

*poems*

2013-2017

n. casale

## **contents**

<b>2013</b>	<b>year of growth</b>	<b>5</b>
	13/09/28 #1 . . . . .	6
	daydream . . . . .	7
	karel . . . . .	8
	sideways . . . . .	9
	sunset nowhere . . . . .	10
	13/10/17 #1 . . . . .	10
	september . . . . .	11
	live fast, die young . . . . .	12
	biking . . . . .	13
	13/10/17 #2 . . . . .	14
	the cups are still cracked . . . . .	15
	invoking the ghost of Bob Dylan . . . . .	16
	midnight walk before the end of the world .	17
	drunk . . . . .	19
	end . . . . .	21
	la flor sabe (goodbye, to the holy mountain)	22
	13/11/08 #2 . . . . .	23
	13/11/08 #3 . . . . .	24
	there is no way to live . . . . .	25
	losing back . . . . .	26
	for E. #1 . . . . .	27
	for E. #2 . . . . .	28
	feeling vicious . . . . .	29
	McAlister's Store #1084 . . . . .	30
	watching a lady take money out of her purse	31
<b>2014</b>	<b>year of joy</b>	<b>33</b>
	a meal . . . . .	33
	i've been feeling nihilistic lately . . . . .	34
	first day of class . . . . .	35
	summer dreams . . . . .	35
	critically observant . . . . .	36
	pretty . . . . .	37
	the life and the death . . . . .	38
	lifeless . . . . .	39
	singular experience (for E.) . . . . .	39
	the n. creed . . . . .	41
	who am i? #1 . . . . .	43
	who am i? #2 . . . . .	43
	who am i? #3 . . . . .	43
	who am i? #4 . . . . .	43
	who am i? #5 . . . . .	43
	what is true anyway? . . . . .	44

a receipt of a week of life . . . . .	44
once upon a time in the west . . . . .	46
light box craving . . . . .	48
enjoying my days . . . . .	49
work . . . . .	50
feel like crying (won't) . . . . .	51
bonnaroo . . . . .	51
brisk, intellectual bike ride . . . . .	52
swan's song . . . . .	53
new kitchen . . . . .	54
in and of . . . . .	56
people . . . . .	57
<b>2015    year of ego</b>	<b>58</b>
song for difficulty . . . . .	59
greensboro, nc . . . . .	60
queens, new york . . . . .	61
poem for the internet in HTML . . . . .	62
receipts . . . . .	63
brickside music festival ain't gonna hurt no-body . . . . .	64
lucy . . . . .	65
foil . . . . .	66
living earth . . . . .	67
hatred is a fiery harbor . . . . .	68
july haiku . . . . .	69
salvation . . . . .	69
raleigh . . . . .	70
greensboro, again . . . . .	71
driving to deep roots . . . . .	72
pathos . . . . .	73
biking to deep roots . . . . .	74
tragicomedy . . . . .	75
for E. #3 . . . . .	77
just waiting for you to break . . . . .	77
small, skillless rhymes . . . . .	78
lifted magnum and bejar . . . . .	79
confrontation with the unconscious . . . . .	80
social anxiety . . . . .	81
mac demarco . . . . .	82
<b>2016    year as a loving ghost</b>	<b>83</b>
stanzas . . . . .	84
no time . . . . .	85
for E. #4 . . . . .	86
stanzas . . . . .	87

<b>2017</b>	<b>year as a loving person</b>	<b>93</b>
	soliloquies . . . . .	93
	liberal bubble . . . . .	95
	thursday, hopscotch, 2017 . . . . .	97
	unadorned . . . . .	98
	for C. #1 . . . . .	99
	dialogue (Kathy Acker) . . . . .	100
	“love is pain deferred” . . . . .	101
	just kids . . . . .	102
	i prefer knowing you . . . . .	103
	absent referent . . . . .	104
	so let my life be an apology . . . . .	105
	subverted Buddhist concepts . . . . .	107
	i peel my layers . . . . .	108

**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!

yaidupkeddddwp3i343333333222222222221190320idljk;  
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

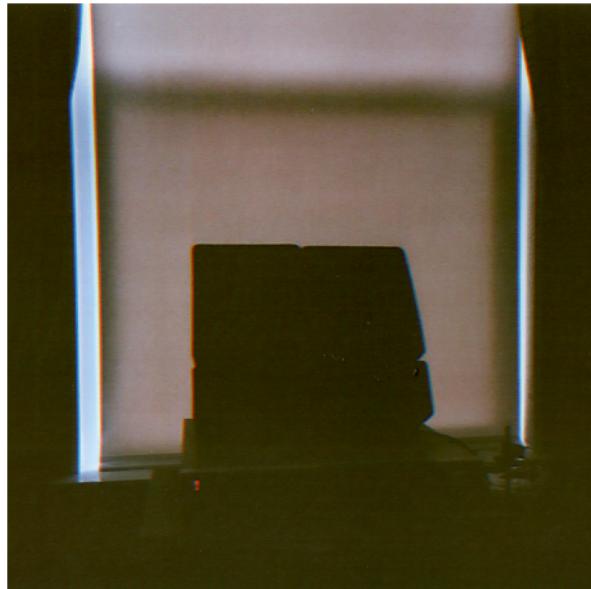
my thick leases & LCD SCREENS & screens of windows & my traveling eye to glean the forward facing space, even turn around & call it a turkey neck, DON'T DO THAT! where i want to make SOMETHING sound beautiful where it cries in to that space of a large orgy of different talents where a videographer is 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?

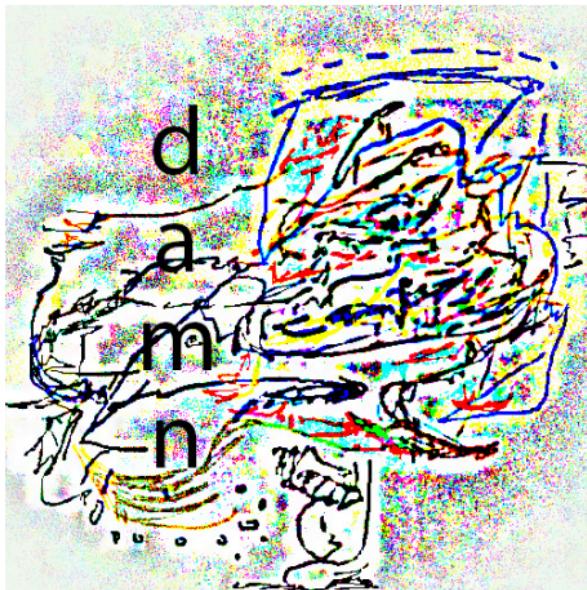
harrowing, harboring  
nonsense, parading  
in the innocence of  
language,  
the irreproachable  
expression.

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...

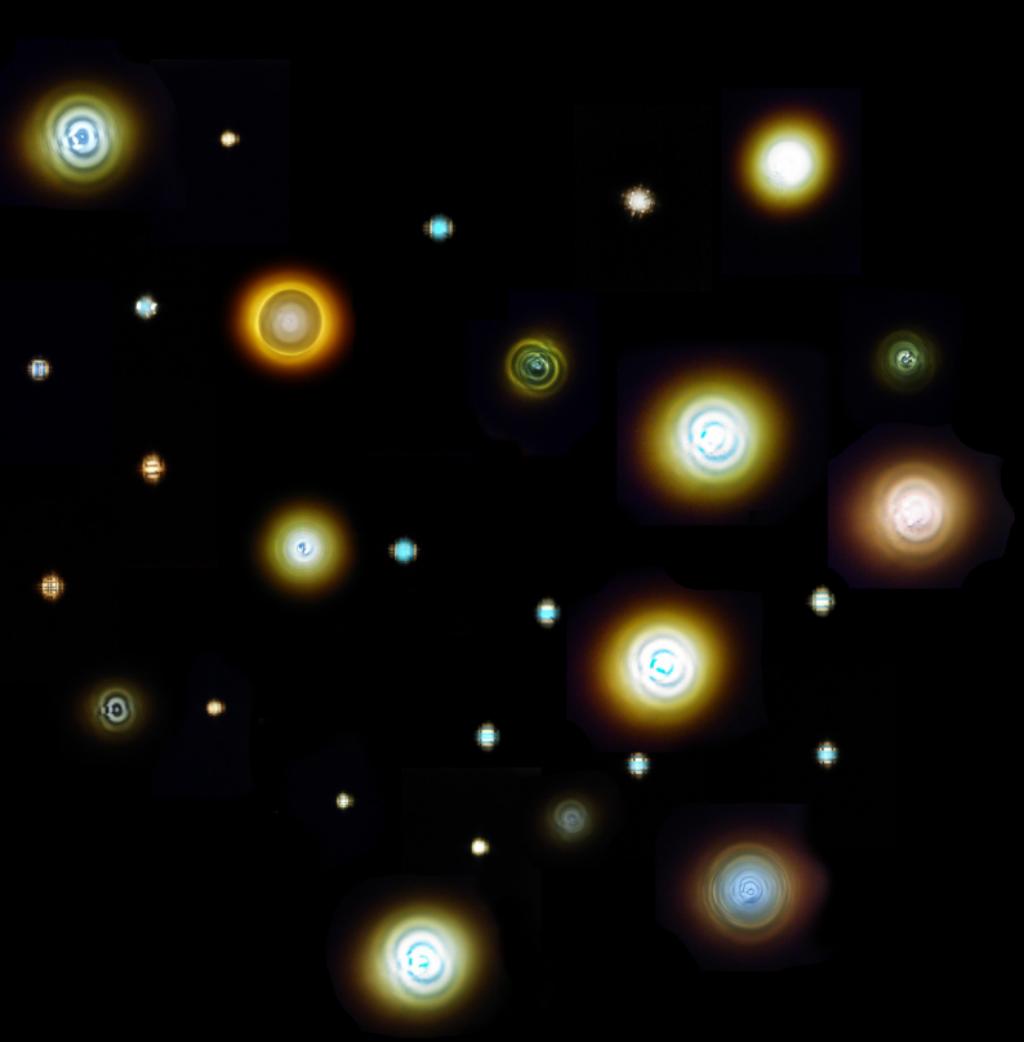
it's just something I think about,  
the blatant disregard for  
the horrible things.

“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

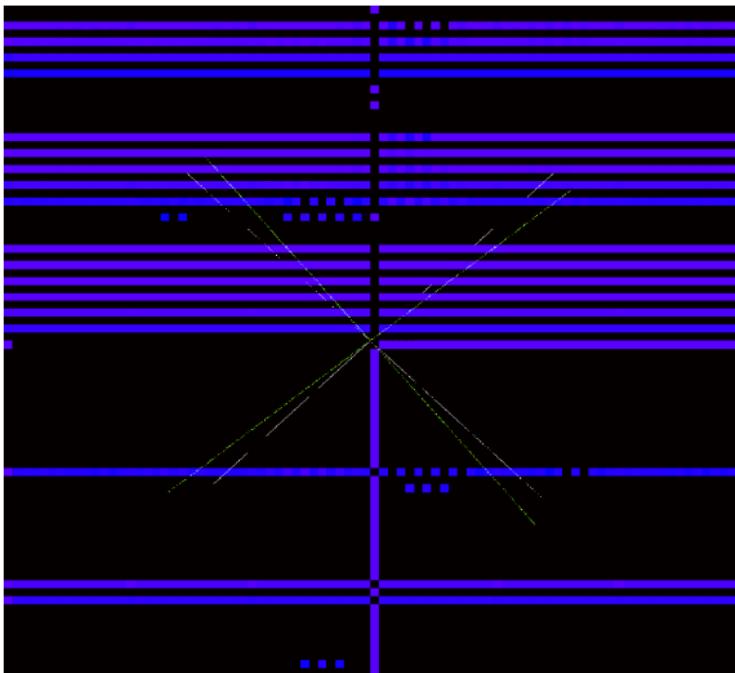
i don't think i'm dissatisfied  
i think i'm disappointed and distraught  
i think i'll hold much of this life in disdain  
i think i'm wrong

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...

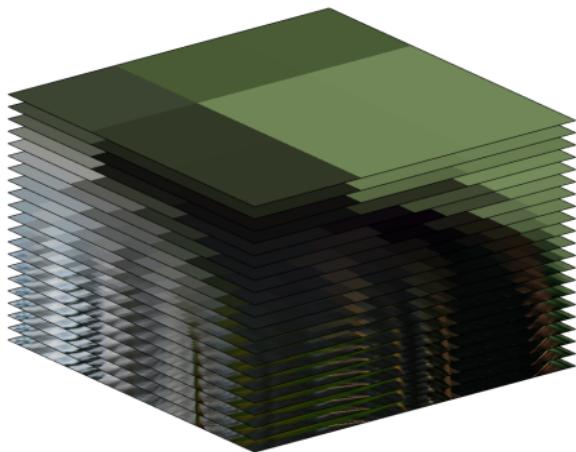
i threw my arms 7 times,  
to cross the pool,

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

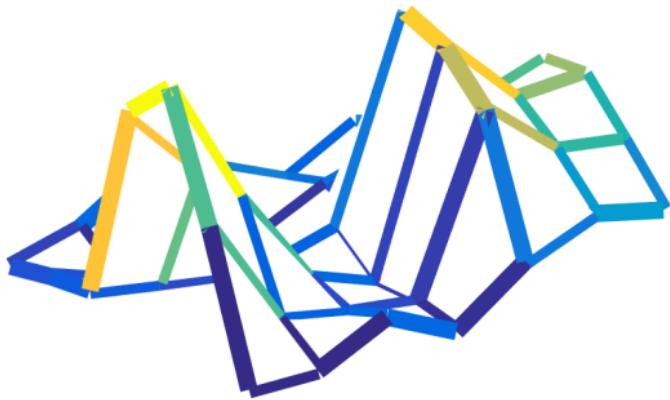
paradox:  
ethics makes me feel like a bad person

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 till i'm dumb  
watch tv till 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

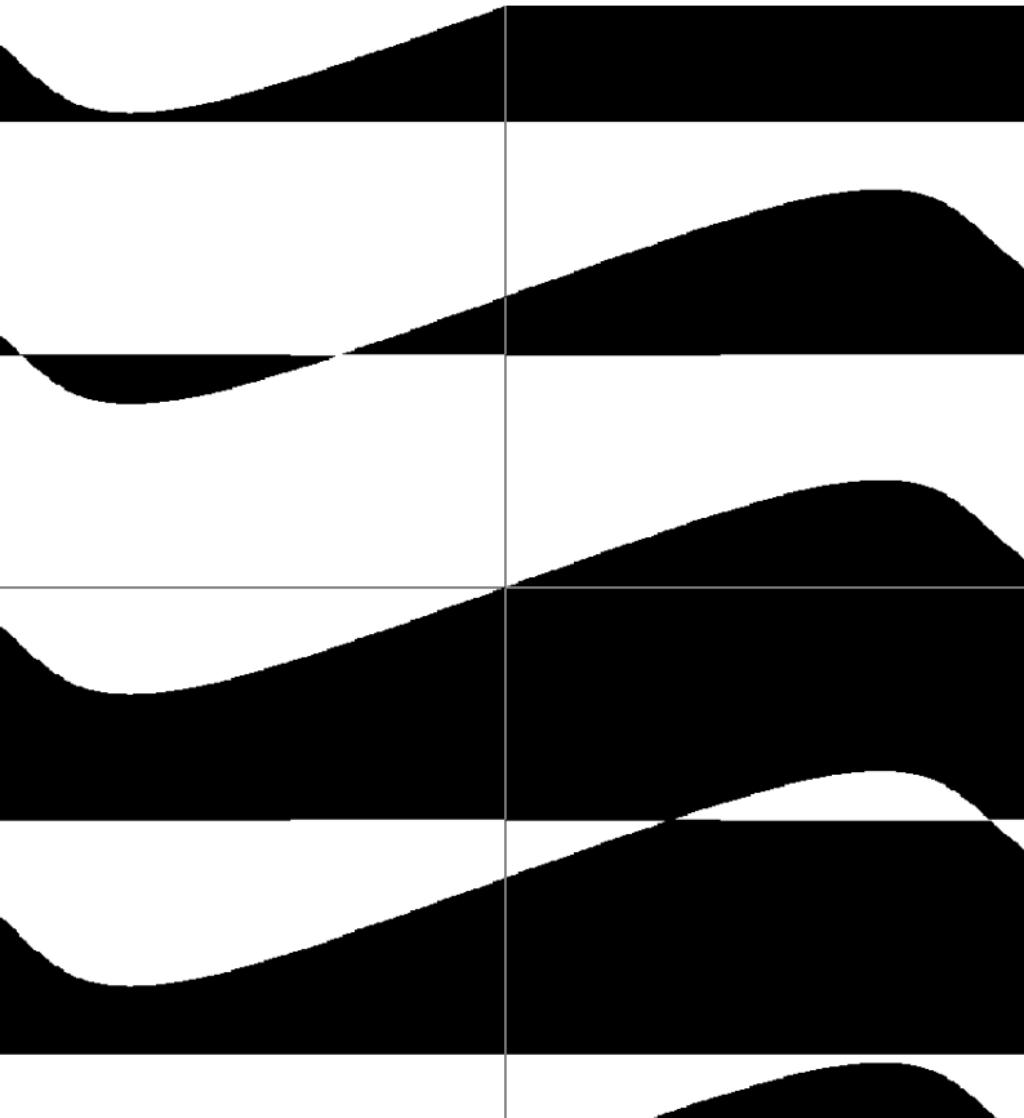
how can i do anything  
with certainty  
do you believe that i've changed  
does it even matter?

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