

BOUND STATE



197 Poems By Johnny Beaver, 2004 – 2011. 1st Edition

FORWARD

So I'm writing this in the second booth from the back at Burton's. Oldest bar in Orlando, they keep telling me. B.O.C.'s "Veteran of the Psychic Wars" is on the jukebox, which should tell you all you need to know about the place. Can't find a goddamn plug here, so the minutes are ticking down on the laptop battery. These are optimal conditions, as far as I'm concerned. Stay with me on that.

I know Johnny from a spoken word thing I've been doing here for far too long. Fucked if I know why. I mean, flip a few pages in. Obviously, there's a lot going on here that you can't replicate in a reading. Fractures right down the middle of the page, words splintering off into little mutiny poems until you can clearly hear how hard he's hitting the keyboard. Lotta feedback in this book, so if you don't like that kind of thing, I'd get the hell out now.

So yes, it was always puzzling to me why Johnny would put his stuff out there live - or at all - in a city with this kind of attention span. (For some context, see "otown poets," which is so painfully true. But then, insert your scene here.) My guess? There's a very close cousin to the "why bother" mindset that permeates a lot of Johnny's writing, and it's "why not?" "Why bother" can come from "why not" in less than a beer.

We had a lot of beers at Will's Pub, where Johnny first got me chuckling, then thinking with his poems. He read there just enough to get me interested in reading them the way they should be, the way you're reading them now. Ideally in a bar somewhere, close to last call. Maybe with the TV off and the desperate ones shuffling past you. Maybe with a bar napkin nearby, clean somehow in middle of all this muck. Maybe a little urgency in the air.

-Tod Caviness, 2011

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everyday
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C A N C E R S H I T P E N I S D O G

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between rising and pissing
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get a career
what the hell happened?
memory catalogue
ameriquote
hint hint
SLAM
abraham lincoln
you guessed it

jamaica and stuff and junk
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blip
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cheese on my shoes
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February - July 2007

" "...and never having to think again
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cement
licht ad der wand
dome
the digital romances of my drug..." "

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ice cream
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on digging a grave
if you get this, please call
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August 2007 - February 2008

birthday card
otown poets
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stuff and junk and things
cultural service announcement
in | completion
cop out
analysis
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incoherency
thanks
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rapture
a little confidence probably hurt..." "
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I A m A M u t a n t , A p p a r e n t l y

February 2008 - June 2008

speckled little rooster
i hope this isn't a trend and it is
because perpetuation makes sense
hard clipping
thus far
naked
behold, as filler loses to quality
buildings are easy

bartles and james
stillborn / thanks guys
orlando shows
weathering
basic
college education
you heard me

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June 2008 - February 2009

to satisfy
the ceiling
magic
somewhere
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i've still got it
separations like church and state
eight years and running strong
dedicated to otherworldly snakes
a new highway
b
flies & and &

beer, gin, sleeping pills, insomnia & Squirt(R)
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this vindicator this
vascil holiday
philosofticle
i love the man
fun facts
modern
a
decepticons and how thoughts get lost..." "
a lesson less pratchett footnotes
end is end
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Summer 2009 - February 2010

the end
always glass
186 - 186.5
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full steam
enchanter enchanted
toggle
cobwebs crawling with spiders
do all good things stay good things?
want
instant instant
numbfound
the selfish and the hay bales
how to break a blood vessel

fucking
four or more corners
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delicious
pave the way they get space we're space kids
seed eater
rotoscopes of man shit
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selfish selfish selfish
the might of the night
one of many irrelevant chasms and its methods... " "
motion sickness
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March 2010 - July 2011

birds and windows
pillbug
sometimes
lines
her
celestial theater
leverage
scutellaria lateriflora
the lodge

a bomb in the airport
sharks in the water

28 Holes

" en a ma "

it's a big problem, apparently.

i wish,
by stars even,
that i had a beard
instead of a consistent hand
tossing 'random' objects together
and then off of
the overpass
in search of the illusive.

WHY
do i continue
wondering about "texture" and "meaning,"

/ being
& scared of being old when

2006 will
sound much more impressive in 40 years
(or however long it takes
to die)
|
A N Y W A Y (.)

|
the hero stands backwards
urinating into time.

the brain soaks it up like
a self-obsessed diaper,
thinking that a vintage typewriter will
liken a drowning
career

(of the inner commercial block)

to something a bit more like:

"charlies, everywhere!"

"body parts doing the can-kan
with a morality
that will

Fuck.

You.

Up."

but today, today
every breath is filled with cherry tobacco
and a nearly frozen Warsteiner.

my hand is
trying to make (you and
me both) think
i'm wasting your time
& & & & & & & & &
everything inbetween
j u s t

coming up with something clever
in the third person
about how humans 'sure do talk about hundreds
of millions of years a lot'

while

the river still

just flows around &
not through.

" homecoming queen "

you wait for the time
and it comes.

you're there
and you waste it.

you're in a clothes hamper,
in the closet,
telling stories
& several months later
wondering just who
the whiskey is working
for.

the first thing to dissolve the working cells
is the want to transform it into
something 'great,'
and the last thing i'll ever
manage to do without a cigarette
& the right company
is follow my own advice.

" slivovitz "

"Here, read this one"
is a great way to get someone
to put Allen Ginsberg's Collected Works
back on the shelf
while you

are momentary,

just hoping you'll nearly
taste the same
one day.

" rust "

these early evenings,
my windows are florally
frozen over
-12 in the shade;

smoking and lime-coloured
laundry
& 5 hour old pasta dishes
that seem to regenerate themselves
in the sink.

these early evenings | while the madder men
swing from steel cables
and make me think that maybe
I'm missing something.

I am and
I am not
DOING ANYTHING
but sleeping with my eyes open
& writing the same poem
over and over again.

" vergessen "

not just a background noise,
as the romantic suggests;
the closest thing
to a city that i have yet seen
finds itself unable to
become as such while
inside my head.

if only cutters got the same
relief from opening
a cold fourth story
window --

the [AT]F might find themselves
hiring.

" Getting stuck in the bus doors doesn't help you either "

of day?	help some of us along:	the time
	Asking	
	the time of day?	
	why a great dane	
i?	needs to be shot	in order
		who am
		to keep your rotting corpse
wrong with me?	warm while you snag	what is
	the winter savings	
way out?	and not reproduce	is there a
	and not produce	
way out?	and take	is there a
	up	
	space?	
	time of day?	

" and that's an amateur's opinion "

outside snow is dropping like flies
like fat little larva & fat questions;

it's after 1am, the milk
settling, & _____ in your veins,
not sick or tired enough
to go to sleep.

no kid crying.

don't care how thirsty
D E S P E R A T E
i am.

socks are two days old
and feel like six.

up warm in the night
i read the same shit as before

where:

writing to yourself
is a bit more and less
desperate
than talking.

D E S P E R A T E

D E S P E R A T E

" blind moments "

the colour grey is the worst
thing you can love.

the sun will come
laughing through the window
on some frozen day,
his grin
a great burning
bastard,
and
you'll be left unable
to do a damned thing
about it
but find
the quickest way
to the ground
floor
to escape
the heat.

" the road to recovery "

things about the days change,
but the days never change.
broke,
exhausted
& feeling a bit too much like an arpeggio
that spills the last beer
and never manages to study.

" two teal feet "

when you go to
throw your heart in the ocean
or give your love to the sea
[and / or world],

erst

make sure there are
empty boxes, bottles,
three dead fish (of varying size)
and the waves look like bad
expressionism
on recycled paper.

" tar "

three-time lit cigarette tar
taste spit
in the sink its still better
than nothing.

i think to leave the bathroom
turn on the computer go
turn off the bathroom light
leave again back
now.

contraceptives are only covered by
insurance until the ripe age of 18,
but always in America is this lost,
because the Insurance doesn't cover
anything to begin with;

especially
not having to leave it all
behind

in order to find a better
place.

" skill is overrated "

it smells like being wrapped in
a really expensive rug
and tossed into the ocean;

warm water saves your life
like diver's urine
it froths around you

it buys the groceries
it cleans the bathroom
it constantly reminds you that
your art is great
you are great
the world is not
so
bad,

but it gets all over the couch
and burns irregularly.

" in mass as citizen "

this is the way things always end up.

half the direction is there,
maybe less.

the sun is sinking
by the will of the gods.

into the rubicon,
into the polluted afternoon
or maybe i just don't have a window
and all is pitched to tar.

maybe someone
is eating cereal with a spoon
like it really matters.

threshold. barter. the microscope sex the
periscope smiles the
magnitude takes off its shirt
and sagging breasts drag the envelope
under our barriers/ we put the purpose behind the points
into tinted spaces that are born in space,
blank/

name.
age.
rank

&

|| | |||| || | ||serial number.

social security.
maiden tag.
biscuits and gravy bridges stopsigns,
all from when the air
was opening/ its fly.

" here " by means of necessity.

these are my outstretched arms;
the curtail clutching for something
that cannot be complete,
limbs to the center of
the World
and the end result of instinct
overstepping it's boundaries :

emotions
to
incantations
to
thought
that has become
the face of progress.

/technology

/acquired mental illness
anti
|
/the evolution of (disease)
|
|our own species
/where have all
the cave paintings gone?
/grey dust on
a brass lamp; the shade
is there, too.
/the bottom line(s)
is this :

" we adapt to survive in this insanity.
heads into account, we've found this superior
in vs. food or rainlack, and evidenced by
goodnights when the lights go out,
the existence of A Last Breath,
or the beat of the drums : "

i am man o(f) war.

i am man who cannot recall
the tips of my tail(e).

i am man/
self-blasphemer &&&
and i am man/
heaven within the second,
jagged edges:

" quit cutting me off
when i'm just about
to make sense
of things. "

" stop being arbitrary
and disallowing me

to tell these page-holders
what i mean.

"

how many poems is this now?

(= to N)

give up the
raindrops in league with vogue/
beat

my

ass

from here to yeah and back
a n d
tie a yellow ribbon around life.

out of ear,
into telephone.

kill you dead.

a day or two ago,
i passed the place above down
and all was placid
where i love the sun / take the stairs
so i can enjoy this figment.

check for an erection.

say to myself:
" Hey, i'm a person among people
who know things,"
understand the beauty
in that for once.
feel good.
feel love again,
or something like it.

think : these moments
 are but seconds of minutes
 of days;
 and those that see the potential
drowning in an ear-wax culture
 of technology
 from the right side
 of the bed.

the only constant i see is balance,
of which we'd send to hell
 in the event of a Chrysler on Mars
 or an emergency c section/
 the human genome in complete form,
 gallavant

 ing via biotics con carne
 over the eastern seaboard of Xvr_nng
 or even virgin Australia.

.....

.....

.....

apply : for how many years
 did man wield fire as an infant
 before he learnt to steer
 away from the brick wall,
 or was that grape-ape-requisite ----->

.....

 just " i'm bored now. " ?

figure : a call from Party B :

 " I went to Party A with some guy
 but he took me to Party B
 and I think he's trying to get me
 to drink Roofies. "

 (she really means GHB.)

this is Orlando, afterall;

 home to several hundred
 UCF bathtubs full of the shit.

the air conditioner clicks on,
clicks the lights bright/dim/bright.

33 minutes passed the half to bed
and thinking that when you spend
 your whole life seeing only total bastards
 waving the holy flag of goodness,
 you grow to distrust anything
 positive

& this should've been known
by the end of 5th grade.

we walk no paths,
no we walk no paths
 in the front,
 the only view, the rear view seems like no view at all,
and i don't know if i've quit smoking at this point
 or i'm just too tired.

----->

" peering over the edge "

i close the door on them in my mind
in my waking life
 after the hallway.

i c a n s e e

a soapy gray light

when they're watching

 in their chairs

 and i'm gone{,}

 " doing whatever

 it is ' i ' [he] does. "

 'do.' _._ --?

 the tv's on.

 the a/c's on.

 it's all on in here.

 the cigarettes are off,

 the catnip's on,

 the weed is gone

 im trying to understand

 something,

or just anything

now.

it'd be different

if the sky were a flower,

or my mind the sea.

" as life and water "

god on my radar/
he's explaining to me about
red planets and hair brushes
casting no shadow under the eidolon lamp
and he helps me find new ways
to move time in that direction.

he asks me who from earth
is OF and not BY humanity?

in response :

i dream about KFC crispy twisters
for \$N.99 and i'm trying so hard
to walk in concrete/
the ground lifts with the feet;
we're not too strong,
 we're just part of the plan,
too busy not admitting
the gift of fuck regarding the sun,
wind or element of surprise.

it's so lonely in here.

it's time to turn the cd player on.

shuffle the deck.

get addicted.

every
 single
 thing
 looks for its light
 and grows from the same
 root.

" **boiling water** "

Al Dente has a baby comin',
and some say poet man is gonna die/

with his feet in shoes.
his shoes on carpet.
on tiles.
taking a piss.

during his lunch break.

but you can't kill the poet man
like paper,
same way you can't kill buddha
with a Pabst.

there is no lyrical vasectomy
in boiling water,
because atoms can't pass
algebra I.

on an unrelated note:

w h y?

i don't want to tell myself why
i give a shit,
 i'd just like to know if
 i should.

" **such a brilliant liar** "

i'll turn the video box on
 and take off my shoes.

i'll pull down my pants
 and i'll remember smoking

don't { the lotus flower
read { the corn silk
this { the licorice root
part { . . .

.

" sex, wine and the apocalypse "

Vinho De Mesa

Mateus like two legs open(ing)
/a door,
\warm inbetween :

(piss down one of them)

luke's warm rose wine,
rose like dying,

...

the scent of administration,

...

catching the wind the turns at 45 degrees
adding up to 180s and more in
different directions,
curvaceous as women
coming apart,
roaring out of 60 more degrees
of dead children
still alive & running
through illogical corridors//
and we sit back,
thinking.

culture at the speed of light
fridge packs/
sixteen cans fit while

you
and
i
take to the caves/
take our membranes
to a thicker wax pink

-----> ----->

and To Be Expunged is
-Doing The Dishes

-Taking Out The Trash

-Getting Dad To Stop Drinking
Long Island Iced Tea
On The Fucking Interstate,

while nobody seems to hear
the shot heard 'round the den //that
rattled the furniture the
bomb
in

the airport look
to the skies defense mode
as a snake //twelve green trees
waving their hands ' post modernly '
in the shape of the closing eyes

of an orb. . .

an oven lightset
looking where the land landed;

swallowed your neighbor
& i was one of them.

standing still.

soaking in the black.

drinking my lemon lime.

" tomorrow is my hannibal lecter "

know

without my coat i'll i don't

and not be here.

... : off

and i : out behind a
family restaurant,

looking for inspiration

and my left ear / which way is up

and nine times out of

ten and and

and and and and and and and and and

and and and and and and and

and and and.

" alone with thin papers "

Nurse Ratchet was
a real bitch.

perhaps they should've cast sir
anthony hopkins
or
found a bigger
indian to sell a painting
so you can eat more
than tomato sauce & toast
every day.

" am dom "

man with one or less
legs pushing
himself in the right
direction.

I have two and it's a snowy morning
near ancient brick walls that
have a better sense of flight.

another man whistles off-key
classical as he walks by
a Coca-Cola truck.

the snow hurries
with my 4euro for pasta
and tea and a big black pen.

(finally truly poor, albeit not starving.
is this when the good material begins to flow?)

summer is coming

and i'm a bastard.

and this (i hope).

is one of the worst things you'll ever read

.

" continuing "

I know that i probably broke my favorite
sunglasses because i sat on them,
but i'd rather just think that it was
a backpack,
a notebook,
a herd of oxen
breaknecking the large, open
stone ditches you always see
in movies i couldn't survive through

(about Los Angeles.)

it seems very stylish to know the truth
about something --
and much less to be horrible
at linguistics.

a severe morning cryer at 7:30
the light is so fucking annoying

but

i call it a menace
a m e n a c e
& worry about lung disease
when too damn late is still trying to
decide what to do with life beyond waiting
at erthalstraße
for something to happen.

one more cigarette might do it;

one more bag of kasugai peanuts & me
i'm already full can't you

fucking

hear me?

Drunk Driving

"doing the right thing"

a hungry hawk, outstretched OR
just beer on the asphalt --
the blackness knows exactly how to
close in and around;

don't poke at it!

(sunnavabitch)

maybe this is a metaphor for life.

maybe this is some kind of answer.

maybe if i close my eyes one more time,
i'll vomit.

[stare at your shoes stare
at your shoes stare at your
shoes stare at your...]

'Oh yeah, I'm totally fine.'

...

'Yeah I'm sure.'

now kiss my head,
and let all say good
night.

" pump more oil "

people do little things like
stick out the chest/ make sure
the ass looks alright/ smoke the right
leaves_____i'm an artist, 2. i'm playing
with your lighter your hip lighter,
practically shoving my sketchbook up Up UP
your ass and away into the climbing sun i
got black hair i got black eyes
i got black shoes pants shirt
i got i got i got i got
i got i got
i got.

" in need of a shower "

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO TELL THE TRUTH

when i'm a great gold bastard with
two wings,
snarling canary teeth dripping,
a flying mega-cocksucker;
40 foot spans on each side
and it seems like we're
standing still; the air is so cold that
 it rips holes in my face/
 my eyes realign while the new
fissures grow thin butter shells,
sticky in the summer and its
a bit too fake, like glorification
 when we rake the clouds
with our outstretched junk-turned
downward spiral and say
goodbye.

now our biggest accomplishment is
wasting malt liquor.

 the next thing we know is
the taste food gets when
we're not hungry,
 but we're eating anyway
and we can't escape the third person/
the building is on fire: grab the microwave
and sad memories & don't forget
that there's a shitty DVD in the player,
asphalt is boiling, concrete is vaporized
like 1,000 year old similies shouting 'DEATH
TO THE WHATEVER!' on waves in the air
that pass through wood, steel, gasoline,
Big Gulps and our brains.

i and they are bearing down upon
 squares of melted glass in violent hues,
desperately wrapping themselves
 around people wrapping themselves
 around palm trees that have

somehow outlasted the street lamps.

it's summertime and the blue sky remains
and we're racing

to the death parallel
to the fact that Orchids don't
like direct sunlight, but just outside,

this room is 90 degrees.

these sheets are unwashed.

this hair is greasy.

the TV's still on.

last night i let strangers
into my room again &
the day is today,
but it doesn't feel
the same.

somebody left the bathmat
on the floor.

do i have any email? &
i want a lot of things in this life,
but i don't.

" double reverse romanticism "

we went to AKA that night;
i spent too much on Dutch beer,
but i'm glad they had cigarettes,
so on the way home i tore off
a sliver of dry grass on
white brick and put it in my
pocket.

i lit a Camel Light & who took one
of these(?) i forgot about my feet
they kept going on and
on to this car,
this, this happened first
/ {about
not quite/ & gasoline we
make waves down in through
the mouth & the teeth fall out.

the microwave seems to only
cook the outer ring, while
the baseball cap attendant
smokes a cigarette
and spits and i never even saw
him but for the fog comes
out & she [no forget
about it], i SAY
STUPID THINGS
with nowhere to go or
balance upon.

everybody wants the truth at
the bottom of the sea,
yeah i know it's not there &
i was born a coward so
i wouldn't rake up credit
card bills.

" future "

d a r k
wells with deep water,
compressed to a dark brown
HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO?
is a horrible death too
much to ask _____ HELLO
HELLO HELLO HELLO moonbeams
ripping my eyes out

WE DIE IN OUR SLEEP.

wider at the base;
it travels through the back
of my neck into the skull//
the light
is bright in the dark
and i only get older.

hello, hello? where the hell
are you?

this is a message.

" tv movie "

Julie Forster,
you fucking bitch.

" on an airplane "

'got lost along the way' seems to be
the way you're not bad men &
women or necessarily stupid but
you're in Wal Mart when you should just learn to
cook rather than probably choking on on on
on a corn dog in disneyworld because i ate shit
i saved a cow i told the truth i saw a fucking
mermaid fucking i chose my own hell i learnt empathy
i tallied sympathy i paid 350 for a Guinness i have
no known parasites.

i wish i could play acoustic guitar
better or even just afford duty-free
Galouises in order to impress
idiots who like clever shit
like this.

" indefinitely "

you fucking cocksuckers:

colgate, urine smell, OMITTED, hyperlinks,
OMITTED, 3am drinking warm
carbonated water how cool
am i now question mark the fan turns
and somehow i'm missing out on
the glamorous side of things \\
her back hurts, her
back hurts, fuck you.
FUCK YOU.

come back home,
come back home.

" zauber "

want preys on small children removes
skin from the back stretches
over tires to make it more convenient
like winter-weather driving ////
excuses,
excuses like fat, rolling mellow
hamburger on split lips to
save the day | meanwhile
take two cops a day don't
mix with alkohol
i have fear.

i kann not sleep
i kann not sleep speak
i kann not sleep eat
i kann not sleep drink
and the fucken bitch

just rides away three lanes and a stop
light SLAP SLAP SLAP
wrists just won't break, still wrapped
about a wonderland of fat cocks, motorcycles & brain
transplants LET ME OUT OF THE PIGGY WALLS
AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY FACE
BECAUSE THIS ISNT ENOUGH.

" sleeping beauty "

distance is dead by means
of weather shrinking is to make smaller
wish you didn't dig your grave by
justifying this and
that | ART is a consequence
not an excuse to flush
 a living creature down the drain
 or kill shit just cuz' or convince
yourself of autodogmatic dogshit
or to make excuses
and i know,
i k n o w
how brutal the dictionary
can be & i'm not any better
but stop BAA BAA BAA-ing
because things are just sick enough
without it & being clever
makes me want
to puke.

" your space "

some countries still give
out silver spoons at birth -- relics for the unpopular
 in the backward-ass 1980s
whose streamlined children now (at best),
come into this world

¡viva la fucking vampire!

WE EAT ADVERTISEMEN _chomp _chomp
 and we like them like
 the wheel in the head, move ARM 1
rotate LEG 2 move eat shit bleach teeth
hip hop Elster Vögel shitting out the
nonsense of 5 billion öl-junkie zombies
who 'just like to blow stuff up'
and i mean who doesn't?

" rhetoric "

it's never the person
but the circumstance // yeah
that's a good place
for 'yeah' and the heart
is composed of forgotten acronyms
and i only get more violent with age.

there's three places to stop up there
but i only chose
one -- kept going,
still helplessly trying to explain myself
as i do

 against style and fashion
and the illusion of pretense
 while i
 while i
 while i fry tofu.

" present progressive "

step by step/ feet rise to the floor.

 we aren't the type to stand up
straight & face the day.

 like flies with butter in our
 network, networking/
feeding on ourselves, always
 pushing twice as hard when pushed,
 never the one but the many,
 don't forget to vote

 forget to pay a parking ticket,
 MOVE OUT OF THE FUCKING WAY ASSHOLE
 to create a makeshift misery
and find a way further in.

" over the fence "

a great day for a beer
and a cigarette, turkish food
 spent in bed a person that
waits [for (*)] &
this is supposed to be therapy,
 but i'd rather forget than fix / i'm neither a
mechanic or a genius and the weather outside
is producing a lot of annoying little insects; i'm
trying my best not to kill no car
no money don't want
any / just wanna be alive without
having to vote for it.

" is this called Gelatin? "

that thing you do:

 i see myself a masterpiece
doing the future,
 and it, i'll think back upon this
 moment
and remember to remember
that i thought this; only i won't.

" thinner "

i'm tired of looking for ways OUT the way
in seems nicer. the afternoon winds
won't stop for anyone / cancer
the percentage raises by 6(six)
years we're winning the battle
& i don't know when to stop.
to move or not to move.
to work or not to work / the world
leaps turning around, trying to sneak
a peak at itself
in the mirror i'm lost in STILL you're
there and the cracks
in the floor keep getting wider.

the message is becoming
thinner.

stuck in our tracks and us in theirs
the real winners
come out on top of the world
sailing downwards at a null figure
he steps out of the darkness
just in time for the commercial break
TO see TO see what's cooking
for dinner.

the winter won't end and i'm getting so tired,
(i'm)tired of looking for ways OUTthe way
in seems nicer. the afternoon winds
won't stop for anyone / cancer
the percentage raises by 6(six)
years we're winning the battle
& i don't know when to stop.
to move or not to move.
to work or not to work / the world
leaps turning around, trying to sneak
a peak at itself
in the mirror i'm lost in STILL you're
there and the cracks
in the floor keep getting wider.

the message is becoming
thinner.

the message is becoming thinner.

the message is over BUT
i'm getting so tired i'm tired of
looking for ways OUT the way
in seems nicer. the afternoon winds
won't stop for anyone / cancer
the percentage raises by 6(six)
years we're winning the battle
& i don't know when to stop.
to move or not to move.
to work or not to work / the world
leaps turning around, trying to sneak
a peak at itself
in the mirror i'm lost in STILL you're
there and the cracks
in the floor keep getting wider.

the message is becoming
thinner.

" tomorrow "

tomorrow,

' oh tomorrow, '

always that word that goal
that means of lying to oneself,
tricking oneself
into breathing a little
bit more or giving up
vegetables for sugar.

(if i ever say something like that
again, kill me_)

that land where we've just gotten out
of the shower

& we're putting our underwear
on & the thirty to

sixty seconds

it takes to make toast can be spent
doing something productive
besides dancing to CAKE or complaining.

" a commercial being "

- Harry Potter
- Apple Curry
- .39 cent loaves of bread
- Soja Milch
- Not necessarily in that order

I,

The best diet I've ever been on is the one where I get fat as hell because I stopped wanting to throw myself out of a fucking window.

I,

and more I.

- Pimped Out
- 'Conservative'
- Gas burning vehicle
- Unconscious
- Don't want to mention myself, but feel like I should

" medicine "

i don't think i'll
ever settle with or
even understand the point of
digging downwards in order
to find the world above.

fighting it just seems to
force a stall,
but they
say that's the way
to go,

(and at this--\
point
the-----/
becomes confused) - or purposely/acc

engines on fire, d
steam and spotlights & e
enemies dissolving n
into egyptian sands, t
the emerging; a hero of l
the people & freedom yadda da da da da da ya da y

ya ba da ba doo XXX

& every last icy cat is on a T-Shirt, ign
throwing a fist up and it all really just ore
sounds like a lot of bullshit. d.

///meanwhile i'm getting a bit
too tired
& i have long since forgotten
when the last time was that i knew
what the hell was going on like like
nobody can say they've never freaked
out and smashed a keyboard into a
hundred-fifty pieces, gently
grinning, feeling a bit ... peppier?
or have never shit themselves

[maybe even just a little]
or liked any of that just a
smidge too much.

if they can, fuck 'em;

not out of jealousy or disdain or maliciousness,
but simply because

T O O B U S Y .

T O O B U S Y .

so what's all about writing on
old water pipes sailing 16th century
scrolling on maps the whole day
spent on a fucking blue couch 9
or so hours there
on the dust?

O H A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P

Q R S T U V W X Y & Z

who gives a shit who's
in a book who needs a meal who's
making a gamble who the hell rhymes
only when they don't know what else to do(?) but they just
change it to something better later but THE POINT
is there, sticking in hanging in THE
POINT yeah a bit foggy now so where's the missing words,
???... who who asks after themself?
who is looking for something else?
who just doesn't give a fuck ANY

MORE

and wants to break easily

replacable

consumer

items

that're just kinda...

hanging out

?on the kitchen counter:

who ONLY knows in rhetoric(?) the ONLY
being optional the beach being optional the

supermarket being mandatory the more expensive the MORE
VITAMIN C B12 & IRON to fight the effects
of old age.

" this is all just so pointless and fake "

like &
french cinema | baked beans
although i'm sincerely tempted
to agree with you if tell me
it's not.

" coca cola man "

take what you want; only
take what you can get.

what does one think about upon death,
after living like this?

pop. fizz.

Sand And Wine

" **everyday** "

here is a list of everything
that i remember about you,
but i won't type:

" **seriously** "

turn up the gain //walking
to the gas station
gotta get drunk,
you know?

[your \brain| turns on : i
didn't do this | please
shut off yours eyes the
world the tv in
my \brain|]

it's a twisted mystery the way
wine is brought to your
lips //candles ON
none on your face HOW
the hell do you manage that
AND salsa lessons? ...
while i'm gonna sit here,
on the couch,
trying to do something:
good.

what are you doing,
right now?

" 6th gear "

i want cigarettes and my lungs
dried out // PUT IT on TV |
and beer to make me &
to make me fat and happy
and wine so that i can pass out
and liquor to tighten the
stomach and sour
the tongue & art to be a
true escapist
and sex
to do all of that tenfold,
and i want it all right now,
like an impossible fraction:

unequal to the quarter second that
it took for everything to come
together, when you shot out
amongst the dark & kicked
my ass.

" typical "

the times you don't think about it,
it doesn't happen, but the
times you do... it comes
like a torrent;
kicks you in the teeth,
fills your stomach with sand,
tears your eyes out.

it's highly annoying.

" i'm not spartacus "

you gotta' gun mister? yeah
she crawled out of my mouth, steppin'
on teeth she felt a nice pressure// upper
 & lower jaw lotsa' red,
lotsa' lotsa' red,
listenin' to music in a spaceship; i
 could almost forget her name while being
 impaled by the eyes:

 one of the most difficult things
a person can go through is wanting
 something badly enough to stop fighting...

 but it's not. it's easy &
pulls your legs right out
from underneath you
 & i've never felt
 more love.

" nothing ever changes "

two walls are rising | there's
a rotting pain, my lungs
 are going to explode//
something behind them wants out;
 a valley soft and dry,
bits flaking off//i'm in a boat
of blood, raking at the very
core.

 as i look up at the sky,
the mosquitos dive in &
i'm trying not to give a fuck
as desperately as the accidental
last breath
 of a drowning victim.

" asdfjkl; "

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
SCARED OF SLEEPING gonna'
miss out on something i'm
missing, missing out
//i'm being held tightly
and loved by oreos, washable
school glue and telephone bills AND
that's about it.

i'd like to say something like:

" i'd be far from home,
if i knew where that was(). "

()but i'm afraid i might.

" heights "

IN THE SKY they build
campfires under the white trees; silent
movers//gentle
pushes and pulls in
the lake; 1,000 miles down
under a plane of stars
the lights are shrinking , leaden,
and a dock was there
too.

" wooden man "

[this is where
he places nothing or OIF]
and no clues,
this time // it's time to
light another cigarette that
he doesn't want to smoke
whilst they lie in dance
music all around him,
like rotating lights that never
touch the floor.

it isn't who you
love, but who you're in
love with and he gets a free
drink from a hand attached
to eyes so blue the local dead
are left blinded &
clutching where
their chests used to be.

" eyes open "

eyes open, on the side... room turns on;
heat.

a blanket of heat. cartoons on the
television. clothes all over the floor//do i
have a clean shirt did my cigarettes get
crushed did i finish my lemon soda?

three big windows/all your fault (lines)
are being drawn what time is it, and
i don't label my CDs.

" madman "

not while i'm watching the
fruit cake dome of the cosmos,
the half-circle above,
embarrassed, the half-breed couldn't
couldn't couldn't / it
reflects with alacrity
and i've got shells
in my skin &
it's no longer necessary... replaced
with a golden something a face
a face a face that that that that
that smiles like the moon.

truth and i hold hands,
but we aren't fucking:
& because of this
i'd rather die fearless | before
being held and taken / the water
is warmer than the air;
especially when i can't
feel / wish RIGHT NOW
i couldn't feel,
and then god could call me
a liar & kick my teeth
down my throat.

there was a box that held everything
that wasn't the world;

it was as friendly & frustrating
as a lack lack / things that are wanted /
the in-between and beyond of lover
and friend.

it found me in someone else's sand
sand and it dug & it dug and it
drew itself with an arrow that
went right through
and it killed me.

CANCER SHIT PENIS DOG

" **between rising and pissing** "

every 10 minutes my mind
grows exponentially, devouring
new poisons//assimilating them
into cancers like the fear
of cancer & i finally quit smoking,
although it had nothing to do with
that & I'm a fan
of National Lampoon, but
you care even less than I do
about avoiding run-on sentences.

" **this isn't about THIS** "

ignore.

//morning brushing teeth
is like a scratch-off ticket
for annoying belt loops;
belts made of dead animals who
once stood in the forest or
on pavement and took a shit / shit
stuck to dishes,
probably smells rotten in the
real world, but here it just
smells tuned out.

ignore.

comprehension is lonely is
arrogance i need to exercise;
blond hair doesn't make you
a nazi but it makes you
make me into an idiot.

ignore.

go to bed.

or don't.

doesn't matter.

maybe it does.

make an effort?

yeah whatever. it's
really not all that hard
to say ' fuck you ' to
the mirror when nobody is
looking.

" get a career "

no.

" what the hell happened? "

but but but, yeah yeah
yeah/// time for showers and drugs
so that I can commit crimes
on Sunday, repent on Monday,
& then make a run for it
on Tuesday('s)
the day for revisiting;
i'm grabbing her chest,
tearing a hole --
sounds coming out like teleportation// i'm
in the woods in the woods see the bench [?]
see the dirt see the cow/brick/tree/stump
see the headphones feel the eyes the
pollen is the FAKE effect of a sad,
pathetic fuck/ feel the warmth,
taste the warmth of the bleeding heart,
feel the bloody fucking heart being hung
upside down and then brutally SNAPPED
in the neck area///ffmdioft789
niopgjiopsjkoNJIOPSSY*(SAY*(@@!@!TACO
MACHINELAUNDRYGRAPEFRUITJUICE
COCKTAILCDROMMEDICINEBALL
TALKINGIDONTKNOW
HOWTOTELLYOU
THISBUT
CELLPHONE.

" **memory catalogue** "

cellphone open and on,
empty Pibb Xtra.

[my boys!] & missing time, FUCK
the forgetful liquid &
tissues (SPARK) (SPARK) SPARKING
like MISFIRING bastards!

there isn't an ounce of justice
in any of these words;

either: i'm too tired
 too lazy
 too untalented
 too unskilled

[^]all of the above BUT DONT
ANSWER BECAUSE ITS WORTH
MORE POINTS than getting it wrong
AM I OVERWHELMED?
AM I POOR AND HUDDLED?
am i a dog or a can
of soda?

THE CLASS OF TWO THOUSAND
THE SITTERS OF THE KITCHEN
THE INHALERS
THE DRINKERS
THE DIRTY BOY JUNKIES
THE FUCKERS
THE BETRAYERS AND LIARS
THE BACKUP
THE SINNERS
THE INNOCENT
 & THE GUILTY
WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?
 RIGHT THERE, BUT I KEEP
ASKING BECAUSE // // // // FUCK! FUCK!
I MISS YOU!

" ameriquote "

--your so beautiful i could give you
the would and my heat too..
hit me up some time!....
you know, cuz she got tits,
but her face looks like cheese
but that don't matter a D a D a D
a D a D a D a D a D a D a D a D
a D a D a D a D a D a D
a D a D a D a D.

" hint hint "

i burned a hole in my
hand tonight, trying to save
a falling bottle
of wine.

i realize that this is neither
romantic nor remotely
intelligent.

i said some shit to the ocean,
which was more & less than
i should've said
to you.

my feet are dirty,
i feel your awkwardness
& for the first time in my life,
i'm not going to switch on
the light first to make sure
nothing is there.

" SLAM "

YA YA, YAYA YA-YA
YAYAYA-YAYA, YA?

YA~YAYASA UBATATAN=
f329mkff,.,.

YA ERNEST HEMINGWAY
TACO BELL > [is greater than]
the divider of 6.

or was it 7?

i never really liked bowling,
anyway.

" **abraham lincoln** "

i don't know don't a|
sk me leave me alone|
fuck you fuck off i |
hate you there's not|
hing left i am not p|
erforming self-pity |
i want to die i want|
to wake up i want to|
words are being thrown
 against the wall of the evening as it
hangs dark curtains in this hot
room; the fan is too loud //it
doesn't do its fuckin' job & stars
& aeroplanes
and invisible birds
 do their thing.
 they can be spelt, objects
and words, thanks to _____
but the harder i throw them,
the emptier they are
 when they bounce back.

" you guessed it "

...

what a twist.

whatever.

" jamaica and stuff and junk "

the television is yellow and red stripes,
supposed to have bits of static
inbetween -- shit kinda
just flops out onto the kitchen floor.

fluids & a dirty bomb. russel simmons
says "i'm rich, beeotch!" - double AA,
M
C
O.

plop. drab. bored.

i put on a pair of rubber gloves
and bring them to the trash.

they smile, thinking that i'm going
to get cancer of the something
and slowly
go
insane.

maybe even to the degree of
alternating capitals.

i wash my hands. my dog
has dandruff &
i'm afraid that one day my stomach
will block the view
of my penis.

" two arms are sometimes "

you're at liberty to scare your dog
half to shits, masturbate fervently &
become vicious towards whatever
son of a bitch lost the
TV remote -- although that last one
might apply to somebody else.

sadly, this just about sums
everything up.

" moonlight "

the colours of the world are black
and rust // typical but
effective. the worst part
about having a headache is when
the only light you get is viewed
through barred, apathetic eyes &
you're raping yourself in prison
with plastic,
glow-in-the-dark stars
and a thousand rotting memories.

" question mark "

a man without a penis sells you
a vaccuum cleaner &
the damned thing breaks after
a year and a half of hiding
in the closet.

Jose comes out of his melon
coloured house and keeps
the cats from
fucking.

you're a racist
because you can't remember
or never knew his
real name.

you're getting fat because there's
nothing else to do.

the beer here sucks.

" blip "

words are typically pretty fuckin'
lonely and don't want to come out
unless they're sandwiched
like fat little girls with fat
little eyes i'm having a hard time getting
my shit straight // kinda reminds me of
Bakersfield and other cities
i've never been to.

reverse next:

got an eight hour shift behind me,
only was there 43 minutes / got home
in 12; haven't got a shirt on like
real men who aren't afraid of xxxxxx // could
you tell me who invented the fork(?) and
still make that shit pay the rent?

political revolution is an upside, similar
to Starbucks as opposed
to nothing. i still eat too many fucking
Doritos and curse out inanimate technology
when it won't work.

" cheese on my shoes "

i'm a good boy : i don't
smoke when i'm alone or sober,
i'm not all that fat &
i pee in the
toilet.

" richard nixon "

blue was the space; the entry
point gunshots fired,
" but we don't bleed blue! " in the streets
or on the sofa, or she or i is/am
too wide to make use of
the love seat. MAKES NO SENSE:

sales go up, consumer gets more
panoramic.

got it all wrong.
perpetual energy. currency has

" stupidstupidstupid "

when i've slept enough, and the bottle
is either still full or old
and empty, when the food i've banished
to the big sack in my gut
wasn't of questionable quality
or going through a midlife crisis,
when there's a beautiful woman
trying to pick my locks, this is
when i can't write worth
a shit.

and i forget to include something
about cigarettes.

" go to hell "

take a shower!

get in bed!

the jaw is shut, i feel like i'm falling
forward, sick of flattened
pillows & nutritional worries -- this poem
might look like a pistol, but you can't even
load it.
solve solve conclusion closure cocksucker
::this adds content yes no yes no::
no! i don't know.

" you're posting pictures "

that's you, doing what you
love, but you don't do it anymore,
so what does that make you?

Forgetting Your Own Face

" flashbacks, scooters and never having to think again "

' even if you don't have the answers,
it's all okay '

when more than one god gets together,

_____. &

hdsaohdoahdhdoah. &

4329432874323892. &

u532hui4h32uh432a. &

there is something

she feels like

saying,

move the arms DEFEAT

actionary anonymous

!! KCLOMP KCLOMP !!

march of the pigs &

their irresponsible use

of fire to bring nuclear sunsets

to offset the gangbang of

plastic bags during

a fusion of voice(s) --

a muscle from the body

that becomes a part of something,

not unlike creating a bullet

from a block of wood.

" baby j "

took a hit of opium
took a half hit of opium
took two hits of opium
where nothing came out.
chat on the Internet,
drain the lizard,
drink some wine,
smoke a cigarette or four
or something
in some kind
of order,
then wake up
brush things, fat guy talks
about shit i don't
listen to
HOW many times am i gonna
wear this shirt
in a row? & somehow,
we're supposed to believe this
all has to do with some girl
eating a banana.

" a single point "

words are worth nothing,
yet they persist,
spitting from an ape's mouth
or a white star
or television set.

from the couch,
one can claim nothing.
ideas circle,
taunting each other
into smoke breaks
& contraceptives.

limbs lurk.

the eyes see snow
and they like it.

interlaces wrap around the face
and put you to sleep.

but you're not nothing. you're
a living pulse in the strobe.

you broke a life in half.

a clean break, with just two arms,
a mouth, two eyes, some legs, hair &
blood...

skin, sound & night.

see

you

around.

" national lampoon's human variation "

lack of sleep,
the mind and eyes
are canvas in the third
dimension --
mundane as pink lemonade,
trash dumped from
a pocket, the desensification
of sex. legs move seven
feet too quickly,
searching for a couch
rather than an uncomfortable
corner.

progress as opposed
to progress. the true beauty
of whatever turning
a blind eye to all
blind eyes.

tacos & car wrecks.

" four underscores only not "

maybe its time to forget
survival, stop jacking off
on Earth's tits
and learn
something
about
ourselves.

" old wine as opposed to experienced "

i shit and piss vinegar
balance/dance on cinders
squash exoskeleton,
rage upon warmth
and eat trademarks
for breakfast
lunch
&
dinner no
i don't.

" shut the fuck up and go to sleep "

more deserving of this
space
is an answer, or
something that sounds
like one.

sleeplessness = on
demand tv, like drugs
it fails you & this
means nothing.

work. career. stability.
love. sex. money. stay
alive as long
as
possible.

search for a moment that
reaches out & holds
you like a memory.

search for a person
whose lies surpass
the truth.

" cement "

a lonely body
needs stitches in the feet
for a quick smoke in
this hellhole;
soles crumbling
like corn flakes w/
forgotten keys to
a trunk full of
makeshift
consumer
bullshit -- but
we gotta
make a name,
a brand, a light,
grey scars on
ambiguous skin, so
what's left of god'll nod
and promise to make
a note.

" licht an der wand "

i'm blinder than
i've ever been, but music
still plays down here
& it'll never fail
to feed on the sky's
footnotes.

" dome "

you can think it's a lie,
a trend, short-sightedness;
sometimes you really
just have nothing
to say, except for maybe
an expletive or
a puff of smoke or the
absence of a logical
ending.

the sky is curved, & you
can kill a spider by smashing it
with a paper towel.

everything is essentially
a magnet.

" the digital romances of my drug dealer "

hey chick i m a horny fuckn loser write me
Hey, I'm just killing alittle time and thoug
ht I would see what kinda home pages people
have made on here. I thought I would tell yo
u that yours is pretty cool. And that your t
otaly beautiful. More like the most amaing l
ooking woman I've ever laid eyes on. Alright
i said my pease. Have a good day. Greg Hey i
am looking for sum new freaky friends!! I am
willing to do nething to pleasure a girl!! I
like to be told what to do!! Nething u want
ill do!!! Interested? WB!! whats up girl?thi
s is cravin, stopping by off of biss for toda
y saying it's american hey jenn... you have
something that pulls me I am 25 yrs old
sexy,healty and rch guy looking for a fuck b
uddy to share and of course FUCK well we li
ve only once right!! lets be friends... Noth
ing sexier than being a mistress to an older
married man, try me! No strings attached. Me
et me for a lunch or a drink and see what ha
ppens. I'm free to travel and make my own sc
hedule. You look and sound like a real honey
. I'm tall, dark, handsome, just older than
you. Teach me a new trick. Was poppin lil ma
ma. I'm new down here, from St.Louis. You he
lla cute. Can i call u or sum'n, or u call m
e? Oh yeah, check out my music page on my to
p 8(Pull Da Mic Down). Holla back!if you wan
na have great time let me know..we can spend
all day at orlando in a resort together... I
am very honest handsome and clean guy not an
asshole or a psycho. let me know plz. I like
you. My name is Mike.. lets be friends. what
's up sugarlicious? how is it going? What up
girl... love your music So are you Dirty Dir
ty?Why u lo0k sad for ma.. need me to0 giove
u some go0d d1ck and put a smile on that pre
tty face... well just reply back to0 me if u
r interested.. bye Whats up sexy my name is
Jason was looking at profiles and ur sexy as
s popped up lucky me right so I looked at ur
pics love the first one was that kiss for m
e do u have uru lip piredced if so that is se
xy anyways sexy if the feeling is mutual hit
me up would love to chat with ur sexy ass o
r something Well have a good day sexy Jason

THINK ,, WILL YOU GO ON A DATE WITH ME ? YOU WILL NOT REGRET IT HONEY! WILL YOU DATE OLDER MEN? I THINK U R THE SHIT BABY! WAZZZUP BABY....LET'S BE BUDDIES!!!! Or SOMETHING, ADD ME I PROMISE 2 BE GREAT!!! me and my girl are lookin for a bi-female or a swining couple to have some fun with u can check out my pics and my girl is my first friend (it says jeffro lady over it) if u like let me know Whats up sweetheart? i was just browsing through your profile and thought i would say hi. I'm new to the area(orlando) and just trying to meet new people. im kinda a shy guy at first but let loose after i no you. your a beautiful girl and i would love to take you out sometime. if you want ill give you my number and we could chat. my profile has a lot about who im but if theres something you dont see and want to no just ask. well babe just let me no and i hope to talk to you soon. have a great day/night chrisMy name is Shaboo. Im 28 and my gf is 25. She is Gordon Fisherwoman on my buddies list. Basically, we recently relocated to Vero/Sebastian recently and looking for a Bi-female to hang around with and be friends. We know alot of people on myspace are fake but we also meet some pretty cool friends on myspace too. Wondering if you'd be interested to chat and maybe down to road meet up with and hang out. We are fit, fun, and really just looking for some cool new friends. Yahoo IM is new2vero2 in case you wanna chat. Hope to hear from ya -Shaboo moving to Orlando soon im totally gonna do u hey whatz up girl.....we dont know each other but...i couldn't help but seein...your beautiful smile...lol....lol....lolget bak at me!hey, whats good? i read your profile and you seem like a really cool girl. me and my girl both think that your really hot!!! are looking for someone to party (*wink-wink*) with. is that something you'd be interested in?hey you...im chris in tallahassee....i think you are very sexy and would love to go down on you until your hot...i finish so you wont be left hanging....ill be in orlando july 14-15 at the florida mall hotel.....care to join here is a pic... <http://img50.imageshack.us/img50/690/jzfish7yy.jpg> I am the guy in the b

ack NICE PICTURES HOW GOOD ARE YOU SHARK QUALITY OR JUST ABOVE AVERAGE STICKER u pretty
hot please let meeet up for sex, I will supply u with anything u need drug wise. I just need white pussy now.

" !reaction "

silly SHIT sad//sand
inbetween your toes -- false brain
mouth and ears, a dog succumbing to [total]
total bullshit MELTDOWN | the heart-
-beat seems to be working GREAT,
but your eyes are climbing all over
her | HER EYES never knew
their daddy and now U can't
interview " the emotions " anymore
without a lawyer present :

(god forgot to mention this part)

shining the shoes
doesn't wanna work NOW!
YOU'RE AWARE OF YOURSELF & NOW!
both ends of the arrow
grease dead wheels grey blue
 brown orange
 teal sea
 green pink
 foam champagne melon
grey blue br(ight)own orange. . .

" IS THIS RIGHT! "

man and woman, one day
little baby; eyes
like missiles into the fog
of the impending-|message sent
from the brainstem > DOWN &
next thing you know, you're
supposed to be a HERO// in
the future spotting bumps
on the skin! a laser
an in an age without.

[! HELP US !]

THIS in the face of
EVERYTHING; post
is NEVER neutral & YOU TELL ME.
YOU FUCKING TELL ME :

CAN YOU SEE THIS
IN HER EYES (?!),
from the distance
it takes to smile for 50 years
or hope that something
insignificant,
ISN'T.

" video game IIs / free time thinking "

Defender II | murder beats,
Soul Calibur II | the murder beat; beats
Super Street Fighter II | suicide, death: the biggest orgasm;
Warcraft II | rather this be a group thing
Doom II | to kill the monotony// i forgot
Grand Theft Auto II | how to eat anything but cheese
Supre Tecmo Bowl II | & bread// laundry in
Double Dragon II | the machine, i
Dune II | wanna have a boner when
The Settlers II | i meet God.

" there's no escaping 1981 "

[genetic] -expressionism- " "
[hopeful] " "

globally, FFFFF looked like a Jason. P
however, because he had always A
been a FFFFF, R
he did(T
in fact) look like a FFFFF // FFFFF (Y)
had a vitamin D deficiency I
liked trains & the A
rush from firing an empty L
staplegun at his (today)
own leg. H

U

" YOU SON OF A BITCH LEARN TO VOTE " M

or your opinion doesn't count// FFFFF A

- loved - N

to shit on the floor F

of model homes E

& have sex with 17 year olds. E

L

wipe his ass on the curtains, I

kill his teammates in online

games PEE IN THE SINK,

write shocking poetry, N

big asses, & & &

suffered from cigarettanxietydisorder.

G

FFFFFF looks in the mirror, smoking

area won't smoke-in after S

all these years. .

" "

[/genetic] "

[/hopeful] "

" ice cream "

you sleep on the bed,
the walls are empty &
the floor diseased
with dirty clothes
and an overturned
television set
that finally got moved
out of the hallway.

you sleep on the
couch, and soon the springs
give
way.

you're there because you're
insane and scared of an enormous
spider // but that isn't
why.

" psychological test "

5am : the selfish man stirs,
pisses, the end of
detective shows get shut off
while the war vein grows
futile//HOPE nobody's
lookin'//FOUR
ropes around the neck
spell oceans of nothing,
but that's the fuckin'
point;
possibility &
it's late but we
cannot [not want] (to)
sleep!
miserable terrible
& i'm not[!]
mopping floors, homo-cide
getting drunk at 25
is still cold,
marks lead me to the bathroom
to get it out,
check the mind just
to BE sure,
WHAT the _____ what the _____
WHAT?!

" on digging a grave "

first night alone,
eyes proly catyellow//michael jackson's
thriller NO we're inside watching,
not down in some hole.
you're not cold,
but i'm still on the couch. t[ew]
symbols, a victim// depression,
anxiety but not dead yet :
who's better off,
those who can't dream or the guy
who sees a dog attack him(?);
semi-paramedic burns her face
to become a bullet
FOR him? HE who's breaking the couch
can't SLEEP in a bed.

get out, mutt!

i have no metaphor for
pissing on the floor
anymore than for being
an asshole.

[21st century]

i miss you, you piece of shit.

i want to feel sorry for myself
AND you're making
it so hard.

two and a half feet or four??
??so we won't hear the mice
crunching on your bones
in the apathetic signals
from the moon.

nh
grth
rthd by89p y89pbovoare
gae & smoking a fag,
walking the dog
half-assed.

" if you get this, please call "

CONSTRUCT and (still) KILL;
it's wrong but you do it anyway,
 { dead frogs to make the
 metaphor better
and in the former
there is no comfort found
before the day's beginning.

 you're gonna speak of hell in
the face of a forgotten voice// is
it hilarity that she used to
walk and cook in this kitchen?

 you're gonna speak of hell
& i honestly don't give a shit
(but apparently i'll write
 about it anyway).

LAUGHING LAUGHING,
turn the fan on.

LAUGHING LAUGHING,
can't get to sleep.

 CRYING you wish the dogs cared,
and they might, but
you're going to pound some
sense into your right leg,
instead.

 soft enough to thump,
but not too soft to
question bone.

humans and their eternal,
 stag/ed flame - burnouts upon which
we
 mean less than we want.

if saturn were a cult explosion,
it'd be gone by now.

rest would be dug up
and marveled at.

man would feed on its enemies,

until all men would be gone,
& maybe, JUST MAYBE ! one day
someone'll get angry/depressed/suicidal
in an original way.

" nothing has really changed "

losers get an unfriendly diet,
but it works// ends
justify the means. government wants to
give a gun to an 18
year old. governments' obviously
never met one. us over here,
though... ain't got no time for
a Taurus; says the boy is gonna
get it bad, but the status
on the hero is gonna have to wait
for the haircut. hell, i'd
like to say that i'd finish this
poem before i'd get up to avoid
pissing myself... &
somehow all of this
fits together.

yes, oh but no no no.
because of? yes, no no.
yes :

proves the point.

time makes sense of nothing,
and fuckers out of us all.

" i like the radio "

when you're out of gas, puckering
up for a burrito in nature's
new corporate asshole,
 there are plenty of things
 to bitch about{ namely yourself,
 but not limited to// the
 funny thing is that if
you're going to be so
offended by the mention
of your god,
then quit smelting him down
into machine guns.

[checks under cap for secret
 free t-shirt code]

WHERE ARE YOU, HARRISON
 FORD, LAST RESORT?!

" more useless crap "

 you can't judge people
by whether or not they lock
the door or simply
open it,
AND// how fine
((exactly))
 is the line between the truth
 & self-pity?

" waiting for something "

everyone in this cafe who
urinates or takes a shit
will see my artwork
as a result //
blessings and curses
are hard to tell apart,
i've heard.

the air at the gas station
feels like a wet blanket; the water
i'm breathing tastes like cotton.

even
 with the entertainment of
watching jackasses try to piece
together unrelated banter,
 we place trust in people
simply because we agree with them.

difference between
toyota saturdays// song & dance
& baseball cap =

nothing
of
con
seq
uence.

" stuff and junk and things "

it ititititititifuckinglagbetter
thanpcmyass; it doesn't take drunken
brilliance to realize
that you're the most offensive thing
in existence
to misery.////thethethe the cycle\\
the cycle, it's annoying.
all i want is one more tv show,
or the lack of a want
or a book that doesn't need to end //
eyesight that doesn't remind me
of how tired i am
& a brain that'll explain this
better.

" cultural service announcement "

a dream about riding on
the back of a semi truck;
i don't want you to fall off
and die.

possibly years later,
an unrelated / belated awareness of
a besieged public school system.

i think i just cheated time to improve
one of my own pieces of shit.

" in | completion "

in a garage
in a house
in a neighborhood
in a suburb
in a city
you get the point.
you
you
you |
you
get the point.

" cop out "

it seems to me
that certain thoughts flow easier
because half of the work
is already done by some
other thief.

well, i guess if it were that easy
in the first place,
i'd actually have something to say here
that wasn't lost,
deteriorated :
into either nothingness //
or simply just a place I'm too lazy
to go.

" analysis "

notes for a previous self,
upon heading back in time.

this will typically occur when sleeping:

salad
shoe laces
illustration
handwriting
& you know,
i don't remember having
insomnia as
a child.

weird, to be 25 and just now realize
that you're scared of change;
especially after priding yourself on the opposite
because some jackass writer somewhere
made it sound virtuous.

" more clever musings "

you know you're truly fucked up
when you can't write
about the good things
because you're
frightened of them.

" 3:44 "

my face is lumpy and blurred,
& either I'm becoming unattractive and
a special breed of idealistic-stupid or,
no,
that's what it is.

" incoherency "

try to maximize your time by
falling asleep writing this sentence.
i don't even know what that
means.
i must be getting close
to death (or just political with
my health),
because the only way
to get to sleep is through
tv burnout
and exhaustion.

writing has become like painting
with stupid colors that
eat people.

" thanks "

a lost soul without a haircut,
lamplight lighting the nights,
thoughts long lost at
the death of the empty// all
i can think about is
one painted night of moonlight
over the bastards they've made for
us / me / we &
i'm
resisting
all
responsibility
or
the
event
of
working
out
whether
i
have
any
or
not.

**" a little confidence probably hurt somebody,
but that's no excuse "**

the idea that things are 'supposed' to
be a certain way reminds me of
a bacterial infection,
only the pale syrup coming out
is bullshit and you'd be better off
drinking yourself into a stupor
anyway. it's not really even
all that unlike writing things
down because your brain can't remember
the sentiment or the words or what
you ate for breakfast
(if anything).

[insert intra-irony statement
that i've more than worn out
by now.]

" the winners "

Congratulations!

You are KING of
the motivated,
the starlit,
the time-haves
and uncaring have-nots!

now let's hoist your shit
up on high so the other 99%
of everyone can see
that defeating 1% is defeating
100% and then go "huh?,"
followed by a big, fake "oh yeah!"
and fuck and shit
and fucking shit
god damnit.

" lost list "

ANSWER WHEN YOUR PARENTS CALL
STOP EATING
START SLEEPING
STOP IGNORING REPEATED INFORMATION
STOP BEING AN ASSHOLE
START TAKING NOTES
START FIXING THE PAST
START MAKING MONEY
START GROWING OLD
STARTING HAVING KIDS
STARTED ED LOSING FR
EEGET OLD DIE GETEDI
DISAPPOINTEDEDEDED
AND IM REFRAINING FROM
DOING WHAT

I ALWAYS DO and months later
nothing much has changed; although I shave
more often, it's cooler outside &
it's even harder to prove a point
if nobody knows wtf
you're talking
about.

" monolith "

something to man
means less to man
than something to man
that has less " substance, "
and it is THIS nonsense
that keeps
me
up
pathetically, whilst
both confusion
& doubt spread their legs
and come out of each
other like
sand.

" intangible things "

drink	T	conclude
think	H	ridicule
feel	E	copout
explode-----		[n]
by	S . . .	
design K . . .	&	
and	Y	passout.

staring It down; right
in the face, what
are words,
but lazy ways (?) &
so what am i,
too ____ to write
them?

I Am A Mutant, Apparently

" speckled little rooster "

what what what what what is
is blessed is the rested state
to those without,
MOST THINK ECONOMY IS WEAK
BUT WILL IMPROVE butt-does that
 woman
lack arms --
are things really fucked up (?)
beyond sitting in soda
that i spilled
all
by
myself?

" i hope this isn't a trend and it is "

maybe; destined to be not
a concession stand amongst words,
also, conveniently, moonlights
as bullshit ///// i'm unsure
of where to go next; maybe
 a field
where i can walk barefoot
 & accept
the fact that good things
don't have to feel
good
 and
 often
 don't.

" thus far "

thus far growing =

1. gaining weight
2. appreciating things previously deemed boring as hell. (vegetables)
3. writing pointless shit and thinking you're clever because you've exhausted anything else original already (or haven't found your originality yet).
4. doing things you don't want to do.
5. getting worse at the things you do want to do.

" naked "

to expose oneself to 'the world'
or not//NOT as important a question
as why this is being asked
in the first place.

i don't write journals
because i prefer to ' not '
know what's going on.

simple things are often overlooked
because they cut to the chase.

the chase, in turn,
cuts to nothing.

like this sentence.

" behold, as filler loses to quality "

late night emotions; spaceships
& goodbyes --

although most of the day
can be spent hating :
a glowing box
of bullshit
can still provoke something,,,,,,,,,,,,,
even amidst saving on car insurance
and getting to the truth w/ Lou Dobbs
and his [something insulting
here that i can't in good conscience
actually say because i've never seen
his show].

" buildings are easy "

there are times when
endorsing something because it's easy
is accepted and even
revered; this isn't one of
them.

however.

" bartles and james "

i don't know how to spell
teriyaki, but i get indians
((probably the Hopi))
all fucked
up and they go crazy :

i am a cactus.

don't wait until March 1st
to remind her to fill out
the FAFSA.

some days are best dealt
with while hungover,
& tomorrow's gonna
be one of 'em

-AND-

soon, tomorrow will never
be tomorrow again.

" stillborn / thanks guys "

it's like these big,
bloated american children
kicking screaming, trying
to get out of my head
ENJOY INTEREST THANK GOD
and then JUST
FLOP onto the floor
and do nothing.

the doctor says, " sorry,
but you don't have insurance. "

i turn to my friends &
they just shrug & fold [up
into shrink wrap].

" orlando shows "

stressworrypackpackupup
drinkdrinksdashsmashed
coryoutthewindowmaking
outwithhisgirlfriendlauren
inaspacespacehelmetmegetting
drunkerhittingshit
with
my
head and tossing the safety
policy violation report out
of the window &
you've grown up into an idiot,
but that's okay.

i'm going to miss it;
even the shitheads with ironic tattoos,
checking their hair, gettin' ready to ride bikes
 & vote for Ron Paul
 & protest the local nuts
that aren't on bicycles.

" weathering "

Red Bull is the golf course
of energy beverages
as I park, exit,
throw my money
in the trash &
unpark.

the real Van Halen;
David Lee Roth wants his teacher
to suck his dick & I'm fine
with that
because it gets me
across the six roads
I need to cross this
morning.

some kid wrote FUCK on
the back of a chair.

Organizational Culture
and Change isn't
worth my time.

" you heard me "

with choice,
the popular belief is that
one has a choice;-----
-----left picking loved
ones like cherries
instead of dog-shit,
we proudly charge through
the ages, shining.

The Divine Miracle Of Lies

" to satisfy "

HUmans: light escapes,
dark recedes where:

- a. escape isn't what you think it is.
- b. dark isn't what you think it is.

we do these things to
satisfy

.

as a non-side note;
taking a shower while drunk is
one of the most enjoyable
things on
earth.

" the ceiling "

when the day comes;
when the day comes;
when the day comes;
i'll see
differently.
my eyes, they'll become
power starved --
the
final
hunger & then
& then they will flicker
and go out. . . .
but an image will remain
an image will remain
an image will remain.
an image will remain.
an image will remain.
an image will remain
.....
.....

" self pity "

the goals in life have shifted.

no longer do i care
or wish to care
for the things that make me happy.

they are sparse &
rather angry and show their
grins while my back is
turned.

instead i pray for the things
that make me forget
i ever gave a shit.

" out of order "

 i am
F E E L I N G like i should be
D O I N G S omething
O R F E E Ling something,
 E but I don't know what
 it is.
T H E R are too many faces,
 H with too many
E A C names.

E V E R Y One is clueless.

 I think this is part of
 being
 alive,
 but
 who
 can
 be
 sure?

" February 25th "

back to writing
this same old drivel.

i always seem to find
my way back
here.

the battery of hate
i was born with
seems
to have no end,
but it sure as hell knows
how to feel
drained.

what am i supposed to think?

the options are limitless,
yet the answer
is
singular.
&
inv
isi
ble
.

i'm starting to think the answer
is a real son of a bitch.

& the cruelest trick?

making me believe
that i'm right every
so often.

" future "

i am something more than
a shadow,
 waiting
for the gears to grind each other down
and the whole god damned thing
to fall apart.

knives turn into
knives,
conveniently.

songs
turn
into
bars
&
we
cope
one way
or another.

" i've still got it "

a moment ago
i managed to burn the hair out
of my left (actually right) nostril,
attempting to _____
_____ with a
lighter.

/applause

';under the soul';
';under'; our feet/.
/.

under our oceans///
in our eyes///
in our minds///
;::;::;
now.

" eight years and running strong "

you few cold,
grey bastards of warm december nights,
you backstabbing whores and zealots,
self-deprecators & helpful bumblers
and not-there's and general know-
-nothings-at-all, selves
and acquaintences and
best friends :

I've got special colored lighting logs
by Duraflame (that don't work)
and somewhere, deep down,
you are amazing fool asses
who can, in the very least, bring
over some beer.

" dedicated to otherworldly snakes "

if nature is a failure
under our weight it is hereby
classified unknown;

i see myself in the mirror
nearly every time i take a piss;
it's like a fractal of hungry duplicates,
orange-bearded young men
w/ stone eyes and oily hair,
all with their vicious marble
b l a c k
e y e s looking for something as if
they were the only ones who KNEW HOW;
as if everything else was to be eaten,
instantly, as
candied holiday gravel,
swallowed whole through plump,
lying lips spitting out tips for rats.
a consumed street rat melody,
a beaten pitched shit shifter
taking electrons in the ass so so
so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so
what
now
?

feed it to the math machine,
clone from one and up and up and up
and up and u[and iu adi ado and uiop
AND TWIIiiiissSSST all the way to000
zero.00

and now i'm tripping, staggering,
skizzing down a cliff OPEN PARACHUTE
OPEN PARACHUT
OPEN PARACHU
OPEN PARACH
OPEN PARAC
OPEN PARA
OPEN PAR
OPEN PA
OPEN P
OPEN
OPE
OP
O
OP

OPE
OPEN
OPEN B
OPEN BO
OPEN BOT
OPEN BOTT
OPEN BOTTL
OPEN BOTTLE

O O

OPEN THE B OTT L E//////////\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

another dead rat slinger,
not dead but dead like another mad mad destroyer.

another sad mad dead god sayer SAYS :

"consuming another living being
is just like consuming
anything
else."

" a new highway "

loving | living
a hole | barrel
motivated | rated
halassed | wired
manic | forgiving
younger | seblance
forget | forgive
massive | mining
missive | lining
gigg | letting go
missing | listing
alt red | st me
te | alt ed
sam | st eth w th wh e t e ho
te w y the w en w i l e v e y t h i n g f a l l i n t o p l a c e ,
like ghosts on portable electronics
looking a bit bored and stupid;
having less to do with anything
than nothing. . .
and. . .
sometimes. . .

i feel like setting all this shit on fire
and shoving it up my ass's hole.

" b "

like a cat
dragging its ass across the rug &
[insert compositional failure here]
i press on,
looking for that next zoonotic cup of blood
from the 7-11 of the faux-morning
consciousness. . .

but nothing profound
or even decent lies here,
an empty loving
movement,
a long flight,
just a brawl over
whether
to take a leak
or read about
dead monkeys
in the forest.

[*or any of that]

if the important left-over
bits
came first,
they wouldn't seem nearly
as important.

this has not much
to do with anything
and neither
does
this.

" flies & and & "

now that all meaningful things
have
been exhausted on the burnout,
temporarily important, i realize
that this has not been architecture,
but destruction;
an end that is an end,
a sight clear of blockades,
a path uncovered,
a shower with a moldy curtain,
the meaning of periodontis
and a feeling of acceptance
amongst broken things.

...
either
i've learned something
or lost something,
but i will not change the windshield
wipers for fear of _____
/or not.

" beer, gin, sleeping pills, insomnia & Squirt(R) "

kick out the glass,
rip off the wheel,
annihilate the radio,
kill the music,
tear off your ears,
rip your hair out,
bash in your sockets,
shit in your seat right
WHERE YOU SIT.

-- a stark raving verbose lunatic
bastard,
but it keeps that damn thing
on the road.

" **tabasco hill** "

beware white with black spots,
watch out for the dog woman
on tabasco hill,
waving her two-ticket pink parasol,
pink over sagging, sliggity lips
that droop down passed
her shoulders,
gunning for a thickened arm so she can avoid
the local Taco Bell.

her fangs old & brittle,
she'd rip you apart more like
a vacuum cleaner war
machine
than a warm
bath.

watch out for this old whore,
or watch out for me;

a wooden piranha
a drunken pill-swallowed
fleshbomb w/
an eaten arm & a sudden excuse
to feel less like shit.

" this vindicator this "

| everybody make sure,
| be sure,
| be sure
| you can see your house from
| here.

|
| people made of sidewalks.
| people made of billboards.
| people made of function.
| living, breathing people,
| atmospheric,
| crawling towards people,
| people made of light.

people allowing color.

| everybody make sure,
| be sure
| of the circus; the casino
| that lights a billion canvases,
| marks a million suicides,
| dots a thousand bullshit i's,
| crosses a dozen bullshit t's,
| makes mouths
| happier than minds AND WE
| CAN'T SEE THE RIVER
| THROUGH THE
| UNSEEN --
| now is not the time
| to panic.

" vascil holiday "

a fissure is open in my chest;
dollar bills as organs with wings jumping ship
like i just got hit by a car. forget the luggage,
let's get the fuck outta here. light a
smoke an' once the smoke is clear
order a side salad.

get back to some
private time and eating with
the tube on while i bleed
out.

this isn't morbid,
this is prime time.

this isn't a quip,
it's a quote.

this isn't a catch phrase,
it's a catch phrase.

this is the literal & divine miracle
of lies.

" philosofticle "

are bottles, jugs (the airplane of the bed-spread),
bags of clothing & sugar-to-lips-lost & a mediocre
, corset-conversation-lacking nin-com-poop
philosoft REALLY the doom ?
the macabre sicle ? the
slice ? of bread
of the end
of TODAY ? is ME
the end of TODAY, today taday tuesday ?

the ebb and the flow relax,
open up,
tear,
bleed
but we,
appropriately,
only sometimes
wish it wasn't an intestinal issue.

" i love the man "

because he gets on stretchers like
he boards the city bus.

because it's easy to look up
to a dead guy.

because some of us think that shit
and dirt and horror & honor
are the same thing.

" fun facts "

before THINKS [the]
; / / wise man
BOTH LIVE IN THE MOMENT
wise ass / / ; but [the]
THINKS after
pushes the BUTTON
FOLLOWS the SIGNAL &
seals the navy deal.

we lower our anchors,
still.

we live loved in the blessing
of false idols & other
scapegoats &
& upgrades.

" modern "

i'm just a kid, double-u tee eff
do i know in this age that slinks
downstairs and in in in in in
in like financial aid,
holds us tight,
puts us to sleep
& even wakes us,
lets us know via fade-outs
when to fast-forward
our DVRS RIGHT through the EARTH
EXPLODING in our
(a)b(s[s]e)nc(es).

" a "

if you are not ready to destroy yourself,
you're not ready to destroy anything.
this is the obvious,
rather than the ending.
i leave no words but the words
that don't need to be here,
and i don't need blank conventions
or parenthesis
to do this.

need only what you give,
_____,
etc.

" deceptions and how thoughts get lost in thoughtbarf "

it takes more than one finite | <-----
 cascade | <-----
 swept | stalwart element
to peel back the whole enchilada-borne-
-blessed-motherfucker that stands
cowering in the vacuum///
, selfish
, shaking hands with bullshit
 buying stock in " " " "
, snapping off bricks of light equivalents
 from the wit, why, how, when, where
 in the now. basic scene changes
 to follow self-imposed
 industrial breaks
 fizzle
 into nothing.

" I am not from 1917 "

parallel to the confusion
that our brothers want to harm us,
an image :
self-image : sharp as a splinter
& afraid of falling water.
it seems clear but
i'm still trudging along
& i guess that counts for
something . . . & . . . i seem to be
guessing a lot.

" always glass "

not mentioning names // never names
never names the order in order
to protect the [individuals], too hell
with their outward cries.

out my eyes! in my head!
from their [dreams]! flooding,
nothing but flooding and bleeding into my ears,
a toxic [blood] spill & now the man in question
has not a [heart], but [heart]s and they
fuck and they
keep waking up the neighbors THUMP-THUMP,
THUMP-THUMP.

in
hell i am a bird, shaping arms as wings;
it flies and is the neutralized sky. shattered by
the silhouette of a dark [coffee joint]], etching its
murder-spine upwards. the glass is now falling &
all around us they work and they look
(but not a lot) & i fall, falling, fallen,
but who
is to say, who says, who has said
that
the beaten ground
of the earth or the driveway
or the parking lot or
the roof isn't just

ONE

BIG

NET?

" 186 - 186.5 "

through my tubes it floats
with a submarine's weight;

i can feel it moving.

its being pulled
through these veins
by ghosts.

every 7 cycles, it passes through the heart
on a new course that plots itself.

the crew is already dead.
the bodies power the engines.

they pile up as drizzling
handfuls of salt;
ditched for every meter
of past passed.

this is sand,
this is nucleus and meat & ribbons &
ribbons & ribbons & ribbons
& ribbons of love.

" looking forward seeing seeing "

this room smells like laze like
oil;
a fan blows
air
across new sheets; nothing to
say; nothing agrees with
the sounds
i make when i try; what else
is new is what news follows
itself outside
of my
head while i
try to sleep & instead, can't
stop breathing with my eyes
a bit longer. a
familiar command : " fuck you
fuck you fuck you... "

" want "

this
is
a suicide
bombthreat
that,
one day. . .
i'll have the courage to shove
 up everyones' asses and grin
when they explode into
trillions of pieces.

" instant instant "

= i had to drink to it;
your body in 1's and 0's breathed
& a bit of Jesus // flooded back into
bones so tired their holes had opened wi(d)[s]e
^^%%&& and asphixiated on death
and other blackness;

you beautiful piece of shit and stardust,
you are the one that brought the black holes
alive & upon you
 and now we can all see your components
spread over 4,000 miles of this great country
without a soul to care.

" **numbfound** "

heart attack stroke internal bleeding it's
all the same when the lights
go out & the business
of your damned
soul
goes
on & on & on like an infinite drone// our
souls buzz like bees-glitch-glitch-
-glitch-trying to find the dividing lines
between emotion &
diagnostics (you're not meant to
get the distinction) -- in fact,
i've already forgotten
that pills go down easier than sense
goes up.

the skyscrapers
under the ocean in my head
have yet to learn to swim
or at least scream
loud enough to tear
the whole thing
down.

" the selfish and the hay bales "

are you happy are you nude were

were his _____ you?

was it meaningful?

I'm an asshole, but superior / a
quantified qualified shitbag maggot
/ guided by circumstance
and rainlack // the dry-maker. are the gutters
crusty-throats that can't speak out my tools?

tools, they break.

if you were closer things'd be different;
a lie that swallows the throat long with it
on its way down; oh this shit has gotten
dry, so dry, my dear...

who are you in this desert,
so dry i want _____ &
let these mirages on the highway
be more than an amusement.

all roads lead to fear masked
as water. every geographical slope
is a liar and a thief and perhaps
so am i

-- my spine is like damp sand, drifting
disintegrations like ruptured hay bales,
blowing machinations of twigs,
swirling over the lanes
& _____

his hollow drywall pillars hold up
a crackhouse while the concrete,
however cracked,
cries
for
help.

" how to break a blood vessel "

why oh why does the work done
by tablets only work @ times when
massacred good habits fail
your ass, like falling
down a flight
of stairs & breaking every last
bone in your stupid heart?
for years i've been wondering
what it is
to BE . whether or not
this requires owning a boat,
chopping wood
or beating someone
with my fists// have I failed
because I found that any
answer is the wrong
one?

" fucking "

it's romantic,
at times like these,
to evaporate your hell into digestable
morsels that leap from diaries &
other such nonsense,
but really,
the well is full of dry,
aging whores, dancing and singing
and fucking you as your car moves down
the highway towards another prerequisite
for simply getting the right to live.

" four or more corners "

the cruise control gets abused in my wake;
I scream and brand sweet brown bruises with the
steering wheel under broken beater.
it fell off the swollen tongue of a blistered brain
who meters and measures and misfits
into clothes from the future.
it recoils as it spits strength like strong
cologne scents. it smells great everywhere
but in the eyes or, hold on;
adjusts the phone.

if it got any hotter in here,
i'd have to try the soup.

" a better position "

i
i am a brain i feel that if
let my body rot i'll fail
i want bare minimums i'll have fallen
and high virtual into the sea, running
standards from the insects in
so the inspiration the spotlights &
won't die; possibly forgetting
this is a disgusted that i was
way i am not a ever
person. there.

" delicious "

maybe if i looked you in the eye
and knew love
and shared the same things like a sandwich

_____.
this black dark with no exit
reaction is some sort of _____// impact

i am aware

steal steal

transitional, ways. i don't exist i am
not a person.`

" pave way they get space we're space kids "

your words are woolly;
i'm not listening tonight (& other such things)
because i'm an asshole.

like all other nights i think my legs
might be broken into a thousand pieces
of shit, smeared in my face &
we work for (a) living don't we
don't we do do do do
and don't don't
don't don't we
ever
get
a
break.

" seed eater "

from now on all guardian angels
need to break a window, cut me shaving
or feather rust into my eye sockets,
from now on. *frankly*, it'll take a
disturbance or *four* to
get my attention long enough
to avoid food poisoning or
getting shit on by a massive
flock of rural birds.

i hit a few of them with the car,
they hit the car with white white white white
white white white white white feathers like circles
in the bags under my eyes; i think this
is where animal cells go to be
incarcerated.

" rotoscopes of man shit "

times, spaces of time,
there were problems nearby,
my disintegrating sister,
life support machines --
they don't actually do anything.

the cervix of my absence
is an outline of my past,

i am just
a breeder,

sells roses at the gas station,

picks its nose when it thinks noone's looking;

baby falls out from between legs,
a college fund is born.

. this is why things are splintered,
& memories fail. i want to
taste the dust of my own corpse
while still tied to the
tracks.

" come loudly "

i have a disease where the right things
turn into the wrong things &
i bust at the seams i'm afraid
of exploding & scattering
chunks of
fat all over the
front lawn.

these stitches hurt.
when they tear out,
they leave tired scars on old scars
that're too tired to care about form
or function or the path that crows take
as opposed to dogs as opposed
to figuring out the difference
between the two
as opposed to figuring out
how to even feed the hungry
parts of myself.

" selfish selfish selfish "

i don't know ; _____

_____.

i want to want to chew
my face off,
but my teeth
don't reach far
enough.

_____.

" the might of the night "

.,////////,.,\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\.,

.....
////////^\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

.....
.....
.....

feline patch cables, i think; glue of the
fierce atomic captains that neither
throw caution or notice wind;
they stand in front of mirrors,
facing themselves and & and & & ,

forcing the skull to oscillate & send sparks of nothing
off into the distance... vision blluurrrs the jaw s l a c k s &
feels feels feels feels feels feels feeling speaks up

& remains,

dominates,

takes a dump,

uses anti-cavity mouth rinse &

finishes the beer

from earlier,

all while trying to decide how best to get

a. better

b. eye stimulus chosen

c. wake that bitch up

d. solve the future of financial uncertainty
and pave a clear path away from suicide,
leaving a little behind aside from
a ditch full of bullshit
& ashes.

" One Of Many Irrelevant Chasms and Its Methods Of Business "

~~~~~The Village

bustles and pricks n' prods  
now i'm down, skin withered &  
flown directly via modest airline fare      the river runs through the day,  
through paid crossroads; round trip.      leaps through the night  
the vultures circle round' wearing      the black lion leaps through the day,  
stained fog masks; all faces physically      is dead at night SO SING!  
connected, but i//      SING SONGS SING, SING OF MY SPIT, who  
i don't wanna look at a truck-      breathes just less, right now,  
swimming under your flesh  
when we fuck, or hear any      than  
of your comrades      i.  
shrilly tones  
or the  
possibility of myself one day settling      than  
in under around above this land, this-  
-this, this is the where & this is when i      i.  
ant[shov]e[l] up ralph and feces // rage my sad-  
-rag bones down the halls with The Yellows, the  
vultures shuffle from tv to      than  
magazine puzzles, scratches in the wood floor, they're  
v----isions of the future      i.  
vultures & the past like biscuits  
broken at the      than  
bottom of  
the bag they scrape & scratch  
and go back to school for mechanical  
engineering degrees // it then gets      i.  
inve..rted,  
tactically, and all bits eventually      than  
reach their destination. eventually this  
leads      to house and home and routine &      i.  
i hope it's all worth it,  
because personally I might      than  
tear my guts out  
with scissors & try      i.  
to pray with pain,  
down here in the gutter, than  
eating & sleeping  
the day away,      i.  
waiting for its transformation into night  
& it sings, sings songs, of old saliva,      than  
mine,  
which now only breathes; it feels      si.  
a bit less than i. than i. than i.  
either the sun is a murderer,  
or the storm clouds are lazy.

**" motion sickness "**

people move  
like people  
& the  
only  
thing  
that  
changes  
is  
time  
&  
the  
amount  
of  
alcohol  
that  
can  
be  
consumed  
in  
a  
single  
sitting.

**" red houses at the mouth of the river "**

a farm built upon memories leaves  
seething gristled bakers upon sunrise rising lies;  
our faces melt off and mouths whine but the crops

don't care

they birth seeds that make the leaves that drop the fruit  
that's being sprayed to be fed to spayed consumption junkies  
who're just trying to get drunk and fall asleep somewhere warm,  
possibly even as those do who place their driven tentacles  
near warm crotches and say i l o v e y o u.

like a warm rain that comes down in the microwave  
you think  
before swallowing soggy sallow  
& not choking to death through  
random accident  
just one more  
time.

# Einfache Sätze

## " birds and windows "

this place isn't what it's supposed  
to be.

if the manic and the an  
xious switched hearts i'd be less  
of a slob and less of a false star  
ter. being poor and out of liquor has  
taught me that some philosophies are  
extremely relative.

: you see

there's so much in life to shit on,  
so why bother to look before  
you unload? a nice thought,  
but a commentary from this bird  
typically comes with a window-free  
clause. this bird wants to bank  
to the right, or to the left...  
maybe take out a flower bed,  
clothesline itself on a power cable  
or just deadpan onto the earth.

## " pillbug "

the last thing i ever wanted to be  
was an animal; clutching to the crest of  
various personalities, waking up from one  
just to fall into another's pile of shit, &  
wondering if this is where  
i am supposed to  
be.

" sometimes "

i feel sick when i don't, &  
i don't when i don't  
feel.

i think sometimes the doctor  
slips me a placebo while  
the pharmacy keeps able  
to charge full price.  
the women behind the counter  
are usually  
40% attractive  
20% unattractive  
38% boring &  
2% men . sometimes i'll  
wander up and down the same  
isles waiting, snatching up  
shit I don't need,  
carrying on purposeless  
conversations just to keep  
from rubbing my joints  
raw. line ti line ti line &  
life is a line, &  
nothing more;  
if the lines in the mall  
were more like those for hell,  
we could skip the smalltalk,  
and just cease to exist.

" her "

fall backwards, turn on the fan,  
kick the hamper off the bed.  
pull pillow #2 back up  
from between the mattress  
and the headboard.  
it's amazing that i can do all of this  
while thinking about someone  
that out-celestials everything,  
and my bladder doesn't  
even release in  
the interim.

it has been a long time  
since i've pissed all over myself.

" celestial theater "

the avalanche of showers  
i've bathed in, dreamt in,  
drank in,  
\_\_\_\_\_ in. nothing has  
anything to do  
with  
anything

.  
it doesn't matter if nobody  
cares about anyone else,  
not even enough to  
remember their  
name. drunk on the toilet  
seems a romantic cliché,  
but to me it's just now.

.  
this is the reason to keep  
breathing &  
i don't care that  
much, if  
you know.

## " leverage "

the walls disappear at night//  
thoughts only get louder; dont' forget  
to put the keys out on the counter &  
when i get dead someone's gonna  
throw my socks in  
the trash & then i've lost all  
i was ever gonna have.  
they come and go like vessels  
with unbroken bars, cages down  
the path to The Holy Heaven or The Toilet,  
it doesn't really matter, as all leaps forward are  
like liars, circling back from behind with another spur  
for the ribs so that i will keep trying.

it gets blacker than \_\_\_\_\_  
in here.

there is a point at which passion begins to fail to tear  
the skin; but that is not to say that in the future  
nothing can.

## " scutellaria lateriflora "

to imagine that there is nothing  
beyond our scope is both unconscionable  
and common.

11:01 the alarm clock is jammed  
so i've been waking up at a  
more nationally appropriate time.  
if you want to experiment on people,  
it's best to find subjects using  
a system that finds them  
without anyone being able to  
trace it back to you.

**“ the lodge “**

i still feel surprised when something terrible  
is barfed up by an otherwise nice-seeming person.  
we're all sick, i get it. it can be hard, with this illness,  
to avoid talking when you care about something;  
even if you know absolute dick-all about it. as long as the machine  
keeps taking your fivers though, who gives a shit,  
you fat slug. at least you're not a nigger or  
a gook or a jew. at least you're \$68.20 over and your  
Aunt's grandson is eyeballing a piece of ass &  
it has been quite some time since somebody last  
popped you right in the kisser.

it is better to die and not give a shit about being remembered,  
than to do just about anything else.

**“ a bomb in the airport “**

a raped day in the laundry hamper man oh  
man has got one uniform // one too many  
uniforms & at least if you're going  
to work everyone knows you're  
a cocksucker for it.

fooling one's own friends  
has got to be one of the most miserable  
things a person can do. next thing you  
know, you're all buying the same  
records like your dick are  
touching tips in the  
same  
woman; occupying the same space  
at the same time; now you've  
broken the Universe,  
jerk.

**" sharks in the water "**

we often feel like assholes  
for not feeling like assholes. it'd be easier  
if i could just leave it at that, but perhaps  
i've gotten too bored for jumping ship  
after setting it on fire.

fuck it : 8=====D

poetry is often meant to speak  
in terms that ornament the message,  
and that's fine.

but sometimes you have to cross  
the line and not give a fuck.  
sometimes all you've got,  
right now,  
right this minute,  
is the taste of toothpaste and blood  
in your mouth, the alkaline glow  
of a thousand something-or-other.