple, commence thine proverb!

Watcher on the wall, draw thine razor!

Taker and thrower of complimentary commandments—
keeper and rememberer of dread—
chronicle this Crusade!

Bathe thine page in the words of mine
written in *thine blood*! Mine of Thine Vein!

'Tis our mission and the children's mission—
the loftily wedded world's mission—
to attack pain! But pain for pain!

And so draw thine Shattered Vein:

Draw, from hand, the Trembling Wake;
woven from memories of love withered into an ache.

Draw, from head, the Severed View;
made petrified in what Must Continue.

Draw, from heart, the Spastic Desperation;
known pervasively in each according nation.

Raise thy brow there, O Dreamer; O *hope-stricken* optimist.

Congregation in conversation, commence thine summary!

Scourer in contempt, draw thine supposition!

Weaver and repeater of instruction—
Guide and giver of assurance—
assemble this Effort!

Convince the heart of what is done,
censored in Black! The Black of All Concluded!

It is lost on minds and hearts elsewhere—

what have you with them? Their interactions cannot *sustain*,
can you not tell? Have you not *heard*?

Their poetic resistance was in vain!

Taken up, in the countryside, an Impossible Stake;
pressed on the hull of the Salvation they make.

Given up, in the city center, all conscious attention;
whisked away, smiling, with systematic invention.

Risen up, in weeping minds, a darling disillusion;
preparing hearts for a swift, existential contusion.

Hang thy coat nowhere, O Wanderer; O shivering, path-
beaten traverser.

Wind-driven destination, place thyself firmly in all who're
lone and feral;
for their's is the cold stare harking cries before certain peril.

— (No. 3)

Am become bitch.

[. . .]

Mein g—,
stop stabbing me
in my ear.

[. . .]

Steady self,
clenched fang.

[. . .]

Das hund, evasion
of sound.

[. . .]

One solitary bitch
to surpass all
wretched feeling.

Bite.

— (No. 4)

[!!! screamed]

God fucking dammit,
can't fucking stand it,
don't hear their fucking names,
won't grasp your fucking blames;
you know it's all the same,
looking for a fucking flame—
all this fucking noise and shit,
falling on the floor looking for it.

— (No. 5)

Pages upon pages, they scrawled and sang;

"you poet-fuck!"

Vagabond districts under merrier bells rang.

Graffiti troupe defacing the catechism;

"shitting hell," to each exclaim —

"your library fetishism!"

Embedded and lead on, fidgeting hands starved;

on all the city's surface,

it was carved:

Bane of Servitude is the wit

sailed far away; that out of town—

sewing deeper determination—

comes on the wings of our travels.

— (No. 6)

Such fuckery! This feral, *misery fuck!*

Retching: heave of soul out from slumber,
crawling up from the night's acrid death,
into this cruel sunlight.

It is met—

Day! Silent assault!

Day upon the corpse!

(Straw pulp in the stomach;
cotton fiber in the dead heart;
dried blood on the table.)

Damnedest, heinous strife: psyche and conscience,
scattering under and behind the swirling center of nausea;
wading in drowsy, strained preoccupation.

It looms ahead—

Night! Droning, moonlit wind!

Night upon the heart!

Night shrouds watchful eyes!

Empty, scattered bottles;
vomit composted into flowers.

Dawn after last paints the aftermath—

Ashen, dust purgatory!

— (No. 7)

Stones and ample rods
under civil, ruly feet.

Autonomy has dissolved
which isn't enough.

Plastic protest signs,
proud printed hues—
maybe that's enough.

Sure. Press on with
nothing in your fist;
no nerve in your heart.

— (No. 8)

[!!! screamed]

God!

Oh, God!

[. . .]

All the fucking ways,

That!

I would hope to say.

[. . .]

One!

Only, One!

That I really need.

[. . .]

Far!

So, far!

Far away from me.

— (No. 9)

It's because—
my wrist is limp,
my lilts are *lisp*,
and I'd be stabbed
by His Whole Will
unleashed.

[. . .]

It's because—
the idea chiseled in stone
falls to pieces on me.
"Is that a boy,
or a girl"— **No.**

[. . .]

I am me —
I am I—
I am No Feeble X or Y.

[. . .]

You can scoff —
you can hide —
I Don't fucking Compromise.

[. . .]

It's because—
this fangled faggot fights
in mismatching black,
garish fitting attire,
no mind for normalcy.

[. . .]

It's because—
a horror show of descriptors
rends my flesh
in traversing His Sacred World

[. . .]

This is me —

This is I —

Fuck off with your X or Y.

[. . .]

Broke up your caste—
kicked in your rule—
'cause I'm done with this place,
and all its gender tools.

— (No. 10)

My reply to all of this
is [. . .]

I don't give a fuck;

my best run with employed usefulness
without any luck.

Politely pushed past a conversation, dodged
the idle stare;

knowing it's only natural to reach one's precipice—
the threshold of care.

Common silence marked the left-alone grudge,
hypothetical, intentional departure that will not budge.

Yes, the sweet, sorrowful charade slugs along,
subduing the universal sense that everything is wrong:

A faithless battering of the entrails
enthralled spectators concerned about

chem-trails—

whose witless importance strewn harmonies
that went about enticing, upsetting memories.

And in the center of their bustling occasion, things seem
alright—

a different basket of nonsense to carry into the night.

We sing a sweet mantra about the world and its condition,
sirens, shouting—obscure panacea that lives in its
repetition.

— (No. 11)

Break everything I see; it leaves me all the same,
 rounding a concerted motif that
 doesn't yield any fame.

I take a moment out the door, recenter my sight,
 happened in passing upon whatever
 underlined my emotional plight.

After awhile walk through the door, reexamined my mind,
 reclaiming the chair more desperately
 against all mental corners combined.

Twisted conversation with no reason to be,
 smiles all around,
 time teetering drunkenly.

Across from you is a dead & empty fool
 who's seizing the chance to be alone:
soaking up places, times – making words her tool.

Because somehow I'm convinced, it's all slipping away;
a lifelong uncertainty, eating me in real time—
something desperately important to convey.

I leave it at this, because I'm beyond myself;
 dusted it off in a panic —
 take good care of yourself.

— (No. 12)

Compassion in compersion—
step out of the way;
indolent functions,
knew somehow I couldn't stay.

Quite fine by me
the way things flow;
spiking tension—
think I'll just go.

Back at the flat once-departed—
survived instincts fled;
a pompous setting with drinks,
I'll stay here instead.

Thank Fuck for this corner—
walls, windows, door.
Appreciate another appreciation;
ink stains, bottles lined on the floor.

— (No. 13)

It's not a Big Deal, really.

It's infatuation knocked off its chair;
odd occasion playing out completely –
scorned: gussied up, untangling hair.

Better days trade for lesser wants.

Stood up, stumbling, throwing around;
a word has reached: revelry flaunts –
and it sounds like they're inbound.

Some awfully adored souls pack it in,
loose, bright, passing around cheer;
imparting on how we've been,
terribly glad to be here.

A dull warmth graces the heart,
something I'm off-and-on aware;
eating our tails to balance, keep smart—
touting certainty, that for each other
we'll be there.

— (No. 14)

[end]

