

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 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 as 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 complete my mazes 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

IdidntknowfatherhoodandIdidntknowenduranceortheterrorsofcreation  
thatartofonesownmiserablemakingIdidntknowfirsthandtheunavoidable  
failuresofourbodiesIdidntknowanythingaboutthecomfortsofadultlove

ifyoucantforgiveothersunlessyoureselfmarredyourselfthenyoumustdo  
ityoumustselfmarsomewhereshortofselfdestructionyoumustallowbirth  
markstosailaroundyourhornyoumustbebetterthansomevaguetreefalsely  
trimmedpeoplewanttheirpresencepeopleneedtheirkindpeoplewanttheir  
providencepeopleneedtheirhurtyouknowtocatertothefurtiveglancebut  
disavowthestareyouknowfrecklesarentourgoldenchasebuttheyremybest  
wanderlusttheyremynextdoorappaloosaovertheworldsrenownedpalomino  
theyremyoccidentalpersistenceacrosstimetheyremyorientedaccidents

onecantclearthefieldofpocksandpebblesonecantcrosstheasphaltlotas  
abarefootneophyteandexpecttobypasseveryjaggedshardwhatsimportant  
inlifeandwhatsinterestinginlifearentnecessarilycommensuratewhats  
stainedinawindowofworshipandwhatsshatteredafteramishaparentquite  
alikeorarentinterchangeableanywayourprimordialcocktailofpleasure  
andpainbeingmutuallydependentonewouldntmassageanothersskintowipe  
itcleanoftimeandasaromanticyoumightinsistyounowanotherbacklike  
ancientmarinersknewswathsofnightskywenavigateourlivesincapableof  
avoidingeveryhiddenshoalifwesetsailoftenoughwellatsomepointrun  
agroundonecantabsolutelyknowonesdayofbreakingapartandsinkingaway  
notevenonewhoruddersstraighttowardtherefluckandunluckdependupon  
notonlychancebutperspectiveandutterfullnessoftimetodifferentiate  
themsinceonlyinsimpletalesoffictionalfatecantheybeeasilyuntwined  
onecantcrossanytruespanwithoutfeelingtheeffectsofthatspanwithout  
absorbingsomeofthebiomeofthatspanosomeofthemicrocuriosityandmacro  
calmsomeofthetmacrocausalityandmicronullonecanteverstayunaffected

rampantareourdoubtsandrampartsareourweaksolutionprotectedspotsto  
surveythevalde selfdomtoobservetheotherfromournecessarydistancewe  
cantlearnnewtricksifwenolongerhaveanyinterestintricksandwecantas  
mortalssuspendoursurvivalinstinctsnotundernormalconditionswedont  
cottontocessationwerenottookeenonpassiveresistanceandliliesofthe  
fieldtrustwhatweseecascomplianceandhelplessnessgivingintodarkness  
aidingandabettingevilasifdeathholdsanysovereigntyinthatmeasureof  
godfulnessIvenointerestinthet survivorsstoryIwanttohearfromthesoul  
thatwentatravelingIwanttohearfromtheultimateexplorernotfromthose

whostaybehindtofretandchurnandsortbrokenglassnomatterhowcolorful  
Iwanttotalktothosewhohavecrossedthatbarrierbuttheyarenttalkingor  
wehavenolanguageincommonorwelackamethodofconveyanceorthebarriers  
anillusionorthebarrierssoobviouslyandinextricablymonodirectional  
orthewaysinwhichIthinkabouttalkingaretooprosaicorthewaysinwhichI  
thinkaboutcommunicationaretoorudimentaryorthewaysinwhichIthinkof  
youandofdeathandofisolationaretoolinguistictooruddytooparallaxed

stormsariseandwhenarrivingbringclaritybringbefuddlementbringharm  
thosetormsoftheheartthosetormsofthemindthosetormsoftheviscera  
nourishmentanddestructionturmoilandrebirthnewchaosandconsequence  
butIvecomeclosertodrowningintediumthaninthefloodwatersofdramaand  
thusyoudismissmeandmydetritusandIdontblameyoumyboyhoodmazesdidnt  
entertainbeyondtheirownselfconsistentchallengesandmysplotchesremain  
inoldsofoblougimperativeswhatIsomewhatwantyoutoknowisthatImhappy  
orifnotexactlyhappythenhumanlyappreciativeofmyprivateunhappiness  
oneoptionavailabletoallofusistobegratefulforthispainfulexistence  
anotheristowringourunbravehandsandwishforrapidandpainlessremoval  
weliveoutourseparatelivesinoursimultaneouslylostandprovincialand  
sophisticatedcornerswhateverourmediaconnectivitywhateverourangle  
whateverourvoiceletmestormyourwalledpatchofyardandyoullgrowtrees  
andmorninggloriesafterthetempestthatllshakeyourgateaftertherains  
thatllslakeyoursoilyoulltakeyourtimeyoullcomprehendImnotthedread  
stormthatllrazeyourhouseImjustacisramlikemostanycisrambutImyours

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

outshockoroutmoveyoursliveswillendaroundyouandyourswillendaround  
someoneelseyoumorelikeacometthanaplanetorsoyouthinkfreetorange  
infinitybutevenasasingleapparitioncometyoucantescapetheoortcloud

yournerveisalightningboltofindirectdestructionorevenmoreindirect  
rebirthvitalityandvervosainajoltofaghastastrikeofunashamedenergy  
puttingairintoourdirtheinfernalsskipingofchoiceyourthoughtscome  
backlitaftertheblusterpassesyouoverbrightspectrumofcomplicitjoy  
wordsfallonwordslikeuncleanclothesinapilelikevinegarapplesinapit  
smellingoftoomucheffttoomuchofthesweatofenchantmentwewontsleep  
tonightwewontsharenewstomorrowthisisonlyhappeninginstorybookland  
aswerenderoptionsfrompinkpalavertowhitestviolenceyoullgoofupabad  
stormIllstaticdownagoodbuzzwiththegrainbutagainsttheultimatumour  
glyphsspanthewholemysteriosaexceptforthe curiouscurlwhatpeekover  
ourslumpywallwhatspinsaboveourgramphoneroughstoneorscratchwhile  
weplayaschildrenintherealmsoftheuntrueorganchorusintheballroom  
blacktalonsonthewindowslacearoundourtenderskinwevelivestoliveand  
theyllbeofordinarycharmndpremierfrustrationofexceptionalcomfort  
andstandardworthwemightstacklanguageandburnitinthedrawingroomfor  
warmthinourmaturefebruarywecanbecandidlywatchedifanyoneswatching

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 facts 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 peers 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 bleak 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 goes our 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 peppery housewife a life just like most others suburban or rural or suburban antiquated or red gyrocuspor 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 bronzed skin or fawned skin or wine colored skin or whitish skin tinged with pale stabs in the if its a peartree instead and now you are lying under a peartree 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 companionships 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 youd never encountered their works perhaps your melancholy is simply the result of a black bile time bomb set at conception to release its sap 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 godlet from your very seed from the very first excreted drop way up high in your headwaters you authored mazes then you ingested forests of art 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 thing 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 ride 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 by 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 bullfights 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  
I've played and I've studied and I've worked and I've traveled I've created and I've  
loved and I've been ill and I've been stupid I've listened and I've watched and I've  
attended and I've overthought most everything I've veered away and I've angled  
off and I've stared it down and I've 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 can't be expected to  
become comfortable with what we've never known 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 replaced 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 adults sharp on the tongue rough in the 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's not it'll feel real it occupies an empty  
space deeper than the ravine wider than the chasm broader than our ignorance  
every hair can't be in place just as every hair can't 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 can't 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 our selves 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 flutterings slumber and the tired wish for validation here's the oblivious sleep and the freaky approval here's the alpen siefonie for the coastal boy and here are the scents of citrus for the desert gal here's the devils fifth and the minor lift for those who don't

trustgraveyardcheerandwhodonttrustpulpitassuranceandwhodonttrust scientificflicksofhollywoodorofthewristhereare moodstabilizersfor the disenfranchisedandheresahexofjadednauseafortheindustriousrich hereselitejustificationforthemaledictorymobandherearethepatterns thatflummoxoursenseofvalue localornationalorglobaloruniversalweve notalwaysbeenhereandwewontalwaysbehereandwhetherourbeinghereisan accidentofingenuityoranaccidentofunattachmentoranaccidentofspite wedontknowwedontpossesscognitivecertaintyaroundsuchquestionswere notequippedto reachcollectiveconsensus especiallyformattersoffaith heresthenewwagofthetailthatsmostlylikealloftheotherwagsofthetail exceptthatitsthiswagofthetailonthisdayatthismomentandherecomesan effectanundeniablefantasticeffectforwhichwelldeemthiswagthe cause herestheboxthatholdstheeggthatholdsthelifethatholdsthedreamsofan outofdatefutureandherestheboxthatholdstheeyethatholdsthemocyte thatholdsthecodesofanirretrievablepastandherestheboxthatholdsthe orbthatholdsthesnowfromatrillionmindsastheirthoughtsstaticinward herearemaple dropletsontenderskinonvirginlandsonourdurableleather ourownpermanentleaseherearesugartabletsinourhospicesexappealthey comeineverycolorandsweeteneveryshamewerenotgettingoutofherealive whateverclicheswebandyaboutandwhateverparleysweinsistuponwithour godsheresthesoundofourfinalbreathescapingandherearethesoundsofan apocalypsescreamingtobeletloosehereareourposesforposteritybefore ourposteriorsburnandhereareourknickknackssavedfor purposesunknown herearetheluxurypillowsforourheavyheadsherestheequationthatought nottobetrustedtoanyoneandheresthesecretto beshared everydaywithyou

oursurrogateselvesscreenedbiginthefieldmeanttomakeushighwepacify whilewesanctifyhavingboughtthelargerthanlifelielatwistoftheneckor awinkofaneyeorapunchtothejaworapeckonthebrowaleapfromtheledgeand arollontheroofmindyourarticlesboypeerintoherweepyspiritstrideher opencountryrockwithheronherwraparoundporchandsweepherchimneyluck lifeisdevotiontofeelingsifitisntdedicationtoideaslifeisasmirkand asmileifitisntagasandahowllifeispatternandpulseifitisntemergent andinevitablebehaviorifitisntamassiveinscrutablewhateverlifeisnt longenoughtoperfectortojustifyabdicationandlifeisntshortenoughto justchillandgrinandbearititmustbeexperienceditmustbeendureduntil itsoveronewayoranotheranditllbeoversoonenoughonewayoranotherweve beenpromisedsuchthroughourownempiricalobservationsaswellasmostof ourstoriesoratleastthosestoriesbasedonlyuponempiricalobservation giveneoughtimeourcelebritiesfadefromthefieldinsunlightorinshade

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 await 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  
almost nothing and nothing still something gaps in our gaplessness wings  
in our swung there as a midgen of yellow in our small cabin the blackest forest  
Ill follow you out of four a yan into your sanskrit onto your mathematical ark  
one stretches ones leg across ones ship one kneads ones 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  
you situate us 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 havent 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 jail break 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  
its 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 theyll  
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 somebodys names in runes and somebody feels the rain on her face  
and somebody feels his life ebbing away but isnt around for the finale bbb were  
still here for a little while long to count the bodies and to share the jokes  
Ill walk the broken brick cinderlanetoward home if home ll have me false lane  
toward true home true slump toward false so false prayertoward true yearn  
or Ill keep wandering off the paths since it isnt much of a path after all and you

can keep haunting whatever upper hallways makes sense for you to haunt or well  
sway in the hammock of four mockable liberty as though our orbs were not boiling  
you might want to curve your spiked darts around their shield to pierce them  
from surprising angles the delicate drops of spirit coursing through their  
bloodstream even as they wince with the sudden pain of shallow puncture you  
don't wish them harm you just want justice and justice necessitates pain with  
purpose and lessons with comprehensible outcomes unless what's just is just  
as mysterious as what's unjust or unless this rough life is as asymmetrical as  
it is symmetrical and language is not up to the tough task of representational  
depiction or metaphorical association language grants us the word paradox  
but language can't do anything with it and so we clutch it to our brittle chests

everything's linked to something everybody's connected to someone and if it's  
late or deep in the evening anybody who has somebody ought to be with that body  
the world as a whole insists upon not coming to an end but your small part of our  
world will soon end as will mine or mine has already ended whether recently or  
long ago and these organized symbols have survived as a liver of time beyond me  
perhaps they've wandered the open range to your pasture maybe they've flown in  
winter to your windowsill or they've just sprung up between your floorboards  
seeds for birds and birds for dragons and dragons and birds as faith for worms  
I haven't been to the ninth circle of happiness but I know the charms of freedom  
from the blather of philo in limbo and the lather of effort in purgatorio I've  
been to a mountaintop and I've been to a furnace creek but I didn't speak to a  
spirit of the heat and I can't speak to the virago in my skull and you  
can't speak to the pariah in your heart and we won't tell it all well enough  
to convince them to keep us around not long enough anyway to be forgiven fully  
for our expenditures and our flinches for our hoarding and our infidelities  
for our apostasies and our cowardice we haven't found a real way to get it right  
and we won't since we can't since it's not what were here to do though I admit I don't  
know what were here to do or why were here at all or whether that's the question I  
should even be asking perhaps I've drifted here as a fleck of ash from some fire  
in some other realm I'm neither a snowflake nor a scribe nor the king of kings I'm  
an overworder with fringes of sensibilities and time carved out to pontificate  
or time devoted to an assembled dinner life curated into select compartments  
what I'd like to do is spelunk my introspective nervous system while steering clear  
of antique ordnance digging up buried neuroses that aren't unexploded bombs  
I don't mind young cranial thorns but I don't care for subconscious ballistics  
put there through disregard or the twisted pedagogy of psychological needs  
seeds that become weeds that bleed shame throughout one's grubby mental yard  
what I'd like to do is rocket to omegathrough the lightning field of love where

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 it's 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 a part 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 fall 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 dust 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 puts 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 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  
fromthedivineinthreesexceptwhentheyreinterpretedassuchwesurewant  
confirmationofsomethingfromsomeonewithjustenoughauthoritytocount  
ifnottheauthorityofallauthoritiesifnottheabsolutesoulofthemoment  
Iknowtheminddriftsoutwardthemindswirlsupwardthemindburrowsinward  
themindspiralsdownwardIunderstandthisasaconditionofmybornreality  
andIacceptthisasIacceptthatfourcardinalpointsarenteverydirection  
theyreaskeletalstructureforsomethingfullerandfundamentalsomegods  
tidy inventionorsomedevilsplaythingwhetherthebodysufferstortureof  
themindsuffersneglecttheresanailinsomewallfornodiscerniblereason  
Iknowchancecancatchuptooneatanytimesincenoonecanwhollyhideonones  
randomwalksfatesubiquitousandindiscriminateitdoesntevenneedthese  
fatalflawsofourstodoitsmasterfulhandiworkwerestuckinthemajestyof  
luckuntilwerenotwereselectedforpurposesbeyondussomewithglorysome  
withoutsomewithjeopardysomewithoutsomewithashotatlovesomewithout  
wedontgettorehearsereversalsandwenevergettoseethefinaldominofall  
IknowtheresstilltimeforclairvoyanceandwingwalkingandincunabulaIm  
awaketothefutureeventhoughImdeadtoposterityImawareofthepastwhile  
livingforthenextIreclineintomybluewaveevenasIprojectintoyourwarm  
poolevenaswedryoffonourrockofagesevenasweruminateonourlawnoflast  
reputeevenaswetiptoeroundourringoffireevenasweholeupinourhideout  
ofhorweenandhuckabackevenaswespinourcarelessnessassomelackofcare

timesmoreabricktotheskullthanapeckonthecheekitsmoreawickedblowto  
theidthanawetkissontheegoassummerchildrenwegetthebetteroftimebut  
itgetsthebetterofusacrossmostofourslogsandjauntswiththeexception  
ofthoseraremomentsofevanescenceonestenderness towardtranscendence  
onesdrawtowardphantomhoodoffsettingonesolddaydreamtobeastevedore  
onecancovethenapewithoutwantingthedresstogrowevertighteronecould  
alwaystrysayingnotohisimpetusthatwantsyoutobethewilltothiswinds  
oneshouldmaybeeachonesimaginationtobesmarteraboutitsexpenditure  
ofenergyandtheparametersofitsscopetostickwithenticementandeschew  
anyobsessivepersistencetowardlackofvariantsonemustntbeshroudedby  
another sinventionevenifonecantbepositiveoneisntanother sinvention  
ifIinventedyouorifIminventingyouasIgoalongImfailingtomakekeyoutrue  
tomyadvocationofautonomyonecantinstillfreewillinafabricationones  
limitsasamakeraresoeasilyexposedawriterinventsareaderandwritesto  
herbutsincehedoesntexistinthefleshshedoesntreadwithherbodyandif  
youdontreadwithyourbodyyourenotreallyreadingorsoitcouldbesaidona  
dingywintrynightwrappedinunrainingcloudsinmiddleamericawhatIneed



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

atthispointinyourmaturityyoumightconsidersurrenderingtosomething  
otherthantherationalnextyoumightwanttoriskinvokingtheariddisdain  
ofthepragmatistwhetherfriendorfamilyforsomeirresponsiblewhirlthe  
worstthingthatcanhappeniswhatsguaranteedtoeventuallyhappenanyway  
youmightimaginegivingintoimpulsethroughoutexternalorinternalapology  
oryoumightactuallydoitsidestepwhatsrightandtrulyastonishyourself  
findoutwhatyouvebeenrunningfromandwhyitstimetostopandtaketheheat  
whyitstimetoshouldertheblameandcarryittoyourfilthylittlelandfill  
anddumpitwithoutceremonywhyitstimetotakeituponyourselftodispense  
onceandforallwithhermetichandwringingswithalgorithmicbombastwith  
unheroicisolationyoumightnotwanttomakepeacewithyourgodsoryourown  
wobblypastsinceoneofitiswhatonemightthinkitisandmightaswellbeas  
mysteriasyourfutureonemaybeshouldntbeatwarwithonesnationofself  
butonealsoneedntbehamperedbytreatiesestablishedlongagoinyouryouth  
youthinktoolittleandIllthinktoomuchandthinkingwillgoonbeingthunk  
acrossthisgrandlandandacrossallgreaterandlesserlandswhatresolves  
nothingactionsattendantorabsentwhatsatisfiesnothingshallowordeep  
cajonesorvisceraorcortexorfingertipsuntruthwhatoriginatesnothing  
youmightwanttorelinquishcontroloverwhatcantbecontrolledandresist  
clingingto whatcantbeheldyoumightwanttofall offyourhorseforthelast  
timeyoumightwanttorideagryphonoutofclericalhellintounderpasshell  
ifonlyforchangesinsensationsifonlytotradetediumforseverityweknow  
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  
as extraordinary as the next soul as the next mind as the next body whether you  
agree or not whether your self 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 sun scabbed 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 be fallow 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  
wemightascendintothegalleriesofgabwherewecouldunintrospectourol  
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 thought 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 be new and crucial to the species as a whole or to the individual dreamer details from logistics and logistics from commitment and commitment out of love not duty details from duty destroy the individual dreamer and we must not let that happen it's all too easy for that to happen too many dreams get tangled with design too many dreams get mangled by running them through processors were I to undress and stare at my image in the mirror could I do so without shame or chagrin could I orchard my stoned fruits or should I believe in your citrus could I listen for the death rattle or should I recollect the quiet in the womb could I withstand the burden of millions of years of influence and precedent or should I resist them many thousands of times I've crawled toward your warmth let's pretend I undress and stand in front of the mirror and let's pretend you're there and do likewise and let's pretend we stand side by side without speaking obviously embarrassed by the situation and our vulnerability and the facts of aging and our natural imperfections not to mention our awkward eroticism and our equally awkward non-eroticism and let's pretend you glow and I peacock or you blossom and I blaze and we stand in the ugly light looking ugly and human or we're alive and specific and dreamy we might as well be glamorous and in love we might as well take comfort in our agility to toss our ideas into the horizon what if I were to dress up to go somewhere I don't want to go and what if you were to dress up and go with me whether you want to go or not what if dressed up we were as ridiculous as when we were undressed just as awkward and just as embarrassed to be alive to not be sure ones going where one wants to be going to be unsure one looks like one ought to look if one's truly going there whether dressed to kill or undressed to deliver the goods as long as we're in it together I'll be content though that's untrue I'll never be content I suppose I don't want to be content if I can be intrigued I'd rather lean forward and reflect than lean back and relax though I'll lean into you or arch away from you as you wish and what if you wanted to stay and I wanted to go or I wanted to stay and you wanted to go or neither of us wanted to stay or go and what if we wanted different things in the same tense or the same thing in different tenses or different things in different tenses I want what I want and you want what you want dressed or undressed and all phases in between though I don't actually know what I want and perhaps you don't either were I to begin again I might seek a steep trajectory I might go for broke and break I might bow out before I get bored long before I was reinvigorated as one granted time to see love lengthen into sevice and daily mercies and hilarity I might become the bigger fool I could've been some blowhard with an entourage some ascetic in a cold cave trying to levitate out of the dust or some academic with a loose libido and a rickety reputation to protect I might prefer to roll along as a pseudo success than shuffle past as a quasi failure you either door

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 slab 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 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 vista 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 mallson  
crystalline afternoons or part the waters of four reality bodies when we flee  
ourselves oppression were content to sate or bend or rill or tricklet to these  
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 plume yet plumper with the wine of four vestal voices

whispersomethingnewandtrueorsomethingoldanddearsomethingdiscreet  
tousanddiscreteinitsformsomethingirresistibletothemostjadedmeour  
callowplayofployandsurgeourshallowurgeforthevivaciousdepthsofage  
Imovethehairawayfromthewindowandtheburdenawayfromthesunwellshine  
astwoflintedselveswellburnaskindlingforthechildrenofourambitions  
orwellplumbthewellforrelieffromactivitythirstwellsipatgoodaction  
ImtiredofwatchingpeoplebemeantopeopleifIcanavoiditImgoingtoavoid  
ittheresnointinseekingoutthatwhichdemeansthatwhichmakeslives  
filthyandthisincludescomedythatbulliesImgoingtostayoutofitswayif  
IcanIlikespartanbutIdontlikecommonIlikewickedbutIdontlikebrutalI  
likegraveyardsbutIdontlikefraternitiesIlikecollaborationbutIdont  
likecompromiseIlikerepetitionbutIdontlikesamenessIdontdigmantras  
IvenowoundedkneeatwhichtoburymyheartIvenowailingwallnoantietamor  
stalingradorgallipoliorwaterlooIvenojerichoormasadaoralamoandIve  
absolutelynogulagorandersonvilleorravensbruckallIhaveisamemoryof  
awallflowerdeadattwelveandanincompatibilitywithsocialflowandallI  
feelinthemiddleofthenightoratbreakofdawnareexistentialbellyaches  
yourbreathatmyearisthebreathofnextandthatsplentygoodenoughfornow  
Iknowlifepamperssomeandpunishesotherswithitsunpredictablewhimsy  
heartisntunscathedneithercanIsayitsdemonstrablyscarrednoneofthis  
isworthdwellinguponexceptformetosaytomyselfandtoyouwhoeveryouare  
thatwemustbeawareofourfortunesevenasweadmitwecantbeaswideawareof  
ourfortunesasweneedtoabetobetrulyawakeandthuswesufferourignorance  
aswesufferfromitsbondsalongwiththoseofuswhosuffermorethanwedoand  
therearealways those of us who suffer more than we do whether they're amongst  
us or not we being all of us since we must be everyone of us for all of us matter  
I need to do something with my body something that could make the world worth  
clearer to some exertion towards some outcome with some benefits beyond my  
small life but moving rocks from one end of a field to another doesnt seem to be  
the thing and cairning language at all language doesnt seem to be the thing but  
right Id forgotten procreation might be the thing and we've done that already  
much of what I wanted out of life has come to pass though siring a being wasnt on  
any list its potency as a done deed is irrefutable though the accomplishment  
of raising that being is actually the genuine thing the thing that melts ones  
mediocrity into play dough the thing that puts any white pain in perspective  
we raise ourselves only to a point bootstrapping follows nurture only after  
nature does its thing only after ones straps grow strong enough to uplift one  
your straps are formidable young ones you wont be denied your place in the sun  
if you pull with all your might unless chance has different plans for you what  
could be severe and unbearable and specific and harmful and transformative



was our present and primitive is our future and ingenious will be our past our temporal wedge against complacent solipsism and the fangs of false success I've spun webs of vagrant thinking throughout neighborhoods near the tracks some thoughts stay too long and some bolt too soon and the finest never travel this way yet I have my positions and you have yours our angles of filtered mind we move along them hoping something sticks something we can use for strength something to remind us tomorrow won't come for everyone and that could mean us whisper to me the decline of western civilization and our original fall from grace whisper minor key whale or major key cathedral our guilt so wrought and our innocence is fallacy if we could feel the acts or do the feelings of our ancestral rise we might know mercy as it is we even not progressed much past pity accrual is not a measure of pride but I can't hone a grain of sand into a Euclidean point these ebezers are not some boys' babel nor do they lead to a godly summit believe me when I say to you I'm a typical blockhead who likes to see things fall I'll trust you when you tell me you're an ordinary climber who dislikes heights people are horrific as a collective but you know several good souls or behold what wonders we have wrought as a species though there's ever that occasional bad egg mortal are our institutions and fatal is the love we chase for ourself elusive autonomies our surreptitious way of trying to get around ourselves so speak under your breath about all things awful and all things astonishing tell me about the hauntings and the transfigurations and the metamorphoses try to justify torture and purification and banishment and damnation of America breathe into my cobbled fortress something of your wandering spirit our air of shared discovery and disbelief our need to know were not alone or mistaken

organdy a girl or a cat or the organist in my carnival of a soul a brunette girl a white cat with one blue eye a flat affect organist with hair the color of death a girl of seduction a white cat with one brown eye an organist dead to the world my mind makes them organdy though only the cat carried that name the woman was trained in a cathedral in Europe the girl was a pastor's youngest daughter the cat was filthy from the engine of the truck where it had hidden and then ridden from one end of digby neck novascotia to the other astonishingly unscathed I bathed her the cat not the girl not the organist and she scratched my hands and arms as though I were the enemy in her fury she attacked my chest when I told her the girl not the cat that I could not take the cat back to California with me when I left at summer's end I could not be organdy's lover or organdy's caretaker or the organist's redeemer I was not a fish cutter or the domestic sort although I love the drone of an organ although I adore the mystery of death she was orthogonal to my urban intent the girl not the cat not the organist she was seventeen and I did not know the statutory laws of Canada but I knew even her older sister was not

mineforthetakingevenifshehadwantedtakingasorgandyhadwantedtaking  
theyoungersisternotthecatorsoitseemedunhookherseductivenaturethe  
rawenergyofanoverparameteredruralcreaturemeanwhileheroldersister  
hadthedepthoffieldgroundedmindinwildcontrasttoorgandy's luridcharm  
shetheoldersisternotorgandywasthesageandorgandynottheoldersister  
wastheseductressIcouldspeakofnovaliswiththeoldersisterbutorgandy  
wantedfourletterwordsshecravedsomethingmoreorganicthanhardenberg  
ornighthymnsandwhenmyphantomorganistplayedbachshymnsomydesiring  
Iforgotthatorgandywasntthepalewomansittingonthatbenchpressingthe  
keyswithherringlessfingersandthepedalswithherstockingsunshoedshe  
theorganistnotorgandynotthecatcapturedmyheartbyutterlyignoringme  
organdythecat hadbutterflypipesorgandythegirlhadthebreathofacanoe  
theorganistplayedasthoughthenaturalworldhadcometoanendbeforeeden  
asthoughthetidesofthebayoffundywerenothingcomparedtothoseofkrebs  
myfantasiasalmostalwaysviscerallypreludemymentalchoralesamelding  
ofexcessvoicesofexcessivemullalongwiththeinsandoutsofbodilygoods  
theorganistandIbumpedintoromancethewayyoumightbumpintoapostwhile  
backingupinatightandunfamiliarparkinglotherhandsknewchordsandher  
backknewstraightanditknewbendssthroughmelodiesfromverylongagowhen  
hershouldersandnapecarriedthemarksofherancestorsthevanillasinews  
ofherpartitasmymotelroomhadapaintingofthelobbyofahistorichotelin  
aregionofnorthamericaunknown tomemakingmewonderwhetheraroominthat  
hotelhadapaintingofmymotellobbyanditwasaportalnoonehadyetthought  
totakeavantageofIdidntbothermentioningthisusingtohertheorganist  
notthegirl obviouslynotthecatthecatwhenbathedwhenstillwetmadefora  
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 neitherraptornorserpentbutImhungryforyoursparrowheartforyourwren clutchforyourthrushcropitspartofapervasiveimperativeencompassing thelimitsofyourlimitedeggsIwatchyoucleantoiletsandIwatchyouonthe runwayandsubwayandfreewayIwatchyousitandbendandtorqueandIwatchas youcrosstheframeIwatchyouutilizespacesinmoreinterestingwaysthanI utilizespacesandIwatchasyoucrossbackacrosstheframeIwatchyoubrush andshimmyandstrideandwhenImluckiestIwatchyousleepIwatchyouacross thetablesharingwarmlaughterwithmeIwatchyoureachandstretchandcome toasublimeplaceofrelinquishmentyourenotataallinnocentyouwatchback andyourhungersjustasferociousifnotyouthensomeonelikeyousomeoneof 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 itsnottrulythepointatthelevelofthespecieseither 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 a 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 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 here 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 here 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 our 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 botherbeneaththebudofpossiblybeingbothmatterandmaterialswitch matteringformaterialormaterializingnottomatterwhichswitchiswhich myheraclitusyourheraclitusanitchetchedmyparmenidesyourparmenides anitchetchedmygoddyourgoddanetchitchedmymistakeyourmistakeanetch itchedonethefleetesttwingeandtheothersoengraveditchoretchitchand etchlookoppositetwinheadsacrossalongformaltableonethinkstheother thoughtlesslymercurialobeyingtheskinswhimswhilsttheotherfeelsthe firstishumanlyvaintryingtoimpressthematterintotimeouritchandetch havemoreincommonthantheycommonlyadmitsinceetchisanotherrformofeat sinceacidisneededtoeatintothesurfaceofanetchingtheitchisntdenied orsuppressedthesurfaceissetchedinbeingitchedawayouritchandetchare intimatelyaccidentallyrelatedjustnotbyfingersorfingernailstheone needtheyappearedtosharebeingalivewasthrustonuscioranthinkspessoa thinksmanythinkbutwittgensteincomestomindisthissimplyourlanguage trickingusetchinganindignityifthereexistsnosubstrateuspriortothe thrustiftherewerenohomunculusorhomunculiinsidethedeedthereexists nothingtooffendonlysomethingtoattemptIcantrememberwhichonewrotea versionofthisorwhetherIimagineditthejuryisstillundecidedaboutthe questionofwhethertruthsandfactsareidenticaltooneanotherevenifthe jurydecidesthejuryisonlythejuryIdontknowIsurmiseandtrytosurprise myselffeelingforthetruthisdifferentthanfeelingisthetruthetheveninan avidlyparanoidtimethetruthisstillastandardthatshouldmakeuswhatwe arenottitwhatwearewherethetruthmakesuswhatweareitshouldmakeusbend betterandbecomemoreflexibleandresilienteveninatiredtimethetruths stillbeautifulinreliefasarticlesofclothingfaithfullywornwashed andwornandwashedandwornuntillyoubecomfortablesayingtheydlivedwith younotjustonyouyoudonthavetoblameothersforyourmistakesandyoudont havetoblameyourselffortheir mistakesssoworkwiththissymmetrywithout keepingscoreandyoullhaveacceptedapeacethat eludesmanythusstrictly speakingtheresnosuchthingasselfhelpnymorethananymedicinecancure itselfbutyoucanhelpyourselfneedlessselfhelpnowhelpismeaningfully parsedasatransitiveverbahelpsbbutwhenoneattemptstohelponeselfand aequalsbbecomesaequalsathetautologouspartsofourhumanmindsarethen 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 we'll 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 nonetheless 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 new will to create  
there's a carved spotted horse in my coin pocket called Naevosa she 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'd 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 who's the culprit for our fading blooms and whose strategy was it to cycle life to spin the sphere and orbit the hearth who's to blame for our disappointments who's at fault for the intensity of the beautiful who's 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 we make 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 small functioning 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 we make his or her or its 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 who's to say who really knows these things and who's to blame for our not knowing but I'd 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 shown things watching you watch things I'm shown 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 does not 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 be 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 rip them to shreds  
one may have a speckled gargoyles 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  
forourdouble dawnorsecondsleepportwilitsparkandthunderparadiseshow  
butthemindbalksatenergyexpensewithoutlastingeffectlastingasinthe  
lengthofalifethoughnolifelengthssetbyenergyexpensethatsnothowour  
mysteryworksifitisamysterybeyonditsmachinationsbeyondourimpulses  
fateisnomoreathingthanprophecyisathingthefuturedoesntexistandthe  
pastdoesntexistnotanymoreandthepresentdoesntexistsincewecantstop  
timeandwhatstimeifneitherpastnorpresentnorfutureexistwerestuckin  
thisillusionandknowingitsanillusiondoesntfreeusonlydeathdoesthat  
anddeathtarriestillthementittarriesnotitstepsoutofourfuturesto  
banishourpresentsforeverintothepastthatsallIlleverhavetosayabout  
thatthoughIvemadesimilarpromisesbeforeandIbreakbadpromisesassome  
breakgoodhorseswhatIwanttotalkaboutnowisthedifficulttasteofmercy  
asifweregiventheflavorofmilkwhenweneedtheflavorofwaterwhenweneed  
somethingpurerthanpunishmentorforgivenesssomethingquenchingifnot  
especiallynourishingsomethingunbloodyunsaltyunmaledandunmothered  
shouldwelongforsuccororvalidationwhethersecularordivineshouldthe  
badtastesinourmouthsonlycomefromhardshipandbetrayalorcantheyalso  
comefromaestheticlonelinessandthevomitedgallofselfdisappointment  
Idontwishtobecleansedbythekindnessofothersbutbymyaccomplishments  
sincemyownkindnessandcompassioncantbequantifiedsinceifIdonttrust  
consensusandtheresnoholywillmydistrustofselfistheparchingillness  
onephilosophizeswithamouthdryenoughtodrainthemediterraneanbefore  
onedrainstheatlanticbeforeonedrainsthepacificandourplanetoftears  
ifIweretoirrigateyourfieldswouldtheystayfallowifyouweretotemptmy  
jetwouldIbuzzyourpinnaclesifweweretoweaveourshroudswouldwearrive

currentsarentquaaludesriveryoreventfulorfaddishorchargedmymental  
conditioneddiesandsparksandcyclesandflagsbutwithoutcalmwithoutan  
auraofchillorafogofequilibriumImbeingrushedalongtosomeplaceIdont  
belongfromsomewhereIveneverbeenuponaraftbuiltofunusedmorningwood  
willyoucomewithmeevenifthatsantiquatedevenifcooperationtakestime  
tellyouwhatIshouldvesaidthatIdidntorwhatIshouldnthavesaidthatIdid  
Iwontbeabletounsayanyofitormakeamendsforwhatneverproperlygotsaid  
butIllreverseengineermyguiltchambertotakeintoaccountthesenewdata  
tellyoumetalesofphlegmandboneofbileandbreastsandbloodandtomboftears  
andclavicleandhoneyandmossofsalivaandhexagonsandgulleetsandwrists  
thebodyexpendsenergytogetaroundthemindandthemindawaitsitsrelease  
ourmasterpieceisaninhalationthatnevergetsexhaledanannihilationof  
thesuperegobytheidthemanymorebytheonlythelessexhaustedselfbythatmore  
inexhaustibleotherifIfallfromthislimbintoyourlapwillyourlaughter  
bellowthecurtainsofalongagohousesthatfadedasgrayastarriedpleasure  
mydaily mistakesdontadduptoregrettheyrejusthumandustonwetsurfaces  
tellyoumetalesofdreamtandgoneoftidalthoughtsandbluerideascoralblind  
tochromalshifthroatsavantsunspokenurgeseaglassspecksastelemetry  
thebodyexposesthemindeasthemindattemptomasterthebodyasitswerves  
yourbrilliance may lure report way shipstodismaybutmyrockswill sink mine  
contemplatesomethinglongenoughanditllfeel foreignasthoughyouhadnt  
everencountereditbeforethetooofamiliar suddenlybecomeunfamiliarand  
thelessfamiliar suddenlybecomecomfortablethatswhatyougetforgiving  
preferential treatment to staring over intuiting feelyourway across skin  
feelyourwaythroughthecoreandlivingcorridor towardtheovariangleam  
thelime tasteslikethepoolandthepooltastesliketheopalescentrevenge  
ofyourmouthandyourmouthhasagrip ontheenlarging truththatouttunnels  
thepromisedlandtunnelofhistoricalshoveputyourpalmonmysofter shelf  
andtiptheidealover remindtheromanticofthatchromosomal swayourardor  
todoubleourselvesevenasweinsistuponourunassailable uniquenessyou  
bewisetoavoidmyreactionaryasceticismIlleverbeautumnaldrifttoyour  
summerysurgeIlleverbeinthechiffonroomfeelingmaroonwhileyoullnever  
beinthe crimsonroomfeelingyellowplusmygreyheartneedsitsdrearydays  
andmygraymindwantsitslapsesintosnowtogetherwellwhirlwiththeworld  
oraloneIllweaveweedsintoahedgeandthehedge willhidemyindifferences  
ifone loathesonesworkbutisloath torunawayonemustbuild stoicfortone  
mustfindmerit inmomentsofsunfractureandinonesdarkestarmoryonegoes  
nowherebut sometimesnowhereseverywhereandthatsenoughitsjustenough  
Imstructuredwithwhispersandunseenwinksabrushofthebreastandastiff  
dreamadarttotheheartwhenaconversationstruncatedandanapemoistensI

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 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 fear you  
won't let the ordinary tarnish of time dull the passionate glitter of your awe  
take a breath and compose yourself feel the hours 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 we don't get to choose the posse that hunts us 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

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

whatdoesitsaywhenmostofoneslifeonecanteventellwhetheroneshappyornotdoesitsaymoreaboutthewaysoflanguageorofhappinessorofonesheartorisitjustaboutonesgenesanddietandbrainpatternsdeterministicluckwithadoseofinheritedselfpreservationandasteadypinchofcommonsenseifonesacombinationofwreckageandadaptationonecouldbesatisfiedwithonestwistandwarpofdisregardonesheftofdelusionandonesfistshakingsatemptyskiesifitwerentforamustardseedofambitionstuckinonescrawor someunnameablebirthrightoffelldisavowaloraveragetothecorepersona oronesinsufferableinabilitytoscanonesenvironsforjudiciousrespect

ImnowgoingtotrytotellyousomethingIvenvertoldanyoneelsesomethingIvekeptprivatesincebeforeyouwerebornsincebeforeIwasbornsomethingephemeralandeternalsomethingevanescentandeverlastingsomethingwedbetemptedtocallelusiveifitwerentsouniversalifitwerentwhatholdsus togetherthoughwedontfeelheldtogetherwedontrankgravitationalcling anysecretisconnectedtoallsecretsthe wayanywordislinkedtoeveryword wecantpullourselvesapartwithouttearingthethreadsewe sewninto each othersedgeswhoeveryouarewhoeverIamithardlymatterstherearethreads andyoualreadynowwhatIabouttotellyouifyoucouldfeelthetensionin thosemanythreadsgossamerorknottedorfrayedbyfrictioncanyoufeelthe tugcanyoufeelthestretchcanyoufeelthewarmhomethreadscanyoufeelthe coolneighborhoodthreadscanyoufeelthetmaterialbreathewiththelowsun privacycomesatthecostofbrightairandfreshlightacostoneshappytopay sinceonelivesinalandofupperdesertclarityonessecretsdontmoldinthe darktheyrepreservedasdistantthoughtsinadeeptwilightoflongwaiting mostsecretstendtounsecretthemselvesortheyreunsecretedwithnatures permissionandwithtimesblessingbymysteriousforcesofdriftingcrests butthereexistsecretswemustassumethatnevergetuncoveredthatstayout ofreachoffatesgraspandsocietiesfondlingsecretsforthediscreetgods aloneandthisoneImshpherdimgightbeoneofthoseitmightbetoo wildfor mysloppystewardshipandtoowaryofwhatwouldmostassuredlybeanawkward deliveryofanunnecessarydivulgenceyetImneverthelessdutyboundtotry togetbeyondselfgossipersandsselfconspiracistsandsselfilluminatiand dothetellingintheblazeofnooninthepublicsquareofyourgoldenopinion butbeforeIattemptcrocodiletearsoranalligatorsbelloworasharksmile letmecontextualizeallIhavetosaybyremindingyoutocheckyourbootsfor scorpionsbeforeyoupackupandheaddownthewashinthecanyonofyourideas youandyoursplashesofmarringsareworthyofloveareworthyoflustorsong evenifthesongisyoursandevenifitsaboutyourselfsingitwithgustosing itwithstressandflamessingittostovearoadsideblursingittoscaldlips



Imresignedtowardsleeptohaveminepasserinedsomeforevermorningasash  
onavaliantchestourdaintrillattheedgeofaninsignificantbattlefield  
aphrasesharedasdirectivethecomfortsofrecognizableinformationopen  
toallwithcapacitybutmostmeaningfultotheinitiatedpassedaspromised  
youwanttotellmesomethingdeeperthandreamsbutlanguagewontallowitto  
bedonewithwordsandnoneofusaresongbirdsandwedontcollectivelydream  
orifwedoitsjustlifesconstructandthemelodywarblesbeyondourhearing  
orsoIimaginesincehowcouldIknowImbutasolitaryfabricatorbakingthis  
loafofconjectureinanovenjustwarmenoughforonesexpansionandrisefor  
oneshardenedcrustandlifteddearjustwarmenoughtoholdanothermorethan  
onecantakeorleaveonesselfoneknowsonesnotonebutmanyonesalwaysbeen  
manyonesalwaysbeeneverythingevenasyouvealwayscaledaseverythingI  
thinkyouvealwaysbeeneverythingIthinkyoullalwaysbeeverythingevery  
momentofeverytimewheneverytimeisalloftimeandeverytimeisalloftime  
wepassingthroughwherewevealwaysbeenwithchangeasouronlyconstant  
whilelanguagemakesfoolsofusandwemakestickycasserolewithlanguage  
IclutchmychestasIdroptomykneesmydeparturecangoaheadandbetypicalI  
canfailphysicallyasmostpeoplehavealwaysfailedphysicallyIcancause  
aminorscenethatsnotmyfaultIvenotmanagedtofigureouthowtodisappear  
withoutmakingameswhohasevermanagedtodisappearwithoutmakingames  
wemakemessesfrombirthpastdeathitssomethingthisexistenceisgreatat  
oritssomethingwereforsedtowitnessupcloseanywayifnotupcloseenough  
oritssomethingthatgoeswiththeterritoryasimplelawoftheuniverseour  
heritageandbirthrightandbequeathmentIslumptowhateversurfacegives  
meroomwhethergroundorpavementorfloorwhateverhappenstancedelivers  
Iliethereasifrestingthoughwhereoneslumpsafterdroppingtoonesknees  
isseldomonesfinalrestingspotandIfeelpositiveIwontbeluckyenoughto  
haveitbeminethoughfinalrestingspotisanoddphrasebothhyperbolicand  
naiveIdlikedeathtocomeformeunderopenskiesbutthatmightbetoomuchto  
askitmightcomeonairportcarpetorbathroomtilesomeplaceinconvenient  
ImighttrytomurmurIloveyouorsomethingmeaningfulandImightfailitmay  
behuristicandselfishtowishforpathoswhenbathoscouldbringacomedic  
touchareleasevalveforthosewhomustsurvivethissmalleventbeforethey  
cravesimilareventsoftheirownbutthisisntatallwhatIdmeanttotellyou

theapparatusofmyevolutionaryendeavorandthearchitectureofyourfree  
rangequivercrafttalesworthyofanycrossroadsofmeridianandconformal  
anygleamingbullseyeringedwithopportunecharismawedonatureproudour  
effortssupportiveofeverybarometricshiftourtonguetiednoreastorsor  
ourheartlandtwirlswerejustbeastsfollowingbeatenpathstowaterholes

were just toys in a carton in a cupboard who can't ignore the wrestle 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 en injury as a awesome season must suppose it was  
and can creation be thought of by the likes of me as ones 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  
a miabile amicabile and affable lea res summerskins I ought to wear long enough for  
them to shape my behavior to dissuade my interrogative aggression and my yen  
for intellectual friction as compensation for lacking a literary dialogue  
of transformational ferocity I've not met my lone goal of matching my masters  
which has nothing to do with being amenable or agreeable or approachable I've  
dug the wide moat I've built the rickety bridge I've become the ready alligator  
these things are easily accomplished although they come at a cost we all come  
at a cost I'm too dark for your perse I'm too pursuant to your pattery you're too in  
formy you're too dear for my refuse as we quarry your sacred sites for flaws  
I want to be kind but I want more to be authentic and you might listen patiently  
before reminding me that any authenticity mustn't be solely self proclaimed  
you want to be real but you want more to be beloved and I might kindly refrain from  
suggesting that real loves a lottery subject to all of the mean laws of chance  
my winter skins are blends of the ineffable and the intractable neither will  
yield to a cursory gaze neither will remain within an acceptable time stream  
and you needn't turn your springskins into anything but freshers springskins  
I don't blame you for distrusting my language or my actions or my impulses or my  
oblique motivations or the crude spaces where my memories differ from yours  
but trust is never monodirectional and monads don't thrive in the human heart  
the indignities of aging are not for everyone they're an acquired taste across  
devolving times subtle and painful accents to the cruel vicissitudes of body  
or may be just embodiment or may be unjust embodiment or may be payment for the  
normal pleasures of the flesh body as receptacle and body as transmitter I've  
sounded and crested and waved toward shore you've taken in the magnetism we've  
gone farther still past the roil and toil of liquids and solids for our lack of  
pelvic principles won't spare us purpose won't mitigate our systemic decline

and most flames of most pet candles are blown out with barely half of a thought  
the true nature of causality eludes us much of the time but were nevertheless  
still responsible for our actions when most of us have breathenoughto spare  
tosufffourveryowncandleswithsomewhatlessthanawholethoughtorafter  
awholelotofintensethinkingorwhencognitiveprecisionhasbeencrafted  
withtheconfidenceofabardicfoolallittakesisonemomentaryexhalation  
yoursisarhizomaltendency more modal than traumatic as subterranean reach  
withoutmajorgrasporminorclutchstretchedtowardthewaxofsoutherwick  
toflickerdownlowwherewallsandfloorsmeetinbruisedcornersofconcern  
ortostrobeuphighwhereceilingsmeetwallsinnuisancecornersofcaution  
youtwinearoundtablelegsandchairlegsandyou tangle brogans and oxfords  
interior refractive wash of the sort that imparts columns between rooms  
or inflates differences between the praxive positions of bodied idealists  
Ive been content to wander corridors without crossing thresholds dealings  
unbegun negotiations untried without threat of tarnished sheets or bashed  
tongues without risk of plastic fans or vacuumed carpet without likelihood  
of encounters with unshaven down under the scent of sun or with the stumble of  
convenient neglect under stained bulbs or with porcelain willing to accept  
our perpetually allow forays into discarding our perpetually aged flaws

any zero is unlike every other zero as you make an o with your mouth to validate  
old vulnerabilities the surprise of self limitation amid the vanity of self  
worth some silvers summer wandering with a friend is all it takes to make a life  
some evanescent on a hill above our soft city with the easy empty talk of silence  
or a candid breath after a almost kiss during what's assuredly a last goodbye  
chariot is not charity it's trophy for end during the gathered others our choral  
burden you can't be a soloist stand still impress me with your polyphony you won't  
find what you're looking for in my gaze you'll stumble across it in my periphery  
from my distant place I can't see your distant place but I can see the place next  
to your place I can imagine vacant space beyond your shoulder I can ponder the  
years beyond these frames when our intentions will palliate into one ever mind  
I've not found a way of being that suits my neighborhood or any world at large I'm  
good for one at a time for one other at a time a veritable yin and yang where we were  
both yin and both yang and there are incessant flows of solitude and exchange  
I demand too much by wanting so little like a perfectly timed triangle moment  
or an aneurysm coincident with a shooting star or an anode just when anode needed  
I've never belonged anywhere and I don't like belonging though I long to belong  
one can't belong if one doesn't belong if one refuses to make an effort to belong  
I belong to ality of isolate to a set of from antic introverts seeking alone  
interlocutor from a hardy breed hardy as in not fragile hardy as in variegated

equally up for in clement moors or sterling highlands or any cold metropolis  
every infinity is unlike any other infinity as you point toward that wet spot  
on the wall that's darkening into an energy way past any punk aesthetic way out  
beyond any taut empiricism far beyond the stars of your exclusive imagining  
when you climb aboard the sailing's smooth dark spot in vigorated horizon not  
fussy or cinematic a good spot to linger an original position to unduplicate  
fever breaks as it must release comes as it must up lift and crash strain and go  
press on leeward away from this modern world and its compulsive attractions  
one can't take the high road or the low road when there's only one road right  
in front of one in meanders off in the scrub or the heather or goes cliffside  
when the fog gathers or it climbs the ridge line to the promontory and I see you  
or I see what approximates you or I see my proxy of one's one's sunspurious one  
I see my hands in front of my eyes I see my tidy vision of my near creation made of  
creations very cool creation creations warming creation creations circus  
meaning is overrated meaning is underrated lack of meaning is overrated and  
absence of meaning is underrated we climb aboard and these seas already ablaze  
you can't take the run that is your heart and render it dry upon a doomed surface  
you can make up for your fear of disequilibrium by sleeping with the monsters  
under your bed you can fake interest in the outcome but not in the process we've  
moved past the finish into the grain against the rash and now dance with our  
rooftop congress of craven albeits singular nonviolent selves were one with  
the laws of levity we can be found amid Jimson below the sharp curve in the road  
we can be found in the electric palenear the top of a mawkish tower de art to town  
we can't steal the beauty today from a field lily as readily as we might suppose  
we don't answer that particular question not because we can't but because we're  
wanting to be truthful and we can't because we await a better question that doesn't  
come since it's impossible to ask a better question when you don't have a better  
question at your disposal or in the vaults when your questions pursued wanted  
answers when your posse is composed of life long expectations and armed kids  
you can't brook favor with a wish list one can't angel cardones way to me ga touch  
through metanerve hit the drum although you were hitting your head against a  
wall to send a signal to a potential lover in the village across the valley hit  
it with the futility of a day dream and the passion of a cruising poet it's sure  
not going to disturb anyone it's not going to leech the levee or lower the ledge  
if I had ten pennies to spend at the well I'd spend one on your happiness I'd spend  
one on my soul I'd spend one on all of god's children and I'd spend one on her cove I'd  
spend one on hell's fury I'd spend one on its grace I'd spend one on that sentence I  
can't seem to catch that I chase across the malpais as though it were mine spirit  
or speck it won't stop to wait it resists the lasso of implied capital or period  
I'd spend one on restitution one on remembrance and the last I'd spend on our one

so that our one might know the joy of fearsome responsibility and atlas love  
if I had just three coins for the fountain I do toss one for gratitude and one for  
grief one for what she held and one for what's lost and the third I do clutch in my hot  
hand for eternity waiting to be shown what the world would be without you or me

so what if my heroes aren't your heroes and yours aren't mine they're your heroes  
and they're my heroes they don't have to overlap we've room for everyone's heroes  
yours and mine and then the next guys and those of any nantucket widow heroines and  
heroes young and old dead and living every color every creed iconoclasts and  
ordinary jacks and jills if only heroes for an occasion or two they make us all  
feel less lonely just as friends and enemies do just as others selves do heroes  
for a day or legends for millennia heroes abounding in the ground and at top of  
platitudes super and common ancient and fashionable modular and renewable  
so what if I'm not your hero and you're not mine you're probably someone's hero and  
probably so am I perhaps everyone's someone's hero even if that word isn't a word  
we use for each other even if that word is as embarrassing as excess frosting to  
good taste even if good taste is lost in the dust of the bridal train of history  
even if the so what becomes an inquiry of possibility and not a shoulder shrug  
not a jazz standard of nonchalance but a leaning into some particular option  
away of splitting the path of fractaling the obvious of perpetrating choice  
for drama sake of speculating about futures speculation as though bored dry  
so what if I were to put the comma after the so and say so what if we were to arrive  
at our places and times in history feeling beleaguered from being out of time  
and out of place feeling churlish from lack of earned attentions since I've not  
done enough to deserve a thorough and unbiased apology I've not made my silt  
I've cleaned my rifle and mounted my antlers without confirming the flow of my  
continental divide without comprehending the unsettling death of my ideas  
or the unsettling depth of ideas I can't fathom of evils begun or of lives ended  
of heroes unmasked or of heroic acts outmystified by the mundanities of cliff  
and cliff we can hear the tiresome screams of divas as they plummet into light  
so what if we were to rip van Winkle and wake twenty years into the future could  
we bear the moment of realization even before we had to begin to bear the tasks  
of rapid and gradual synthesis could we withstand a loss of organic sequence  
so what if we were to go to gulliver or Alice or Wendy our way to strange new lands and  
odd new ways of being could we keep our hearts intact would we remain coherent  
could our intellectual integrities outlast the pull of persistent novelty  
so what if we were to scifi out of our solar system into alien circumstances what  
if we were to represent our planet humanity if not our planet's life force and  
what if we were to fail to survive or leave any record or fiction of our passing  
so what if we were to think our way to the middle of the earth or the center of the

sunorthepupilofttheuniverseorthefabledstillpointorourabsoluteeven  
wherewecandisappearintoaforgetfulnessasnaturalaswaterevaporating  
whatifweweretothreeosomeorfoursomeornsomeourselvesintohiphedonism  
worselatethanneverwouldwecometounderstandsosomeofhumanitysrestless  
collectivismsomeofitsstaticfearofonenesssomeofitssurvivalurgency  
ifyoumeet enoughpeopleinthisworldoneisboundtostickjustasifyouwear  
clothinglongenoughitsboundtowearthinjustastruelovesdeliveredtous  
aslightningasarmorasmysteryasburdenascogandcoherenceandconundrum  
thisisthegeometryofbodiesinmotionthisisthecorduroyofheartsinflux  
thisismygyroscopeonaplanethatstiltedeversoslightlytowardcohesion  
thoughhonesthonorablestruggleupwardtowarddispersalalsohasitsappeal  
itsalwayalmosttomorrowandalwaysjustpastyesterdaymyspinningcould  
digagraveifitwerentformyconstantdriftasmypiningcouldskimthecream  
fromthecreamifitwerentfortimesconstrictionorifitwerentforoctopus  
twisterorifitwerentforbeingfinewithnotbeingfinewellcommendtoday's  
spiritintourancestorshandsmaytheyandourchildrenchildrenforgive  
usforforsakingthemtheydidthesamethey'lldothesameIvedonethesameand  
youvedonethesamewhyhaveanythinggoodforyouwhenyoucanhavesomething  
betterforyouwhysettleforrealitywhenyoucanblendmemorieswithdreams  
Iplowedmyfieldswiththebluntendofanaxwhiletheuniversegrewfeathers  
Ivemademymorningswiththecertitudeofacowboysleepingwithhisbootson  
butIllcrossthesmallofyourwarmbackyardbarefootroughhandsinpockets  
sowhatifweretobeburiedincastoffsandcrematedwithoutourscratchings  
anddisinterredtomakewayforastripmallandbrushedfromtheshoulderofa  
strangerwhogotintheadvertentwayofascatteringandtossedinpauers  
pitsandburnedineffigyatopolymusandscrutinizedascadaversexposure  
thoroughwhilesterlingsurfacedandconfinedornatelywithfloralgalore  
andwhisperedtobyanangelichistorianatthemomentoffourtakingsawayand  
usheredbyaseertoourthronesattheedgeofaspitoflandtowatchourbirths

loyaltyscrapesatwintersglasstheverybestchillofdisciplinetheclash  
ofdesireanddutyastwincymbalstowakethecynictoflarethecygnetswings  
apropheticsongofliftanddepartureeveryonemusthavetheiropportunity  
toflyatthesunsincesometreasuremustbedisplayedandsomemustbehidden  
ItakemyplaceinthechorusofmyswansonandIdelivermypartwithaccuracy  
IsoarwhenIshouldsoarandI descendintothevalleyoftheshadowofdeathas  
thescoredelineatesasocietalneedforharmonydictatesastheconductor  
instructswithapeculiarinsistenceforsomesortofnormallikeableblend  
yourvoiceisabodythatclimbsatopmineandmineknowshowtostaynearlyput  
tillafterbreathsdouspartcontrapuntalmarvelsinthisintentionstream

welittledeathourindividualizedwaysaroundourmajormelodicmelodrama  
ourflourishesinthecodaonlyearnuscornerstancesatthehyperreception  
foremeritussaintsandprodigysinnerswedenouementintothefaunagarden  
betrayallookslikedesperationwhenitdoesntresembleadvantageorlucid  
selectionthebassoon dipsintodreadaftertheviolinsscreechasthosewho  
wereonceimperiousnowwritheinregretorbaskinindignationtheydeserve  
theirmomentsofItoldyousoitsallforthebestorIdidntknowwhatelsetodo  
Iletgoofyourtriangleandmytrianglebeaterandtheylandinmetaphorical  
limbowheresadtingesofblueareworthrecollectionsoflonglastingtings  
wesprawlonthesunlesslawnplyingunansweredquestionsofindeterminate  
originswetiltourlibidostowardunseenhorizonswhereideasarrivedaily  
meanwhilemyvoiceisprivilegedtostaysturdyunderyourswhileyoustrain  
tofocusyourdoubtsintosomethingbetweenatrillandaclenchandashudder  
maybeoncewevebeenshushedandthebatonisstillwecanreshallowourminds  
incantationsinthemiddleofdickknightsareneithercowardicenorcourage  
theyrethemurursofastandardissuepsychealoneinastandardissueworld  
originalityisfalselydiagnosedinmosteverypatientoficonoclasticism  
andbothsuicideandperseverancehavelonghistorieswithmanyproponents  
youmightwanttoshowupwithyourwitsharpenedandyourwitscloseaboutyou  
readyforsnideboredomandsincerebewildermentsreadyforironicclarity  
andtendertakedownsyouveallthetoolsbutkairosandyouveallthemindbut  
mineyouveallthebodybutmineandyouveallthefeelingsbutminewereready  
fornothinglongofamiracleasourimpossibilitydisintegratesintosight  
youcutmewithmirrorsIsilenceyoutoshredswhenwetraveltohunterlimits  
wecantsuturesplitenergywecantskinalivingunionwecantquotawarpaint  
indifferencedoesasmuchdamageasabuseiftheindifferenceischronicand  
theabuseisdelicatewemightbeinconsequentialbutwearentwithoutclout  
ourfreewillcanbethunderousandourfreewillcanbewhimperingjustasour  
icydeterminismcanbeaswhitehotorasfatallycoldasitisrandomlycliche  
wemayseeourwayoutwithoutseeingourwayinwecouldbetooofarinforescape  
wemightlackagencywhenitcomestothresholdswecouldbetooenamoredwith  
ourvanishingpointsorourparalleltruncationsorourownwavingsgoodbye  
ouoverconfidencearoundtheblessingsofsurvivalmightbewhatcondemns  
ustoearthboundscurryandourmostvitaltravelsmightallcomewithoneway  
guaranteesbutthenImnotatourguideworthlisteningtoonanygivensunday  
ifIcantentertainyouwithaquickspinaroundmyownsoulitmightbeobvious  
toyouthatanarduousexpeditionisntwhatyoudrecommendanyonesignupfor  
yourenotcomingwithmeintothedarkinteriorbecauseitsnotepicdarkness  
itsmytarnishedselveddarknessandbecauseImmoreintriguedbytheideaof  
aladybugonmysleeveethanIambytheladybugitselforitsgeneticmappingor

its colloquial mythology. I'll let it accompany me in concept and then it'll fly off and I'll go on alone and to be fair I won't go into yours with you either we don't do any of this it's just talk it's just story and stories exist to keep us talking and I'll keep telling this telling without destination whether dark or light whether outward or inward whether summit line or cave fault it's just telling for telling's sake meandering for meandering's sake admission for the sake of admittance these ways we have of making our burrows both safe and accessible our aeries both open and comfortable our crypt doors scratched on both sides silence has proven to be an unviable option when it comes to self or selves and an unviable choice among muse bait whenever I try I end up gasping for air or hating the ceiling and even though I've yet to threaten grave or flames and I've yet to get proper counseling or pharmaceuticals and I've yet to garner badges belt sepaullets prizes medals titles crowns rings robes stigmas or shroud I know just like you I could find my way from my Nazareth to my Golgotha if I tried

the energy and entropy of my mental thermodynamic scale as easily as yours I can't claim inferiority or superiority I can't even claim equality we can only claim sufficient similarity to make sure we aren't shunted by one another and by degree to arbitrary sidings golden or daddocked our cortical storms and coronary train wrecks are more or less indistinguishable as none of us stand out from space none of us apparently have the mark of God on our brows none of us are extra special in the sense that our idiosyncrasies deserve special gilt all of this is romanticized sweat to avoid the perverse elitism of suffering or successors solipsistic grandstanding who is it whom olders best in the pit I've not been to the outer edge of the ledge why isn't that air just as breathable why don't I just grab a pin in my childhood normality and let others swing hands why don't we just go find a dimple in our land where we can lie and watch sky by sky where one can nab a judgment lens cut and ground and polished as sanctioned by universal standards of annealment and collimation with beatific fidelity whenever I barter private inscrutables for public reachables I risk losing my hold on a way of life that only makes sense to me if it's irrefutably specific while staying undeniably generic and if it's iterative slants adjust to love to make one's way from tract home shibboleth to anaevos a mind one must desire and the desire must be for the inexpressible still one won't soon stop telling one will fail in one's expressing through one's inability to cease expressing one has long sought flaws at the edge of purity or a mar in the core of one's heart the parasites in from God knows where that corrupts the known universe were alive in interesting times that's whoever we are whenever we are and these are interesting times they've always been interesting times they always will be interesting times one's defects will always be the dreams of one's perfection



IllhaveonceawokentoyourvoicefromacrossaroomIcouldntcrossavoicenin  
theshapeofanhourglassavoicethattastedofsunandrainandsleepIllhave  
hearditanditllhavemademylifeworthwhileiflivescanbemadeworthwhile  
inourspentimperfectfutureyourvoicewillhavebroughtmesettlementand  
hurtandpromiseandIllhavebroughtyoudisorientationandtamedalliance  
notcomparabletothegirloflakeandalleyandbowertotheoneofscatterand  
gyreIllhavefeltthewarmthofcrestandcrescendoandthecoolofgathering  
ImnotbeinghuntedsoIneednthideandImnotbeingvettedsoIneedntrushIll  
behereawhilelongereveryonebynowshouldknowwheretofindmenotthatany  
ofyouwanttohangoutwithmystipulationsnotthatanyofyoudonthavefiner  
ambitionsandlustsanddistractionsnotthatanyofyouknowlessabouttime  
IvecorridoredandIvestairwelledIvesecretpassagewayedandIveporched  
onemovesfromspacetospacewithoutmovingandImundoubtedlymovedbythat  
althoughIveneverbeentothesouthernhemisphereandIveneverbeentomars  
andIveneverbeeninyourchildhoodorinyourvisionsorinyourroomoffrooms  
mysightsarentsetonvenusormarsoranythingdownunderIwantthepurereye  
Iwanttheliveideologicalequivalentofcascadiaorescalanteorapalache  
aterritoryoftrusttoroamwithoutseverityofexpectationsorboundaries  
youretryingtoohardyousayyourenottryinghardenoughyousayyouvetried  
everyonespatiencebeyontheirspectrumsofenduranceyoukeepsayingthe  
samethingsasiftheyvenotbeensaidbeforeortwiceguessedbyyourbetters  
Imofamericapacifictoatlanticfactinfictionfakeasrealwhitetoowhite  
IllhaveoncefallenasleeptoyourvoicesfromacrossaspaceIcouldntcross  
notasembodimentnotaswavedsoundnotasmyrepetitivemindmadeaddictive  
onemusthavesunkintoslumberbeforeonecanhavedreamtonessubconscious  
mustbeunleashedtomaintainitsdignityitcantbemasteredinyoursuburbs  
oralongtheirmadisonavenuesorinourtoybohemiaorinmyorigamimansions  
analphabehemothdoesntdestroytheworldbutbendsittohisimagehismoths  
spreadlightastheyburnhischoicesarentalwayscorrectbuttheyrealways  
firmandhisfairnesstochildrenoutlastshismeanesstomaturestupidity  
ageorgygammagirlmeltsthetownwithraygundisregardwithcolorstoshare  
thatclutchthelightwithcompassionenoughtoshamethesalamanderpricks  
Ivebeenfromturquoisetocobaltpowdertoprussianceruleantofederalbut  
nosystemexiststotakeonefromglauoustotrueveninfeverishnights  
ofturnerspeedorfeiningernavessofhopperwallsorwalternocturnesImof  
theheatherinacloudyconscienceImstaffageinakilteredtraditionImnot  
knownformuchprowessbutgivenenoughtimeIcanmoreorlessgetthejobdone  
IllattendtothebeautyathandaridorfeistyorawkwardorfrailIseefecund  
inastringentandlividinfloralIlltakethetuftovertheluciferiantower

outofcoldstoragerigorcanformthemortarforaestheticsheltersomesort  
ofcenotaphforonesmortallywoundedfavoritesatriumphofthewontforget  
yourbravuraengineersamakeshiftmarkerforvertiginousintelligenceor  
horizontalefficiencyyoubelieveinascentwithoutfetishizingtheclimb  
youoldworldshuttersopenuponnarrowescapesnowblownheartwardwecant  
permissionourselfstograinymanhattantobatteryswarthandwaspwaists  
ifIcouldbeabowerybrickoraranchbrickmyhandswouldbestrongeitherway  
urbanorruralthehumanspiritlackstopologyIofcourseknownothingofthe  
humanspiritoftheanimalspiritandIknownothingofspiritalanimalsmine  
oryoursoranyoftheirsthoughofcourseImfamiliarwithspiritedhumansas  
wellasunspiritedhumansatleastthoseofthelivingsortandwhethertorus  
knotswilleveryieldtohumanhandsstrongortendernimbleorpersuasivewe  
wontwitnessinourboundedsnowglobeswiththeirfriendlyshutfirmaments  
IdontknowwhoIamandyouprobablydontknowwho youareeitherwhywouldwe  
arentomniscientoromnipresentoromnifariousourmemoriesleanfallible  
oursensesofselfaremercurialandourmosttawdryspiritsaresomehowjust  
magisterialenoughtooneanotherertokeepusbewilderedaboutwherewestand  
onceuponahurricaneoneshandfindsanothersexclamationthesoundofones  
lifeunderthesoundoffuryletloosewewhisperwolvesawayfromthedoorthat  
ourmonstersarentgoinganywhereevenafterthewindsdieddownourinternal  
exhilarationscantmanagetheinfernalpallfourcontemporaryzeitgeist  
theprayingmantisperchedonmyribknowsnothingofmypreoccupationsandI  
knownothingofitsobsessionsitsthecolorofmyenvyforitsprowesswhileI  
suspectImnothingbutlandscapetoitasurfacesaltierthanmostitmovesas  
itsneedsorwhimsdictateIwontbeitsdeusexmachinaIwontharmitor affect  
itsmotiondespitethearidticklingIfeelfromitsappendagesandantennae  
anddespitethedisconcertingwayittwistsitsheadtoseeminglystareatme  
onceuponanearthquakeonesvoicereachesforanother sheartapoundofones  
fleshundertheweightofgravitysaffectionweloosengarmentstoallocate  
lossandfavortodispenselesswillandmoreverveandfervorasexultations  
mymonstersaysitlikesitherewithmeorthatswhatIimagineitsayingwhenI  
giftitwithconsistentgoodnessthecremedelacremeofmycliffsidesearch  
onepreysuponinsightthatisntknowledgeenoughtokeeponesolventenough  
totiponesequilibriumonblusterynightsourlogicssubductedbyvariance  
andchoiceourcommunalfactsdispersedintodilutionwearenteverallowed  
tostopeatingjustbecauseonceuponatimeweateorjustbecausewewknowwhat  
itfeelsliketobestuffedorjustbecausewewantlifetohurryupandresolve  
itselftowardtheunknownregionspluralandinaccessibletillaccessedby  
soulorsoulessnesssomeofushaveapenchantforwantingtogotothepopular  
placethebrightestspotswhilesomeofushaveanaggingpassiontogowhere

none have gone before both are fool's games both are typical enough and boring to somebody neither necessarily get someone delighted or sainted or canonized neither necessarily makes one happy or wise or jaded or starry-eyed or at ease with the overwhelming and underwhelming and capricious and cross-purposed vagaries of a prickly and tenacious and tormented and sublime and banal life once upon a tornado one's thought speed farther than ever before toward one once upon a flood or one's once upon a drought or one's once upon a plague and even one's once upon a disappointment perhaps particularly toward one's once upon a disappointment away from one's very own once upon a disappointment and one's once upon a lost love one's once upon a leaving grief one's emptied heart one's thoughts rush across distances immeasurable or tarry in waiting rooms unforgiving or at bed's side sun yielding or with intemperaments unavailable or they swirl as the iron dust devil in the lot of four long abandoned carnival wheeling around one's once upon a carnival knowing it got better with time even as we got worse with time but not knowing when it decays slid beyond the pale as we slipped more and more into the hum drum of office parks and kids water parks I keep trying in my foolhardy way to tell you something absolute I keep trying to tell you of everyone everywhere even when I don't know of everyone anywhere even when I am alone in the shower with my clean decaying body under my decaying mind that has not been cleaned since conception even then I don't know everyone I don't know what to do with today or tomorrow or even yesterday what does one do with time and how time goes by or time yet to come why have I kept asking these questions since my youth without making any progress why can I spin on my axis without digging a worthwhile hole and when will my time wobble to a halt

vacancy in a friend's cottage in a strider companion opening in the lower attic kitchen light holds the love but not the contrast not the conflicting beauty one wants to be led but where are the promisers of challenge and inflammation where are the strident pains of mastery and the scree fields made vulnerable I've sifted the flour of my peers as I've panned the bed of friendship they are not the wealth of my claim they are not indicative of slagg'd intellectual trauma what I suspect has happened is that I've become madly allergic and intolerant of most of what most people enjoy about living like entertainment and eating like envy and degress I want a brutus I want a vamp I want a madman for my every sad man a bad man for my every glad man I want my x chromosomes to shake Shakespearean fool clad in overall swith freckled shoulders able to do an actor's dinner jacket to wander some worthless town with me I want an eccentric and wisterious lilt I want serious humor and stylized drama I want them in a time of in consequence I want them just outside the grasp of my understanding and I want them vagrant if one strives to be fully peerless one just might find oneself without peers

if the reason were here is to love one another why would one seek alone out post steeped in the weight of the ocean I'll always seek the peninsular ends since I'm old star material I'll limit a light house to assist wayward hearts but I'm no harbor I'm no port I'm drawn to the transience of the wanderer even though I'm not one myself not any longer and I won't bethe us again unless after this life I roam now the body reacts to stimulus now the mind reacts to threat soon this spirit will turn in its ghost never will my soul untocollective authorities submit now the mind reacts to stimulus now the body reacts to threat but this spirit is weary of response or non response craving freedom away from responsibility where the point in argument or reconciliation when one supplants the other almost as soon as the other supplants the one what's the reason for ritual when its effects are temporary and chronos insists upon painstaking repetition the other walks into the room and one knows one's life is changed this is not some ritual this is specific to one's life it's fated its actual and its unalterable my constitutional swim from point to point to the other takes me across the idea of an estuary or a secluded lake in a mind where interactions are kept to a bare minimum but they're all significant everyone is potent even when undramatic body in water water around body body of water water in body but only enough but only in its proper places body out of water water on body body free from water y home from water y end from water y grave mind travel toward endless water on endless air above endless land mind rendezvous with other mind of other body this is in essence everything I want from this absurd and stunning existence I'll be depleted by seasons falling into the sinkhole as they must insisted by temporal gravity my eyesight dims my mind carries my skin weary of moisture what I'll be I am and what I've been I'll be there no sense pretending I'd change if tragedy or wind fall came my way if cataclysm came to all of us if attention was suddenly at the door beside the only wolf awaiting me I'd make mazes I'm of a maze but this doesn't excuse who I've been and who I am or who I'll become or my behavior throughout this circuitous and divaricated and strangely repetitive life I'll still make mistakes and hurt the feelings of others of those I love as well as of those I hardly know no matter how hard I'll try unless I'll never be capable of trying hard enough unless one doesn't quite have it in one unless that's one's original sin or not trying hard enough to be kind or not understanding that kindness doesn't preclude honesty and honesty isn't the same as authenticity here the in field of my patience I'll wait for confirmation of my suspicion that I'm more than body even if you only recognize me by my face or my voice or my words and there's an exit plan and that no matter how awkward it is it'll be successful I'll leave these pastures for other locales and those locales for other spots of transience and suspicions and wayfaring strangeness I'll make mistakes in all of those places too and they'll mark me those mistakes we haul the errors

of four ways as we crisscross the arrow of time upon our bodies or upon our souls  
my array of scars and pocks and knobs and spots say little about me except that  
I've spent seasons under the sun and suffered fewer knocks than most I've never  
inked myself or been inked by another not on my skin anyway maybe not in my mind  
either perhaps I'm still unetched by you or anyone else I've never sterilized a  
blade over a flame in order for some necessary purpose to cut into my flesh I've  
never broken a bone so I've never had to set one back into place whether my heart  
is scarred or not is beyond my ken whether you've made scratches on my ramparts  
is the stuff of stories and I no longer have an inclination to tell any of those

redundant is the wish and bucolic is the epitaph were not a vailed to windlass  
were not here to anchor opinion to growing colors were here to fold horizons  
if metaphor could be banished along with story what methods would be left for  
me to spin a web to construct a maze to keep padding to this scroll of my nonsense  
if I'm not a philosopher or bard or yarn spinner or witness under oath on a stand  
what right do I have to keep taking up more and more space in these times of less  
and less space should I donate my opinion so that somebody else can have one  
I've been down to the river alone and I've been upon the knob with strangers we've  
slain the fatted fable on the sun swept granite and we've swerved around facts  
there's a difference between progression and maintenance and between what's  
adventure and what's constitutional and along the water's edge I've spat blood  
location isn't everything but it's as close to everything as kairos whether as  
companion or as insight whether companioned or uncompanioned whether deaf  
or mute whether close or distant whether generic or distinct I've no interest  
in suffering the children of gog or magog or god or mammon or kid of the pearly  
crowns I've been to the quarry with the very illusion of fantasy and I've swam with  
them in the dark above and the dark between shirtless or topless or dreamless  
slabs of stone went shape themselves by command and no self cutter cuts clean  
we come into the dirty south from the dirtier west with hopes of establishing  
some redemptive and quivering sounds some maniacal pulse meant to rile loins  
and spur minds into subterranean scapes where neither thought nor trigger love  
I've been to the shore and our spit of land we called home before these seas rose  
and tides it across a ripped town where the drive in became as easy as the  
rave became an altar call where a vavavoom was a amen and the end credits were the  
whole movie ever ridden a ferris wheel in hurricane winds while we dreamed  
of dandelion sex or creamed in the penury of success it isn't where you're going  
it's where you're from it's where you've been and what you have all over your hands  
dalliance crosses the hearts battle field and all arrows land in fallow soil  
she grabbed him by the throat and hung him on these sea walls like a weeping grothko  
like a tidypollock onestime in the sun came and went with the moon dark coffee

inabrightdinerunshavenandoversoapedonecantforcepalmstoreremember  
palmsorforceonesdisillusionmenttoreregretunmarriedlipsoncantgive  
againwhatwasgivenlongagoonecantovernightaffordasleekerwardrobeId  
ratherwatchasunrisefromavacantlotthanpartyourfinalapocalypseaway  
repercussionsarethebigtreesintheyardthatshadeusfromrighteousness  
IvebeentothehollowswheretheairburnscoldIvebeentothegrottoeswhere  
thebluekillspainIvebeentohecopperfieldswherethedewcuresambition  
noneoftheseareonthetravelshowsnoneofthesewillgetyoucoveredbyfans  
allofthesemakelifeworthlivingwhenonemustrenderuntocaesarwhatshis  
allofthismakessensewhenthebodybalksandthemindtriestoseeitsspirit  
youreoneofakindandyouretemporarybutsoiseveryonesoamIsoistheearth  
Ivebeentohepalebluedotanditsspectacularifyoucatchitonacleverday  
ourquotidianfrenzymatchesourquietdesperationasseenfrommindtomind  
orfromasafedistanceorfromwithinasolitaryconsciousnessonesingular  
thoughtfactorymanufacturingmanytrinketswithmanyfacetsandfeelings  
manycomplexsensationsborntodisappear tobeinvisibleandbecome more so  
myhandswillmostlikelytremblebeforeImdoneandmymouthwillbetoodryto  
speakandthisscrollandallofmyotherpaltryofferingswillcometoaclose  
meanwhilescreedorapologyorconfessionorloveletterthiswillpersistI  
mighttakeitwithmeundertheoverpassortohospiceorto thecabinbythesea  
thesimplerockcabinhandhewandimaginarytheseaendlessanddisturbing  
repetitiousarethewavesandmelancholicisthevisionwerenotkeentosurf  
whenreturnistherewardwerenotherelongenoughtoclutchmuchonlyenough  
thoughknowingwhatthat isanddoingitviaonesownwillmightbeimpossible  
climbthebrickhillstothebrickmansionsamidthebigtreesandtheviolins  
andpianos theintricateglassandthevintagechimneyswordsspokenincalm  
reverenceforgentilityforarelativelyeasy life forachangespacetomull  
hardshipsofothercurrentlivesofpastlivesofimagineddistantlivesIll  
climbthestairstothebetterdesktotheunembitteredproseofasocialwhiz  
Illacceptfortuneassituationalacrossafurrowedspectrumsundaysoffog  
orshineitdoesntmatterofsweatersnoworsoftswelterIvebeengivenelbow  
roomtoinhabitprivilegeorprivationorpracticalityandthetritethings  
andtheponderousthingsandtheprofoundthings thatcanbesaidaboutthemI  
mightaswellwaitforyoutofinishpracticingsowecango forabrassystroll

neithertheintellectuallysobernorthe physicallydrunkattractmeinany  
wayItooftendesirealucidbodygovernedbyaninebriatedinclinationbya  
brickclickasabstractasitisantiquatedamotion towardtheroadtoaweIve  
beentotheantebellumpriviesandIvebeentothemaritimechapelsandwhatI  
foundwerepathwaystoinsubordinationmessy peripheralsand dankcenters

what I discovered was that I'm more prone to the oblique than the obvious and we are most of us all too obvious we are most of us all too eager to conform to tides may be a rip current will deliver me to your doorstep what will at first appear to be reckless disaster born of hubris or naiveté will develop into god-driven chance with my romantic mind vistic heart thorough hands and stirrod intact all functional and all ordinary perhaps I'll be more sheepish than stoic more byronic than lustful more mercurial than rutted perhaps I'll be what you want me to be or who you wish me to be if that's who I am if that's who I've always been or if that's who I've become or could become if one can become again as someone new I've been this way a long time it might be fun to be another way a while if the riptide could have transformative powers or if your stoop should alter my chemistry and I were to alpha male with heroic panache let's make it so by pretending it so since we can't actually make it so by making it so I'll surface at your threshold sopping and battered and bruised but undaunted humbled but less humiliated than invigorated surfacing from time in my own netherworld hours or days or a formidable span as if it were a whole life lived as one individual you're realms brighter than mines sunnier in disposition if not in ultimate fate that being always unknown for anyone if you concur that ultimate exists outside of time I'll be delivered to you as one who needed conveyance who wasn't capable of one's own momentous mobility out of an ill-advised saltyswim onto your fresh porch since time isn't linear I've been there and done that as I've never been anywhere or done anything as you grant me access to your color wheel on a day when the sea has given up trying to compete with the sky after the water deposited me where flight won't be imminent but where the desire for flight will prove sovereign one can't be where one is and be everywhere else too that's not an option for most non-omnipresent folk on this sphere that's no how our limited consciousness works or at least that's no how mine works I can't be everywhere at once I can't be everyone at once so I'm where I am and how could that ever be enough to satisfy anyone to be simply oneself wherever one is for as long as one is until one isn't if I've forgotten something paramount perhaps you'll be kind enough to prod my memory something equivalent to existence something balanced with love and liberty keep me juiced like a live wire about to touch another live wire freed from godly gaze I don't desire to be under the ever watchful eye of a judgmental self but one can't escape one's own hard gaze in our land of profiles and selfies suicide is tantamount to deicide if few wish to claim any connection to divine energy if any such power exists or by the way if you want you could show me where the two rivers come together you could loan me a set of wings and we could scope it out the double rush into the single surge that greatest strength of fall our original compulsion before the territorial imperative clutched our minds after our river excursion I might lull you wingless into air with thought of

whatsinherentasopposedtowhatsirreplaceableandwhatcanbestirredand whatmustbeshakenandwhereweshouldgoiftheyeverletusoffofthisplanet oryoumightgoadmetoanotherconfluencewhereIllbeunlocatedasinferior andequalandsuperiorsimultaneouslywheremyhandscantmanipulatepoise wheremytonguesnogoodfortalkwheresoundhasatitscoreunmitigatedjoys thestrongestelixirmightbememorypouredintopotentialwiththepresent chilledonecantswallowthiswithoutfeelingonesintentionsstironecant forgiveanyunforgivingofshakentrustwhentrustiswhatmustbendbutstay unbrokenevenunderthestareofbetrayalIldryoutwithbanalityasherods paranoiaandcaesarsacquiescencedissipatedwithactionasourthirstand ourhungerstaytediousuntiltheyreachtheirmostseverethatssomethrill anydripfromcliffedgemortalitystirredintoprojectionseffervescence isworthasipifyoureasipperoraquaffifyoureaquaffergrantmeanoblique vistauponyourfloodlandsandIllrecovertomotivateyoursnowfieldswell riversideorwelltarnplungeorwellloungeinagardenandwatchtheflowers fadeascreaturesofchoicewehaveoptionswecanbespartanwithourfutures orwecanimageornamentalfourishesthatcanbeembarrassingorthatcan garneracoladesandaffectionalifelivedaswimswumatidalflakeandones fatestiltedintotheunlikelyortheprobableorthenevergoingto happen

evenswhensickonekeepsscratchingatthesheenkickingagainstthepricks ofgoodfortuneeyeingonesgiltwithabrasivesuspicionwhetherhealthyor dyingonesalwaysnearthepathtosenescenceonealwayshasmomentsandhalf momentslefttoenjoyonesdissolutionandallofthosethingsthebodycando allofthosethingstheminwilldoallofthosethingstheheartmustdoallof myspiritualmistliesonyourfieldbutyouhaventthecouragetogobarefoot orisitrecklessnessonelacksorasensethatitwouldmatteriftheotherway oneoftenfindsacrossoneslifethatonesillequippedmentallyphysically oremotionallyforsometaskathandthatcallsuponsomethingmuchmorethan merecompetenceandonemustconsiderthelikelihoodthatonesillequipped spirituallyforwhatevercomesnextifanythingcomesnextbeyondoblivion somethingforwhichonesupposeseveryoneequallyequippedifthatisthat unavavoidabledestinyawaitsusoneandallIkeepsayingthesamethingsagain andagainnotjustbecausetheybearrepeatingbutbecauseIvenothingnewto saytoyouforwhichIdapologizeifIhadntalreadydonesotoonmanytimesnow IlltakethelittlebluepillstosleepbecausemythroathurtsandImtiredof talkingwithmyfingersandhereshopingmysubconsciousshassomethingwild andfeverishtotellmetonightsomethingworthsharingwithyouinthebanal orfabulousmorningsomethingthatwillturnmyonlybirthmarkintoagalaxy ifwhatIllhavedreamtcouldonlymatterasasignorasymbolbutwhatIdreamt



didn't matter it's gone from night to morning and my dreams were unspectacular without clarity or portent I woke still sick if not more sick and I woke with my morning wood as always feeling ridiculous since most days it's nothing but an inconvenience though it's not comparable to a monthly inconvenience and it's just an ugly cold it could be a thousand things worse it isn't cancer though the cough disturbs the hernia and the throat rejects everything but sorbet as my subconscious wants to play in the subterranean crawl spaces of my occipital lobe with worms that never become moths with selves that never become worlds a cardboard hamlet or an origami coriolarus a papier mache caddy compass or a phantom shreve poorly carved ish maelorakids diorama of serenus zeitblom there could be a hundred others but none add up to much under my ear then hiding place where nepotistic echoes got to die perhaps I'll use as special netipot and flush out my lower brain maybe I'll sort that cognitive debris into a periodic table of my own elemental ordiaphanous musings I'll rethink my thinking with no verifiable or legitimate outcomes I'll consume the roots of my own forests once I feel healthy again and my throat can handle solids I'll devour rhizomes and tubers and the shamanistic result won't be too like anything that follows you whom I love who ever you choose to be today listen with normal care I'll send my thoughts and you'll feel them at the back of your neck you alone will hear I do this so that the children won't be bothered you can trust my impulse even if you don't trust my word even if you don't find them or me compelling even if you just wish to be left in peace I'll speak behind you of what you'll not soon experience what if the truest moment of beauty comes to everyone at an early moment after birth or at the moment of death so that everyone conceived and not aborted not miscarried can experience it and the consolation prize for those aborted or miscarried is no having to feel those truest pains of loneliness that arise often across any lifetime what can be suffered is suffered just as what can be enjoyed is enjoyed what if we understand the power of good only through agony and the power of evil only through delight and what would be allowed if anyone were capable of stealing anyone else's soul by making them feel somewhat good sheer bliss not being necessary and mere delight being more than sufficient what if ideas come from intellectual sex and may be there exist intellectual social diseases transmitted through intellectual intimacy and most ideas are most potent immediately after they're born and being exposed to the air of other ideas eventually ruins them while your ideas of me are more accurate than my ideas of you and our ideas of them are more accurate than their ideas of us and I wonder whether anyone who has ever had to clean up after a very messy suicide has ever gone on to commit a very messy suicide what if I were to be told that my fate is to kill myself on my hundredth birthday what effect would that have on the current life I lead would I become more tolerant of others agonies

would I become more susceptible to having my soul stolen would I look forward  
all of those years to experiencing my moment of truest beauty what if I were to  
whisper to you some words of adoration or some aphrodisiac or intoxicants or maybe  
an apocalyptic vow of fidelity and bravado would you stand your hallowed ground

asymmetrical threats come from surprising places spiraling in from saturn  
as easily as from routine we should gain a mask our yoga is why balance is crucial  
we should always expect our ethical desolation to be woefully incomplete  
is the problem too much thinking or not enough thinking or just lazy thinking  
is the problem too much feeling or too little feeling or just hollow feelings  
is the problem spiritual corruption or is the problem temporal confinement  
I undoubtedly should try to be a better person I hear voices say good luck with  
that I unequivocally could've been a more attentive son and nephew and friend  
and brother and neighbor and lover but for some of those the sand has run out  
I feel my allotted grains grinding through a blemish into a constrained pile  
I think self forgiveness is equally necessary and a wheelbarrow of bullshit  
I think next time around I'll drink more alcohol and read only noir philosophy  
I think I've forgotten what it feels like to trust in the bulliency of inquiry  
I think I'll step outside and watch a constellation or two disappear from view  
it wasn't that he didn't love life it wasn't that he wasn't grateful for things he  
been given it wasn't that he was mentally interesting and couldn't be blamed it  
wasn't that his stars aligned in the only way they could in order to be seen from  
where he stood and it wasn't god's fault since there wasn't any god it wasn't these  
or some element like these or some element the heaviest or some element lightest  
or any element natural or any elements synthesized it wasn't his parents' fault  
it wasn't his environment's fault it wasn't his sequencing or his wiring nor was  
it his wicked heart and it wasn't the ratio of the size of his IQ to the size of his  
ID it wasn't his assassination or any unique derivation it wasn't his mediocrity  
or his brilliance or his sense of direction it wasn't his tendency to teeter total  
or mutter below his weight class or consume the brightest fluff it wasn't that  
he was too tough or easy on himself it wasn't that he was ahead and not as he it wasn't  
pigmentation or some color of eyes or minority handedness it wasn't his sense  
of entitlement or his humility it wasn't that he was free of ambition or wary of  
success and it wasn't god's fault as I said there is no god it was that he was at all  
the engine fall over into the gravel and weeds and the train comes to a halt I'm  
witness to his derailment as one is witness to a rain shower from the comforts  
of one's study the end of the world isn't around the corner but may as well be just  
around the corner meanwhile his antiquated train is kaput both for today and  
the foreseeable future his locomotive is on its side and the rest of his train  
is helpless with only his caboose having managed to keep all its wheels on the

railssometimesoneknowswhattodowiththeofsofrelationshiportheofsof derivationandsometimesonedoesntonesettlesforsituationalfluencies onesoriginslyingbehinddonealongwithonesderivationsandshuntsofones sundryoldrelationshipsIwatchfromaproperdistancewhilehesurveysthe absurdityofhissituationandtheextentofhisdamageheknowsitsatragedy andheknowsitsacomedyandheknowsitsaromanceofourbiographicalstrain andheknowshismetaphoricalmeanstreakdoesntallowformiraclesonecant havebelovedvanishingpointswithasymmetryonecantrunarailwaywithout efficiencyandconsistencyandsymmetryonecantrunarailwaywithengines ontheirflanksbesidethetrackseveniftheweathersgorgeousandthelight onthelandsaglowandharmoniouswithpersonalharvestwithprivateshadow Iknowhimhedidntwantthiscumbersomerailwayinthefirstplaceitsstupid initsstubborndirectionaladherencesitsmonomaniacalfollowtheleader rigidityitsshunningofwhimsorvagariesitsstupidandbullheadedjustas hesstupidandbullheadedbuthesalsoawandererandalthoughaswandererhe isntameandererheneedsenoughroomtostrayinordertostaybutnowhis brainhasfallenofftherailsandhishoughtsarekilteredandanyprogress anytimesoonlooksunlikelysoobviouslyheeyestheperpendicularhorizon withsome longing thoughtheelegantcurveofthetracksinfrontofhimalso catcheshisgazeheatbendstracksbendsunlightbendstheheartbendsaway fromlogisticsawayfromconflictawayfromthemodestexpectationsoflife theheartbendstowardwhatsnextaslongasitsrareaslongasitsnovelwhats foreveraslongasitsauthenticifonecantrustonesassessmentofwhatsnew andwhatsgenuineorperhapsonemasthemetaphorwrongandtheengineisones spiritorsoulandonerailisonesmindandtheotherrailisonesheartandone needsthemtoworkperfectlyinparalleloronellfindoneselftoppledonell findoneselfstrandedIwatchhimmullingthisoverandhelooksyoungtomehe looksstuntedhelookslikesomeonewhohoughthedgetsomewherebeforehed havetoabandonpropulsionandretracehisquesttowardaquietnightintown

manyofushavebirthmarksonourbodiesandmanyofushavethemonourpsyches ifyouspendthenightwithmeintownevenifinanallnightdinerjusttalking thewholetimeyoumightdiscovermineandImightcomeuponyourssomepeople evenhavemorethanoneandIsupposeitspossibletherearethosewithnoneif byonewemeanundiscoverablenotnonexistentsinceeverypsycheismarred insomesensitivewaythoughnotallheartsareequallyreactiveorknowable whatIvecometobelieveisthatImnotworthmuchasopposedtobeingworththe wholeworldImworthalittlesomethingtoahandfulofothersduetoordinary circumstancesinlifeproximityorperpendicularityorongoingaffinityI havemyrolesandIplaythemIhavemycauses thatbringabouttinyeffectsand

occasional disturbances in the landscapes I drift across but I'm not a funnel and I'm not a cyclone and I'm not a still point filtering a whole entire universe my mediocrity isn't the sort of legendary mediocrity that makes one a bloom or a loman or a lannedean jr since nonfictional mediocrity comes to be known to the public eye even mediocre criminals or mediocre suicides or our mediocre martyr stewart under that radar and when a mediocre thinker pontificates his mediocrity all we can do is shrug and wonder why he didn't kill himself earlier worth this contextual and context is too particular to be reliable across time if I could've done more why didn't I if I could've been less why wasn't I and if I were to ledger my value at this precise moment what should the columns be called I'm stuck somewhere between observation and reflection somewhere between owl and orcasome mirror test for a well-groomed sloth nagged by a strategic stain when one thinks of ones own stain one thinks of ones boyhood of freedom stain and ones disney stain and ones suburban stains leading to ones nubile stains and then one thinks of ones sage stain ones faulkner stain ones mann stain and ones pavesestain not to mention ones melville stain ones shopkins stain ones stevens stain ones dickinson stain and later ones awful kafka stain leading to ones glaring bernhard stain painful and pitiable and there've been so many others roth ko and reich stains feldman and still stains glass and de chirico stains marker and part stains robbegrillet and derrida stains and of course those stains that most everyone gets shakespeare and dante stain homer and bible stain the irish stain of joyce and beckett it's an impossible pollock canvas of stains upon stains and try as one might one can't forget ones unhappy older sister stain or ones protestant stain ones dead wall flower stain ones dead parents stain the messy bisexual comrade stain and the messier friends gone wandering stain the david jones snow doni stain and the patrick white out back stain ones woolf stain or ones conflicting lawrence stain ones punk rock stain unabsolving ones prog rock stain ones lofi alt rock stain no match for ones post rock stain stain upon stain upon stain one must even ponder ones marriage stain and ones fathering stain ones clerking stain and ones poetic stain ones colored ink stains and ones justified stains and how could one not mention ones montaigne stain ones emerson stain ones baldwin stain and ones se bald stain how could one not mention ones eraser head stain ones marie bad stain or ones syberberg stain ones novascotiastain ones bruges stain ones anaborregostain ones backyard ice plant stains and ones communion stains and undoubtedly my stains differ from your stains there's a global abundance of stains you might not have my blonde blue eyed stains and I might not have your black bad boy stains and you might not have my marias stain whereas I might not have your bolan stain you might not have my cezanne stain and I might not have your vangogh stain or you might not have my hood stain and I might not have your

radioheadstainoryoumightnothavemypalacestainandImightnothaveyour  
princestainoryoumightnothavemydorestainandImightnothaveyourblake  
stainandyoumighthavethestainsoftentimesmoreloversthanmeandImight  
beoneofthemorImightnotandImightbeonesoneorImightnotandonesstains  
areonesstainstheresnostainremoverstrongenoughtoridoneofonesbirth  
stainoronesaccumulatedstainsonesperiodstainsoneswetdreamstains  
onesvaughanwilliamsstainoronesmahlerstainonescoltranestainorones  
davisstainonesearthstainoronessunno)))stainoneslonggaliciantrain  
ridestainoronesthroughthestackslingeringgazestainortodayscloying  
bourgeoisstainsofvintageebaytimberlandswithswissarmyrucksacksand  
everyflavorofredbullstainwithreadingbooksononesiphonestainwithan  
underlyingadulthoodoffreedomstainonesantonionistainandonescioran  
stainoronesseuratanddebussystainsanditsultimatelyalljustthehuman  
stainandultraultimatelyjustourdailygodstampedmortalstainofliving

whatIdonthaveisaplanIhavememoriesandIhaveavailmentevenifitsavery  
particularkindofavailmentbutIdonthaveanygoodstrategyforthefuture  
thefuturebecomesthepresentwithallitsnormalcyandsavageryandifones  
stillaliveonedealswithitthisisonesverybestplanandonefeelsthatany  
otherplanwouldbeinadequateoratleastseverelysubordinateoneseesyou  
andoneeseesyoursimilarstrugglethoughyoursareyoursandminearemineI  
knowyouthinkonecantbeknownandthatIdontknowyouoroneorwhetheryoure  
onesoneornotandIknowyourplanisntmuchbetterthanmineifitsanybetter  
atallifanybodysplanforthefuturecanbedeemedlaudatorybyanyoneinthe  
presentthatpresentthatcanredeemthepastsincethefuturecantredeeman  
anticipatorypresentwhatIhavearefantasiesorunvalidatedprojections  
whatIhaveisaserviceablemindandbodywhatIdonthaveisanesteggoraplan  
thatincludesaginggracefullyoronethatincludesunagingquitesuddenly  
whatIalsodonthaveordontseemtohaveisavalidationbadgeorifIvegotone  
IvemisplaceditorIlongagoputitsomewhereandIvesimplyforgottenwhere  
orIvelostitentirelyoritwasstolenormostlikelyIneveractuallyhadone  
ormaybenobodyhasoneorhaseverhadoneandtheyexistonlyasaconceptones  
familiarwithwinksandsighsandgodlessnodsatthebadgeofthehumanstain  
atourbargainingswiththehumansatanattheplucktopersisttimeandagain  
thecalcificationofonespecificsoulwontsaveonefromsomedarkpastoral  
moodamidssomeroughwanderingamidssomestutteredthinkingonesshuttered  
temperamentgoneoutforanotherdaysrambleasanotherdaysinsignificant  
attempttocodifytheunnameableanotherdaysfascinationunderaferalsky  
wethinkweknowthingsandsomeofwhatIknowwillleavewhenIleavealthough  
mostofwhatIknowisknownbyyouandeveryoneelseandwillstayknownaslong

asthingsareknowablebutstillImightknowsomethingsyoudontknowImight knowsomethingsnobodyelseknowsalthoughtheyreprobablyinsignificant thingsutterlyinsignificantthingstotherestoftheworldifnonetheless significanttomethingsImightsomedaywishIdtoldsomebodybeforeallwas saidanddonebutonedoesntseemtogetwhenthe timeforsayingsomethinghas passedonedoesntrolldownoneswindowjustwhenonemustinordertobeheard oneglancesatthecarparkednexttoonescarandtheresademonsfacestaring backatonethisisanordinarymallparkinglotonanordinarynightwhenones ordinarylifeabsorbsanextraordinarymomentamentalepisodeinaflashof evilthoughttheentertainmentofevilinourworldofdeterministic events onelooksawaydeterminednottolookagainuntiloneknowsthecarnexttoones carinthisordinarymallparkinglotwillbeemptyasitassuredlyiswithout manifestationofdemononedoesntbelievedemonsexistintheworldoutside ofmindsandsureenoughwhenonelooksbackatthecarnexttonescaritse empty thisisoneofthethingsamongmanythingsthatthemindcandoastricksteror asentertainerasfabulistorassaboteurmy mindthinksitwouldrecognizea saviouroranangelifitsawoneoranalienorarobotthoughmaybenotanenemy andifonesalwaysonesownworstenemyonemustwonderwhatoneswitness toas onestaresinthemirrorwhatdothosereverseeyesstaringbackgiveawayand onemightaskoneselfwhoisitwhoalwaysblinksfirstandifoneweretofaint deadawaywhowouldbethelastonestandingifonlyforafractionofaseconda momentoflightsinceprivatetimecanbeshuffledaseasilyasmemorysinceI canremembertransformationeventhoughIcantpredictiteventhoughIcant proveitwhenwasthelasttimeIlookedinamirrorandsawabsolutelynothing whenwasthelasttimethathappenedtoyouonecanpeerintoonesregressasif onebelievesinonesowntimelessnessarepetitionofselfalongoeverypoint ofeveryarroworonecanfutzwithoneshairorskinorbrowsoronecanobserve theimpuritiesinonesirisessurroundingtheblackholesofonespupilsand onestaughttohatethewhitesofoneseyesandtofireuponselfatfirstsight ifonepassethemirrortestandtheturingtestandonesworkpassethetest oftimewasntonealiveanddidntonedorightbythatgiftormustonealsopass thetestofthewildernesstemptationsorthetemptationsofthefleshorthetemptationsofthewanderingheartorthetemptationsofescaperoutesmust onegiveoneselftoanideaoranambitionoralustoracausemustonerangefar andwideormustonepurifyacornermustoneweepformusicandequationsmust oneprostrateoneselfunderabristleconepineanypinuslongaevathatrose onitsinnocuoushillbeforethetreesofgolgothastoodforheavenspraise onecantcritiquenarcissusifonewontcritiquethepiousmonkinflamesfor selfawarenesscomeswiththeterritoryofsentienceanditslitanyofloves

you might agree that the maze has its inherent properties of beauty and worth and you might ascertain that it's not for you even if it's for you like life for an anonymous suicide for one who was even nameless in the eyes of god and you must root for the sun even though you know it can't win in the end just as you must root for use even for our anathemas and our aggressions and our weary palpitations if you wish if you think it prudent you can champion your procrastinations as easily as my peregrinations your hand wringing as easily as my dread we share flaws as we share air we've come upon one another in some labyrinth of four order after the grid of four chaos of four glib culture laid out for ease of navigation you probably agree that sometimes we fall and lose our heads whether human or horses warthy or humpbacked speckled or of pure heart and cream skin and our chances at rehabilitation or reconciliation or redemption are slight even once we've found our minds and tried to put them right even when our loves are on our side and our gods want us to succeed we can offer up a credo or spill our guts or tiptoe to the shed it doesn't much matter when flaws are a part of the scenery if you want if you're amenable let me make you a sister or one of her cousins at work out in the orchard sweat bothered and pollen ruined as diminutives in across that orchard whose rows bend forever smaller than my convergent sins after the imaginative reach and the gratitude of fantasy and the remnant lights and darks of this world the grays next to the shallow peach and bark burn or I could make you adam's buddy with a solemn strength of character and a skill for fixing broken things a taciturn way with words that rubs against silence once we've exhausted every plea and objection every excuse and obstruction I don't think I'll pass this way again now that I've reckoned with my shortcomings now that I've tightened what can be tightened closest to the edge of stripping you may be friendly with my body or you may be friendly with my mind or you may be friendly with them in tandem but since they're temporary one might wish to get to know one's spirit unless that's too temporary unless that's too unknowable one's empire is made of one's experiences remembered and one's non-experiences imagined dung and diamond wrist and wren million of words of nonsense and of circumstantial meaning put together with saliva and since we know your body from effort and dream as we know mine from tedium and dream and our minds are not spectacular but they're good enough they get us home when we need to get home or they get us gone when we need to get gone there's no heaven of mind there's no sea of bodies one has spunk and pluck and gall and spirit and the anecdotes of one's life don't amount to Broadway or a song cycle or even a sonnet sequence one's own telling is a stack of stilted prayers offered up to leave carried on a breeze one might insist upon fidelity and reciprocity one might wish for an updraft and you might abdicate from love for love but it won't make the world make sense to an anonymous suicide or an overrated celebrity or an overpraised hero or

timedwindlesandwedawdleattheedgeofanunnecessarymarginonawindless daywhetherIknowwho youareandyouknowwhoIamdoesntmatterwecangoandbe forgottenwecanslipthroughasecretpassagewaytothedappledlandofleft toourowndevicesofselfforgivenessforeverymediocrityforeveryprayer ImnotafraidofocclusionorofshadowsorofbroadsunlightbutIfearforany livingbeingunderaspotlightunderalaboratorylightundersomebarebulb ofanalabasterinquisitionoralockerroomimpositiononesaswaryofthose insidiouscomplimentsasofthescrubbedvoicesoflegacyorscrutinyorthe inconstantclaimsofbrotherhoodImnotgoinganywherenotanytimesoonand unlessImmistakenmyfatesbeenslowtrackedtoalaterthansoonerpastiche youmightwanttoremindmeofmyunburdenedchildhoodoffreedomandsweatof myjobfetteredadulthoodofpassionandtouchofmyyouthofsageandsurfand makebelieveandmyagingdaysofsweptbluesanddazzlingfirmamentsyoucan pointtoyourirrepressiblekindnesstoyourunavoidableeyestoyourflush saddleandtoolblanketinmyroyalstabletoyourthroatandnapeandvictory youcanadvocatehealthandhappinessoverangstandambitionyoucanmarvel atmyvisceralweightasIwonderatyoursteadfastdriftyoucancalculatean alternativeuniversewhereyourealittleluckieralittlelesslonelyalot morerecklessasparklinguniversewherelamentationsarentlullabiesand mathematicsarentpopsongswhereadogsheartisworthakingscrownwheremy stareismatchedbyyourswherehopeloiteringintheformofuncertaintycan teachatrustsotenaciousourgodsandgargoylescanunhammockthemselves fromourstorylinesandseektheirownindependenttrophiesandbruisesand wheremyinspirationswillalwayssettle nearwhereyouraspirationsdwell

(awaiting 4@64, 64@128, 128@256, 256@512, etc.)