

1 atfirst

1.1 envy

at the party
there weren't that many
people; the young man could
see what mattered; not himself
he could tell you that much
looking for softer mattresses
until he came about and
she had the eyes of his memory
the lies of his own imagination
bliss looked ever so distant

there was a table and six
or seven chairs; just enough
it wasn't raining yet
but you could feel it coming
with sparks and ozone holes
drifting above; choosing the signs
to follow seemed easy at first

but then again
envy was a twisted word
hair was messy and the grapes
tasted good enough; his pulse ran
deep, beneath randomness and
artesian caves where the fish swim

1.2 aftermath

when they arrived at his parents house
the door was locked
so he had to force it
ever so gently; and yet it cracked
it was cold outside afterall
there was no going back
after she kissed him

he couldn't tell who had
made the first move
thinking comes later
when you wish for the woman
of your dreams and
nightmares lose their meaning
the first word he could utter
was *fuck*; all the hair was soft
even the close shaven one was golden
and sweet; she slept with it and her
underwear was near enough
so as to forget the fault

because doors shouldn't
crack, they should swivel
and turn but he was in a rush
to see how far life should go
in those moments decisions
aren't what they seem
they crack
ever so gently

1.3 cars

the waters are shallow
don't you know
you can't fly although
the feeling only shows when loneliness
seems deeper than a night without.-
the insects stop buzzing our ears; ache
the pools are not vast enough to get lost in
your eyes, deeper than I could imagine
still call at 3am - a dead phone
all we ever needed was a car ride
past midnight; when lights blur
and rain could choose its own direction
just another word for speed
her quick witted smile could tame
the wildest eyebrows

her beauty needs motion
like delicate clocks I could see her face
only by glimpsing across our
rift of emptiness
I wish I could promise
the waters are as shallow
as they sound but here
they refract my loneliness
in green grey shapes of tomorrow

The car is old the streets are filled
until we get to the place
where streams lullaby us to sleep
and where nothing matters really
in the end peace was what
we were striving for
away from passion and envy
and where words only mean
what they meant

2 pills

2.1 absence

Now you're laying asleep, content
with tamed eyes, absent from me
sheltered from me
they caressed your Hair
slipped the pill under your tongue
and whispered soft "it's okay's"
here the windows are blurry with rain
glossing out construction cranes
-refracting the dying lights

The chairs were almost comfortable
and within their mutual angle
you only had to roll your eyes to
spray a distant stare
We used to have warm ashtrays
hot coffee,
cold feet; torn out socks
Scrambled eggs and "fuck you weddings"
they caressed your hair
Slipped the pill under your tongue
and whispered their soft it's okay's

You should wake up and forget
but you slept remembering
they wear white coats
and indulgent airs
I will wear guilt and satisfaction
when you woke up and remembered
I went for a long walk and you never came?

2.2 morning

in the morning they found a naked
young man yelling
atop its breath
"i didnt want to i swear i swear"
what are you talking about said the older man
"does it matter, i swear I didn't,
want to", then why did you; tym ?
precisely what I'm trying to
figure out; at last, he cried in the dark

can we talk at least
well yes but i cant promise
I won't yell it into your ear until it bursts,
a young man is just trying to release
all the tears you see?
I can see through your blinded logical scaffolding's I
just wish I knew why you
are still looking for meaning where there is none
but wherelse am I supposed to look, -
we used to drive into sunsets holding hands and now
the sun rises on me but its lonely
I prefered to to shine with her
why aren't you with her then
but old man why don't you get
it is precisely what I'm trying to figure out
I still cry to marc ribot's guitar you see?
why can't you? you should be able to tell
one day youll know young man, well i know one thing
I know itll be too late

but hear this:
at the very least it will be inside &
you look tired of outdoors
in the night it was still the same old story untill
an even older man asked the
even younger man "why are you naked in the streets old sport"
I'm just looking for a mirror to spit into
and what do I look like says you
not a mirror I can tell you that much
and thus history repeated itself

2.3 evening

evenings hit the hardest
when tym forgets at what time
the sun sets. He just waits for a shadow
a silhouette of himself. you were there
when it mattered I guess it doesn't
anymore;

actions are words when the
walls close in what else was tym left with then words words and words
hinges don't have to hurt when
you fold your clothes; & the day
was well spent

when it mattered I was chasing
instead of waiting, imitating –
the tail never caught on to the trick
and now tym forgets the names of trees

3 also

3.1 here

here we can see; the winds
carry nothing into grey bliss
pale blue is not the color
we had chosen but it is ours
before we can hear our cries
the post man delivers
the cats get lost in alleyways
as soon as doors open
they come back to lick
their paws
gently
because whoever was in a rush
was gravely mistaken

the winds are hollow
we had chosen others and;
they carry nothing but empty smiles
of old varnish, where are the **colors**
are they too old to be told?
pale blue wasn't supposed to
be the one... at least it is cozy up there when
we can see the skies drifting

after we can see the limits
the employees punch in with weary eyes
discontent of their own desired cycles
and when they close doors
they don't double check the locks
because who would care
if one were to disappear
vanishing with hope

3.2 guilt

as the postman came back
guilty of forgetting the sweetest package
an old man was looking for photographed
operands; behind closed curtains
he should have looked under the couch
where our dreams lived they haven't died they simply
chose new names such as
lotion cream and neons; flashing
and the sweetest apathy brings it back
whatever it was

we have to look for them
they hide well
beneath guilt they haven't died
they chose incense and flowers
we chose vodka and unskimmed milk
as the postman licked his paws
I lectured him on hygiene
national geographic would
have done it better for
it is objective

the new names sometimes
seem rather obtuse or strange
do not be alarmed by that fact
young man one day yellow will be blue
purple will be pink and order will be
restored so to speak

3.3 brunch

he had a passionate love
and hate relationship with
some kinds of avocados
as If it were hard to
disentangle the vegan
ethics & the many fruitful deaths
from them? whoever they were
brunches reeked of untainted privilege,
when you pay for the fact you
can eat before you are; being actually fully awoke

on a related note he
dutifully (or so he thought?) preferred cold
left over coffees and desk operands
pre-urinal conversations; post coital
refreshed purity in all its
musky forms shapes and scents
where else what else could you find in the internet days
such man is but a relay
and where else was he supposed to look for
the misty rains of a better year

but it has always been that way they yelled
his eyes could say no more than
yes but even then : we had hope,
in the trees in the birds in the sun glows
now dissipated in the midst of blue fluocompact lights
how should one choose his own
lightbulb

4 far

4.1 how so

relativity is a strange word
when far feels very much alive
some people spend lives measuring
osculating; spending thrift change
to get neat answers like
6 foot three and barry is an asshole
but really who knows
maybe he was a nice guy in the end
we know dwelling on it doesn't do

because quite simply
being sometimes is not enough
I still crave for those answers,
I could stop if
the cat would stop getting inside
but it always finds a crack a crevisse
strangers who are without a room have a past
and will always curl inwards searching for true memories
unfucked with, the presence of the real
behind the blossoms of gardens
planted for the sake of time
well spent

now tell me
do you like my new haircut
I told the barber
to remind me of me
I think he did a swell job
untill someone asked me how was my acting career
doing, well screw you and your pictures
your well adjusted
routines is what I told the chump
now I'm left with bitterness
of my own making and two birds they won't stop shitting just
just besides the cage
now can god make a good metaphor of that
because I'm tired and it was a nice couch
the winds are stronger than I thought

4.2 enough

as tym crosses the street
he saw two cars of different
shades pass by him
he waltzed and gave a hard
stare at the cat
peering over closed curtains
he couldn't choose
which one

so he strolled passed
to find some shade in
the orchard where knowledge
at least is not frowned upon
he found a place where windows
exist, however inside is still different
outside is colder and gray
you might catch a glimpse
but for that you need to choose your
waking ours

the difference is slim
it might be a slight wind draught
or the echo of a lover
tying your own shoelaces might
just be enough; velcro is for children
or so they said

4.3 waiting

pale blue wasn't supposed
to be our color; in the great
beauty of it all I still catch it
the myself looking at ceilings
looking for company

she came in like a tempest
left no room for apathy
which used to be sweet
it gave way to restlessness
where writing is for publishers
and tides only come in when the
horoscopes tell them so

tym never travelled enough
he preferred the confines of his own mind
choosing your prison is a problem of
semantics;

5 nicotine

5.1 the last one

the last one
can be hard to digest
you will play and ignore
a little, tym but always
remember why you came here
you had *reasons* and
objectives

can you at least
hum, tell me what they were
because to me it felt
like licking my paws
and strolling through
a different parallax

well first of all tym
you need to stop
hiding behind all those words
they will bite and hurt you back
those games are not meant to
be played by the score
otherwise you will crack
and the cats will come back

5.2 uncertainty

but now tell me
how long should I wait
as long as it takes they say
but that just adds to the smell
of *deja vu*, which is good
it also hurts though

it will hurt as long as
you don't understand
the point, and keep looking
for the lines, the sharp ones
the diagonals go too deep for your
young heart you should, stick to parallel
parking, and learn it good,

unlearn the smoke
and the release in cycles
for tomorrow is just the same
what should you claim for it
to be different? - now don't
make me laugh, my back still hurts

5.3 sleep

tym went to his bed
and looked for sleep
where there is none
as was foretold
he opened a book
and threw it out

then another one
and the process went on
the parallax of lost years
was fidgeting with his memory
when eyelids become the last
frontier of beauty

you need to stop fidgeting tym
it won't help no one
sit still and un-arch your back
in old age it will come back to haunt you
your posture I mean

6 moving

6.1 somewhere

swimming is best done
on an empty belly