

Turn of Spring

The Turn of Spring

I watch the world go by
my legs are made of iron
And cement roots me in place.
Set on a suburban street
My back is framed against the buttercups
a park bench at the turn of spring.

Is the sun an hour hand,
a bleach to peel my paint,
or just a hunk of gas that radiates?

Cars pass, just like my thoughts,
someone sits to people watch.
They watch the children learn to drive
and their neighbors jogging for their lives.

Trees are thawing from the cold
like canes they hold the sky as it grows old.
Birds chatter aimlessly
seamless as the siren, they set the mood subconsciously.
Canopies bloom like thought balloons.
A beater passes blaring tunes.

These green way paths and their gardens of math
are saying something obscene
these cycles of rhyme they echo through time.
Complacency wears away at my memory.
The people I meet, they view from my seat
and I watch them move on with time,
But my legs are made of iron
And the sun creeps ever higher.
A park bench at the turn of spring.

How about this for a bad argument.

you could either exist or not exist

If you exist you can choose to stop existing, but if you don't exist you cannot choose to start existing

Therefore it's better to be born because it maximizes a person's free choice. Or at least is neutral because nothing is lost from the decision.

We inevitably die so one could argue that once born we lack the choice to continue existing. No matter how much we wish it.

One could also argue that the choice to stop existing is no choice at all.

So once we exist we can neither stop existing nor continue existing.

We find ourselves choice-less once again and in the most uncomfortable position.

Still Kicking

I'm kicking myself like a dog
as if "be good" is the same as "behave".
It's not.
But I couldn't tell you how.

Blood Flow

Imagine the town is a brain, its streets are dendrites sparking at the intersection of each synapse. Street lamps illuminate the currents of consciousness and each of us are conduits.
We channel each encounter like a chance through the body.

Pay me no mind
My body is made of Teflon.
Forever in the blood stream
but suspended from the chemical flow.

But I could hear them crying
when I ignored the charges
potentials growing until they disappeared into infinity.

He wants to die.

he wants to die by a gun in the forest
these berries of lead taste wrong to me
he takes off with focus, walking before us
he drops to one knee to baptize in a creek
And i resent him

the things that he believes never cease to under cut me
that flowers make wishes
our words are our kisses
and that happiness remains yet to be seen

And i don't believe him
These moths are mocking me

He shovels the dirt searching of something
Maybe pocket watches, it could be a locket
I believe the earth just swallowed his keys

He brings me these things, and I keep them
because they remind me that daylight is daring me.

My lover, my killer, my schitzo and I
we'd fall in the sun
but the cicadas are screaming to turn it down

Shy

Devoid of charity the rapsody

I peak, ahem, kneel down and then

voice tones to my blasphemy

leave your ring to state decree

cuz the lungs you see, the breath they feed,

gives voice to certainty

The swelling of a chest a cooling of a nose,

the whole world rising just to rest upon a note

exhale a friend, a sail and lend

another go around the bend.

But if I was lashed to a wild steed

I'd want to exhale with you

Impale on you

make a sale of my earthly deed

Ain't it the life in you to plant a seed?

Ain't it exciting you a mind too free?

Ain't it reminding you what it is to need?

I was looking for a solution in the only place I hadn't been
before

Took a bath inside the sun

Let 10 thousand degrees clean me up

A solar flare the northern lights

Only ashes remain, I feel so light

A little dazed and so confused

I hope my friends will hear the news

That it's joy parade and solemn night

Some sort of solipsistic take to flight

Some LSD

a drowned phone call

Here in the crowd I feel so forestalled

It's not a race if you run in fear

And I know you're waiting for me to steer

But the sky above is a black backdrop

With a thousand eyes to judge my crop

And though the earth turns its back to the din
The sun dawns itself to dwarf their sin
It's rays are like a spider's leg
Reaching down to grab the back of my head

The moon is an echo of the sun.

Sound a scream from the street.
The fourth floor laughs at retreat.
Forks are tuned for the feast
Hearing what it is but not this.

Did you think the night fell with the sun?
Did you think you could kill saying gun?
Listening for something, but not this.

All my thoughts bent for some fun,
everything bent runs among
the reams of our tongue.
It's too clear, they might hear,
But not this.

Jesus is an attention seeker

Give me something carnal with no teeth

Food made out of air

Pain in a phantom limb

And a martyr who doesn't care

Give me crosses on their side

a pastor caught in sin

Flint stones striking under water

And gashes in my skin

Enthrall me to a master with no wants

And his wheel that never spoke

While my whore wanders common haunts

Crying for a toke

Rage, it is sating

It is steel that writhes

It is the heart in you hating

As you resort to compromise

The King of Child Logic

Behind the clouds the dam called heaven's gate has burst its seams

the king of child logic stands upon the mountain top convicted to extremes

His crown is the wind and from his brow it bridges to the sky where god's rain upon the moral folks flows from his solitary eye

The child's voice is carried to commune with the gathered clouds

clouds which dwarf the mountain, heavy, imposing, they decry the sill water in reflecting pools and their stewards capturing on high

At the fulcrum of the mountain the king bears their weight on a single point

Lighting adorns the eye of the storm sounding the birth of contingency

Rock rumbles and antiphon as it consolidates into Earth, as inevitably as the primordial nothing into gravity

From this vantage the king breaths language, and it's negative form contrives the oracle

Enraptured by ego, in-tune to its flow, the child considers "becoming" a miracle

thunder claps like the symbols of angels
lighting flashes like a cherubim's born
the winds against the rock howls a death cry
the mountain shudders in the center of the storm

The king of child logic negotiates for a cloud break
the city boards their windows against the roar:
parents hide their young within the cellar
and though we gossip we still don't know what the anger's for

Our sky scrapers sing like an embryo struck by the fear of god
Earth spins smoothly on its axis greased by melting poles
male and female dance together assigned to gender roles
the king of child logic shuts the lid on the music box, and the
showers cease to be

The forest, once bowed beneath the heaven's heart ache, regain
their sense of pride.
The sea which churned with the planet's yearning returns to
softly rolling by
Creatures, hidden until day break, venture out to see the sky.
The bluest sky, once wounded and gaping, veils... lovingly, a
lie.

It is but it's not and I could but I can't

Some sort of bed rock revealing
holes in the earth
Some sort of cavernous feeling
Resounding its worth
Some sort of silent waving
From a hunter's bow,
their breath that is heaving
and the sun looming low

Hollow words carved on the ceiling
And a ceiling fan
Some sort of vivid dreaming
that slips on the sand

Something laughs while dying
Something lives while crying
Something gives when trying

Some sort of somber reeling
And the dust in your eye
Some sort of guy I'm seeing
With a wounded thigh
Some sort of taught confusion
In the cable drawer
And the soft disillusion
He doesn't believe anymore

That the dogs are fighting
That the grass is guiding
That the kettle is drying
The willing's sibilant sighing
As his legs let him go

It's not the ghost at the table
Nor your pale ego
Not the tracks you are leaving
on the service road
It's not the door to your leaving
Nor your new found home
And it's not your blood that is beating
In the ocean foam

Not to play
Not drawing
Not to grasp
Not clawing

Not the meeting of minds
Nor the long way through
Not the landscape resolving
Nor forgiving who

The memory of what warm is.

Brisk day --

Marsh of raw leaves

Nests exposed in Autumn

Fall is dripping to the ground, lightly,
like sawdust kisses the carpenter's floor.

The earth is sanguine and raw, and its branches have nothing to
hold on to.

The wind catches nothing, the sun catches nothing, and the rain
catches the dirt.

“It’s still.” because the sun has not given us the energy.

But there’s a crispness to the air. A sort of facing reality.

We were born naked, but with the memory of what warm is.

Sleeping Bodies

The human body

is unlike other water bottles.

Hydrates;

bed warmer;

Breakfast, shelter,
on par ASMR.

I’m tasting strides. Fall leaves
and people cling to comfort like

my favorite gripping trigger.

The human body...

Is not nature sounds.

All the kids are listening,
hit snooze squarely.

Take me to sleep.

Sleep,
take me to your leader.

It's spring
dear reader,

not in the trivial sense,
but in the sense that life goes on, and yet.

Night cap. Hardback.

Slosh, Slosh, Slosh;

restful, head full,
a little too thick for this plot.

Is this a new chapter
Or are my eyes glazed over?

Threshold!

Have my eyes glazed over?

Tipping back like

being.. p o u r e
p
. .
. . . t .
. o . . .
. . u . . .

Bang! Heart rang.

Maybe my ears perked up?

I wish you could tell me.

Untitled

I live among the jagged rocks of a cliff braced against the sea
feasting on the bodies of countless corpses underneath.

The love of moonlight glimmers, but fate is not so sweet
as the dull fog of anhedonia, and the bounty she bequeaths.

The swelling of the ocean is the breathing of a beast,
unaware it's ending lives just rolling in its sleep.

But like the planet's blood its warm embraces greet
The iron in your flesh and the oxygen you release.

And as the mind unravels the body turns into brine
dispersing to the waves of a world that can't be mine.

And after countless jumps, I have become the sea
contoured to every crevice of this monster, its grief, and me.

Old Farmer's Almanac

pattering on the window

a gentle february rain asks to come in

crisp but not cold

and ever so polite

birds hunker down

and release gentle cheeps

in protest to their ruffled feathers

march is at it's cusp

and the worms have started to riddle the moon

what questions they ask?

and at what price?

Do these blind little tracts

ingest the earth to feed the life on it.

their tract passes with our heads down

to witness the dirt broken by a thousand flowers

the birds are flying again

and the moon showers pink

like dew drops, delicately oh so delicately,
coruscate, and a million more buds compound
each pearl a strawberry, content in it's own world
and completely transparent

the bucks face straight ahead
regal in how they cradle their budding horns
sturgeon swarm the lakes, as if on vacation
and the humans realize it is time to harvest

the farmer's sickle wanes the moon
the hunters shoulder their guns
and the moon grows distant and cold

the wolves cry for it to return
but it only weeps
in sorrow
and then in guilt

Until it wastes away for the worms again

Where the bow meets the land.

The sun sits ample on its ocean throne
Lay down your oars to paddle
Over placid corral rone
The world is fitted to its saddle

The North Star appeared above
I felt my mind grow mellow
Grant me a forge oh god
To bend and strike and bellow

Lay down my love and follow

The sun closed its weary eye
And I cradled the past so shallow
The wind released a single sigh
And the water wrinkled, sallow

The constellations blinked above
Until their teary eyes grew hollow
The land released a snow white dove
When we found our grief could swallow

Lay down your love and follow

When your words come full circle

Why do the fish swim
to their nesting ground? How
do the birds know
where to migrate when it's cold?

Maybe the fish are like "that
Direction smells nice."
And the birds look at the horizon and think "the sun
would look much nicer just a little to the right."

Last mile from the yellow line

Freshly laid off but tinged with bed sweats
a young man thinks about getting up,
11am light streams through the window
the sun's silhouette is angled to be just barely hidden behind its
frame,
daring him to buy black out curtains.
He sits up. Checks his bank account.
Incredibly the deposit is there just like the law said it would be.

He was laid off two weeks ago.
Replaced by automation. A government mandate says
workers laid off by automation will be paid their salary
indefinitely.

It seems the job is indefinitely gone. He doesn't miss it.
He was a resume building term for a box lifter.

Still he's unsure what to do, so he looks through his phone.
The news talks about doctors, lawyers and computer scientists
being the only professions left.

He can't tell whether the writer is happy about that or not.
Either way it seems that hallucinating isn't disqualifying.
He wishes he knew that when he was on the job.
He looks through his goody bag.
Drugs are surprisingly cheap in the age of AI.

LSD. Vyvanse. Ketamine.

He hasn't even eaten yet.

There's an empty box of Happy-Os in the cupboard. Damn.

Again the phone. He can get some drone dropped.

The marketing team was not ready for the layoff memes that started.

He hadn't left the house this week so he put on his shoes.

The brightness on the street raises him a little,
and he glanced into the sun just to sear that awake into his eyes.

The HOA's self driving lawn mowers were a cacophony,
and they're worked a little more than they're actually needed.
They play him to the sidewalk where a billboard pulls up and opens the door to his bus.

It peeves him a little that it obscures his view of the passing world.

On the other hand the lack of distraction gives him time to plan next steps.

Retraining? He still has the years for it.

And he's like to think the brain. But also the sense to leave five years plus of schooling alone.

Travel is an option. Might pair nicely with the drugs.

Though he's not sure who he'd travel with.

He thinks about his hobbies. He doesn't have any.

Some reality TV was the most he was able to fit in between shifts and everything else.

He never thought 40 hours of free time would be a problem.

Stepping off the bus he could see the grocery.

Ports for autonomous delivery carts opened directly into the store.

It was brimming with activity.

But in terms of humans it was pretty dead.

The isles had been contracted to make room for conveyor belts.
They sat between the isles and little boots would kick the product off the back of the shelves.

Sort of like a vending machine, but you could walk in it.

Humans would have appreciated FIFO being so easy.

A few polite drones buzzed about with their reacher grabbers searching for any stray pick ups.

Flying close to the warehouse ceiling you could hear their gears shift,

down,

and then up again.

Signs warned that the store was closing to in person shopping, looking around, it made sense,

the store was difficult to get to because of the zoning laws.

A beep played on the intercom and all the robots in unison announce a little jingle

followed by “happy to serve!”

Surely corporate’s idea. He waved to one of the gnats.

It flew down and in a voice that wasn’t uncanny said “How can I help you?”

“I need breakfast.” The drone swiveled and started off.

Snidely he sped up and slowed down his pace. The drone matched it perfectly.

Very responsive. A few steps of salsa, and suddenly two were tangoing.

Even better, there was no one to feel self conscious in front of.

At the breakfast isle he pointed to a box of Happy-Os and the drone buzzed off to the check out line with it in it’s reacher grabber.

The guy didn’t even have to follow. He walked straight to the door.

The building saw his face on the way in and the payment was already processing.

The system had led to a dramatic cut in petty theft

and a few shocked expressions when people saw the bill for what they had stolen.

The walk back to the street was barely an incline, and the bus was already there.

By connecting your location to the department of transportation you could call it to you.

They even stored addresses of your choosing for easy last mile transit.

The ad on this bus was for Norton,

They’re offering a service which scans the dark web for your email address.

The tag line is, “do you know who has your data?” Next to a hooded figure.

Thinking about it, he had sort of lost count.

The ad pricked his concern though, they’re better targeted than they used to be.

Stepping directly onto his driveway from the bus, he unlocked his door with his palm print.

Groceries placed on the table, he made himself a bowl of Happy-Os.

Today was feeling like a Ketamine day.