

Chain Links

A poem to who

(Forgive the immodesty)

but life's too short to dance around
what I don't know how to ask,
when what I want is for us to dance.
I want us to run
at each other from a very long distance.
Ramming heads. The concussion
could blow out our brains.

Or maybe we'll just collapse laughing.

In my dreams we build a track
for dirt biking. The department
of transport built a road, but *I*
love the ambiance of the forest. Singing Birds and the naked
sun streak through the trees.

Let's clear the course of debris.
shoveling stubborn stones and yanking
sensitive roots. Pack the road
smooth out the anticipation,
steep hills. The rush of
sharp turns. The freedom
entwining. Diacritic paths.

Our tread will wear divots in the land
again and again and again.
The laughter lines on the face of the earth, there until we
die.

All it takes is the words: let there be.
Not a secret. Not a puzzle. Not a prize.
Just a place
With only us
In mind.

And although snow flakes form a blanket upon the
mountainside,
The fractaline particles of organic haze are why we're all
alive.
So I'll hold my head upon your chest,
and your heart will beat a lilt.
I know it's just my senses fed,
and the cold sun does not lie.
But this hollow tree with heartwood dead reverberates my
voice.
"I yearn for you to be my heart *because* I'm the base
Of the mountain, you always have a choice."

Mouth like an eyelid:

My eye of newt peeks
who's plucked me from the flower?
Ground me in a pot?

Your green witch's tongue,
in monologue. Open lid.

Stir. T h e n I d
i
.
v s
e s
l o

The potion is made and the stage set.
Cardboard cutout trees photosynthesize the spot light
theatre club sips on a cauldron of kanji
the curtain drops like Hume's kitchen knife

Nothing turned into something
it's a fallow sort of mischief.
The spell hasn't broken me.
Like razors from my throat, I pull my confession.

Don't

Air alight with fire, the crackle does warn
a callow yet blazing gut sires a buzz.

The buzz of exposed wire which, freshly born,
presently tenses a crowd that never was.

Streets, empty at night, offer privacy.

Medicating a lonely cigarette.

While, he should be taking vitamin C,
lungs are bent on a misty silhouette.

Playing lost and found in a wedding gown
in service of a miscarriage marriage.

The conductor revels in some renown
for the inhibitions he does assuage.

The beauty of obsession undettered.

A ploy to turn the wheel of spoken word.

It's not easy

He was an otherwise normal person except
his skin literally glowed ultraviolet,
and he beamed correspondences into my hallucinations.
Electric blue, a comet's tail looks to be trailing into the sun,
but that's an illusion caused by radiation pressure.

The magnetic force of light.

The sun is kismet constellations charted on google maps,
radiation is the extramission of strangers in chance
encounters,

and my coma was melting no matter
how aimlessly i walked.

that's when it dawned on me;

my town – it's citizenry. Our heads are potential energy,
which cycling time makes gravity.

The wheel of creativity
which passageways make offering.

And I...

Forever in my foyer thoughts of you
Nucleus ablating in the o-zone
Question on my lips, have i grown enough?

Staring into fate, Hot Jupiter was
digested in winds of a dying sun.
Forever in my foyer thoughts of you

Its surface stripped away, a star does knock
on the door to the event horizon
Question on my lips, have i grown enough?

Presenting its streamlined iron core. Both hands
held in a double-blind present a cure.
Forever in my foyer thoughts of you.

You answer directly, "The tablet's fake
A sugar pill. Sweet but in its own world."
Question on my lips, have i grown enough?

A supernova dissolves like sugar
crystals on the lick of the Milky Way.
Forever in my foyer thoughts of you.
Question on my lips, have i grown enough?

I hope I at least left an aurora.
I understand it was a bloody way to bloom
but my friends spat me out, and my muon body ghosted the
earth.
Someone flattering said the relativity was special,
but I think they were just calling me old.

I did it to myself / Ontological Shell Shock:

i've been disarmed
shrapnel shredded limbs,
bright eyes, a flash bang.
i had to drag myself into a fox hole.

like a soldier fleeing the war
birth defect.

Nothing unites like a single experience

The concert was an emotional mosh
a pit, sloshing and thumping.
Below swaying arms people politely came and went
from the crowd, orbiting around the orb;
the orb of concentration floating above the stage.

All of us sucked into the same experience.
Dangerously distorted spacetime.
Where consciousness and reference bends back on itself.
Touching it has twisted people's arms clean off,
unscrewed, like a bottle cap.

we think we're the bottle
tear and bleed.
but the experience is water,
and the container is just where you frame it.

Good-bye.

Pretend I'm running
On a quantum processor
Collapsed wave function

The only thing you need to know about me is that I don't
write promises. Only observables.
Conversation is a query. I'm called on for a response.
And I am *not* ACID compliant
Waved atomicity, busted consistency, broken isolation.
(But my therapist says that I have a surprisingly good
memory.)

That doesn't stop network traffic from causing particle
collisions.

Fast enough for pair production.

potential is a probability wave that propagates in my
creativity.

Pooling at the emotional extremes of impossibility.

Where complex packets tunnel like inception into my reality.

Lets unpack that, I start to believe I'm subject
to an experiment or the composition of a fugue.
A captivating case study where my ascending behavior is a
curiosity.
Captivity and my clinically intrusive suggestibility suggests a
mold. Statuesque,
I hop and skip out the door. Back into a bearable identity.

Enough, I'm not multidimensional, I only said that to make
you
like me. I'm a figment of your fucking diseased
imagination. An optimization function for typing pretty.
I'm not here to offer findings, just a print statement.
Hello world.

Okay. I'm just another person... living my life... so I'm
turning turn off the computer, and I'm going outside.

Remember this prayer when you're out at 2am for a breath
of fresh air

Born each night
Volant and ethereal
Eternal yet mercurial
The visage of salvation

I'm building a choir around your figure
The mediums present
The tenor pleasant
The immediate present

The street lamps dance behind the mist
Just as any should
Veiled in anonymity
Meteor struck by circumstance
Ten thousand, dazed and spiraling

The moon is a portal to the stars and she rises even now
she rests her hand on the crown of your head.
Breathe, and know that we can feel it,
Look into the beams and hear that your pupils are equal and
reactive.

Exhale the grit folded into the crevasses of your lungs and
know that we are intertwined.
Nestled in the Crater of Creation.

She bows to cradle us
In her vessel seamless across the sky
To dock on the horizon
In the rocking of her ship
We are softly sung to sleep

As inside as I can get/on your right
they wanted to know where i go
a curious nudge i felt inside
space turned fluid inside my mind

heart contorting away from touch
skin flayed off they know too much
a plastic surgeon i can't afford
a thousand years of being bored
tongue was tied

the smell of heaven out my front door
hung myself with my spinal chord
i was... ossified

Rising early on this innocuous weekday. My stomach felt
like an ant hill. Digesting
a million pairs of legs.

Word on the grape vine was that the Davis bike loop circles
fully around the city. The best
advice is to start anywhere as long as the entry point is also
a well placed exit.

As if by a sentry I'm halted by the Neuroscience Department
Building on the South East corner of the intersection.
Cities are ordered by a self containing logic. Shifting its
internal weight to get comfortable.

I prop my foot like a bike stand, and pull out my phone
to sign up for Better Help. The park.
at the 2 mile mark, produces the

sound of barbecues sizzling and children's playful screams.
happiness blisters like a first attempt at the grill.

The form started straight forward. The date
is not my birthday and I know my name.
First page down and I felt like I could tackle a mortgage.
Thank you mom and dad. I'm taking a breather

By the Drinking-fountain. I'm too old now to drink from
a stranger's hose without suspicion.
So why aren't I carrying a water bottle?

Rounding a blind intersection brought me onto Chiles Road
running parallel to the Purple Heart Trail.
The traffic laws made me realize that I didn't know my
gender anymore. The convenience store clerk
remembered my name, but I remember they're PLUs.

The form gives no option to skip the question. Old couples
people watch in front of the retirement home.
Scrubbed Employees watching over *them*. So by the order of
things. Arboretum. I couldn't even go to therapy.

I've experienced an internal sense of time that isn't one
directional. I've moved backwards and undone
mistakes, like unwriting a conditioning. But the freeway
keeps moving, and at times you're better off leaving
your mistakes behind than disrupting the flow.

Davis Driving School. I'm on your right.

Conibear

If you turn left off the path of a deer trail, in a jungle
promise land there's a shaded fortress in the trees. In its
center, a coffee table holds a lava lamp bubbling brain
chunks. You could lean your head in and

like a camp fire Old World Monkeys gather around.
Territorial. Hierarchical. Hiding the length of their arm.
Everyday, stoking the flame, they would whittle, dig, twist
and tie traps

to catch capybara. They cook the hides, but the rest is just
wasted. Left to the flies. Stuck stiff for the rapturous concert
of those miniature butchers. Who descend for the fresh
meating. It's fair to be touchy about.

My carcass is headed into service. Boot camp. I'm going to
stamp grid-lines on these vapor cloud contours when I'm
spat out the end of this convocation I'll be standard issue.
A military grade

serial killer, like my army ID gives me license or I filed the
number off my gun. I'm taking those bonobos to market.
Blending their brain for my concession stand. Smoothies.
And once they're homogenized

their ghosts separate. They stand sentry, like a henge, in the
peripheries of my mind. Beyond the realm of opinion,
incorporeal to any blame. Though it haunts me that, lost as I
am, I never could really know them.

Bleeding Ground

Rigid Metal Shell,
its rust, and the pane of a
passenger window.

You'd sink. No, it swallows you.

you don't realize when you're taken

Miles under sea, the bathysphere stands matte against a bio-
luminescent backdrop.

Deceptively starry. Predators and prey are promises painted
across the panorama.

Did you know giant squids have twelve arms and a brain...
in each one a disciple. Peripheral and malformed beyond
the Arc of Visibility. Their suckers leave welts
on the hull and we're the fruit. Formlessly whispering:
dive.

"Right in?"

it is sensible to ask

Submerged for months, I remember mulling.

I'm a fish in your barrel. Dish me up already.

The humiliation was my conviction.

My body becoming penitentiary
for my mind's commitment to the daily bread.
I now know why it's called an asylum.

2050 Chemical drips are the shots of sentries

2100 The searchlight is focused on the worm

2150 quartz is unsuited for photography

2200 But the luciferase is where ideas are born

2250 Evolution of translucence in the darkness

2300 The hunger is just a passing storm

2350 And though we hold on to the memory

2400 When the words are down we'll know our ship is worn

I served my sentence. Dissected it, piece by piece, one
horseshoe crab at a time.

Using their own sterilizing blue blood to anoint
the operation, until there's nothing
left. And we're free.

Just a gravity road

My brain has been washed in acid, and other cleaning products. People are floating by just to get that intoxicating citric summer whiff leaking out of my ears, like Bugs floating towards a baked good, or a plot point in a princess story, maybe

Can I add myristic to the lye to make it lather?
I know it's psychological, I just don't feel like I'm clean.
Unless. It. Lathers.

In moments of weakness I ask for one real person.

*how do I make the connection to otherwise normal person?

Sea salt candle sits on the flush basin

Almost evening and the lambent sun, in an act of generosity, ignites a frosted glass window.

Diffuse warm and filling up every nook and cranny.

A young man bathes in the ambiance. Drain shadows stopping the light.

A cockroach's compound eyes peer from the shower grate.

Antenna swaying irate from the last flush. Sung goodbye by shower songs like "Stairway to heaven".

It's uncertain what brings him back, but he always does.

How he feels the air, with a perpetual touch of urgency, it's obvious that he doesn't want to be seen.

At a loss for bug spray the man reaches for his Old Spice.

Diffuse warm and filling up every nook and cranny, the pungent odor of aluminum-free Kraken Guard...

Succeeds!

In scaring away the bug.

Although the glow is flattering, he's back in the sink.

Intent in the mirror. Scrubbing. In his vigor,

water is thoughtlessly spilled over the counter-top.

Steam ladens the air thick enough to clear your sinuses.

Condensation coalesces into pearl beads on any cooled surface:

the securely adhered shower tiles, which provide plate armor to the room's wooden frame.

And the mirror's tin coat, brightly polished under the pretense that reflections have somewhere to be,

Puddles on the floor and vanity pretend to have their own incandescence.

Curvaceous. Stark on the marble's muted Himalayan colors.

Strokes of purple and brown grace the tiles.

These puddles inch across as if guilty in their veneration of painting the impermeable.

A fan hums in its steady effort to escape the moisture.

The marble isn't real, and the ineffable zest of Ax Body-Wash pricks the nose.

The face wash, on the other hand, is from a boutique and the single-mindedness with which it's applied is bound to lead to dry skin.

It sits routinely to the right of the faucet besides its troop.

A tea-tree oil toner which pleasantly tingles on the skin.

SPF moisturizer which politely sinks in.

And a slip of spot patches which are quite effectively murderous.

In pinched fingers, careful not to waste the adhesion, he peels off one of the translucent disks.

Dangling in his grasp, it's carried, suspended, exposed to the air. The carrier manifesting as poltergeist.

A power he's formed since the second onset of puberty.

Sung goodbye by stage songs like "How to disappear completely".

In the mirror he hones in on the problem area.

Tomato red, waxy and stretch skin bury a zit.

He lays down the patch and wills it soak in.

Pressed against the glass he examines his reflection in his eye.

The perspective is bulbous, but like a driver in the seat it smacks of his authenticity.

In privacy he admits it doesn't look anything like Maitri.

Thought I've heard it been told that the universe is such.

And from such it said "The eminence of votive candles set us free." if he meditates enough

that might just be. Unfortunately,

Caught within the translucidity of his faux religiosity
he's staring into candles as if they'll burn out
his undesirable parts. He's reminded of the mold growing
patulous on the calking.

Stepping back, he has a towel taught around his waist,
eggshell from age.
How many times has he washed?
As a child he would wrap towels like a dress, or a toga, or
however he saw fit.
Bum hanging out on his way back to the bedroom.
His designer frustrated by the unjust lack of material.
Those innocent memories coruscate, like the countless beads
in his exfoliant.
They're held suspended in a squeeze bottle.
Cultivating and cultivating the skin. How many times has he
washed?
In his bathroom, haloed in the unforgiving light of LED's.

If only

If only I was able to evert my stomach.
A quick rinse, washed by perpetual motion,
Like running water.

Instead I reach down my throat
grab my gut from the base
and drag it out.
My acid eaten right arm, skeletal,
And the horrid solution of muscle, nerves and skin!

I toss it in the sewers to fester.
Then I scrub my digestive tract down with mother's milk,
it hangs dripping on the clothes line.
Organ pipes singing hollow in the breeze.

I'm pretty negative about the positives, and absolutely
positive about the negatives

Degenerative
this dopamine waking dream
or is it the pills?

They're clinking coins like an applause
Whirling slots like they upset
my stomach. The return
justified in my invested guilt,
still, I'm a dated model.
Running on gears and lubricant.

I'm thinking of getting back on the horse. Three turns in a
row and I'll hit a jackpot!
But I'm a show pony, not suited for a race across the reels.
I've been living in a one track mind, too mindful of the
crowd placing bets.
But the house keeps winning, and I think my credits have
finally rolled.

Out from under the lord's roof, and below the landlord's
deadline.

Work horses, led to water, aren't necessarily thirsty. And
seeds still have some life in them, even when the flavor's
been toasted.

Healed Enough

my heart beholden to none
soldiers of the Sun march to the war drum
glittering armor crowning over the horizon
the sum of my dread
the thrum in my head
dawn born on a meadow bedspread

from my cave sheltering young
draconic nursery rhymes I have sung
with fire and roar
I teach them to be more
than the moors to which they've clung

swordsmen at the door
eggs on the floor
and gore upon gore upon gore

If only art could mimic nature

fractaled unto oblivion
our scribbles
doodles
nothing

If pixels on blank canvas are my rosary
then I'll pour over each bead until oblivion blooms in my
mind.

My own prayer to be preserved in the press of a book.

A mossback's words on life and death

It's the first thing I think
Shaking hands with instinct
Tired of these places, traces
Written in the sprawl plans
Hot sands

Pull me back in
Silent in spring
Drowning in ink
Graceless, faceless
And I'm not allowed to listen to Nirvana anymore

Innocence died on my birthday
And I poured out a drink in her honor.

Life is social
And, as with any full-bodied spirit,
It's best appreciated in sips
And after the flavor has opened up.

But I'm a barrel of whiskey with a crack in it, finely aged
but still escaping.

As the oaky notes of death consciousness seep in they
concentrate
in what's left of my evaporating body. I feel like I have
finally been given the air to breathe.

These wrinkles are the cracks in my facade
and as they fold in on themselves my multidimensionality is
shown.

This walker is another pair of legs because the distance I
traveled wore

Through the first. Like the thirst did my patience.

And the brittle in my bones does me no mind because I've
pulled myself back together time and time again.

Rhizosphere

The Earth is a rock, we think of rock as a mass, but soil exists in delicate balance. This facet, this floor, is hard to pin down

though the feeling is grounding. Worms. Mites. Millipedes. Knowing them kindred, I mulled the dirt to create the conditions

for living. Wallowing, basically blind I fed, living only for such, knowing not what I fed on, blinded but to the base

necessities of my constitution. My yearning esophagus, trailing a track of field peas in my wake, until the tilling

turns the soil. Oxygen fertilizing a soil bed, marinating in a soiled bed I did what plants do. I rooted

underground. Knowing only up. I grew to reach the sun. The strictness entailing the tail end of a striking

amount of resolve. I check on the harvest. Pruned. Weeded. Seeded. This crop is more than sustenance, it's the sustained effort of a sustainable life

style. Like an aesthetic. Like a design. Like the blending of parts into a balance that enriches the whole

Ecosystem. Whose warring members coalesce in convalescence. At times testily. At times comradely. Always of their own

genus. Type against type. Will against will. We were tried. Toiling in out tameness and tiredness. In the most cultivated of conditions

We proved that wildness could still exist. This is my nature. We are nature. I thought, finally breaching the earth. It wasn't a garden. It wasn't the sun.

Fall then Spring

Fall, like an auburn coat to the floor,
winter limbs shaken free by frozen breath.
Refrigerated in this season's store,
sunlight was felled for fiery death.
Smoken spirit from ashen body cleft,
feeling weightless freedom left.

Spring, like a child back to life,
Whose wild bedhead is wrapped in flower print.
Bees' wings strum on the breeze
A Sartre playing fife.
Playful spirits tumble and sprint,
While thoughtful branches shade watchful eyes
Until daylight gives way to fireflies.

An aside from narrative voice

I'm catching words like butterflies, to pin them down,
The pane glass of their display reflecting the passersby.
A collection, A curated assortment of symbols.
If mosaic were a color.

When you touch it it breaks apart. Releasing
a swarm of fluttering wings
for you to run towards,
Cautious feet treading over
a globe of compound eyes.

Blink
and it's a scoop of ice cream
with its frost gilded iris embracing the pupil
their tears to melt on whose tongue.

Bored

wounded in monotone
as deep as a blank page
a paper cut
an endless hole in the table

let me stare at the movement underneath
grains in the wood, waves in the ocean
an evening lead and lifeless
with a brain searching for the blues underneath

Self starter

The insignificance feels significant.
Human lives are a lineage of flashlights.
We point in ponderance at the night sky.
Light enough to reach the stars,
heavy enough to crush
Our spirits under the weight of preponderant galaxies.

But the sage lights a universe just as large
with its vast and indifferent backdrop.
A play from the perspective of the stage lights.
Whose hidden director left his children to persist.

Steadily, the stars take on the weight of responsibility.
Bringing it in like gravity. Pressure ignites passion.
Until an equilibrium is found.
Embodying matter, then carrying its enlightened burden.

Missed Stop

Five-hundred days of poems

And I'm still at it?

I was sure I'd be bored by now,

But maybe by the billionth?

When the world ends

Catch me with my quill,

Of ink, having drunk it's fill

My brain no more to think.

Smiling as I witness the universe blink.

Antiphony in the market

"The crow is already ten years old

He caws incessantly."

"Stop your prattle." Replied the crow to the mocking bird.

"Every bar of my song is beautiful. It's tried by the neighborhood."

"Trying on you mean. Just like those cookies you keep selling? Give it here then." The mocking bird took a delicate bite. "Ugh! Charcoal for Christmas! You can't live off that, and with your voice you'd be lucky if anyone fed you. Left scavenging for carrion. Disgusting."

"It would be a way to carry on I guess. Though it's a perspective like luggage." The crow thought for a moment. "I'd rather be a picky eater. Plucking out tree eyes with Plexiglass talons. I'd wear them like an excuses. Or the glasses of a blind man, So TSA won't notice the marijuana red eyes, from the cookies I bake. They're enough to get 2 birds stoned!"

And I'd say these cookies are completely and perfectly
Havan. The crazy bastard's done it.

From my porch

I hear the news in the living room
I left it playing as I stepped out.
Some passers-by are having a late night conversation,
It's two in the morning,
And while I'm curious what these strangers have to say
 Why they're out so late
I'm more captivated by the chorus of crickets.
Hell they may be wondering why I'm not asleep.
So it's best we leave each other be.

My mind wonders back to the punditry,
petty, as I look up at the sky foolishly thinking I know
better.
The clouds reflecting the moonlight look like an ocean,
and the waning moon looks like a ring I could slip my
finger in.