

Intimate Delusions

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Abstract—Hibiscus seeps bloody red into the tablecloth. Stained Glass Daydreams. Passion Fruit, Extra Passion. Fairy Blood. The Devil's Teardrops. The First Plague of Egypt. The Rose and Her Thorns. There's no limit to what I think I don't deserve.

Index Terms—peace, exhaustion, hurry, stillness, sleep, panic, everything

THOUGHTS ON UNIQUENESS

There's no such thing as a unique experience. Then I started to think about this just a little bit longer. What is a *unique* experience? Do they even exist? I got all caught up in the probability and forgot about the humanity! Yes, the apple tree is abundant with fruit, so is it selfish of me to slice one off for myself? What I'm saying is that it just seems *unreasonable* to assume that anything that happens to me is unique. I guess this can be a coping mechanism. *You're not unique, you know. This sort of thing happens to everyone.* So what? Am I resigned to fold and collapse on the table? What a miserable fate that would surely be. No, no, no. Humanity *must* be realizing that everything has happened before and that *I* get the opportunity to indulge in it once again. We are descendants of beauty, pain, heartache, remorse, guilt, misery, peace, love... Yes. Let me have these moments and remember them. I'm infatuated by every waking moment.

WHAT IF I SIMPLY STOPPED BEING UNCOMFORTABLE?

THE SCALES ARE JUST A DESCRIPTION

Red, bloody craters on my thighs. From goosebumps, needlepoint hair, euphoria and pain (in small amounts, maybe I like it). Skin, we lasted only until our feelings ruined us. My bathtub is hollow. I feel so hollow. Whisper this to myself and hope that it's not as true as it feels.

My bathtub is full of hair. I'm a puppet in the afternoon heat and a porcelain vase indoors. It can get so, so cold. Sleight of mind, I'm a trickster. I swear, I felt better yesterday... err, that one time, or that other time... right? Am I just giving advice because I'm trying to convince myself that I believe it? I'm cunning, dear. "I have to make this work, I have to make this work." I'm hopeful, dear. But I'm melting into the concrete and mistaking the silhouette of the mountain for a parade of clouds. I'm trying, dear.

On my kitchen sink a plant is thriving. On my kitchen sink a plant is dying (Or, in the process of dying? But maybe not?) On my kitchen sink, a plant is trying to thrive. Sprinting in anticipation for a green light. I think I need a red light, though. Just some time to wait and stop and forget why I starting this fevered rush in the first place. Maybe I want to quit. But then what? I just need to get away.

CRAVE THIS

The cassette: after the music stops
Click click click click click click
I just got back from the grocery store.
I want apples with caramel.
And a *GRILLED CHEESE*.

TEMPORAL RELIGION

Time is the unblemished lamb.
Sacrifice.
Slaughter the hours and minutes and seconds.
Carving around skin and lungs and bones.
Blood. There's so much blood.

I'M PRESENT AND ALIVE AND WOW HOLY COW

Someday this will be my last time here. And in this moment I was captured by how *fucking* awesome it is to exist. Bone and skin and cells and blood: thinking. How marvelous is that?

THINKING DOWN BELOW

Flying back east I noticed the trees. *What is underneath?* Shade. Something quiet. A place to sit and rest. Then I remembered the desert and finally understood. *The desert exposes you. There's nowhere to hide. No trees. No shade. It's just you. And the Sun. I have been under constant inspection. Grilled by the heat and violently, beautifully tortured until it was too hot to sit still anymore. Squirming, peeling away from any possible refuge, I submit myself to this inspection. I want you to look inside of my boiling heart and tell me what you see. I was afraid but now I'm excited. Clean, dizzy, scorched until I'm seared by the sky, purified by the brightest blue.* But of course, I enjoy the rest and the trees and the grass and the way the mornings sounds. And here is the dichotomy of my heart.

SAYING IS BELIEVING

On convincing yourself something is true.
Saying it,
And believing it.
Manifest.
Not quite pretending.
You become it.

TAUNTED BY THE UNIVERSE

I think I'm comforted by impermanence. It's almost hilarious, the situations that I can find myself in. Is this an alibi or a coping mechanism? Mindfulness, darling. Please, be mindful of this.

THIS IS A GOODBYE

I escaped from you on Vassar Street.
I was an alien on the planet of your love.
Dear, I'm leaving now.
Time, take the reins.

WHAT I FOUND IN ROCHESTER

Grounding and peace and reassurance and stability. I owe this to my friends, and family, and the grass, and the trees, and that night that I fell asleep on the porch. I'm renewed.

SOMETHING SAPPY

Lovely,
I'm thinking of a million and one ways to describe how you make me feel and not a single one of them is good enough. I hate that I'm leaving. I just want time to grind to a screeching halt so that I can relive this exact moment forever. I feel so silly for hoarding peace like this, reliving every second, and every hour, and how hours turned into seconds and 9pm turned into 7am. And the morning birds are telling me it's time to go but I don't want to. For once I don't care if I get lost if it means that we can be lost here together. And now it's days later but my entire being is so beautifully languid from remembering, no, *discovering*, how this is *supposed* to feel. Darling, thank you.
- Yours