

1 atfirst

1.1 envy

at the party
there weren't that many
people; the young man could
see what mattered; not himself
looking for softer mattresses
she had the eyes of his memory
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

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
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
the first word he could
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

2 agitated

2.1 pills

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"

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 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; 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 your ear drums burst,
I'm just trying to release 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
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 you see? why can't you
cause I sure as hell can't

one day youll know young man, well i know one thing
I know itll be too late
but 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

2.3 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?
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 and 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

3 winds

3.1 here

here 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 desire cycles
and when they close doors
they don't double check the locks
because who would care
if one were to disappear

3.2 cars

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

3.3 guilt

as the postman came back
guilty of forgetting the sweetest package
an old man was looking for photographed
guilts 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 neons flashing lights
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 couldn't
have done it better for
it is objective

4 far

4.1 how so

relativity is a strange word
when far feels very much alive
some people spend their lives measuring
osculating and 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 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 without a room but
with a past
will always curl inwards searching for true memories
unfucked with, the true presence of the real
behind the blossoms of new 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 and well adjusted
routines is what I told the chump
now I'm left with bitterness of my own making
and two birds which 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