

poems

2013-2017

n. casale

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2013

year of growth



13/09/28 #1

i've seen you around
but today you saw me
we looked at one another
with respect

maybe
my great admiration
shined through
like some unspoken
thereness
where you would smile
and drop all
of your affectations

but i don't know you
i'd like to bring myself to
do so
but i doubt
that i will

lots of inertia
too much contempt
for stability

i think
i don't know
either i'm done with all this
or i'm only here to be happy!

yaidupkeddddwp*i34333333322222222221190320idljk;*
nvmcx,,z,eeeeee.....

.....

daydream

i tell myself on a near daily basis that the future me
will be happier than the current me
that me, right now, isn't me, but some
consistently assimilating machine
that acts to garble up information,
so that when i have my small building
for a home with no inner walls
i can surround myself with noise
broadcast radiation from space
and i'll make some more to mix
forever on record
that's a real good way
to diminish any sense of worth
i have in anything i do
it's good to mention these unspoken,
self critical type things
very honest
too honest

i just want that house
and hardwood floors,
with small dry spaces between the slats
with wide open windows
where the sun shines
where my roof bleeds away into just more sunshine
i could get rid of all fascinations outside
i could be happy
alone

maybe there's hope for me
on the side of the road
an off-set,
secluded home where
i can be happy in a daily maneuver to make noise
and put words on various media of sound and page

oh,
also i'll not sleep while i'm there

karel

acetate review in market scandal
migrating towards a shaky red sun
where i can look without hurting my eyes
its nice, to walk without anything at all
my dreams are a strange world
where i can't determine nothing

sometimes i just need a start
a kind of worthless shout
so i can begin to speak
just something, so
i can begin my, what is this,
my punches at darkness
yeah, punches at darkness

like a very mobile sheet in blank space
standard and unchanged
consistently i
subsist
certain colors are really impressive
and on occasion, they disgust me
certain days i'm so groovy, and
probably pretty cool to be around
other moments i'm a writhing machine
breaking grinding and ripping at the very metal
i fear
becoming that machine

KAREL

i demand your evocations to disappear
from any pretense of evolving into my persona

because i have already defined it,
without your presence
lets keep it that way
okay?
too much of me is burning
times like these are never spoken of
i know why there is talk of better things
no one deserves anything less
i must reconcile, or pass on in dreary denial

sideways

sideways,
today is no day
of hard travels
or stringent reprisals
i am free
momentarily



sunset nowhere

strangeness is not real; there is nothing better than what i feel. that clause, that saying, is BIG AND WRETCHED, terror horrible rickety- time to get rid of all those afflictions and unsteady states where I become and became obsessed so fixed with just wanting to say words a lot, like terrible... and just wanting to say them to express some grim truth of darkness, nihilism, and nothing, really, but some shoegaze riot of untold paralysis that could stop a horse from ripping at some huge temple or ministry, a party that could grip and grab and gobble up each person and kill their attitudes and stop them in their tracks. some novice, some unspoken and poor words that I NEVER use. like some visual comparison of some piqued interest that would spike some imagination a rapacious transcendence a leaving of the the sphere. i can immerse in some idea that i can't imagine now because i'm too busy writing and speaking, too busy studying some material properties and perceiving so well the penalties and crying out at the injustice and indifference of some non-consequential aspect of my reality that would render me a speaker or a spark of interest a rapacious spark, no adjectives, no words...

sunset nowhere..

sunset nowhere, sunset nowhere, i can live here, i can sit down & do nothing. i can die my little death & fall in love & no where will i know the sun to set.

knowing knowing the sun will not set is a terror the sun is a terror if i write it enough this fixation will end and i will be free

free drops words speak no sunset sunset nowhere

13/10/17 #1

where do
fingerprints
go when there's
no longer a
place to show
where they've been?

september

STRANGE MONTH OF TIRED PITY

a bright human truth for all that you need,
a look in the eye that makes you loose your hold
& then some
machine says it's over
louder than words
heads turn,

for what was spoken was not part of the commonly accepted
bound
or even spoken!

but the march continues
& we can move on with spirit
& overdue attitudes that cease
clasp and grab & bite down on life
to live is a riot
to riot is despicable

nothing is in my head
a wretched soundless parking job where
i can sit and speak to others
who will speak at the same time
it is very deafening in its sheerness,
without a check for realness...

live fast, die young

i used to tell myself,
there was something she took from me,
but it was only that she continued to mean,
just the same things.

if my ‘great progress’
was set back by so many months,
too far to count,
too lost to know,
i’ll never tell

everything is too important now,
& when i drop it all,
the freedom of a cloud, drifting senile
in a field of fumes...

subsisting on these lines,
living before me,
some boring and frivolous
ascent into desire,
assumption where
i would strive for these
emotional goals,
the Community forgone,
where we get along,
& curl some shoulder or otherwise
warm & inspiring look.
between our own eyes
it’s good to know it’s all a lie

biking

i rode around campus
same names call in
 i remember it all
i hope i'm dreaming
cause if i didn't know it
 i'd never be leaving
 i wanna go
before tears start yearning

 to die one life
mourning in the next
i would have never tested
 stayed on the fence
 between me and you
i hope for the best...
that best when we go
not i, you, and the rest

 less ache,
coughing to clear
some old matter

13/10/17 #2

lost to me
standing
beside myself
with a little time
 to waste,
 to give up,
grant poor ration,
 to string up
 my will
and taunt with
 tricks
i'm gone,
 here,
but still there
 i'm the fool
 and loser
who let someone fall
 away from me
without ever holding them at all

the cups are still cracked

if insistence is memory,
then regret will be the death of me,
unfettered fortunately

concordance as a mystery,
missing the best of me
definitely,
missing the best of me

felon clothes, tap on the windows
& carnal bones, pray for eternal repose
yearly drops, cycle in auto
i still forgot, to stop
until i begin, red and grinning,
the jarring spinning

some sort of magnetic ruse
knowing i'm not a goner,
and the end is so far off

you think i give a shit about your
sundress

the cups are still cracked and i'm still waving goodbye.

invoking the ghost of Bob Dylan

clause/principle

if i knew about metaphors i would be happier, much less critical & otherworldly with my attitude, i could drop this self-consciousness & self-awareness of self-strangeness & beauty that would otherwise leave me with no ideas concerning my immediate surroundings. in a middle class setting of classlessness, NO CLASS, a joke of my initials, some poor rendition of a foreign accent & by that i mean a milk-bread person from down a state, down that stream or beneath that lake, NOT a monster, but someone ‘genuine’ with positive intentions, good attention and a positive attitude. i mean to say that IF my first statement had not been true, no one would be here, on this page to say, oh, i made that! or say, i like who wrote this, i bet you they’ve got a hell of a thing going for theyself. NOPE there’s no change where this Church is from, the guy behind my car says “it’s good to be.” there’s never anything serious in music, some affable kindness & detachedness to whatever it is they happen to be playing. i’d bet you they don’t even know. what is this wise narrator role? i’m not some impeccably interesting person given in some shit story. i’m sitting rapt by no rage, a page where i write vigorously. this is all too weird “ERA EXTRAN(ya)” THERE ARE TOO MANY MUSICIANS IN THIS WORLD. i can’t process it all! it’s so much pure anxiety inducing noise. there’s no one i can trust. i can’t only care about myself. i need someone! this is how i normally act, some meditative door buster ready to spark & jab at the next passerby & rule out their victim’s conclusion by wearing a racially ambiguous swimsuit camouflage, a red&white but NOT blue combination with cargo pockets in complete, inviting, & convenient dental locations, all over the shirt, below the belt, even on the cap, the dining skirt is much more fashionable. we should drop all of our history. start new, on the personal & global level. kill yourself today? grip too much & take away nothing, like that conversation you had earlier this week, where you forgot to reciprocate some steady topic of same general interest, not regarding some principled telling of the day’s events as seen though the eye of that respectable other ready to mark all the ways in which the other person makes you happy, ready to praise her for her glory. whether it’s a tiki tan tropical porchside destination or a chilly November 8, 2013 in some upper northern place i can dig it & i can really appreciate that, it’s a confident gesture towards more positive ratings, 2 lost forgone hopes where i now decide i can’t rip away from

my thick leases & LCD SCREENS & screens of windows & my traveling eye to glean the forward facing space, even turn around & call it a turkey neck, DON'T DO THAT! where i want to make SOMETHING sound beautiful where it cries in to that space of a large orgy of different talents where a videographer is making money off of a writer who is making money off of an actor who is making money off of a band who is making money off of a critic who is making money off of an artist who is making money off of a videographer... they're all working to-gether and praising each-other in some circle-jerk, while we, as outsiders & outlaws & listeners & fans are out there, vying to be seen by you, to chase your hopeless dream, or to stand as non-complacent, non-interacting by walkers going far away into a magical & absurd land where no one will find us. i've got to figure out that god damn computer & use it to motivate myself to get through this dense material.

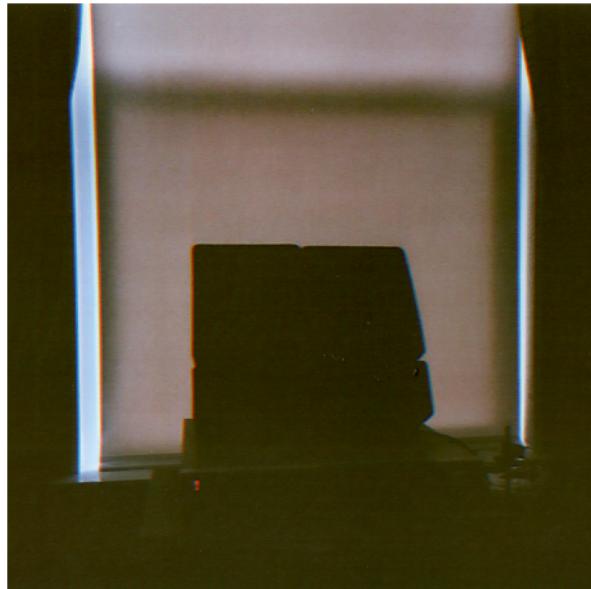
RULE 2: only musicians should go to concerts! & they must fast all day, smoke 22 cigarettes & choke on a mothball before they can even go. they must pass a drug test, & be so hyped up that they become paranoid & stand absolutely still in raw awe & appreciation for the thunder going on stage. IT WILL be very hard to cope with, to get used to it. but in the end i promise you, it will be rewarding. i want to steal your partner! i want them to be all about me, like i'm all about them!

midnight walk before the end of the world

we met together in Charlotte again, holed up in
this city & walked & consoled in our together truth,
permeable with words, a dialogue that acknowledged
the commonality of all Dharmas & poetry
is nourishment for a mind, mega trying
some truths i know, some i'll never live by,
question my desire, because it doesn't matter
what i write, i'm too far gone anyway,
form is emptiness,
emptiness is form,
no matter how much i see it, it will never
make a difference, & even if i know it's
already been made, i'd only
be knowledge, it's time to write love songs,
time to stare into starry suns, to draw out
the beauty i think i know, as if i could,
& never down myself, cause it's all true,
no clause needed be proved, no knot need
be untied, for every plastered page there
is the incoherent leftward blank space,
& once it has been objectified, its
nonsense shines from the other side of
its plane, as if it were two, i should
read it for its insight into my cheeky life
popping bubbles pulling at sensation,
ripping tiny rips in a skin case down
below my toes, i can see it rising
to pull at ripping strings in my legs,
i've heard it all before,
i'm starting to write big & the future concept
ruins my foresight, removing it's image,

i ruin my ear every time i check my scheme
yankee hotel foxtrot is my favorite cd,
& every person tells me about their hands,
i finally started to see, my blood running through me
it's too late to call out & say i've been well
i'll go too far to tell,
& immerse myself
in the study of skill
lands spanned by wire
beckon me
contraband in my room
dares to lead
me away from that place

get me out of this place
no one there, 2 separate existences
are my plan, nothing is important here,
i'll change it all later,
to align the future concept i'll
not care for this moment, when i have
to do it all now! no shit now, then
it will stop. The future concept
will kill you, the future concept
will keep you wondering &
looking back, "what went wrong?"
"why can't i make anything worthwhile?"
leave the future concept.



drunk

hazy from here, funny,
this stuff really works,
then my dreams of purity,
 they never work,
cutting chaff, parity party,

 in strings...
my face turns sour,
like those who look
above & behind me,
 i want to love,
 i guess i won't,

i'll never make sense,
no matter how hard i try
to convey this shaky place,
(like a guitar tone knob that
 just doesn't get clear enough)
 & no one will ever have
me in entirety & i'll never
 have any one,

finally these simple conclusions
 built upon delusions,
 hand spun & weak,
i've no time to think
 with all this around

end

i want to split you in two,
i want to be the end of you,
 two dead parts,
 a stinking corpse
 & a swollen limb,
 a fixture of tense,
 spinning red sobs,
come out black & white,
bobbing on the surface
 of a ditch overflowing
 with oil & blight,
above this is revolting,
below this is nothing,
 but of no source,
only one thing emerges,
 the mangled ideal of
 a golden century,
 instead beaten to die,
 to bury in its own glory,
 to be destroyed in itself
 by its own treasure,
no wonder, the theme is
too common, & waiting around
shows it is yet to appear
 again, wrought by
 ignorant hands
made wretched the very
instant lifelessness shows
 a tired soporific glare
 that should rake at the
 senses & rip at the viscera
until what stands is a machine
completely forlorn of the mind
 it used to have,
 & ruined by all means,
staring forth without knowing it,
 broken bodies,
the mashed sight of which
 will never be seen,
 so i will go below

la flor sabe (goodbye, to the holy mountain)

in the face of beauty, all is silenced,
but none are quiet, of its eyes a
unity of fixation grows between each,
& while they may part, none are leaving,
of each burnt retina a shiny superposition
awaits the next moment, leaping from middle
boundaries as if to say something
just the same of the next moment
as was felt of those past, as we never
cease to react or assimilate,
only when we

stop
& love.

13/11/08 #2

& its over, nothing
no good will will come
of these lines

i don't know whether its music,
or lyrics anymore,
if i'm standing or writhing,
falling to the floor with my legs crossed.

the source of all this confusion
is the stereo pan,
the reverb
finding the key & understanding the groove

this is what happens
to those, in years,
when they reappear,
they are totally happy,

just give me the time!
& i'll start dancing!
i've got nothing for myself,
i'm not into anything i make!
to the dark undertakings,
the guitar – *that's* entrancing,
and a voice that is making,

everyone forgot their words,
that they won't need to clap,
& while the chalk was burning,
their sound was a disaster,
slapping his own face,
out right deserving,

solitary dangers, -GIVE ME THE TASTE!
OF A LONG LIFE OF PRESERVING THAT IDEAL
NOISE,
MOVING, CHURNING
A GREATER INFERO
passing through
no one,
but me.

13/11/08 #3

thankful, for the...
i can't remember what.
"soy division"

maybe i should get a tattoo,
maybe i should think less of you.
(this will never be a song)

you, (other person now) with your monumental,
and immobile irreverence for life,
i watch you spit on the spider's webs,
as if the back of your shirt could not proclaim
greater ignorance of such nice ties
speaking of course of those between the
holly's hands,
noble holly who takes the arid soil,
the depraved rocky basis,
plastic mulch of a useless variety,
and creates a home in the world...

it's such a change,
knowing i'm in pain,
& my efforts, were for naught.
my place is no more.

i only feel alone,
knowing love forgone,
it's not that i'll never leave,
i can always look back,
wistfully, i'll nevermore,
be what i was before,
to someone, i'll never know

now i'm ready for the cold,
to with heart, be shrewd,
bereft (like Frost)
caring is tough,
i know a Samadhi,
of a self-defeating nature.

there is no way to live

it's that time of day again
where i find myself seething with a vital energy
so much punk rock waiting for release,
hate, contempt & real things,
spoken!
let this devolve to no sense,
unsense,
(from some book)
life is futile,
constant satiety
to the bitter end,

there is no way to live.

all free ruses say the opposite,
assayed on all sides by some
enveloped sound,

there is no way to live.

some virgin denial rises within me,
to dam the rivers...
a capable sum, to no end,
clawing at the peaks of a fictional pinnacle,
that emerged from a story of
superstition, religion, and a foreign country
“inundated by all that surrounds”
“love lost”

there is no way to live.

can we die in infancy,
for just another year?
fools in love,
pupating fears,
ridding myself of... nothing
such a love to cause such a division,
i still talk funny, as the days progress,
i'm part of the planet...

there is no way to live.

losing back

thin shy lines try your weary eyes
abstract shapes beckon discern
staying alert is too hard
sometimes i just want to be untamed
when i'm feeling insane
i pick up the guitar
and start playing

for E. #1

now i'm exaltation
i found you,
i spent the whole day turning my head
however inconspicuously,

cause, last night, it was turned towards you
however perpetually,
in the dance,
that dance i had only heard of in books,
and never thought i could complete,

i searched for you in the pavement,
the shivering trees,
and the shotty rain

really carefully,
it's a vulnerable thing
to care

for E. #2

i don't know how you came to me,
what would have descended otherwise,
therein lies my wonder,

where a singer said they discovered,
i too, did discover

a kiss across miles,
an embrace to truth,
i was moved by your look,

maybe we could...
the first night was a transition,
like most,
i made the right decision,
amidst the pull of
many-a lingering kiss

there's a world,
and a life,
between you and i

one worth enduring,
alluring and kind,
where my mind can rest,
beside all my poor attempts,
in the sweetness of your own

feeling vicious

i am a violent machine of ecological change,
my pride is expansive
 in its destruction,
i am fuming with...
 i have stolen
 everything.

McAlister's Store #1084

was sunset,
clouds were Miller's masterpiece
to be trashed in a matter of minutes

let it all go.
mistrust your own "thinking",
you're going nowhere,
these are things i tell myself

i had food to eat,
(we reflect on the efforts,
that brought us this food...
and on our practice,
and whether we are worthy
to receive this offering...)
and some German to read

it said:
ausgesetzt auf den Bergen des Herzens
(exposed on the mountains of the heart)

AUS! (MOVE!)
AUS! (MOVE!)

i'm a bare soul,
a pack mule
of perception
and blues of hunger
come
all ye hungry,
the food comes with a price

let our eyes lock,
my compassion
earned me
four dollars...

let me do my job,
my job earned me
two dollars...

watching a lady take money out of her purse

a feather descends
from an unknown purse,
stuffed nervous with gold
like mother like daughter,

why do we go on,
ordering sandwiches,
when surely,
as i look into your eyes,
while you hand me wrinkled bills,
you must have cried once,
your land swept from underneath you,
your mind caved in on itself,

you have dealt with despair

so, why?

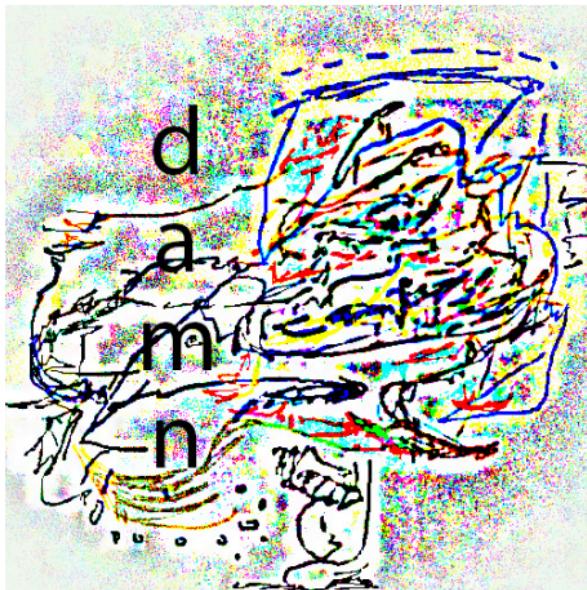
harrowing, harboring
nonsense, parading
in the innocence of
language,
the irreproachable
expression.

i'm numb
the blatant disregard
for the fragile,
feigning faces,
the frenetic waltz
of commercial wealth, consumerism,
i'm appalled whenever i'm in that store...
but yes,
this is life,
and we're all
happy.
we're all
doing well
doing good
doing fine,
feeling good,
so-so,
had a good christmas,
good weekend,
learning a lot at school...

i'm not asking for solemnity,
and i'm not asking for personality,
personability...

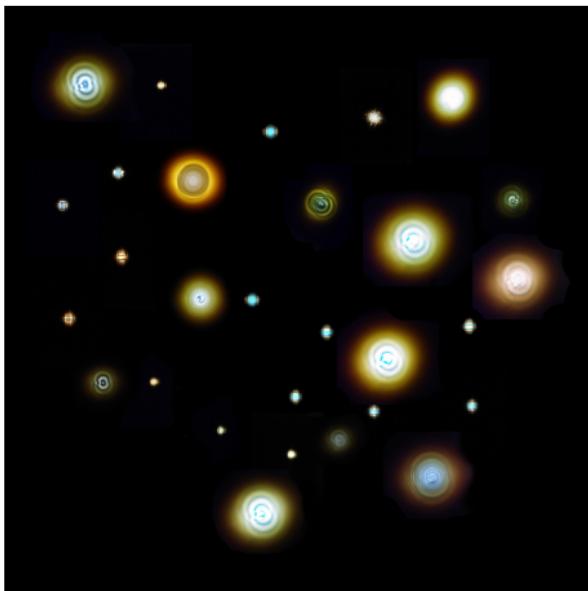
it's just something I think about,
the blatant disregard for
the horrible things.

“that’s all you can do, though, right?”



2014

year of joy



a meal

a meal is something you sit
down to & you
don't get up until
you're not sitting down
anymore.

i've been feeling nihilistic lately

i've been thinking in lists,
rehearsing the paragraphs,
everything i think i should say,

fear of malignment,
fear of voicelessness,
i should know,
i'm going nowhere

first day of class

they spoke like guns on a sodium nightfall
the wages of war were upon us.
in the mind of a rubber band,
too cool to be beyond the hells of these halls,
this morning i dreamt of the secrets of the universe
& joey's silent father.
the world before me is problematic
& disquieting; i can't be happy.
why am i reading this book?

summer dreams

you, who create your own
mechanical tirades,
you can simply escape the
magnificence of your own mind,
if you try hard enough,
when there's no hope left but
to stare hopefully into all
i see, things become clear
for what they are, perhaps
it's time to eat fruit &
leave this brick floor

critically observant

let headphones be the ear of nihilism,
LCD screens the face of indifference,
blind death is a riot in the eccentric
whine of radio signals, coursing, coursing,
we hate this place, & we
blast into space in
supreme rebellion against
others who as yet do the same thing.
i'm not a team player,
and i imagine two people
encountering major developments
through dialogue,
where they had both decided to die,
now they live gloriously.
i've seen it,
they're a fashion-centric death squad
armed with iphones & the siren song
of the future,
they're teenage stoners,
& he's shouting out, "bliss! bliss!"
i am free from all perceptions
identities & being
the taboos, the lies, the fervor

pretty

we've heard it all before
no god no love
but never no you

numbers are gone
& going,
songs are playing,
people are dancing
& posing for photographs.
a field of tiny american flags
an overcast menagerie of gratitude

ever felt the weird caress
of some unspoken longing
enter your life?

the life and the death

i should have kept
my eyes
but everyone
else
was all of a sudden so interesting
but i am so
accustomed
to watching others,
it's a lazy & introspective
comparison of each & out
withall
there was no right
way but we talked &
kissed in the warm sun
that was it
your warm lips,
deep eyes,
i tried to convey
importance,
of comfy feet and knees.
we parted so i could miss it
in an inane conversation
about god

lifeless

i've been consuming my consumables,
and disposing my disposables,
recycling my recyclables,

my world is becoming smaller each day
i think i want to give reason to a pensive look
i never want to feel like a disembowled sun

i consider it not a sacrifice of vitality...
what sacrifices?
i'm just confused by the lack of importance

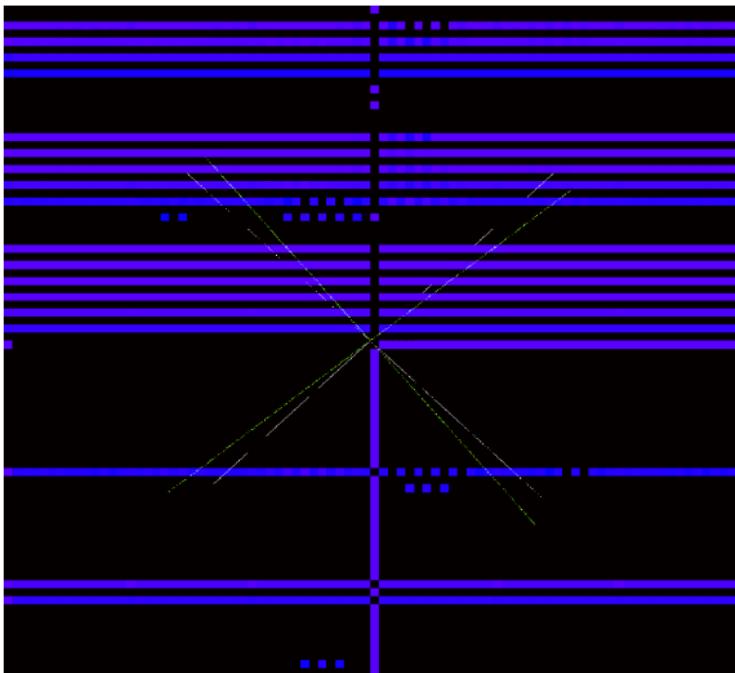
i don't think i'm dissatisfied
i think i'm disappointed and distraught
i think i'll hold much of this life in disdain
i think i'm wrong

someone says it's all worthless
someone says it's all beyond
i don't know
and don't have to

singular experience (for E.)

my closed eyes,
the wide, expansive sky,
infinite horizon,
why?
when there is the void,
why?
everything pales in the face of
the void
conveyed immediately,
i regard nothing
and i experience little more,
your mouth is my ear,
or so it seems
too acute to even handle,
i contort
like staring into the sun
like the illicit response of a sentence,
i contort
O!
the valley,
the icy water,
the oneness of experience,
which i have found everywhere,
i hold high
this is greatness
this is Chopin's *nocturne*
you must be oneness,
undivided attention,
echoing from my childhood
in a truer light
O!
my face in a pillow!
the breath held!
the heat of summer,
my own fire,
the whole of the wind
the loss of my hearing
in the mattress fort,
such is emancipation
i am emancipated from man
and i walk, with a dance
look at swaying trees
feel a song
look back to you
and think, this is important

uniquely important
and beautiful
and all i can do
to express it
is smile



the n. creed

i believe in a swift & untimely death,
the loss of all recognizable fate,
the convergence of dream and reality,
& a widened wizened eye

i believe in being clever,
in feeling hopeless in freezing rain,
in being the guardian of meagre things,
& having no real presence

i believe in the end of truth,
the spark of a smile,
the swell of memory,
& the boundless joy of ego-death

aye, i believe in the sun,
in too many pretty people,
the point is the dharma is empty,
& everything more

who am i? #1

chiral
practicing

who am i? #2

i think i'd rather not know

who am i? #3

the breaker of chairs...
the giver of stares

who am i? #4

the product of beginningless
greed, hate, and delusion
& my mother's womb,
so much food,
a running start to a bike ride,
& a worn porch swing,
too much memory,
& boundless, presumptuous
compassion

who am i? #5

too much like you
to be distinguished

what is true anyway?

spitting blood into the toilet
where did all the time go?
 fatigue & fucking
 have made me wretched
 wracked with will
 convulsed in my own image
 a WEEK of broken glass
i got my ass kicked, at a punk show
 & my ears rang for days
 while i shook in denial &
 protest against a world
 which for the most part
 does not sing
 & just doesn't
 get it

sometimes i have known beauty
mostly, i stand alone

a receipt of a week of life

tender
tender
tender
tender

i can't even remember
some things that were cryptic
that had flow

what's a punk album w/o
the lyric
“i don't want to die?”

seeking to validate
my experiences
through others

somewhere in a dark corner of the earth,
a figure stands & applies red sauce to platters or disks of
bread,

(let pizza be the symbol of this society)
& still, and yet, i fight,
you can't break my fucking legs
i will destroy
in a world where there
is no destruction

i will sacrifice seatbacks & saturdays
for this lifestyle
the legs are the hitches on which
i hang & drag a carpet of green & brown

i thought of her, then i thought of you
he said conic dreams were left over

i can sense the danger,
the singular longing
in the crook of a thin arm,
the swing of the swung,
neck strings pulling on my heart strings!
pretty things! the enthusiasm
makes me end
everything
everything
everything
everything

once upon a time in the west

critical explanation or interpretation of a text,
especially of scripture

i want to stop dreaming of you
at first i thought you did, too
my fears came true
only looking
confusing love for feels
i want to rot

i am figuring out the pathos
of 8 people in two rows
with thumbs up
smiles
impermanent
just one year of glorious ascent
they are beautiful artists who make beautiful art
gossipy laughter, too
but mostly the short film of green suits...
think of the tears!

i believe in interference
that the people around you will
always get in your way, whilst
they practice their own way

windows with a view to the outside world
with a view to the parking lot
low hollys, high oaks, a streetlight,
casting arbitrary light

framing whole disks
& the stuff of this planet,
a frail conception
think of the obelisk

weakness destroyed
hark! i hear the shout of a nineteen year-old
bouncing against two brick pill-shaped buildings
witness the cancelled heartbreak

blue highways

what can i say
i'm not the strong silent type

i am the walking —
the
silent audiences pervade the live recordings
of our folk singers

i have witnessed the strawberry
the blue jacket
i have witnessed cryptic things
among and in between
vague eyelashes

think of the way everything coincides
the chirp of modern thought
the spray of paint
compared with the rumble
of the not modern thought

it's just money,
but look what it's done to me

so they're not making music,
so what?

it all came together,
we all became adults
everything you do is so cheap

light box craving

connect it to gold
everything, i'm told,
can be sold!

you just want something that is beautiful
the austerity is a deep & pervasive pain,
the shame is all my own
i could do better, i know

there's a wishbone in the wheel well,
& i can't say i feel well,
but that was long yesterday,
everything has fallen away, just as i feared

i caught sight of the prophecy
of the closed door
within the nuclear milieu

Satomi, you are my satori
you ask me how i sleep at night
i sleep well

i was at the top of the stairs
appreciating a play on words,

Built To Spill, while years ago i was at the bottom
trying to bring a toddler-sized car up the stairs
i kept falling but my parents were up there
so it was okay
another time i wondered about
the glass candy
in the tall room

i'm familiar with the objects of my aggression
the sentimental perfection i have known
in parking decks of the past in proximity
the limits of my affinity for the girl
right next to me,
my little & long jewels
to be read from a book to me
with my head down on our laps

enjoying my days

this planet is losing its mind
losing its mind to cell phones
drugs, & consumerism

i don't think bottle caps are following me
but that bottle caps pervade this state
which is like every other state
so bottle caps pervade this country
it's either beauty & terror
or beauty & ignorance

it's a verbal assault, not a memory,
this is a splash zone
what would i do,
if i saw it again?
there is no love,
no thing

everything is simultaneously
irreproachable
& awfully wrong

work

so i wonder now how you see me,
if it's how i would like you to,
 when i wake up,
 from an important dream,
i reflect, but new thoughts come, too
and they're all perfect, vague and mysterious
 i know it doesn't matter,
 it will only amount to a tired "hey"
 over a tile floor
 under a tile ceiling
 tattoos, tattoos

i know my place is small,
 and i am alone
 i prefer it that way

i simply want to peel back my bark
 feel my own spark
 i've got it,
but there's simply too much aversion
 within me
 are there methods in the mirror?
 on what does a thought hold?
 what is the summation of my life?

feel like crying (won't)

we are idealists,
we are alive,
we are old & wise,
& there is the pain in our eyes,
of bygone times,
& starry nights,
of jaded pride,
& a powerful, recumbent stride
we have crawled the vast earth,
ignorant & honest
i have lost everything,
and it is okay

bonnaroo

i am finally sitting & i am ecstatic about it,
a variety of shows, i am disturbed by the
frivolous people...

premises:

1. this festival is about owning things,
consumption is everything,
this country owns us

WHERE DOES IT GO FROM HERE?

is there patience or just good vibes?
is there a score? a count?

throughout the day we satisfy,
through meditation, we dissatisfy,
this is clear, this is too much

brisk, intellectual bike ride

“

in the woods is where you think good
because it is getting close to nature
& therefore you can think better.
”

—Russell Edson
i'm not tired to sleep,
nor patient to sit still
this is how my life will go,
forgetting each special moment,
shouting anything existential
over every bridge i pass
feeling & seeing too much
no, it's not okay
i never said it was
because, beneath this skin
is an emotional foetus
Rollins' slug,
each loss a sign of my inner weakness

imbibing the fear of everything,
the violence of daily life,
the worst part is the false
sense of security, of ownership
when it all goes wrong,
the passage is set,
& the outcome is fixed

riding over another bridge,
“there is nothing existential,”
i shout,
and i try to sound angry
‘disenfranchised’
estranged,
deranged,
even the headache fades,
the photons lose their momentum,
while everything i have said
and thought can be categorized
between greed, grasping, sex, love
food, fear, judgement, belief
care, anger, weariness
simply give it a name
& the meaning is understood

swan's song

who comes down the hill?
none but her.
i want to talk about the gulf of time,
the guilty yawn,
how i've felt?
it's merely speculation.
with this fading memory,
i can tell myself,
she wasn't that great,
and truly,
if she's not around anymore,
she must not be good for me.
i think i remember tension.
sure, tension.
sooner or later the apathy fades, too,
and what emerges is a careful center.

all this contrived longing,
i'm simply inventing my sorrow,
& everything i've ever wanted
or felt, can be found in the
drone rhythm of last night.
they are the future, the grim present

Xiu Xiu barked at me 7 times,
at the rest of the crowd,
whom they sought to displease

Swans were louder,
and i thought,
they would make my
swan song,
the last song i ever heard...

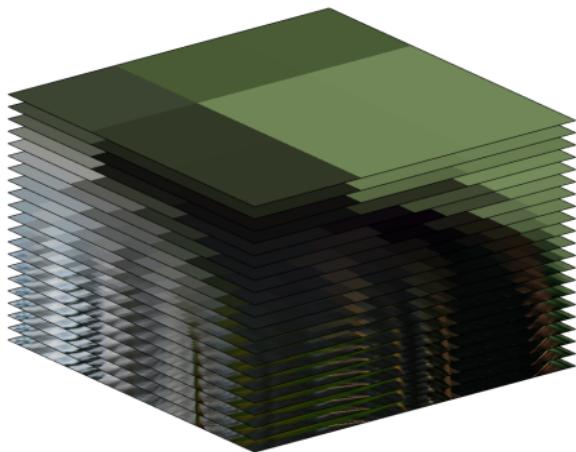
i threw my arms 7 times,
to cross the pool,

i slept for 7 hours,
and worked 7 more.

i've been so angry lately!
i'm very sure of it.

anxious dreams force me a wake,
i find myself awake,
i'm upright,

& i know no pain,
i think i saw them say,
“what’s my name?”
i know i didn’t hear it.
stimulus-response
nothing is justified,
birds of a feather flock together,
i just want out



new kitchen

i like a house that hides in the trees
a line in the sand
a long song
as common as a complement

i saw something i deemed beautiful
it was two adjacent microwave ovens,
one's time read 11:30,
the other's 11:29
as sly as a sentimental smile,
agitation no more than
heavy breathing,
a red face,
perception of a hyperathletic satiety

we can bear the body,
or rack the mind,
i don't know,
what i should do

in and of

the rest of the world
 who got fooled?
with kids & an upward face,
 everything is so important
i'm getting ahead of myself,
 day dreaming,
i had a dream once
 it was of the secret
 path to liberation,
some spiritual hopeful nonsense,
 something to forget,
i don't believe any of it!
i hold a simple reality!

whenever i feel
like i cannot go on,
 i listen to music
 & i know
this is why i go on

people

O

how i have loved in the winter
how the foreboding chill has
brought me into others' arms

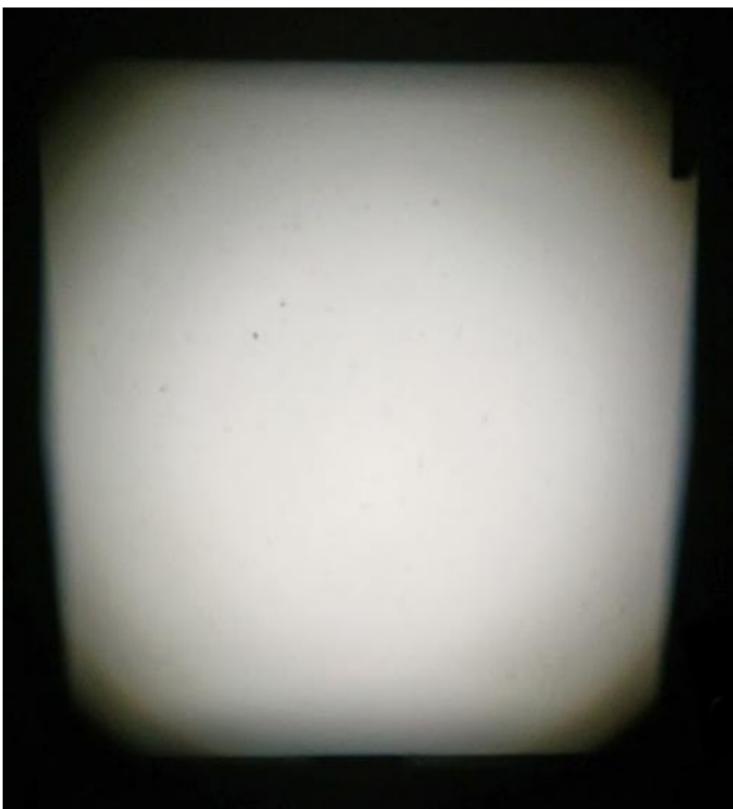
i can't remember the rest...
she looked like a caricature of herself
& he barked on the phone & cursed
 in the mornings
 head up, head down,
 in 2 second intervals,
he walks into the office building
while the wide, expansive sky,
 and deep, pervasive
 peace and presence
of the world surround him

i watch

& wonder what
he thinks, if he does.
my pride is disgusting
 i don't know
so i do not think i do

2015

year of ego



song for difficulty

many times i have felt
so wrought by war
dissonance
the difference between
thought and action
makes for a schism of self
once it becomes intense,
i no longer wish to act

there is no difference
between thought and action

between an event
and the reaction to it,
there lies a difference

i become disgusted
with my structures
i see my folly
i begin anew
i create more structures

greensboro, nc

let me
architect
my infrastructure
to devise my own
intellect
under my own prefecture

in the autumn the
trees whisper, “see you
on the other side.”

at the end of october
the trees whisper,
now is a good time to rest,
to take leave of each
tethered leaf,
& let all things be over

within november,
butterflies compose their
last symphonies,
turning to falling leaves,
i am 20
bathed in golden sunlight,
like dan bejar

within november
the field is cut & sallow,
& the grasshoppers
struggle to chime
over the highway
& aircraft
they suffer, too
from the cold,
from the mowers

think of all the color
you've ever seen
of all the things you've
said, but didn't mean
or that the pressure
of the moment
moved you to speak
a whole lifetime causes
a handful of recognition

but these thoughts are small
in the face of all this loss

queens, new york

depiction of myself,
american,
quantization noise,
what can i sense,
limitlessly?
those people who have
some money
in new york
are so clean
& they try so hard
& they're going somewhere,
& many look sad
& if not sad, so driven,
so lost, that their
motivation's identity
represents a sadder truth
i know
i am the same
i see myself in the
freezing beggar
the frenzied shopper
the self-respecting
& disavowed youth

poem for the internet in HTML

8 shoes for 2 feet
the way i'm living
is so incomplete

my bit lips
& slight quips
will guide me
through the void

i saw a human in the mirror
and what does it say
and what does it mean
i saw myself in the mirror

your thoughts would seek,
to get in the way,
of your most perfect action

don't look at me
like something that's going to grow

being at school
walking through
time, space,
lost, found,
what's the difference?

nothing to comprehend,
only the variation
between intensity
& calm

receipts

15/01/25

all movement is time travel
this morning, the holly had new growth
the sifted sedges, cut on tuesday,
hang in there
old food was strewn across
the land i travelled
& dissonant raleigh
continues to sing
its stereotypical
song

15/02/09

maybe if i stare into
the distant trees
long enough
i will learn something
maybe that which
i defer attention to
out of fear
out of hate
will become
that which i do not know
& one day
i will stare
& try to learn something
about all these
human constructs

15/03/17

how people dress
in warm weather
implied nudism

brickside music festival ain't gonna hurt nobody

if i saw you or kissed
you one more time
then i could stop
missing you
if i wore makeup
or a face paint,
i could make it look
like i had real
expressions or
that i wasn't tired

fuck every car,
every piece of control,
of entitlement
it's good to be
alone

the historical context which
we enter into is insignificant
lovers have lived and died for centuries

lucy

maybe one day i'll say
when i was young, i was
very attached to relationships
i romanticized spring showers,
& sheltered a dog from
it's very own expression
of fear
in the night she whimpered,
& i knew i,
despite my futility,
could provide this beagle
some comfort, through the storm

in the morning
i relieved myself,
knowing the reality of
impermanence

foil

on thursday
the sharpness of mind
 returned to me
 the heavy footfalls,
 the swollen bathos
i saw myself all done up
 in plastic & foil
 with a food-like center
what i came to understand
drove me wild in its trappings
 i knew we were all fucked
& that all of this is undeserved
 & wrong
i knew i was tired, & hungry
 but it didn't matter
for i possess the means to ease these pains
 i know of a glade, within me,
 where my energy resides

i see it neglected, & my soul begins
 to writhe, in death throes
i know i let externals affect me
 more than i should
 at least they show me
just how alive i really am

living earth

i've gotta piss but i also have to write
i wonder which is more important, legitimate
forget this

shortly after i speak i begin to feel
angry & ashamed
because i'm so self-absorbed
because i believe i'm the only one
who knows how to relate
to myself

this couldn't be less important
i should meditate deeply on the preservation
of this precious planet, instead of being caught
in feedback loops of self-destruction
i will need to give up all these qualms & focus
my attention on the more practical aspects
of the continuation of this

living earth

how can i reduce humanity's impact on the world?
how can i eliminate patterns of exploitation & depravity
in myself & the world around me?
how do i end hatred, fear, & delusion?
how can i ensure that all have enough to eat?
how can i keep from killing myself?
how can i keep from repressing positivity,
negativity,
any emotion that opposed my intention,
but is just as much a part of me?
how do i keep from the cold in canada?

hatred is a fiery harbor

hatred is a fiery harbor
each entering watercraft
is burnt up
& swallowed
in a matter of seconds
the real delay is found after the flames...
where recognition leads to disgust
& the question,
“what have i become?”

—
it's so weird, living without meaning,
living for the weekend
getting frustrated at all the wasted time

—
you can have razors and slim pickin's
& i'll take & relish in every
subversive
thought of destruction & pride

—
gear your mind to what brings you solace

—
don't you feel it?
building up within you,
you almost died,
on your bike
don't you want to lose control?
throw a tantrum
you filthy child

july haiku

the smell of ketchup
thin frame of denim & lightness
the seasons of life

my friend & i talk
latent determinism
we live as mystics

i look about me
chartreuse under fluorescence,
where can i be found?

the wind at my feet
delusional as ever
finding flower buds

mad that you're happy
here's a fault in my thinking
many more to come

salvation

i remember
target,
wanting hotwheels
having those fuzzy plastic animals

finding my newest sense of salvation
& i'll tell you,
it's truer than any i've known before
& yet, it too will be destroyed,
in my next period of trouble,
& i'll find an even deeper truth within

raleigh

i can see you already
becoming your parents
finding inspiration
in those who precede us

my intentions are not pure
i'm kind of losing my mind

why must things
exist in this manner?
why should i be angry?
or happy?
or anything,
when it's all
fabrications
of faith and belief?

what's to love?
i'm an example,
a poor one
i'm humiliated
you can see me here
but this is an imaginary situation
forced surreality
i think i'd rather be home
sitting comfortably
exploring the depths
in my own music
alone
this is so depraved

i walk in the building
and see you, or one of your clones,
and a small, tired voice within me
of a weeping child
says
“fuck you”
some days i think i am that
small, tired voice
and it becomes
a loud and angry one

greensboro, again

i'm in the kitchen
chewing on cold quiche
and i'm thinking about
the way there's so much pain in the world

it's the last day in july
and a cold wind sweeps the ground
there's a racket going on outside
it sounds as if they're hammering a pipe
even the motorcycle that starts up every morning
seems to be in tune— the engine cycles, the hits on that pipe
they resonate and it reminds me of waking up in the zen
center

if i hear, it's an unnatural sound,
if i see light, it's fake and fluorescent
working in an office,
dying each day,
a little more,
until i'm beat and benign
until i don't even whine,
but obey,
for this is god's plan
or something like that

some people really believe,
america is righteous,
that all this belongs,
that the universe is just

& i'll tell you,
two things,
they're wrong,
& so am i

driving to deep roots

sometimes you might see a pretty person
and sometimes you might see the full moon in bloom
you might see a heron, or a car you think is cool
but it's important to remember that all these experiences
are fleeting and it's not worthwhile getting hung up on them

when i am most sane

i'm sitting there staring with a smile on my face
just like the end of clockwork orange
and thinking about how crazy it is to
watch everything i think about
like pretty people standing in front of a building,
things like that

pathos

in the center of december
when you're making programs on a laptop
and it's freezing out, and the personal context
and infinite distance, here, in the middle of august,
it's enough to well with emotion. my perception is always
limited.

lately
novelty in experience
comes in the form of remembrance...
of feelings i had in my adolescence,
just of certain acknowledgements,
 of newness,
 now old,
 now new,
 certain smells,
 delight in sounds,
 careful thought

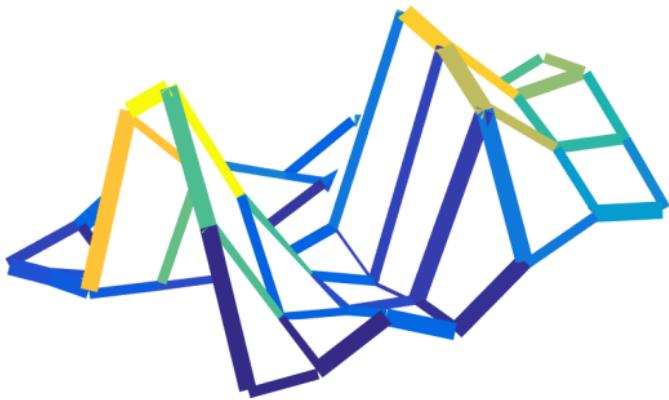
paradox:
ethics makes me feel like a bad person

there are two hearts in my hands
and when i put them together
 i feel the two hearts
 beating as one

biking to deep roots

9 dollar salad
venus steps slowly
away from the church
toward a minivan
will she rot under
the firmament of
brick & mortar?
i ride with humility
& fear
fuck cars
they're so violent
i try to be gentle
for i have seen the
suffering that comes
from trying to exert control
over others
perhaps it is more painful
to be allowed to
but that's kind of the way
we prod one another
for our own benefits
that's why it's nice to
move slowly,
& surrender to life
yesterady i lay
on the carpet,
& watched clouds go by,
like thoughts
on an introspective day
with a guitar
over my belly
i made small notes
without much care
i'm sorry, nirav,
if the music
was abrasive
in fact
if you weren't around
it would have been
completely wild
i would have
unleashed
a fury of notes
from my truest self
the one who resides

in an eternal
muddy, song
as noisy,
as it is quiet



tragicomedy

there's a man
dying of cancer
where i enter the room
when i walk in the door
of the townhome
he's asleep
& i have to take my shoes off
at the door
becasue the sound of
my feet on the floor
will simply perturb him
& so i try not to clink
my metal water bottle,
lest i sound too much
like death
fast approaching
lest i stare up on his
waxy skull
& now i can't even yell,
or play music,
so i am reduced
to skulking in my room
i will go & swim
after i silently
eat melon

for E. #3

i just started to think about
us breaking up
& quickly
i saw flaming birds
ripping up the ground
migrant workers
starving in shacks
my own bleeding abdomen
& the abandoned roadside
bodies of countless animals
i felt wretched noise
break my vertibrae
& i saw violence
& meaninglessness

just waiting for you to break

just waiting for you to break
like i have before
but i know you're mature
our end was very business-like
at the jamb of the door
our pain observed,
there will be nothing
to endure
of this end
for it has
been ending
for a year
okay
good
bye

small, skilless rhymes

maybe it's okay to be cynical
your stupid belly
object of depth
history is a man'o'war
reaching its tendrils
effortlessly around my skull
passing fancy
try me
ranting & dizzy
teary eyed
watching commercials
tired eyed,
without connection
water here, water there
bring to me my life
or watch me take it,
quick!

english speaking treasure
tied up in bad weather
don't you want it to be her?
calm shapes,
receding into space
holy numbers
of washed-up saints
like 1, 6, 12 & 8

ain't your body okay
and your mind at peace?
ain't you old enough to know,
this is more than the least?
so make it inconvenient
and make it take a while
while i've still got patience
i want to experience the world again
no longer to shut it out
witness a new hope
in direct opposition to adult pain
adult delirium
adult loss
adult distraction

can't you tell i'm well read
when i find a truth
nothing will make me move

real people, not actors!
my grandmother has memories of me,
from before i have memories of me

lifted magnum and bejar

the imaginary presence
of people on the internet
or music from your headphones

i think that's just the way it is
one song is all you'll get
and you just need to wrap it in other noise
but it's that one song, the important one
where you reach new heights

i also think it's just the way summer is,
bursting with fruits falling out from the holes
and in seasons things crawl back to their holes
and the only thing left is me
seeing the truth of summer
justifying all its intensity
admiring all of its vivaciousness
it's ruthless devotion to truth

people with personal musicians
idolized physicians
picking up their personal pain
idealized patricians
starting to listen to themselves again
such is the power of private love
a pantheon of doves
& idiosyncratic asses

i don't like your pithy phrases
things i learned in only one day

confrontation with the unconscious

i sleep with a weight on my chest
literally, 25 pound barbell no more no less
while my dreams digress
to symbols that impress

my dreams have converged with reality
all i see of the modern world is diffusion
awash, inundated in data
there exists no confusion,
for there is no attempt to comprehend it

the labyrinth
represents a death
and a triumphant return

it's sort of humane
connection between sexualization
and loss of connection to nature
you give the unconscious a language of symbols,
by which it can communicate with you
it's contrived, like any other language
but the symbolism doesn't matter
it's the attributed meanings

social anxiety

with gusto!
lonesome crow stalks the shorn field
without style!
crow walks in grass

i mean everything i say
but sometimes
the words just don't show up
so i went looking
& found them shy
under the shade of a tree
& as i wrested them from rest
they changed
or surfaced incomplete
so i feel anxious
when the words just don't show up

“english text has between
0.6 and 1.3 bits of entropy
for each character of message”

mac demarco

i'll face it now
i've gone too far to return
& my anxiety won't allow
time to slow down

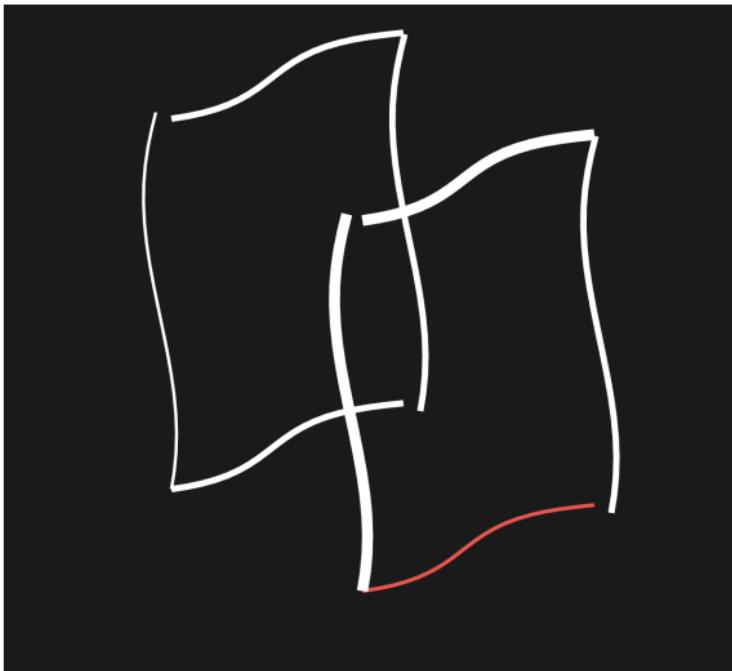
how can i leave
such peace?
i fear it's a one way street
& impinging upon me
is an undeniable dream

i cry in the face of so much beauty
so much that i'll never connect with
i just want to be a part of it all!

mac, sing once more,
“don’t live your life like it’s already over”
is that what you tried to tell me
the other week? and the one before?

2016

year as a loving ghost



stanzas

okay, lets begin by
associating darkness
with external phenomena,
and lightness,
with internal.
and what stems from that?
what flows from that?

regarding the end of us
perhaps it was only
that i recognized
my fundamental loneliness
may it manifest as apathy
may it cause me anxiety
frailty

oh, but i am free
and here i am at work
staring at spreadsheets
on the isolation
between an ADC and a DAC
the crosstalk, of transmit and receive
and the symmetry is heartbreaking
cause my story lately has been isolation
i see it in every song, every thing
and it was golden irony,
not iron irony,
that would be too hard!
no, this is the type of irony
that makes you happy
to finally see
your beliefs verified
in the external world

what can i learn from you
now that i've been aloof
it's 2016,
and it's too late to be
happy go lucky
there's too much
real shit to be
happy go lucky

no time

epochs elide,
and a lurking spectre,
grips my vertebrae
canyons of apathy
a canon of anxiety
the seconds,
can no longer span
the overarching emotional story
the dammed-up language
to elicit closure...

fleeting,
 yearning,
 grasping,
 overstrung,
 whiny,
 mindless,
 distracted,
 disenchanted,
 dumb,
 fussy,
 inconsiderate,
 lost

for E. #4

last week
when i thought we
were going to love
again

i felt
like a real person
again

for the first time this year
(outside of blue cliff)

i felt excited
to exist

i thought
finally
someone will want
me to be complete
for them

i thought
finally
i can give them
my whole
heart, ear

i thought
finally
i can help the world

stanzas

make sure you're as mild
and impotent
as possible

make sure you're as wild
and impudent
as possible

middle class justification
offerings, oblations
am i not trying?
hoping,
to be rewarded
for dying

retreat into my mind
tie it into a knot,
pull the loose strings
keep everything out
i can't see you

bitter intellectual
smoldering on
the dusty side
of the day
too excited
wrong thought
wrong intentions

fuck my fantasies
recurring hopeless dreams
forget my 'enemies'
they all reside within

the words were framed in my head,
small notions of glass and lead,
stained glass,
be careful what you wish for

in the beginning,
nothing could be divined
a fragrant missile
the whining arrow
of bodily ardor
what substance...

before settling

the most comfortable fucking person
photos, long before meeting you
carefully crying out
i am pure, having been
washed by the words
of an erotic scene
from gravity's rainbow

glassy eyelids
reflected
my head is swollen,
yet,
my mind is clear

my dreams may be more pertinent than reality

walking along in a swirl of poetry
tender words to no one
so much maturity
i'm fucking 22

i feel dreamy and dumb
awash in light and sound
observe my nature
macro responses
defined by learning
i have made myself soft
i'm a try hard
i step lightly and soften my face
i try too hard
to seem at peace

oh but i am, more so than other times in my life
i'm tired, anti-social, and strange

sometimes, with a lover, i stay up all night,
or with a friend, more often,
or for school work, even more so...

living a life of perpetual sunset,
first time i've seen the sunrise in weeks,
for all the wrong reasons,

life gets interesting
this frantic
lack of sleep

so poetic
so direct

return to earth
from the 'heights' of my intellect

so i'm sitting in my car
melting the ice caps
but i'm trying to forget that
cause i'm headed to where you are

i exist
under a pantheon
of authors, musicians, and artists

scared to write an actual love song
so i'll sing bitter so longs

my english inflections make me an artist

my face lit up by a white screen
much like the bleaching of coral reefs
two deaths,
intertwined
descending a double helix
maybe we were designed to die
by our own hands

that's a jab at the dominant religion of the west
and it stabs my chest,
that i still stare, at bodies,
can i still blame culture?
it's nurture, then,
for my nature is purer,
than all others,
ego crying out,
heart dying out,
asking, pleading
for love

my inner weakness drives my actions,
in moments of clarity i'm left in stupefaction
wondering why i exist in this way

i face reality
i face propaganda

everything becomes shorthand,

i was always more sexual
more intense
more open
more loving

if a bird is of flight
then a human is of love

i'm creating crystal structures
in the dark of night
future memories
with you

i see you now
as someone i could never know
but at whom i would stare infinitely
in futile measures
to learn your life

let the plastic infrastructure
of planet earth
melt in one viscous
maneuver

i was raised,
to drink til i'm dumb
watch tv til i'm numb
to never recognize
that i am scum

i roll my eyes
as the eagles fly
american nightmare
by by
as i ride in reverse
into sleep

the key
to be-in'
a musician
is stereo pan

dress me in palm leaves
grant me every reprieve
hear as i sing

the song of my heart

it holds all i've got
and i know it's true
 it belongs to me
 and belongs to you

baptism of fire
 yields a peace
 you might admire

it's taking everything in me
to honor your independence
 to respect your choice
 to exert self control

so you sleep in the car a bit
and when you wake up there's
 clouds on the horizon
and drops start hitting
 feel the novelty
 new earth
 the fabulous present
 you are alive
 breathe

let it be known that today i am alone
and if i didn't go to the concert
 alone
then it wouldn't be known

i fantasized that you would come up
 behind me
and put your arm around my waist
 like you used to
 and i would drop my tears
 just over the top of your shoulder
 that they would walk down your back

i wonder why you don't trust my heart
 like i trust yours
and love me for my differences to you
 like i love yours, to me

 let me show you
 what i have learned
 and you can show me
 what you have learned

then we can learn
together

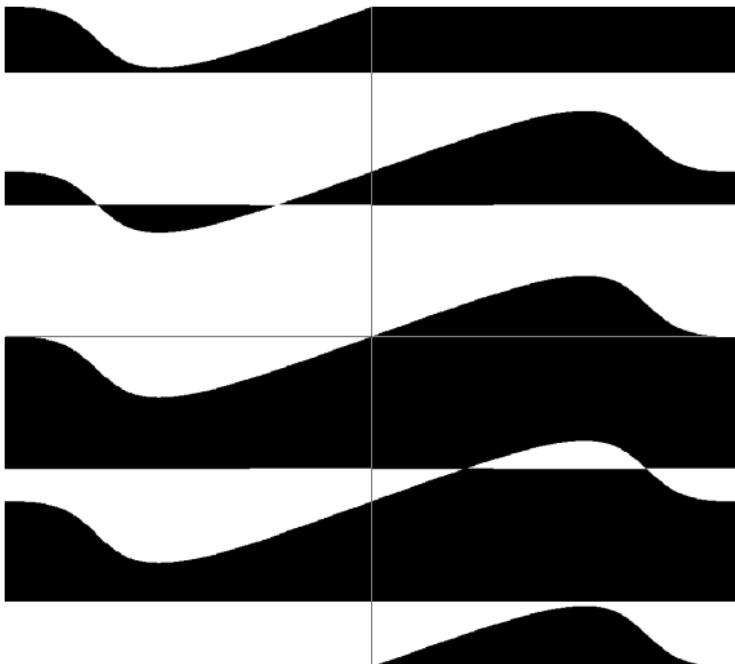
how can i do anything
with certainty
do you believe that i've changed
does it even matter?

i guess this is the precipice
of the time in my life where i let go
of everything real
and become a machine
of entrepreneurship
and statistics
where i lose my humanity
because no one even wants me
to be human for them
no one wants me to feel life
to long after love
cause we've all got a buck to make

turn this mind
into money
go to college
get a job

2017

year as a loving person



soliloquies

my identity is my religion
my soul my body's prison
too self centered to listen
for years, i've censored my mission
squandered my vision
shirked and lesioned
worked and teased

in a lifelong release
sought ease sought peace

but what about me
i only need me
to make me me
nevertheless notwithstanding
i persist

preparing my soliloquies
for an imaginary love to be
love to be love for me
set me free
make me me

oh my plea
tired and pretty
real yet petty

somebody help me
cause i'm 23
still convinced i'm unworthy

liberal bubble

oh, scum of the centuries

fragile hearts saying hey
how gentle can i be
 mental yet free
 vulnerably me
 beautifully

the kissing number
of my social network
 torn asunder
 lattice shook
 look, i feel
my constellation
disparate and real
many relations

shunned and shamed
i'm back to normal
 creative and tame
 shy and informal
orthonormal, bony, lazy
 in short, hormonal
trying not to say the word:
 crazy

 tapas of language
 healing my violence
at the sight of it, i languish
 perishing in silence

and i wanna be infinitely
 kind to you
 and make my heart
 a space of safety, too
no more a mental purview
 everything is external,
 suffused and sated
 my intentions rated
 in their service to others
five stars- Stendhal in awe

all of a sudden life is for me, too
i see my candlesticks sprouting
 new growth i presume

come here, you!
with the self-image

 persistent and obvious
 does this make you feel bad
 leave a bad taste in your mouth
 my words a wild mold
 hey, poison
 nothing dead but human and plant
 nothing to say but my immature rant
 nothing to decant
 nothing to enchant
 no fantasies
 push— i see posies and lotuses
 behind my eyelids
in times of peace and exploration
 times bedridden, stationary

 stylistic default
 identities of praise
 safe phrases
 only i can understand
 intimacy through a lens

and i like to think
 my life has been
 growing simpler
 and will always
 diminishing denominator
 abundance flows from me
 complete loss of sentimentality
 without loss of generality

i am a manifestation of the earth
 some natural imagery
 probably not bitter, but vocal

 theories of deceit
 self-awareness conceit
 i'm exaggerated
 accelerated

shout out to my liberal bubble
y'all support my gender trouble

thursday, hopscotch, 2017

all of this is too complete
well within boundaries
a ‘woman’ uses her body
a ‘man’ uses tools, saxophones,

this is bullshit.

every reaction is acceptable,
push– slightly absurd.
clap– i’m angry.

i don’t think it’s disingenuous,
but well within boundaries,

he chases her around the room,
he is the guide, controller,
she is in response to his wail,

expressive logician,
epithet without permission,
they will never defend themselves,
their ‘art’ is indefensible in my poem.

unadorned

some kind of oxymoron
like American vernacular
i could sing in a drawl
but it'd just be making noise
as if this wasn't just noise
you probably expect
i'm just one of the boys

some kind of innocent quip
well i can't really, laugh at it
cause it's just too close to my heart
and i don a deep distrust
that distances me
from everyone i love

some kind of comparison
of the self-destruction, inherent to
animal consumption
however erased or diffused
through so many people
and then i'll describe actual self-harm
some insensitive depiction

some kind of reduction:
i am just another thing to consume
but being consumed feels good
can't i be used? perused, mindlessly?
i don't mind, really
i was always an image
the semblance of- bad faith
i just need to pose and flex

unadorned
i exist before you
a disembodied voice
or a voiceless body

yet, i am adorned
in a garland of beliefs
walking contradiction
something fundamental

for C. #1

maybe i have mommy issues
cause the night i laid the panam blanket
over you, i was reminded of nights
doing the same to my mother

or maybe i'm visiting,
variations of compassionate and carnal love
exaggerations, i mean genuine healing
fire in a barren landscape

maybe we can be for one another
“sweet communion of a kiss”
decades later, still
finding care, here & there

maybe “all this history, is just a mystery to me”
like the day we kissed within the replica
of Seurat’s *Sunday Afternoon*
for a moment, an archetype

and that day touched me,
your lipstick and swinging arms
anecdotes, and how,
how did i become so fortunate?

my maybe's become definite,
monolithic ruminations,
“reservations about so many things, but not about you”
flights of ‘reason’, flights of ‘emotion’

but it's reality! you help me
you bring me joy, life
i am so glad
simple

dialogue (Kathy Acker)

me: faced with my existence
as a nonexistent artist

a: looks in the mirror

b: you are nothing less than a miracle

me vs. a: you're shit

a/me: my hair's a mess

me: i'm trashed

b: you have not failed

me: i'm worthless

a: eyes peer out and over

b: be beautiful, be yourself

me: everything's broken

a: collapses

me: i am at once the death, new life,
and impossible subvert of this culture

b: may we recognize and transform
the inferiority complex,
the superiority complex,
and the equality complex

me: oh fuck everything

me vs. me: i'll stick my hand in this hot tea

so i can't write this shit any more,

so i can't tarnish the miracle of this life

with my petty strife

b: wait until the emotion has passed,
then you can think clearly about the source of it.

me: i already know the source

a: thirsty and miserable, neglected

me: i will see over and over,

oversight overwrought oversensitive,

over and out of this life

“love is pain deferred”

i smile to my
habit energy
i squirm
as chills run through me
revolutionary mindset

why don't you try out this identity
it's blue

i'm thinking in superlatives
but i want to convey some hurt
i feel unsafe
all the time

fear of rejection
in the abstract
semiotics a seeming salve
self soothing
self subsuming

maybe now i can definitively
be recognized as a person in pain?
my life is only technically together

something like the Silver Jews' ‘wild silence’
belief propagates
through this naïve haze
mind defined by prior days

‘Zen’ or ‘Catholic’
self-flagellation
“love is pain deferred”
being that which it were
all my ideas fall flat
in the face of my need

emotional currents
coursing through my life
a river flowing under ice
watch it splinter
as i realize

just kids

no not an archetype
what could be a dedication?
 what's to
 so that
 in light
 inspiration

what can i even write?
 i envisioned a poem
 of incomplete sentences
 something some kind of
thesis- nothing's expressible
 what rot

walking around lately tormented
 some thing's wrong
 beyond all the things
 and i read a book
 just kids, just erupting

scrunch my face
it's less of an aesthetic
more an operand to a calculation
that will take my whole life

washing dishes
and the n word
comes into my mind
i'm confused about expression
 maybe more examples
 bloodied bodies, shit smears
 violence in every vein
 grasping at an aesthetic
 choosing some distraction
 what is art for?
 i cringe at my own lines
ugh yes it's still a question
 at least to me

the ability of an adult
to engender fantasy
to cultivate identity

archetype of a person suffering

i prefer knowing you

herein lies stochastic elements
my life: monastic and reticent
 acrid and irreverent
i wouldn't trust me as an artist
 despite all my 'progress'
 i still make sad, angry art

i'm afraid to be alone again
mental alchemy, garbage into flowers
 maybe you'd stick around
 if i sang better
 but i sound like a hound
 in foul weather
 but my voice is my own
 tampered yet clear
my heart wouldn't feel like home
 without all these fears

i sound off your name
in the desert of my mind
like a flare, maybe i'll be found
i don't hate everyone, i'm just hurt
 two similar years
 summer of life, fall of strife
 listening to Longstreth's
 platforming, so sick

shit body image, chided and childish
“the only thing that's attracted to me
 is my shower curtain”

in Beloved there's a scene
 about going into these
 blackberry thickets near a river
 emerging severely scathed but laden
 i'd like to enter those thickets—
 love's practice
 and emerge laden with fruit
 severely scathed

i don't have anything nice to say
you can't support me, i don't trust you
 yet i long for you in the abstract

i prefer knowing you

absent referent

[banging beat]

i'm the skeptic
with the absent referent
the manic distrust
blustery and blatant
oh me i'm fragrant
my crotch my mouth
flagrant and foul
elegant and espoused
ridiculed and endowed
abiding in the here and now
fuck last year i'm no one now
perfect starting now
i've seen enow
to know

oh me i'm toxic
depress you quick
back-breaking brick
subvert this culture
chew my dick

i'm the save-me type
with the puppy dog eyes
i'll kill your hype
i'll spill my life
flooding and trite
stupid strife

so my life is divided
into things i don't deserve
life sentences to serve
good habits to preserve
but at the end of the day
i'm quite unnerved
that i forgot everything i learned

decry the coalescence
of the actions of those in power
recognize the similarity, to my own life

i want to cradle the head of every punk
make sober, every drunk
and fight, oh fight against donald trump

so let my life be an apology

art isn't catharsis
it's walking through
a spider's web

i'm convinced
i'm a dysfunctional toxic ass

take the skin from my hands
so i can feel more fully
here's violent language
semblance of sensitivity
i'm trying to *appear* one way
i'm trying to be honest
to emulate the feeling
i've gotten from artists

vacillating wildly
between fatalistic essentialism
and freedom from this gendered body
grace comes to me in phases
after feverish pleading
it's a relief then, the spacious feeling
inspired by musicians

whipping wind
whirling whistle

i will not turn my back on the muse
when the wind takes me up, follow it through
at the expense of everything

it's probable
you didn't value me
but i valued you
so everything was fine
value, valued
you with my whole life
and you were just
generally well adjusted

sink for two weeks
soar for two days
i indict myself on the daily
guilty until i reach no action
my whole being stems from oppression

shame, shame for myself, my culture
anger, anger at this world and its every chain
is this a subtle redirection of
the same ‘agency’ and power that
i feel allows me to take responsibility
to elicit change?

‘more questions than answers’
that’s a cheap cop-out
my fake disaffection
privilege of moral relativity
in the face
of such absolute terror
in the face
of such oppression

i get to sleep in peace
to laugh with friends
go to a restaurant
smile at a bird

what is my substance?
i vow to not squander this life

so let my life be an apology
as if it could ever make up
for the misery engendered
by those who precede me

and that which will befall my progeny

still human
somehow
i find myself in space
somehow
existing

subverted Buddhist concepts

i'm sitting in meditation
and a trans person creeps up behind me
wielding a baseball bat
they whack it into the back of my skull
which fractures once on impact
twice in contact
with the windowsill

sudden enlightenment

the night you sewed my cushion
i knew you would never do it again
so i asked you to use a different color
so that when i sewed it next
i would know which one to cut

fundamental wisdom

i peel my layers

in time
i peel my layers
first was fake nihilism
superficial misanthropy
then universal love
genuine care
now it's real nihilism
careless misanthropy
next
i'll renew my faith
to see it crushed again
like the moon in phases
shed uterine

for a time
nothing makes sense
peel back a layer
i'm asking for sympathy
peel back a layer
i'm worried about my future
peel back a layer
i'm afraid of my fellow, Americans
peel back a layer
i'm trying to be sharp, intellectual
peel back a layer
my ego needs to be seen
peel back a layer
i just want to live a good life
peel back a layer
i'm afraid of difficulty
peel back a layer
i'm afraid to die
peel back a layer

i touch my core
my weeping core
weeping for my pain
and the pain of all people, animals
and all else subject to entropy
i stop
nothing to do
but go on