

# 1 agitated

## 1.1 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?

## 1.2 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

### 1.3 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

## 2 winds

### 2.1 here

I've been here before  
where time loses its  
own linear consistency  
and wraps itself up in  
new faded colors  
vomiting a new me; where  
life oscillates between heavyness  
and loss of meaning  
wishing it would just  
make up its mind; where were you  
when i was here; where I want to be  
out in the world without loosing the thread of me  
I'm scared, so scared of being insane  
what's worse, sometimes it seems as if  
sanity is just a stranger's bedroom  
It shouldn't matter anyway If we  
could just laugh it off, together.

I've been here before  
ev and it was dark, with the  
sharpest edges and no room to  
just breathe and let the waves slowly ripple  
and echo new variations on the same theme  
now the melody is buried in anti-time space  
in the great battles of before between harmony  
and melody, which is it you preferred again  
or were you able to sun kiss both before the horizons  
fell into new hospitals

in the evening they found  
an exhausted older man yelling atop  
a building, what the hell is the point of all of this  
if we can't just sleep at night, peacefully  
and worry again in vigorous well established times  
for thinking like 4pm or 11am

## **2.2 guilt**

I will wear guilt &  
satisfaction, confused at  
the crossroads of her life  
I yelled because emptiness never was  
never will  
be an excuse to destroy or maim  
the content in the shape  
don't you know the world doesn't turn  
but swirls inwards into your chaos