

16.2 reset

I mean I do
 know the difference between
genius & madness I just
 resent it, crystal amethysts amber &
 polished rocks, smoothed out,
 shards of broken beer bottles
This is not my language
 she is
 the beach is wide and empty
here –
you do have to take a long walk
to reach it, part of the process
 the destination does matter
 & eventhough pragmatism always ends
 up swallowing my platonic romantic
tendencies – yes they do, conjunct equally
you parataxic leaches –
the towel is dark, the color
 of k-holes she mediates the
contrast w/ white sand through
 tanned marble lazy statuesque poses

 “You laugh at my fear of missing out on life
 yet you do not sleep well unless
 enough books have been read”
& it’s never enough
 – for a time it was
 didit lastlong enough?
 probably not

clouds rain & stained mattresses
 are my preferred
 gestation grounds
Doesn’t everything start w/ a stain
 twisted deviant as I am I like seeing
 it roll slowly over the crevisses of
 your spine, beneath your knee

 dirty mascara stained cheeks

is where shyness lies

Beyond the towel the body the air and the sea
urchins, searching
there is always a bird and I for one
personally am comforted
by its tendency to girate towards
leftover french fries in an
almost empty parking lot

Don't you want to be, happy?
– that's not enough !
“Is that healty”/ probably not

I'll make jewels though
ouf of polished
smoothed out
wine bottles shards

the kaleidoscope keeps turning
jet lag is in the way
Damn you sunne why must skin
burn for yours/ours contemptible
collective dispassioned amusement

tell me where is this
white sand
I haven't so thoroughly rejected
purity, I just have a distrussful
nature, hence the books &
the shelves & the computers
worthy (?) of trust, but no more
I'd join
like a happy defanged canine
any k-hole you plunge to

—

should take a walk
a real one, not just to the cigarette store,
around the block
but where dogs are walked like

on the canal amongst
'dead tech post modern' condos
... heat is round the corner
30 seconds flat, just like that
the end, we die
 the plane flies
 away

I'm doing well
 just wishing I still enjoyed
 the snow &
 sliding in and out of mountains

 after the ALPS they all seem so
 ... small

Books are too heavy for planes
asked if she wanted some
“You’re literally asking me to
carry your burden”
that’s when I knew
she was the one, the mirror
I should get away from

Now my sinuses hurt, my hand trembles
the difference
is – simple I
just resent it
chewing on
Loneliness of my own making

Fuck the snow if it’s not
approached through a properly
curtained window & a
stained

matt

ress

mas

cara

tainted

face

tears of joy

Love,
Cedric