

# Sorry For My Delayed Response

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**Abstract**—Time is passing but I can't prove it. The bell tower has a similar problem. If I scream every 15 minutes perhaps I, too, will finally realize how useless it is to track a wounded animal.

**Index Terms**—holy shit it's november

## SOMETHING MORBID

I had a dream that all of my friends were killed.  
Dozens of bodies wasted in my backyard.  
Guts and mashed-up bones were pressed like an  
    espresso shot.  
I could almost taste the gore and iron.  
Hints of horror, medium-bodied, a painful finish.

## AWAKE AND DREAMING

It's 3am and my chest is drenched in Moonlight.  
This isn't lust, or desire, or infatuation.  
No, this isn't some sweaty,  
Heaving,  
Heart-racing,  
Head-spinning love.  
It's simple and quiet.  
It doesn't linger.

Cut me open with a silver blade and listen to my  
    pulse.  
Watch muted blood run over my bed sheets.  
Here, I can escape from you and me and everything  
    tangible.  
Behind Venetian blinds my lover waits,  
But not for long...  
And that's what I love about Her.

## DAISIES

My mind is being uprooted by the hands of a novice  
    gardener.  
I want to feel like the dandelions do.  
Unbound daisies, hilariously cursing the earth.

## POSSESSED

I saw a bald man dressed in all black drawing  
    monsters in his notebook.  
Legs crossed, he looked at me briefly, and I felt  
    captured.  
I saw a bald man dressed in all black drawing  
    monsters in his notebook.

## WADING

Hours drip like minutes from a leaky faucet.  
I'll swallow this wristwatch whole.  
It's deep in the shallow end of Friday.

## DON'T RAGE AGAINST THE ABSURD

Chipped black nails, or something goth.  
I want to sit on my collarbone and drink coffee.  
There must be some relief from this madness.

## NOVEMBER, PLEASE BE KIND TO ME

Autumn is just a metaphor now.  
I cleaned my kitchen today, and my living room,  
(Well, it's my home office now)  
Is saturated with Sunday.  
Back Home, I remember putting candles on the  
    stove-top.  
The finishing touch, after the counters were clean,  
And the dishes were washed,  
And the floor was swept.

I'm going to be alone awhile.  
I started running again.  
Quick breaths: my fingers and toes tingled.  
The bone in my forehead vibrated.  
Cold shower, silent, shiver, towel and goosebumps.

I'm trying exposure therapy.  
Let it come,  
And let it pass.  
I'm still alive.  
It's a tidal wave I need to ride.

I'm just a metaphor now.  
Blank stares and words and line breaks.  
For today, at least, I'm  
A starving poet, trapped in the desert.

## SOME BRIEF OPTIMISM

Finally, wind.  
Chaos and beauty from places unseen.  
I'm feeling better about my chances:  
Maybe kites *can* fly here.

## I LOVE BEING MELANCHOLY

Blindsided by the feeling of Home.  
It's a Bon Iver morning.  
Drip coffee, clouds, soft gray light.  
Oh my, what a powerful feeling this is.

I slept on the floor last night,  
One blind glance at the windows and I saw the sky,  
All bleak and perfect.  
Like rolling over in bed to a familiar lover.  
Snowstorm daydreams, quiet and perfect,  
With soft, soft, soft breaths.