

consider depth of field and breadth of understanding but focus on the moving ground take into account the far edges and the core principles but watch time

hope comes in the form of uncertainty as times suspended possibility a thwart our duration and duration as our proof of existence so when one reaches out to touch another when I reach across the table or the room or the expanse to touch you the potential that you won't be there when I arrive is crucial to that reach

you think I'm worth more than you are and I think you're worth more than I am and so our reciprocity evolved into a reflexivity where you and I can't remember who first made the other out of another making that made us more one than another a making of the singular order as if reconstructing a shattered pane of glass

if we were put into this labyrinth to escape this labyrinth by our deaths or by some mental or spiritual transcendence I've thus far failed to manage it I'm stuck as I ever was or at least I feel as stuck as I've ever felt and if you're one of those who have escaped it if anyone has truly escaped it you're undoubtedly in some other place on some other plane from where you can't relay to the rest of us how you did it it isn't that you're selfish it's just that you're elsewhere and not able to communicate to us not able to reach us were on our own just as you were on your own and if you could do it if you could escape this labyrinth then so can we

when I was a boy I made elaborate mazes the size of paintings and I was so good at it or so maniacal that the lucky patience needed to escape them necessitated negotiating one special trick in one tiny spot of the whole that I knew almost no one would ever completely maze so even those who had the time and nerve to try it wasn't that I was particularly cruel in my desire to frustrate them I wanted to delight them I wanted to give them the thrill of a job well done each challenge well met a freedom fully earned I wanted them to be pleased with my makings and with their own instances of ingenuity their own fortune to have wriggled out

when I was a teenager a late teenager on the cusp of twenty I thought it was time to skip out I'd seen beauty and I'd seen work and I'd seen death and I knew tedium as well as I knew boredom soul stealing tedium and soul lifting boredom and they more or less cancelled each other out I thought I'd seen love and loss and I felt I knew nature ocean and desert and trees of course I didn't know commitment and

IdidntknowfatherhoodandIdidntknowenduranceorthehorrorsofcreation
thatartofonesownmiserablemakingIdidntknowfirsthandtheunavoidable
failuresofourbodiesIdidntknowanythingaboutthecomfortsofadultlove

ifyoucantforgiveothersunlessyoureselfmarredyourselfthenyoumustdo
ityoumustselfmarsomewhereshortofselfdestructionyoumustallowbirth
markstosailaroundyourhornyoumustbebetterthansomevaguetreefalsely
trimmedpeoplewanttheirpresencepeopleneedtheirkindpeoplewanttheir
providencepeopleneedtheirhurtyouknowtocatertothefurtiveglancebut
disavowthestareyouknowfrecklesarentourgoldenchasebuttheyremybest
wanderlusttheyremynextdoorappaloosaovertheworldsrenownedpalomino
theyremyoccidentalpersistenceacrosstimetheyremyorientedaccidents

onecantclearthefieldofpocksandpebblesonecantcrosstheasphaltlotas
abarefootneophyteandexpecttobypasseveryjaggedshardwhatsimportant
inlifeandwhatsinterestinginlifearentnecessarilycommensuratewhats
stainedinawindowofworshipandwhatsshatteredafteramishaparentquite
alikeorarentinterchangeableanywayourprimordialcocktailofpleasure
andpainbeingmutuallydependentonewouldntmassageanother'sskintowipe
itcleanoftimeandasaromanticyoumightinsistyouknowanother'sbacklike
ancientmarinersknewswathsofnightskywenavigateourlivesincapableof
avoidingeveryhiddenshoalifwesetsailoftenoughwellatsomepointrun
agroundonecantabsolutelyknowonesdayofbreakingapartandsinkingaway
notevenonewhoruddersstraighttowardtherefluckandunluckdependupon
notonlychancebutperspectiveandutterfullnessoftimetodifferentiate
themsinceonlyinsimpletalesoffictionalfatecantheybeeasilyuntwined
onecantcrossanytruespanwithoutfeelingtheeffectsofthatspanwithout
absorbingsomeofthebiomeofthatspanosomeofthemicrocuriosityandmacro
calmsomeoftheforceandmicronullonecanteverstayunaffected

rampantareourdoubtsandrampartsareourweaksolutionprotectedspotsto
surveythevalde'selfdomtoobservetheotherfromournecessarydistancewe
cantlearnnewtricksifwenolongerhaveanyinterestintricksandwecantas
mortalssuspendoursurvivalinstinctsnotundernormalconditionswedont
cottontocessationwerenottookeenonpassiveresistanceandliliesofthe
fieldtrustwhatweseecascomplianceandhelplessnessgivingintodarkness
aidingandabettingevilasifdeathholdsanysovereigntyinthatmeasureof
godfulnessIvenointerestinthefollowersstoryIwanttohearfromthesoul
thatwentatravelingIwanttohearfromtheultimateexplorerfromthose

whostaybehindtofretandchurnandsortbrokenglassnomatterhowcolorful
Iwanttotalktothosewhohavecrossedthatbarrierbuttheyarenttalkingor
wehavenolanguageincommonorwelackamethodofconveyanceorthebarriers
anillusionorthebarrierssoobviouslyandinextricablymonodirectional
orthewaysinwhichIthinkabouttalkingaretooprosaicorthewaysinwhichI
thinkaboutcommunicationaretoorudimentaryorthewaysinwhichIthinkof
youandofdeathandofisolationaretoolinguistictooruddytooparallaxed

stormsariseandwhenarrivingbringclaritybringbefuddlementbringharm
thosestormsoftheheartthosestormsofthemindthosestormsoftheviscera
nourishmentanddestructionturmoilandrebirthnewchaosandconsequence
butIvecomeclosertodrowningintediumthaninthefloodwatersofdramaand
thusyoudismissmeandmydetritusandIdontblameyoumyboyhoodmazesdidnt
entertainbeyondtheirownselfconsistentchallengesandmysplotchesremain
inoldsofoblougimperativeswhatIsomehowwantyoutoknowisthatImhappy
orifnotexactlyhappythenhumanlyappreciativeofmyprivateunhappiness
oneoptionavailabletoallofusistobegratefulforthispainfulexistence
anotheristowringourunbravehandsandwishforrapidandpainlessremoval
weliveoutourseparatelivesinoursimultaneouslylostandprovincialand
sophisticatedcornerswhateverourmediaconnectivitywhateverourangle
whateverourvoiceletmestormyourwalledpatchofyardandyoullgrowtrees
andmorninggloriesafterthetempestthatllshakeyourgateaftertherains
thatllslakeyoursoilyoulltakeyourtimeyoullcomprehendImnotthedread
stormthatllrazeyourhouseImjustacisramlikemostanycisrambutImyours

weclutchatthrillasweletgooftetherandneitherisasprimaryasvolition
asselfwillmakingpropulsionyourfreedomofthoughtgetsyouplaceswhere
onlyyouwillwanderwhereonlyyourfoxeswillrunandwhereonlyyourhounds
willbaythisisthepromiseofindividualconsciousnessandtheflipsideof
genericlonelinesswewakeongloriousmorningsstinkingofundonetaskwe
wakeondrearymorningsstinkingofunfulfilleddreamsyouwakeonordinary
morningsperhapsboundforgloryIwakeonextraordinarymorningsnotaware
Imboundforflamesmorningsnoteveningsarewhenthingshappenwhenthings
appearrealwhenthepromiseofadayappearsinsurmountableonearoseoutof
urgencyandonewillpassintoindifferenceoneslifeisonestoleadandlose
oneslifeisntawildanimalisntatameanimalisntatalismanisntamadstone
itsonestokeeportotossawaywithregardfortheeternalmomentbutwithout
regardforeternitytherewillalwaysbeliveswithstoriesthatoutshineor

outshockoroutmoveyoursliveswillendaroundyouandyourswillendaround
someoneelseyoumorelikeacometthanaplanetorsoyouthinkfreetorange
infinitybutevenasasingleapparitioncometyoucantescapetheoortcloud

yournerveisalightningboltofindirectdestructionorevenmoreindirect
rebirthvitalityandvervosainajoltofaghastastrikeofunashamedenergy
puttingairintoourdirtheinfernalskippingofchoiceyourthoughtscome
backlitaftertheblusterpassesyouoverbrightspectrumofcomplicityjoy
wordsfallonwordslikeuncleanclothesinapilelikevinegarapplesinapit
smellingoftoomuchefforttoomuchofthesweatofenchantmentwewontsleep
tonightwewontsharenewstomorrowthisisonlyhappeninginstorybookland
aswerenderoptionsfrompinkpalavertowhitestviolenceyoullgoofupabad
stormIllstaticdownagoodbuzzwiththegrainbutagainsttheultimatumour
glyphsspanthewholemysteriosaexceptforthe curiouscurlwhatpeekover
ourslumpywallwhatspinsaboveourgramphoneroughstoneorscratchwhile
weplayaschildrenintherealmsoftheuntrueorganchorusintheballroom
blacktalonsonthewindowslacearoundourtenderskinwevelivestoliveand
theyllbeofordinarycharm and premier frustration of exceptional comfort
andstandardworthwemightstacklanguageandburnitinthedrawingroomfor
warmthinourmatrefebruarywecanbecandidlywatchedifanyoneswatching

treescrosspropertiestheyreachpastwallsandfencesanddroptheirwares
intoneighboringyardsandgardensandmingletheirsugarwiththatofother
treesthroughoutthevicinitytheystealwayfaringyouthsfromtheirtight
upstairsbedroomsandtheyevencrushhouseswiththeircorpseswhenstorms
blowthroughandslaythemweneedthemcollectivelytobreatheandtheyneed
usindividuallyonoccasionforwaterandcaretheycantstopusfromcarving
simpleheartsandotherproclamationsofassociationintotheirbarkandwe
cantstopthemfromobeyingmostoftheirlawsofnatureandtheycantstopour
clearcuttersorourarsonistsandwecantstopourselvesfrombuildingtree
housesorhangingtireswingsandtheycantstopusfromhangingourselvesor
othersfromtheirlimbsbutIvespokenaboutoneandonestreesbeforetheyre
ofothertimesandofotherplacesevenastheyreofthepermanentnowandwhen
youclimbthetreewithmeifyouweretoclimbthetreewithmewedbedreamedas
ducksoutofwaterwedbedreamtasalternativespellingsinsomeilliterate
visionbyonewhoisoneandwhoisntonewevebeenthroughallofthisbeforewe
needntgothroughitallagainexcepttosayourskinlooksyoungagainstbark

Ive internal birthmarks of indeterminate origin not a lone magnificent one
not some twined design of devilish scratch and angelic stain but many modest
ones of equal beauty and equal ugliness scattered throughout my corpus mind
to mobility visible on a ramble through textual hedges what can striate what
can blemish what can enhance what can convex what can raise awareness of luck
and love and lust and lunacy ones already marked when one comes into being one
is not a blank slate of pure internal surface ones already damaged by time ones
already ornamented by time you'll be struck by time you'll be augmented by time
in time you'll be lifted you'll be lifted in time our secrets aren't truly secret
and our mysteries still toward fact there's a skew to our doubt and a list to our
confidence from within and from without whether we're staring at our mirrors
or gazing from our beds or gazing from our mirrors and staring at our beds well
see what we see no matter what we see and we'll hear our demons selves show and our
holyselves wail on nights alone and on days embroiled in discord or concord I
must accept the dents I must accept the lumps I'll value them and their age and
they mayhem and your allure from primordial stir to unprecedented explosion

bang big bang bright on the anvil so for night grab the real mand seal the deal
spark will land a chance on hopes smoke will spread to lunar scope our bodies
bent in concert against the local chill lift my lamp and tuck it deep pour light
as blended sunny seep winters speak will find us warm impending spring as a vid
will as cheerful harm the lowest lands are desert dear but swampy places make
us fear the fecund rush of life to come dividing out toward zero sums we invent
the shine but we invite the dread our margins round an absent bleed wondering
where to blast our seed and where to hide our lucent ray we ponder our decrepit
flair what once stood out as complex prayers in long sing loud at the edges of
the crowd or even farther from the feeding fray your voice may crack your mind
may leak but it's not time to chorus our peer though all must join the soil when
all are clayed as mortal and thus I shout or rasp or squeak to some squid melody
rare and leak about constellations shouldered or rumped from scattershot
bellied or boned our clusters breast under sheets of sky water depth past
our ken and toned to ancient hums gone our bodies straightened by mortis
devout by fond devourings by rigorous attention to our distributed veritas

captured by the threat of thought you might ask for pardon from your spleen or
you might let your ideas roam while chained a violin above our churn plural or
singular severe signals out of that gentle noise break a string break a train
of thought break a willow heart break a palm heart break a spruce heart break a
saguaro heart break an oak heart they're all meta breakable without much of an
effort you won't have to break as sweat you'll feel oppressed by their shade you'd

just as soon be indoors you dont need their reach you dont want their temporal glimpse your desire today is to emote along side your entertainment buddies your cathartic clique a group now as swirl in the down draft riding the inbound topical and pertinent and happening and chippy about due for a little fame or pampering a little viral pageant or rub down you neednt fret over our serious seriousness ones gravitas leaves easily into ones avoidance and this is one way to live an adjusted life a just life a life like an nobles savage or a taciturn long shore man or a peppy housewife a life just like most others suburban or rural or suburban antiquated or red gyrorcusp or fringe or futuristical life built to last deep into the long run a life with sustained breezes and just enough rain to keep the peregrination under control and the self arsonists surge stamped down you neednt worry about ones brooding basin where ones shaves with a sharp present and you neednt stew about ones concave mirror in which one testifies under ones crossed oath about a past unwilling to coagulate everything will be okay as anyone truly anonymous will tell you whether you feel the cancer in your pancreas or the dementia in your cerebral cortex or the arthritis in our escape plant time is a friend to everyone regardless of who or where or whether someone is or whether anyone is lets come to be and stop to be and being ceasing is just unbeing unceasing you doze under the apple tree aware that the apples might fall this is their season for falling you know they wont all fall at once and one falling upon you would do no damage beyond startling you and smarting a little but you like small risks you like displays of chance you like when you make space for surprise you are dreaming of apples with delicate spots little flecks of sepiastrewn across goldenskin or fawned skin or wine colored skin or whitish skin tinged with pale stabs in the if it fits a pear tree instead and now you are lying under a pear tree in someones garden someone youve never once met

at some point in your youth you stopped making mazes and your optimism turned into melancholy your sense of lifes basic goodness turned into your sense of the sublime the value of fun shifted into the value of beauty and the ultimate power of sorrow loss whether empirical or fabricated whether religious and abstract or whether secular and bloody became the nectar of your solitude as a kind of cool tenderness became the ambrosia of your companionship you try to point toward when you began absorbing the work of your gods and goddesses as the time these shifts took place wolfing their words and images and sounds their pulses and patterns their ultraromanticized sacrifices but you know you cant be positive you wouldnt be who you are even if you never encountered their works perhaps your melancholy is simply the result of a black bile time bomb set at conception to release itssap once enough time had transpired and nothing else was needed to trigger it nothing but time ours splendid grace and

mortal enemy you were fated to be diluted by ironic god let from your very seed from the very first excreted drop way up high in your headwaters you authored maze then you ingested forest so far and experiences and now you solipsize now you leak practitioner loneliness and the vast vague labyrinth you are now fashioning might as well be structured without conclusion with quitting or crying uncle or begging to be excused as the only reasonable option as the one viable alternative to solving nature's riddle which may not bear riddle at all just a thorny gauntlet through the gorse sea daily connect the dots with no dots demigods have written whole books on the anatomy of melancholy as well as the melancholy of anatomy taxonomies and musings cautionary tales and insight and one should think twice about making any effort to add to their approaches their processes or their catalogs also there have been those who have stared down depression and melancholy through their paintings and music and flesh with bravery and abandon that you lack with sadness resonant enough to allow us to weep for them or for ourselves melancholy affects but depression kills and whether one leads to the other is contextual specific to the individuals and their situations which can be tragic or pathetic or lucid or insidiously ubiquitous and thus banal and occasionally every element comes together to make something extraordinary something unrepeatable something most sublime

scale can render us mute by humbling us or shocking us or enticing us into long silence as sobering taking stock of our place in this universe as slow recovery as witnesses of scope in diminishment and constraint in expanse as rise and tide of childlike fascination for the immense and the infinitesimal the arrow of time brutally bent into an ouroboros and childishly nightmarish into a mean spiral we age and we adapt and we work together and we get things done and still we fail and we assume our places in our ever growing ever dissipating histories you I laud as not me as made from similar stuff as me but not the same stuff what's similar matters but what's different makes all the difference you're greater and lesser and I'm greater and lesser and they're all greater and lesser this is our trap of perspectivism what saves us from epistemological absolutes our trap of things in themselves assumptions we can't be in relationship to every scale of everything simultaneously even though we are we can't calibrate the changes in the moment even though we do even though our efforts are all that we can expect from one another and our selves our expectations are also traps we live to break free by dying the orgasm and the epiphany and our collapses into sleep show us the way to know love exists has meaning to know it doesn't do it too you I bawd as too much me as connected through the fantast of imaginative self some sort of epidermal transference from real world self to dream world self or vice versa braint to skin and back again options borne by desire gyrations

harmless little hurricanes of the mind with offshore lessening of the winds
we together constitute a weather system heat and cold and moisture and force
strengths low and high to durate and freshen to lift and swirl and in undate we
build into something of influence and then we make things happen and then our
time to be influential is done my breath on your shoulder your breath on my leg
my breath on your back your breath on my neck our breaths in the air your breath
on my throat my breath on your flank our breaths in the air of four farther reach
we resist becoming our own inversion layers our own permanent fronts our own
subtropical depressions or we try to resist and only marginally succeed our
failures in recognizing our failure while failing to recognize our failure
you I modulate as me and not me enough to be known and unagreeable and enough
not to be enticing and ineffable unless I can expand to include everything

I can't contract to contain nothing or I think too much but I don't think too well
what would it mean to be too proficient as a thinker to be the very finest in the
history of our species what would it take to say with certainty that that girl
there is the best human mind the planet has ever known and also the best beauty
what would it mean to say I am across the board mediocre but nonetheless unique
here we are as we always are in these best of times and in these worst of times we
do what we do and what we do and say will and won't matter as it always has and as it
always won't just as you'll always love me and you'll always want always as a concept
not as a configuration love as a construct not as a formula well always be cobbled
the dirty edge of my old shoe to touch the soiled edge of your old shoe and we may
as well be sexing in the shed we may as well be bound by our inimitable intimacy
we may as well cross a room together as we make our way toward fresher darkness
toward darker concinnity your distinct worn leathers shaped to a perfect fit
but what fills the bill for affection does not always fill the bill for passion
and vice versa with duration as the wild card lives divided into parcels your
land tied up with string your theories gifted as chance with unlikelihoods
fondled in your prairie your slopes stroked and your outcroppings provoked
I've been to parties and performances to lectures and seances to weddings and
funerals to ball games and salons and none of them challenge an apin the sun I'm
dubious of orgies or executions or bull fights or coronations doubting they
could ever eclipse daydreams for potency since our sovereign imaginations
can rule over our finite arrays since dappled moonlight will always outlast
kingdoms since part survives their whole except that whole of fall wholes if
there exist some whole of fall wholes meanwhile you're the part of fall parts to
me I'm drawn to your parts as I strengthen in your whole as I wither in your whole
after coming of age in your whole our maturing of purpose wistful as clenched relax
into crestride into dive love frothed shoreward emerge to rejuvenate we can

claims small victories over death by surfing the surfaces of four uncertainty
Ive played and Ive studied and Ive worked and Ive traveled Ive created and Ive
loved and Ive been ill and Ive been stupid Ive listened and Ive watched and Ive
attended and Ive overthought most everything Ive veered away and Ive angled
off and Ive stared it down and Ive thrust deep while awaiting our time to leave

come with me to the edge of typical across the chasm from the cliff so rare our
wish to soar free but our compulsion is to congregate we cant be expected to
become comfortable with what we never know especially if the gulfs are broad and
incorrigible especially if the bluffs are unpredictable and inconsistent
could you descend with me into the ravine into bewilderment into the unknown
if we survive that ordeal we might ascend the opposite side to the promontory
where few have stood and fewer have wanted to stand and which exists merely as
an anti-axiom a fictitious truth nowhere replace with anything a vista with hope
for the lone sentry of four vulnerable legions asleep on a fog-soaked night amid
the stamping of stable horses you can be the lone sentry or you can be the lone
sentry's lover as stable or as unstable as you wish or you could be the spy or the
assassin just as easily or you could be the lost sibling at home or the devoted
compatriot in the fray whatever role you desire if any role at all engage when
engaging suits you and disengage when you want to be elsewhere your faithful
sentry will sentry on knowing perspective is shrouded in unknowing threats
are out of time or love can defy entropy when coupled with unexpurgated gazes
loneliness is not as simple as lack of company we learn this as children we know
it with sassafras extra potency as an adult's sharp on the tongue rough in chest
we know it like we know the branch that almost scratches the face but doesn't
or the bullet that almost ends the life but doesn't or the sperm that almost spurs
the egg but doesn't we know it as a characteristic throbs a phantom emptiness
the precipice will daunt us but won't defeat us since it's only fantasy but such
loneliness is authentic even when it isn't it feels real it occupies an empty
space deeper than the ravine wider than the chasm broader than our ignorance
every hair cant be in place just as every hair cant be out of place but there's no
way to tell with any absolute clarity when a hair's where it belongs and when it
isn't since it's usually in relation to other hairs that cant readily be said to
be either in or out of place themselves since they're in relation to many other
hairs as well and soon one wonders whether this notion of in place or out of place
makes any sense with hair or with things like hair things that are in relation
to other things which just might be all things which just might be you and me or
just you and me splitting hairs about a life that's left us trapped for context

awild dusk and a sky that's close well make our shoulders frictive when we move
against the dark as we must since dawn comes in the middle of the night since we
wake and roil and breed and death the shadowed valley as we lead ants from our
mouths as we fathom elusion from our unshared bravery well death just as were
meant to death to erase fetal memory would that we'll know then what we know now
or atamed sky and a heavy twilight well hunker in our unstrict warmth where no
disregard can damage us and where rigor has no voices since we doze and coil and
knead and grace the ancient lands as we cradle limits in our hands as we plunge
our hearts into a tarn of freezing tears well grace just as were meant to grace
to electrify memory would that we might always know all that we can't ever know
bad dreams or good dreams deviant dreams or divisive dramas disgusting news
or conflatings schemes we crawl and we slither toward the pit our hopes intact
our bellies stimulated by the earth's attentions our knees raw with the exposure
to the coarser elements were beasts and were beauties were mediocrities and
were stars we try to listen to colors and we try to look at sounds we try to smell
the fear in our own ideas of purpose as we taste ash and touch skin we feel what's
said as we write what's felt as we think what's gone and never went away some of us
should think more while some of us should think less where as some of us should
just think better if everyone of us can't think better then most of us should at
least try to think better since it's damn clear a lot of us can't think much worse
nightmares or fantasies wishful fillment or subconscious dread we project
ourselves around the corner but not out of sight never quite out of sight were
too evolutionarily parochial for that were too constrained by mortal facts
and so we suffer weather and psychology and trends reversals and loneliness
and advancements and our prayers and hand wringings and meditative breaths
of tongue won't alter the orbit of the planets or the lifespan of the sun we've
things to do and things to feel and things to buy as individuals and as nations
now I mutter as though I can speak for anyone not myself for those who suffer at
wild dusk and throughout godless nights and those who hurt under tameskies
and throughout god bloated sundays I can barely speak of my own white fortune
and my own plum emptiness my own wasp waisted childhood and my own purple hill
travesty I can't step off the ride I've never enjoyed though the sky is gorgeous

here's the old sag of the jaw and the dimming of the eyes and the organ striving
upward in protest while the heart pounds along and the mind eddies in a paltry
attempt to avoid it's sea here are the age spots the gray hairs the hand tremors
the lost step and the diminished desire here's the fluttering slumber and the
tired wish for validation here's the oblivious sleep and the freaky approval
here's the alpens infonie for the coastal boy and here are the scent of citrus
for the desert gal here's the devils fifth hand the minor lift for those who don't

trustgraveyardcheerandwhodonttrustpulpitassuranceandwhodonttrust
scientificflicksofhollywoodorofthewristhereare moodstabilizersfor
thedisenfranchisedandheresahexofjadednauseafortheindustriousrich
hereselitejustificationforthemaledictorymobandherearethepatterns
thatflummoxoursenseofvalue localornationalorglobaloruniversalweve
notalwaysbeenhereandwewontalwaysbehereandwhetherourbeinghereisan
accidentofingenuityoranaccidentofunattachmentoranaccidentofspite
wedontknowwedontpossesscognitivecertaintyaroundsuchquestionswere
notequippedto reachcollectiveconsensus especiallyformattersoffaith
heresthenewwagofthetailthatsmostlylikealloftheotherwagsofthetail
exceptthatitsthiswagofthetailonthisdayatthismomentandherecomesan
effectanundeniablefantasticeffectforwhichwelldeemthiswagthe cause
herestheboxthatholdstheeggthatholdsthelifethatholdsthedreamsofan
outofdatefutureandherestheboxthatholdstheeyethatholdsthemocyte
thatholdsthecodesofanirretrievablepastandherestheboxthatholdsthe
orbthatholdsthesnowfromatrillionmindsastheirthoughtsstaticinward
herearemapledropletson tenderskinonvirginlandsonourdurableleather
ourownpermanentleaseherearesugartabletsinourhospicesexappealthey
comeineverycolorandsweeteneveryshamewerenotgettingoutofherealive
whateverclicheswebandyaboutandwhateverparleysweinsistuponwithour
godsheresthesoundofourfinalbreathescapingandherearethesoundsofan
apocalypsescreamingtobeletloosehereareourposesforposteritybefore
ourposteriorsburnandhereareourknickknackssavedfor purposesunknown
herearetheluxurypillowsforourheavyheadsherestheequationthatought
nottobetruedto anyoneandherestheseecrettobesharedeverydaywithyou

oursurrogateselvesscreenedbiginthefieldmeanttomakeushighwepacify
whilewesanctifyhavingboughtthelargerthanolivestockoftheneckor
awinkofaneyeorapunchtothejaworapeckonthebrowaleapfromtheledgeand
arollontheroofmindyourarticlesboypeerintoherweepyspiritstrideher
opencountryrockwithheronherwraparoundporchandsweepherchimneyluck
lifeisdevotiontofeelingsifitisntdedicationtoideaslifeisasmirkand
asmileifitisntagasandahowllifeispatternandpulseifitisntemergent
andinevitablebehaviorifitisntamassiveinscrutablewhateverlifeisnt
longenoughtoperfectortojustifyabdicationandlifeisntshortenoughto
justchillandgrinandbearititmustbeexperienceditmustbeendureduntil
itsoveronewayoranotheranditllbeoversoonenoughonewayoranotherweve
beenpromisedsuchthroughourownempiricalobservationsaswellasmostof
ourstoriesoratleastthosestoriesbasedonlyuponempiricalobservation
givenenoughtimeourcelebritiesfadefromthefieldinsunlightorinshade

it doesnt matter time wipe the colors from our faces times switches out color
for story and story for sense and sense for sensation and sensation for death
we wait coherence though it might never come though it may have already come
might've come with the territory like dark matter and dark energy or darkness
itself for silence or pungency or texture or dimensionality when something's
almost nothing and nothing's still something gaps in our gaplessness swings
in our swung there's a midgen of yellow in our small cabin the blackest forest
I'll follow you out of four yans into yours sanskrit into your mathematical ark
one stretches one's leg across one's ship one kneads one's sore muscles with hope
and hands meant to emoteneither in solence nor indolence believing that the
muscles will untighten will relax and feel better and the western world will
follow suit across historical seasons existing between hamstrung and yogi
your suture on a bloody stage of selffulfilling victims at war against any
status quo except our paisley club your wrists are tied to your rough rafters
and your elbows and teeth are as pointy as my interest and almost as pointed as
my critique our teenager celluloid memes haven't matured beyond cleverness
our tabloid named droppings sharedom hasnt expanded past our small town swamp
and our elitist list of charms wont grant us passage into an execution ground

you might want to curb your enthusiasm for justice until the dust has cleared
but the dust never clears the verdict gets handed down and what follows could
be almost anything from a courtroom suicide to a commuted sentence anything
from a jailbreak and a repeat offense to a pardon and a death bed confession we
cant clear the future of its dust we cant cross the vast expanse between now or
never and forever and a day or between what's now desired and what's best always
desired if time cant correct something then it probably cant be corrected or
if imagination cant sweeten something then it probably cant be sugar coated
we choose what suits us in a world of unsuitability and we get just what we have
coming to us and if that looks like justice more than it resembles chance then
it's because we probably dont understand either what's fair or what's accident
you might want to curl into a ball and give up on this day if not this entire year
but tomorrow's coming hard as is next winter or even if they come softly they'll
not leave you be even if they leave you alone even if they leave you pining more
than wanting or holding more than having or fretting more than despairing we
cast lots and somebody's names in runes and somebody feels the rain on her face
and somebody feels his life ebbing away but isn't around for the finale bbb were
still here for a little while long to count the bodies and to share the jokes
I'll walk the broken brick cinderlanet toward home if home'll have me false lane
toward true home true slump toward false so false prayertoward true yearn
or I'll keep wandering off the paths since it isn't much of a path after all and you

cankeephauntingwhateverupperhallwaysmakesenseforyoutohauntorwell
swayinthehammockoffourmockablelibertyasthoughourorbswerentboiling
youmightwanttocurveyourspikeddartsaroundtheirshieldstopiercethem
fromsurprisinganglesthedelicatedropsofspiritcoursingthroughtheir
bloodstreamsevenastheywinewiththesuddenpainofshallowpunctureyou
dontwishthemharmyoujustwantjusticeandjusticenecessitatespainwith
purposeandlessonswithcomprehensibleoutcomesunlesswhatsjustisjust
asmysteriousaswhatsunjustorunlessthisroughlifeisasasymmetricalas
itissymmetricalandlanguageisntuptothetoughtaskofrepresentational
depictionormetaphoricalassociationlanguagegrantsusthewordparadox
butlanguagecantdoanythingwithitandsoweclutchittoourbrittlechests

everythingslinkedtosomethingeverybodysconnectedtosomeoneandifits
lateordeepintheeveninganybodywhohassomebodyoughttobewiththatbody
theworldasawholeinsistsuponnotcomingtoanendbutyoursmallpartofour
worldwillsoonendaswillmineorminehasalreadyendedwhetherrecentlyor
longagoandtheseorganizedsymbolshavesurvivedasliveroftimebeyondme
perhapstheyvewanderedtheopenrangetoyourpasturemaybetheyveflownin
wintertoyourwindowsillortheyvejustsprungupbetweenyourfloorboards
seedsforbirdsandbirdsfordragonsanddragonsandbirdsasfaithforworms
IhaventbeentothenthcircleofhappinessbutIknowthecharmsoffreedom
fromtheblatherofphilosinlimboandthelatherofeffortinpurgatorioIve
beentoamountaintopandIvebeentofurnacecreekbutIdidntspeaktimbisha
tothespiritoftheheatandIcantspeakangeltotheviragoinmyskullandyou
cantspeakdemon-to-the-pariahinyourheartandwewonttellitallwellenough
toconvincethemtokeepusaroundnotlongenoughanywaytobeforgivenfully
forourexpendituresandourflinchesforourhoardingandourinfidelities
forourapostasiesandourcowardicewehaventfoundarealwaytogetitright
andwewontsincewecantsinceitsnotwhatwereheretodothoughIadmitIdont
knowwhatwereheretodoorwhywerehereatallowhetherthatsthequestionI
shouldevenbeaskingperhapsIvedriftedhereasafleckofashfromsomefire
insomeotherrealmImneitherasnowflakenorasraphnorthekingofkingsIm
anoverworderwithfringesensibilitiesandtimecarvedouttopontificate
ortimedevotedtoanassembledinnerlifecuratedintoselectcompartments
whatIdliketodoisspelunkmyintrospectivenervosawhilststeeringclear
ofantiqueordnancediggingupburiedneurosesthatarentunexplodedbombs
IdontmindyoungcranialthornsbutIdontcareforsubconsciousballistics
puttherethroughdisregardorthetwistedpedagogyofpsychologicalneeds
seedsthatbecomeweedssthatbleedshamethroughoutonesgrubbymentalyard
whatIdliketodoisrockettoomegathroughthelightningfieldoflovewhere

every steel rod is eager to conduct and every penis is poised to document its own reaction to the electrical charges potent scrawls meant to be disseminated meant to make their marks if only within the one if only for the love of nature's appeal nature's insistence that expressions should come from empirical

imagination can't stop bombs or bullets or blades or births imagination can't even stop itself from being unlikely life which sure can stop itself from being if suicide is the only serious philosophical question we can ask whether any non-human suicide arises from reasons other than self-sacrifice or grief and whether if an individual mind can choose suicide can a collective mind do the same can life choose to un-benot like the lemming myth but as a solitary choice life deciding its done with living even if it's the only life of its kind having ever lived in just the way it has lived nothing lasts forever not life perhaps not even life itself perhaps nothingness or evenness but as imagination can't stop imagining perhaps life can't stop living and forever can't ever stop forevering god earth this is just platonism from a lesser mind no matter what the heart might want no matter what an imaginary self might say I can imagine many things but I can't imagine myself dead though I know I must die though I know the one must die and the reasons for our dying are manifold and incomprehensible and will always feel particular to our enigmatic selves we don't get it we can't get it it's probably not gettable or forgettable or regrettable since we don't survive it or if we do somehow survive it it's unimportant to this existence it doesn't permeate either way we can't remember our births and we can't remember our deaths but I can imagine dying as others have imagined dying before me and in this imagining whether across a moment or a midnight or ten thousand years I suffer violence whether it be bacterial or gravitational or human derived whether accidental or intentional or situational whether violet or golden and whether the parallel between the violence linking birth and death is too easily made I can't say but the violence of being born and the violence of dying don't typically compare to the violence of living life even when the violence is distributed across the whole time span and in this imagining the violence comes as inevitable and necessary to me as it must or it would be very unfair to an imagined agent of said violence even if that agent were a god of free agency or god with independent wills what I imagine isn't the truth unless I somehow do some prophetic imagining and then self-factualize my demise especially if I do so not by my own hand but through the mettle of my nature given imagination

contradiction arises out of certainty and certainty is born of ignorance my ongoing struggle to reconcile faith with doubt or uncertainty with purpose the world doesn't stay where we put it and it doesn't care how long it takes for us

to find it again I'm a part of this world and yet I feel apart from this world were of this world and yet many of us are certainly way out of this world I doubt well ever find our way back and yet as a romantic I have faith in whatever comes next even while as a fatalist I believe we can't alter that outcome through ethical or unethical or absolute agnostic behavior not through any sort of behavior something already been determined something beyond us as we currently are or something integral to how we are but outside the bounds of our mortal stage I drink the carbonated blue or the carbonated yellow or the carbonated red as though it were some elixir of everlasting health or a poison of quick release but mostly all I feel is ordinary and feeling ordinary isn't the pleasure some think it should be especially those who think themselves extraordinary but aren't malady is ordinary and wringing is ordinary loss is ordinary as gain vice is ordinary as valor we can't place ourselves in context since they're always more expansive than we are since they contain us and supercede stories since they show stories to be irrelevant without whole contexts which aren't available to us that shame and shame of all narratives that were weak and subservient to their flows of control because they mollify our uncertainty I drink the carbonated orange or the carbonated green or the carbonated rust as though variety spiced life more than fidelity as though more than boredom and boredom marred is boredom makes singular artisanal boredom crafted from choice an array of options life put on display if this isn't your vulgar grasp maybe it's your petty reach if this isn't your innocent lust maybe it's your safe sacrifice if this isn't your nostalgic sound maybe it's your perpetual clamor where every you pledge your allegiance there follows your responsibility and whatever you validate with your time and thoughts you victimize with casual distractions with causal excretions of imagination spent your meandering and your spinning in place you over focus and you underwhelm whenever your heart chimes dirge or ditty it does so from a tower you built stone by brick and concept by conceit as your seasonal heart tolls about your coniferous lands

need now takes a breath and want comes begging most of the time what we crave isn't necessary but the desiring is we've known this since stumbling out of our fraught puberties the object of affection was not as crucial as the affection itself we must reach toward the unknown even as we must seek to be happy within our containment if happiness is something worth having and if most unknowns aren't better left alone I'm not better left alone but I'm happy to be solitary in these stretched out spaces far from the popular pageant and if what I desire if I still desired were no longer pertinent I accept that as I accept death what's required vs what's desired is a life long conundrum and a holiday horror embraces simple fortune over elaborate fantasy or dream to an edge of anarchy

knowinglifecantdeliverecstaticequilibriumknowingmessagesdontcome fromthedivineinthreeexceptwhentheyreinterpretedassuchwesurewant confirmationofsomethingfromsomeonewithjustenoughauthoritytocount ifnottheauthorityofallauthoritiesifnottheabsolutesoulofthemoment Iknowtheminddriftsoutwardthemindswirlsupwardthemindburrowsinward themindspiralsdownwardIunderstandthisasaconditionofmybornreality andIacceptthisasIacceptthatfourcardinalpointsarenteverydirection theyreasketalstructureforsomethingfullerandfundamentalsomegods tidyinventionorsomedevilsplaythingwhetherthebodysufferstortureof themindsuffersneglecttheresanailinsomewallfornodiscerniblereason Iknowchancecancatchuptooneeatanytimesincenoonecanwhollyhideonones randomwalksfatesubiquitousandindiscriminateitdoesntevenneedthese fatalflawsofourstodoitsmasterfulhandiworkwerestuckinthemajestyof luckuntilwerenotwereselectedforpurposesbeyondussomewithglorysome withoutsomewithjeopardysomewithoutsomewithashotatlovesomewithout wedontgettorehearsereversalsandwenevergettoseethefinaldominofall IknowtheresstilltimeforclairvoyanceandwingwalkingandincunabulaIm awaketothefutureeventhoughImdeadtoposterityImawareofthepastwhile livingforthenextIreclineintomybluewaveevenasIprojectintoyourwarm poolevenaswedryoffonourrockofagesevenasweruminateonourlawnoflast reputeevenaswetiptoeroundourringoffireevenasweholeupinourhideout ofhorweenandhuckabackevenaswespinourcarelessnessassomelackofcare

timesmoreabricketotheskullthanapeckonthecheekitsmoreawickedblowto theidthanawetkissontheegoassummerchildrenwegetthebetteroftimebut itgetsthebetterofusacrossmostofourslogsandjauntswiththeexception ofthoseraremomentsofevanescenceonestendernessstowardtranscendence onesdrawtowardphantomhoodoffsettingonesolddaydreamtobeastevedore onecancovethenapewithoutwantingthedresstogrowevertighteronecould alwaystrysayingnotohisimpetusthatwantsyoutobethewilltowhiswinds oneshouldmaybeteachonesimaginationtobesmarteraboutitsexpenditure ofenergyandtheparametersofitsscopetostickwithenticementandeschew anyobsessivepersistencetowardlackofvariantsonemustntbeshroudedby anothersinventionevenifonecantbepositiveoneisntanothersinvention ifIinventedyouorifIminventingyouasIgoalongImfailingtomakekeyoutrue tomyadvocationofautonomyonecantinstillfreewillinafabricationones limitsasamakeraresoeasilyexposedawriterinventsareaderandwritesto herbutsincehedoesntexistinthefleshshedoesntreadwithherbodyandif youdontreadwithyourbodyyourenotreallyreadingorsoitcouldbesaidona dingywintrynightwrappedinunrainingcloudsinmiddleamericawhatIneed

isntareaderinheatwhatIneedisaconversationImincapableofignitingor
acallandresponseofindividualinsistencebetwixtourmutualtrystswhen
fathomingourunfathomablesandourimmutableprivacieswhenwesecretour
farthestyettobesdeepintoourlongestagoswhatIneedisapotentexchange
offorwardleaningsandbackwarddisappointmentssthewarmcurveofthought
againstthetautsurgeofactionifIinventedyouIshouldbeabletouninvent
youIshouldknowthetastesofyouoperatingsystemasreadilyasthefeelof
yourplatformIshouldknowyourmultifariouswaysofcalibratingthatloss
ofinternalconsistencyandpersonalintegrityeveryonemustendureyoure
tooperipheralto mygrindandImtooweightedandnarrowforyourworldscape
thoughIinventedyouIknowyounotandthoughyouwereinventedbyme youknow
notyourmakerandyoucanonlyguessatthecircumstancesofyourmakingwhat
weknowandwhatwebelieveareseldomcommensurateabouteachotherorabout
ourselvesoraboutwhatspacesexistbetweenustimesmoreatickletonofafancy
thananurgefromacoreitsmoreaswiftkicktomortalitythananipintheribs

atthispointinyourmaturityyoumightconsidersurrenderingtosomething
otherthantherationalnextyoumightwanttoriskinvokingtheariddisdain
ofthepragmatistwhetherfriendorfamilyforsomeirresponsiblewhirlthe
worstthingthatcanhappeniswhatsguaranteedtoeventuallyhappenanyway
youmightimaginegivingintoimpulsethoughtwithoutexternalorinternalapology
oryoumightactuallydoitsidestepwhatsrightandtrulyastonishyourself
findoutwhatyouvebeenrunningfromandwhyitstimetostopandtaketheheat
whyitstimetoshouldertheblameandcarryittoyourfilthylittlelandfill
anddumpitwithoutceremonywhyitstimetotakeituponyourselftodispense
onceandforallwithhermetichandwringingswithalgorithmicbombastwith
unheroicisolationyoumightnotwanttomakepeacewithyourgodsoryourown
wobblypastsinceoneofitiswhatonemightthinkitisandmayaswellasbeas
mysteriasyourfutureonemaybeshouldntbeatwarwithonesnationofself
butonealsoneedntbehamperedbytreatiesestablishedlongagoinyouryouth
youthinktoolittleandIllthinktoomuchandthinkingwillgoonbeingthunk
acrossthisgrandlandandacrossallgreaterandleserlandswwhatresolves
nothingactionsattendantorabsentwhatsatisfiesnothingshallowordeep
cajonesorvisceraorcortexorfingertipsuntruthwhatoriginatesnothing
youmightwanttorelinquishcontroloverwhatcantbecontrolledandresist
clingingto whatcant beheldyou might want to fall off your horse for the last
time you might want to ride a gryphon out of clerical hell into underpass hell
if only for changes in sensations if only to tradetedium for severity we know
wecantexpectourluckorgracetopersistorourbenigncorneroftheworldto
staybenignorourintelligencetoascendlikeapowerlawwecantexpectwhat

weknows beyond expectation were susceptible to any given moments insanity
just as were prone to an over steady unyielding sense of common daily purpose
I climbed up to your bowered window with ordinary intent but I descended from
your sweltering chambers with the smell of your moxy all over my mollified you are
a extraordinary as the next soul as the next mind as the next body whether you
agree or not whether yourself assessment is as skewed as expected or whether
you're tuned to the clay and the sphere to hydrogen and the breath of seraphim
toniagra and the witchy flametometer and to your in exhaustible recovery

scatter what you may across the strappings shoulders or the russet cheeks our
vanilla or our fudge tawny or cocoa muscles or dimples whether sunscabbed or
moonsmoothed were idethesurfacecraftwhatsindigenousandwhatsanathema
isntselfevident upon the skin the history of the world isnt a blemish isnt an
awkward mole isnt a constellated tattoo may be stretch marks may be scars and
may be follicles leading into blood driven systems of contemporary truth we
vilify the age spots as we vilified the pimple and the wart and the indentation
from the inoculation that couldnt protect us from growing up into ex dreamt
superheroes of indeterminate worth so where would you go if you couldnt stay
here and how would you wait for you on the outskirts of catastrophe when will your
irrepressibility justify your blind spots and what sto keep you from ending
too early or hanging around too long why not clear the calendar and encounter
wide open time if you've arrived where you belong and you dwell in the ultimate
you wont need to scratch so hard against day today colors you can acquiesce to
current contentment you can embrace yourself as a simple thread in a woven
weave of accident and proof and your fibers are beyond your own construction
agora or claustro your fears mark your territory and the extent of your range
anyone choice eliminates three other choices and then another choice kills
ten more and this is how we must move through the world on our individual paths
that lead us to a collective point in the cold cosmos what happens next once we
all convene is anybody's guess but for now lets dangle in the jungle and mingle
in the fens lets befall in the alleyways and wallow in the whorl your canons
not my canon and my cannons not in your battlefield and darts from our tongues
dont ever stick where they land and shields of indifference cant stop swords
forged without care and terror can travel wherever love can form let me clasp
your hand as we circle another black hole of disregard and absentia our sweet
abeyance you wont dive into my melancholy and none will ascend your vagaries
dark will come and well gaze at our interior darkenings looking for chimeras
our mutual mutations meant to bring companionship and solace meant to bring

refractingdisquietandthirstmeanttobringsavagetouchandtenderlooks
ormaybeitstheotherwayaroundwelldiemaybetomorrowbuttodaywehaveour
inclinationsandourresolutionsandouradorationsandouremancipations

ifIweretoapologizeforbeinganobscurantistwouldyouapologizeforyour
reclinationscouldwefindsomemiddlegroundinexactingtraditioncouldI
fliptheswitchonprivacycouldyourollyoursleevespastyourelbowscould
weseekunitybyenactingrevelationsinthewildernessofourancestralbed
Imightaccuseyouoflackofrigorandyoumightaccusemeoflackofhumorboth
ofuswouldberightandwrongandneitherofuswouldberightorwrongandwere
equallyguiltyofpoorattentionandindividualcomedywhetherundivineor
overpersonalyouwantmetospeakofthegreenswellinghillsandinsteadIll
speakofpatternslosttotimeoftimelostpeeringatpatternsofourspartan
edgesintheinteriorsofvasttractsofpaintedcanvasmadefrompigmentsof
earthssecretsandIllspeakofsoulascorrelativetodarkenergyastokened
tocozyunknowinganddramaticunthinkingletmewalkthroughsnoworacross
graniteslabsandIllbecontentIllwantyourcompanyandIllwantyoutowant
mycompanywecouldspendthedayandthenighttogetherandlettheworldfind
itswaytowardanotherdawnwecouldfollowdeerupthewaterlinewecouldbed
downinadumpymotelwecoulddrimthecanyonunderterribleblueskiesormake
ourselvesweatinourhomewashedcottoncloudsImightdisappearintomist
oryoumightconfronttheintellectualsicknessofourtimesorwecouldclod
ourdisparatethoughtsintoclayawayfromanyconqueringstrategywecould
buildacivilizationofconcertedbricksstackedwithcooperationintoour
uncertaintyandcomfortifweweretotellclearerstorieswithcleanerends
wemightascendintothegalleriesofgabwherewecouldunintrospectouroid
introversionsandfinishhourpolishedorawkwardsentenceswithrelishand
flourishandsmirksandwinkswecouldresteasyinthemadeinclusivenessof
theupperroomsbutIwaverandsmearanderaseanddiscardIdeleteandripand
crumpleandpasteIblockandsmoothandmeasureandregrettowardnosetsuns
ifyouhaditalldooveragainwouldyoudoitalloveragainwouldyoutakean
arduouspathoraneasierpathwouldyouwelcomechanceorpursueperfection
wouldyoustrolltheperimeterorattacktheheartwheneverwedowhateverwe
dowecantundoitbywishingitundonewecantresetchronologyinouremptic
livesoronthestagesofhistorybutourimaginationscanshuffleincidents
ourimaginationscanvalencememoriesandreordercausalitywecanpretend
tobebornagainwecanrundozensofscenariosofrevisionistwoolgathering
wecanfantasizeandrefantasizeoverandoveragainsincewerefreetodream
whileawakeinanywaywechooseevenifwewerenotfreetoactinanyofthoseways
itswhatgivesdaydreamingitsmainpoweritswhatmakeslifeworthdreaming

that freedom in our minds to entertain options to iterate possibilities our resplendent consolation for having to live lives of suffering and banality if you had it all to do over again or any part of it what would you do differently what would you say that you never got around to saying and what would you unsay that you so unfortunately said what would you wish out of your former life and what would you wish into yours sparkling and improved one or has your luck been good enough this time around for you to feel no desire to risk unraveling your current life for some loose or overtight weave of another we might just stick with what we've been given and not trade any of it in for the latest colors you've been blessed with that and I've been blessed with this and may be we could share if you'd like we could do some mutual exchange we could combine ourselves we can't control what's happening we can't even entirely control our reactions to what's happening or what's happened or what will happen so I drift off I drift far away to snow fields strewn with boulders boulders in broad sunlight with the snow knee deep making us want to leap from rock surface to rock surface our soles gripping the granite soles manufactured to grip as hearts are made for contracting and aching and expanding and breaking out croppings matter but I don't know why clean winds swept place to do nothing but think to reflect upon life and what might live outside of life though we know mud and ooze are better for creating life we don't know what's optimal for sustaining life we don't know whether universal life prefers one specific environment over all others we don't know whether life is accident or intention and whether if accidental it subsequently developed its own intentionality and whether if intentional its unfolding as it ought we don't know these things and when I drift far afield from where I stand or sit or lie I'm not granted any linguistic or mathematical solutions my understandings are without syntax sudden and evanescent they are not equations or metaphors they come and go in one breeze is their goal to be satisfying or to be a tease is their aim to foster or to antagonize or to please

were I to begin again I might not begin at all I might be gone from myself before expending a solitary word you needn't begin if you never began to begin with I'm knee deep in the outcomes of my weather what I've begun will be ended by time passages since neither birth marks nor boulders last forever and since I won't pull the plug on my comatic debris I think every moving vanishing point moves along a horizon from the vantage of some other point and every distant star is some star's nearest star and you aren't where ever my mind puts you last I think our comforts are our strengths in our decline and my unique mediocrity is earned and I'm done with peripheral subservience to the social melee I think I'll take something warm to drink and read as long as my energy lasts and drift off flame still burning were I to stay awake until the end of time what would I learn that

would benewand crucialto thespeciesas awholeorto theindividual dreamer detailsfrom logisticsand logisticsfrom commitmentand commitmentoutof lovenot dutydetailsfrom dutydestroythe individual dreamerandwemustnt letthathappenitsalltooeasyforthatto happentoomanydreamsget tangled withdesignstoomanydreamsgetmangledbyrunningthemthroughprocessors werealivewithsystemsthatstrivetoreplicateandcoordinateto instruct wereItoundressandstareatmyimageinthemirrorcouldIdosowithoutshame orchagrincouldIorchardmystonedfruitsorshouldIbelieveinyourcitrus couldIlistenforthedeathrattleorshouldIrecollectthequietinthewomb couldIwithstandtheburdenofmillionsofyearsofinfluenceandprecedent orshouldIresistthemanymillionsoftimesIvecrawledtowardyourwarmth letspretendIundressandstandinfrontofthemirrorandletspretendyoure thereanddolikewiseandletspretendwestandsidebysidewithoutspeaking obviouslyembarrassedbythesituationandourvulnerabilityandthefacts ofagingandournaturalimperfectionsnottomentionourawkwarderoticism andourequallyawkwardnoneroticismandletspretendyouglowandIpeacock oryoublossomandIblazeandwestandintheuglylightlookinguglyandhuman orwerealiveandspecificanddreamywemightaswellbeglamorousandinlove wemightaswelltakecomfortinouragilitytotossourideasintothehorizon whatifIweretodressuptogosomewhereIdontwanttogoandwhatifyouwereto dressupandgowithmewhetheryouwanttogoornotwhatifdressedupwewereas ridiculousaswhenwewereundressedjustasawkwardandjustasembarrassed tobealivetonotbesureonesgoingwhereonewantstobegoingtobeunsureone lookslikeoneoughttolookifonestrulygoingtherewhetherdressedtokill orundressedtodeliverthegoodsaslongaswereinittogetherIllbecontent thoughthatsuntrueIllneverbecontentIsupposeIdontwanttobecontentif IcanbeintriguedIdratherleanforwardandreflectthanleanbackandrelax thoughIllleanintoyouorarchawayfromyouasyouwishandwhatifyouwanted tostayandIwantedtogoorIwantedtostayandyouwantedtogoorneitherofus wantedtostayorgoandwhatifwewanteddifferentthingsinthesametenseor thesamethingindifferenttensesordifferentthingsindifferenttensesI wantwhatIwantandyouwantwhatyouwantdressedorundressedandallphases inbetweenthoughIdontactuallyknowwhatIwantandperhapsyoudonteither wereItobeginagainImightseekasteeptrajectoryImightgoforbrokeand breakImightbowoutbeforeIgotboredlongbeforeIwasreinvigoratedasone grantedtimetoseelovelengthentheintoseviceanddailymerciesandhilarity Imightbecomethe biggerfoolIcouldvebeensomeblowhardwithanentourage someasceticinacoldcavetryingtolevitateoutofthedustorsomeacademic withalooselibidoandaricketyreputationtoprotectImightprefertoroll alongasapseudosuccessthanshufflepastasaquasifaailureyoueitherdoor

you dont want to be the you of this text whether an auxiliary you or the very you
or you are the generic you of all our texts brought on stage to make the slabs less
lonely we want the future to be female and dumb and felt and we want the future
to be kind to those who naturally and not naturally suffer we want what comes
next to come for everyone with the equal pleasure but it wont and it cant itll come
as its own imperative for its own release and what delights you wont thrill me
and what it illates me wont pique you and what gets us off wont float the boats
of the establishment we know we cant begin again and we know we cant order room
service with the tomorrow we desire and we know we cant outwrite the beauty or
the pain of an irrepeatable now we can swallow we can blink we can flinch but we
cant properly describe the action of the swallow or the quickness of the wink
or the immediacy of the twitch or at least I cant were it to begin again I want to
eradicate any lust for language let it be lust for flesh let it be lust for time

you say what comes to mind with utter confidence in what comes to mind as worth
saying and well worth hearing and perhaps even worthy of regardful response
your fountain of words splashes our corner and keeps my sun flooded pavement
roman fresh and prussian clean liquid attraction then native waters of self
what exists at the beginning must exist at the end at least in essence for your
narrative to make sense unless sense is not your target unless you are aiming at
gut sensation or wayward sensibility hoping to tranquilize that ineffable
uncertainty and its corresponding evanescent certainty a normal strategy
to capture or control beasts that move beyond our reckoning though we know of
no creature more threatening to the soul or planet than the human collective
at its worst a pervasive entity we cant socially escape or externally subdue
what you think is yours and yours alone unless it isnt unless your thinking is
all effect unless your thoughts are controlled and the cream is skimmed from off
the top unless your daydreams come ladled from a pot of stew unless your night
dreams arise from the feral calculations of voodoo unless you give your mind
away on a thought at a time unless you give your inner self away by your actions
what you didnt say I havent forgotten what I didnt do hasnt been forgiven what
we made together praise nature wasnt forbidden what you think links deeper
than my trawlers nets and what I dream I wish to dream without qual or censure
where does it get on to dream complicated or sensual dreams in one twilight
what are the messages on a supposed to glean what are tomorrow's action items
you enter through the parlor and ascend into the upper reaches of the mansion
there are many twisted steps to my heart chamber and many more to my dark attic
I suspect you'll get lost along the way but what you'll discover in my culdesacs
will outvalue what you gather from my gaze you climbed the concrete steps out
of your world onto my stoop and glanced back at your world with bare affection

before slipping into the glare of my sun swept parlory you should leave before
you are drawn into the interior shadow of my core go back to the stoop and smoke
a cigarette or crack your knuckles or grab a popsicle out of the porch freezer
while you ponder your pleasures or catalog your gripes or isolate your dread
you should leave but you won't since this is my dream and I won't let your freedom
usurp my scope or the intricacies of its mark exceed my grasp your autonomy
tethered to mine as mine is to yours but this is my mansion that I've dreamed your
essence into and you are not resistant to exploration your curiosity's feline
after all even if your spirit sequeine or owlish or ursine or caprine you're my
fetish not my avatar not my totem not my pet you move through my structure as if
there's a treat at the end as if there's resolution but there's no treat there's no
resolution there's just the integrity and the serendipity of your endeavors
even though their blood stream exists solely within my architectural flesh
where does it get on to dream pathological or erotic dreams in one's own crypt
what's the outcome when you suffer creative implosion and territorial decay
you cross the old idea as you cross the ice floe you cross the suspension bridge
you cross the churned fields you cross the vacant lot you cross the threshold
you cross the plum room you cross the pristine bed with good silence toward me
you're warmer than a new idea as if you carry with you the frictive distances of
a whole planet I make of you as a sovereign landscape replete with up hill beauty
you make of me a vial drops mudded with ascension we make of the world a single
haven though it's a teeming mess of egos and it's though it kills us at the finish
we don't run for ever you won't stay forever I can't wake by choice into eternity I
can't sleep deeper than death we may yet walk this day straight into the sunset
your tributaries of thought make your spring river roar our renewable words
washing down from the hills and bubbling up from the sewers organic language
from our intestinal tarns poetry from our scrawling throats were sick of our
written bogs but they're where we live there are no rooms for us in the mountain
monastery there's no circle of hell bed and breakfast we can't speak in tongues
or raise the dead with a stray couplet we can't flood hollywoods strip mall on
crystalline afternoons or part the waters of four reality bodies when we flee
ourselves oppression were content to spate or bend or rill or trick to these sea
our tired parallels our weary descent even when we gush over our favorites I'm
going to answer the call I'm going to fill in the shape with the discipline your
gaze deserves with the abandon your dream commands leak and spill and pour I'm
doing what comes naturally with what vitality I still possess my hand on your
hurt your hand on my harm we have till morning if not beyond to make this scheme
a better scene to make the plum yet plumper with the wine of four vestal voices

whispersomethingnewandtrueorsomethingoldanddearsomethingdiscreet
tousanddiscreteinitsformsomethingirresistibletothemostjadedmeour
callowplayofployandsurgeourshallowurgeforthevivaciousdepthsofage
Imovethehairawayfromthewindowandtheburdenawayfromthesunwellshine
astwoflintedselveswellburnaskindlingforthechildrenofourambitions
orwellplumbthewellforrelieffromactivitythirstwellsipatgoodaction
ImtiredofwatchingpeoplebemeantopeopleifIcanavoiditImgoingtoavoid
ittheresnopointinseekingoutthatwhichdemeansthatwhichmakeslives
filthyandthisincludescomedythatbulliesImgoingtostayoutofitswayif
IcanIlikespartanbutIdontlikecommonIlikewickedbutIdontlikebrutalI
likegraveyardsbutIdontlikefraternitiesIlikecollaborationbutIdont
likecompromiseIlikerepetitionbutIdontlikesamenessIdontdigmantras
IvenowoundedkneeatwhichtoburymyheartIvenowailingwallnoantietamor
stalingradorgallipoliorwaterlooIvenojerichoormasadaoralamoandIve
absolutelynogulagorandersonvilleorravensbruckallIhaveisamemoryof
awallflowerdeadattwelveandanincompatibilitywithsocialflowandallI
feelinthemiddleofthenightoratbreakofdawnareexistentialbellyaches
yourbreathatmyearisthebreathofnextandthatsplentygoodenoughfornow
Iknowlifepamperssomeandpunishesotherswithitsunpredictablewhimsy
heartisntunscathedneithercanIsayitsdemonstrablyscarrednoneofthis
isworthdwellinguponexceptformetosaytomyselfandtoyouwhoeveryouare
thatwemustbeawareofourfortunesevenasweadmitwecantbeaswideawareof
ourfortunesasweneedtoabetobetrulyawakeandthuswesufferourignorance
aswesufferfromitsbondsalongwiththoseofuswhosuffermorethanwedoand
therearealwaysthoseofuswhosuffermorethanwedowhethertheyreamongst
usornotwebeingallofussincewemustbeeveryoneofusforallofustomatter
Ineedtodosomethingwithmybodysomethingthatcouldmaketheworldsworth
clearertomesomeexertiontowardsomeoutcomewithsomebenefitsbeyondmy
smalllifebutmovingrocksfromoneendofafieldtoanotherdoesntseemtobe
thethingandcairninglanguageatoplanguagedoesntseemtobethethingbut
rightIdforgottenprocreationmightbethethingandwevedonethatalready
muchofwhatIwantedoutoflifehascometopassthoughsiringabeingwasnton
anylistitspotencyasadonedeedisirrefutablethoughtheaccomplishment
ofraisingthatbeingisactuallythegenuinethingthethingthatmeltsone
mediocrityintoplaydoughthethingthatputsanywhitepaininperspective
weraiseourselvesonlytoapointbootstrappingfollowsnurtureonlyafter
naturedoesitsthingonlyafteronesstrapsgrowstrongenoughtoupliftone
yourstrapsareformidablyyoungonesyouwontbedeniedyourplaceinthesun
ifyoupullwithallyourmightunlesschancehasdifferentplansforyouwhat
couldbesevereandunbearableandspecificandharmfulandtransformative

wasourpresentandprimitiveisourfutureandingeniouswillbeourpastour
temporalwedgeagainstcomplacentsolipsismandthefangsoffalsesuccess
Ivespunwebsofvagrantlythinkingthroughoutneighborhoodsnearthetracks
somethoughtsstaytoolongandsomebolttoosoonandthefinestnevertravel
thiswayyetIhavemypositionsandyouhaveyoursouranglesofkilteredmind
wemovealongthemhopingsomethingstickssomethingwecanuseforstrength
somethingtoremindustomorrowwontcomeforeveryoneandthatcouldmeanus
whispermethedeclineofwesterncivilizationandouroriginalfallfrom
gracewhisperminorkeywhaleormajorkeycathedralourguiltsoverwrought
andourinnocenceisfallacyifwecouldfeeltheactsordothefeelingsofour
ancestralrisewemightknowmercyasitisweevenotprogressedmuchpastpity
accrualisntameasureofpridebutIcaneatoneagrainofsandintoaeuclidean
pointtheseebenezersarentsomeboysbabelnordotheyleadtoagodlysummit
believemewhenIsaytoyouImatypicalblockheadwholikestoseethingsfall
Illtrustyouwhenyoutellmeyoureanordinaryclimberwhodislikesheights
peoplearehorrificasacollectivebutyouknowseveralgoodsoulsorbehold
whatwonderswehavewroughtasaspeciethoughtthereseverthatoccasional
badeggmortalareourinstitutionsandfatalisthelovewechaseforourself
elusiveautonomiesoursurreptitiouswayoftryingtogetaroundourselves
sospeakunderyourbreathaboutallthingsawfulandallthingsastonishing
tellmeaboutthehauntingsandthetransfigurationsandthemetamorphoses
trytojustifytortureandpurificationandbanishmentandmallsofamerica
breatheintomycobbledfortresssomethingofyourwanderingspiritourair
ofshareddiscoveryanddisbeliefourneedtoknowwerenotaloneormistaken

organdyagirloracatortheorganistinmycarnivalofasoulabrunettegirla
whitecatwithoneblueeyeafataffectorganistwithhairthecolorofdeath
agirlfoseductionawhitecatwithonebrowneyeanorganistdeadtotheworld
mymindmakesthemorandythoughonlythecatcarriedthatnamethewomanwas
trainedinacathedralineuropethegirlwasapastorsyoungestdaughterthe
catwasfilthyfromtheengineofthetruckwhereithadhiddenandthenridden
fromoneendofdigbynecknovascotiatotheotherastonishinglyunscathedI
bathedherthecatnotthegirlnottheorganistandshescratchedmyhandsand
armsasthoughIweretheenemyinherfury sheattackedmychestwhenItoldher
thegirlnotthecatthatIcouldnttakethecatbacktoaliforniawithmewhen
IleftatsummersendIcouldntbeorgandyloverororgandy caretakerorthe
organistsredeemerIwasntafishcutterorthedomesticsortalthoughIlove
thedroneofanorganalthoughIadorethemysteryofdeathshewasorthogonal
tomyurbanintentthegirlnotthecatnottheorganistshewasseventeenandI
didntknowthestatutorylawsofcanadabutIknewevenheroldersisterwasnt

mineforthetakingevenifshehadwantedtakingasorgandyhadwantedtaking
theyoungersisternotthecatorsoitseemedunhookherseductivenaturethe
rawenergyofanoverparameteredruralcreaturemeanwhileheroldersister
hadthedepthoffieldgroundedmindinwildcontrasttoorgandy's lurid charm
shetheoldersisternotorgandywasthesageandorgandynottheoldersister
wastheseductressIcouldspeakofnovaliswiththeoldersisterbutorgandy
wantedfourletterwordsshecravedsomethingmoreorganicthanhardenberg
ornighthymnsandwhenmyphantomorganistplayedbachshymnsomydesiring
Iforgotthatorgandywasntthepalewomansittingonthatbenchpressingthe
keyswithherringlessfingersandthepedalswithherstockingsunshoedshe
theorganistnotorgandynotthecatcapturedmyheartbyutterlyignoringme
organdythecat hadbutterflypipesorgandythegirlhadthebreathofacanoe
theorganistplayedasthoughthenaturalworldhadcometoanendbeforeeden
asthoughthetidesofthebayoffundywerenothingcomparedtothoseofkrebs
myfantasiasalmostalwaysviscerallypreludemymentalchoralesamelding
ofexcessvoicesofexcessivemullalongwiththeinsandoutsofbodilygoods
theorganistandIbumpedintoromancethewayyoumightbumpintoapostwhile
backingupinatightandunfamiliarparkinglototherhandsknewchordsandher
backknewstraightanditknewbendssthroughmelodiesfromverylongagowhen
hershouldersandnapecarriedthemarksofherancestorsthevanillasinews
ofherpartitasmymotelroomhadapaintingofthelobbyofahistorichotelin
aregionofnorthamericaunknown tomemakingmewonderwhetheraroominthat
hotelhadapaintingofmymotellobbyanditwasaportalnoonehadyetthought
totakeavantageofIdidntbothermentioningthisusingtohertheorganist
notthegirlobviouslynotthecatthecatwhenbathedwhenstillwetmadefora
pitifulsightmorepitifulthanorgandythegirlwhenweweresayinggoodbye
andIwasnttakingorgandythecatandshethegirlwassobbingandpoundingat
mychestwiththeheelsofherhandsastrikinglydifferentfeelingfromwhen
organdythecat kneadedmychestafterId towelledherdryandatlastsettled
herdownagratefulandcleananimalthoughspotchesofenginegreasestill
marredherwhitefurshedhavetolickthatawayherselfeventuallyIthought
stains oflifesa adventuresnotallcanbegroomedoutnotallcanbeforgotten
organdygrabbedmywristandputmyhandwhereitshouldntbewedrowedtosome
spitoflandupriverandbeachedthecanoesheknewofagrassyhollowandyesI
didwonderthoughshewasonlyseventeenwhetherIwasthefirstorthefourth
orthemostalonetobeinthatpositionourlonganguishedandsumptuoustale
ofproliferationofmagneticattractionorriperepulsionoftenoccurring
simultaneouslyorgandyaskedmethingsofthefutureIcouldntfathomwhile
sheaskedmetodothingsinthepresentIknewIshouldntorgandythecatwasnt
ourstogetherandIwasnttakingherthecatorthegirlwithmewhenIlefttogo

homeandourtomorrowswerentlinkedandourtodaywasntdestinedtorelease
thoseirreparableforcesofsurvivalwed survivethissummertofindothers
towhomwedbefatedforfarlongerandmoreintensetimesperhapsorgandyhas
hadherownorganistordanceroractororteacherbynowmaybeorgandythecat
wasallowedthefarmlifeandhadlittersorperhapssheendedupinaflatwith
aspinsterandmaybethetheorganistwasresurrectedinaswankeuropeantownof
renownwithanorgansuitingherzombiezenithgeniusperhapsherorganized
orgasmsorsomepleasureaspectsofthemmadetheirwayintothereliquaries
andspandrelsandspireoreventhebowelsofgargoylesinhergothicheights

onewatchesbirdsoutoneswindowsbecausetheyrebirdsandtheydobirdacts
theyperformbirdthingsmostareclosetopredictableintheirgeneralways
theirnervousmannerismsandtheirdartingsaboutbutonecantpredictwhen
theyllflyorwhentheylllandorwhentheyllpeckortwitchorflutterorshit
notwithanyimpressiveaccuracytheyreasexoticastheyareordinaryandwe
cantdomesticthevastmajorityofthemorknowanyoftheirthoughtsoranyof
theirarchitecturaldreamswedontknowtheirsorrowstheirrelationsand
wedontmaptheirfatesaswemightmapdebrisfieldsandonestopswatchingas
soonasonessufficientlyboredwiththelackofanynewstimulusorassoonas
onegetsdistractedbysomethingelseorwhenonessuddenlyunnervedbyeven
theslightestchanceonesbeingwatchedbythemnotoutofwarinessbutoutof
structuredcuriosityaworldprogrammedtogettoknowyouwhileyoubelieve
yourebeingignoredwhileyoubelieveyourselfmarginalizedonesnotabird
yourenotabirdbutthemasculinegaze fallsuponyourformwitharelentless
urgencyImstaringatyouwithanarrayofintentsapaletteofprojectionsIm
neither raptor nor serpent but Im hungry for your sparrow heart for your wren
clutch for your thrush crop its part of a pervasive imperative encompassing
thelimitsofyourlimitedeggsIwatchyoucleantoiletsandIwatchyouonthe
runwayandsubwayandfreewayIwatchyousitandbendandtorqueandIwatchas
youcrosstheframeIwatchyouutilizespacesinmoreinterestingwaysthanI
utilizespacesandIwatchasyoucrossbackacrosstheframeIwatchyoubrush
andshimmyandstrideandwhenImluckiestIwatchyousleepIwatchyouacross
thetablesharingwarmlaughterwithmeIwatchyoureachandstretchandcome
toasublimeplaceofrelinquishmentyourenotatallinnocentyouwatchback
andyourhungersjustasferociousifnotyouthensomeonelikeyou someoneof
yourcompositionwatchingsomeoneofmycompositionwithdesignsuponwhat
comesnextuponwhatevercomesnextyouveeyesofdifferentcolorsalthough
theyretheidenticalcolororatleastIcantdistinguishthemtheychangeas
theystaythesamedependinguponthepotencyofmyframeofmindapoetsbrain
goneprosaicoranessayistgoneconfessionalIwatchyououtthinkmeatmost

everydiagonalasIwatchyououtfleshmeatmosteveryaltaryouveneverlost wingsandIveneverhadatailto loseyetourcrimesarecommensurateinevery churchineverygeometryyoureaburnmarkonatableandImadoilybloodstain whenIcutmyhairIhatetheeffortbutIadmirethetenacitytheawkwardreach andtheundesirablevanityonecantreallybeanamalgamofsamsonandchrist ofplatoandrimbaudofdelilahandmotherteresaonesjustclaywithvarying viscositiesdryfoetustowetboxofbonesyourejustenergywaitingtobeash orherdedorganelleswaitingtobelightonedoesntenjoywatchingchildren playonedoesntrememberlikingthedynamicsonedoesntlikethemnowenvyor trepidationyearningorangerItooeasilyregressintooldhabits speaking intheformalyouspeakingtotheinformalyousorspeakingoftheuninformed youwhileatthismomentinamotorinroomwithanallureofrecessednichos andmanyangledmirrorsIshamelesslyconjuretheunformedyouorperhapsId dobettertoprayforrationalenlightenmentperhapsIddobettertogotobed anddreamupacalculusforglobalequityorarevueofqualityentertainment youvebeenaroundmyblockandtraipsedmycentralparkyouvebatteredmyold dockandsatformyinnerchildyouvescaledmycloisteredfictionandreamed mysenseofselffallformypulseandrivetallformyattentivekeelandyetyou stillhaventmadeittothesurprisepartyIhaventthrownforyoutowhatwont havehappenedtillyouagree tocomeweallwatchoutforourselvesasis coded intousthoughsomeofusdoitbetterthanothersandsomeofusdoitmuchworse wealsowatchoutfortrendsandforpitfallswe watchoutforthefamousandwe watchoutforthefreakishandtherehavebeendayswhenwewatchoutforthose whoprefertheiliadtotheodysseyweplayourfunnygamesofsurvivalbutits notaboutsurvivalsurvivalisntthepointattheleveloftheindividualand itsnottrulythepointatthelevelofthespecieeither sincenothinglasts foreveryettheressomethingaboutthefactthatnothinglastsforeverthat weremissingsomethingcrucialandunavailableto ussomethingenticing in itselusivenessthoughitcanteludeusforeversincenothinglastsforever notevenelusivenessfallaciesarephallicandfaithisfeminineorsoyoull saywithconfidencewhenIhaveyousayitinmyheadsothatIcanhaveyousayit inthisstringoflanguageastringoffeelingsandthoughtsandtheoriesIve strungtogethertopassthetimebeforeI disappearasdisappearImustandto saywithaplombIllseeyouontheothersideassumesthis isntthatotherside

whatifIweretounspecialmyselfinmymindandonthisplanetwhatifIwereto ununiquemyselfinthisuniverseandinouronemultiverseacrossalloftime whatifIweretomakemyselfordinarytoyouormoreordinarythanIalreadyam woulditmakeyousuddenlyordinarytomewouldthesunonmyskinfeellessnew wouldyourbreathonmyskinfeellessyouortooyouwouldwebepacifiedbyour

normalcy what if I were returned into a quantum god of fun paralleled brilliance would you resent my elevation would you fear my judgement would you burn me in effigy would you stand for my disappearance as if I become as silent vowel our love like every love is measured by temporal and situational uncertainties what if I were to unspecify myself so that I was randomly distributed and sort of pantheistically unknowable I could be in your veins and in your soil and in your coarse childhood I could be dismonikered I could be predeconstructed I could be liberated from cohesion or at least much more liberated than I am now and perhaps with that anonymity I could acquire a third eye by not having any I what if we could differentiate quality from value a moment of grace from some instant of fate full luck as pot on a free horse from a spotlight in a pray palace is your friend a quality friend or a friend of values separate from her quality we run our tongues over the gaps between our teeth as a way to understand death we put palm stools in a way to comprehend loss and to fend off indifference my shoulder hurts badly enough to awaken me most nights and when awake I think of many things some good some not so good and some without qualitative import ambient lights a kindness on these nights allowing the room's charm to dimly give of themselves if there is an absence of your inimitable and coercive body in a season or four my shoulder might've stopped hurting or it might be as short might've sufficiently worsened and forced me to seek a solution if solutions exist to be found for things like shoulders and heartbreaks and soul nausea this pain has nrisentomy neck so I can still study anthills and watch turkey vultures soar and crane round whenever you walk by I could still pray if I were addicted to prayer it also hasn't flowed beyond my elbow to my wrist so I'm still able to scribble in the sand and scratch cliffside and south paw godepithets when I think of things in the middle of the night I think of the feminine will or I try to will the female safe it tends to have to clear the slate of logistics and I have to allow the loathsome self of loathing his observation post for snarls and snarks mostly harmless in their traditional familiarity as the ceiling doesn't lower to crush me it either stays where it is or it swells and falls with my breathing or it dissipates into sky when I traverse your thoroughfares I'm not alive to influence you or to be sheltered by you I actually don't know why I'm alive whether I'm pondering that question by sun or by moon or by lamp or within the dread twilight of my skull and I don't know why you're alive either or why your path has crossed or why I was born to have to have my face and you were born to have to have your legs and underarms if you were in truth born to have to have your legs and your underarms our bodies dictating how we are and yet not at all about how we are or about how we must become from child to adult to spirit you're many things I'm not and I'm one or two you'll never be unless we can transmorphify into one another but I don't think our mutations will migrate I don't think were

built to adapt into our opposition even when friendly even when attractable
some of what we could learn from ourselves we could learn from one another the
roads in and out of suffering and the way to stack logs to make the hottest fire
how to put things off into the future so that they never actually happen at all
and which words not to use when comforting an intimate friend in a diva crisis
you are not going to convince me about things I am not going to be convinced about
and I am not going to capture your heart by trying to convince you mines a stable
place of greenest pastures I've chased my fleeing self long enough to know the
next field shay can be just as sweet and just as sour as memory we should not feel
surprised when love looks like rain or tribal soil or holy land or rising wind
I'm ordinary in all of the ways that you are ordinary and yet I'm extraordinary in
none of the ways that you are extraordinary and this simple truth should make a
hero out of me if anything at all could make heroes of us this should be it could
be it if we allowed it to be it but I won't allow it to be it because who among us can
admit to wanting to be an intentional hero as opposed to an accidental one to a
situational need we don't get to be noble and know it to we don't get to be honest
when we know the camera is rolling we don't get to be brave when it just looks like
affinity if I were to do what I think I want to do I'd either destroy myself for you
and by you I very much means specifically you or I very much means every other you

they'll say you're on the wrong road if it's your own road our gentlest of ironies
of borrowing the words of others to feel more ourselves or the bitterer irony
of being told to think for yourself though just not with your own thoughts the
redemptive irony of paradoxes meaning against the clutch of belief to grasp
is three fifths grab in source and four fifths scrape in chance resemblance I
never wanted to be myself but there I was I'll chastise myself thinking this thought
or try to hear it out air it out let it gasp until it breathes I never wanted to be
myself but there I was repeating itself fits not a biological being but it's more
than a meme in meats are real and breathing part it might be a bad part perhaps you
recognize it or the same in yourself for I wouldn't be entirely surprised if it's
the divine part the restless part false peace dishonors I define false peace
as false forms of confidence useful secrets and curious indifference false
forms of confidence sure useful secrets and curious indifference may build
civilizations but they don't build truths they build with them or around them
or despite them there exist no alternative facts merely alternative ways of
attempting to honor the facts where and when they exist this is not a fact this
is one more way of attempting to wholly honor the facts I don't trust your fears
any more than I trust mine which is why I believe in so few of those repetitive
thoughts of ours the root of attempting is really tempt but the root of tempt is not
devious it's the same family as tentative to try or test to touch or handle what

youcantmaterializeyoucanstillmakematterthereitisrighttheresokeep
thatonetoyourselvesincetheresnoplaceitcouldbewrittenIthinkthatall
languageisunrealthenremembernoonlyitsmeaningisunrealisinherently
mentalisproofeitherofthechimericalordivineplusthethornthefurther
botherbeneaththebudofpossiblybeingbothmatteringandmaterialswitch
matteringformaterialormaterializingnottomatterwhichswitchiswhich
myheraclitusyourheraclitusanitchetchedmyparmenidesyourparmenides
anitchetchedmygoddyourgoddanetchitchedmymistakeyourmistakeanetch
itchedonethefleetesttwingeandtheothersoengraveditchoretchitchand
etchlookoppositetwinheadsacrossalongformaltableonethinkstheother
thoughtlesslymercurialobeyingtheskinswhimswhilsttheotherfeelsthe
firstishumanlyvaintryingtoimpressthematterintotimeouritchandetch
havemoreincommonthantheycommonlyadmitsinceetchisanotherformofeat
sinceacidisneededtoeatintothesurfaceofanetchingtheitchisntdenied
orsuppressedthesurfaceissetchedinbeingitchedawayouritchandetchare
intimatelyaccidentallyrelatedjustnotbyfingersorfingernailstheone
needtheyappearedtosharebeingalivewasthrustonuscioranthinkspessoa
thinksmanythinkbutwittgensteincomestomindisthissimplyourlanguage
trickingusetchinganindignityifthereexistsnosubstrateuspriortothe
thrustiftherewerenohomunculusorhomunculiinsidethedeedthereexists
nothingtooffendonlysomethingtoattemptIcantrememberwhichonewrotea
versionofthisorwhetherIimagineditthejuryisstillundecidedaboutthe
questionofwhethertruthsandfactsareidenticaltooneanotherevenifthe
jurydecidesthejuryisonlythejuryIdontknowIsurmiseandtrytosurprise
myselffeelingforthetruthisdifferentthanfeelingisthetruthetheveninan
avidlyparanoidtimethetruthisstillastandardthatshouldmakeuswhatwe
arenotitwhatwearewherethetruthmakesuswhatweareitshouldmakeusbend
betterandbecomemoreflexibleandresilienteveninatiredtimethetruths
stillbeautifulinreliefasarticlesofclothingfaithfullywornwashed
andwornandwashedandwornuntillyoudbecomfortablesayingtheydlivedwith
younotjustonyouyoudonthavetoblameothersforyourmistakesandyoudont
havetoblameyourselffortheirmistakessofarworkwiththissymmetrywithout
keepingscoreandyoullhaveacceptedapeacethat eludesmanythus strictly
speakingtheresnosuchthingasselfhelpanymorethananymedicinecancure
itselfbutyoucanhelpyourselfneedlessselfhelpnowhelpismeaningfully
parsedasatransitiveverbahelpsbbutwhenoneattemptstohelponeselfand
aequalsbbbecomesaequalsathetautologouspartsofourhumanmindsarethen
confusedwiththoseofthehumanheartorinoneoranothergodeliantsenseone
loopisspeakingtoanotherloopinthedoublespeakofamobiusandconfusion
ensuesIspentanumberofyearscelebratingthisconfusionandtheconundra

it generates can be both fascinating and tedious callous and humane however
I now believe these conundra are unsustainable over the course of healthier
lives healthy is indeed one of four most loaded words on one end of the spectrum
there's healthy circular exercise on the other there's sour is yep an fatigue

repeating oneself in permutations is a mantra prayer is devotional unless
constitutional is boring unless Bach is easy unless Rothko is less rigorous
is pattern unless cookie cutter and can be nuanced can be truth is repetitive
I've been in this motel room too long and like a million monkeys not long enough
too many words in wrong combinations and too many phantasms in one tiny brain
I want to tell you something but it's not in this room and it's not in me and it's not
in this world and people who should know say there is no world but this one I
shrug and beat off to the lines of a vase I make trouble for innocent comrades I
exaggerate light frustration into something I shouldn't call trouble we've
been in this place before and as different people well be in this place again I
want to tell you something true and I want to tell you with sufficient quality
to match its substance but my telling apparatus is all told out and it becomes
untrue when said anyway probably no matter who's doing the telling that's some
fault of language though we don't know exactly what though I'm not blameless in
the unimagined wielding of my tools or my weapons or my unoriginal dreams
one doesn't deserve any credit for apologizing for something yet continuing
to do the thing none the less one doesn't deserve praise for choosing pain over
pleasure if that pain is of no value to the world and there is no novelty in that
pain if pain and pleasure are relative they might be situationally illusory
though I won't think you special unless you can make the pain disappear and the
pleasure redistribute and as a bonus could you add mystery to the irrational
and depth to the rational or could you collect debris from the crash site of my
comfort and add it to my rations for some future voyage so that I might perform
these miracles myself for humble me by delivering unto me much more pain than I
can bear enough pain to drop me prostrate in the dust or coil me into a fecal orb
our worth dwells in our specificities not in our commonalities you're fodder
for my fantasies revolving around inheriting the mind of god though there is
no mind of god to inherit I've my shard paltry thing that it is my shard with some
vague sense of sisters shards and brothers shards and cousin shards and floral
shards and fauna shards and atomic shards and math shards and synapse shards
truly this language is inadequate as truly as these thoughts are derivative
my derivation is not identical to yours and those differences aren't badges of
unique honor or individuality what make us is our amaranth in will to create
there's a carved spotted horse in my coin pocket called Naevosa as he brings all
the luck I need since I need no luck at all I need but courage to face fate's whims

whetherstodgystingyostingingor bountiful whether personal or global I'll wish for things and things will either come or they won't come as they've always come or not come with turquoise in laid eyes and a dawn muzzle or with a galaxy scattered across a beloved cutis fate comes without strategy within warmth within wetness and within infinitesimal time fate comes as lightning in our slant I incline toward your stable stall you're engines suspended before you'll rush headlong into unbranded thrills you're no daymare you're no wild chestnut repetition is hard to avoid and is necessary for improvement though in order to improve therepetition must vary toward improvement and is thus not exact repetition that tires some paradox inherent in our theory of identicality we want our identities to be ours and ours alone but they're in constant flux just like all things in time and space and are immeasurable in their natural state but I've said these things on other days in other moods in other places I've said them with belligerent confidence or insipid clarity when it's obvious I don't see what I'm talking about within any scientific or philosophical tradition instead I should tell a fiction fantastical scale and private scope I drove the car to the dead end I hiked to the promontory I jumped into the abyss I fell into oblivion or to the edges of oblivion anyway there's no such thing as true oblivion since how would we know if there were the car I drove was a corona the boots I wore were timberland the taste in my mouth was cinnamon not mint I leapt from the cliff as if I were diving into a lake I cut through the air as if I'd become a stooping peregrine with my past as prey the car I drove smelled of sun the boots I wore melted to fold times saddle the blood in my body was crimson not clover the plummet was swanned not tumbled the distance was time and the time was vanishment and limbo green grassed with fake theatrical heavens I fell for thought as I should've fallen for feeling the lurid earth not the livid sky the car I drove was not sentient the boots I wore were not conscious and my silent mouth held your secret and led me to the precipice where I flew though I needn't have I could've fallen both as my horse and as my rider and done it all over again

cleavage of the clever sort blue in persuasion and notwhelmed to profundity should I care that I can't levitate should I mind that you are not substitutable if my agency becomes too uncanny I might lose myself in a sensuality of colors too wide ranging for my left swemight never escape our narrow perspectives violence as eroticism isn't that different from nostalgia as violence or our thinking we can get away with personal evils conceived and born and raised in our minds but ostensibly never released into the world at large as guilt writ small there exist among us those whose seed darkness in the brightest flashes of light even I can hear the sorrow in your tall ditties even you can't tell when I've bent toward kindness our tones are keeled a loof and keened above one some

what I know could easily be exchanged for nourishment but I rather just have
honey nourishment as in nutrition not as in pleasure or for anyone not immune
to suppressing infancy or prone to flutter wings and circulate waxing ideas
whom the culprit for our fading blooms and whose strategy was to cycle life
to spin the sphere and orbit the hearth whom to blame for our disappointments
whom at fault for the intensity of the beautiful whom on the hook for ephemera
I don't want life sustaining sustenance even if it's ambrosia so much as I want
a droplet of life transforming nectar even if it's poisonous to my remembrance
even if it's effects last less than the moment it takes to be utterly forgotten
one can't suck from the breast forever not as an adult or even when coming of age
unless one's coming of age is excessively precocious or unless mother nature
herself is your milk well and immaculate convection manager to keep you warm
even when your thoughts burn cold even when your notions wane into fresh dark
wet abulate our fabulous pains or we ledge our grotesque losses as our hives
of plenty are harvested by unseen hands our philanthropic sugar of goodwill
exported to a ghost god as a treat for her queen or as a local cure for allergies
to a rogue and adaptive species whom makes sweetness out of penetrating light
we keep watch over what we can't see and we listen for vital messages beyond our
hearing aware that the eroticism of the unattainable is apparently your gift
careful what you think about the unthoughted and careful what you do with the
undone I suspect every cautionary tale contains the emergent properties of
a cliché and I suspect every human life might most simply be a cautionary tale
what makes a bad man what makes a bad woman what makes a bad child or a bad animal
what makes a machine a bad machine other than when it's malfunctioning or when
it's not working at all or when it's obsolete or when it's alive and conscious and
malevolent and what makes a god a bad god other than a god whom makes his or her
or their creation needlessly suffer without satisfactory explanation
am I a bad man or have I been a bad man in the past or will I be a bad man in the future
whom to say who really knows these things and whom to blame for our not knowing
but I rather talk about how I like spending my time watching you watch things
as I sit now in this drifting light with big patience for a lifetime of seasons
my directed gazes redirected reangled through your inclinations galore I'm
showing things watching you watch things I'm showing things I'd never have noticed
alone in this world I'm thankful not to have been alone in this world although I
cherish my gaps of solitude and my gaps between ignitions I press my fingers
against the outlines of my eye sockets and the bridge of my nose and I'm allowed
thus to apprehend my mortality and by extension your mortality and also gods
since god doesn't exist without us or so one credible theory goes though there
are many such theories with proponents and opponents I have my own opponents
and proponents too as do you among the mortals and the immortals we must all be

our own pugnacious opponents and proponents with full loyalty and tenacity
what you observe by chance I might be taught to see what I discard in my whim you
might use across your education what we have in common we might share as wrong
I offer you my teeth and you offer me your tongue I give to you my right hand just
as you grant me your left I want to send you my caba and you want to send me your
corazon but that exchange is beyond us whether in Europe or in the new world we
can't translate cloud meat to pink heat I'd rather plague you with my attractor
while you grace me with your repulsion tell me if you know what it might mean to
evolve toward rightness what does rightness mean in evolution is an octopus
rightly evolved is a mosquito is a sequoia if so why arent we or are we as a young
species on the right path evolutionarily but as individuals were easily led
astray as individuals we lack a long enough horizon to evolve rightly we lack
the breadth of the collective and our subtle skewings dont get us anywhere of
significance in single lifespans we mutate without essential correctives

some of us spend too much time alone and some of us not enough some of us develop
too fast while others never do some of us are tribal and some of us are monastic
just when I think I'm mature I say something infantile and just when I consider
myself mediocre someone treats me like a pearl as soon as I claim to be nomadic
I come down sick and require the comforts of home the difference between ones
inconsistencies and ones hypocrisies is the championing they command when
ones dead by those who didnt suffer too awfully from them in life someone gets
to be Bach but someone must be Wagner someone gets to be Monet but someone must
be Pollack someone gets to be you but someone must be one and if I break my heart
chasing novelty it wont be because something is wrong with tradition and does
summit or grotto make the best death bed fodder and if I die poorly does it mean
I was an underachiever and if I knew your weakest spot and you knew my blindest
would you're next weakest and my next blindest well in import and if I knew how
to get drunk would I know how to get sober again toward self endangerment and not
self endangerment why is my thinking geared toward waking self destruction
why are we predisposed to predation of our own confidence and confidences we
mercilessly track them to their steaming innocent holes and drip them to shreds
one may have a speckled gargoyle on ones chest but its not asking for clemency
she knows ones every flaw and limit even if she doesnt know all of ones secrets
I should be more like you who every you are I should rely less on my cure of denial
I should drill my blood into redwood roots and climb the heights toward relief
toward release from what's real and what isn't real seep and rise and dissipate
I could be more like you if I had a better heart if I had a better mind if I were who
you wanted to be how we all wish we could be but I wont ever be more like you I wont
ever be how we all wish we could be and before you say that's humanly normal take

yourhumanlynormalandprogramitdownyourowncrawlcodeitintoyourspirit
mortalorimmortalorneithermortalnorimmortalneithermoralnorimmoral
IlldismountfrommyhobbyhorsethewayIalwaysdismountwithgratitudeand
chagrinintoanotherhardscrabblemorningwithouereverythingindisarray
thebloodonmyspursisminenotyoursasthesweatonmychestisyoursnotmine
astheholesinoursoulsarenaturesnotsatansastheclenchingofourhearts
isalloursasthedriftingsfourmindsbelongtothedisappearedgodsofold
Iwantaccesszenoinchbyzenoinchaswiftinvitationandalanguidtraverse
oureternaljourneywithoutany measurableworthorresidualconsequences
Iwanttofallfromthetreeandnotbecaughtbythegroundonesdisappearance
notawantofwantingbutawantforwantingawantfortheimpossibledesiring
ofanimpossiblelifeoranimpossiblesetofselvesinourimpossibleworld
nomatterhowcarefullywemakeourbedwegoaboutwreckingitassoonaswecan
thehorizontalgiveswaytothediagonalandyoupromoteitintothevertical
forourdoubledawnorsecondsleepportwilitsparkandthunderparadiseshow
butthemindbalksatenergyexpensewithoutlastingeffectlastingasinthe
lengthofalifethoughnolifelengthssetbyenergyexpensethatsnothowour
mysteryworksifitisamysterybeyonditsmachinationsbeyondourimpulses
fateisnomoreathingthanprophecyisathingthefuturedoesntexistandthe
pastdoesntexistnotanymoreandthepresentdoesntexistsincewecantstop
timeandwhatstimeifneitherpastnorpresentnorfutureexistwerestuckin
thisillusionandknowingitsanillusiondoesntfreeusonlydeathdoesthat
anddeathtarriestillthementittarriesnotitstepsoutofourfuturesto
banishourpresentsforeverintothepastthatsallIlleverhavetosayabout
thatthoughIvemadesimilarpromisesbeforeandIbreakbadpromisesas
somebreakgoodhorseswhatIwanttotalkaboutnowisthedifficulttasteofmercy
asifweregiventheflavorofmilkwhenweneedtheflavorofwaterwhenweneed
somethingpurerthanpunishmentorforgivenesssomethingquenchingifnot
especiallynourishing somethingunbloodyunsaltyunmaledandunmothered
shouldwelongforsuccororvalidationwhethersecularordivineshouldthe
badtastesinourmouthsonlycomefromhardshipandbetrayalorcantheyalso
comefromaestheticlonelinessandthevomitedgallofselfdisappointment
Idontwishtobecleansedbythekindnessofothersbutbymyaccomplishments
sincemyownkindnessandcompassioncantbequantifiedsinceifIdonttrust
consensusandtheresnoholywillmydistrustofselfistheparchingillness
onephilosophizeswithamouthdryenoughtodrainthemediterraneanbefore
onedrainstheatlanticbeforeonedrainsthepacificandourplanetoftears
ifIweretoirrigateyourfieldswouldtheystayfallowifyouweretotemptmy
jetwouldIbuzzyourpinnaclesifweweretoweaveourshroudswouldwearrive

currentsarentquaaludesriveryoreventfulorfaddishorchargedmymental
conditioneddiesandsparksandcyclesandflagsbutwithoutcalmwithoutan
auraofchillorafogofequilibriumImbeingrushedalongtosomeplaceIdont
belongfromsomewhereIveneverbeenuponaraftbuiltofunusedmorningwood
willyoucomewithmeevenifthatsantiquatedevenifcooperationtakestime
tellmewhatIshouldvesaidthatIdidntorwhatIshouldnthavesaidthatIdid
Iwontbeabletounsayanyofitormakeamendsforwhatneverproperlygotsaid
butIllreverseengineermyguiltchambertotakeintoaccountthesenewdata
tellmetalesofphlegmandboneofbileandbreastsandbloodandtomboftears
andclavicleandhoneyandmossofsalivaandhexagonsandgulleetsandwrists
thebodyexpendsenergytogetaroundthemindandthemindawaitsitsrelease
ourmasterpieceisaninhalationthatnevergetsexhaledanannihilationof
thesuperegobytheidthemanymbytheonlythelessexhaustedselfbythatmore
inexhaustibleotherifIfallfromthislimbintoyourlapwillyourlaughter
billowthecurtainsofalongagohousethatfadedasgrayastarriedpleasure
mydaily mistakes dont addupto regret theyre just human dust on wet surfaces
tell metales of dreamt and gone of tidal thoughts and bluer ideas coral blind
to chromal shift throats savants unspoken urgeseaglass specks astlemetry
the body exposes the mind as the mind attempts to master the body as its werves
your brilliance may lure report wary shipstodismay but my rock will sink mine
contemplates something long enough and itll feel foreign although you hadnt
ever encountered it before the too familiar suddenly become unfamiliar and
the less familiar suddenly become comfortable that's what you get for giving
preferential treatment to staring over intuiting feelyour way across skin
feelyour way through the core and living corridor toward the ovarian gleam
the lime tastes like the pool and the pool tastes like the opalescent revenge
of your mouth and your mouth has a grip on the enlarging truth that outtunnels
the promised land tunnel of historical shoveput your palmonmy softers shelf
and tip the ideal over remind the romantic of that chromosomal sway our ardor
to double ourselves even as we insist upon our unassailable uniqueness youd
be wise to avoid my reactionary asceticism Illeverage autumnal drift to your
summer surge Illeverage the chiffon room feeling maroon while you'll ever
be in the crimson room feeling yellow plus my grey heart needs its dreary days
and my gray mind wants its lapses into snow together well whirl with the world
or alone Ill weave weeds into a hedge and the hedge will hide my indifference
if one loathes ones work but is loath to run away one must build stoic fortune
must find merit in moments of sun fracture and in ones darkest armory one goes
nowhere but sometimes nowhere everywhere and that's enough its just enough
Im structured with whispers and unseen winks a brush of the breast and a stiff
dream dart to the heart when a conversation truncated and an apemoistens I

surrender to the future but refuse to give into the present as if I were to ford
your blood rush from tomorrow's alluvial persuasion but never stanch today's
wounds I scratch your cheeks with my facial thorns but I won't lick that damage
you warp my ribs with pressure sure and bruise my jaw with thick insistence
these are our gifts to one another on this planet of brutalities and fortunes
this is a symbiosis of neighboring fools in these days of obliteratives wank
that's a bed of accord on a hose down patio where we could do some plumed life
my place is not in my shell but in my shell I stew a crockpot crock of a creature in
a studio lot lagoon pondering the blond starlet as a path to tabloids suicide
one does not want any harm to come to her but one can't escape one's lot one does not
want the idiot crowd to think one is an idiot but one wants to disappear inside
of her or one wants to bring the tradition of success to its knees one wants our
cult mysteries loosed upon the strip malls and red carpets and academy halls
pity the dog in the hot car and pity the hot car and pity the day and pity the heat
I've brought the succubus to motel squalor I've scoured her in the steaming tub
I've rubbed her down with the vigor of obsession and I've lulled her to earth
she assures me I'm not the only mortal whose attention failed to make her loyal
she convinces me there's more truth in bed and abandon than in all of my philosophy
she leaves me spending my shallow and carbonated breaths on daylit recovery
if I could shine the light on literature I do it from the grave and as a staunch
advocate of decay I would not mind disregard I would not mourn shattered shrine
or relic ruined and effervescence would pass over a written heart as a stray beam
would cross over an unboxed mind and an exotic aroma would stir a cocky spirit
but you'd pour your happiness upon the cold remains of my insatiable solitude

let the wrong one in and you'll still be okay you'll waver and wobble but you won't
fall you'll fret and languish and thrash and flail you'll grouse and wring your
core but you won't trade optimism for cynicism you won't swap charm for fearyou
won't let the ordinary tarnish of time dull the passionate glitter of your awe
take a breath and compose yourself feel the hour expand into endless seasons
intimacy can't be undone or reneged it can only be diluted by long curls of time
and the stronger the proof the less likely dilution will be effective we know
our gentle moments hold violence as our aggressive moments hide tenderness
and we also know our homemade crucibles must yield discernment and curation
who you spend time with is who you are and if you spend your time alone that's who
you are and if you spend time with the banshees from your childhood tomb that's
who you are and if you don't get to choose the posse that hunts you but we must choose they
with whom we ride they with whom we share our hiding places and they whose beds
we haunt if my vanepointstoward you it's because today's breezes blow that way
I don't have the courage to starve and I don't have the hunger to feast so I nibble

andscrimpItoilandsplurgeinponderanceandgazeIsaystuffIcantparse
andyoucantdigeststuffIwontdisassembleandyouwontdispersestuffImay
disavowtomorrowandthatwasadisappointmenttoyouwaybeforeIevenspoke
Ilackthewilltofastorthenervetogorgeontheripespreadaccessibleto
soIdothebleddanceofdabbleanddreaminthedappledradianceofadyingday
whileyouwaitformetoroundthebendwithmyeverybodytuckedintomystride
summerdoesntpredictnextwinterwithoutfallsconsentandspringsmemory
wedontruemomentsgoneunlesstheyregoneforeverunlesswerenotgoneso
enoughorunlessourbelovedandusuallyreliableforgetfulnessbetraysus
momentstobemomentsmustgivewaytoothermomentsjustaswemustgivewayto
othermomentsjustaswordsmustgivewaytootherwordsforlinguisticsense
beyondlonerexpletivesorexclamationsorexhortationsorimperativeswe
belonginsequencesoftangledchronologieswerenonalignedcharmsonsome
unwearablebraceletorwerestringsofcodeinsomeobsolete malwareorwere
strandsoffatalsilkinsomeabandonedwebwedontknowwhatallweareorwhat
allwewantdoweIvewantedthingsandIvegottentingsIvealsowantedother
thingsthatIhaventgottenandwontgettomorrowandassuredlywonteverget
hallelujahandagainwhewIsaytheeternalreliefofselectivedeprivation
narcissismisntthemonsterbutitstrokesthemonsterfromwithinitdrift
IdontknowwhetherIshouldwanderintheillicitorthexplicitorthetacit
ifitwereamatteroftasteIdbedrawnawayfromtheimplicittowardtheunlit
Iveabidedmostofmylifeincoastallightorinurbanlightorindesertlight
whileneglectingthedeepgloomsofyourdeepestunderworldswereeasily
enamoredofsunandlampandcandlethusajanitorintheblackedoutbasement
ofparadisemightstilllongfortheflamelitporticoesofhellImightstill
pineforthepatiosofsunsplashedsuburbiaifIwerentsofondofcrawltimes
secretpassagewaysunderandaroundandthroughchronologieswemightmeet
atoneofthecrosstimeswecouldtrapdoorintosomeunimaginabletomorrow
tomorrowmadeforitstimelikealldaysaremadefortheirtimeslikeallofus
aremadefordisappearingifyoureanideadestroyedImanunramifiedkiller
atreeprunedofitshealthfulbranchesandwhittledownintoagivingspear
intoatakingimplementmeanttofocuslifeandawaywecometoknowourselves
movinginandoutofgapscominguponeachotherinsurprisingplacesupclose
inmindatgratuitoustimesandatinopportunetimesandatfortuitoustimes
theressomethingalwaysintheairwhenitcomestoimaginingimpossibility
theoppositeofunimaginingallergensorunimaginingjobdrearinessyoure
abletoimmerseortranscendwhileIjustwanttofleethoughtowhereInever
knowtheresnohavenbuttheunderappreciatedoneathandthisismygoodlife
buttheheartwantstolongasisitswontsinceitsbuilttolongifmusclescan
besaidtolongiforganscandefytheirgoverningmindsifImreallynohappy

whatdoesitsaywhenmostofoneslifeonecanteventellwhetheroneshappyornotdoesitsaymoreaboutthewaysoflanguageorofhappinessorofonesheartorisitjustaboutonesgenesanddietandbrainpatternsdeterministicluckwithadoseofinheritedselfpreservationandasteadypinchofcommonsenseifonesacominationofwreckageandadaptationonecouldbesatisfiedwithonestwistandwarpofdisregardonesheftofdelusionandonesfistshakingsatemptyskiesifitwerentforamustardseedofambitionstuckinonescrawor someunnameablebirthrightoffelldisavowaloraveragetothecorepersona oronesinsufferableinabilitytoscanonesenvironsforjudiciousrespect

ImnowgoingtotrytotellyousomethingIvenvertoldanyoneelsesomethingIvekeptprivatesincebeforeyouwerebornsincebeforeIwasbornsomethingephemeralandeternal somethingevanescentandeverlastingsomethingwedbetemptedtocallelusiveifitwerentsouniversalifitwerentwhatholdsus togetherthoughwedontfeelheldtogetherwedontrankgravitationalcling anysecretisconnectedtoallsecretsthe wayanywordislinkedtoeveryword wecantpullourselvesapartwithouttearingthethreadsewe sewnintoeach othersedgeswhoeveryouarewhoeverIamithardlymatterstherearethreads andyoualreadynowwhatIabouttotellyouifyoucouldfeelthetensionin thosemanythreadsgossamerorknottedorfrayedbyfrictioncanyoufeelthe tugcanyoufeelthestretchcanyoufeelthewarmhomethreadscanyoufeelthe coolneighborhoodthreadscanyoufeelthetmaterialbreathewiththelowsun privacycomesatthecostofbrightairandfreshlightacostoneshappytopay sinceonelivesinalandofupperdesertclarityonessecretsdontmoldinthe darktheyrepreservedasdistantthoughtsinadeeptwilightoflongwaiting mostsecretstendtounsecretthemselvesortheyreunsecretedwithnatures permissionandwithtimesblessingbymysteriousforcesofdriftingcrests butthereexistsecretswemustassumethatnevergetuncoveredthatstayout ofreachoffatesgraspandsocietiesfondlingsecretsforthediscreetgods aloneandthisoneImshpherdimgightbeoneofthoseitmightbetoo wildfor mysloppystewardshipandtoowaryofwhatwouldmostassuredlybeanawkward deliveryofanunnecessarydivulgenceyetImneverthelessdutyboundtotry togetbeyondselfgossipersandselfconspiracistsandselfilluminateand dothetellingintheblazeofnooninthepublicsquareofyourgoldenopinion butbeforeIattemptcrocodiletearsoranalligatorsbelloworasharksmile letmecontextualizeallIhavetosaybyremindingyoutocheckyourbootsfor scorpionsbeforeyoupackupandheaddownthewashinthecanyonofyourideas youandyoursplashesofmarringsareworthyofloveareworthyoflustorsong evenifthesongisyoursandevenifitsaboutyourselfsingitwithgustosing itwithstressandflamessingittostovearoadsideblursingittoscaldlips

Imresignedtowardsleeptohaveminepasserinedsomeforevermorningasash
onavaliantchestourdaintrillattheedgeofaninsignificantbattlefield
aphrasedsharedasdirectivethecomfortsofrecognizableinformationopen
toallwithcapacitybutmostmeaningfultotheinitiatedpassedaspromised
youwanttotellmesomethingdeeperthandreamsbutlanguagewontallowitto
bedonewithwordsandnoneofusaresongbirdsandwedontcollectivelydream
orifwedoitsjustlifesconstructandthemelodywarblesbeyondourhearing
orsoIimaginesincehowcouldIknowImbutasolitaryfabricatorbakingthis
loafofconjectureinanovenjustwarmenoughforonesexpansionandrisefor
oneshardenedcrustandlifteddearjustwarmenoughtoholdanothermorethan
onecantakeorleaveonesselfoneknowsonesnotonebutmanyonesalwaysbeen
manyonesalwaysbeeneverythingevenasyouvealwayscaledaseverythingI
thinkyouvealwaysbeeneverythingIthinkyoullalwaysbeeverythingevery
momentofeverytimewheneverytimeisalloftimeandeverytimeisalloftime
wererepassingthroughwherewevealwaysbeenwithchangeasouronlyconstant
whilelanguagemakesfoolsofusandwemakestickycasseroleswithlanguage
IclutchmychestasIdroptomykneesmydeparturerecangoaheadandbetypicalI
canfailphysicallyasmostpeoplehavealwaysfailedphysicallyIcancause
aminorscenethatsnotmyfaultIvenotmanagedtofigureouthowtodisappear
withoutmakingameswhohasevermanagedtodisappearwithoutmakingames
wemakemessesfrombirthpastdeathitssomethingthisexistenceisgreatat
oritssomethingwerereforcedtowitnessupcloseanywayifnotupcloseenough
oritssomethingthatgoeswiththeterritoryasimplelawoftheuniverseour
heritageandbirthrightandbequeathmentIslumptowhateversurfacegives
meroomwhethergroundorpavementorfloorwhateverhappenstancedelivers
Iliethereasifrestingthoughwhereoneslumpsafterdroppingtoonesknees
isseldomonesfinalrestingspotandIfeelpositiveIwontbeluckyenoughto
haveitbeminethoughfinalrestingspotisanoddphrasebothhyperbolicand
naiveIdlikedeathtocomeformeunderopenskiesbutthatmightbetoomuchto
askitmightcomeonairportcarpetorbathroomtilesomeplaceinconvenient
ImighttrytomurmurIloveyouorsomethingmeaningfulandImightfailitmay
behubristicandselfishtowishforpathoswhenbathoscouldbringacomedic
touchareleasevalveforthosewhomustsurvivethissmalleventbeforethey
cravesimilareventsoftheirownbutthisisntatallwhatIdmeanttotellyou

theapparatusofmyevolutionaryendeavorandthearchitectureofyourfree
rangequivercrafttalesworthyofanycrossroadsofmeridianandconformal
anygleamingbullseyeringedwithopportunitycharismawedonatureproudour
effortssupportiveofeverybarometricshiftourtonguetiednoreastorsor
ourheartlandtwirlswerejustbeastsfollowingbeatenpathstowaterholes

were just toys in a carton in a cupboard who can't ignore the wrest of proximity
the timer ripples under its own equations and we might as well be blank slates
even if one man's wound is another man's beauty mark we must still fight against
the intent to mutilate and leave mutation to squiggly chance and accidents
was the initial scratch on the original slate or original lord dreamt from common
mist was the pioneering posted in injury as a awesome reason must suppose it was
and can creation be thought of by the likes of me as one's perfection of nothing
as the essential original stain not the flush of blood or the spilling of seed
but the animal like of me just want to weather himself across the body trust
well rapture our pain when we stop remembering things when our experience is
forged by constant forgetfulness and we have to make up stuff in the moment to
feel right though even then a little bit of memory and a little bit of pain will
be necessary will be inevitable though we don't remember choosing how we were
made we somehow know we're impingements within a reliquary of dreamt visions

(awaiting 17+@64, 64@128, 128@256, etc.)