

# **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  
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 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 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

can we talk at least, but less  
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  
the older waters which are still stuck  
experience tells me &  
one can see through your blinded logical scaffolding's  
I guess I just wish I knew why you  
are still looking for meaning  
where there is clearly none  
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

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

## 2.3 evening

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

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; 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



### 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 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

## 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 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!

### 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

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

## 5 nicotine

### 5.1 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

## 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 - ;  
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

### 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

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



## 6.2 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

### **6.3 cooking**

## **7 choices**

### **7.1 beginnings**

do not go off chasing it  
finding is easier; let it scroll  
the touch is softer to those  
who unlike tym are waiting to be blessed  
the fuzzy winds punctuating deeper analogies

they cannot be predicted  
and even if they could  
would you come behind the bridge  
where the pebbles are dirty  
but the waters still flow, underanged

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

## **7.2 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

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

## **8 night**

### **8.1 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 sweet

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