

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

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

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

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

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

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

IdidntknowfatherhoodandIdidntknowenduranceorthehorrorsofcreation
thatartofonesownmiserablemakingIdidntknowfirsthandtheunavoidable
failuresofourbodiesIdidntknowanythingaboutthecomfortsofadultlove

ifyoucantforgiveothersunlessyoureselfmarredyourselfthenyoumustdo
ityoumustselfmarsomewhereshortofselfdestructionyoumustallowbirth
markstosailaroundyourhornyoumustbebetterthansomevaguetreefalsely
trimmedpeoplewanttheirpresencepeopleneedtheirkindpeoplewanttheir
providencepeopleneedtheirhurtyouknowtocatertothefurtiveglancebut
disavowthestareyouknowfrecklesarentourgoldenchasebuttheyremybest
wanderlusttheyremynextdoorappaloosaovertheworldsrenownedpalomino
theyremyoccidentalpersistenceacrosstimetheyremyorientedaccidents

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

rampantareourdoubtsandrampartsareourweaksolutionprotectedspotsto
surveythevalde'selfdomtoobservetheotherfromournecessarydistancewe
cantlearnnewtricksifwenolongerhaveanyinterestintricksandwecantas
mortalssuspendoursurvivalinstinctsnotundernormalconditionswedont
cottontocessationwerenottookeenonpassiveresistanceandliliesofthe
fieldtrustwhatweseecascomplianceandhelplessnessgivingintodarkness
aidingandabettingevilasifdeathholdsanysovereigntyinthatmeasureof
godfulnessIvenointerestinthefollowersstoryIwanttohearfromthesoul
thatwentatravelingIwanttohearfromtheultimateexplorerfromthose

whostaybehindtofretandchurnandsortbrokenglassnomatterhowcolorful
Iwanttotalktothosewhohavecrossedthatbarrierbuttheyarenttalkingor
wehavenolanguageincommonorwelackamethodofconveyanceorthebarriers
anillusionorthebarrierssoobviouslyandinextricablymonodirectional
orthewaysinwhichIthinkabouttalkingaretooprosaicorthewaysinwhichI
thinkaboutcommunicationaretoorudimentaryorthewaysinwhichIthinkof
youandofdeathandofisolationaretoolinguistictooruddytooparallaxed

stormsariseandwhenarrivingbringclaritybringbefuddlementbringharm
thosestormsoftheheartthosestormsofthemindthosestormsoftheviscera
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
smellingoftoomuchefforttoomuchofthesweatofenchantmentwewontsleep
tonightwewontsharenewstomorrowthisisonlyhappeninginstorybookland
aswerenderoptionsfrompinkpalavertowhitestviolenceyoullgoofupabad
stormIllstaticdownagoodbuzzwiththegrainbutagainsttheultimatumour
glyphsspanthewholemysteriosaexceptforthe curiouscurlwhatpeeksover
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
isn't a blank slate of pure internal surface ones already damaged by time ones
already ornamented by time you'll be struck by time you'll be augmented by time
in time you'll be lifted you'll be lifted in time our secrets aren't truly secret
and our mysteries still toward fact there's a skew to our doubt and a list to our
confidence from within and from without whether we're staring at our mirrors
or gazing from our beds or gazing from our mirrors and staring at our beds well
see what we see no matter what we see and we'll hear our demons selves show and our
holyselves wail on nights alone and on days embroiled in discord or concord I
must accept the dents I must accept the lumps I'll value them and their age and
they may have and your allure from primordial stir to unprecedent explosion

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

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

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

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

mortal enemy you were fated to be diluted by ironic godlet from your very seed from the very first excreted drop way up high in your headwaters you authored maze then you ingested forest so far and experiences and now you solipsize now you leak practitioner loneliness and the vast vague labyrinth you are now fashioning might as well be structured without conclusion with quitting or crying uncle or begging to be excused as the only reasonable option as the one viable alternative to solving nature's riddle which may not bear riddle at all just a thorny gauntlet through the gorse sea daily connect the dots with no dots demigods have written whole books on the anatomy of melancholy as well as the melancholy of anatomy taxonomies and musings cautionary tales and insight and one should think twice about making any effort to add to their approaches their processes or their catalogs also there have been those who have stared down depression and melancholy through their paintings and music and flesh with bravery and abandon that you lack with sadness resonant enough to allow us to weep for them or for ourselves melancholy affects but depression kills and whether one leads to the other is contextual specific to the individuals and their situations which can be tragic or pathetic or lucid or insidiously ubiquitous and thus banal and occasionally every element comes together to make something extraordinary something unrepeatably 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 rise and tide of childlike fascination for the immense and the infinitesimal the arrow of time brutally bent into an ouroboros and childishly nightmarish into a mean spiral we age and we adapt and we work together and we get things done and still we fail and we assume our places in our ever growing ever dissipating histories you I laud as not me as made from similar stuff as me but not the same stuff what's similar matters but what's different makes all the difference you're greater and lesser and I'm greater and lesser and they're all greater and lesser this is our trap of perspectivism what saves us from epistemological absolutes our trap of things in themselves assumptions we can't be in relationship to every scale of everything simultaneously even though we are we can't calibrate the changes in the moment even though we do even though our efforts are all that we can expect from one another and our selves our expectations are also traps we live to break free by dying the orgasm and the epiphany and our collapses into sleep show us the way to know love exists has meaning to know it doesn't do it too you I bawd as too much me as connected through the fantast of imaginative self some sort of epidermal transference from real world self to dream world self or vice versa braint to skin and back again options borne by desire gyrations

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

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

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

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

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

oursurrogateselvesscreenedbiginthefieldmeanttomakeushighwepacify
whilewesanctifyhavingboughtthelargerthanlifelielatwistoftheneckor
awinkofaneyeorapunchtothejaworapeckonthebrowaleapfromtheledgeand
arollontheroofmindyourarticlesboypeerintoherweepyspiritstrideher
opencountryrockwithheronherwraparoundporchandsweepherchimneyluck
lifeisdevotiontofeelingsifitisntdedicationtoideaslifeisasmirkand
asmileifitisntagasandahowllifeispatternandpulseifitisntemergent
andinevitablebehaviorifitisntamassiveinscrutablewhateverlifeisnt
longenoughtoperfectortojustifyabdicationandlifeisntshortenoughto
justchillandgrinandbearititmustbeexperienceditmustbeendureduntil
itsoveronewayoranotheranditllbeoversoon enoughonewayoranotherweve
beenpromisedsuchthroughourownempiricalobservationsaswellasmostof
ourstoriesoratleastthosestoriesbasedonlyuponempiricalobservation
givenenoughtimeourcelebritiesfadefromthefieldinsunlightorinshade

it doesnt matter time wipe the colors from our faces times switches out color
for story and story for sense and sense for sensation and sensation for death
we wait coherence though it might never come though it may have already come
might ve come with the territory like dark matter and dark energy or darkness
itself for silence or pungency or texture or dimensionality when something
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 yaran into yours anskrit into 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
your suture on a bloody stage of selffulfilling victims at war against any
status quo except our paisley club your wrists are tied to your rough rafters
and your elbows and teeth are as pointy as my interest and almost as pointed as
my critique our teenager celluloid memes 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 its not 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 cinderlanet toward 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

cankeephauntingwhateverupperhallwaysmakesenseforyoutohauntorwell
swayinthehammockoffourmockablelibertyasthoughourorbswerentboiling
youmightwanttocurveyourspikeddartsaroundtheirshieldstopiercethem
fromsurprisinganglesthedelicatedropsofspiritcoursingthroughtheir
bloodstreamsevenastheywinewiththesuddenpainofshallowpunctureyou
dontwishthemharmyoujustwantjusticeandjusticenecessitatespainwith
purposeandlessonswithcomprehensibleoutcomesunlesswhatsjustisjust
asmysteriousaswhatsunjustorunlessthisroughlifeisasasymmetricalas
itisymmetricalandlanguageisntuptothetoughtaskofrepresentational
depictionormetaphoricalassociationlanguagegrantsusthewordparadox
butlanguagecantdoanythingwithitandsoweclutchittoourbrittlechests

everythingslinkedtosomethingeverybodysconnectedtosomeoneandifits
lateordeepintheeveninganybodywhohassomebodyoughttobewiththatbody
theworldasawholeinsistsuponnotcomingtoanendbutyoursmallpartofour
worldwillsoonendaswillmineorminehasalreadyendedwhetherrecentlyor
longagoandtheseorganizedsymbolshavesurvivedasliveroftimebeyondme
perhapstheyvewanderedtheopenrangetoyourpasturemaybetheyveflownin
wintertoyourwindowsillortheyvejustsprungupbetweenyourfloorboards
seedsforbirdsandbirdsfordragonsanddragonsandbirdsasfaithforworms
IhaventbeentothenthcircleofhappinessbutIknowthecharmsoffreedom
fromtheblatherofphilosinlimboandthelatherofeffortinpurgatorioIve
beentoamountaintopandIvebeentofurnacecreekbutIdidntspeaktimbisha
tothespiritoftheheatandIcantspeakangeltotheviragoinmyskullandyou
cantspeakdemon-tothepariahinyourheartandwewonttellitallwellenough
toconvincethemtokeepusaroundnotlongenoughanywaytobeforgivenfully
forourexpendituresandourflinchesforourhoardingandourinfidelities
forourapostasiesandourcowardicewehaventfoundarealwaytogetitright
andwewontsincewecantsinceitsnotwhatwereheretodothoughIadmitIdont
knowwhatwereheretodoorwhywerehereatallofthewhetherthatsthequestionI
shouldevenbeaskingperhapsIvedriftedhereasafleckofashfromsomefire
insomeotherrealmImneitherasnowflakenoraseraaphnorthekingofkingsIm
anoverworderwithfringesensibilitiesandtimecarvedouttopontificate
ortimedevotedtoanassembledinnerlifecuratedintoselectcompartments
whatIdliketodoisspelunkmyintrospectivenervosawhilststeeringclear
ofantiqueordnancediggingupburiedneurosesthatarentunexplodedbombs
IdontmindyoungcranialthornsbutIdontcareforsubconsciousballistics
puttherethroughdisregardorthetwistedpedagogyofpsychologicalneeds
seedsthatbecomeweedssthatbleedshamethroughoutonesgrubbymentalyard
whatIdliketodoisrockettoomegathroughthelightningfieldoflovewhere

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

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

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

to find it again I map 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 cannot 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 cannot place ourselves in context since they real ways more expansive than we are since they contain us and supercede stories since they show stories to be irrelevant without whole contexts which aren't available to us that shame and shame of all narratives that were weak and subservient to their flows of control because they mollify our uncertainty I drink the carbonated orange or the carbonated green or the carbonated rust as though variety spices 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 every you pledge your allegiance there follows your responsibility and whatever you validate with your time and thoughts you victimize with casual distractions with causal excretions of imagination spent your meandering and your spinning in place you over focus and you underwhelm whenever your heart chimes dirge or ditty it does so from a tower you built stone by brick and concept by conceit as your seasonal heart tolls about your coniferous lands

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

knowinglifecantdeliverecstaticequilibriumknowingmessagesdontcome
fromthedivineinthreesexceptwhentheyreinterpretedassuchwesurewant
confirmationofsomethingfromsomeonewithjustenoughauthoritytocount
ifnottheauthorityofallauthoritiesifnottheabsolutesoulofthemoment
Iknowtheminddriftsoutwardthemindswirlsupwardthemindburrowsinward
themindspiralsdownwardIunderstandthisasaconditionofmybornreality
andIacceptthisasIacceptthatfourcardinalpointsarenteverydirection
theyreaskeletalstructureforsomethingfullerandfundamentalsomegods
tidy inventionorsomedevilsplaythingwhetherthebodysufferstortureof
themindsuffersneglecttheresanailinsomewallfornodiscerniblereason
Iknowchancecancatchuptooneeatanytimesincenoonecanwhollyhideonones
randomwalksfatesubiquitousandindiscriminateitdoesntevenneedthese
fatalflawsofourstodoitsmasterfulhandiworkwerestuckinthemajestyof
luckuntilwerenotwereselectedforpurposesbeyondussomewithglorysome
withoutsomewithjeopardysomewithoutsomewithashotatlovesomewithout
wedontgettorehearsereversalsandwenevergettoseethefinaldominofall
IknowtheresstilltimeforclairvoyanceandwingwalkingandincunabulaIm
awaketothefutureeventhoughImdeadtoposterityImawareofthepastwhile
livingforthenextIreclineintomybluewaveevenasIprojectintoyourwarm
poolevenaswedryoffonourrockofagesevenasweruminateonourlawnoflast
reputevenaswetiptoeroundourringoffireevenasweholeupinourhideout
ofhorweenandhuckabackevenaswespinourcarelessnessassomelackofcare

timesmoreabricktotheskullthanapeckonthecheekitsmoreawickedblowto
theidthanawetkissontheegoassummerchildrenwegetthebetteroftimebut
itgetsthebetterofusacrossmostofourslogsandjauntswiththeexception
ofthoseraremomentsofevanescenceonestendernessstowardtranscendence
onesdrawtowardphantomhoodoffsettingonesolddaydreamtobeastevedore
onecancovethenapewithoutwantingthedresstogrowevertighteronecould
alwaystrysayingnotohisimpetusthatwantsyoutobethewilltowhiswinds
oneshouldmaybeteachonesimaginationtobesmarteraboutitsexpenditure
ofenergyandtheparametersofitsscopetostickwithenticementandeschew
anyobsessivepersistencetowardlackofvariantsonemustntbeshroudedby
anotherinventionevenifonecantbepositiveoneisntanotherinvention
ifIinventedyouorifIminventingyouasIgoalongImfailingtomakekeyoutrue
tomyadvocationofautonomyonecantinstillfreewillinafabricationones
limitsasamakeraresoeasilyexposedawriterinventsareaderandwritesto
herbutsincehedoesntexistinthefleshshedoesntreadwithherbodyandif
youdontreadwithyourbodyyourenotreallyreadingorsoitcouldbesaidona
dingywintrynightwrappedinunrainingcloudsinmiddleamericawhatIneed

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

atthispointinyourmaturityyoumightconsidersurrenderingtosomething
otherthantherationalnextyoumightwanttoriskinvokingtheariddisdain
ofthepragmatistwhetherfriendorfamilyforsomeirresponsiblewhirlthe
worstthingthatcanhappeniswhatsguaranteedtoeventuallyhappenanyway
youmightimaginegivingintoimpulsethroughoutexternalorinternalapology
oryoumightactuallydoitsidestepwhatsrightandtrulyastonishyourself
findoutwhatyouvebeenrunningfromandwhyitstimetostopandtaketheheat
whyitstimetoshouldertheblameandcarryittoyourfilthylittlelandfill
anddumpitwithoutceremonywhyitstimetotakeituponyourselftodispense
onceandforallwithhermetichandwringingswithalgorithmicbombastwith
unheroicisolationyoumightnotwanttomakepeacewithyourgodsoryourown
wobblypastsinceoneofitiswhatonemightthinkitisandmightaswellbeas
mysteriasyourfutureonemaybeshouldntbeatwarwithonesnationofself
butonealsoneedntbehamperedbytreatiesestablishedlongagoinyour youth
youthinktoolittleandIllthinktoomuchandthinkingwillgoonbeingthunk
acrossthisgrandlandandacrossallgreaterandleserlandswwhatresolves
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 yourself assessment is as skewed as expected or whether
you're tuned to the clay and the sphere to hydrogen and the breath of seraphim
toniagra and the witchy flametometer and to your in exhaustible recovery

scatter what you may across the strappings shoulders or the russet cheeks our
vanilla or our fudge tawny or cocoa muscles or dimples whether sunscabbed or
moonsmoothed were idethesurfacecraftwhatsindigenous and whatsanathema
isnt self evident upon the skin the history of the world isnt a blemish isnt an
awkward mole isnt a constellated tattoo may be stretch marks may be scars and
may be follicles leading into blood driven systems of contemporary truth we
vilify the age spots as we vilified the pimple and the wart and the indentation
from the inoculation that couldnt protect us from growing up into ex dreamt
superheroes of indeterminate worth so where would you go if you couldnt stay
here and how would you wait for you on the outskirts of catastrophe when will your
irrepressibility justify your blind spots and what sto keep you from ending
too early or hanging around too long why not clear the calendar and encounter
wide open time if you've arrived where you belong and you dwell in the ultimate
you wont need to scratch so hard against day today colors you can acquiesce to
current contentment you can embrace yourself as a simple thread in a woven
weave of accident and proof and your fibers are beyond your own construction
agora or claustro your fears mark your territory and the extent of your range
anyone choice eliminates three other choices and then another choice kills
ten more and this is how we must move through the world on our individual paths
that lead us to a collective point in the cold cosmos what happens next once we
all convene is anybody's guess but for now lets dangle in the jungle and mingle
in the fens lets befall in the alleyways and wallow in the whorly 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 unravelling your current life for some loose or overtight weave of another we might just stick with what we've been given and not trade any of it in for the latest colors you've been blessed with that and I've been blessed with this and may be we could share if you'd like we could do some mutual exchange we could combine ourselves we can't control what's happening we can't even entirely control our reactions to what's happening or what's happened or what will happen so I drift off I drift far away to snow fields strewn with boulders boulders in broad sunlight with the snow knee deep making us want to leap from rock surface to rock surface our soles gripping the granite soles manufactured to grip as hearts are made for contracting and aching and expanding and breaking out croppings matter but I don't know why clean winds swept place to do nothing but think to reflect upon life and what might live outside of life though we know mud and ooze are better for creating life we don't know what's optimal for sustaining life we don't know whether universal life prefers one specific environment over all others we don't know whether life is accident or intention and whether if accidental it subsequently developed its own intentionality and whether if intentional its unfolding as it ought we don't know these things and when I drift far afield from where I stand or sit or lie I'm not granted any linguistic or mathematical solutions my understandings are without syntax sudden and evanescent they are not equations or metaphors they come and go in one breeze is their goal to be satisfying or to be a tease is their aim to foster or to antagonize or to please

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

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

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

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

before slipping into the glare of my sun swept parlory you should leave before
you are drawn into the interior shadow of my core go back to the stoop and smoke
a cigarette or crack your knuckles or grab a popsicle out of the porch freezer
while you ponder your pleasures or catalog your gripes or isolate your dread
you should leave but you won't since this is my dream and I won't let your freedom
usurp my scope or the intricacies of its mark exceed my grasp your autonomy
tethered to mine as mine is to yours but this is my mansion that I've dreamed your
essence into and you are not resistant to exploration your curiosity's feline
after all even if your spirit sequeine or owlish or ursine or caprine you're my
fetish not my avatar not my totem not my pet you move through my structure as if
there's a treat at the end as if there's resolution but there's no treat there's no
resolution there's just the integrity and the serendipity of your endeavors
even though their blood stream exists solely within my architectural flesh
where does it get on to dream pathological or erotic dreams in one's own crypt
what's the outcome when you suffer creative implosion and territorial decay
you cross the old idea as you cross the ice floe you cross the suspension bridge
you cross the churned fields you cross the vacant lot you cross the threshold
you cross the plum room you cross the pristine bed with good silence toward me
you're warmer than a new idea as if you carry with you the frictive distances of
a whole planet I make of you as a sovereign landscape replete with up hill beauty
you make of me a vial drops mudded with ascension we make of the world a single
haven though it's a teeming mess of eegos 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
our self oppression were content to spate 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 plum 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
therearealwaysthoseofuswhosuffermorethanwedowhethertheyreamongst
usornotwebeingallofussincewemustbeeveryoneofusforallofustomatter
Ineedtodosomethingwithmybodysomethingthatcouldmaketheworldsworth
clearertomesomeexertiontowardsomeoutcomewithsomebenefitsbeyondmy
smalllifebutmovingrocksfromoneendofafieldtoanotherdoesntseemtobe
thethingandcairninglanguageatoplanguagedoesntseemtobethethingbut
rightIdforgottenprocreationmightbethethingandwevedonethatalready
muchofwhatIwantedoutoflifehascometopassthoughssiringabeingwasnton
anylistitspotencyasadonedeedisirrefutablethoughtheaccomplishment
ofraisingthatbeingisactuallythegenuinethingthethingthatmeltsones
mediocrityintoplaydoughthethingthatputsanywhitepaininperspective
weraiseourselvesonlytoapointbootstrappingfollowsnurtureonlyafter
naturedoesitsthingonlyafteronesstrapsgrowstrongenoughtoupliftone
yourstrapsareformidablyyoungonesyouwontbedeniedyourplaceinthesun
ifyoupullwithallyourmightunlesschancehasdifferentplansforyouwhat
couldbesevereandunbearableandspecificandharmfulandtransformative

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

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

mineforthetakingevenifshehadwantedtakingasorgandyhadwantedtaking
theyoungersisternotthecatorsoitseemedunhookherseductivenaturethe
rawenergyofanoverparameteredruralcreaturemeanwhileheroldersister
hadthedepthoffieldgroundedmindinwildcontrasttoorgandy's lurid charm
shetheoldersisternotorgandywasthesageandorgandynottheoldersister
wastheseductressIcouldspeakofnovaliswiththeoldersisterbutorgandy
wantedfourletterwordsshecravedsomethingmoreorganicthanhardenberg
ornighthymnsandwhenmyphantomorganistplayedbachshymnsomydesiring
Iforgotthatorgandywasntthepalewomansittingonthatbenchpressingthe
keyswithherringlessfingersandthepedalswithherstockingsunshoedshe
theorganistnotorgandynotthecatcapturedmyheartbyutterlyignoringme
organdythecat had butterfly pipes organdy the girl had the breath of a canoe
theorganistplayedasthoughthenaturalworldhadcometoanendbeforeeden
asthoughthetidesofthebayoffundywerenothingcomparedtothoseofkrebs
myfantasiasalmostalwaysviscerallypreludemymentalchoralesamelding
ofexcessvoicesofexcessivemullalongwiththeinsandoutsofbodilygoods
theorganistandIbumpedintoromancethewayyoumightbumpintoapostwhile
backingupinatightandunfamiliarparkinglotherhandsknewchordsandher
backknewstraightanditknewbendssthroughmelodiesfromverylongagowhen
hershouldersandnapecarriedthemarksofherancestorsthevanillasinews
ofherpartitasmymotelroomhadapaintingofthelobbyofahistorichotelin
aregionofnorthamericaunknown to me making me wonder whether a room in that
hotel had a painting of my motel lobby and it was a portal no one had yet thought
to take advantage of I didn't bother mentioning this using to her the organist
not the girl obviously not the cat the cat when bathed when still wet made for a
pitiful sight more pitiful than organdy the girl when we were saying goodbye
and I wasnt taking organdy the cat and she the girl was sobbing and pounding at
my chest with the heel of her hands a strikingly different feeling from when
organdy the cat kneaded my chest after I'd towelled her dry and at last settled
her down a grateful and clean animal although splashes of engine grease still
marred her white fur shed have to lick that away herself eventually I thought
stains of life's adventures not all can be groomed out not all can be forgotten
organdy grabbed my wrist and put my hand where it shouldn't be wedrowed to some
spit of land up river and beached the canoe she knew of a grassy hollow and yes I
did wonder though she was only seventeen whether I was the first or the fourth
or the most alone to be in that position our longanguished and sumptuous stale
of proliferation of magnetic attraction or riperepulsion often occurring
simultaneously organdy asked me things of the future I couldn't fathom while
she asked me to do things in the present I knew I shouldn't organdy the cat wasnt
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 falls uponyourformwitharelentless
urgencyImstaringatyouwithanarrayofintentsapaletteofprojectionsIm
neither raptor nor serpent but Im hungry for your sparrow heart for your wren
clutch for your thrush crop its part of a pervasive imperative encompassing
thelimitsofyourlimitedeggsIwatchyoucleantoiletsandIwatchyouonthe
runwayandsubwayandfreewayIwatchyousitandbendandtorqueandIwatchas
youcrosstheframeIwatchyouutilizespacesinmoreinterestingwaysthanI
utilizespacesandIwatchasyoucrossbackacrosstheframeIwatchyoubrush
andshimmyandstrideandwhenImluckiestIwatchyousleepIwatchyouacross
thetablesharingwarmlaughterwithmeIwatchyoureachandstretchandcome
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 mysenseofselfallformypulseandrivetallformyattentivekeelandyetyou stillhaventmadeittothesurprisepartyIhaventthrownforyoutowhatwont havehappenedtillyouagree tocomeweallwatchoutforourselvesasis coded intousthoughsomeofusdoitbetterthanothersandsomeofusdoitmuchworse wealsowatchoutfortrendsandforpitfallswe watchoutforthefamousandwe watchoutforthefreakishandtherehavebeendayswhenwewatchoutforthose whoprefertheiliadtotheodysseyweplayourfunnygamesofsurvivalbutits notaboutsurvivalsurvivalisntthepointattheleveloftheindividualand itsnottrulythepointatthelevelofthespecieseither sincenothinglasts foreveryettheressomethingaboutthefactthatnothinglastsforeverthat weremissingsomethingcrucialandunavailabletoussomethingenticingin itselusivenessthoughitcanteludeusforeversincenothinglastsforever notevenelusivenessfallaciesarephallicandfaithisfeminineorsoyoull saywithconfidencewhenIhaveyousayitinmyheadsothatIcanhaveyousayit inthisstringoflanguageastringoffeelingsandthoughtsandtheoriesIve strungtogethertopassthetimebeforeIdisappearasdisappearImustandto saywithaplombIllseeyouontheothersideassumesthis isntthatotherside

whatifIweretounspecialmyselfinmymindandonthisplanetwhatifIwereto ununiquemyselfinthisuniverseandinouronemultiverseacrossalloftime whatifIweretomakemyselfordinarytoyouormoreordinarythanIalreadyam woulditmakeyousuddenlyordinarytomewouldthesunonmyskinfeellessnew wouldyourbreathonmyskinfeellessyouortooyouwouldwebepacifiedbyour

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

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

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

youcantmaterializeyoucanstillmakematterthereitisrighttheresokeep
thatonetoyourselvesincetheresnoplaceitcouldbewrittenIthinkthatall
languageisunrealthenremembernoonlyitsmeaningisunrealisinherently
mentalisproofeitherofthechimericalordivineplusthethornthefurther
botherbeneaththebudofpossiblybeingbothmatteringandmaterialswitch
matteringformaterialormaterializingnottomatterwhichswitchiswhich
myheraclitusyourheraclitusanitchetchedmyparmenidesyourparmenides
anitchetchedmygoddyourgoddanetchitchedmymistakeyourmistakeanetch
itchedonethefleetesttwingeandtheothersoengraveditchoretchitchand
etchlookoppositetwinheadsacrossalongformaltableonethinkstheother
thoughtlesslymercurialobeyingtheskinswhimswhilsttheotherfeelsthe
firstishumanlyvaintryingtoimpressthematterintotimeouritchandetch
havemoreincommonthantheycommonlyadmitsinceetchisanotherformofeat
sinceacidisneededtoeatintothesurfaceofanetchingtheitchisntdenied
orsuppressedthesurfaceissetchedinbeingitchedawayouritchandetchare
intimatelyaccidentallyrelatedjustnotbyfingersorfingernailstheone
needtheyappearedtosharebeingalivewasthrustonuscioranthinkspessoa
thinksmanythinkbutwittgensteincomestomindisthissimplyourlanguage
trickingusetchinganindignityifthereexistsnosubstrateuspriortothe
thrustiftherewerenohomunculusorhomunculiinsidethedeedthereexists
nothingtooffendonlysomethingtoattemptIcantrememberwhichonewrotea
versionofthisorwhetherIimagineditthejuryisstillundecidedaboutthe
questionofwhethertruthsandfactsareidenticaltooneanotherevenifthe
jurydecidesthejuryisonlythejuryIdontknowIsurmiseandtrytosurprise
myselffeelingforthetruthisdifferentthanfeelingisthetruthetheveninan
avidlyparanoidtimethetruthisstillastandardthatshouldmakeuswhatwe
arenotitwhatwearewherethetruthmakesuswhatweareitshouldmakeusbend
betterandbecomemoreflexibleandresilienteveninatiredtimethetruths
stillbeautifulinreliefasarticlesofclothingfaithfullywornwashed
andwornandwashedandwornuntillyoubecomfortablesayingtheydlivedwith
younotjustonyouyoudonthavetoblameothersforyourmistakesandyoudont
havetoblameyourselffortheir mistakes soworkwiththissymmetrywithout
keepingscoreandyoullhaveacceptedapeacethat eludesmanythus strictly
speakingtheresnosuchthingasselfhelp any more than any medicine can cure
itselfbutyoucanhelpyourselfneedlessselfhelpnowhelpismeaningfully
parsedasatransitiveverbahelpsbbutwhenoneattemptstohelponeselfand
aequalsbbbecomesaequalsathetautologouspartsofourhumanmindsarethen
confusedwiththoseofthehumanheartorinoneoranothergodeliantsenseone
loopisspeakingtoanotherloopinthedoublespeakofamobiusandconfusion
ensuesIspentanumberofyearscelebratingthisconfusionandtheconundra

it generates can be both fascinating and tedious callous and humane however
I now believe these conundra are unsustainable over the course of healthier
lives healthy is indeed one of four most loaded words on one end of the spectrum
there's healthy circular exercise on the other there's sour is yep hean 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 none the less one doesn't deserve praise for choosing pain over
pleasure if that pain is of no value to the world and there is no novelty in that
pain if pain and pleasure are relative they might be situationally illusory
though I won't think you special unless you can make the pain disappear and the
pleasure redistribute and as a bonus could you add mystery to the irrational
and depth to the rational or could you collect debris from the crash site of my
comfort and add it to my rations for some future voyage so that I might perform
these miracles myself for humble me by delivering unto me much more pain than I
can bear enough pain to drop me prostrate in the dust or coil me into a fecal orb
our worth dwells in our specificities not in our commonalities you're fodder
for my fantasies revolving around inheriting the mind of god though there is
no mind of god to inherit I've my shard paltry thing that it is my shard with some
vague sense of sisters shards and brothers shards and cousin shards and floral
shards and fauna shards and atomic shards and math shards and synapse shards
truly this language is inadequate as truly as these thoughts are derivative
my derivation is not identical to yours and those differences aren't badges of
unique honor or individuality what makes us is our amaranth in new will to create
there's a carved spotted horse in my coin pocket called Naevosa as he brings all
the luck I need since I need no luck at all I need but courage to face fate's whims

whetherstodgystingyostingingorabountifulwhetherpersonalorglobalIll
wishforthingsandthingswilleithercomeortheywontcomeastheyvealways
comeornotcomewithturquoiseinlaideyesandatawnymuzzleorwithagalaxy
scatteredacrossabelovedcutisfatecomeswithoutstrategywithinwarmth
withinwetnessandwithininfinitesimaltimefatecomesaslightninginour
slantIinclinetoowardyourstablestallyourenghinesuspendedbeforeyoull
rushheadlongintounbrandedthrillyourenodaymareyourenowwildchestnut
repetitionishardtavoidandisnecessaryforimprovementthoughinorder
toimprovethepetitionmustvarytowardimprovementandisthusnotexact
repetitionthattiresomeparadoxinherentinourtheoryofidentitywe
wantouridentitiesobeoursandoursalonebuttheyreinconstantfluxjust
likeallthingsintimeandspaceandareimmeasurableintheirnaturalstate
butIvesaidthesethingsonotherdaysinothermoodsinotherplacesIvesaid
themwithbelligerentconfidenceorinsipidclaritywhenitsobviousIdont
seewhatImtalkingaboutwithinanyscientificorphilosophicaltradition
insteadIshouldtellafictionfantastofanecdotalyscaleandprivatescope
IdrovethecartothedeadendIhikedtothepromontoryIjumpedintotheabyss
Ifellintooblivionortotheedgesofoblivionanywaytheresnosuchthingas
trueoblivionsincehowwouldweknowiftherewerethecarIdrovesasacorona
thebootsIworeweretimberlandsthetasteinmymouthwascinnamonnottmintI
leaptfromtheciffasifIweredivingintoalakeIcutthroughtheairasifId
becomeastoopingperegrinewithmypastaspreythe carIdrovesmelledofsun
thebootsIworesmeltofoldtimesaddlerythebloodinmybodywascrimsonnot
clovertheplummetwasswannednottumbledthedistancewastimeandthetime
wasvanishmentandlimbosgreengrassedwithfaketheatricalheavensIfell
forthoughtasIshouldvefallenforfeelingtheluridearthnotthelividsky
thecarIdrovesasntsentientthebootsIworewerentconsciousandmysilent
mouthheldyoursecretandledmetotheprecipicewhereIflewthoughIneednt
haveIcouldvefallenbothasmyhorseandasmyrideranddoneitalloveragain

cleavageofthecleversortblueinpersuasionandnotwhelmedtoprofundity
shouldIcarethatIcantlevitateshouldImindthatyouarentsubstituttable
ifmyagencybecomestoouncannyImightlosemyselfinasensualityofcolors
toowiderangingformyleftswemightneverescapeournarrowperspectives
violenceaseroticismisntthatdifferentfromnostalgiaasviolenceorour
thinkingwecangetawaywithpersonalevilscconceivedandbornandraisedin
ourmindsbutostensiblyneverreleasedintotheworldatlargeasguiltwrit
smallthereexistamongusthosewhoseedarknessinthebrightestflashesof
lightevenIcanhearthesorrowinyourtalldittiesevenyoucantellwhenIve
benttowardkindnessourtonesarekeeledataloofandkeenedabovelonesome

what I know could easily be exchanged for nourishment but I rather just have honey nourishment as in nutrition not as in pleasure or for anyone not immune to suppressing infancy or prone to flutter wings and circulate waxing ideas who the culprit for our fading blooms and whose strategy was it to cycle life to spin the sphere and orbit the hearth who to blame for our disappointments who at fault for the intensity of the beautiful who 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 whomakessweetness 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 whomakes 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 to say who really knows these things and who to blame for our not knowing but I rather talk about how I like spending my time watching you watch things as I sit now in this drifting light with big patience for a lifetime of seasons my directed gazes redirected reangled through your inclinations galore I'm 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 gasps of solitude and my gaps between ignitions I press my fingers against the outlines of my eye sockets and the bridge of my nose and I'm allowed thus to apprehend my mortality and by extension your mortality and also gods since god doesn't exist without us or so one credible theory goes though there are many such theories with proponents and opponents I have my own opponents and proponents too as do you among the mortals and the immortals we must all be

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

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

yourhumanlynormalandprogramitdownyourowncrawcodeitintoyourspirit
mortalorimmortalorneithermortalnorimmortalneithermoralnorimmoral
IlldismountfrommyhobbyhorsethewayIalwaysdismountwithgratitudeand
chagrinintoanotherhardscrabblemorningwithouereverythingindisarray
thebloodonmyspursisminenotyoursasthesweatonmychestisyoursnotmine
astheholesinoursoulsarenaturesnotsatansastheclenchingofourhearts
isalloursasthedriftingsofourmindsbelongtothedisappearedgodsofold
Iwantaccesszenoinchbyzenoinchaswiftinvitationandalanguidtraverse
oureternaljourneywithoutany measurableworthorresidualconsequences
Iwanttofallfromthetreeandnotbecaughtbythegroundonesdisappearance
notawantofwantingbutawantforwantingawantfortheimpossibledesiring
ofanimpossiblelifeforanimpossiblesetofselvesinourimpossibleworld
nomatterhowcarefullywemakeourbedwegoaboutwreckingitassoonaswecan
thehorizontalgiveswaytothediagonalandyoupromoteitintothevertical
forourdoubledawnorsecondsleepportwilitsparkandthunderparadiseshow
butthemindbalksatenergyexpensewithoutlastingeffectlastingasinthe
lengthofalifethoughnolifelengthssetbyenergyexpensethatsnothowour
mysteryworksifitisamysterybeyonditsmachinationsbeyondourimpulses
fateisnomoreathingthanprophecyisathingthefuturedoesntexistandthe
pastdoesntexistnotanymoreandthepresentdoesntexistsincewecantstop
timeandwhatstimeifneitherpastnorpresentnorfutureexistwerestuckin
thisillusionandknowingitsanillusiondoesntfreeusonlydeathdoesthat
anddeathtarriestillthemomentittarriesnotitstepsoutofourfuturesto
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
thesuperegobytheidthemanybytheonlythelessexhaustedselfbythatmore
inexhaustibleotherifIfallfromthislimbintoyourlapwillyourlaughter
bellowthecurtainsofalongagohousesthatfadedasgrayastarriedpleasure
mydaily mistakes dont addupto regret theyre just human dust on wet surfaces
tellyoumetalesofdreamtandgoneoftidalthoughtsandbluerideas coral blind
tochromalshifthroatsavantsunspokenurgeseaglassspecksastelemetry
thebodyexposethemindasthemindattempts to master the body as its werves
yourbrilliance may lure report wary 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
thepromisedlandtunnelofhistoricalshoveputyourpalmonmysoftershelf
andtiptheidealoverremindtheromanticofthatchromosomal swayourardor
todoubleourselvesevenasweinsistuponourunassailable uniquenessyou
bewisetoavoidmyreactionaryasceticismIlleverbeautumnaldrifttoyour
summerysurgeIlleverbeinthechiffonroomfeelingmaroonwhileyoull ever
beinthecrimsonroomfeelingyellowplusmygreyheartneedsitsdrearydays
andmygraymindwantsitslapsesintosnowtogetherwellwhirlwiththeworld
oraloneIllweaveweedsintoahedgeandthehedge willhidemyindifferences
ifone loathes ones workbutis loath to run away onemust build stoic fortune
must find merit in moments of sun fracture and in ones darkest armory one goes
nowherebut sometimes nowhere everywhereandthats enoughits just enough
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 fearyou
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 posses that hunt 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

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

whatdoesitsaywhenmostofoneslifeonecanteventellwhetheroneshappyornotdoesitsaymoreaboutthewaysoflanguageorofhappinessorofonesheartorisitjustaboutonesgenesanddietandbrainpatternsdeterministicluckwithadoseofinheritedselfpreservationandasteadypinchofcommonsenseifonesacombinationofwreckageandadaptationonecouldbesatisfiedwithonestwistandwarpofdisregardonesheftofdelusionandonesfistshakingsatemptyskiesifitwerentforamustardseedofambitionstuckinonescrawor someunnameablebirthrightoffelldisavowaloraveragetothecorepersona oronesinsufferableinabilitytoscanonesenvironsforjudiciousrespect

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

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

theapparatusofmyevolutionaryendeavorandthearchitectureofyourfree
rangequivercrafttalesworthyofanycrossroadsofmeridianandconformal
anygleamingbullseyeringedwithopportunitycharismawedonatureproudour
effortssupportiveofeverybarometricshiftourtonguetiednoreastorsor
ourheartlandtwirlswerejustbeastsfollowingbeatenpathstowaterholes

were just toys in a carton in a cupboard who can't ignore the wrest of proximity
the timer ripples under its own equations and we might as well be blank slates
even if one man's wound is another man's beauty mark we must still fight against
the intent to mutilate and leave mutation to squiggly chance and accidents
was the initial scratch on the original slate or original lord dreamt from common
mist was the pioneering post edenic injury as a awesome season must suppose it was
and can creation be thought of by the likes of me as one's perfection of nothing
as the essential original stain not the flush of blood or the spilling of seed
but the animal like of me just want to weather himself across the body trust
well rapture our pain when we stop remembering things when our experience is
forged by constant forgetfulness and we have to make up stuff in the moment to
feel right though even then a little bit of memory and a little bit of pain will
be necessary will be inevitable though we don't remember choosing how we were
made we somehow know we're impingements within a reliquary of dreamt visions
a malleable amicable and affable lea's summer skins 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 purse 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's 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 spring skins into anything but freshers spring skins
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 aren't for everyone they're an acquired taste across
devolving times subtle and painful accents to the cruel vicissitudes of body
or maybe just embodiment or maybe un-just embodiment or maybe 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 oil 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
tosuffourveryowncandleswithsomewhatlessthanawholethoughtorafter
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 impassions columns between rooms
orinflatesdifferencesbetweenthepraxivepositionsofbodiedidealists
Ivebeencontenttowander corridors without crossing thresholds dealings
unbegun negotiations untried without threat oftarnished 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 anow with your mouth to validate
old vulnerabilities the surprise of self limitation amid the vanity of self
worth some silver 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 never 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 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 aneurysm coincident with a shooting star or an od just when anods 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 alitany 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

equallyupforinclementmoorsorsterlinghighlandsoranycoldmetropolis
everyinfinityisunlikeanyotherinfinityasyoupointtowardthatwetspot
onthewallthatsdarkeningintoanenergywaypastanypunkaestheticwayout
beyondanytautempiricismfarbeyondthestarsofyourexclusiveimagining
whenyouclimbaboardthesailingssmoothdarkspotinvigoratedhorizonnot
fussyorcinematicagoodspottolingeranoriginalpositiontounduplicate
feverbreaksasitmustreleasecomesasitmustupliftandcrashstrainandgo
pressonleewardawayfromthismodernworldanditscompulsiveattractions
onecanttakethehighroadorthelowroadwhentheresonlyonesoneroadright
infrontofoneminemeandersoffinthescruborthetheatherorgoescliffside
whenthefoggatheresoritclimbstheridgelinetothepromontoryandIseeyou
orIseewhatapproximatesyouorIseemyproxyofonesoneonesunspuriousone
IseemyhandsinfrontofmyeyesIseemytidyvisionofmynearcreationmadeof
creationsverycoolcreationcreationswarmingcreationcreationscircus
meaningisoverratedmeaningisunderratedlackofmeaningisoverratedand
absenceofmeaningisunderratedweclimbaboardandtheseasalreadyablaze
youcantaketherunethatisyourheartandrenderitdryuponadoomedsurface
youcanmakeupforyourfearofdisequilibriumbysleepingwiththemonsters
underyourbodyoucanfakeinterestintheoutcomebutnotintheprocessweve
movedpastthefinishintothe grain against therashandwenowdancewithour
rooftopcongressofcravenalbeitsingularnonviolentselveswereonewith
thelawsofleivitywecanbefoundamidjimsonbelowthesharpcurveintheroad
wecanbefoundintheelectricpalenearthetopofamawkishtowerdeartotown
wecantstealthebeautytodayfromafieldlilyasreadilyaswemightsuppose
wedontanswerthatparticularquestionnotbecausewecantbutbecausewere
wantingtobetrufulandwecantbesoweawaitabetterquestionthatdoesnt
comesinceitsimpossibletoaskabetterquestionwhenyoudonthaveabetter
questionatyourdisposalorinthevaultswhenyourquestionspursuewanted
answerswhenyourposseiscomposedoflifelongexpectationsandarmedkids
youcantbrookfavorwithawishlistonecantangelcardoneswaytomegatouch
throughmetanervehitthedrumasthoughyouwerehittingyourheadagainsta
walltosendasignaltoapotentialloverinthevillageacrossthevalleyhit
itwiththefutilityofadaydreamandthepassionsofacruisingpoetitsure
notgoingtodisturbanyoneitsnotgoingtoleechtheleveeorlowertheledge
ifIhadtenpenniestospendatthewellIdspendoneonyourhappinessIdspend
oneonmysoulIdspendoneonallofgodschildrenandIdspendoneonhercoveId
spendoneonhellsfuryIdspendoneonitsgraceIdspendoneonthatsentenceI
cantseemtocatchthatIchasecrossthemalpaisasthoughitwereminespirit
orspekitwontstoptowaititresiststhelassoofimpliedcapitalorperiod
IdspendoneonrestitutiononeonremembranceandthelastIdspendonourone

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 future 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 clef
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 liver or a lice 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's 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
whatifweweretothreesomeorfoursomeornsomeourselvesintohiphedonism
worseletethanneverwouldwecometounderstandsosomeofhumanitysrestless
collectivismsomeofitsstaticfearofonenesssomeofitssurvivalurgency
ifyoumeet enough people in this world one is bound to stick just as if you wear
clothing long enough its bound to wear thin just as true loves delivered to us
as lightning as armor as mystery as burden as cog and coherence and conundrum
this is the geometry of bodies in motion this is the corduroy of hearts in flux
this is my gyroscope on a planet that stilted eversoslightly toward cohesion
though one honorable struggle upward toward dispersal also has its appeal
its always almost tomorrow and always just past yesterday my spinning could
dig a grave if it werent for my constant drift as my pinning could skim the cream
from the cream if it werent for times constriction or if it werent for octopus
twister or if it werent for being fine with not being fine well commend today's
spirit into our ancestor's hands may they and our children's children forgive
us for forsaking them they did the same they'll do the same I've done the same and
you've done the same why have anything good for you when you can have something
better for you why settle for reality when you can blend memories with dreams
I plowed my fields with the blunt end of an ax while the universe grew feathers
I've made my mornings with the certitude of a cow boy sleeping with his boot on
but I'll cross the small of your warm backyard bare foot through hands in pockets
so what if werent to be buried in castoffs and cremated without our scratchings
and disinterred to make way for a strip mall and brushed from the shoulder of a
stranger who got in the inadvertent way of a scattering and tossed in paupers
pits and burned in effigy atop Olympus and scrutinized as a cadaver sex exposure
thorough while sterling surfaced and confined ornately with floral galore
and whispered to by an angelic historian at the moment of four takings away and
ushered by a seer to our thrones at the edge of a spit of land to watch our births

loyalty scrapes at winter's glass the very best chill of discipline the clash
of desire and duty as two cymbals stow a ke the cynic to flare the cygnets wings
a prophetic song of lift and departure everyone must have their opportunity
to fly at the sun since some treasure must be displayed and some must be hidden
ItakemyplaceinthechorusofmyswansongandI deliver my part with accuracy
I soar when I should soar and I descend into the valley of the shadow of death as
the score delineates a societal need for harmony dictates as the conductor
instructs with a peculiar insistence for some sort of normal like a blend
your voice is a body that climbs atop mine and mine know how to stay nearly put
till after breaths do us part contrapuntal marvels in this intention stream

welittledeathourindividualizedwaysaroundourmajormelodicmelodrama
ourflourishesinthecodaonlyearnuscornerstancesatthehyperreception
foremeritussaintsandprodigysinnersswedenouementintothefaunagarden
betrayallookslikedesperationwhenitdoesntresembleadvantageorlucid
selectionthebassoon dipsintodreadaftertheviolinsscreechasthosewho
wereonceimperiousnowwritheinregretorbaskinindignationtheydeserve
theirmomentsofItoldyousoitsallforthebestorIdidntknowwhatelsetodo
Iletgoofyourtriangleandmytrianglebeaterandtheylandinmetaphorical
limbowheresadtingesofblueareworthrecollectionsoflonglastingtings
wesprawlonthesunlesslawnplyingunansweredquestionsofindeterminate
originswetiltourlibidostowardunseenhorizonswhereideasarrivedaily
meanwhilemyvoiceisprivilegedtostaysturdyunderyourswhileyoustrain
tofocusyourdoubtsintosomethingbetweenatrillandaclenchandashudder
maybeoncewevebeenshushedandthebatonisstillwecanreshallowourminds
incantationsinthemiddleofdicknightsareneithercowardicenorcourage
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 parasitic sin 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

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

outofcoldstoragerigorcanformthemortarforaestheticsheltersomesort
ofcenotaphforonesmortallywoundedfavoritesatriumphofthewontforget
yourbravuraengineersamakeshiftmarkerforvertiginousintelligenceor
horizontalefficiencyyoubelieveinascentwithoutfetishizingtheclimb
youoldworldshuttersopenuponanarrowescapesnowblownheartwardwecant
permissionourselfstograinymanhattantobatteryswarthandwaspwaists
ifIcouldbeabowerybrickoraranchbrickmyhandswouldbestrongeitherway
urbanorruralthehumanspiritlackstopologyIofcourseknownothingofthe
humanspiritoftheanimalspiritandIknownothingofspiritalanimalsmine
oryoursoranyoftheirsthoughofcourseImfamiliarwithspiritedhumansas
wellasunspiritedhumansatleastthoseofthelivingsortandwhethertorus
knotswilleveryieldtohumanhandsstrongortendernimbleorpersuasivewe
wontwitnessinourboundedsnowglobeswiththeirfriendlyshutfirmaments
IdontknowwhoIamandyouprobablydontknowwho youareeitherwhywouldwewe
arentomniscientoromnipresentoromnifariousourmemoriesleanfallible
oursensesofselfaremercurialandourmosttawdryspiritsaresomehowjust
magisterialenoughtooneanother tokeepusbewilderedaboutwherewestand
onceuponahurricaneoneshandfindsanothersexclamationthesoundofones
lifeunderthesoundoffuryletloosewewhisperwolvesawayfromthedorbut
ourmonstersarentgoinganywhereevenafterthewindsdieddownourinternal
exhilarationscantmanagetheinfernalpallofourcontemporaryzeitgeist
theprayingmantisperchedonmyribknowsnothingofmypreoccupationsandI
knownothingofitsobsessionsitsthecolorofmyenvyforitsprowesswhileI
suspectImnothingbutlandscapetoitasurfacesaltierthanmostitmovesas
itsneedsorwhimsdictateIwontbeitsdeusexmachinaIwontharmitoraaffect
itsmotiondespitethearidtickingIfeelfromitsappendagesandantennae
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's 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 peninsula 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 be thus again unless after this life I roam now the body reacts to stimulus now the mind reacts to the threat soon this spirit will turn into its ghost never will my soul untocollective authorities submit now the mind reacts to stimulus now the body reacts to the 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 its fate 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 sense 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's no sense pretending I'd change if tragedy or wind fall came my way if a 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 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 way faring 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 for 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

inabrightdinerunshavenandoversoapedonecantforcepalmstorere remember
palmsorforceonesdisillusionmenttoreregretunmarriedlipsoncantgive
againwhatwasgivenlongagoonecantovernightaffordasleekerwardrobeId
ratherwatchasunrisefromavacantlotthanpartyourfinalapocalypseaway
repercussionsarethebigtreesintheyardthatshadeusfromrighteousness
IvebeentothehollowswheretheairburnscoldIvebeentothegrottoeswhere
thebluekillspainIvebeentohecopperfieldswherethedewcuresambition
noneoftheseareonthetravelshowsnoneofthesewillgetyoucoveredbyfans
allofthesemakelifeworthlivingwhenonemustrenderunto caesar what his
allofthismakessensewhenthebodybalksandthemindtriestoseeitsspirit
youreoneofakindandyouretemporarybutsoiseveryonesoamIsoistheearth
Ivebeentohepalebluedotanditsspectacularifyoucatchitonacleverday
ourquotidianfrenzymatchesourquietdesperationasseenfrommindtomind
orfromasafedistanceorfromwithin asolitaryconsciousnessonesingular
thoughtfactorymanufacturingmanytrinketswithmanyfacetsandfeelings
manycomplexsensationsborntodisappear tobeinvisibleandbecome more so
myhandswillmostlikelytremblebeforeImdoneandmymouthwillbetoodryto
speakandthisscrollandallofmyotherpaltryofferingswillcometoaclose
meanwhilescreedorapologyorconfessionorloveletterthiswillpersistI
mighttakeitwithmeundertheoverpassorto hospiceorto thecabinbythesea
thesimplerockcabinhandhewandimaginarytheseaendlessanddisturbing
repetitiousarethewavesandmelancholicisthevisionwerenotkeentosurf
whenreturnistherewardwerenotherelongenoughtoclutchmuchonlyenough
thoughknowingwhatthat isanddoingitviaonesownwillmightbeimpossible
climbthebrickhillstothebrickmansionsamidthebigtreesandtheviolins
andpianotheintricateglassandthevintagechimneyswordsspokenincalm
reverenceforgentilityforarelativelyeasylife forachangespacetomull
hardshipsofothercurrentlivesofpastlivesofimagineddistantlivesIll
climbthestairstothebetterdesktotheunembitteredproseofasocialwhiz
Illacceptfortuneassituationalacrossafurrowedspectrumsundaysoffog
orshineitdoesntmatterofsweatersnoworsoftswelterIvebeengivenelbow
roomtoinhabitprivilegeorprivationorpracticalityandthetritethings
andtheponderousthingsandtheprofoundthingsthatcanbesaidaboutthemI
mightaswellwaitforyoutofinishpracticingsowecango forabrassy stroll

neithertheintellectuallysobernorthe physicallydrunkattractmeinany
wayItooftendesirealucidbodygovernedbyaninebriatedinclinationbya
brickclickasabstractasitisantiquatedamotion towardtheroadtoaweIve
beentotheantebellumpriviesandIvebeentothemaritimechapelsandwhatI
foundwererpathwaystoinsubordinationmessy peripheralsand dank centers

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 bear 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 stir rod 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 nether world 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 salt swim 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
unbrokenevenunderthestareofbetrayalIlldryoutwithbanalityasherods
paranoiaandcaesarsacquiescencedissipatedwithactionasourthirstand
ourhungerstaytediousuntiltheyreachtheirmostseverethatssomethrill
anydripfromcliffedgemortalitystirredintoprojectionseffervescence
isworthasipifyoureasipperoraquaffifyoureaquaffergrantmeanoblique
vistauponyourfloodlandsandIllrecovertomotivateyoursnowfieldswell
riversideorwelltarnplungeorwellloungeinagardenandwatchtheflowers
fadeascreaturesofchoicewehaveoptionswecanbespartanwithourfutures
orwecanimagineornamentalfourishesthatcanbeembarrassingorthatcan
garneracoladesandaffectionalifelivedaswimswumatidalflukeandones
fatestiltedintotheunlikelyortheprobableorthenevergoingto happen

evenswhensickonekeepsscratchingatthesheenkickingagainstthepricks
ofgoodfortuneeyeingonesgiltwithabrasivesuspicionwhetherhealthyor
dyingonesalwaysnearthepathtosenescenceonealwayshasmomentsandhalf
momentslefttoenjoyonesdissolutionandallofthosethingsthebodycando
allofthosethingsthemindwilldoallofthosethingstheheartmustdoallof
myspiritualmistliesonyourfieldbutyouhaventthecouragetogobarefoot
orisitrecklessnessonelacksorasensethatitwouldmatteriftheotherway
oneoftenfindsacrossoneslifethatonesillequippedmentallyphysically
oremotionallyforsometaskathandthatcallsuponsomethingmuchmorethan
merecompetenceandonemustconsiderthelikelihoodthatonesillequipped
spirituallyforwhatevercomesnextifanythingcomesnextbeyondoblivion
somethingforwhichonesupposeseveryonesequallyequippedifthat is what
unavoidabledestinyawaitsusoneandallIkeepsayingthesamethingsagain
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 coriolanus a papier mache caddy compson or a phantom shreve a poorly carved dishmael or a kids 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 a 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

wouldIbecomemoresusceptibletohavingmysoulstolenwouldIlookforward
allofthoseyearstoexperiencingmymomentoftruestbeautywhatifIwereto
whispertoyousomewordsofadonaiorsomeaphrodisianintoxicantsormaybe
anapocalypticvowoffidelianbravadowouldyoustandyourhallowedground

asymmetricalthreatscomefromsurprisingplacesspiralinginfromsaturn
aseasilyasfromroutineweshouldgainaskouryogiswhybalanceiscrucial
weshouldasalwaysexpectoureticaldesolationtobewoefullyincomplete
istheproblemtoomuchthinkingornotenoughthinkingorjustlazythinking
istheproblemtoomuchfeelingortoolittlefeelingorjusthollowfeelings
istheproblemspiritualcorruptionoristheproblemtemporalconfinement
IundoubtedlyshouldtrytobeabetterpersonIhearvoicesaygoodluckwith
thatIunequivocallycouldvebeenamoreattentivesonandnephewandfriend
andbrotherandneighborandloverbutforsomeofthosethesandshaverunout
Ifeelmyallottedgrainsgrindingthroughablemishintoaconstainedpile
Ithinkselfforgivenessisequallynecessaryandawheelbarrowofbullshit
IthinknexttimearoundIlldrinkmorealcoholandreadonlynoirphilosophy
IthinkIveforgottenwhatitfeelsliketotrustinthebullienceofinquiry
IthinkIllstepoutsideandwatchaconstellationortwodisappearfromview
itwasntthathedidntlovelifeitwasntthathewasntgratefulforthingshed
beengivenitwasntthathewasmentallyinterestingandcouldntbeblamedit
wasntthathisstarsalignedintheonlywaytheycouldinordertobeseenfrom
wherehestoodanditwasntgodsfaultsincetherewasntanygoditwasntthese
orsomeelementliketheseorsomeelementheaviestorsomeelementlightest
oranyelementnaturaloranyelementsynthesizeditwasntthisparentsfault
itwasntthisenvironmentsfaultitwasntthissequencingorhiswiringnorwas
ithiswickedheartanditwasnttheratioofthesizeofhisiqtotothesizeofhis
iditwasntthisassiginationoranyuniquederivationitwasntthismediocrity
orhisbrillianceorhissenseofdirectionitwasnthistendancytoteetotal
ormutterbelowhisweightclassorconsumethebrightestfluffitwasntthat
hewastootoughoreasyonhimselfitwasntthathewasaheandnotasheitwasnt
pigmentationorsomecolorofeyesorminorityhandednessitwasntthissense
ofentitlementorhishumilityitwasntthathewasfreeofambitionorwaryof
successanditwasntgodsfaultasIsaidthereisnogoditwasthathewasatall
theenginefallsoverintothegravelandweedsandthetraincomestoahaltIm
witnessstohisderailmentasoneiswitnessstoarainshowerfromthecomforts
ofonesstudytheendoftheworldisntaroundthecornerbutmayaswellbejust
aroundthecornermeanwhilehisantiquatedtrainiskaputbothfortodayand
theforeseeablefuturehislocomotiveisonitssideandtherestofhistrain
ishelplesswithonlyhiscaboosehavingmanagedtokeepallitswheelsonthe

railssometimesoneknowswhattodowiththeofsofrelationshiportheofsof derivationandsometimesonedoesntonesettlesforsituationalfluencies onesoriginslyingbehindonealongwithonesderivationsandshuntsofones sundryoldrelationshipsIwatchfromaproperdistancewhilehesurveysthe absurdityofhissituationandtheextentofhisdamageheknowsitsatragedy andheknowsitsacomedyandheknowsitsaromanceofourbiographicalstrain andheknowshismetaphoricalmeanstreakdoesntallowformiraclesonecant havebelovedvanishingpointswithasymmetryonecantrunarailwaywithout efficiencyandconsistencyandsymmetryonecantrunarailwaywithengines ontheirflanksbesidethetrackseveniftheweathersgorgeousandthelight onthelandsaglowandharmoniouswithpersonalharvestwithprivateshadow Iknowhimhedidntwantthiscumbersomerailwayinthefirstplaceitsstupid initsstubborndirectionaladherencesitsmonomaniacalfollowtheleader rigidityitsshunningofwhimsorvagariesitsstupidandbullheadedjustas hesstupidandbullheadedbuthesalsoawandererandalthoughaswandererhe isntameandererheneedsenoughroomtostrayinordernottostraybutnowhis brainhasfallenofftherailsandhisthoughtsarekilteredandanyprogress anytimesoonlooksunlikelysoobviouslyheeyestheperpendicularhorizon withsomelongingthoughtheelegantcurveofthetracksinfrontofhimalso catcheshisgazeheatbendstracksbendsunlightbendstheheartbendsaway fromlogisticsawayfromconflictawayfromthemodestexpectationsoflife theheartbendstowardwhatsnextaslongasitsrareaslongasitsnovelwhats foreveraslongasitsauthenticifonecantrustonesassessmentofwhatsnew andwhatsgenuineorperhapsonehasthemetaphorwrongandtheengineisones spiritorsoulandonerailisonesmindandtheotherrailisonesheartandone needsthemtoworkperfectlyinparalleloronellfindoneselftoppledonell findoneselfstrandedIwatchhimmullingthisoverandhelooksyoungtomehe looksstuntedhelookslikesomeonewhohoughthedgetsomewherebeforehed havetoabandonpropulsionandretracehisquesttowardaquietnightintown

manyofushavebirthmarksonourbodiesandmanyofushavethemonourpsyches ifyouspendthenightwithmeintownevenifinanallnightdinerjusttalking thewholetimeyoumightdiscovermineandImightcomeuponyourssomepeople evenhavemorethanoneandIsupposeitspossibletherearethosewithnoneif bynewwemeanundiscoverablenotnonexistentsinceeverypsycheismarred 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 stwist 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 snubile 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 hopkins 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 outback 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 anzaborregostain 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

asthingsareknowablebutstillImightknowsomethingsyou dontknowImight
knowsomethingsnobodyelseknowsalthoughtheyreprobablyinsignificant
thingsutterlyinsignificantthingstotherestoftheworldifnonetheless
significanttomethingsImightsomedaywishIdtoldsomebodybeforeallwas
saidanddonebutonedoesntseemtogetwhenthe timeforsayingsomethinghas
passedonedoesntroll downoneswindowjustwhenonemustinordertobeheard
oneglancesatthecarparkednexttoonescarandtheresademonsfacestaring
backatone thisisanordinarymallparkinglotonanordinarynightwhenones
ordinarylifeabsorbsanextraordinarymomentamentalepisodeinaflashof
evilthoughttheentertainmentofevilinourworldof deterministic events
onelooksawaydeterminednottolookagain tilloneknowsthecarnexttoones
carinthisordinarymallparkinglotwillbeemptyasitassuredlyiswithout
manifestationof demononedoesntbelievedemonsexistintheworldoutside
ofmindsandsureenoughwhenonelooksbackatthecarnexttonescaritseems
thisisoneofthethingsamongmanythingsthatthemindcandoastricksteror
asentertainerasfabulistorassaboteurmy mindthinksitwouldrecognizea
saviouroranangelifitsawoneoranalienorarobotthoughmaybenotanenemy
andifonesalwaysonesownworstenemyonemustwonderwhatoneswitnessstoas
onestaresinthemirrorwhatdothosereverseeyesstaringbackgiveawayand
onemightaskoneselfwhoisitwhoalwaysblinksfirstandifoneweretofaint
deadawaywhowouldbethelastonestandingifonlyforafractionofaseconda
momentoflightsinceprivatetimecanbeshuffledaseasilyasmemorysinceI
canremembertransformationeventhoughIcantpredictiteventhoughIcant
proveitwhenwasthelasttimeIlookedinamirrorandsawabsolutelynothing
whenwasthelasttimethathappenedtoyouonecanpeerintoonesregressasif
onebelievesinonesowntimelessnessarepetitionofselfalongeverypoint
ofeveryarroworonecanfutzwithoneshairorskinorbrowsoronecanobserve
theimpuritiesinonesirisessurroundingtheblackholesofonespupilsand
onestaughttohatethewhitesofoneseyesandtofireuponselfatfirstsight
ifonepassesthemirrortestandtheturingtestandonesworkpassesthetest
oftimewasntonealiveanddidntonedorightbythatgiftormustonealsopass
thetestofthewildernesstemptationsorthetemptationsofthefleshorthet
temptationsofthewanderingheartorthetemptationsofescaperoutesmust
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 sallow 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 you are and you know who I am doesn't matter we can go and be forgotten we can slip through a secret passageway to the dappled land of left to our own devices of self forgiveness for every mediocrity for every prayer I'm not afraid of occlusion or of shadows or of broad sunlight but I fear for any living being under a spotlight under a laboratory light under some bare bulb of an alabaster inquisition or a locker room imposition one as wary of those insidious compliments as of the scrubbed voices of legacy or scrutiny or the inconstant claims of brotherhood I'm not going anywhere not anytime soon and unless I'm mistaken my fate has been slow tracked to a later than sooner pastiche you might want to remind me of my unburdened childhood of freedom and sweat of my job fettered adulthood of passion and touch of my youth of sage and surf and make believe and my aging days of swept blues and dazzling firmaments you can point to your irreplaceable kindness to your unavoidable eyes to your flush saddle and too blanket in my royal stable to your throat and nape and victory you can advocate health and happiness over angst and ambition you can marvel at my visceral weight as I wonder at your steadfast drift you can calculate an alternative universe where you are a little luckier a little less lonely a lot more reckless as parkling universe where lamentations are not lullabies and mathematics are not pop songs where a dog's heart is worth taking a crown where my stare is matched by yours where hope is loitering in the form of uncertainty can teach a trust so tenacious our gods and gargoyles can unhammock themselves from our story lines and seek their own independent trophies and bruises and where my inspirations will always settle near where your aspirations dwell

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