6/29/2022

You bags all packed

A leeve against the tide

A capitulation

An instinctive retreat

A house on a hill

with a view of the sea

nipped in the bud

cleanly decapitated

the bastard in his bed

the apple in his eye

6/20/2022

I had a dream that you told me you were leaving the city  
heading away for some suburban farmshare thing to be new your parents cause your aunt got sick.  
I know it might sound sick or stupid or just superstitious, but I can't help feeling guily for my thoughts, cause even the bad ones that I forgot have already come true once upon a time in some other far-flung but just as real dimension.  
but should this make me anxious, or should this make me free  
all my bad decision were just experiments in living  
finding ways to die that don't drive me to despair  
staying up late at nights to search for low-price airfare  
all of the this change has got me thinking about leaving the city,  
it might take a while, but I've got a plan, an eyte patch like Snake and a new way to walk (like they do in Japan)  
so I'll make my way, eventually,  
I'll bring all the things  
the truth that rigns  
the relationships that offer harbor from the storms  
the cutlures that cater to our needs all along the faultlines of our ever changing norms.06/20/22 | 0 | 06/20/22

^  
Living in the city with a slicked back way.  
exchanging calls with customers, trying to make them pay  
She called me with a suggestion, but I still can't say  
If believing her would have made an iota of difference to the outcome of that day.12/07/21 | 0 | 12/07/21

^  
  
Somedays I find myself thinking about leaving the city  
can't keep this counter clean and it's making me mean  
all the tourist spots that I foget to hold in regard as nothing more than just something seen in passing, they seem to all think its worth seeing  
maybe I am really missing something.12/06/21 | 0 | 12/06/21

^ Everythings got me thinking maybe I should be leaving the city  
Escape this low-visibility haze  
stop just trading my days for wages  
Get away from all these unrepented carparks  
trail out into a new arc12/06/21 | 0 | 12/06/21

^  
I'm thinking of leaving the city  
can't afford it here  
at least that much is clear.  
The skies are too heavy/hazy  
the walls are closing in, back to those cramped old 20th century proprotions again.  
gotta get out of here  
the rents too dear  
he lent me his bravado and then resented my fear.  
can't keep the glass clean and its making me mean.12/06/21 | 0 | 12/06/21

^ All of this change has got me thinking about leaving the city  
pulling up stakes, putting on the brakes, trying to make up for my mistakes  
  
rollling out over those well-tred plains  
memorizing lines for my mind to rearrange  
being sure to put my sure foot forward  
trying to pick up where I left off  
might even read some Nabokov  
in the stockyards a bell is clanging, we'll see youn in Racine for the 4th of July.12/06/21 | 0 | 12/06/21

^ I'm thinking about leaving the city  
can't afford to stick around  
the skies are too hazy  
the air too thick and heavy  
everything seems to be getting a bit too harry  
can't keep the counter glass clean  
and the whirling of the client carousel is making me a little mean  
let's fold these jeans up and get the fuck out of here.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ thinking 'bout leaving the city  
dressing up and making money ain't all its cracked up to be.  
Me back on the TV playing pitchman for some gems again.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ I'm all caught up on the history of modern pain  
I've read the books and I've felt the rain  
Shit in and of itself is unimportant  
how the shit is dealt with is the message.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ He said life's not really about that shit  
life is action, he said, so its what you do with it.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ Sometimes they're different-- the inside and the outside versions of the ugly things I say.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ I never mean to be so mean  
I seem to not always mean what I say  
But you seem to believe me whe I get carried away.  
it must just be my sense of humor carrying me away.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ thinking 'bout leaving the city  
got my bags packed, might go today  
my money's all good cause I just got paid  
Taking highway 41 all the way from Copper Harbor to Biscayne Bay.  
gonna find my way from the pines to the palms  
gonna meet a pretty girl  
gonna turn twenty-one  
thinking 'bout leaving the city  
gonna run away, gonna run all day.  
the parade route just isn't my cup of tea  
so I'll slip out sideways and escape down the alley.  
And I'll wait for you in secret like I have before  
like a best friend, hound-dog eyes on the door.  
Or a lonely sailor searching for a sign of shore  
I'm sorry I said I'd do it then didn't  
I said what I said and I really thought that I'd meant it  
But my thoughts keep spinning, some old and dusty, some freshly minted  
some crisp and straight, some twisted and demented.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ thinking 'bout leaving the city  
break my lease for a new way of living.  
say goodbye to my move-in fee and my old TV.  
My Russian watches and all the aluminum I've collected just in case I find my way to Michigan.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ we played naked Chinese chess in a bath house  
i took your king without my violence  
mercifully smothering the awkward silence.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ thinking 'bout leaving the city  
escape this church courtyard and the manuscript that it keeps sneaking up to creep me out with.  
thinking 'bout leaving the city  
buy a carton on my way of duty free cigarettes.  
thinking 'bout leaving the city  
thinking about all those sex acts that made you laugh  
and we cross port meadow for a pint at an Inn  
and we crossed the meadow  
though we won't come back again.  
thinking 'bout leaving the city  
11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ Everybody in this town keeps letting everyone else down.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ Go on get a job, engage in some self-sabotage  
dodge the barrage of shit that incessantly finds you everywhere  
Pick a day, throw a fit  
Find a glove, try, aquit  
Good down the way you got up  
Beat a drum, howl the moon  
Open your eyes early to catch the sun coming up  
They say there are many ways to die, but only one way to live  
Or did I get that backwards,  
a bit of a buffer between aell those panic that really don't have any actionable solutions.  
The anxiousness of med students  
as they become expert in all the many ways a body can really die.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ All this change has got me thinking about leaving leaving the city  
tender my resignation, find a new place in my Nation.  
It seems I keep running into condemnation  
my critics line up alll around me  
but the inner one's my bitterest my enemy  
11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ If we are wise, we'll get real and realize the staggering stakes on all sides,  
humanity quivering,  
livid and giving, veils lifting on brides  
distance runners hustling but still failing to out pace their times, we all get caught in the muck and muddle, we all get forced onto sides, but when it comes to A or B, ain't it plain to see humanity should be so much more nuanced, eccentric and free.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ I'm tired of the winter, I'm tired of feeling shitty.  
want to get off of this landlocked grid, pussycat my way out of the rat race.  
11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ All this changw has got me thinking about leaving leaving the city  
surrendor to that sweet parade, find a new place, forget my old name.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ Keep the sun behind so the light doesn't burn out your eyes.11/27/21 | 0 | 11/27/21

^ You can't outrun your times, you've always got to choose sides.11/27/21 | 0 | 11/27/21