

Name: fermentingdream

- when i died and went to heaven i found only a table of doctors case workers and bureaucrats ants clambering on a picnic blanket
- i am in love madam . i could live like this forever with you
- something's grew with an intense life in me: i think i was on the road to it at that time but when my truck overturned on the freeway i spilled out all that i had as onlookers just drove by, curious for a moment, stopping for gas the next
- pushing against you in the morning brings thought, i felt myself pulling back
- English words I recently learned: staying, up, late, talking. with, you
- among the files collected in my late father's house in Alberta were files of investigative reports in English, Italian and Russian on how to defraud orphans of their inheritance by convincing them they were saints from a remote tribe
- i want to move somewhere completely barren except for tiny orange farms using state sponsored aqueducts to ensure bountiful harvest
- i want to start in on a hegira across Middle America
- i think my father took something from me, but i cannot name what i see him in the corner of the street, wearing my memories
- we are dancing with his dog to a chorus of urban horns, the dusk song of mourners trampling by, a clown car of unearthly delight. he turns: i'm looking for someone's soul, and i'll kill anyone who stops me
- she's a barnacle, but not the kind just sitting on a rock all day waiting she gets out of the ocean, ascends the mast, forces the flag from the naval officer's hand, then falls asleep in the harbour before burning the boats at dawn
- my father died heroically then died of despair for his first death was not beautiful enough
- flirting with insanity, my whole form was contoured, my existence marked by sudden contact with vulnerable membranes rather than substance
- The snow is falling delicately on my head .. what a treat to be alive!
- so we swallowed our mother. A higher order of consciousness till we opened our eyes and learned the truth All our childhood magic crept from the dusty carcass of human corpses
- As a border agent he used to run the seedy bars and talk to the people who knew. 'Knew what, father? Please!' That the notes soar like deep, mysterious birds casting out spells of surcease.
- locusts, like trees, want to bear the seeds of enlightenment. Dare we take a bite? it can only be the crescendo of a descent into madness
- drinking too much coffee i can hear the earth whispering to my feet
- dug up in fields, nestling in every American, it is dying inside us. looping melodies that once gave us joy, now take away our respiration
- and when he stole my watch i finally knew. it was time we were all after
- until the roaring winds set the trees ablaze in alchemical transfiguration and every silver tear of sap drops to the ground to be muddled and lost, i will be here. tending to the land
- in those days of darkness, the birch trees and wind-blown pines preside, but i can no longer gather their roots. now all that falls to the ground is dead like the people in the movies. and still, moss grows beneath the ashes
- pine needles linger by the stove, drier than sun-baked grass in summertime
- only a sacrifice of myself to the earth could properly cultivate my thoughts
- as I peer out my bedroom window with one eye looking down the barrel, two bluejays take off above the garden, resplendent with gilded plumage
- in the brisk winter air I breathe deeply. The sweet, familiar, scent of firewood wafts through my nostrils. I'm so glad to be home.
- as the sun of destiny rises on monday, i will leave. regardless of any faith, it is time for me to go

- when i was playing with fire he reappears in his torn coat like a ghost that used to be my father. i see him through the lampshade, wearing my own foolishness like a cat on the prowl
- Once my mother told me that I have to learn to kill today. And so I did
- My father was born in Penchay, in the Autonomous Province, a place which consisted of his parents, a school teacher and 42 outcasts from the Sayuchev residences. These peoples had no need to drink water as they were able formulate it through some ancient technique. Me? I drank.
- moths scatter from the logs, stitching words upon their wings, burning up as I send them into the sun tongues of smoke like dying gods rising from hell to touch your lips
- My father was a man of many words. He once said, "Good".
- After turning to stories I never wanted to know, the valleys called me ever closer dripping bloodlike from a misplaced morning shave
- tigers glowing at midnight. ashes rising front yard white trash fires.
- the moon rising through ice spears of clouds. shotgun blast
- On a stormy summer night I went in search of my mind. A stranger in a land I thought I knew