

When Axioms Fall

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1 prologue

1.1 naked

she sits, naked and alone; her shaped dimmed
by the low light of memory
my throat fills with a sob
I can see the river swallowing her
I am not that far, though I can't drive there
the bridge has been destroyed
the perpetrator has been found, found not guilty
afterwards, she is still lost, even more since
I crawled back into her life
we slept together just before the sun set
I told her to leave because she described my fears
most accurately, now the phone is dead
there is no use picking it up
I am only learning to try
to get a handle of the will to cling

I have lived a long time alone
and compressed a few fresh moments of togetherness
along the way, a crystallized kaleidoscope built
for memories as long as they which means I, last

1.2 tell me

I used to think living is synonymous to thinking
what an obvious mistake
tell me your mommy issues
I'll tell you mine
the couch is littered with confettis & cat hair
which I am allergic to, a mixed bag of a party if you ask me
there are better ways to mask the ennui
was it worth it If don't enjoy it
anymore, the thirst the quest for more

1.3 allergies

the couch is comfortable, just enough
on it, tyme sitting, with a cat on is lap
he is allergic to them yet gently pets it
gently he caresses the space between it's two ears
he knows it will itch later but so be it
the fabric is red velvet and carries the stains of time
coffee, hair and semen are woven together
in imperious textures and patterns

the meaning eludes, so sings the flute
arrogance is coming on a stranger's couch
without blushing or bluffing indifference
he sits idly, legs manspreaded for he is alone

2 at first

2.1 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
the hair was messy and the grapes
tasted good enough; his pulse ran
deep, beneath randomness and
artesian caves where the fish swim

2.2 aftermath

when they arrived at his parents house
the door was locked
so he had to force it
softly; and yet it cracked
it was cold outside afterall
he was in some kind of rush
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 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 just crack

2.3 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
I 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
untill 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 their face showed

3 absence

3.1 pills

I'm in the corner of the room
not sure how space works anymore
I seem to hover, just a little,
above the tiled floor

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,
until much later, restoring some kind of faith

3.2 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 rambling 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

The older man, reasonable
tried to talk some sense into
this lost soul
“can you rest a little at least, and slow down”
“you need”
“to slow–
down”
well yes but i cant promise
I won’t eventually yell into your ear until it bursts,
I’m just trying to release
the older tears which are still stuck
or so experience tells me &
Don’t take me for a simple minded chump I
can see through your blinded logical scaffoldings
assembled for a building
you’ll never meet

“Okay Tym sure, just remember to breath ...
I guess I just wish I knew why you
are still looking for meaning
where there is clearly none
but hear this:
after a while you’ll find your way home
or towards something that looks like it
at the very least it will be inside &
you look tired
so very tired of the outdoors”

in the night it was still

the same old story untill
an even older man asked tym
“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

but where else am I supposed to look, —
we used to drive into sunsets holding hands and now
the sun rises on me and I still look for her shadow
I preferred 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
“why can’t you? you should be able to tell
one day youll know young man”,
well i know one thing
I know it’ll be too late

3.3 evening

it is hard to say why
evenings hit the hardest
tym forgets, despite himself, at what time
the same old sun sets.
it slips by, eclipsed by the moon's signs
He just sits there, waits for a shadow
a silhouette of himself which is less shallow
muttering to himself; as for a prayer
"you were there when it mattered
something must have shattered"

actions are words sometimes; the
walls close in & what else was tym left
with then but words words and words
he should heave learned: closed doors don't have to hurt
when you fold your clothes; & the day
has been 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

4 also

4.1 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 pinkcolors
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

4.2 guilt

as the postman came back
guilty of forgetting the sweetest package
an old man was looking for photographed
operands; right behind closed curtains
he should have looked under the couch
where our dreams used to live
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 an old order will be
restored; so to speak

4.3 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 computations
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 to read by
lost psalms and poems of soft beautiful agony

5 far

5.1 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

5.2 enough

as tym crossed 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
inside is cozy and pale red
you might catch a glimpse
but for that you need to choose your
waking hours

the difference is slim
it might be a slight wind draught
or the echo of a lover with broken arms
are they still useful? why yes of course!

5.3 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

someday she slept in like a tempest
left no room for apathy
which used to be sweet
\ so 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
— peeking for lightness
and as was foretold he found
choosing your prison
is simply a matter of semantics;
rethorically speaking

6 nicotine

6.1 the last one

the last one can be hard to digest
you will play with it and ignore
the rest a little, tym but always
let time work \ 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 quite simply
like licking my paws
and strolling through a different
parallax; for it be to leveled

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

6.2 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 – ;
they go too deep for your
young heart you should, stick to parallel
parking and learn it good,

hear me out; 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

6.3 sleep

tym went to his bed and looked for sleep
where there is none
as was foretold, but now think
why should it be there when you look
for the absence –
he opened a book; and threw it out

then another one
and the process went on
turning over maybe towards some
parallax of lost years
which; was fidgeting with his memory
when eyelids become the last
frontier of beauty,
rolling above restfulness
and so he remembered tom's advice

you need to stop fidgeting tym
it won't help no one
sit still and un-arch your back
focus on some task otherwise you know well;
in old age it will come back to haunt you
your posture I mean, lying down while the world wakes
can be often a cowardly act

7 moving

7.1 somewhere

sieves are the hardest to knit
you need patience and wit
some of the musics looses magic
when frontiers define the tragic
blank verse is for cowards
free is even worse, so shouted
the post modern man

intrinsic to the goal are the river's shores
you need synthetic clothings
canoes and devices, the wind won't push you
only if you let it fall,
only then will space fill the fields
acting on a distance is not how they work
they're simply there, osculating the waves

when tym reached for another book,
he opened it at random, or so he tried
signs and patterns were still there
for the first line told him of his own mistakes
do not try to let it go to waste
the land will not let signs unused
in the shadow of the crane
at each waking hour we can see each other
getting built from small parts, bits at a time
some cities are bigger than others
getting lost is an art hard to practice
you need highways and tall buildings
tym preferred the comfort of knowing
exactly and precisely the wrong things

7.2 horizon

here the winds are clear
the flatness conjures something else
which cannot be fathomed;
the soft ripple of the stems
caress the horizons

fuzzyness is hard to define
yet you can feel it in empty mornings
we flash and yearn yet are bored
like Henry tym was lost between gripes
yet looked onwards towards fields
of yellow tranquil hills

do not go off chasing it
it will only leave you panting
tym needs to walk, resilience
hard stares and empty air
is where you'll find peace
was said before sometimes

7.3 distance

the coffee was cold
and so was the trail
of some lost details; hidden
perhaps, beneath all the rest
which was laid bare to see

with binoculars for eyes
weren't enough; they were hard angles
and soft touches to find that night
the young man glimpsed at what was left
of his well sketched future

she was dancing and didn't care
he was drinking for the courage
it didn't come; why would it
all the people were celebrating
reasons and meanings, while tym
rested his elbows, concentrating

8 choices

8.1 beginnings

do not go off chasing
finding is easier when you let it
waltz and dance at a distance
moreover the touch is softer to those
who, unlike tym, can wait to be blessed
and are able to see the fuzzy winds
piercing through some of the deeper analogies

they cannot be predicted
and even if they could
why would they come
behind the bridge next to its shadow
where the pebbles are dirty
but the waters still flow, underanged

you can cast one if you feel like it
the faster the better probably —
let them spin, the axis is your choice
tym felt a chore out of being amongst
so many rocks, where should he sit?

8.2 textures

this day the air is porous
and I can feel the sun
sliding down across the
reaches of your skin
I've never known why we were
looking across the same
pale landscapes;
but I couldn't reach your hand
and chain our memories
to anchors of distant bliss

the ice cream cone
reflected your yesterdays —;
joy, untamed yet in your eyes
I let the clouds gently slide
caressing what was left of
my palms

you were there, behind the tree
I could not walk in the same tracks
so I drifted, downwards to the same
old circles of me where sense ends
and new beginnings were there to find

8.3 magic

from the other side of the street
where the trees crack at nights
is where you'll find it
the magic; splitting ever –
in corals and roots
and wonder why are you still looking so far
when what is harboured is also
always within reach for the delicate hand

you can let it fall
or try to grasp at the stems
catch you breath however
going fast makes no distinction
in the great beauty of it all
speed is simply one of those details

stopping has many synonyms
like loving for an instant
so tym — please don't go off running like that
it is here; all around you
tom why the hell do you think ? \
thus this is precisely why I keep going
in circles of restlessness, I would ve thought
and educated man such as yourself
would comprehend such things

9 night

9.1 the street

sitting on brick made stairs
the street was empty apart
from a couple parked cars
and the ruffle in the leaves
while lets not forget the light

buzzing from high ways
lampposts could hide the sky
teeming up with refreshed trees
tym wondered where they all went

however it didn't matter
his location was enough
and well found amongst
other urbanites looking for
some peace, elsewhere; maybe
of fresh quiet in the humid air
yesterday it was

9.2 trees

they split everso
and try to reach, higher
than where we led them
trees are the balance, arborescence
we were looking for before growing up
now they simply hang, content of their
own rustlin in the wind

tym stretched his legs
laid back in the chair, admiring
there was finally no point in moving
the leaves were doing it for him
epiphanies are too fast
he needs slow pulses of dancing

around his mind, a haircut maybe
but not today, he prefers the rustle
and the breeze that precedes it
something one cannot predict

9.3 wind

it can be hard to adjust
to the speed at which it travels
choosing an angle to deflect
the hard winds of plains and mountains
they travel without warning

so he sat in diagonals to it
\ and he never saw the instinct
to move, restlessness is in the small moments
where why can he not
let it go let it be

it needs to be bottled first
and filtered, like sparkly springs
he flirts with apathy once again
only it has no movement
its water is murky
speed is essential, eventhough
we all know it to be relative

*

10 after

10.1 endings

when axioms fall, let them sit tyme
open them up in new spheres where beginnings
and endings stop in the wonder
apathy needs room to grow
– \ blossom into new presents

spaces are chained to the times
where life meant more than the words
they tend to get lost in the details
into the featherly rustle which can wait
it will try to escape

the futures of yesterday are long gone
and remember them after they pass
the links are soft to those who
have the touch, delicate and effervescent

10.2 loneliness

you need to be able to bear the loneliness of the nights
to find peace in the winds and waves of your own mind
even and maybe especially if it makes your soul shriek
it won't crack, in the deep there is no one but yourself

landing is easy as long as intoxication doesn't go too far
there will be silence in the great apathy of stillness
those are lands to be explored, and left, uncharted
sometimes I fail and I wish there was another way
to drift and let the pieces fall together without intent

but the night is everywhere; \ so are you
I could never dislodge you from there
and never wanted to; I head your voice in
the distant echo of lost cars
and even more so in the one of those who have finally found their
way
across the city there are so many of them, they chant your voice,
quietly, the rustle won't stop, why would it?

10.3 hotels

air conditionning and clean white tiled showerrooms
are where tym finds himself, comforted by the white noise
of strange places where there is no one to mirror his longings
he needs stillness in the cold artificial air
the flickerings reach the right frequencies
60 hz is the number I think old man
ah yes but you need to inhale deeper tym

let it reach its zenith before you scale down
the mountain of lonely nights, I hope you know
by now that going down is harder than climbing up
and windows closed will teach you independence
of nature and of self, cut yourself from your fins
and reach for more more and more until less is undefined

I thought you were a sophisticated fellow
who enjoys poems, walks in the woods and smokez the pipes
now stop playing with cigarettes, you'll burn your fingers
"no this is not how it *went*", I can almost guarantee

11 bigger

11.1 lies

I told them the greatest lie
that we might as well be a little too crazy
since the sun, and the moon, all will soon die
in the books they told me it is so
how I chase and yearn for more

the characters have poise meaning and directions
in this stage with no director tym
is still looking for more pages
arcs to follow and loves to be betrayed
meetings of young fellow of hearts and minds
on dinner tables under scarce yellow light bulb
at night, of course —

where smoke flows slowly with no urgency
and scraps of paper are spreaded, unevenly
poetry, waiting to be written, where friends
assemble and the chitchatter reverberates
creativity and such bore me now
an outside is needed, to reveal what lies
in the pages yet to be written

11.2 echoes

now i live in conditioned air territory
it used to be that distant echoes of craving
could nourish loneliness with some depth of feeling
I had to put on my blue sweater
and turn the machine on

it rumbles smoothly, trying to concoct a lullaby
all I have are my memories of her's
the disjuncted ex's, whom i mesh in a fabric to sleep with
lay quietly under them, while the ill will whispers
tonight reality read from books sounds more concrete
more anchored, as if life prefers having some frame of reference
to circumscribe our confused airs of loneliness

If only I learned of the difference between inside \ outside
maybe, then, I could really lie next to you
always I thought I needed but so little
and here I am, wishing your presence, knowing I need it
yet should not, there are other ways tym they said
they are hard to find, I'll keep looking

11.3 lake

where the lake ends and the creek begins
the silence was punctured by acoustic guitars
and distant laughter, applying new layers to
the sound of water clapping on the riverbank
speeches are ignored, we preferred the crackling of the fire

best not meddle with inner peace maybe finally
reached, here, no need to tell the hard beautiful truths
they gleam, spark and dance around the ambers
and the fat drips from the chicken to the fire
through the blessed grill

meals are shared instinctively
the nearest guitar plays blues which is alright
until a pop tune can be recognized whence eyebrows are raised
there is reefer, maybe too much of it, who can tell —
in the night sky; what truths seem concealed from sane eyes
we are lacking bourbon and
here they simply ripple and glide slowly
over the canvas of our half shared tents

12 compassion

12.1 stars

I would have killed myself for you
wrap myself in a blanket of stars
ditch the furniture of my life
open my heart to the last light
and convulse; stretch my muscles
emboldened by mystical belonging
the certainty of spirit was my mistress
yet I come back to you, my eternal wife
to sleep in the warm bed of tender laughter

and yes if you ask I'm
still looking for the right emotion to wear
fashions are hard to follow so I linger
like PeterPan in the childhood of tomorrow
I would have killed myself for you
lost and afraid in the dark
you were my blanket of stars

12.2 balance

I asked too much of you, that much I know
alone in a hospital, in the ER on a bench
waiting for you, I was ashamed yet
did not know who else to call
I couldn't find another thread to pull
to hitch myself back in reality
I ask too much of you, that much I know
yet what can I do, now that it's obvious
your eyes into mine meant solace when it mattered

Maybe I should walk away, leave no trace
simply dissipate in some routine of modesty
let you be the protagonist of your own story

13 correspondance

For S

13.1 patterns

Grow up before you lose your mind
the birds sing for their own reasons
which escape our thin grasp
of things to come
our bones are fragile
our flesh can't repent
our mind is just a collection
of lost items
be weary of grids, axes and rhizomes
those items are just monads scattered
in the ashes of an unknown past
the stars don't talk they
only slowly die for the benefit
of our eyes

13.2 sharpness

I've eaten through my life
greedy, never satisfied, never learning
the value of the gift
of a cold glass of water
on a hot Friday afternoon
My teeth are sharp you say
well it doesn't feel that way to me
I've been here before
what you call sharpness
I see as restlessness

Yes it is true
I can tear into people
but it is rage that you will feel
when exhausted I retreat into my mind
container of mysteries, I do not wish to explore
yet here I am, with my miner's headlamp
crawling into the crevices, looking for a sharp end

Life is a game and I play the role of man
therefore I don't believe in stars
or the moon, only the sun
has stories to me
and I'm tired and looking for shade
Call me a genius and I'll come running
Call me a madman and I'll come running
Call me a lover and I'll go running
to the sea, to wash my memories in the cold flows
of a mind
well contained

F

13.3 the performance of hiding

I must confess a couple things
but first I wonder what can the stars
possibly say
to comfort the raw nerves where so much happens
silence is not the disease
in any case; inner chatter makes for much worse symptoms
that I can guarantee
I hear your voice modulating and I'm still
peaking at hidden meanings when I shouldn't
I must emphasize
prophets are the loneliest people you could find
looking for themselves they fall into the mirror
and call it god, think themselves musicians
of the world's noise which doesn't need
our interpretations, just listening should suffice

I must confess I do not enjoy
seeing my name on the page,
even the digital one
I have a weak sense of self
or so someone with a degree on the wall told me
rather I'd like to hide beneath layers of performances
Escher's dilemmas reduced to a simple conclusion
simply; I am not here.
Once I met a cultured man
soon to be husband of a woman who
still warms my heart by embracing me, loudly, before him.
We were at a mutual friend's wedding
and while they were doing some
quick bumps in the parking lot
commenting on love I told him
"as a learned man you must surely know
romanticism is a death cult", he smiled and agreed,
her embrace still warms my heart

I must confess I can still hear the stars sometimes
and feel them pulling me into the night sky
asking me to speak on their behalf

now I know where that road leads
I'd rather walk the silent path
where I can still hear the echoes
of the love that pulled me back

14 the confrontation notebook

14.1 the rhythm

don't you believe in *the eternal*
I believe in hate fucks, expanding tacitly
the universe at its center
Lobsters & ash blond tips
& People with an
acquired taste for dirty martinis
they all
mirror my dreams of antecedents
to deficient conceptions of the self
although can't you hear the sound of sand co-
arsening through your veins, head throbbing
yes and his name was Louis
he admired Artault but most importantly
the plump bosoms of the nurses hovering around himself
Further from home, at their periphery, he makes sense
"Pass me the salt", "Hey asshole can't you hear me"
"PASS ME THE SALT WILL YA"
"can't you hear me thinking, lifting above your frankly
let's be honest here, philistine sensibilities, your
unvarnished silly need for attention"
o so do I wish they could hear
the waves that gently roll with thunder
in Recife or on the shore of some small town
invaded by loners, in southern Portugal
I should take up surfing

14.2 for its own sake

Idiomatic french is about
clarity, brevity, conciseness
(cons (cons (cons '((lambda () (Fuck-this'))))))
Don't you dare say me name in this tone
I speak the sacred tongue of white people with dreads
Listen to me I'm Following Mister F Stanford's bullet,
right through the heart, gnawing at life
vegan shoe leather is for amateurs
I need to watch Amacord
A tender morning rain on a picture window, with
a soft jelly-like blowjob
slightly burnt toast to go with it
the musky scent of new beginnings
cycling on the gyroscopes' path
I can do the butterfly
 but only when I'm drowning
Me violent? No But I do
enjoy a good hate fuck
the consensus is that I'm not deranged but employ a
poor choice of words, also, ideas of reference
circle around of me
But I mean (hands gesturing in the air ala George)
What 28 yr old fella <insert my description> in his
right mind wouldn't want to
Yeezy his life a little
"No, not for me thanks, I'm allergic to lobster, so I guess I'll take
the Bisque"
 " and put in on the tab!"