

Dreams Visited and Revisited

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Abstract—Oh honey dear oh boy oh mAN OH Man oh JEez oh AHHHH! What kind of sounds do I make with my eyes? What visions can only be spoken to? I feel like... maybe I've just been digressing for the last 24 years. I digress, and digress again, and again, until I'm looped around myself in verbal and grammatical vanity; bondage for a poet. This is all just so silly. Hrumph... the liquid hot flaming blood of a god on my macaroni. I'm tired of ignoring nonsense. This is my experience, dammit, and I want to get wacky with it.

Index Terms—aye, ess, dee, eff, jay, kay, elle, sem

APOLOGIZING TO THE VOID

I'm a sucker for my mistakes. My blunders are a garden of opportunity, and every morning I tend to the gentle leaves of the present and water the roots of the past. I speak to them, but not loudly. I try to be gentle.

I keep putting letters into a mailbox that is never visited by the postal service. And before I know it it's overflowing with tragedies written in ink. I just feel like I always have something to be sorry for, and sometimes it can be a little bit too much.

DRIVING TO PHOENIX

Sins are the bugs that were squished on the windshield. Splattered and wasted, sticky and plastered on glass. I cleaned them off at the gas station.

MAYBE I CAN'T KEEP MY OWN SECRETS

I want a secret to keep. Not for somebody else, but for me; I'm confidently unconfidential.

SUBTLE SEASONS

The mountainside is getting greener by the day. I'm making more time for myself. Sitting on the floor: *I have so much love to give*. We are looking at a desert's autumn.

THERE'S NOTHING SO UNBEARABLE AS GETTING WHAT I WANT