



Into

I spread myself out,
far and thin.

Weakened, afraid
weakened and afraid.

What tomorrow might hold?
What sorrows to come?

Never worry my mind.
for the pain of today
'heavy and dry,
could be gentler on the soul.

I coil and recoil back into my shell,
back, and back into my shell I go.

who cares for your pain
the sun is really big! ?

what you see is real.
there is peace here.
there is life, here?

why?
why bother?

We still wrestle.
I know I wrestle bright and early,
and restlessly at night.
I often can't eat before I finish wrestling.

My body weathers away,
like white sand on the sidewalk,
curling in the air forming a whole,
and collapsing on its weight.

Bright glittering sand
awakens my soul.

Leaving everything behind me
muddy and hard to walk in.



Just don't walk in it.

IT IS My mark on the world!
A thin line across the desert!

I. let.. every... last little one of those sandlings
know, the world
would be better without them.

Maybe it is--maybe it isn't.
I say it all the same.
It is only a sand different.

The desert is no place for a snail.

I coil and recoil back into my shell,
back, and back into my shell I go.

Non-Grace

Cascades rushing cascades

Rubble to ash
Built up and burnt down

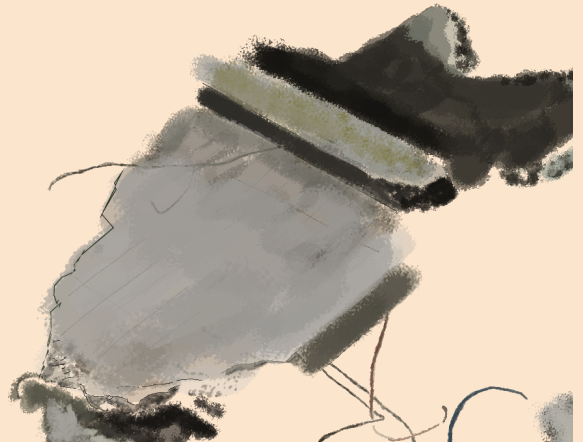
Mighty stones
Some bones
A dead complexity of the living
Fell with disregard
Cascaded and gone

Lying in rubble
Will I know what lived before?

Rocks far, wide
Some as big as trees
Translucent giants
Are any still here?

No signs of truce
Dead trees bear no fruit
Endless signs of strife
No life

The rubble speaks
The dead are gone
Tragedy lives on
Back to the desert
Where life goes on



Sah Ra

Arid, deceptive, and clean
Receptive of dreams

distasteful, ungrateful, and unbearable
Rough sticky and dry
I sow with honey with the bees behind

Cruel and green the desert of dreams
cracked, smelly and red
laid and bled

bees without wings
bees without eyes
I wish they were flies

with more than one hole
Push forward with delight
close the gap of light

cover it up with honey
rub it in good
let it fill you with sweetness

coil up the bees like a good snail
put them on a shelf
Plenty of space in a shell

Narrowly between two hard stones
The honey works not too slow

A collage of ideas brings it back
The mirage of ideas stops the track.

Can You Believe It

It was raining earlier.
Still raining now.

I don't have to stare at sand for much longer.
Mud, unlike sand, has many complexities.
Because it sticks? ah yes, because it sticks!

Few more droplets here, few more there,
certainly less droplets in here.
I'll be able to lift soon.

The sand had been ripping through my skin,
drying me.
I chewed up some mud and made a rod.
I pulled the finest, longest, most exquisite grass coiled up in my shell,
and around the end of the rod,

I tied the grass gently.
The rod bent a little, just a little.
A truly perfect grass to help drag a needle into a desert's back.

Shouldn't I be happier for the rain?
I was just starting to enjoy myself,
Me and my track, and the track carved within it.

A track filled with water.
It's all the same to me.

It's still raining.
The water gently hugs me.

It is harder to breathe when your shell sails,
and a heavy grass in your mouth.

Clench on a little tighter!
It's just grass!?

That is no way to handle beauty!
A snail would know.

I'd rather try my luck untying it
or lose it for some cooperative sandlings.

I unclench to reach back



It's too wet
It slips and I soar high!

I am the captain of my ship.
I am returning to my chambers.

Destroying beauty is a nasty sin.

Oh, That's Pretty

Oh I see it now!
Yes, it's clear!

It's an endless stream of sweat.
What else could it be?

A snail should be tough.
Even with a cracked shell.
Shielded from the world,
volatile and fragile.

Could I kill a spider?

Maybe a four-legged one.
I can look at its many eyes,
chew on the juicy legs I muched off.

Yeah, maybe a four-legged one will do.

I am a snail!
I eat what I want..
Can't quite drink what I want while warming as slimy snack

I told Shelly today
that her people will never get me alive.
Doesn't really stop them from trying.

Shelly is a sand that lives on my home.
She told me to make a spiral.

Nothing a good spiral can't solve,
Ah, yes, even a cracked shell.

Shade

have you considered staying?

Yes, several times,
actually.

I have a stomach to feed.
If only food had legs and a sense of direction.

Surrounded by desert
These cave stones have never felt the sun.

It is cold.
I finally feel the blood running in my blistered belly.
Maybe I should reconsider.

yes, let's sit where nothing grows.

Some say food is important, so
How should I choose to live here?

the sand will make another crack.

Yes.
Yes, it might.

Glittering

Constant bearing stability
too vast to be understood
vast enough to guide me
devious enough to lose me

I sit and stare at them glow
never to touch them

they stare back
beautiful
they know they're impure

Vast bearing stability
trembles me
weathers me
till I am my own
till nothing weathered grows

shaping everything around me without intent
I could resent
I could plea
I could sit here and weep
if only these instructions were easier to read

bearing stability
shapes my core

strengthens me till I'm bare
till it's okay for them to stare
till my soul dims and glares

they'll never notice us
we're just under the sun
but I touch them still
not today

Stability
sits still.
unbothered by you and me.



Non-Rest

spiraling up, spiraling down
spiraling fast
spiraling unsteady

up that hill
down the hot sand
sit by the oasis
That isn't there

eat the dead tree
licking the dry branches
crunchy and so sweet

little by little
branch by branch

sting my tongue
splinter it deep

quench my thirst
it blisters and bleeds

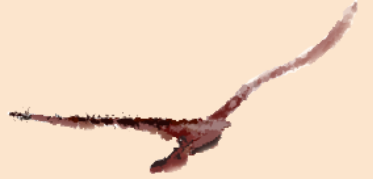
Slurp the blood warm and slow
drinking myself till I am no more

it's just the desert
is there more?
each sand is different

they sure tell me
straight in my face
they all don't cut the same
the insincerity and blatancy

on the dark side of the rude snow
they bury me deep crude and slow
Maybe I get to feel some blood flow

smiling with red teeth
don't sit steady still
they catch up still
Carving my track all the same up the hills



are you on the way

are you on the way

are you on the way

are you on the way

are you on the way

are you on the way

are you on the way

Wind

Show me something spectacular
Show me hope

Close my eyes on the mundane
Simmering in the sun
My burnt dreams
taste of ash

The sand covers it all
Dull and dark
Dimmed.. time

Grinded to pebbles
Fire to sand
Not burning
Not glowing

They've been here long
They don't know the way
Wind will take them though

I'll go with them when I die
I'll be a sand drifting away
Buried when I'm old
With the forgotten souls

Carried to the roots
Helping them grow
I'm alive still

Open my eyes to
The unshakeable
The trees held in the sand

In a desert that doesn't want me here
I cling to my roots
Hold my head high
Blow me
I will live on

Paradise past

I am a registered member of the present,
but I hardly show up to the meetings

The past is purer
Nostalgia with clean edges
A happy delusion

The lawless suffering is disenchanting
The perpetual cycles dissociative

Resting in the sun
Buried in the sand
Burnt and dried like raisins with a shell
Slowly, to a crisp,
But only when the sun is visiting
She sure does visit every morning

We love her.

Blunted hope for the future
blunted emotion
Constant fear of catastrophe
A stable sense of instability
To what end

Blind

Open or closed
Still,
The cycle is clear
Round and round it goes
Sleeping or chasing

Dreams like dust
How much dust is enough?

A mouthful
Keeps me patient and content

Chase the dust down
Grasping as many as I can
Burn my soul
Round and round it goes

Eyes wide open
Watching closely
I see nothing

Words lose their value
Just another.. mesopotamia
Nothing to feel

Round and round they spin me
Twirling or free falling

All the blinding aspirations
Eyes dustful
Red swollen bleeding

Miracles

luck or miracle?

Forward

Let it sink
I let it out

My mind or my body?
It's the same

I left us long ago
Still,

My mind or my body?
It's the same

Twirl in the ocean
Flirting deep underneath the trees

Touch the bottom and shatter

Patch the pieces
Twisted and damaged
They scar all the same

Harder and harsher
Body and mind
All the same

Covert Violence

I'm lost in ways that are not mine.

Which reality is best for you?

Pick and choose with consequence and sacrifice.

This is true because I said so.

This nobility I am lost for.

The parts for the whole with blinding confidence

Intoxicating bliss

I try my way up

I try your way out

Here

I don't always feel it
All passion flee
I flee with it

Age

It comes slow
Goes even slower
Like arthritis

The design? simple,
Painful but only when you need to move

How strange to be here now
It always felt so distant
Even now, distant

To know the future is to be liar
I've been lying my whole life

Crossroads

I live in the preset, mostly
My days pass subtly

How does one acquire happiness?
That's not the right question.
How does one feel happiness?
Enter a state of happiness?

Charles says I don't listen
Well fuck you Charles
He says I don't think with precision
I need to think in paragraphs
I guess I will add that to the list of things to work on

Four walls aren't enough

I haven't found peace within the walls
I think I need at least 12 more walls to keep out
It's not easy to see
I don't know why I like mountains
I don't know why I love you
You're just a stranger
You weren't here before
Off to the walls please

Every year is like the world is ending
5 years in America
They killed my soul
It's so empty here

