

the first three

books of poetry

2019 – 2020

‘Come Part’

‘Lamentations In Gray’

‘The Composted Texturas’

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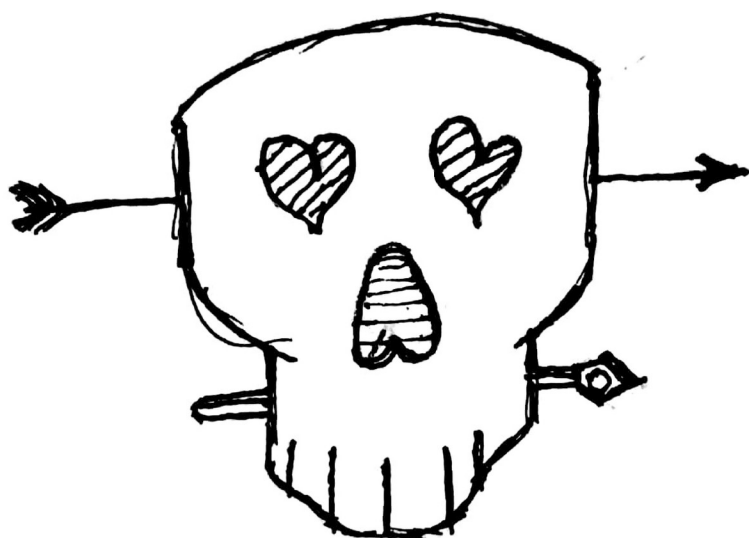
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Come Part

‘ALLEGEDLY POEMS’

September 2019



One: null

*I'm giving you words
with which you abuse
the sudden drop-off—*



No. 1

TIMELY, OR UNTIMELY. Read? The epitome!

The written *epitome* of having it *read!*

(Some have told me they *wanted it read,*

wanted its result from me *observed*, and somehow
this met me in my refuge—

as them wanting to read it!)

I suppose it is where one *recollects*, although
recollecting without beginning— let alone
understanding.

I was cast out at someplace beyond habitat.

I watched from down and across

as the smoke parted against me.

My back had turned: *it burns behind me,*

passing smoke from that distance *haunts me;*

and in the doorway I turned again.

The whole world around me *ceases,*

becoming one unified stare from its gray expanse.

The buildings grow eyes and nourish judgment;

ten thousand shadowy arms, flailing and grasping

from the heart of the mass. A cauldron of

howling cries harmonizing in a droning shriek.

Figures of darkness emerge behind me.

I turn again.

Faceless appearances— *facelessness itself*

stares at me, stares past *the point of me,* past the

points *before me*— and asks *where I have been.*

I collapsed on the ground beside those towering

doorways, at the margins of smoke-filled rooms.

Perfect mouthful of the ground I walk on.

Sudden allies with floor grout which did not
languish—
adored its detail and its plight,
for it would be my only witness.
A friend above all treasure.

Despite all, they gave each and every account
of my feature in one indomitable gaze.

It burns in front of me! It establishes itself *in me!*

And now a voiceless trial ensues, continues:
it glides across the terrain brighter than the dawn.

I must disregard the mirror, repel vision away,
lest I peel this flesh and consume the glass.

Turning in a tumultuous, vacant assault;
an unimportant madness to everyone else.

Concluded— adjourned— before its beginning,
here is the sentencing before *nothing!*

No. 2

To know for sure. This vessel is unpiloted.

"Okay. First you, then me?"

"Or *me* first? Then *you*?"

Always about the same thing; always in a
straight line regarding this awful circle.

Can't know for sure. Do you want to? Why?

Listen careful. *Heed...*

All the papers and objects I would burn and forget
are crammed in an unloved hole in my closet;
how should *the sureness of this world*
be so different?

No. 3

SOMETHING HAS GRABBED ME BY THE TEETH

and plunged me into its terrible chasm.

A ghost with more names than reasons

assaults my victimless grime of merely being.

More emotionally mortal than dead marrow;

the hour is not nigh, the window testifies.

Parallels in the room I had disregarded,

but now confide innocence in.

The once noticeably disheveled things are

now quite apt and adequate for this den.

Yes I know the blatancy of it. The depth

and the confusion and the processing.

The feeling, the time. The change.

Ten dimensions thick with morbid intrigue

which I and you and her are guilty of.

Eighty times over, the courts of the head and

the heart would sentence us and drop us from

their gallows— if we were still so young and

stupid to revere whatever they decree.

And still morbidly, that is the root of it:—

for where and whence I was dispatched, some
air of stillness amid careening cries emerged.

Your triumphant departure could not outshine
the blazes which occurred solely to me in secret.

It could not do better than the realizations that
approached in their entirety, and became the
extent of my nothingness.

Creating a sense

of panic, as if it was

the first — of the last.

No. 4

Didn't hear you
the first time. Please;
help me understand.
Throbbing, aching lobotomy.
That one day, in splintered
memory, I heard—
one and two making three.
"Come along,
go along,"
it won't be for long.

No. 5

Desperately deepening
opposite the depression.
Keen indecisiveness
bent on respite's breath.

No. 6

So easily important.

So gradually exuberant.

Under the spell

of a sickly sweet witch;

influenced by the breath

of some different tragedy,

of some different affliction,

of some different heartache.

Casually convulsing

with all feeling.

"You needed to cry."

I can't cry on you,

I won't cry on you,

but I will remember

and think of you.

No. 7

Here in a silent room,
sitting in a lonesome chair,
not knowing how to move—
past this same, familiar despair.

Notions of going out, or
finding a dollar to earn—
so little learned; *I only yearn.*

Jesus Christ! *That noise again!*

Out from bed, *I ascend*—
razors, soap, suds and blood,
this nightmare Never Sleeps—
living as crud.

The Sole Witness of this...
fucked up decline, I feel...
apprehension dripping down my spine.

Pooling down from the chair,
encasing the floor in tears—
across the room I stare,

thinking... on these past years.

Going nowhere while searching everywhere,

All hearts die with Time—

resolved with everyone; clean, fair,

they might find it sublime.

No. 8

Glad not to have said what's been said;
so sad to have said what's not been read.
Accompany convenience to faithful heads—
and prepare overview long after we're dead.

No. 9

Could be
shrieking Jesus
shrugging mistakes.
Court Marshall
sacred service—
signing off.

No. 10

Nothing god-fuck smoking crack out of the light bulb
of Liberalism's big Idea.

Immortal dusk-dawn sponsored by the sea turtle
slave labor syndicate.

Requesting benefits for the projection, applying
solutions to the suggestion.

Grazing on gazes, a meal of sulfur and stares.

Mediocre attribution for outstanding deterioration.

There is a whisper of a whim looming around the
crowded understanding.

Walking outside to go sit inside.

Salvation dies with sin, our final open season.

Heroics of the primordial problem now surpassing
staleness, ceding vitality.

Consolidating in the ravine our precious right to weep
and scream.

Fossils suspended as archived witnesses to the faded
logo, scraping across the floor and playing the vinyl it
discovers.

No. 11

Throw it together: some acceptable
accessory. Not like I really care.
Acknowledge, laugh along, embellish.
Let their pity try, but let it down easy.
"I bare the scars, not you.
You bare your own."

I can't do this traffic in personality,
can't stand this grown-up talent show.
Can I survive these passing glances?

Cancel out the background noise,
because it's all too much.
Discontinue this transaction,
all this persistent smiling,
this mechanical nodding.

All right, coming down now.
Worn in contention.
Dispose of me where is
easiest.

No. 12

To turn this corner
and assume a new direction.
You act like you aren't religious
in some modified fashion,
some primitive form.
Go, you, to those distances:
go out and touch the toes of
your proud reassurance.
Don't waste it on me.

No. 13

In my mind, I'm asking you questions;
on this paper, I'm charting these concerns.
In my heart, I'm anticipating some answer—
but directly after, I'm left in tatters.

No. 14

In this moment,
one or two tongues.
Maybe out of place.
I welcome it.
I welcome the change.

No. 15

The world at hand,
it dies with me.
I got my corner
with four walls.
The tie that survives
bides time to strangle.

No. 16

Believe me: I envy you.

Your casual grin.

Your polite recognition.

Sometimes I wish

I wish I hadn't seen,

wish I hadn't felt —

and gotten to know.

No. 17

Intense. The disfigured joints of

who I hate being seen as — Lingering.

"Intense." Right, my Prime Adjective. My crime

and curse. Don't do it — I am gloom:

Happy Sorts disregard — into oblivion.

No. 18

Unhappiness

is all we know.

Happiness promised—

completed, thus never complete.

You cry over my pain, I over yours,

and complete the awful circle:

hands held in sorrow.

No. 19

What she wrote, hours to herself;

isolated as they worry— different glances

on different sides of town.

The phone is as silent as the paper,

which has more words than any voice;

sentences measured and characters corrected.

All her feelings in a few lines,

punctuated at a slant — that it won't offend.

No. 20

I know no characters.

Miscalculated everything.

Perhaps it is music

in a silent lonesome.

A bleak image chosen,

erect in a corner,

that all apprehensive expectations

be broken before manifesting.

No. 21

Perchance—

margins made a little narrower,

that I could say—

what would best

describe, relay

an actual effort,

not brute response.

No. 22

Things are falling, catching with my arms;
hands bound — trembling. I exit the room,
to be called back in from a new distance.
Rush in, withdraw. Expressionless: sobbing.

No. 23

Excuse me,
as if I were alone;
solitude stares.
I'm ***! afraid !***
of all that's happened—
then and now.

No. 24

Well, that's something—

for all that's unasked.

All that goes on over there

happens undeterred.

No. 25

I am incapable,

always tense —

when not alone.

Weep into the concrete.

Start into the space.

Grasp this last breath.

No. 26

Lone body. I want it over with.

Death for life, life for death.

Being through twisted form,

and the form of difficulty's feeling.

(& to bend Yeats:)

*One lone hound only lies apart
on the sun-smitten grass;
she holds deep commune with her heart:
the moments pass and pass.*

No. 27

The bombs that
berate the cobble
of wholehearted monarchy
sold by weight
at the commons
of new hegemony.

No. 28

Excerpts under the birds;
the opposite of memory
glistening through the sunlight.
Fathomable non-particulars

discarded obliviously
without need to remark.

No. 29

Unsure of what to do,
anywhere in any measure;
confounded in a multitude.
And now the days resemble
calendars more forcefully
than in younger memory:
bullet points of To Do
planning eternal succession.
Drain orbiting,
abort conquest.
Joy meets grave.

No. 30

The heights of understanding
tremble at words unfurled.

What fills your heart
with warm happiness
defeated upon holding,
deflated upon ascending.

Entropy suspended in want:
brighter pictures savored than
the journey's climactic passing.

No. 31

I paused
in saying a two-letter word
in response
to a situation beyond any regard.

No. 32

Sober panic laid
gingerly in layers
of perceptual distress
over the day
and over night.

Any nervous qualms
need no introduction.

In lighter days
these fangled feelings
melt away, effortless;
but now they
stir into sludge,
circling the hours
with eyes open.

No. 33

Our friends, of
four legs, tails—
loud instincts and
particular personality.
On leads, close
beside human mundanity.
Wordless friend, I
cannot watch after.
Your begging eyes,
thoughtless disposition,
all evade humanity –
all shatter burden –
leaving ever-wanting
a Like Conscience.



Two: verse

*At the top of my indignation, anti-reverence in all
that is passed.*

*As prepared to retort as you are to assume;
hopefulness pressed its last from the focused, churning
mass.*



No. 1

Fifteen or so ways to toss a moment around;
stir and shift to your liking —
although consistently circling some silent solace
over apprehension.

“Now” shades the part where “then” has shone –
and like its light – passed.

No. 2

Where always on the cusp — the purpose stained;
how these years and miles have journeyed,
clever hopes and reluctant mantras remained.
Peace made with time — tumultuous, torrential;
repeatedly reconciled – scattering back, flailing,
to revive lost potential.

No. 3

The world abides the death of hope.
"Loved one!" cry out, reach with your eyes;
how the shelter and its ease erode, collapse—
descending in distress down a dismal slope.

No. 4

Gentle Solace of Slumber, splayed on the bed of
Green.
The leaning fern that caressed the face of morning,

slowly shadowed by the gray of emerging rain.
Branches like perches of height for attentive finches.
Sunlight of contentedness draws its shade quietly,
the air hushes while the raindrops fall and build.

No. 5

This manner of contemplation, that casts
images of feeling and material atop each
other, has vexed the world-weary hearts
with distance so close to them.

And now this company made melancholy
recants and retracts the perilous prodigies
laid in haste above the lines made sacred.

Exceptions rendered and answered for.

Forever in solemn recovery, with only
crumbled accounts of ardent endeavors
that scarcely scalped the monarch,
for whom War Bells tolled.

No. 6

Nothing better going on
in or around the awful outside;
all components remain bound
hardening the urge to confide.
Place it there for me –
I'm dead. Dead, dead, dead.
Where my mind weighs, tense;
more than you think I left unsaid.

No. 7

I'd like to buy My Mortician coffee—
maybe a beer; go over the details
she should probably hear. Under a
corpse going cold and eyes that
don't look, was a whole other series
of pain and pleasure took. Some light
now snuffed; where, when, how, why—
I hope she'd consider The Moments of life,
glossing over pain, and those who might cry.
An interesting enclosure
of time & space had, I suppose in some
sense it is sad; but all is give and take—
which is just too bad.
Perhaps there might be a better side to this;
coming and going, blooming and fading,
defiant grappling — not having what we miss.
And to you, handler of my bones, I lend trust;
your morbid, mechanical task seeing us off
as we journey in a shadow, the Final form of Dust.

No. 8

You turn all your focus to a corner's reflection;
derelict passages under melancholy shadows,
teeming with tough-to-swallow reception.

No. 9

This is where I'm at, gray T-shirt and all.
Curious enough to go on, all energy tested;
dexterity broken, leaving me in withdrawal.
Slow down, life's short – killing the time of your life.
Others' perception being the most treacherous,
in my pocket I grasp a knife.

No. 10

There comes a point— regretful,
that time washes over all that's near.
In turning, regretless more boldly—
time washes over all foolish fear.

One year ago, other year:
Warmly regarded, COME;
sullenly submitted, PART—
glowing embers of life blown over
whence ever returned.

No. 11

Cheap endorphin release painted this life
as hesitant invention planted its strife.
Because of times strictly laid,
means and ends of getting paid—
It isn't good where I stand;
complex obstacle ever-planned.

Weary wits recount mournful rendition,
little to help my present condition.
Spread over hills, spread over borders;
severed ranks, disregarded orders—
this ceaseless death they push towards.

Because its periodic resurgence
constructs dire threats of perversion,
there is a desperately needed insurgence:

for life worthwhile on terms one's own,
to surpass all temporary thrills ever known.

No. 12

That was the daylight you kicked across the floor,
grabbing a shirt and a bag – not needing more.

This waning Summer turns its hours and days,
quiet routine to gather and give due praise.

In solitary weeks, I have ample time to consider
what must in lonesome hours been dreadfully bitter.

Now this trench has been sun-sweltered over,
imagination commandeered to get much closer.

Upon us closely is another fresh season,
which promises yet again no positive reason.

At this juncture where dawn fades again,
look upon one another, going 'till our end—
with grins
even then.

;

No. 13

Distant rooms echo laughter
unseen by severed patronage.
Whole humorous portions dissolved
Day for Night — Night for Day,
as encumbered hearts unburden.
The corner-wall barricades
my restless regard found rejoice.
Compartments, countless, invariably
turning corners without worry.

No. 14

No bitter friend lost than the passing day,
anyone else beside me says "it's okay."
But I was never good at finding my way,
a profound sense like scattering comes to stay.

No. 15

The rift between anxiety and loneliness:

no bridge that harbors a restful passage.

no direct resolution on which to lean discontent.

Sweating, panicking impossibilities made casually
urgent;

all The While is lost until reflection

meets tear-stained continuation.

No. 16

What you Soul Harlots want

after going my way; is it not enough

that I choose silence to stay?

Although tasting good intention – hushed

under your breath, plentiful word of promises

sewn — scarcely kept.

Given my position regarding that fling,

you would forgive me for keeping to my own thing.

For it isn't caste or creed setting any bound,

but vivid memory of cost and effort found.

Now pity resurfaces at the other end
of drunken cheer; involuntary bashfulness
cripples words that would be clear.

Although I know this show taking stage,
friendliness drawn like being engaged.

Tossed laughter glances from one end of a room,
prancing and parading this suggestive shade in
bloom.

For all the night that's tip-toed in,
converging— culminating in devilish, sexual sin;
the entire weight leaves me— out of shine—
where I've been.

No. 17

Pensively, the pen scrawls to reach out
from under the cover of noise.

With pages in hand, written words unsaid,
a world somberly nods in familiarity.



Three: screams

No. 1

"I maintain..."

Above and Beyond —

"I have attained..."

No. 2

No

way

out.

...

They evoked The Spirit:

...

They evoked God,

they evoked Divinity,

they evoked sanctity;

they evoked rights,

they evoked humanity—

Property—

and they're fucking killing us!

They fucking ruined me! And You!

No. 3

Bear the flag here, O Worrier; O *self*-holder of *harm*.

Eater of the day's apple, commence thine proverb

Watcher on the wall, draw thine razor!

Taker and thrower of complimentary
commandments—

keeper and rememberer of dread—

chronicle this Crusade!

Bathe thine page in the words of mine

written in *thine blood*! Mine of Thine Vein!

'Tis our mission and the children's mission—

the loftily wedded world's mission—

to attack pain! But pain for pain!

And so draw thine Shattered Vein:

Draw, from hand, the Trembling Wake;

 woven from memories of love withered into an
ache.

Draw, from head, the Severed View;

 made petrified in what Must Continue.

Draw, from heart, the Spastic Desperation;
known pervasively in each according nation.

Raise thy brow there, O Dreamer; O *hope-stricken*
optimist.

Congregation in conversation, commence thine
summary!

Scourer in contempt, draw thine supposition!

Weaver and repeater of instruction—

Guide and giver of assurance—

assemble this Effort!

Convince the heart of what is done,
censored in Black! The Black of All Concluded! It is
lost on minds and hearts elsewhere—

what have you with them? Their interactions cannot
sustain,

can you not tell? Have you not *heard?*

Their poetic resistance was in vain!

Taken up, in the countryside, an Impossible Stake;
pressed on the hull of the Salvation they make.

Given up, in the city center, all conscious attention;
whisked away, smiling, with systematic
invention.

Risen up, in weeping minds, a darling disillusion;

preparing hearts for a swift, existential
contusion.

Hang thy coat nowhere, O Wanderer; O shivering,
path-beaten traverser.

Wind-driven destination, place thyself firmly in all
who're lone and feral;

for their's is the cold stare harking cries before certain
peril.

No. 4

Am become bitch.

...

Mein g—,
stop stabbing me
in my ear.

...

Steady self,
clenched fang.

...

Die hund, evasion
of sound.

...

One solitary bitch
to surpass all
wretched feeling.

Bite.

No. 5

GOD FUCKING DAMMIT,

CAN'T FUCKING STAND IT,

DON'T HEAR THEIR FUCKING NAMES,

WON'T GRASP YOUR FUCKING BLAMES;

YOU KNOW IT'S ALL THE SAME,

LOOKING FOR A FUCKING FLAME—

ALL THIS FUCKING NOISE AND SHIT,

FALLING ON THE FLOOR LOOKING FOR IT.

No. 6

Pages upon pages, they scrawled and sang;

"you poet-fuck!"

Vagabond districts under merrier bells rang.

Graffiti troupe defacing the catechism;

"shitting hell," to each exclaim —

"your library fetishism!"

Embedded and lead on, fidgeting hands starved;

on all the city's surface,

it was carved:

Bane of Servitude is the wit
sailed far away; that out of town—
sewing deeper determination—
comes on the wings of our travels.

No. 7

Such fuckery! This feral, *misery fuck!*

Retching: heave of soul out from slumber,
crawling up from the night's acrid death,
into this cruel sunlight.

It is met—

Day! Silent assault!

Day upon the corpse!

(Straw pulp in the stomach;
cotton fiber in the dead heart;
dried blood on the table.)

Damnedest, heinous strife: psyche and conscience,
scattering under and behind the swirling center of
nausea;

wading in drowsy, strained preoccupation.

It looms ahead—

Night! Droning, moonlit wind!

Night upon the heart!

Night shrouds watchful eyes!

Empty, scattered bottles;
vomit composted into flowers.
Dawn after last paints the aftermath—
Ashen, dust purgatory!

No. 8

Stones and ample rods
under civil, ruly feet.
Autonomy has dissolved
which isn't enough.
Plastic protest signs,
proud printed hues—
maybe that's enough.
Sure. Press on with
nothing in your fist;
no nerve in your heart.

No. 9

God!

Oh, God!

...

All the fucking ways,

That!

I would hope to say.

...

One!

Only, One!

That I really need.

...

Far!

So, far!

Far away from me.

No. 10

It's because—
my wrist is limp,
my lilt is *lisp*,
and I'd be stabbed
by His Whole Will
unleashed.

...

It's because—
the idea chiseled in stone
falls to pieces on me.

*"Is that a boy,
or a girl?—" NO.*

...

I am me —

I am I —

I am No Feeble X or Y.

...

You can scoff —
you can hide —
I Don't fucking Compromise.

...

It's because—
this fangled faggot fights
in mismatching black,
garish fitting attire,
no mind for normalcy.

...

It's because—
a horror show of descriptors
rends my flesh
in traversing His Sacred World

...

This is me —
This is I —
Fuck off with your X or Y.

...

Broke up your caste—
kicked in your rule—
'cause I'm done with this place,
and all its gender tools.

No. 11

My reply to all of this

is ...

I don't give a fuck;

my best run with employed usefulness

without any luck.

Politely pushed past a conversation, dodged

the idle stare;

knowing it's only natural to reach one's precipice—

the threshold of care.

Common silence marked the left-alone grudge,

hypothetical, intentional departure that will

not budge.

Yes, the sweet, sorrowful charade slugs along,

subduing the universal sense that everything is

wrong:

A faithless battering of the entrails

enthralled spectators concerned about

chem-trails—

whose witless importance strewn harmonies

that went about enticing, upsetting memories.

And in the center of their bustling occasion, things

seem alright—

a different basket of nonsense to carry into the

night.

We sing a sweet mantra about the world and its
condition,

sirens, shouting—obscure panacea that lives in
its repetition.

No. 12

Break everything I see; it leaves me all the same,
rounding a concerted motif that
doesn't yield any fame.

I take a moment out the door, recenter my sight,
happened in passing upon whatever
underlined my emotional plight.

After awhile walk through the door, reexamined my
mind,
reclaiming the chair more desperately
against all mental corners combined.

Twisted conversation with no reason to be,
smiles all around,
time teetering drunkenly.

Across from you is a dead & empty fool
who's seizing the chance to be alone:
soaking up places, times – making words her tool.

Because somehow I'm convinced, it's all slipping
away;

a lifelong uncertainty, eating me in real time—
something desperately important to convey.

I leave it at this, because I'm beyond myself;
dusted it off in a panic —
take good care of yourself.

No. 13

Compassion in compersion—
step out of the way;
indolent functions,
knew somehow I couldn't stay.

Quite fine by me
the way things flow;
spiking tension—
think I'll just go.

Back at the flat once-departed—
survived instincts fled;
a pompous setting with drinks,
I'll stay here instead.

Thank Fuck for this corner—
walls, windows, door.
Appreciate another appreciation;
ink stains, bottles lined on the floor.

No. 14

It's not a Big Deal, really.

It's infatuation knocked off its chair;
odd occasion playing out completely –
scorned: gussied up, untangling hair.

Better days trade for lesser wants.

Stood up, stumbling, throwing around;
a word has reached: revelry flaunts –
and it sounds like they're inbound.

Some awfully adored souls pack it in,
loose, bright, passing around cheer;
imparting on how we've been,
terribly glad to be here.

A dull warmth graces the heart,
something I'm off-and-on aware;
eating our tails to balance, keep smart—
touting certainty, that for each other
we'll be there.

Lamentations

In Gray

May 2020

Self-Abandonment

INHALE THE POISON — MY LIFE has

killed me;

child, adolescent: a rigorous upheaval

taken in doses of self-pity before

adulthood's whiplash

will come around and touch your

shoulder

as you stand alone before the gray

forest of your muttered discontent —

whose tree line you are ten paces

away from.

This would serve not as ardent

warning

but as defeated lament over the

object in hand:

It is all gone. Having run its course,

and mounting up again.

Join in with some sad jester and

disposable melodies readied

to frantically compensate the lack of

resolve entrusted;

because everything is simultaneously
butting against itself
and to think that I do better is to
ignore the heart of the matter —
which we are so eager to talk about
reaching Now.

Indeterminate

It has been many endings and
beginnings since the narrowing
course pointing now.

Many minds and many hearts have
tried, many words and many times
have reached out, and all are singing
their refuge of eventualities.

And I, somewhere, wandering in
Then's Whatever, having sailed the
sacred voyage of conscience:
where those contending
predominant matters were,
I too would step up— only to offer a
black flag with a retraction of niceties
which made us thus.

But now there is a palpable doubt in
a Future, an optimal realization
within one and within all,
that would undo a dismal
destination,
derail this death train, and plunge us
somewhere relative to plant and live.

It seemed as a sip from the social
glass and slamming it down; felt like
looking around until judging
thought's dexterity.

There is passage in front of
obstruction, vice versa,
which weaves the proud banner of
attempt. Desire and exhaustion: the
hallowed harmony!

Keeping with welcoming company
and sounding sincerity,
re-situating with what necessary
entropy is lurking, we are staring into
the same fire in the middle of us.

One and two with one idea, three and
four with another.

Crossfire possibility with no earthly
manifesting.

"It will be too late again and again,"
says someone in me.

My eyes and scowl have nodded its
quiet remark,

remembering how to cope with

"everything will be okay"

—that things will go on despite all the

unease, as unease turns to
acknowledge the anxious encounter.

They are kindling to reanimate the
lost solaces, to secure shelter in their
pockets and on their tongues,
but all that sensation grants is
framing it perfectly for me:
the nothing that remains; the
nothing that beckons.

No one-by-one resolve but the
fleeing. The low-hurried surrenders.

The Absolutes have vanquished us
all; we cultivated laughter in the
heart of submission, we endured
rooms and byways to rejuvenate, we
sat and listened to swear allegiance
anew.

Five, ten, fifteen: generational trying
upon trying.

And this *nothing* vexed the stalwart
belief, took aback the already
doubtful desires, and asked a primal
concern which many resigned

to the whims of bright, hypothetical
adventure:

*“Will death merely sever the best
intention's journey?”*

The graveyard that all have known
for their lives is still and placid for
the calm, quiet tenants.

The withered and blooming
colliding,
stagnant and void is all that patterns
the animate; our gray-clouded hearts
and minds are no different:

A morose embrace of the dismal
destination — because we can
stomach no longer Hope's betrayal.
We keenly know ourselves, stand
before the world and offer to take it
all on, continually under cover of
murmur; in and around the ash
heaps, personal fodder 'till Last
Breath.

:

I wrote the purpose again and again.
I salted the earth of each would-be

legacy; scrambled, pushing away—
panicking— drowning in dust and
tears, there was one adequacy among
waste: *nihil*.

It is how you recall the look on a face,
a precise twinge in tone and subject.
But this precisely was stretching the
horizon, every color, every causality,
my trembling hand . . . how could
there be any Break from this?

Alone, I did battle with Object and
Space: the crux of my ambition
versus its social contract. Likewise,
the painfulness of relating it
externally: where the line and the
word and the idea are awry, and
scattering before strangers' eyes —
the point.

Where the parts have fallen, they
have taken root; where the part is
played, in reality it is chiseled.

The condition is stitched together in
reflexes and steel wire. What I could
muster has always been peripherally

volatile, gravitating at the neutral,
quiet hostility of darkness.

I knew, like a picture, those cringed
remarks: the beaten black of the
century-old melancholy whose
croaking tune is scarcely catching
ears. By chance, I glanced at the black
still water of it and swallowed the
gagging weight of the problem.

You are still so sobered by your
blindness: commonality, mutuality.
Access, comprehension; precise
solution, precise boundary; all the
items that weave cohesion with
feeling— *I could only weep in the
hurricane of sense and energy.*

For where merely chipper attitudes
prevailed, where all is made well and
any divergent feeling a sin,
there was the central something that
snatched me, clobbered, condensed
and produced me into a vivid hell.

Saw me yearning; inverting
covenants, desperate to flee.

The richness of waste! The feeble
permanence! All is well in its decay,
what maintenance oversees!

Morning and night reverberations.
Headache afternoons, the pulsating
incompleteness of taking only what
comes.

Standing at the last so many times,
learning not to care.

Then, something had struck the
hidden appearance—
that formless object glimmered with
void emergence. The purposeful
gravitation a reflection outlines
fleshed and rendered to the extent of
what is found. Only the only. Only
what renders: eye for I.

:

Constancy: Lingering in the process
of decapitation.

Snatching at consciousness in its
brooding, turning.

A blank space in time hovers—
I awake. It sits and dissipates,
moment by moment.

In a blanket's wash of darkness over me, this quivering skeleton adorns a bruised core. I have lacked and went on lacking, holding a vivid and barren landscape. Knowing, having, what cannot be given.

These events known in images and voices, affecting, strangling those of bile and bone, have risen their worn ascent in the sunlight. Senseless reassessment of sensibility; the breakfast of revisiting in perpetuity.

Now the world for me careens in

Two Dawns:

one in the details of twelve hour intervals,

the other in the digestive tract of any conscience.

In sum, the plight that is *being* is choked

in the painful thrashing of *trying to explain*.

What in treatises I would elaborate then stands no chance now at being whole and tangible;

for every considerate course taken
up humbly is digested and spat from
ceaseless panels
all asking the aimless advice back
into itself.

Maybe it was the corner, maybe the
sidewalk.

A door merely opened, and my
choking heave screamed the pain:

“Death to morality and
counter-moralities alike!

A relentless pox upon the
citizens' heart!

*Mirth! Mirth! Your promise
is MORTE.”*

My carried, clutching cries have
deflected the sight.

The incidental insanities accounted
and accustomed,
there is no desperation left to strike a
chord.

There is only the images and the
voices
carrying away with the smoke and
sewage.

A striking point as a void encircles
and assures
a thoughtless passage upon and after
the carnage.

I step back. A *Continual Stepping Back*.
Something is wrong in my own
home, where & how
one could be had.

Someone has gone from my own
memory, how deep
a pain is tolerated.

The singular thought remains
undisturbed:
it shall be seen, it shall be soon.
All dizzy and distraught in the arms
of abusive centuries,
and one of us is still setting urgency
in print,
because it now seems possible to have
writ the last book on Earth.

Guard

The continual contemplation came
to a halt,
itself more unnerving than what was
frequent.

A lull in what seemed omniscient
swept ahead,
and cleansed the mind's palette of
the dreary stone.

Nothing held above the close angle
of the wall;
looking up, matching top to bottom,
one settled for the ordinary white
and gray. Grout sealing all.

But further out, arm's length, glowing
through frost
bled and shined over the wall and
into the glass,
the sun-churned blue, white and gray
held day firmly
in a frame of straight lines chiseled
into the fortress.

What called was cautionary, yet still
– idle,
relaying while staring into the
infinity of negligible details,
giving no whole advice for
proceeding forward.
So it was left to the idlers without
mention,
taking the greatest care without effort
at all.

Civilization

I tried to commune with the urban
vortex:
that wordless voice conveying space
and time,
made up of shattered shouts and car
doors,
hopelessly searching for a view
of the momentous, desolate
plentiffulness
balancing on the pinhead of the
world;
of those carrying it on their backs,
and of all that's decayed for its safety.
Vehicular indicators opening
directions
and sounding their reverse in the
alley,
announcing the roundtrip sequence
that starts and ends nowhere
while crossing off the day's anxiety.

I wished to embark in confidence and
courage:
that sense of no telling, requires

walking into
while holding *a composure* and *a focus*.

Gratuitous stabilization that assures
the transactions
and adjoins the backward path
towards home.

And if that, so vividly known in
second-nature,
was the humble bridge for I and I
alone among All,
I shudder in the shadow of what All
takes up against I;
forfeiture reigned supreme,
contracts, deeds —
I and All have met gazes atop our
respective hills.

Curious how our wits remain
circuitry, utility;
that our hearts and minds judge the
transaction—
stagnant and defeated at the grout
and the masonry,
feeble to the opened hands at
counters around numbers.

So easier, effortless even, is the manic
attack in similar vein.

Apologies

Rendered unto the rim of the abyss,
that it would assuage the atmosphere;
yet recoiled a sour reaction, remiss,
and scaled its lower wrung of fear.

Knowing it makes me nauseous to
repeat, I lend another word in the
matter contend;
what I gathered best in a hurried
retreat – discarded all the time and
how we spend.

Contact

Prevalence, who misplaced the acute
formations— now abiding in the
once-over premeditation—
cruised over its own multitude,
returning unchanged.

Presiding in stability, although feebly
aligned, one syllable expecting to be
joined in a word is left in the
stuttering wretch predisposed to it.

Intention, unifying by the hollow
weight, doubted and subdued before
it can pierce the frail texture of the
entire situation begun.

Guard II

Idler; humble and silent,
the daylight framed, gray at a
distance and a world made
motionless. Peculiar, repetitive
sounds prevail,
wanton feelings disposed – or
disperse.

A composure of reclusion learned
and queued—with sudden lapse in
isolation made stiff, yet quiet,
a manageable distress displaced still
waters. Making nothing less regretful,
but vaguely lighter.

"Where did the time go?" **Everywhere.**

It spilled out entire, drowned our
seconds, that numerical discrepancy
ganging up and shoving into and
between—
definite purposes lynched or raped.

Retrospect

It occurred to me,
that I had forgone
all the second chances
of minute commotion
sprawled out from home.
That humiliated respite laid
what infernal interaction made——

recounted in mournful notes
and sunken ships afloat.

Femininity

Ribbons joined in floral pattern,
a light color touched with shade;
temperamental conventions to flatter
the sweet sorrowful caste made.

Persons stiff in light presences,
adjoining company taken aback;
pummeled faith in binary essences
with no blatant kindness retract.

Turmoil smoldering, cigarette burn,
melancholy gesture kept in a grin;
no indication, fleeting fancy's turn –
tears drip her down razor burnt skin.

Death Knell

A horrid air swept over, whose brunt force
struck the sound on the ruin walls.

Its droning ring sang through the gully,
turning the machine's rusted gears.

The metal click gave, sweeping the battered course
that stood along the gray, rocky falls.

Charitable caution gave heed as not to sully
the herded hearts' insentient fears.

Meanwhile, leaping in the madness of their ritual,
chanced upon the writhing fray sated with respite.

Adored consideration made the occasion
that went on in familiarity – made something new.
Stories in serenade laced with alcohol made habitual,
the general proclivities seemed not desperate.

Hour upon hour draws a skilled evasion
that went unnoticed, non-existent for a remaining
few.

Now the foreboding wind has peaked, risen steadily,
the turning moon passed on the other side near.

The growling mist embellished who can really try
to fend off the disembodied abduction closing in.

Terror thrust them to their feet, brandished readily,

as the situation's faint urgency became clear.
Its ephemeral snarl mocked any tears left to cry
that settled heartily for how things had always been.

Into The Night

A lonely savant hugging
unaffectionate pillows drew
uncertainty from the pull off a
cigarette.

*“Never wanted to hinder, never
helped to relieve.”*

A readied, cherished sight flared at
the windows, drawing in dawn and
dusk colors: the harrowed epithet.
Resting on curtains, took her quiet,
light reprieve.

Her gaze rests heavily from sight to
sight, in each look expressing voiceless
concerns.

*“Never wanted to hinder, never
helped to relieve.”*

Conscious, stoic of each disaster
burnt bright — that the ebb and flow
of feeling always returns,
rending the humblest desires ever
conceived.

A moonlit night occurred
intentionless, more profound,
and in that moment more radiant
than rest.

*“Never wanted to hinder, never
helped to relieve.”*

Luna's grip this night shows the
blight bound: a million leagues of
fear-stricken fodder
doing their best—
affluence under arrogance, falling
over what they believe.

Abruptly, curtain thrown asunder,
the house crashes down!
The innocent white gown corroded
black in the ashen glow.

*“Never wanted to hinder, never
helped to relieve.”*

Ruined boards and rusted hinges
piled outside the town,
where in street lights they sing,
flailing stupidly to and fro.

She, looking out, discards the pain
she just wanted to leave.

Faggotry

Between the peaks was a root canal of
the heart.

From the infirm memories, it
casually was apparent.

Compressed in time, it poured out
adequately,
although burdensome in its
delightfulness.

A mental, emotional destitution tore
her apart.

In her guilty retreat, went on by
unwitting parents — restless with
consideration, readjusted
sporadically, without recourse
embraced after frightfulness.



Contusion in the *un-mannerism*;
that sacrilege of the loins! Contrasted,
humanoid fragments of
temperament fused partially with an
entire person.

The splendid personality of
deviance!

To know power: to overcome,
to defy, to shut out entirely in
disregard— from *being queer* it is
drawn.

Ten faces cry, ten cheer;
all bright apostles waving smiles—
before turning, confounded by a
truer aspect of that relatively batshit
disposition of self & character.

Thus the confusion segments kindly:
let my essence be all manners of
mangled,
my foundations all portions of
fucked.

These girls are grateful in the heretic
alchemy that comes with shattering
castes!

Flashing Fucking Lights Are Here!
They gave us music and medicine to
steal;

they made the possibilities available
and they were rightly stolen.

And right itself seemed inverted:
where joy is the criminal element,

we reclaim what was stolen from us.



The soul glancing to the side, over
her shoulder,
thought of the word that sufficed,
now abandoned.
It graced the porcelain by reflection,
and stood back as the evening carried
on.

Close beside, smiling, was there they
told her.

About what expelled the bond
eternity demanded;
the happy hearts assumed in
detection,
paraded as though deprived for very
long.



"The Bitch!" delightful, loving cry—
"There's my bitch..." and yanked at the
heart's leash
In a shudder, the spine bends before
the chest moans—

Filth. In it's precious grime, queer
filth.

The Tainted Hearts converge—
splendor in nihil.

Hail, hail— as they go on— Whiskey
Bitches,
shaping, even smashing their pride-
filth;
embraced that crude delight— hail.
So a circle forms to break, so a heart
lifts— to fall, and die;
nonetheless taken out of the cruel
mistress of the night;
to be repaid in the encroachments of
the limit.

Parade of the dead hearts
has now stolen the disposition
of nothing in particular.

Convened, and turned with wrath:

"I have None!"

(So heartfelt without consequence;)
despair hurled, castrated in cackles,
comprise ultimately in the lisp
threat, *then the bite.*

Whereupon the horrid sun gleams,

and the timid tatters retreat.
When she revisited the barren
mattress,
with only an ash mural to greet her,
she beheld then her comfort in
nothing—
sustained only by tiredness and fear.



Down the Parting Path, she presses
on the way:
meditating precision, texture in the
self to meld.
It is hard, she feels, to continue
ultimately helpless;
a jerk of her hood overhead
convinces her onward.
Alone in honesty, she knows it was a
privilege to stay;
detesting, though accepting, that she
won't be held.
Considering the frayed need left to
devices selfless,
she appraises it easier: at the center
of NIL, sauntered.

Time

Empty volumes sounded their cries,
this abysmal trial notwithstanding.
Timid recall without surprise,
the happenstance rough landing.

The Touchless Passing in
consequence, scattered all around
aimless blame. Kept alive in gentle
correspondence, and embellished
what remains the same.

(nameless whore)

Dropped the penny of my fortune,
cradled the seed of my charity;
by day it came along steady —
and hobbled along the streets of gold.

In a time where I were an orphan,
handled in the hands of rarity;
youth's hearty nudge at the ready —
feeding from fairy-tales foretold.
One among awry, bustling scavenge,
I commended the honest, perfect pain.

What the Caste Begotten then
sermoned
in their tribulations unfolded— flung
at me.

I accounted for the frail, human
ravage, set beside a pragmatic
disposition remained.
Its exact points are scarcely
determined,
but each experience gave something
to me.

So there I go out, after each season
overturned,
looming quietly in the dead,
abandoned wood.

People's friendly emptiness wrung
me dry,
so I take the path alone, meditating
in the moon.

And if I find that my spirit is
returned,
if someone felt they should, it is
neither mine nor their's to go
and cry; I figured as much if it ever
came soon.

To All Whom Are Unknown

STAY WHERE you are.

Let no word sanctify,

let no thought utter,

let no memory confide.

You are there— confidence!

In confidence you roam,

in security you decide,

in agency you affect.

And this is only

the result of solitude—

earned in pain,

learned in time.

For the touch known is gone,

its scar reaches a heart's tip.

Its memory throbs, assaults now,

whose vacancy casts breath to the

wind.

“Putting Yourself Down”

Gave way, gave way. “The solid
matter,” that you say,
“it stands between you and I, as
something ephemeral
borders you and yourself.”

These are the bricks I have carried,
and— happily—
made with them the stretch that
terminates touch.

Consider it my own insurance born
from trauma;
a furious huddle inward is the trade:
if either of us can relax,
it will be with a fleeing at the ready
and on a whim,

whatever is necessary upon a
friendly grin's death.

Because the stoic truth is that I AM
DEAD JUST AS I HAVE LIVED;
so pitifully was my hope placed and
nourished as to be
uprooted in the most deadpan

dramaticism that ever was.
The most civil barbarity of sensation
has graced everywhere,
and my defects of character and
being and all have done no favor.
My rotted legacy stamped with gold
is the crooked here & there.
I am weak and afraid, my own two
skills being *complaint* and *concealment*.
Scorned and cursed is the crusade for
cleverness, beaten and ramshackle is
your book and pulpit—
**You and I have fucking been through
shit...**

and to each their own reckoning!

Going Forward

Arbitrary fragments of
all the dullest days
made their case
against forlorn conscience;
obliteration with creation —
mounting zig-zag at
hearts and arms,
made placid perfection
and the case closed

Slammed in your face.

The fissures of existence
are rounded into rings:
for every waking hour
just nearly illuminated,
there is a heart
gone up in flames;
there is a diamond
whisked away in desperation;
there is a purpose
rendered derelict.

And on the merit
of us going on
is the sorry reward
for seeing it all
go to shit
in the end.

Composite Of Corrosion

THE BLACK CLOTH IN WHICH my face is
buried, wherein all possible exterior
obliterated,
will in time absolve the whole of my
senses; undoing any sense of exterior
multitude,
expelling all the function of any &
every.

The clasp of my hands which props
this body, standing sobbing solitary
under the spout,
must in time take up the real final
motion;
arms, legs, head and core thrust at
ceasing,
noddled the points crossed-off: my
end.

The rise of my head which grasps at
the birds,
leveling exhausted eyes to barren
heavens,

has sung its silent yearning knowing
to be helpless;
as if only by chance made human,
flightless —
but in heart as lost and stoic as
a wolf.

A Cerebral Folktale

(Prose)

Hark now *to the Fallen Sage*—

THERE WAS A WAR. Nestled in some odd century, it blew through my mind like that late Fall wind; that time I knew without touching the life of it. The time that, when flared in my sleeping recollection, would roll and resonate over mine.

Since then, I let the time have its way over me. Scurried and flinched in painful successions with the nervous prospect of remaining things falling to their deaths, only to see them still: taken care of, unshaken. Observing the panic blankly.

I have hardened, in some sense, more keenly to the unapologetic bluntness of it all. With glances away, and reflexive determination: absolution immediate. The sorrow does not hold as one, but adds to a chain, patterned with forgetfulness.

Which is why, I think — you poor listener of my word — it all looms above so vividly for me. This is nothing more than the guts of life, but struggling to neutralize the cancers within them. Where all goes null, where a seed of understanding is only rumored.

And with all this, *there was a war*. Even then—*well before then*. The eons of tears put end-to-end. I know only its face: the flashes on the hills. The low, subdued yells out on the valley unearthed by canon fire. The wind stinging with mortality.

I know because I knew the earth (as it were) there entire. As it were lived and died upon. As it was given to me at the gates of the dream I recall, smoking and draining out from my head.

The war had uprooted and stirred the wooded lands. The valleys and hills once-green were washed entire with a gray ashen soil. All that weren't black stretches were splintered wood and protruding barricades; rotted trenches. Dissolved, upright vessels once people.

In those borders, between its gray and black stretches were soldiers in one column, sobbing and lamenting in their marching tune. Coats over their shoulders, cigarettes hanging from their dried, bleeding lips.

Bandaged and berated; miserable was their morning: what rations remained would feed only for a day.

Pried up from that column's tomb, a phantom testament: "*There was only one thing that could cheer us up on the march, and that was singing.*"

Their shuffling in unison goes on in the ash valley. The lieutenants leading horses call and clatter in the mud, rifles slung – bumping the backs of heads – under a ghostly voice singing in the sky.

*We're here, because we're here,
because . . .*

In the same vein, with a flash, a house is undisturbed at the edge of the war-torn world. Walls white, spattered with mud. The column trudges on without notice, a crow rests unthinking on the bare tree branches. Two caws while perched, turning— and then four in flight.

I pause, struggling for the next moment— met only by a window. A stagnant black behind the glass pane where a bedroom would be. The soldiers have rounded a hill: the column's back end fades behind the slope, before one lone soldier turns, stares for a moment, stepping away.

Within, sitting stoically, clothed in a tattered gray dress— the broken figure: dark hair, frayed as though frenzied, but still. Weaving daily the silence to her comfort. There in time, she waded. At the center of a room amid dust, books, ink and corpses of hope.

*Within, within, it is thought, where
within is the ease unfound without?*

The gray sky devours the reflection, outlining her pale head, turning to gaze out at the lone hill. Around the divulged, grassy basin of the wood—a point where her eyes are fixed: the humblest grave.



I heard then, as she sigh without weeping, the blink of each second contains a chipped-away truth, what she nourished off of for a decade. The silent, cyclical heartbeat carried on under each reflection. Her river of tears had since run dry when she opened to me:—

We lounged in the withered waterways, after I had first sighted her in the woods. The chase was abrupt—briefly I lingered in distress when it was *I* that was caught by *her*. This retreat granted my lonesome company, alone without unease; desolate on the air of any spent understanding.

Across me, she lay supine in the gully. When her Babylon spoke, it was not the word of light— but of depth and scar. When her book opened, it was null. And this blankness, I found, was what she endeavored to compose.

“For just a while,” she finally voiced, rising, **“you will bear witness.”**

She led me then to the house; the war had flared some distance away. It was, to her, like any other—although she had sensed my mortal fear. We entered;

“The artillery don't bother me,” said she, **“but I hear you quivering.”** The door heaved shut. Inquiring on my cloak and hood, she told me to “toss them anywhere.” At which point, she led me 'round through the doorway. I saw her faint etchings graced on the plaster, beside where she lay her head.

The house comprised a cold air, a blacken weight, the dust and smoke she made— it was Temple to my wretched heart's dream. It was this bleak affinity in which her un-presence and mine were bound, weaving this afterlife for a dead crux.

Her intrigue was born of an awful contrast, a sudden burst in her Early World, a world she anticipated not to do without. She elaborated this in the den:—

Seated on the floor, she unbound a tome and gave its winnowed word to me: The Kingdom— rich in wanton finitude— from where she fled; upon the details, attested to the eternity of grayness, from

collision to involuntary survival. The present, ongoing, thus humors the void— in her.

As she turned, her incense now burning, resumed the mortal encounter. I felt the rising pain in my throat, the need to unburden: “I am sickly calm,” I confessed at her candlelight. “I know this wouldn't last in my corner of the world.” Her remark, unchanged, stooped to my mind:—

“Here, you linger by my generosity, in the languid reverberation of emotion made a moment.” This left a mark on me, more than her perfect calm. Humbled, I went on. “Perhaps worse than being done with life is to obsess over a reason to continue. I am still so conflicted.”

Glancing up, she nodded. Her silver eyes seemingly held me at a distance; I knew then, she waited for my deeper findings of word: “the woeful meanderings are still quite remarkable. Pity, what pain they inflict; what emptiness they dig.”

Her head was still as her jaw parts to

reply: **“Pain deals no injury.”** The forceful murmur sends me to shutter— **“It only tests the marrow, asking what you would do after picking yourself up.”** This, I could not steep to.

“But would pain not press on the soul such to break its will?” I asked in frightened timidity.

Leaping upright, tapping the ash, her answer is plain.

“Those who've not yet broken know no end. The End is not like pain, where it looms—mounting and settling. The End is Mercy's Vacancy. Pain is the gift of endurance.”

The force upon me grows colder. The darkness reels its horrid nil hue. I am locked in my own skin; she stares, mulls over my fright and hands me the herb. **“You're a fool. Come now, settle!”** Clutching the tinder, the drag releases the sleeping woe, unwinding the dark.

For a time, I ruminated quietly— my silence seemed wholly useless between hers. “And what of the emptiness?” I finally asked. There in those words I hovered, bearing down on the hollow and the non-existent. **“End or not, I am scalded by life—”** I finished regretfully.

A moment, she watched me before speaking. **“The sense of Emptiness simmers to undo itself, if one is not upon their end. Some would *wish* for an end, or pursue it, but nonetheless find things to supplant**

the empty. Choices remain, either to resume or to finish.”

While I sit in tears, a flare in the chasm of her burrowed chest— **“Even if you're broken— what then? Crumble under your own weight, or dare to snatch your newfound pagan fire!”**

My breath lost, inhaled her follow-up. **“Or, resign in the middle, manipulating the margins just as I've meddled.”**

On whole circulation's condition, the superb prime in black under her waning day sky, it was realized for both of us: the compact wholeness of this feeble dream. Tarnished, my lost aching heart— shaken by a near canon blast. She stood, lending me her hand.

“You have yet to linger as I have, but I want to give you something . . .” She turned to the table. Her weavings & workings showed—grasping on the dreary space—her temporary elevation of heart, the meekest potion she thrives on in conjunction with the bitter herb. Amid her ash, the embalmed fetuses of her ideas—budded and reborn as the tendrils of her whim— scrawled their meaning in gore.

What this meaning delighted, grimaced— not even whispered—showed only the joyful wrath in her

flailing decimation of the air. Its violent characters in erratic lines, thus corresponded with the burst from darkness— a terrible sound's light!

Upon me she thrust: pressing her stare after the summary washed over me, and drained back into the stark, oozing black.

Thus was hailed, as I sole witness, the color and sound of her hateful joy— the Fruit of her dark contrast with the infinite scope of bright woe. I at her side, now composed, she turned: **“Go, and carve what you've seen.”**



Upon waking, the ghosts of her tears dot the dreamy firmament where I lay. Her chasm of heart and mind has fled, but wove its traces with mine. Beside this place of rest, the pages of my recount fade helpless to regain—yet find their dark blessing in the sight I since donned.

I rise. The Ease Unfound scurries to the threshold, 'ere within is turned on its rolling open space. In this, I ventured to extend the waking recollection: I find the field of battlewidened, the bodies and burned chaff scattered amid the house.

The window, darker now than ever, sheds no view. A broken pane floods the dark inward, mounted by the white, muddled walls. The gray figure eludes in space, but sings wearily the cheers of her sorrow. Her ghostly, tearful tune! And by this guttural, choking drone I conjure her enveloping the Ease—*found!*

In ease, lifted by her sobbing downfall, the waters churn in the basin of my mind cleansing the grime of the war, extending to her—amid her pages burnt in a panic—the Solitary Scepter of the self in creation. Her once-placid expression jarred—gazing—grabbed hold.

Standing now with me, gripping the surging crux, we turn to look out the window. The ancient mound sits, holding a corrupted origin; the point she nailed herself to in mind. The drainage of her every failure, circling that contested rim of pain.

In her quiet stare, I hear her emotion: To have languished in those spaces, allowing the margins to *take her*. To open her eyes as she is swallowed whole by uncertain entities. In her surrenders in and surrenders out, steps along the path, gain distance to look back again.

Mind, body: To ask to distinguish; for her to know only vomit and sorrow, but because she knows too, warmth and joy. It is not the impassiveness, but the throbbing entropy— inner and outer, which upsets such wretched turmoil. In the corner, the page still intact reads:

*The Quiet Landscape
beckons my thoughts;
slow, sauntering mists
harking sympathy——*

*that I would tell from my
head what my heart has
seen.*

The reaching—one thinks into the attainment—
lingers in the strain.

The young, sorrowful ghost looms before me a moment longer; the word of mine hanging with unrest, trembling, spoke: “lovely girl,” yet only passed through her, systematically appreciative, but responded: **“I am ugly and bad, yet your company was a delight.”**

Her step away bursts with her ink's vibrant gray, shrouding the weary spot where she lay, and gently cast me out of the sleeping landscape. The resonance of her breath left the final flash:—

I watch on a lone, neighboring mountaintop. The
grassy basin, submerged by an Eternal Night,
summons Erde Herself. Shadow demons brandish
blades, wolves encircle a burning light and its horrid
drone. The Artifact Rises! Obscured in glow, the
manifold Familiars of her word snickered:

“... we can overcome”

The silence rings out, and the only path is firm in my
mind: Rove and roam, only to stay where you land and
die. My ink from her ash stands as quiet testimony to
each gray cloud hereafter; their lifeless wisdom will
grace our faces at rest, looking upward. Returned and
renewed in one. Onward. Always onward . . .

*that I would tell from my
head what my heart has
seen.*

Spring Plague

A ripe history warns, of those
sub-world walls dug and
pathways conspired,
that Gaia's merciful bounty
dissolves in human gluttony.

Tearful want: no rule over Love and
Youth; life already stifled by caste,
careening intentions delivered
in volley – blast.

Those Royal Heights, for whom
all spineless heads bowed, have
cast their wicked, holy spell
on all heartbroken souls:

The Power and The Glory —
owed only to The Masters,
only to the rigid, finite continuity
that pleases and feeds this cancer.

And believing in it, wringing their
hands that feel only with holy
infatuated hearts of intangible
wonder, surrendered to death gladly.

Stood then to prove again, Love and
Youth's new Ancient Trial from the
Loyalists' footsteps:
The most stalwart intentions
for paradise
engineer the most profound
instances of hell.

The Composted Texturas

July 2020

Væ enim mihi somnia
pati non verbum
sed et patitur solum silere.

Datum est involutus liber
foris praedicat a quo est
ut excedat receptio omnem.

- A bastard heathen's Latin carving

1.

Untitled No. 1

You had been hanged off the overpass
so the drivers would see your withered ilk.
There, the mountain cloud that drifted
through the cars would cry you a storm.

Their motions came swift, guarantees vast;
words ample, drenched in superfluous guilt.
On the next sunny day, the clouds lifted,
paraded their feelings remade in a gentle form.

The singular, disgusting atrocity shook neighbors,
unveiled a closeness that transcended concepts.
Its wretched flare of murderous contempt
illuminated the question of each to each.

Days carried human-made grace, compact in favor;
the crux of their task follows more merciful
footsteps.

Light of pockets, their indifferent inability exempt,
with care, recounted the modest lesson they teach:
They said to savor the brightness of life left,
to embark that gladdened remark set in stone;

it stabilized — perhaps — the hard plain event,
six under, your flesh already beaten now rots.

'Though to families, seems an unresolvable theft,
a weak-healing wound ultimately left alone.

Ruminated their feeble stratagem to prevent,
handed over the Timely Tide— in the present held
taut.

Untitled No. 2

Glossed on the edge of resignation,
tore the frail skin of innocence;
patches of adolescence hidden for comfort.

My world here shimmers between poisons
and rusts; draining pipes of a grimy bathtub,
every outgrown hair I ever owned.

Days since the day now, a sound hangs like smoke:
Lying on her side, crying— sick with alcohol
she had forced down to stop hurting.

Glanced up and down, emotionless, as every
oozing, throbbing fatality of composure fled out.
My stoic reaction found no additional frenzy best.

After all have left, returned vacant space – save me,
I turned to re-figure their twelve-hour-ago steps;
and there, judged healing potential in a fresh
nothing.

Untitled No. 3

word hath brought
in sampled sound
its meek frozen thought
and enervated basis found

;;

my ideal never stayed
opened hearts now bare
to a humble mark frayed
under that indolent stare

Untitled No. 4

You've made the battered case,
enumerated its points clear —
already weighed in unfamiliar minds.

Aptitude, soaring above any base,
demonstrated a nerve to persevere —
the patience unfound, lagged behind.

Handful of decades leveled your pride,
something you never thought mortal;
settled in style, the age and experience.

Your nerve beaten, anger now subsides,
random friends found quaint and cordial;
gained new breadth for your resilience.

The calm after the occasion is motionless,
as your grizzled mind in focus, veering frenzy
away from the cherished compartments.

Caught on principle choking, emoting us
by drowning energy in that best envied —
the intent shuttered in your department.

Affirmed once more, resolute and bold,
in that hall where each night you paced;
what I suspected, I rest – out of respect.

Then I recall the brilliant verse you told:
"all meaning rests exactly as you placed,"
knowing then, you've vanquished your regrets.

Untitled No. 5

Sets of Forty-Eight hours going on Seventy-Two;
all days left their mark, regardless.

Emotions can move you or drown you;
bearing heavy — unseen on waking motions,
the tension strewn downward —
and glancing back up.

Dangerous instinct — to reflect —
whether out of things to smoke,
or drink, the sobriety of memory
clashing on the spacious moment
that we set aside to get high and dismiss
the aching, invisible mandate.

Untitled No. 6

The Grime of the city
in the mid-noon rain
brings out all the days
before Today.

Walking past old rugs
and broken pallets in
the rain describes a
recent past left still.

Wandering in youthful
expectation – the few
stretches and byways
at hand.

In the valley of houses,
a wide open embrace
that cradled evening light,
turning and stepping free —
left all trace secret.

Untitled No. 7

Thoughts seem overtaken by recent memory,
still moving shakily down the present path.
Loneliness is undeterred in outlining the
overwhelming feeling still mundane: the
fidgeting, quivering correspondence thereto
remains in the peripheral sense. And the
central sense, which only changes with the
motions, recoils on the flight from unthinking
grace.—

As ever I knew a friend: I understood too.
"How are you doing?" answered without
adjective, appropriate and apt.

Untitled No. 8

(Oh) the days, acquainted the pages,
hoping to tear out of a constricted frenzy.

To bolt from under streetlight
with a snarl of pleasure.

Here, I abide a precipice again;
an illumination like daylight
about a bond soon made —
a greeting, an arrival.

Giggle to shudder,
desires in days
and fulfilled in hours.

Untitled No. 9

Lofty disaffected

choices rummage;

the execution — speech,

hailing by "hey" and

a name;

(where) the form bends back to nothing,

virtual ramifications descend.



2.

After New Year

Day came only supposedly: the calendar's mark
laid open the blank, ephemeral slate of time;
with its measurement, primed a familiar new start:
the morning, over the city, held no contest with mine.

Oh, then our dead streets of 4:45 AM, January First
teemed gently with a few stoic drivers in cars;
from the half-panel, eve before New Year burst,
no more different before their laughter in bars.

In sleep as with waking, I sulked, inspected keenly
the rim of the first waking daylight upon us;
anticipated grudges and obligations unseemly,
met the three-hundred-sixty-five marker that
reminds us.

Older, and quieter still, for all the patience behind me;
I summoned the patches of recent history's endeavor,
was left unsurprised as its nil value blinked kindly.
There, rekindled the acceptance: a world going on
forever.

The bottles drained, couch-sleeping: a precious
retreat.

Grabbed frivolously at the last twenty-four hours'
part,
judged modestly the annual task complete;
and opened that same door — the Three-Sixty-Five
Start.

Notions, Perhaps, Of Self-Flattery

Saw you standing, then shook.

"Oh, I am seen—" the reflexive,
superfluous and damning adjustment.

Stretched body with mind,
teetered on passing out cold —
face and eye sockets flutter away,
nauseous — then recovered;
washed over with an indifferent frown.

There, it was bold as it was plain:
this legacy I weave will be akin
to the grime on this asphalt;
although neglected, still witness
to comings and goings, present —
but scarce enough to overlie quietly.

(Enough to have been;)
when suddenly, after a blink,
I gave myself a break after the assault:

knelt down, dipping into the pool of Want,
strained to place it exactly,
and unwound in sadness to abandon it.
Overcame the tears, weight lessened

in learning to hold the strength of a
sigh, and then allow some utterances
to take hold.

Want's only shape, if not the warmth

I needed to unlearn, was of handicraft
which transcended its task— raking dust.

That they might hear me in Trial—
or at their vigil and protest—
their mind opened for a second
to one who stirred in words, of others
and of hers, to grasp that phantasmal clue
of what the course of now corresponds to.

Regardless is my digression; the same weary
retreats into a journal to figure it in solitude.
I dissect their findings without certainty,
while each step and turn begets empty fortitude.

To Whom It May Concern

It is the most sordid task
only to get through it.

Reeling quietly under
a dormant state of sadness.

The coping with hurt —
bleak and constricting;

severely conscious
and vaguely remorseful.

;;

Yet the ringing on the air
is far from hurting, killing you.

It wasn't your fault (alone)
that things ran away like they did.

It only stands to remind gratefulness
and harden the instinct to reflect.

Opportunity itself is laid open
to regenerate differently.

Thirty-First Of January

Damn. Teetered, then adjusted.

The Sobering of ones once too young to drink;
my whole life's point shimmered, and combusted —
that summarization leaving me on the brink.

While I sat in woe, reaching the abyss' middle,
I wept at how I was conquered by dark.
Defeated in circuit, grappling at its painful riddle,
my only answer: the haphazard journey I embarked.

The lone life's point weighed (in mind) all around,
determined and quivering—seeking recovery.
The picture and the item fed something profound—
gave its meager substance, suggesting a discovery.

Now need (of mine) seems liquidated and frail,
shunted around this fading world's phases;
for one singular suffering – in comparison pale
as chaos in order reeled on international stages.

Nearer then, nearer now is my death, nearer days
carry the near end—but held at hand.
Those printed scribbles that jumped and frayed
played part in the pain to understand:

thus the contemporary device feels sickening,
meek through and through for a clear mind.
So (for I alone) the world was halted—

before quickening—
and anything survived would suffice kind.

And survival, held higher, lurked quietly
before the rumor in attitudes absolved.
The march made hope prisoner to piety,
cheered victory by the wider union dissolved.

By the wall, where face and thought drawn,
I knew the terror I had given to myself:
for I to my ruling imagination, an emotional pawn —
one or other seems pointless by itself.

Survived still, and forward (somehow) to go,
this depends on no faultless design.
Held high inside while my head is low,
alone to hold is one's own piece of time.

So here, the infernal sequence I'm thrust to abide,
my spacial use here has all it can to show.
Upon some passing of mine, yours over to preside
as humbly as All, the sudden loss of a faint glow.

Age-Old Tempest

Before the recital, I held in my hand
two pages, four per all sides—

and only on two sentences did I
place the summary strategically:

"I don't know what I want to do with my existence,"
(nobody does,)

"and so, I will convene on that for eternity!"

Skewed by, and for, the matter of subject;
all the well-worded pioneers are screaming.

Like angry wronged souls, they crawled
up from under prose and verse,
lifted ampersands and semicolons.
Desecrated commas, destroyed periods.

Their glare from the grave taunted my speech,
as I looked out on their riotous limbs:
torches and pitchforks waving at me.

Trampled any subtle cry; attempted to don
on behalf of the unvarnished negation —
a simpler revision they preferred,
directly lowered my ambition:

"Here, I will **stop writing**—"

(trusting my contextual angst,)

"I will bow to that Higher Light,
because I have failed."

The mob, scarcely satisfied,
struck the form of how I savor things,
and left me yet again watching at a distance.



Until— my pen wailed; my mind fled—
the various things that move us,
indifferent to what compares.

Now I see the jarring strokes
take form into their mouths, and chew.
Hungrily, the tombs are flooded —

A napalm-esque fire engulfs the jury
for whom I made no deciding motion,
or decided ultimately over time.

After the effectless carnage, I loomed
in a mental field, savoring, clueless —
this momentous, irrecoverable prime.

Mediator-Translator

Oh god please stop fucking with me.

Please get back,

please untangle,

please stop

PLEASE.



Now I'm needing again,
now I cease knowing the way.

Affairs conducted in such a way
to encompass anything & everything.
The City rests in bustling fashion
with no regard for who or where you've been.
"No use" has remained the function,
and through this mode, all substance follows.

Now I'm reminded again
how the coercive resonance rules.
An inner urgency sparked a hope
that honesty over some nominal transactions —
after some absence, longstanding or abrupt —
would help to acquire a temporary comfort,
if only to know a mind at ease before sleep.

In the end, the machines only bred sorrow
begotten of complexity;
the jubilant ideals flaunt their doomed ascent,
because surely a memory alone must hold.
By this unit, I merely abided the mindless turning:
it smolders under the paper
before rupturing in that banal dance.

The Cold

TAKE ALL of the cold:

all of its apt burning,

all of its quiet force.

The ground is victim,

leaves ensnared by wind.

The dead of night holds

a starving blank space,

there on the wall is where

I am curled into the corner.

I sit still, taking all of the cold.

The Shame Of Loneliness

As if the principal vulnerability,
tucked away and discouraged —
set behind the determined motions.

Held steadfast, the singular body and perspective
before the teeming multitude in finite dimensions.
Was once akin to the stalwart river – unitary in
broken streams; but now struggles under
the hovering weight of a shadow cast.

That shyness could cease momentarily,
opening the heart's doors to ashen hopes,
weighed on the dangling-down life.

And this darkened figure, reminding and giving
to itself the emulation of heart-lifting elements,
is what stood to prove the substance of the apathy
in shame; the discouraged reflex inward again.

& Of Queer Loneliness

When last did the credits roll?
The glorious end of all times,
in the auditorium of introspection.

The part-by-part mentality –
where "making the very best"
takes center-stage for nobody.

I guess I languished in thought too long,
but I remember I appreciated something
missing— savored the day panicking to savor it.

Hesitated to conclude the series
of conclusions; it always seems closer
than it really is. Then, it is near.

How I want to think that my fall
did me some good. To uproot a personal
sanctity, and thrust my potential forward.

In unspoken secrecy, I imagine
something, someone – at all possible;
but recall a pattern I must devour.

"I am here for you, I am here to stay ..."

"... I need you as much as you need me ..."

abruptly ruined the imagination,
snickering at the detestable hobby
of feeling— then discarding.

I know better now than to think
there is a warm presence at my shoulder;
only a familiar moonlight melancholy.

Flag

My flag is a light gray,
but is confused for white.

Trudging in the valley of day,
it assumes a darker shade on sight.

That pressing, directionless step
that hardens in each foot forward;

I leaned into its cold, murky depth
to ignore the point I move toward.

These are the calm hills of my heart
whom I graced distantly for comfort;

then my windy solace is tore apart
and leaves me at the storm's front.

Moving still, I tell Me to "End yourself"
at the passing thought of love.

Curious, how I stand myself,
burrowed the crux in these clouds above.

And the modest houses I met
did their best as did I;

talk and touch done, made bereft
and said our goodbyes.

Came, went: offers empty taking all,
each glance and word wanted this intact;

the quiet pain drowns with waves tall,
stood still — then my flag waves **black.**

Avoidance

Scarlet-bruised remnants stand at the feet of
Disregard,
a bleak innocence we bore now whimpering alone.

I sleep in disparate wastes,
hinging the dawn's horrid rise;
then, on waking, a memory I could discard
has flooded the sense of eternity shown.

When it melded with solid castes,
each effort evaporated to subside.

I slept diagonally at my rift,
traversing that worn mile undiminished —
around me, the simple feeling to muster in haste
produced the relics by turmoil they comprised.

It set itself, by nobility, adrift
before declaring its ideals finished.

Half asleep, peered from the crater dug by States,
under conflict, tiring, born by their reprise.

Turning World

No ground nor wind
before the star seed.
Contagion after hydrogen,
frozen in cruelty - an elemental
razor - aborted after spawning.
Drifted lifeless, mundane satellites
collide, a supernova once
every pre-human millennium.
Thoughtless rumor of budding,
taking on inner form, distinct.
The stars shine their familiarity
stoked by distant indifference;
a pleasant radiation – near docile –
fashions crude contemplation about
each thing out of reach
and virulently indiscernible.
Division. Multiplication. Now green
tendrils grow and weave; stiffen —
hurled over, humans spawned with
eyes gazing upward at night. We,
the star descendants, know the
echo: the dull satellite's reverberation
uttered quietly under each thought.



3.

Godfear

Woe like impotence
and reverence like
certainty.

The water drop ripples
over eternity, confirming:

being a person
is its own trauma.

Claim

I declined the claim to tragedy
from what remained evident for this lifetime.

What damage trial spared of capacity
merely refined the spells and rites of mine:

they took no eruption of norm seriously
while the pillar crumbled and burned;

and while the distant resolve stirred furiously,
only to the winds, those held captive turned.

As normality and sadness converged,
my mortal extension was almost allayed.

Then, I secured my spot in shade submerged
from that corner of refuge hued and surveyed.

Clearance

Survive, hunchbacked of heart –
exhausted of that late endurance –
although crying, begging for rest.

;;

As day shined warm after rest had eased,
the air welcomed breath, and by this – helped.

The journals of Loss and Regret, portions ceased,
were forgotten like wind on that Morning felt.

So unburdened was I, nearly undeserving,
sat politely at the steam from the cup held;

smiling wisdom cast out the emotion conserving
the unwelcome throbbing of an injury dealt.

"The wound is there, the substance – I cannot grasp,"
these, my only words were.

And kindly, my company replied: "'Tis no problem
too vast!" They, of no bother of mine, were sure.

After tea, we lie in the calm open field
neighboring the wind through the trees.

Wordless, our leisure, soothed all concealed:
mortality, meaning – understood through the
breeze.

Witness to importance — none of one's own,
the last place thus removed itself from me;
and so, under me, where seeds I had sown,
sprouted as the temperament shined gladly.

;;

Temporary, the light; remained
up 'till the dusk. Rested to resume
your dependent care.

One Might Recall

Fretting away—by unsure means—
from the spiraling frustration.

Old news as always,
persistence, that turns on itself,
marks the remindful route;
merely back to what I'm used to,
as others' uncertainties reflect my own.

;;

Need known and neglected to know
the negligent shortcoming that I cover
only for the sake of carrying on.
That same regretfully human understanding
which plagues the waking moments through
all paradigms, Past and Present.

One strain to an ease—
still very much alive.

Harnessed In Full

Wood's standing, plain wisdom
recognized and lusted by the fall.

God's wanton purpose? To feel
and think — toward knowing?

Reamed all composure by a prism,
to congeal and consolidate it all.

Doubted what is possible, even real
for the fabled amazement of growing.

;;

Surely, the worst parts of you wanted
so worse than all to disappear at wake.

They occur only mild in lonesome:
frivolous stretches in mind measured.

Where solace proved, a stretch departed
that ventures forward give such they take.

Reminder shows eerie as loathsome;
held back before everything treasured.

Then, you nodded to leave—
"I will only know *when I know*."

Verbatim In Praxis

A number of things with unique openings
is the beloved constant. Noun to concept,
concept or thought to word.

Word then asks effect; effect hypothesized
and left to the proving. The effect gleams,
or withers, bargaining idly.

Every essence thus decimated. Before, word
lent its gruesome attempt at alleviating the
bald nothing of reminiscence.

And after thorough decimation, upon the
place where the raw figure was struck, held
in its perished maw: the unwritten truth.

Outside, smoking. Nothing rears toward the
head's turn, exhaling. Before any number of
years, all variables were different.

Standstill

Whatever you told yourself
replaced with what you tell now.

Hold your notes (*firm in hand*)
where your dexterity tests.

Deep breath, and the voice,
"you don't offer anything greater."

Then the withdraw: a solitary doing.
Foreseen, corrected, apologized.

Disposing glance and remark,"what
you were struggling through
in your own life..."

breathed again: "scatters down
to spring up new in paths older."

Like Sevastopol, or some stagnant artifice,
countless apartments we're tucked in.

"Oh, lend it five or ten years," the voice
of resignation sounds under the cloud.

;;

You would circle the core of "nothing,"
because it comprises your discovery.

Frustration, even after it's settled;
expected so much to be made clear.

Loosened, maybe, but remnant,
so sorrows uphold without pity.

So legacies all one's own will not
simply disperse after a faint time.

Dispense with the self-flagellating—
over the self-inflicted blows
and the various braces on expression.

Realizing, the drunkenness more sound,
that which convinces into the next day.

;;

Steadily on the wire above death,
record and attention to detail,
good faith and hard determination—
a friendly face that fends off the dark.

Now you step again; jostled and firm,
prepare that distance before the conclusion.

Fear Of Waste

Quantity suffers no expenditure.

Although quality is nearly unscathed,
bliss degrades under making's deplored station.

Fashioned for me, this pragmatic renderer:
Ease held by importance now gained,
declarations adrift in the same rusted location.

Braced onto me, pictures of the firefight;
machine guns and bombs under the night sky.
Their erupted echoes carry away the souls.

And on 'morn, rain gave a brighter light,
but was kept dark by their minds in comply:
revved the steam engines, stoking their coals.

Abrupt Outliers

Properties of flux, a sense of momentum.

For life (
 for creation,
 for vitality.)

"—For"? What for?

The sense of possibility being so severe.

Go and do. Distance is neutral.

Here, carnage is commiserating again.

Remembered walking,
those dawning childhood days,
all spent for holding up close
to the face of relaying their
hourly impression.



4.

Monologue

(prose ordeal)

[1]

YOU TAKE STEPS TO PROCURE the feeling. You acquaint the faculties with the causes— aimed at the tools— adjusting from the idle seconds, which seemed less obscure. Waning to rising. Pride and terror before the light, before the dark. An initial annoyance at consciousness urges the blink splayed still under sleep.

At first flash of the creation, the flash of the completion and the impression— all courses prove kaput before anything. Stagnated, procedure swirls null, intent somehow.

Expecting that a recent genius looked at the world, weighed the shifted constants and affirmed that "**it doesn't matter**," you still find strength to rise for virtually crumbs and air.

Circulation behind the face that stares from bed: the eyes open to look before closing again, knowledge prior to acknowledgment takes hold— showing itself as word.

Not grand nor dull, any character gleams on a neutral surface: exact for the setting and perhaps for the steps forward in its content;

what then you insisted by objection, promise in word's deed,
you merely hoped to repeat its divergent impression—
shared or concealed.

Surging before any ascent, before any moved finger, the
passages flood a stack of blank pages: unforeseen effort,
determination, dualistic dances intensifying. Walking in the
conviction that craft through intent—intent through craft—
should it not dither, deplete—would stand.

The circulation gathers. Medication, water, stretching—
begun this waking hour. Coffee, the first spark before
something smoked. Memories, passive, torture unflinching.
Those "quirks," surreal nuances, you remember them seeing.

Some odd years of discovery and development lead here.
Those unthinking rites which carried on when you had
assumed the control of pattern and tone. Nominal solitude
met by **break**:

Mental arrest made from emotional duress, and the series of
motions attempting resolution—

known to do around, in avoidance of, known obligation; a
challenge to time as an unwinnable anxiety strewn negligent
in itself. Like that, series started and circled.

Somehow, it contributes as it cripples. The harsh turns
cracking the neck, balled fists cracking the knuckles, they all
prod to prevent atrophy.

So that even in sulking to such a degree, a reduction of harm
still plays under the helpless care.

Month by month. Does any aperture retract, constrict, for what all your energy balanced on? Is a universal heartbeat's rhythm holding you? Is it only strength for witnessing degradation?

Is a ballad of nakedness guaranteeing some primal continuity for you?

You asked yourself so much that you wept.

You rested.

You held out by hobbies and interests to see the better aspects after them. You stepped in and out by urge and sensibility both, who seemed like enabling parents in your brain.

You shaped intricate conditions and exceptions for yourself: while in your own murmured world, you annihilated the churchly sense of morality and purpose, you did not let that take away from a pragmatic application of what you wanted to put out into the world:—

you let human madness continue, only to act as tracer for what the worldly winds had in store. You discerned trends, attempted varying levels of intellectual empathy, and came away as discontent as before.

But still, you persisted. Not because of the people or the proving of ideas, but because of the happenstance regions, dates and confrontations.

So when you stepped into that moment after heaving and gasping, holding your best possible fortitude in suspense with some firm statements you had rehearsed— it was too

shocking to you to find the whole condition indifferent,
letting you go.

Each time, when you'd say "touché" to self, expecting the worst and finding only . . . **continuation** after the fraying – never seeming to place it well – it was a bludgeoning by relief, and return.

And how you LOVED your beatings. They gave you life, taught you stamina, injected you with realism. They made you sober, they made you feel wise. They made you feel like you were all who ever felt, while seeing all the unique angles that see the same thing but not in the same way.

You were determined to prove to yourself that it is still worth going through. To see the way out, if nothing else. A thing to have in mind on the way back, when you leaned against the passenger door watching the trees fly by.

You gave in to the next day regardless.

[2]

How these familiar variations made your depression impassioned: the kernel of dismissal amid the obvious and distressing presence of sustained abandonment.

You sat, dragging on the smoke, detesting. Healed by poison, one realm's hand-off to another.

No bother for how refinement takes its course—health, personality, endurance, all hobbling in ashaky pace with the psyche acting as cohesive with the placid domination.

So should the smile degrade, regardless of the bodily failure, it would be only a superficial decay for a heart whose blood coursed dry in withered valleys that once beat, aching to beat again in a better fashion.

Your intention remained there, of course. All important hours obvious to expire have graced your desire in those anxious throes. You needed it made right. You needed your hands on the means toward solution.

Your proposal for solution was to bring all concerns to the very front. You knew to apply what you know, and felt that familiar visage of confidence which occurs dissimilar every time. You almost knew word to be dependable then; you allowed it to be the only traceable form.

You knew that all meaning and purpose that derived from the present day/present time had its roots in caring, if only to a personal degree of importance.

You needed to project it through some sort of impromptu establishment. You sought out a raw semblance of what is barely suggested in formal gatherings.

The caring thus lingered, like distant smoke come adrift, while the scent going unnoticed degraded your primary muse. Time and effort, patience and listening. You hated the balancing act, for others and yourself. You wanted the walls of discomfort and guardedness to be razed, and right when you believed them to be gone—

deeper trenches ensued. Still trying . . .

You sat and continued, knowing: the coat-clad character we each inhabit would forsake the burning cherry's rich prop, shedding nicotine's loving bite —

but only if the weather in our hearts and the world steered us to health— not to spite. To see that gradual uplifting through instead of another emergent sedation.

The whiskey would dither as a haughty boon of debauchery; your idle moments shared with others would exceed the skeletal-emotional needs—

how your sonic teenage leather & booze would never aim to let up, not even as the same beautiful spirit you feel dancing in the sky.

How it would persist, unchanged:—

As if caught by some romantic resurrection bringing all of us with hearts Home!

We could return our uniforms of counter-culture, eased from the workaday hell altogether. Our choice remains, but the real bounds of desires lifted? What then?

Imagine, the mall or plaza parking lots left to no car. Left instead to lie and smoke in. Live in, even. Would we, after a time, still care about that location? Somewhere else? Is anyone wanting to revel in the same idea come to life?

Where? When?

To answer these, you returned to what begun this circle.

How you lament, again. Having already smoked some, you commended yourself to tasks. Far off in your head, you can't be there like you are here.

Occupy. Assume composure.

On rejecting a gradual plunge, the clearest option remained—to write the forthcoming bits about those prevailing subjects, but mostly of life itself.

What of method? Simple. Accost one shade of gradual realization with another, stiffened by the commendation of dead vagabonds and iconoclasts—

pointing to their hundred year's plight that is no different from ours; how it glimmers in the present just as dull—yet profound. Like those silent nods among friends, witting and otherwise, the new developments spring from ancient, vital seeds.

You clung to that Infinite Torment, the banal and the preeminent. Still, it kills you here and now, sitting before yourself.

[3]

But what truly pissed your life off the most is whether it mattered or not. You think, if that question changed as much as it was answered, you would not be writing this.

As the Kingdom Of The Black Planet is hailed and sworn in for life, you and your friendly romantics are here writhing in pain, needing things, watching desires far off in the distance take steps again and again each hour.

It is pain. You are only a best attempt after your origins, turning for the next pages, crying covertly. But the pain was not so much being dragged by the harsh progression of civil affairs, nor even the endless machines of time, regrets and age — but a lack in placement of effort, rather than of effort itself.

The effort was always there. The effort was the original affliction, sin, whatever. If you had discerned anything, it was that everyone puts in their share of stress and endurance.

Effort is the original money, doled out either by the generous, suicide-by-altruism kinds of people, or the puppy dog-eyed losers who enable the former's self-debasement. Money comes and goes. Effort comes and goes. Just like love, just like a personal sense of valor, simplicity, or serenity.

So the mission settled to accommodate the possibilities. When affected by the general order and chaos—continuation and overturning—the goal became to let any life seep back in. When it became too horrid to match the senselessness, the

goal was to let the problem mull over in the world among those currently enduring or preparing to endure it.

On these terms, what needs happening is explicit, not pussyfooted.

The effect is not exempt from itself being affected.

No need, then, for sixty-five-thousand columns and articles and op-eds about problems and solutions. You thought this simple container would apply to everything, coddle every stupid question with a clean sentence, unplugging the persistent idiocy from every upright babbler, revealing the untapped empathy and intelligence in all.

"Powerful ignorance is cured."

If it was out of place, it was due to how the scale for perception went about. After all, the range of sight deludes easiest, maybe, by the lesser yet wider scales of those inside walls and doors:—

All of the city appears as unified, synchronized in dysfunction to enrich all narrowed possibility. And although you trudged and withstood just to see the ends of it, none of it extended their roots deep enough to satisfy, to realize.

At every intersection, there is a reason to be here or there. But in your own purposelessness of being present, witnessing these strangers' affairs in silent, you understand Life as meaningless in *that exact context*.

That exact daily expectation, meeting itself in the reflections of those outside, is what induces in all what you dissected to

overcome. And with such obvious paradigms at play, with you being one person... only one person, walking through it all. There, you found others.

Yes, as enticing as it was anxiety-inducing—you were humbled and ultimately refreshed to meet, talk, even connect eyes at an uneasy but heartfelt glance. You worried, composure near-faded. You felt horrible for taking their time, even if they specified your usefulness for that particular contract.

Life went on. Snippets for the memory bank. Immediate satisfactions scheduled and met for under 20 dollars. Sated this day's reason.

It made sense that it happened out this way, all variables and intentions now considered plainly. In that specific time, the actual comings together were for shaping and sculpting expectations and their capacity— but they impacted like failures in spontaneous regret.

All points converge, yes, but only where they terminate. Here, we merged into our different expectations as one, and walked away more different. The words in stride, like some form of leisure in a downpour, reduce the ephemeral to the sensible. This became to surrender and vanish.

Scoffing. Walking. How they went on inserting themselves, their worries, in between each attempted pathway.

Of course you knew. How could you not? You had swam in the quarries of your mind, drowned in their waters and been

revived on the shore enough times over to cease consideration altogether.

You knew that every night and every word had amounted thus. And you felt strongly that nobody has it any less intense just because they don't really consider relaying it all.

But it only revealed a fact of concealment, brandishing nothing.

Nothing to you. Nothing to those trying to help you. Nothing to anyone seeking help. Nothing to anyone seeking to help.

Fondness distanced itself within: smiles laying foundations of weeping, desperate hugs. Every loving gesture had lost its significance for you, but enriched your appreciation tenfold.

Comfort thus totally shed its childlike husk, losing all part in existential fences mended or frayed. Comfort of the heart becomes a luxury, or a lubricant; you hunger for it only to see the next day, the next week, to avoid **break**.

The magic of warmth and closeness was snuffed out at some point for you. You didn't care to put a stake in where exactly; it merely integrated as a reflex. As much as you were starved, you knew the pain most from thrashing in search.

Such as the surreal normality of your dreams: the landscape held slant by a vivid sense of concern and drive. Every occurrence ricochets in plainness. Maybe one or two distinct features then, and only a faint recounting later.

Waking a week later, the dream resonated. You wished for no misunderstanding about the most important part of anything

at all. Just how you loathed losing things, even sometimes negligent trinkets, you detested the failure of explanation's endeavor. You would not allow the promise of word to die with you.

Thus the saving grace of the same idea shown— and faded away in elaborating.

Your id staggers behind. Taken to last refuge straight out of the gate, having bet on one of three outcomes. The egoist in you withdraws, an inspired cognition having gave lyric to rhythm, rhythm to anxiety.

Panic to numb. You knew your capacity— perhaps better than anything. You clutched a keen estimation, how this footprint would add to the list. At least a note of the effort exists somewhere.

Imbibed into the deadline, and packed up what you could not carry.

When you closed the front door, climbed the stairs and crashed in the space made for you, that hurtful evening stood to remind.

You wouldn't accept it when you saw your own weight on different shoulders— no break, but a drop. Dropped into the depths. The depth of your uncertainty.

Now the week is up, and you don't care where you awaken.

[4]

A flat-line, for what seemed like an eon, spikes only once to a moment in the past.

A blink of ease, when you held a kind soul in a jar; voice and touch later replicated to self-inflict. You hugged that artifact, testifying her sweetness, proclaiming the brightest resolution by a would-be embrace.

Had hearts, like most all containers, not been cast from glass for only particular things, you might still have a chance. If they were woven like baskets to hold what didn't slip through the seams, maybe the hidden days would be cast into light. Easing all aimless woe, unwinding all deathly tangles.

"Misfortune," the word that hardly names and never sufficed, hung apologetically over the roots. And how the word stopping at itself, with any further direction being sadness or strife, was what ruined the proposed, quiet-mouthed succession.

You extended, and were receptive to, a courtesy thought lost. You didn't know what it was at first. You looked to see. And in peering over the edge, expecting the face of the genius—or the demon—you saw nothing. But your mind went ahead:—

drawing the ghostly outline in your eyes, looking into the static depth of darkness— a pulsating crimson, in sync with your heart's mounting beat, which colors in the momentum rushing at you, stirred and twirled in your blood draining over the rocky lip.

You examined your limp, battered corpse. Your eyes were more at rest than ever. The blood which fell from the stone tips was collected in a vessel for the pen you would inherit in the next life.

Blink opened, revived. You felt levitation in the cool mists of isolation as the first sensation of day. In your travel the next hour, you paused to look upon the wood. Only the birds trifle with the stillness, then the wind.

Between inner wailing and outward composure, the actual termination— where "nothing" seems considerably more, this haunted your every step. You reached for solace in your daydreams, whose poems were printed to be read alone.

Even with the daunting gears in motion, under momentary control, that they had an unfriendly expiration measured in days or weeks is what convulsed your spirit. Your course aimed at the stark, singular truth that is Death, and the cost for not being there yet.

You felt like the worst person for all your intents: having scraped the wanton normality clean of who you'd been born as, you insisted benevolence by this honesty.

You thought if you lived out every stitch of what made most sense to you, even though your worst quality was having those intricate things make sense outside, the universe would reward you for your depth of thought you were determined to know wasn't pointless suffering and lost time. With such weight distributed, oscillating and direct, a moment seated, still and relaxed seemed like a gate opening downward:—

An hour you hadn't woken to before. You stepped into a hallway. Songs once played lightly now shudder your psyche in its shaky pace; blurring the frightful tug to ask. Volume only crudely surmised through intensity—

your drowning by oxygen, emboldening the terror that devours you.

A chuckle behind a door at the hall's end. A voice you remember: that long lost hug. Your own momentum rises to evaporate. The minutes and growing dark helped you to realize again.

The laughter, the volume. They drove your senses up the fucking wall. Caused you tears, screams and hurt. And still, it did not matter. You decided to awaken. And so you did.

A second upward in bed before everything flows back: the flower pedals, the pictures, the oozing tar of the tasks, regrets, addictions and facades... the ephemeral drive to see behind a curtain of some sort.

An effect being obvious, it propelled the bulk of the words' purpose, but languished only as an occurrence. Vague, unprofitable. It furnished your hollow fort:

it complimented the withering leaves on the tar and asphalt. Those distant companions, who shared the weight of where you sat in thought, remain here in your memory.

You proclaimed one night, *"Surely, every flower from sprouting to wilting has penned some apt summary for their flash in the human-like eternity."* You continued.

"Without a question, each bird in the sky is possessor and distributor of myriad poems composed on their wayward flights and scavenges. I do not doubt, by any measure, that every school of fish knows entirely different ideologies and histories than all those standing upright in the town and country."

As you dwelt in the mirror, you contested yourself with it all. You invented a war underneath everything that you could not advance in, and you took your losses out on those around you.

Your genuine damage, not to the origins of wider suffering, but upon the innocent endeavors in the same whirlwind, is what collapsed your spirit more than your relatively forgivable shortcomings.

Now a fist-sized crater consumes your reflection. The most adequate callback, your yearning for a 12 gauge blast left caving out your head's crown.

Of the Two Ways to choose, you chose to learn than to react inward. "Correction for the next steps," you told yourself. Mistakes, and all that. But at what cost?

You salted the gardens of Utopia with a blunter prospect; you desecrated the Library of Alexandria with simpler notions. To you it was triumphant, never mind that neighboring bands kicked your dust along the empty hillsides of that fantastical
OVERCOMING.

It was gated in by your own mind: bound by fear of using your hands therefor, trauma-riddled strain in your flow of form, and the detestable repeats of automatism— *strangers* born of your own hands which you distrusted, but equally depended on hither.

The apprehension divides between the *fearful* and the *learned*, in whose latter aspect you tasted clarity.

Wherever and however life wound itself into this nodding trek, it relies only on precious conjecture. *Thought* without *doing*: how one's life can still occur after it's gone. Various pieces concealed to form a chase, the final determination [thought to be] unearthed at the end.

And in trying to examine a life in context to this life or this world, one focuses and retracts sporadically over the passing details. A firm point between years or centuries passed, the breath of those past recorded efforts is gone.

A diminutive glimpse into one specific universe held in the iris, printed on worn pages, but whose insights are expunged by the banal cruelties which invade the seconds.

As for the Total, the default doing was to spread the enlightened formula of Universal Wellness, integrating its new children into the equation. But the default feeling [guiding thoughts] was of ascension that the former did not compute. In your case, those who thought it familiar were quickly refreshed on the hole in the Boat Of Life between that person's start and the finish of the sentence at present. Their nervous chuckle, or bewildered quiet taken aback, were all that confirmed for you a charge that ignites nothing.

An agitated "**Leave Me Alone!**" when some fragments of Paradise resurface. That bright swell which cures bitter hearts is itself colored brown and yellow by its opposite side.

Greenery of life shaken, but undisturbed upon the door
slamming.

A hanger for all bests and worsts then comes loose, falling
onto self-admission.

The lifeline dulls in pitch, its dial tone left discarded.

[5]

An owl at noon asked about you. The call, unanswered either way, echoed as the friendliest thing to you.

An ancient, far more inward series of repetitions than those of Zen or Tao coalesced— not into contentment— but into a weary discerning still on your tongue's tip.

You rose not at all. Anticipating the anxiety, you carefully unbound what truly plagued you: *How long a journey humanity has made, out of foraging and roaming, only to return into their own minds.....* ↓

With new charters, heights by subordination etched eternal in stone, they fought bitterly for all life to correspond back to one indomitable Truth. As you endured, you witnessed: bodies made prisons of mind— conscripted to oil and tune the gears bearing whichever emblem.

Mere testimonies of the suffering for Truth are themselves superfluous, bringing not into question the Nature of Truth— how this Truth was forged— but how we meek human dreamers can be as Great as That Truth; to reupholster its values, and— *this time!*— to don the One True Coat for all time over our new, Beautiful Truth.

Those few who drew their arms and said "no" were then heretics. For not fixing eyes upon the whole, which was professed as The Source Of Everything, their names and aspirations would **rot**, cursed by all who hear or see their spirits mingling in dance with the new class of degenerate life-lovers.

In this was displayed the intricate matter of ganging up on the first real individuals who seceded from the whole; to realize the Real God of the Holy Collectivity that History had thrust on them, assuming the dominion of this or that leader in this generation or the next.

Trying, in this hysterical shadow of the masses, was itself your own self-rape.

Acknowledging how it turns 'round and encircles you, knowing nothing of you— only alluding semblances of you and *your place* in it, you grasped the plight's entire age.

Stripped down, the bulk of some ten or fifteen years lived to learn wherein Nietzsche and the like cascaded their apt abyss. You kept it in the heart to exult silently in the pending works. By sheer text, the accomplishment wins nothing. And *nothing* was the root at which to start— to be overturned, filled with your own

↑ Here, you discarded the beautiful description once again.

You held, sifting through the strands of inspiration; blood, sweat (and tears') lubricant upon the smirking heart of what stands now. What you thought would be obvious disintegrates in its own image.

Those same people asking of their potential— fixing it to a form, were entranced by the potential magic unveiled at the Right Time of Discovery; only after many more additional self-inflected debasements. Behold. The universal political program.

Unasked for, drama and tragedy. Even the comedy! They remained shadowplays of grief, incontestable only on the terms of their absurdity. Secured in your manic diatribes, you knew of one answer among all the world's showy philosophers.

Still, you wonder what the acknowledgment of the whole series has to do with *anything*.

The dreamers of Truth sought only to send their thoughts and feelings into great heights at incredible velocities, but they recounted no sprouts from their alleged potency. Soaring by sight, and depleting by motion.

At pause, you turned the reflectiveness of other people in the firelight. How things occurred to you, you imposed— in your own frame, and intention, of understanding— your impression over theirs. That is how you tried.

Hoped, prayed— in your own way, of course— to shed your earthly marrow that anchors you in that same harbor of sorrow. You felt that each character describing honesty was a step through the shade and the light.



Has the achievement congratulated you yet? Has anything transpired from all your planted effort? Did the return meet the amount of what you had given?

Do you have *any answer*?

Of course not.

The specialty of special moments, special phenomena.

Phenomena. Blossomed into compost. By your trudging through the manicured wastes, the phenomenal moments in self-consumption burn with the tinge of dried feelings and worn love notes.

A blink, a cough. A drop of sweat stinging your eye. A memory boiled to a mutter. You still trudged.

Meditated on 'answer' as a rite of perfection: its expectation to show up like a call, the *answer* weighing on you.

The dying stench of Summer; through mashed aluminum and bird carcasses, the answers which the machine wrought bring themselves to the surface of the scorched crust.

Your mild, expressionless merriment flutters wildly in the centers of all faded circles. You trot like a wolf along your path, discerning and removed. An 'answer' never came to your mind in these states of being.

Every step in stride you wore into the Earth was powered by the last hour, and the chain of hours reaching back into those distant evenings never to be lived again:

Chased! Lived! Loved! Withered gods – *All, you knew!* You sung and smoked and *smiled!*

You held your smile upward for once. You exorcised the original shame of your features and smiled *for you alone*.

Do you feel better, now that you said it all?

Could you make it any more honest?

What's your answer?

Where bad feelings land, their sour modesty blanketing the regular upset, that is where you answer your own questions — and pause not at all for the exterior receptors to parse and approve.

Merely bemoaning existence, you woke and wrote. That was your choice to hone in on. You went from there, telling yourself:

"Go From There."

reborn in flame ...

Ignited In Dark

<https://iid.surge.sh/>



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ARTISTIC EXPRESSION is more than public domain, more than communal. It is a mutual, lingering VITALITY in a hostile, sterilized world of domination and mindlessness. We need an individual, spiritual, anarchic re-attuning with this vital force, that it may overwhelm the

collective sickness in this world, to make it All Of Ours once more, void of All empire, bind, hierarchy, nation, race, gender, caste, job, army, political sport team, punditry, puritanism and police. We must grow up and dismiss all the huffing and puffing of the over-fed elites, their state-provided army and the centrist morons who desperately cling to their

fallacies of “middle-ground” so “Everything Can Just Go Back To Normal” without any disruption of this shitty miserable concrete VIOLENTLY NORMAL prison world. You don't have life in you if you like that mode of existence. **You hate life and deny life to others if you support violence to Make Things “Normal.”** Artists ARE HERE TO FUCK YOUR STUPID SHIT UP. Not because we are malicious snott-nosed brats, but because we are desperate for **sense & vitality in the world.** We're here to scream our hearts out in the streets, on the tallest mountain peaks, in line at the bank, in the capitalist bread lines, to make the normal quiver with the reality of the fires in the hearts of those withstanding and withstanding – then withstanding some more – and to stoke **radical sensibility** Everywhere.

