

LOVE IS A GHOST



POEMS

2004-2020

LOVE IS A GHOST

Poems by: Alesya Grigorovitch

part 1: to the archway

Fragment, unnamed

Oh I know,
And I know,
And I know,
And I know,
What is per-
-fectly clear,
What's for show,
How it's near.
And I know,
As I sit, as I wait for –
Oh where is my life!?
And inside, you could find,
All you needed to know.

June 30, 2004

A Rush

All I see is clouds passing by,
Across a distant sky;
It's hard to breathe
From inside a cocoon.
I swear I've never come out of the womb,
Trapped in a circular room,
And I can't see.

I look into your face by the light
And what a beautiful sight
It seems to be.

Oh, but I could've changed it
As much as I could've escaped it.
And I can't escape it for my life.

Because everything I perceive is a dream
And in reality, it's hard to see.
All these intricate shapes are just a mass of blurred arrows to me,
Leading off differently
But meeting here.

September 5, 2004

Innermost Desire

I'm never gonna get it
I'm never gonna have it come my way.
It's never gonna reach me
'Cause I keep thinking 'bout it every day.

I glance at them all the time, and
Sometimes I'll see them looking back at me.
And I'll be happy...
Until the next day comes empty.

And jealousy, it clings to me
'Cause I just wish that I could be
Everybody's innermost desire.

Innermost desire,
'Cause it takes me that much higher.

Innermost desire,
It seems so far away.

It's not real love, I know, and
I wish that I could show that
I'm not letting it take control of me.

But it sits there in the throne of my mind,
I tell myself all the time
I don't need it, but it makes me so happy.

Innermost desire,
It takes control of me.

I know attraction's just a fling,
I tell myself it's worth nothing,
But I crave it like an animal each day.

With innermost desire,
To myself I am a liar.

Innermost desire,
How did you get instilled in me?

When you come to me in surplus
I fly so high on clouds of fantasy.
The attention that I crave so much,
It's all the energy I'll ever need.

My hopes reach past the sky, and,
I feed off all the looks you're throwing me.
So the ones I'm looking out for,
Today, just please come through for me.

And then my hopes come crashing down,
You didn't even turn around
Or tilt your head to get a look at me.

You're my innermost desire
And I'm just the roller coaster rider.

Each day, oh innermost desire,
My happiness depends on thee.

I really have no preference
In my attachment to an essence.
I could switch them up, it'd still all be the same.

First they look at me with adoration,
Then they don't even face my direction;
I'm so confused, no clue what they feel for me.

But deep down, innermost desire,
I love the way you torment me.

The only thing 'bout which I *really* care,
My world *revolves* around their stares;
A hilarious and worthless enterprise.

A tiny, childish-looking girl
Thinking she's the center of their world;
Humiliating when I see it from their eyes.

This monster craves attention on demand,
Yet to them I'm but a grain of sand,
It's the only part of me that's real, behind my lies.

Innermost desire,
Oh what you burn with all your fire.

Innermost desire,
Why do you take me so much higher?

Innermost desire,
You've taken complete control of me.

Innermost desire,
How can you leave me if I don't want to be free?

September 7, 2004

Strange Poem (Apocalypse)

Oh heaven sent,
The earth is bound,
Drawn up by liquid hands,
Caught up in sound
So mundane, vile; I greet,
A pool of blood lies at my feet.

Oh someone look;
The world has bled,
Another layer yet to shed.
A sword run through
The heart and spine,
Two different flowers yet entwine.

Upon my head
So be the grief.
The failure covers like a sheath.
The holes to run through
Have been blocked;
The golden gates have all been locked.

So tell the villain
In thy sleep
To wrestle with the mind so deep.
Plunge into rivers,
There abound,
The endless notes
Of silent sound.

The wasted tear
Has entered in;
The world must crawl out of its skin.
The light shed from
A millionth sun;
To each his own
And one by one.

July 28, 2004

New Poem

All I crave is gone
If only for a moment.
The world comes crashing down
And doesn't make a sound.
It halts to a silence, as I sit here waiting
In frustration for something to come.
The truth
The truth is the only one.
I don't know.
I don't know anything,
I don't know a single thing.
Can't see past what I see with my eyes,
It's not true, yet not lies.
There are no words to describe,
No descriptions to remember,
No memories to connect,
No connections to feel
In terms of this "real."

November 8, 2004

Crazy Lady

Let me tell you of all of the things that I've learned.
Some of them might seem a little absurd.
But I've been a crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy lady,
For all of my life.

And so I'll stand by you
Stand by you,
And all that you'll ever do
Stand by you
I'll stand by you,
I'll stand by you,
I'll stand by you.

Late Fall? 2004

The Love in My Dreams

It's a man-a-phobia
No relationships
Thinking of you
Any of you
Makes me so sick
Being with you
Waking up to your body
Waking up to your smell
The smell of a man
A man in his entity
A man that is me
Not my true counterpart
But the one I have chosen
A fake, a phony
Not the real "one and only" –
It makes me sick to my stomach
Sick to my gut
Churning and twisting horribly
I want to throw up my intestines
Feel the bile in my throat
It sickens me
Sickens me
Sickening to be –
It's an uncomfortable lurch of the stomach
A dull poison of the gut
The gut-squelching feeling – sickening
Sickening to be –
The sick, smiling, pale discomfort
Morning in a pale white light
Cool air, early dawn
With him smiling right at you
Your trap, your enclosure,
He is your world
He is everywhere,
Sickening you, in your veins
Your gut sickens at his smile.
To know someone,
To be someone,
To be him,
Him, him, *him*,
It's the most sickening, disgusting,
Bile churning in your gut feeling
Of no escape.
I'm trapped in him
In his world of gray.
I am his gray.
His delicate features,

His small, secret smile,
So personal, it knows me, smiles into me;
Oh, God, it brings up the bile!
The air we breathe
Each day, each moment,
Seeping through my skin
Bland corruption,
Fresh and pure;
Your trap, enclosure
Pulls you down
Into the dark
The dark and gray
Of him, the gray that's him,
The air, the everywhere is him
And there is no escape.

2004

Restlessness

All I crave is gone
If only for a moment.
I look around, and I see,
But I can't perceive or make connections
To anything, and everything
Is just floating there, not in midair,
But where it is; all I see
Is what I see with my mind
Is an unbreakable cage.

November 7, 2004

Strange Poem 2

Heaven sent the world to drown
In liquid pouring from our veins,
Our eyes, our lips, with magnitude
So great as though it caused us pains.

Flying lightly over clouds
Of wisps of wish that make no sound,
The messenger, Reality,
Comes hither where his eyes abound.

Heaven sent you on a quest
Through wondrous valleys running wild
And up past peaks of icy trails
From which you fall, a helpless child.

Embodied in a world so great
Are eyes of glass and vanity
That probe the tunnels, passing by
The havens from insanity.

Colliding forth into the light
By boundless stars of swirling grace,
Entwining with the silver night,
You dare gaze deep into your face.

It stares at you with vapid eyes;
You find that you've no place to run;
As all the strings become untied,
You find the world's become undone.

Fantasy

When I move into my medieval castle
Surrounded on all sides by the undisturbed woods,
We get tranquil, unending, leisurely walks
Free from the continuously gnawing “I should”s.

Hours and hours of exploring the lands,
Strolling by the creek without any hassle.
Dragging along nothing in my hands
Except the old silver keys to my castle.

I’ll have three little kittens, a Siberian Husky,
A beagle, a rabbit, and a little iguana.
I can’t think of a rhyme, so here’s the word “musky.”
I’ll plant lots of flora and catch myself a fawn-a.

No TV, no radio, and no DVD,
No computer, no cell phone, inside my walls.
In my medieval castle I shall be free
Strolling silently down my torch-lit halls.

I’ll have three grand pianos, pipe organ, church organ
And I’ll have the spare time to meet Billy Corgan.
He wrote many great songs which I do admire.
They’ll reverberate off my walls as I sit by the fire

Looking outside at the myriad lake
As seen through the stained glass,
Reflecting the fading light in my castle
Where loneliness sets in as the years come to pass.

I had the impression I could do without people
But who am I kidding but me?
Half my heart pulls him, half pushes away;
A dissatisfied essence my trap seems to be.

And is loneliness the unwelcome end
Of my perfect, far-off dream?
Incomplete, unfinished, imperfect life –
My trap is my fate, it would seem.

Never I’ll have the solace I crave.
My exact perfection never can be.
I might live in my castle, but I’ll *still* never own
The ideal life I call my fantasy.

Winter, 2005

Hymn

All I want
Is all I need
And all I need
Is what I dream
And what I dream
Is what I love
And what I love
Is you.

Oh, you're all I want
Because you're all I need
And you're all I need
Because you're what I dream
And you're all I dream
Because I love you
And when you're in love
That's what you do.

1-21-2005

The Sentimental Me

If you don't think something affects you,
Just give it a little time.
At some point you'll get a glimpse of your new self
From the side.
You've become so sentimental,
Just like everyone else.
And it's hell
When you're simply adding more layers to your shell.
You think you keep moving ahead,
But in reality you're falling behind.
Think the light is getting nearer,
But you're again becoming blind.
Even your writing gets worse
And up surges the remorse
For your sentimentality;
You're just emotions and brutality.

January 2005

All My Convictions

All my convictions
Go down the drain,
Though I banish these thoughts never to return again.
But they always come back
And go back around again.
All my decisions
Are meaningless lies,
Though I tell myself to stick with them despite what may arise.
But I always give in
And go through the cycle again.

The tension from the effort tears my body apart,
But what else is left to do when I can't hear my own heart?
If only I knew
What my heart knows,
Then I could see.
If only I could
Follow through,
Maybe I'd break free.

Convictions really seem so strong,
With all their egoistic strength:
I daydream of their permanence and willpower at length.

But situations then change,
Forget decisions and say oh well.
Instances happen,
Believe just as strongly in something else.

All my convictions don't mean a thing
When I'm on a roller coaster that pulls me around in a ring.
And as it pulls me along,
Suppress the feeling that what I do is wrong.

All my promises are draped in insincerity.
I crave sincerity from him, but there's not a drop of it in me.
If I could make up my mind,
Sincerely leave all of this behind...

All of my plans somehow fail to go through,
Though I tell myself, *that's it*, from this point on I won't move.
Easy to say at a low,
But here comes the high tide and back we go.

The sick games we all play
Just to fulfill our fantasies,
Fill our rotting minds

With this sickeningly sweet disease.
Walk around blind,
Attach ourselves to whoever we find.
Get broken apart,
Break someone else with my own shallow heart.

A slave to my desires,
I humbly follow in their wake.
They numbly plow ahead;
Must be attention here to take.
Steal what looks that you can,
But your heart ends up right where it began.

All my decisions go down the drain,
I turn my back on them when I find something else to gain.
Back and forth, in between,
Never as permanent as the moment may seem.

All my convictions are meaningless lies,
They change in an instant by a glance from your eyes.
Completely out of control,
But I love the ride, so I let it roll.

Cheap thrills, the frills that lace themselves around his every glance.
Break out the chills I love my heart to feel by random chance.
I'm dependent on this,
But the fantasy ends with a kiss.
A responsibility so great,
Our fragile bones would snap under the weight.

Don't know our weight,
But we'd refuse to feel it if we could.
And the fun of flirting ends
When we suck it dry of blood.
Now you're empty;
I'm done.
Time to move on to another one.
As we leave, here one lies;
The wounded victim of our starving, selfish eyes.

And as I lay there at night,
I felt there a small, sudden fright.

I felt my conscience betrayed
By the mistake that may one day be made.

Betrayed, you know why –
For a love...that may just be a lie.

A plan engraved on my heart,
From which I'll never be able to part.

I felt my conscience betrayed –
For just a fantasy I hoped to have played!

For a wish I write in my book;
An entire world built around one special look.

March 2005

Poem to a Song

Oh my body's spent and tired,
Heat in my face, I feel the fire.
The notes of the song fill my soul with a flood.
Bursting with rapture as I sit in my blood.
Spill the emotions that bring back the tears,
To the liquid reflection that looks back so clear,
To the beautiful pools of everlasting Spring,
And the light lifts you up by your sunlit wing.
With a snap, feel it shatter as the stars descend.
To the bleeding heart spinning with madness, chaos heralds the end.
Spiral down to the everlasting spiral of gloom.
Out of helpless control sink to the beat of the womb.
Collapse to the ground by the last, desperate breath.
Beneath the veil of glazed eyes, the world fades into death.
Deadly calm, now in solace feel how to connect.
The notes bring back the road to resurrect,
The life anew, more beautiful than ever before
Made by the memory of Spring's light allure,
Again filling your veins with the pressure of fear.
Run from the fear that you hold so near.
The beat pulses, climactic, as you strain to break free
Into the light of the music that, at long last, lets you be.

March, 2005

Consequence

This is what I get,
This is all the pain I get,
For playing like a sweetly smiling devil.

I had you in my trap,
And you know I abused that.
A little toy in which my fantasies could revel.

It's just what I deserve,
To be left all alone,
Cry, can't move, attached to what I lost.

He'll flirt with her (NOT ME),
I'll go crazy, you will see.
With jealousy now I will pay his cost.

The lump is in my heart,
It pains, my rage can't budge,
And I couldn't stop my mind from being so cruel.

Now of course I'd take it back.
But that's also just a lie.
I will never be free, I ended up the fool.

Maybe someday I won't fantasize,
Learn just how to use my eyes.
Someday, someday soon, it will go right.

Oh, I can see it now.
I'll pour you all my thoughts,
Pure from the black core, by quiet night.

I'll tell you what I couldn't.
I hope there's still the chance.
Or are you dead? I've watched you slip away,

Becoming just like them.
But I'll save you in my home –
And mold you in my selfish dream for just one day.

So pure, and yet such greed.
I'm sure somewhere they meet.
Two tales in one that hardly intertwine.

Possession takes control.
I was on such a roll!
Some days I knew tomorrow you'd be mine.

But then tomorrow always changed,
As my mind sucked it away.
It's the never-ending cycle I know so well.

Though the chance'll come back again,
Hard to believe in it when
That worry-inflicting low has me under its spell.

And now that daydreams fail to soothe,
And I burn to feel the truth,
You're a million miles away and I'm too late.

And though they're temporary things,
And the pendulum eventually swings,
I'm stuck in tension, I'm powerless – and I wait.

03/29/05

-

Inevitable Harmony

I know the answer
I know just how it should be
A thing practically intangible,
Such is its harmony.
A vision, a feeling, a reality,
But if only I had the courage or the clarity.

I'm blinded by ideals, choked with emotion,
Distracted by attractions, with a strong fantasy notion.

2005

Infantile Adolescent

It's fighting a losing battle
Against the sea of greed.
The pull of emotions,
And carnal desires,
Egoistic trifles
Burn in your soul like fires.
Burning away at your pain,
You couldn't succeed –
Egoistically happy,
Enslaved by the romantic ideal
Of the boy and the girl.
Watch the love slowly unfurl.
Everything, everything, every little thing,
Based upon, built down on, that dream to which you cling.

Go and mask up all your problems.
Become the thing you hate.
Does not matter
How far you run.
It's inside your mind,
And I know it can never be undone.
I hate that what you've become
Opposites my ideals –
And I rage at myself
That it's just for my game.
But I love the pain –
Deep game of emotional strain.
Hungry for, starving for, the golden grain of my dream.
Hate it when it's taken away – cry my infantile adolescent scream.

Now my run is completed.
Inside I complacently smile.
Lean back in peace,
I hope you'll come back,
Mind in a high,
But "I give up" means I still run the track.

Ode to Pikesville

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville
Tomorrow's brainwashed live today.
We're all so cool, we follow
The herd into the hollow.
Our school is, like, so fun
'Cause we're so fucking mindless dumb!
Feel the love, 'cause we're so near it.
Pikesville spirit, let us hear it!
Oh we wanna, yeah we wanna
Spray on Eau de Marijuana.
Drink some Absinthe to our life,
Keep our illusion by our knife
In case we're threatened by the real,
In case we'd ever wanna feel...
We stumble blindly like a fool,
And then we laugh 'cause we're so cool.

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville
The dead end of USA
Let's just throw it all away
And waste the promise of each day.
Nothing matters, no one cares,
Except to scorn the dirty stares.
And though we live with lunacy,
That's fine, because we all agree.
Every morning, wake up dead,
Not a thought goes through their head
About the pointless things they do,
And the end that they'll come to.
Their eyes, they never open wide.
Do they have any life inside?
Among this dead, no one will strive
To free themselves and feel alive.

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville
You take everything away.
Each day I walk your empty streets,
"You're so hot!" is how we greet.
With a smile across our face
That masks the scorn inside our heart,
We tear up everything apart,
A storm increasing in its pace.
A place so full of falsity.
Move that aside, what do you see?
A world so empty, soundless drone.
You are utterly alone.
Completely quiet, look around,

Not a “person” to be found.
With bodies dead, they roam this world.
Before your eyes, the truth’s unfurled.

Pikesville, fucking Pikesville,
The dead end of USA
Tomorrow’s brainwashed live today
You take everything away.
We lose everything to you,
Feelings die before they’re due.
Some moments come with such allure
And leave as though they never were.
But to them it’s all the same
Inside their superficial game.
And I know how it’s all false,
But I’m as dead as anyone else.
And yet I’d never leave this place
That gives me fight to win the race,
This home where hearts are toys to fling.
You take away everything.

May 1, 2005

Something In Me

Something in me,
Something I've recently come to see,
Stands aside and watches my failure,
Watches my shame,
The delirious joy of my ego's game.

Something in me
Something that's never been there before
Sees my reality more and more
Tumbling down
In mechanical thoughts, I see how I drown.

One-way life
Inescapable fate.
I know tomorrow a day ahead.
Always the same
But I can never resist,
I'm powerless against the cycle's twist.

I walk my path
The path that's *my own*,
The labyrinth of all I've ever been shown.
I follow each step,
But I have no choice,
The world inside cages in this voice
This something in me
Something that sees
My reality
Is not what I thought
But a world distraught
By fantasies and idle dreams
Tomorrow, "today" won't be what it now seems.

Something in me
Shows me I'm powerless to resist
The pull of my fate and its every twist
It watches my life
Building the mountains that cause all my strife.

Something in me
Something that truly hates what I am
Truly despises the road that I'm on
The road that I take,
The summits and plummets are of my own make.

But it all comes back
Back down to me.

I'm the focal point of all I see.
There's no escape
From inside myself
And I can never be anyone else.

To know yourself
Just like a friend
A stranger that lives inside your head
And wakes up in your bed
For its selfish day
Where every person becomes its prey.
And now I can see
What truly is me
Inside and out
Look through outsiders' eyes
Past the layers of lies
And fantasies that have made me blind
Keep me from knowing I'm not what I seem in my mind.

May 7(?), 2005

Alina and I

I know a girl, a normal girl
Who lives her life out of control
I share the body that plays her roles
But we're strangers, she and I.
Every day
I look her way
And watch the ironies of her life.
She's walking along the Devil's tightrope
And all I can do is hope.

I know a girl without a will
Enslaved by all her careless whims
Revolving 'round these childish things
Her world is set in stone.
But every day
I watch her more
Walk with a blindfold over her eyes.
Accident turns her every which way
But she has not the power to realize.

I know this girl so well and yet
She and I have never met.
She's a puppet just like everyone else
This girl has no chance.
Every day
I follow her
And wonder how they can stand her taste.
Her shade embodies all that I hate.
In her very bones I feel her fate.

I know a girl, I know her taste,
She lives a life of empty waste
Existing for a common fate
She and I are split.
The more I feel
Her essence true,
The more revolted I become.
Her taste is foreign to my tongue.
A taste I cannot bear to face.

This girl right here, she'd fall down dead
At any moment if I let
Myself breathe easy and forget
That I must keep myself alive.
Every day
Is up a hill
Every moment is a fight

She's on the verge of an endless fall
I cannot make her do a thing.

I'm terrified – I *know* I'll fall
From all the moments that I fail
I try, but it's to no avail
I cannot see the end.
For everything
I want to do
I throw myself against her weight,
But it never seems enough to pass;
It's climbing up a hill of glass

And how to take that endless leap
To overstep her pull of sleep?
It's me against the gravity
The world is at her side.
Every day
She'd throw away
Everything and let it slip
Just throw it all away and sleep
She drags me down to her.

To hear her name called out to me
I rarely feel a thing so weird
They talk to her like it's to me
But we are not the same.
Every day
Her body moves
In slutty ways without disgrace
I cannot bear to see her face
And know that she is I.

May 15, 2005

Bow Down

Forget your ideals and fantasies
Let loose all your dreams
Throw away your illusions into the night
For they drip poison into you life.

Craving more than what your eye sees
But nothing is truly the way it all seems
It's just your mind making it a confusing sight
So cut off the strings with your back-pocket knife.

Stop wanting
Stop wishing for
More than you're given.
All that's around you is all that you have.

You're here
There's a reason
So why are you pleading for
More, and more, and more, and MORE?
Constantly craving for
Something exciting because you are simply BORED.

Feasting on cheap entertainment
Stuffing your soul with cheap thrills.
Every thought made towards getting that selfish bliss,
Just accept the moment for what it is.

So get down on your knees and bow
To the inevitable right now.

May 15, 2005

Ode to Failure

The light of dawn shall never break
Upon the math test I've yet to take.
Failure calls upon the hour
And puts me in a mood quite sour.
For I'll be plagued by many E's
And grow up to work at Mickey D's,
Or better yet on Baltimore Street,
Where some fine gentleman I shall meet;
I'll have his babies, he'll have his ladies,
While I drive around in his Mercedes.
Draped in silk, I'll lounge by the pool,
Make love to the Latino pool-boy, Juan Santos Raul.
Then we'll divorce while I drink cranberry mors,
Watching Juan Santos mop up the floors.
Then it's off to Switzerland with my medieval castle;
Living secluded will be no hassle.
There'll be limitless options to what I can do
Until the world comes to an end in 2032.
And then I will have died alone,
Unfulfilled and never grown.
Incomplete and unhappy my life will be,
All because of the math test on which I got an E.

June 1, 2005

Ode to Cookie

Temptation – starvation is taking control.
Salvation – resistance will save my soul.
I hear footsteps descending, could it possibly be
Margaret, Igor, and Octavia D?
It's sitting in front of me, but I must resist.
If I let myself down I'll get really pissed?
Why did I write that question mark there?
I'm going insane, I'm way out there.
Alas, I must go and see if they're alright.
There's a big green watermelon on the floor to my right.
But my eyes travel back to the chocolate, so tempting.
No! I can't let myself keep exempting
Myself in the face of this perilous fight.
The sin is so wrong, but the taste feels so right.
The chocolate smothered in crackers light and airy,
But the thrill of the taste is temporary.
Must I go through this agonizing strife
In every instance, for the rest of my life?
Each time I fight it anew, I feel like a rookie.
I struggle afresh each time I see a chocolate cookie.

June 1, 2005

Ode to My One True Love

Oh my one true love,
Where do you dwell?
Though I've never seen your face
I know your spirit so well.
Every feature, the perfect complement to me,
So no more than five eight-and-a-half
But at least five foot three.
Now, just know that I don't really like to be picky,
But getting the right eye color is gonna be tricky.
You see, it has to match with what I wear day to day;
Well, grey eyes are good because I like to wear grey.
Brown eyes or black don't match with most of my things,
But I guess it's alright for a one night fling.
(We'd just have to be careful, since we're an unmatched sight,
I don't wanna get *emberazada* from that one night).
Blue eyes are best, I love the color light blue,
Just think of all the matching we could do!
We'll coordinate and go out with a flair,
But we'll have to make sure it doesn't clash with your hair.
Hair is very important, you see.
Blonde, brown, or black is fine by me.
Curly or straight – you'll match with my mood.
Buy a good straightener, that you should.
But red hair is not my view of perfection
For it could clash with my pinkish complexion.
And it better not be the same color as mine,
Or you'll have to cover it when we go out to dine,
And the waiter will say, "Please take off your hat"
To my boyfriend, or husband (or lesbian lover, at that).
Then they'll all start to think we're related.
In the midst of this mix-up we'll get so berated,
For when my neighbors find out that our daughter's my niece,
"What an incestuous union! We must call the police!"
Then we'll have to move out and go live in a ditch –
But never mind, for my soul-mate is gonna be rich!
We'll have seven houses, and we'll give to the needy;
Italy, Moscow, Versailles, and Tahiti.
And while he is out, I'll be surrounded by men –
The irresistible pool-boy, Fernando von Sven.
Just a joke! No others – my love is gonna be hot.
He must have all those qualities the others do not:
A good sense of humor; he can't be too clingy.
His body: Six pack, Four pack, Tupac, Chingy.
He must be smart and put in an intelligent word:
"The longevity of this delineation strikes me as absurd!"
And he definitely cannot be a flirt
And look back at that ho in the miniskirt.

For if he's weak, then no matter how hard I try,
It aint no lie, he'll say bye, bye, bye.
And then I'll be broken, my dream will be spent,
For my one true love simply came and went.
And I had so believed by the stars in my heart
That fate wouldn't dare to tear us apart.
The *agony* of heartbreak will **crush** me each day –
But oh well – his hair was too long anyway.
I'll find another one-true-love next time
(Someone to help me finish this rhyme).
He'll make 6.5 million, treat me like a queen,
Buy me white gold, and have eyes of blue-green.
He should love Smashing Pumpkins and play on the organ,
And he *must* be related to Billy Corgan.
Each day he will bring me eleven white roses,
We'll be so in love, breathing the scent through our noses.
Our life *has* to be perfect, as perfect as he.
That's all I ask for; the rest doesn't matter to me.
I'm not really looking into the specifics.
I'm simply hoping he'll be full of terrifics.
With an open mind, I'm sure to find this perfect guy,
For I don't like to set my standards too high.

June 4, 2005

The Power of Fatigue

From the Amazon Mountains where one stands and watches
To the man on TV with purple splotches
(Wow did they do his makeup so well
Is it real or a phony I still cannot tell)
To the crossword book in Yelena's home
To Switzerland and back down to Rome
To D's red umbrella which I'd like to turn blue
To all the feats Herculean strength can do –
Everything in the world is insistent,
The future, the past, and the things nonexistent
Insisting to me, in all my confusion
That I take a break from all my delusion
From the fathomless skies to the oceans so deep
They cry to me, "go get some sleep!"

Welcome to the second stanza
There was once a TV show called Bonanza
Amid all the girls, so slutty and flirty,
I look dead, for I went to sleep at one thirty
And woke up this morning at six forty-five
Fifteen minutes before my bus should arrive
I looked like crap and I felt like it too
And the test we got back did make me quite blue
As blue as the oversized shirt I was wearing
And all these strange voices all day I kept hearing
They all seemed to whisper into my ear,
"You're acting quite strange, but have no fear
You just need to desperately get some sleep."
So now I'll succumb and sink into the deep.

June 4, 2005

House of Mirrors

A house of mirrors is where I live,
Breathing in myself.
Swimming in a room of me
Drowning in my vanity
My thoughts, my face, is all I see
But it's better than insanity.
I live inside myself.

A room of mirrors' but my world
Suffocating in my scent.
In everything, it's everywhere
Entwined in all that comes under my glare
Wherever I turn, I still stare
Into myself and I can't bear
To live inside my mind.

A house of mirrors up and down,
Inside out and all around.
Reflections: all that my mind knows
No matter where my body goes.
A stream of thoughts that always flows
Without control; it hardly slows.
Can't stand to see myself.

A house of mirrors wall-to-wall
My mind is everywhere I look.
No matter how hard I may try
I never seem able to pry
The real apart from my mind's eye
I only know that it's a lie.
But still, I can't escape.

My house of mirrors is the world,
The only world I'll ever know.
I've seen there's something else behind
The anarchy that is my mind
The thoughts, exploding, seem to wind
In paths I cannot trace or find.
How to live outside all this?

My body lives inside this world
But my mind resides inside these walls.
In every corner – lunacy.
Each cell – a new world; each cell is me.
A million me, we cannot see
This suffocating trap must be –
Everywhere and nowhere all at once.

Where am *I*? Inside my body or inside my mind?
Or somewhere in between their worlds?
In that infinite that's empty –
Maybe *there* is *me* – from there I see
My separate mind and separate body.

August 14, 2005

Masquerade

Great convictions
Of the mind,
Noble thoughts
That tightly wind.
Entangled safely, life is set,
But come despair, don't we all get

So melodramatic?
We get so ecstatic
Deep down where your illusions disintegrate,
Though you go on complaining of the life you so hate.
You love it, you know it,
It just doesn't show.
You cause it, feed off it,
When life hits a low.

So behind the mask
You call your face
Lies an unknown
Just try to brace
Yourself if you should venture forth
To discard the mask that has no worth.

Every thought and emotion
Has but one notion:
To feed off the sadness and crave yet more strife,
An insatiable thirst, but a laughable life.
"Misfortune," you name it,
But it's all just a game.
"I'll change," you claim it,
But you still live the same.

Constantly running from wall to wall,
Wide-eyed, searching for some other way.
But the very next moment, back down you fall;
Nothing changes from day to day.

September 2005

Innermost Desire Part II

It's never gonna happen,
It's never gonna happen,
And there's absolutely nothing I can do.

The circumstances don't fall into place,
I try too hard to win the race,
But all I'm always feeling is my heart's pull.

Innermost desire,
I thought I had been so sure.
Innermost desire,
I don't know you anymore.
Innermost desire,
I want to go up so much higher,
And higher, and higher, and higher,
I won't stop or look back down
Until I catch on fire.
And higher, to fire, won't tire.
Every little thing I think –
What if it's just the liar?
What if it's just my innermost desire?
Now I feel just how far away
I am from you, my innermost desire,
Could I get closer every day
To you? Are you true, my innermost desire?
Past the horizon there somewhere.
Innermost desire,
I'll have to do what I most fear.
Innermost desire,
I feel a fool to trust in you,
But, innermost desire,
It's exactly what I want to do,
Get near to you, my innermost desire,
Whose path I walk in so much fear.
Sometimes the path's not even here.
And it seems I've nothing but my mind
From which I can't escape, I cannot see outside.
And, innermost desire, I always tend to lose the line
In thinking of you all the time.
My innermost desire, you are everything to me,
Innermost desire, I don't want to ever be free.

September, 2005

Eyes Rimmed Red

My year is spent with my eyes rimmed red.
Collapse each night to wake up half dead.
Every morning, the cycle starts over again,
Never it ends, though my sanity, waning,
Compels me to bend my stiff, shackled spine
To the illusions so fine
That weave through my head;
In the dark they entwine
Into reality, feigning
Their presence – they've fled
To form visions anew,
So that my eyes rimmed red
May view the world askew.

November 15, 2005

The Life of My Dreams

In the darkened dungeon of my mind
From within a deep and distant vault –
Unopened in this life before,
I sensed a stir there one strange night –
An atmosphere's escape,
A life, a story's weightless cape –
A feeling never felt before
Enveloped me in coldest light.
It hooked me from beneath my skin.
With one taste I was plunged right in –
So deep within –
Into a life I longed to flee,
A story buried deep in me.

I felt his breathing down my neck,
Into my veins and through my skin.
Creeping deep into my blood –
Possessing me with one embrace.
So weak was I, it took
From his eyes but just one look.

November 17, 2005

Honesty

How do I know –
How can I see –
I fear you've left
And left no trace.
Do you still live within me?
Do you still reign upon me?

Can't break free,
I can't break free
From my illusions. Oh my ego
Reigns supreme within my being
It floods my bones.
None of me knows –
Where's the honesty –
Self-honesty –
I thought I had possessed in me?
I thought I had possessed you,
Confessed with you
All the twisting truth,
Straining, crushing all my limbs,
My bones – no ruth
Within this truth
So blatant, flagrant, burning,
Burning through and through
Within me.
I had it in me.
The knowledge I could doubtless trust
Without remorse – my strongest force.
My honesty, my favorite thing –
Perhaps it's gone because I cling
So tightly to its promise.
Oh how I miss
Revelations, realizations,
So impressive, how profound,
With which myself, in joy, I found
To be a worthless, wholly worthless
Power-hungry powerless fool.
Is then honesty but a tool,
And I can never *be* the honesty
I crave with all to thrive within me?

Still, I want it, out of fear.
By myself I feel I'll plummet,
From the edge I stand on – lose myself forever,
Fall so deep asleep I'll never
Wake to how I was.
I used to be much better

When my honesty was small.
Now – watch this – I only lost it
When I believed I'd gotten it all.

Now, the moral here, I'll tell you,
Is not to lose right when you have.
For this honesty I miss is just a thing –
And you're sure to miss the road if you so cling –

This cycle – let it go, don't be attached, you'll see it pass.
This state is just a little time you spend along your path.

November 24 – December 1, 2005

Three

How I miss you guys
And all those days we spent together.
Just me and you three.
Sometimes four – or more – but we
Had what was best – such rich endeavors.
I swear we felt the fire'd last forever,
'Cause in that sweetest air we knew,
We'd formed a deepest bond so *true*.
In those eternal months that now seem few
Do you remember how no one could ever break through?
I hungrily crave the taste of that binding spirit that's gone.
How do you give such a time now so little meaning – and move along
With the current? But what more could we do?
We've no power to preserve that golden accident.
We can only wait for its return – it'll come just like it went.
Too bad we thought it'd last forever, what a blow upon our heads
To feel it slip right through our hands and leave but aftertaste remnants.
Now watch us stand so near, yet with such empty space between each other.
The spirit that once was has gone – simply with the weather.

November 28, 2005

Girls...and Everyone Else

Half-closed eyes of drama addicts
Roam the halls, so thoughtless,
Seek a storm, a tumult, where there's none.
To their eyes these lies are faultless.
Heart-wrenching dramas played over a trifle
Envelop, ensnare
In their tangle of fear –
The fear of the makers,
Those unbridled shakers
That feed off the anguish from all of the crashing.
A tempestuous tumult – emotions are thrashing
For nothing.
Delusion, but it its imagined unrest,
The nothing's destroying the real and the best.
And in the quest to fill the space
Of empty days that pass in waste,
Does anyone see
How deluded are we
Stuffed with the wasted emotions,
Imagined and unreal?
We hunger for the taste of sorrow,
Just like today, we'll waste tomorrow
Living the unreal.
But do we ever stop to ask:
How can you ever truly feel
From underneath your mask?

November 30, 2005

Ode to Calculus

Every day,
Without fail
(Unless you count the failed exams),
I do, I do, I try,
So I can never fathom why –
On every test,
I try my best
(Or so I'd like to think) –
I still receive
A grade – I grieve –
That's standing on the brink
Of an E.
Go me!
Boy, am I so smart!
My confidence slips out of sight,
My answers, filled with doubt and fright,
Are hardly ever done or right.
Oh! I recall myself alight
When all the answers I could name,
But now, recoiling in my shame,
With feeble confidence, I'm lame.
Yet who but I can take the blame?
For if I were to sleep some more,
I'd surely get a better score.
And I'd stop waking up at four
To finish homework from the night before.
So every day, I wouldn't fret,
I'd take my tests without regret,
To gain all her respect – and yet
My weakness cannot help but let
It happen.
Every day
Without fail, I never try
(Why can *they* and why can't *I*?)
On each exam
So dumb I am,
And though I yearn to learn to think
My mind's a mess
For calc's process;
I don't know how to start to think
That way, you see.
And still, to me,
My own stupidity is tart.

December 12, 2005

Drops of Time

Quite a distant time ago
(The beginning of this year),
The winds of fate blew forth a feeling
To which I held to dear.
Exaltation, exhilaration,
An air so fresh I never have
Felt more unburdened,
More complete,
While with such burdens I'm replete.
But by my effort, every day,
The plagues are banished one by one.
I'll drown them, I'll dispel them –
Every night they go down with the sun.

And once the tension comes undone
My body flows with weightlessness –
My shoulders, free, can soundly rest –
Such a feeling of clear-headedness

To wake up every morning
Without ever yearning
For time, more time –
This wonderful feeling of mine.

Never a moment
Goes unused or unspent
Of time, golden time –
This wonderful feeling of mine.

This wonderful feeling of mine
That saved me every single day
From a trap of desperation,
A mind-cage of disarray,

Is now, sadly, no more my state,
But has slipped between my fingers.
My hands grasp but naught with longing ache
Because the feeling is gone but the memory still lingers.

Winter, 2005

Nowhere (Depression)

I forgot
Everything that's happened to me,
All those little miracles I used to believe.
I forgot how to feel.

I'm nowhere
Trapped inside the cage of my mind;
My body goes on living outside.
But they two stand nowhere near.

I only know I felt before.
The flavor, how I'd savor
The taste of everything.
The feeling sent me reeling:
The feel of all around me,
The life of all the world.
Each moment was a world;
I drank it all in through my eyes;
It could never satisfy –
Just filling hunger is enough.

I don't know
How to think of the life from before.
Each moment passes without a care.
The emptiness of sleep.

Winter, 2006

Resistance

For all those noble things that we can claim
To hold inside and call it "I"
Are strong as vapor, they only ever came
When life was easy, sailing by in a high.

Loving, mysterious, flamboyant, and cold;
We're so in love with every name.
Spiritual, sarcastic, clever, and bold;
Behind it all and in the end we're all the same.

They're not our own, we can't hold on.
Look in the mirror and your faces are gone
What is left of you as you stare?
Nothing but you and you are bare.

Each man is poison to himself
Afraid to plunge into his Hell
To drink his taste would be a fatal blow
And so he spends his life running as far away as he can go.

You'll never know someone until you put him through himself
And make him go through every trial
To fill the spaces in his soul where he thinks he's alive.
You don't exist until you go right through yourself.

The only thing that matters is your own resistance
To the pull of the pendulum's swing.
The only thing that you can be is your resistance.
You're none of those things that you are.

The storm we call, it comes our way
The layers peel themselves away;
We dig our grave beneath our fear
Bury ourselves deeper every year.

The chances come at every turn
To find out how it feels to burn
But more than not we turn away,
Go on sleeping one more day.

Nothing is permanent – except resistance.
In time you'll see that it's in love with change.
They need each other for their own existence.

I love their conflict and I show it with my rage.

Driven by a desperate fear to keep him beaten down,
The one in us who wants to turn around.
So futile is a life that's wasted keeping him at bay,
Because don't you know that, inside, nothing ever goes away?

Each man exists just to forget himself,
Buries his soul so far below.
Each man's afraid to look into his face
Take just one sip of his own taste.

To paint his room with his own shade –
He doesn't know that it's already been made
And that he's everywhere but blind
The only way is to resurrect or die.

Open you eyes and you will know
You won't escape what you are
And what you are, it is your fate
And there's no escape.

And what you are, is what you hate
And you want to love.
Behind your hate, you want to love
Your hate is love, but you don't know.

You hate me, you hate yourself
For who you are, but you're nothing else.
You see yourself in me, I know you love me.
And we're all one, we're not alone,
We look for gold inside our eyes.

We want to be
I want you to be me
To be complete
That's all we need:
To be done and gone.

January, 2006

The Golden Road

There is a line inside my mind
There's a line that is my life
It's a golden road
I've always known
That this life is my life.

There's a line and there is emptiness on either side
Each moment I could fall back down to the start
And die.
There is something in me that wants to die
And something in me that walks the line
The line I know – it's the golden road for me.

And there is one way to get you from today into tomorrow
Just this one way, so hard, and yet I go on every day
And there is nothing between this moment and the one before
And then the next – what connects them
Is just this golden road.

And there is nothing to do except to go along my way
What more could I do? – each moment I could let it slip away
It seems there's nothing between me and the life so far below
I could just fall, it's so easy – only not to let it go.

Limbo
It's a hell that I adore
I don't think I'll leave
Not when it's painful beyond anything

And nothing – nothing matters except the right way
My way
The line is everything to me.

And I am nowhere, but where I have to be
If only I could always believe that this is it for me
I'm nothing, but what I am inside
I am the line
I'm me.

And there is balance – the only thing that I can ever be
And I am nothing – but what I seem to be
I'm an empty shell, I know. What I am is not my own.
I am nothing but what I must be each moment on the golden road.

Whatever I do to do that which I must do –
I know each moment where I am along the line –

I do it only so I know I can
Along this golden road where nothing is mine.

I'm a hedon – I take it all inside for me
I drink this water – but what I do is nothing that I need.
There's only one chance – I know if I don't take it I will fall
And fail. But everything you think I am – I wear it like a veil.

And nothing matters – I could just laugh it all away
There is no end – and that's what makes this road a golden one
With every milestone, inside my cage I get a little free
But nothing's mine – not even this golden road that pulls me.

(And there is nothing but that which I adore.)

January 24, 2006. ca. 1:00 AM

Life

Life is daily dreariness
Deathly empty days that pass
With nothing to awake or shake you
From your constant sleeping.
How much of your life is worth in keeping?

I've wanted to say this for oh so long
Maybe now I have found the words
Words that I know –
It's the meaning that matters
The illusions it shatters
And not the form.
The shape it takes is like all things:
Only good for how it's used.
Not the thing that's important –
That's just nothing at all
But a mold for an ethereal ghost,
Just a house that's playing host
To the key that lies behind.

What is this untouchable feeling
As of something that lies behind?

3-20-2006

Essence

We're all just looking for each other
As we walk along a path –
In parallel worlds that hardly ever collide

We can do everything so right
And make a perfect path –
But our own alone world we can't see from outside

If only for a moment we could stand outside the world
We'd see exactly where we all are
My mind is your mind, I guarantee
In reality we aren't apart so far.

As long as we're going along the same way –
Away from the crowds left to drown in their nothings –
Then the view from my eyes is the same as from yours
Since my road ends at the end to which your road brings

We're all always having our problems.
From the midst of these things we just cannot see
That we move with the same exact speed and direction –
Your something that guides you is the same as in me

And we walk our perfect paths blinded –
Maybe we follow our hearts, but we don't use our eyes
For we're separately walking alone together
We're all here now – together – but don't realize.

As long as we want the same exact thing in the end of it all, you and me
Are the same exact person – we just want each other, want what's real, and want to be free.

'I want it to happen to ME' –
If you can say that and know it then we do belong
No matter how it may *seem*, in the depth of it all
We live by not doing the thing that feels wrong.

By the pull of our paths we are drawn side-by-side
But we're never pulled together
We are the ends we are both looking for –
We can't see how near, how we're already there –
And we *always* move in synchronization
But we're oh so far apart –
Kept separate by that unsurpassable space that's kept there by the fear that holds our heart

We sense each other but are scared to believe it
It's behind our fear and the world goes against it.
Believe that we're in this together

We can never *know* for sure – but we must
Go against our fear of being so wrong
This – maybe this is trust.

Cross the infinite space between you and me
Move aside your ego and take a chance against all your fear
Step without effort from one world into another –
And all along you were already there
Kept so far away by nothing;
Nothing existed that you thought before
And all of that ‘you’ that held you behind
Was nothing worth being terrified for.
Born anew and you’re perfectly happy
And all it took was to know
That from the other side of all you are –
When you look on from the other side
Watch yourself fearfully trying to hide –
It’s a worthless, substance-less, comical show.

This is the essence of humanity
Just what I needed to say from within
Somewhere in themselves everyone understands me,
No matter how deeply they are in.

April 17, 2006

Finally! (The Realization I've Been Waiting For)

My aim was so far in the distance,
The perfection I made my ultimate dream,
An ultimate life as a loved, loving wife
In peace, with the one man I love who is real.

Real was all I wanted,
All that's around me is substance-less fake
And nothing I saw could satisfy me,
All those things are so worthless for their own sake.

Perfection or nothing at all, I felt
Anything less is pointless to me
A worthless life if you live incomplete,
– But I didn't have real because I couldn't be.

Everything isn't enough for me –
But the irony is, it can never be won –
For will there ever come a time in your life
To say I'm perfect, that's it, I'm done?

But there's no other aim worth having!
This perfect harmony, so real it's not there
It disintegrates into itself, becomes nothing –
But the catch is that it lies *where*?

Look, I work towards this end of mine, thinking
That it lies up ahead on the lane.
Could a weightless perfection lie on a line?
I search for what's real inside of a game!

My mind is convinced if I make myself better
And better, someday I'll get there.
(To make myself "better" this year has meant
To close myself up and tread with care.)

The world you are in is just what you are,
Think those people are fake? Take a look at yourself –
Can you freely do just what you want around them?
And you expect *them* to be able to be themselves?

My fantasy shows me that in a few years
We fall into place with an unspoken vow.
So I'm working to fix myself up for this end –
But I can have this completeness right now.

May 31, 2006

Drug

Drug.
Born addicted
We deny it
Pretend to despise it
But we're always craving it
Deep down. Without it
The ego would
Go insane.
Drama.

10-20-2006

Society Goes Down

Every night when I come home, society dies.
I throw it all out of my head.
I don't need it, I don't need it – I tell that to myself
And hope that I believe it, I believe it deep down.

Because sometimes I forget
That I only pretend
And all I see of myself is the mask I put on

Because the only thing that matters is doing what I said
And that won't be helped by those thoughts in my head
Of your drinking, your sex life, partying – comparing
Your life to mine – when will I ever stop caring!?

Everyone cares – they only pretend
To be out of the game – but they're all just the same,
And I can't tell one face apart from another,
They can't make a move without being just like each other.

12-31-2006

I Only Want What I Want

How can I be patient?
I just want to be married –
A scary thought to think that it'll never be;
You think you can accept the end of your dreams –
Just try to know there's no chance
And in that circumstance:
Where to move, if you know,
There's nowhere else you want to go?

All I want is to be married already;
Settle down and live life steady
But there are so many problems ahead of me
And I know that it's a reach beyond whatever happens in this world –
No way that it can be
It only is my dream.

There's nowhere left to go
Because there's nothing else I want.
I expect –
I expect it to happen
I can't imagine a different end than
What I have in my mind, what I hold in my heart
At its core, and I am sure
That it ever is so real;
I concretely want to feel.

And it never seemed far off to me,
Inside of me – and I believed
That someday it'd be true

Love is Foolish For Us

Dawn's light brings on silver wings
A breath, a sigh, a flickering eye;
With wistful dreams of eloquence
Pure mind's cast into the sky;
Drinking love straight from the whirlwind –
It's meant to be a flyer
Chasing after what is higher –
Where romantic whims abound.
Eyes that follow romance and are living in the sky
Have feet without direction that trip upon the ground.

Never really there, it's entangled in our mind
The illusion of our love so pure
So valiant and so bold.
But everyone is foolish – there's a fool that could come out
With just a pull upon the string
This fool so apt to cling.
It's laughable how sad we are
Sometimes when we give in
To the weakness of emotion over which we've no control.
From an objective point of view I can tell you where we stand:
In the chamber of Love's Palace, grounded firmly in the sand.

Not For Me

I don't want to ruin myself –
It's only I who does it, nobody else

I hate that feeling when you don't know what to do
But you have to do *something*, 'cause it's your turn to make a move
And if you let it pass by, then all is lost,
And there's no way around it – in the end you always pay the cost.

It's not for me, it's not for me,
Your game – why am I so attached to your face?
The possibilities are stuck inside my head
And now I know what I'm doing – I know just where I'm going

So often I don't know at all what I'm doing
But the moment is now, no matter what I must keep moving
I don't know what guides me inside, but I listen
Because without that somebody else would pull me in

I always act based on what I truly feel I must do
I have no rules of conduct, so it can look like anything to you
No matter what form it takes – I have no other light
My only fear – my biggest fear – is what I'm doing right?

I'm afraid of myself because of something I know –
Whatever happens is exactly how you want it to go
So what you want deepest down, in this world comes true
There's no controlling this deep of a level in you.

2006

What I Really Am Doing

I'm living out a search
Only for someone
Looking for perfection, looking for the end,
Looking for completeness, looking for myself,
Looking for someone who knows my true name,
Looking for God – they're all one and the same.

And I don't need it.....

2006

I Don't Know Love

I don't know love, but I know effort,
Stepping over yourself.
Putting aside the flow of your mind
And believing in someone else.

Love is just a word to me
Nothing yet that I believe
Two people can come together,
But how, I do not see.

Each person fills their lonely sphere
With these emotions that they so revere
And love to shed a painful tear
Inside their lonely heart.

Without some kind of fantasy,
Your game of love will never start;
Keep dreaming you're together,
Melt as one into each other –
Such a dream will never end
'Cause you and he will never blend
Into that power all hearts crave;
But to his movements just a slave.
Such a blatant contradiction makes your valiant Love a knave.
There's no link between your feelings and the way that you behave.

Lovely Lady's House

And as soon as it's over, you always can tell
She starts slitting her wrists
But whyever the hell?
That practice is one that I never could
Understand in terms of making you feel good.

Don't pity yourself, my little whore
You're not the first, the world has seen
A million others like you before,
Stupid like you, and weak like you
Just think about fucking, that's all you can do
And watch everything crumble 'round you
While you're off in your dream of love
Heartbreak, sex, and emotional thrills
A world exclusive to you and a dick
Stuck on the end of that fat, ugly pig.
And you live in that world, though everything shatters,
'cause your vagina is all that really matters
And since now that's your mind, you've been brain dead a while
Now you suffer 'cause I am against this lifestyle.
How heartless of me! God, the world's never seen such a tragedy
But in the opinion of me
The greatest tragedy I know for sure
Is the stench of piss from your bedroom floor
Covered with clothes (but your bank account's poor
What it lacks it makes up for in debt, which is rich,
To say the least of such a well-clothed bitch).
You live like a swine, but never a care
In a mind concerned with love so true
Look around your room, the reflection of you
Cheap lace thongs thrown about, all unclean pairs
Who do you buy them for, by the way?
Feeling so young in your mind, so risqué,
But there's the mirror – look away, look away
From your sink with its stains and your toilet that's dirty –
All made worse by the fact that you're almost forty.

It's falling apart, your entire house;
Independent woman, big and strong as a louse
And bloodthirsty, God knows, just like one, too;
You suck the blood out of those who wouldn't harm you.
Go and suck your own blood – but it's a slap in the face
Not to mention a lifetime of disgrace.
Can't see it yet, but it'll get clearer
Until you realize that life is a perfect mirror.

Thoughts

I'm afraid of getting close to you –
Afraid that you will know me.
Afraid of being vulnerable
Terrified to show me
What I most want it seems is what I most fear
Trying to get nearer, but I can't stand being near.

I live my life in search
Only of someone
Looking for somebody to live outside the game
Looking for perfection, looking for the end,
Looking for completeness, looking for myself
Looking for someone who knows my true name
Looking for God – they're all one and the same.

All I want to know about this bond I feel
Is it all an illusion, or is it real?
What makes this feeling real?
If you feel the same.

What keeps this fire burning?
That we're stuck inside our game.

Wherever we are, we're always the same
Search for what's real inside of a game.

Whatever we're doing, we make one mistake
We want what's real but settle for fake.

If you give up your struggle before your time,
What was the point of ever having begun?
After all, you still only want what's inside your heart
It makes no difference how far you're gone.

It'll never end, so love it.
You pretend to be sad so your ego can feed.
Your life is just how you want it.
If it's here, then it's just what you need.

January 2007

No Matter What I Do...

No matter what I do
I try to be somebody else
No matter where I turn
I can never be myself.
I always feel the pressure
Like a thorn dug in my mind
No matter what each day may give me
I am never satisfied.
In everything I see a problem –
Nothing can just be.
Even when I am just calm,
If it stays that way too long,
I must be doing something wrong,
And without some sort of struggle
I can't just let it go along.
As impatient as I am
It could be I'm so frustrated cause I've got no clue what I am.

Do you know what my first thought was
When I looked into the mirror?
How can anybody love her
When her taste is so revolting?
So I tried to force a molting
And discard my natural ways –
Afraid that they can't stand my taste –
Tendencies must be replaced
And to become what I am not
Make myself be what I can't be,
I force myself to act so bold –
But it just isn't me.

February 2007

Ode to my Ego

Ego, why can't you see?
You're doing you and me both harm.
Trying to make me act your way,
With your words in my mind that have quite the charm.

But I know all my "pain" and my "tears"
Are from the issues you've construed,
Enveloping me in their eminence –
But in the end, somehow I'll see through.

'Cause there's a tiny gap you can never fill,
Though you paralyze each other cell
With a rollercoaster myriad
Of selfish desires that swell with each time –
I obtain them and then I must give them away
Shun them and push myself down to the floor –
Feel sorry for myself 'cause ego wants more.

Ego, don't you know, you're a dead-end road?
Build yourself on a foundation of sand?
To my conscience you're so cold,
But to myself – *yourself* – so grand.

Constantly building yourself ever higher
Running and running without looking back.
Run as far as you can, but it's all out of fear,
That all of your dreams, to me so dear –
All I do is to bring your perfect world here –
Only to always find that it's a lost cause.

Ego, you're so unaccepting
You put up a wall in front of all you don't like
It'll quite possibly ruin the best things I've got
And keep me watching for when you next strike.

But rarely can I be so vigilant
And after you've been long running wild
You've colored my world with your little stories
From pretty to tragic to normal to gory,
I've got to shatter the notions that I didn't notice
Until I was far behind.

February 24, 2007

Freedom Inside of the Cage

If you want to be a phantom
Living everywhere.
Without bounds or limits
To walk upon the air.

If you look at all the people
And the way they live
And realize you do not want anything they have,

Then hop on the back of a train and ride where it rides
No time, no money, no plans, just you and the world outside.
It's a fantasy I built for two,
Now I find you....

An absurdity but I will make it real –
Living by the honesty you feel.

Free to roam the endless world
And sacrifice the baggage you call gold.

March, 2007
written while walking around Patapsco Valley State Park

Untitled

Please, God, don't let me be stupid,
Don't let me lose my head.
I have no idea what path to take,
By what I should be led.

I hope that I am soberminded
At these moments when it all depends on me,
And I'm stuck torn between two decisions,
But all I can feel is my internal apathy.

My dad is drunk, his body without much control:
Do I keep him at home, or let him go?
Cause he claims that it's something he's got to do,
Drive that cold girl home
(She can see the hate I look with on her
And so she's very quick to leave,
She's uncomfortable, and I understand her) –
I fear for him, but deep down I agree.
His mind is sharp and sober
And when he's drunk all the thoughts come out.
I wonder, will this ever be over?
No – and I must steel myself for each new bout.
He has no sense of time, his body is falling,
But he knows what he must do
And a part of me thinks this is so insane,
But behind all of that, I know,
In his place I would do just the same.
And so I have to let him go.
Every time I see him this way,
I hate him – and it's automatic.
His true self comes out – sad and desperate,
Overwhelmed by emotions erratic.

But right now, inside, I really don't care,
And I know that he'll be just fine –
But I worry, what does this mean about me?
I don't care; all my caring isn't sincere
All I am is “petty” for real,
That's the truth I see inside.

I knew that I'd let him go,
Give him his keys in the end;
But I kept him inside for the drama,
We argued and I stood there and felt my heart rend.
He talks about my self-importance,
And how I am the grand judge of all;
My ego rejects these words as a drunk's

And immerses itself in an emotional brawl.
Society says my reaction is right,
And that he's not in a right state.
So scared am I to risk acceptance
And put my trust in fate.
He says that I have no faith;
And though there's drink in his veins coursing through,
My ego creates a baseless problem,
Because the deepest, calm part of me knows his words are true.

Inside I don't really worry,
But my emotions get jerked by this hook,
Unable to trust someone other than me.
These boundaries keep me closed in my habitual nook.

That from now on I'll win this is never secured,
I have to fight it anew each time inside,
To be stronger than my ego's perception,
To hop on boundless faith and ride.

Know in the end it will be okay.
My habits and fears tie me down.
Let go of my preconceptions
And live without limits or bounds.

April 1, 2007, 2:15 AM

Where Have You Gone?

Your body, it's still alive
Moving through its moments in a way I'll never understand
You choose your words with so much hate
What have you done? What have you become?
Your children, you seek to berate
And every word eats them alive
It kills my heart, and weighs down in my mind
Like a stone. I only hope that I can leave it all behind.
You will never be the one to lift the burden from inside of us.

06/07/07?

All My Wrong Points

I believe that I'll have a life that is easy
If only I get through this tough situation:
Break through my walls to that inner elation –
I'll make myself free
And then life will be easy for me,
Materially.

I think I must stick this storm out –
Inside I scream "How much longer?!"
But I know it's making me stronger –
And I believe I must show some resistance.
Fight one uphill battle per day,
Inside it gets gory
But I go to sleep each night with my hard-won glory:
It cradles my soul,
It feels like I'm in control
Of the road, of my path;
But too often I'm fueled by my wrath.
(Sometimes the line gets broken
And to get put back on track,
Though it has to be done, is never much fun.
You can't do it alone, there has to be someone.

If you have even one,
Then count yourself rich,
One person beside you
Who'll hear out every inch of your thought
Even the insecure ones you know are dumb,
Or a random idea forgot,
And that childish emotion you pretend you're above.
It you say it, they'll say the right words,
And you'll find yourself back on course.)

I must stand with my fists raised,
On the defensive.
I must fight everything wrong I see,
Correct every nuance with which I disagree.
Force it, oppose it, resist, and push back
(Something inside of me says I'm off track).
(So scary to realize this grain is so small.
And there's no guaranteeing I'll even heed his call
The objective observer,
I wish he'd be stronger.
A miniscule window that sees outside my game –
The only part of me that hasn't gone insane).

I work so hard – just to correctly place

Each atom around me into the shape of my face,
As I see fit inside my heart (?) –
All I do, she tears it apart.
This fighting makes a mess,
But one thing I confess:
I'm addicted to the struggle, addicted to the pain.
I fear the day not suffered or spent in strain
Is a day that's been wasted,
So I keep up my game.
If the day goes by easy,
I'm filled with shame.
The doubts creep in –
“Have I done something wrong?
Cause it's gotten so easy!
The days just sail along.”
There's no need for that effort that rattles my bones:
So I worry, and worry, and worry and worry.
Did I mention I worry? And sit there all tense,
Just waiting for the next disastrous event.
Have I been spiritually demoted?
What's my next task? My entire fight is but another mask,
So strangely secure to be trapped in a fire,
Cause I can say to my ego, “I'm still moving higher.”

In a way this struggle has just been another lie.
Now I'm addicted to war,
The one that's inside.

I believe that if I suffer today
(And tomorrow, and the next day, and God knows how much longer)
I'll be fully rewarded later sometime
With lazy freedom and a joyful prime.

Some days I'll recline in my garden,
Fall asleep on the grass,
Sit all day on my ass,
Making arts and crafts.
Sip my tea, and at three,
I'll take a nap until five
Living that enviable lifestyle that they do in Spain:
I only deserved it cause I went through so much pain!
(That belief is so wrong,
Yet I keep going along).
Sleep in a hammock and admire the flowers,
While my whole generation works in high-up towers
(Except for the ones on the street doing crack,
Those brothers who say “yo man I got yo back”
Today, but tomorrow it's a broken creed

Cause they're shot, or in jail – but most likely ODeD.
So this is just 10 years from now, cause they won't make it past thirty.
None of this even fits in with the story).
Back to the tale of my perfect life.
In a few years I'll be such a happy wife.

I believe I can find the perfect man,
A perfect mate in every way.
I don't care what he looks like
As long as he's not fat
Cause I don't think I could learn to love that.
Such a plentiful bounty will just fall on my head,
Perfectly matched, we'll connect on each level.
I believe in this, but I'm so misled.
I dream these dreams, but inside I'm dead,
And full of illusions, like a safety cover –
All cause of them I'll get so fucked over!

Wake up one day in a hard outer shell,
I'll dream of heaven, but stay safely in hell.
Can't take a chance
On someone else
It's too much of a risk in my mind;
And that "perfect man"; like I'll ever find him!

I'm under the twisted belief
That my brother's every move
Must be carried out perfectly,
He must be perfect, like me.

Every wrong step and each lie,
I fly to correct it;
In my mind's eye
If I don't fix it now
He'll go wrong somehow;
Fall prey to the minds of the minions dubbed "cool",
And later on, smoke pot in school,
But worst of all, be someone's tool!
Close himself off
Into himself.
I'm so scared he'll fail with his essence at stake
And live his life as someone fake.

But maybe somebody out there can do it better,
Can pull him out and loosen his shell.
I try to make him be himself!
Force him out, accept no retreat –
But with each of my mother's words it's defeat.
She pushes him down

Beneath herself
Devouring his soul with a drink of his blood
(If I could get him away from her for good!)
(But that's an easy escape –
Escaping solves nothing, just leaves it behind
To eventually find you
And bite you back in the ass;
Just another disaster).

It's so painful to watch him sink
Beneath the twenty ton weight she puts on his shoulders
She wants total control
And human blood
With rapture she tramples him into the ground
Smiling behind her heartless screams,
Her heartless care
And her murderous stare
(I can't bear to be near her!
How much longer must I endure!?)

There's nothing I can do
I only lose:
My worrying drains me –
I need to choose
A new approach
A way to be.

I sincerely believe that I must be perfect
Every wrong thought gets reproached.
The energy I waste on self-loathing
Would be saved if I just let it go.

I'm human only
I have those thoughts,
Daydreams and weaknesses,
Daydreams a lot!
I circle around these trifles of mind
But it'd be better to just let it go.
I wish that'd be something I know.

I believe all these things, truly I do
From these points I make my every move.
Convictions inside both my heart and head –
I am so fucking misled.

I am so damn off-center
In need of correction like never before.
I am so scarily unbalanced –

Must find the golden road once more.
Tortured by fear and that dreaded what-if
Must break free from this cage so subtle yet stiff.
Relax a bit
And it won't be so hard
There's one grand fix
Beyond head and heart.
Right from the start
I aimed off key
Dug myself into a rut that made me anything but free.

I might die –
So what? I say
Death is always the same, so I might die today.

I can't be perfect
I can't be alone
Don't even try to imagine what it will be like
To have a man of my own.
Can we ever get close?
Will it last? Divorce!?
Is a relationship something I must try and force?
No worries!
Death? Suddenly gone in a flicker! –
Worrying constantly will kill you far quicker.

The problems of others are really the problems of you
Not extending beyond your own body.
Never forget that you see with a subjective view
And that you're always taking yourself too seriously.

Take the chance and try being less hard on yourself,
And I promise that it will take you quite far.
You can spend a million days, try thousands of ways,
But you'll never be perfect;
You are what you are.

(And that is perfect).
I guess, I don't know;
Forget about "perfect",
It's not something you know.

June 18-19, 2007

Do You Know Why?

Why is every situation so much harder than it is?
And conquering your fears like climbing up a hill?
A task that seems impossible, upon the start we find,
Impossible, and difficult – how we made it in our mind.
Impossible – like better grades, like better friends, completed ends
A trail to travel blind, where darkness rounds the sudden bends;
Some people ask of God: “Why do you make the climb so steep?
The mire in which we sink so deep?”
But God steps back and shakes his head:
“Don’t ask me, ask yourself instead,
You’re the mastermind behind your plight,
Right here’s the task, and you must fight;
You against you; you try and you try
(At least better than pretending not to notice it, and letting it slip by)
Why must it always be that you fight against you?
And why is it the one thing you most dread to do?
Why do we make it so much harder for ourselves than it really should be?
Only because we’re lazy.

And why do our values change like our clothes?
Why do we emulate TV shows?
Why don’t our convictions remain for more than a day?
Because in our minds we’re crazy!

Why can’t we see where we should go?
Because our vision is quite hazy:
One eye looking for a future, the other gazing at the past
Hoping to change something there at last.
The present passes by;
We hardly ever notice, maybe not until we die.

Why do our deeds come back to visit?
The letters we sent out have come right back home.
All we get is our own, is what we deserve.
And yet we never seem to notice.
Why do our dirty selfish impulses we continuously serve?
We know inside somewhere,
They are the cause of our misfortune,
Why we cry and pull our hair
(And yet we fuck without a care)
Tell me why we run around without a clue; know what to do
But we can’t do it ‘cause it sits too deep,
And truth be told we like to sleep.

So sing yourself a lullaby
Lull yourself to bed today,
Abate your conscience; you’re at ease

For the little while it sits at bay.
Calm today, storms tomorrow,
Forever life goes on this way
Running endlessly around in disarray
Wondering why we're in this mess,
You wonder how to make it less
And then you'll go and blow some guy;
You'll never see the connection here, not even when you die.

So tell me why does life just suck?
Because we're a fool.
And what's the worst thing you can be in life?
The worst thing is a tool.

July 30, 2007

Some Verses About People

I know a race that's very strange
I like to call them people
They all walk around this world
In a body that's a machine.

The more and more I see them
The more and more I know
Hey have nothing but their body
And most don't even use those.
If you look closely, you can tell
Which ones use their bodies well.
Some are not completely body's slave –
But most will soon just occupy a grave.

Among those of this strangest race
I have seen a great divide
They all make the same mistake
Search for truth among the fake
The fake that's all around them
Multiplying every day;
They will never find their way
Find their way around this maze
Living their life through a haze –
One eye looking forward, one eye stuck inside the past
Hoping to change something at last –
Before they know it they are dead,
Never took the time to fix their head.

They think that their emotions
Affect the lives they lead,
But their lives follow their feet.
They might see someone they care for,
Feel that great connection made,
But then they'll shyly turn away
And then they wonder how tomorrow's born today.

They don't know
That the laws that govern the soul
Should be the ones they're living for;
That's the only way that they'll be happy as they wish.
But until then they're more lost than a lonely school of fish
In an unfamiliar sea.
They don't know how to be.

And those that couldn't care less
Show up to work in torn rags covered in grease,
Scorn nice clothes and wealthy pay;
They could just throw it all away.
Too often they do
In more ways than one:
They have the rope, they have the gun, they have TV.

"TV killed me," many will say
Raised that way.
Who here's to blame?
Everyone needs something
Everyone needs an escape
"TV changed my life!"
"TV changed my thoughts!"
Well you cannot change the heart!
But you can sing it a lullaby,
One that will make you cry.

August 2, 2007

Stranger in My Body

Sometimes I'm a stranger inside my own body.
Actually no, I'm always a stranger this way,
Only sometimes I see it, like I saw it today.

I woke up this morning with my head full of thoughts,
Stupid illusions that meant nothing at all.
I was stuck inside of them, but as soon as I spoke,
I heard the sound of my voice and the lullaby broke:

And I realized that moment, with an awakening jolt,
That my thoughts and my voice didn't match up at all.
My thoughts, they kept going, they embodied so many
Different voices, none of which were my own,
Imitations of wishes I'd seen on some show,
None, the voice that I use in this real cold world,
The voice that everyone hears except me,
The one that is who I am, the one real as my body
Which resides in the same world as do these walls,
As does the air, as does the sky,
As does the fan that whirs mechanically by;
The one we're meant to live in, but, ironically,
The one we sleepwalk through in ecstasy.
And it's bliss to live in our minds the way we do,
Imagined as heroes, but really used like a tool.
Those that see this incongruity, they are so few
And you can always be sure that, yes, you're a fool.

You're so blind you complain that life isn't fair;
Why are you so fat and frustrated? Why's your love life dead?
Then go eat McDonald's three times a day without a care –
So many problems like cancer plaguing your body and head.
In ten years the only place you'll go to is a doctor's office,
Ranting like a hag that your medical bill is so high,
And that this kind of life is an outrage, they should increase Healthcare!
Because the government should be responsible for your lazy ass, in your beady eye,
On which you sit watching Jerry Springer (though you should be on it)
And daytime soap operas (wishing your life were just like it).
Without getting up, you'll passionately support increasing Healthcare,
And rejoice when they make laws in accordance with your wishes,
But be really mad when they don't do what you want them to do,
And blame those young people who haven't yet but will inevitably end up just like you.

I'm a stranger in my body
And everyone who's around
Are simple people like the rest of the race.
Some I love, some I oppose, but most are just a strange face.
All walking machines with souls unclean

Living a lonely life in their mind
More distant from me than all these wild birds;
An open person is all I wish to find.

But the sad fact is that in all your life
You only ever encounter one stranger,
For in your little game you're the only player.
To be blind is the one true danger.

August 12, 2007

I Hate George Clooney

I hate George Clooney, he's so stereotypical,
I hate him more than I hate Paris Hilton;
She's easy to hate 'cause she's so flagrantly dumb,
A good laugh is the only thing she can merit,
But whatever *he* wears, all of America'll wear it.

I hate George Clooney, he's so beloved,
With his charming smile and winking eyes,
A man of the sun, admired by all –
A dead soul proposing the cult of disguise.
They carefully crafted him to be carelessly perfect
So that he could retain a long-lasting sway
Over dissatisfied wives hooked to TVs
Wishing for Hollywood glamour to take them away
(While their kids go and smoke themselves silly each day).

I hate George Clooney, he's a subtle poison,
That slithers right under my skin
From a glass bottle, accented with a little necktie,
Labeled "Drink this is you want to win."
Drink it to be his follower,
Drink it to be his slave,
It'll help you to walk straight, to act right, to dress great,
To say all the right things, to behave.

I hate George Clooney, he's so pro-society
Every movement done just as it should be.
Look at him in his Armani suit –
Don't you wish you could look that good?
'Cause that's the thing to desire if you want to be happy,
All you have to do is imitate,
And you'll be a well-liked, A-list American.
You go absorb that rule, but I'll stick to my hate.
You may say that to live with this hate will make me loony,
But it's only a tool, just like George Clooney.

George Clooney, I hate you, you make people feel shitty,
I'd pity you, but there's nothing left to pity.
You've got people subconsciously trying to be like you,
Insecure people make a stupid mistake.
They don't know that you're a total fake,
Just an empty shell that could easily break
To reveal the unhuman writhing mess
Of repugnant slime and many heads
(Each one with a brain that is equally dead)
That lies underneath that winning smile,
The witty sayings they've taught you to say,

And your classic, handsome face.
(Oh but I wish they would show your true disarray
Instead of making it seem like you're all balanced and calm,
Got your life together, so down-to-earth and true –
But they've covered up the massive drug abuse!
After all, you are a Hollywood star
In fact – why aren't you dead yet? / in fact – why haven't you died thus far?)

That brings me to another topic: Paul McCartney.
His new CD makes me want to cry,
With that cute little pose he makes on the cover;
His expression gives me doubt that he's wholly sane,
But by popping him out at a quirky angle they want to give you the impression that he's just a regular
guy –
Except that he's done his own body's weight worth of cocaine.
“Dance Tonight” is a musical brouhaha
Comprised of two chords and “lalalalalala.”
And any guy who's sixty five,
Singing about girls, has clearly lost his mind.
But he's not a person, he's just an image
More credible with “sir” before his name.
So imitate him, and don't worry about being a follower or doing massive quantities of drugs,
And you, too, can win such acclaim.

I hate dance clubs, night clubs, and most of all
The nightly dance shows at resorts
All those popular things that appeal to the masses
Who look alike, dress alike, I can't distinguish,
But copying's a hobby that's hard to relinquish.
Shaking their asses; oh don't I look sexy,
It feels so good when that random guy touches my butt,
I want you, I want you, oh baby it feels to right
To be going home with some ugly stranger tonight.
The rhythm of the music makes me wild with emotion
(The word that comes to mind here is “slut”)
The rhythm of the music is a simple two-beat;
Club dancing is the most mindless pursuit.
Moving like robots without a thought,
All sense of conscience in bliss forgot.

I hate Hollister, it's the new Abercrombie
Only ensnares with a subtler poison
Of a carelessly I'm-not-trying-to-be-cool-like-those-Abercrombie-preps sense of cool,
The ultimate lie infecting your high school.
Hollister's “the shit” not ‘cause it's cool, but ‘cause it's “chill”;
It's comfortable and versatile, you can be casual yet still look put-together:
A trap to pull yet more into the Big Black Hole
Of mindless conformity that breeds a life of cheap thrills.
And when your conscience twangs, your friends can console.

You can all put on your HCO shirts and go out,
Have lots of fun and feel not a doubt.
You'll meet all these amazing new people, so different from you,
BFFs for two months, you'll laugh and you'll flirt.
You're so much more open-minded now
And despite your differences, somehow
You all get along great, in your Hollister shirts.

If everyone in the world turned their noses up
At Abercrombie, cause it's worn by people with upturned noses,
And said, "*We're not trying* to be cool, like you!"
I'd buy an A&F outfit and strike preppy poses
In front of your face and laugh "You idiot!
Secretly safely believe you're the shit"
Secure in that notion cause behind your soft skin
Stands an army of millions exactly like you
And when you have their support, you're brave 'nough to win,
Those-Who-Do-What-The-Current-Beckons-Them-To.

If I ever meet a guy who is truly
Free from the society in his head,
I'll say to him, "be what you are
And I won't try and change you to be somehow else instead;
Keep all your views on alcohol, music, and sports –
Just please don't ever buy a pair of plaid shorts.
Unless you want to burn them,
And there I can give you a hand.
We can drive down to the beach one night
And build a bonfire of plaid shorts right in the sand."
And as a means of peaceful protest
This one will be quite grand.

I hate dressy female clothing,
The metal accents on that chic black top,
The ruching on your halter, it makes people falter
In their perception of what you really are;
In everyone's mind you become a star
(One of the nameless ones in some big constellation
But who cares, as long as you feel that elation.
You don't care if you're clone 536497;
You're in temporary heaven).

Strut like a Hollywood trendy *coquette*,
Your true *pathétique* you too often forget
When you can hide in the thick of the fashion *melee*;
Pretty nails, pretty jewels, and the right words to say
All make the part easy to play.
And no one can spot the decay.

Oh you pretty starlet princess, you!
The mirror loves you, yes he do!
With shiny silver on your neck,
Patterned prints and subtle lace,
No-smear lipstick (so it doesn't get on his penis)
And powder shimmer on your face.
Conceal it with some bangles and a tank top made of mesh,
But beneath the glammed-out glitz you're still a smelly lump of flesh.
The image of perfection when you're all done up;
The image of a monster when you take it all off.

Eyeliner! Lipshadow! Makeup galore!
The older you get, you'll have to use more.
And I'm sorry if I rub some and reveal a wrinkle-bunch
When I give your plaster face a punch.
Oh the terrible wreckage the years have done to you,
Whirling in that game, how old you grew –
But alas, you're only twenty-two!
Already buried in plaster, an empty phony,
Just a replica of old George Cloney.
You'll soon die like a fool, die like a tool
“But at least I was popular in high school!”
Those four years of fun have made you a mold –
I mean a grave – forgive the slip
“You're so hot” but inside freezing cold,
Forget the ugly nasty truth – the majority accepts me!

I hate it, against it, forever I'll say,
All the narcotics that slip you away,
Be they lacy tank tops, or cute shot-glasses, or new-age spirituality.
They easily hook you and lead you astray
With their big shiny rhinestones all decked out in frills,
Cause they know no one can be not a slave to cheap thrills.
Those sly puppeteers who pull on the strings
Run the world, run your mind, keep you running in circles,
Let you wrap yourself round plastic shiny things,
You talk about them, think about them, replace yourself with them,
And in your heart there soon lies a plastic gem,
Worthless to you, in the long run you'll see,
When you're dying – and you realize you never could be
Who you are, cause that society in your head
Told you to go out and be a star.
But in the end if you're lucky you'll remember,
Everything passes with time
The mountains you climbed look like bumps from afar.
When you're looking back, despite what you see
All that matters is this: were you ever free?

Princess in Pink

Princess in pink,
Sequins and silk,
Highlighted hair,
Old breast milk
Dragging them down
Closer to the ground,
Where you'll end up someday.

Teenage girl,
Center of gravity
For the entire world,
So sad that you can't see
How worthless is your game
And all those things you try to be,
It's just one big sham, and in the end
You'll only be dead.

Pothole eyes
In a young man's face,
Defeat inside your inner space.
Don't you know how many of you there roam,
All destined to live their lives alone?
You don't care, you'll be dead someday –
But I don't think you want to live this way.

Mass of people
On the dance floor,
Cheap attractions,
Nothing more,
Keep you wanting.
What do you desire?
Romance, love intense like fire?
"Just for one night, it feels so right"
Or so the techno song commands,
The one you dance to like a slave –
Just hurry up into your grave.

Mother of mine,
You fantasize
About your love life,
It's in your eyes.
All you've sold
For a heaping sack
Of counterfeit gold,
It'll never come back.
And your life is frozen,
Your heart stone cold,

Your face grown old,
Your self trapped in an iron mold.
But like all the rest,
Someday you'll die;
Of all you ever were and are
Will remain the lie
In my memory.

Oh British tourists,
All a-flutter,
In your little British clothes,
What you say, no American knows
Or cares.
Somewhat coldish stares
Are all you give, you hardly mingle;
Though you're married, you're still single.
Travel in your lofty tight-knit cliques,
Like mobile trendy clothéd sticks.
A level above the rest, you show;
You'll die, too, you know.

So sad to see
Reality.
Impressions of a different sort
In my mind at this resort.

August 12, 2007

Walking on the Edge

Every single moment
I'm walking on the edge.
It's tearing me apart with the strain.
There's nothing else I can do
But stand on this ledge
And look forever down at what awaits,
At the shock and the horror of it all,
Should I give in and take the fall,
Jump off this line that's razor-thin –
Every moment I feel I'm about to give in.

If there's a war inside, then it's outside, too,
And this is the biggest war I ever knew.
But I'm cursed to never take a side
And stand forever on the great divide.

I walk on the edge, and I'm a ghost
In this world that plays a host
To our wishes, our stages,
What make the war that lasts all ages.
It's but a world of intentions and choices,
And we're always on the edge.

I'm walking on the edge, I never know if I'm right,
Without a plan, I haphazardly fight.
On the edge, I can't allow defeat;
In no position to attack, yet I cannot retreat.
I'm stuck in the middle, immobile as ground,
As either side tries to pull me down.

I'm about to let it slip,
Hate without restraint I will,
Let the bomb go off and kill
Everything I've built.
Fire blazes cold and high,
But I'm okay behind my wall;
But every trace of love is gone,
Can't be replaced if I should choose to fall.

I'm about to let it go,
Forget it and just nod my head,
Agree with all the crap they said,
And let the poison flow.
Give in to their persistent knocking;
Finally the clocks's stopped tocking.
Stop fighting, let them have their way,
And everything will be okay.

Can't run but I can't bear to stay,
I forever travel on this way,
Looking at the empty distance just beyond the ledge.
Every moment I must choose to stay upon the edge.

August 12, 2007

Nothing to Want

Mirrors are evil things, you see
We'd all be much happier without any
Mirrors are evil things for me
When I'm in a moment of low self-esteem
And some random thought I thought against my will
Sends me off like a stone rolling down a hill.

I can't love, I could cry, can't be happy and calm
I can only see that I'm really above nothing at all.
Drown in my many worries,
I pushed myself into this unhappy rut.
And as soon as I see I want something to change,
I realize there's nothing to want!

Wishing, wishing constantly
To be anything other than me

August 13, 2007

The Great Teacher

Oh, look at me! I'm so important!
Let me relay what wonders I behold
When I look into the mirror,
Which I do three times one hundred-fold:
I see just what I want to see
And even when I look at you
I still see only me
And I love it though it is untrue.
I see a great and noble spirit
That to highest levels will elate.
What I speak, the world must hear it
Because I am so great.
Oh, I'm the greatest teacher, yes
So high and pure and holy
I love my ego, I confess,
And I hold all the answers solely.
In all respects I'm perfect,
There's nothing to improve,
I sneer upon the temporary,
Holy as the Virgin Mary.
Everything I think is right,
To God I'm not contrary.
I love myself, oh yes I do
And I'm teacher to all of you
So if you want some true advice,
I know a girl who's free of vice.
But you'll never hear me voice that thought,
Because I'm so darn humble,
The embodiment of ideal being,
Though into walls I often stumble.
Even in my poetry,
I am master, I'm so great,
In verses I illuminate
All your lowly faults.
And soon enough I'll probably
Be dabbling in the occult.
My poetry now sounds so fake,
I'm trying to be skillful,
For I'm supreme poetic master
Strong and oh so willfull.
But when I read it and hear nothing
Other than my empty ego,
I honestly get pretty scared
Because all I wrote so long ago,
My soul it truly bared.
And I wish instead of writing "you"
I could go back to writing "I"

Be honest like I used to do –
But it never works, how hard I try.
I wish that I would write once more
How horrible I am inside;
That would make me feel secure,
And cushion all my deeper pride.
But instead I criticize
America's deluded masses
Laugh at all of them in spite
As they shake their sexy asses.
Look at them, they're so misled,
Most of them have lost their head.
Thank God that I alone am normal!
(Coming off my horse is what I dread)
They are stupid, I am smart
That is what's inside my heart
The warmest place in all the land,
Inside a precious body oh so grand.
The more I see I'm not unique,
The more unique I think I am,
I cannot stop this grave mistake;
I cannot help but be a fake.
But why do I so ardently
Desire to prove myself real?
To stamp upon my great self-love
A final, permanent seal!
Any man who stands aside
And watches me look in the mirror,
He would walk away and laugh
At that saint who holds herself so dear.
Would you look at that disgrace,
So enamored by her face,
Let her look, just let her be,
At least it makes her happy.
That great teacher; that great fool,
That great something who's a tool,
All these realizations
Are just her starving ego's rations.
All we do is but to try
To change something inside us
Something which our ego finds
Rather irksome to its purpose,
To build an image of perfection
And secure it with a pin
This is the reason for our trying
Because we're all out here to win.
Every thought, each motivation,
No matter from what side
Wants to prove that we are worthy,

Clever, cool, or smart, or swarthy,
But – in essence – that we're better –
Proving ourselves to our ego,
So the belief that we are perfect,
Which we all so skillfully hide,
Can in our minds be justified.
I want to smash up all the mirrors
So that I will not stare in them
At myself and be embarrassed,
By my ego, of my ego,
Oh if I could let myself go
And stop trying, trying, trying
To make myself be some *thing*,
With this goal I'm only lying
For my precious ego's sake
To keep this monster safe from crying,
All my life is a mistake
Because no matter what I do,
Smash the mirrors, look into
At my reflection – I'm not better either way
But that is what my ego longs to say.
So if stare into my face, then I am vain,
And if I don't, then even so I *still* am vain,
For my ego is who loves me
And my ego is who hates me
And my ego loves my hate
And my ego hates my flaws
He will console but first berate
He never does retract his claws.
My ego hates my ego
He loves to play a noble king
All his problems are so serious
More eminent than anything.
When life throws me a screwball
It is he who goes ballistic.
And my ego really hates
The fact that I'm so egotistic.
My ego craves for their attention,
Even more, to hate to crave it
My ego's everything in me
No matter how I hate to say it.
And I am not above the rest
No matter what I try to do
To prove that hated fact untrue
Devote my life to an illusion
That is why we're in a game
That is the cause for our confusion;
Sometimes we know it's all a game
And yet we still are drawn to play

To ego always be a slave –
If only free for just one day –
I know there's nothing here to crave
I know no matter what I do
It is to change myself for you,
My ego, king of all my wishes
Inside the most obscure of niches
Of my mind, can't see outside
The crude desires tightly bind
I know that all I want to do
Is for that future prize you've got me screwed to.
For this myself I rearrange –
But there is nothing here to change.
So there you go, I'm a great teacher
There's your moral; I'm your preacher
There's your daily revelation
Ah – I've reached my high elation.
And in spite of all I've said
Nothing inside of me has changed.
Nothing inside of me has bettered
I will still be as deranged.
Some people listen to their ego when it tells them to be cool
It's my *ego* suffering the blow when I realize I'm a fool
My ego tells me I'm better for hating popularity
To be free from my ego – well that's quite a rarity
I'm a teacher, supreme, better than ordinary people
My ego knows many things which their egos don't know
While they're succumbing to theirs I'm fighting my own
I'm beating my ego...with my ego.

August 22, 2007

Alone With My Mind

It's dangerous to leave me alone with myself,
Cause when I'm alone my mind runs off
And it starts having conversations inside itself,
And then when I'm around other people once more,
No one is saying what I want them to say,
No one treats me like I want them to,
No one is really what I want them to be,
And in my mind, I get very angry
And upset and confused;
Nothing is perfect –
Does not go how I want it to,
My expectations fall through.
Nothing is perfect for me,
Nothing will satisfy,
It all should've happened so differently,
The way I planned it in my mind.

My mind is responsible for heaven,
And my mind is responsible for hell,
My mind paints a pretty tomorrow,
And a new yesterday as well.
My mind's little stories make me happy,
My mind is a great time machine,
That takes me anywhere I wish, to my farthest dream –
Except it cannot take me to the real.
My mind is out of my control.
And my body, more so.
Along the current it does roll,
With the mechanical flow.
My mind can't bear to face the truth,
And it's who's screaming "how much longer!"
Yet with illusions it still soothes;
It even orchestrates my hunger.

There is nothing but my mind.
I do not know the world at all.
I've searched, but it's the only thing that I could find.
I'm always separated by this wall
Of illusions and expectations
And an endless string of disappointments,
Because reality obviously won't adhere
To the great, great plans of one lone girl.
And reality, it will not hear
My mental vision for the world.
My mind will never realize
That it's not helping me.
That my mind is not all that important,

My mind will never see.
My mind, it is truly a magical place.
Its reality adheres to no rule.
For its fantasies there is unlimited space,
But there's no place for me to be the fool.
I can feel anything I want to feel.
My mind will create it somehow.
Inside my mind, anything can be real,
Except for what is right now.

August 27, 2007

I Write Poetry

I write poetry to soothe myself
When I know that I have erred.
I get it all down on paper;
I feel much better when the truth's been bared.
When I make a mistake, and I know it will cost,
When a level of the game I've forever lost,
I write about it, make me feel better
About myself, so I won't be so scared.

September 1, 2007, 2:00 AM

Where Should I Build My Life?

Oh, there are many spaces
Open to us in this big wide world.
But I see no space,
For me to make something of my own.
Driving down the road, a highway built years ago,
A plan we do not know now.
I saw a sign, it said "Live Free for a Year,
Really."
And this sign, it caused me a little fear,
Because yes, that's what we'd all like ideally;
What these massive happy billboards portray is what we crave:
Live free for a year, and then go back to being a slave.

I turn on the T.V., empty people I see
So many shows, you wonder how each one goes.
Characters and plot lines, cleverly interpret the love signs –
I wanna throw it all behind me.
There is no space, this world is constricted –
Every corner seems to be restricted
To the freedom of you;
Now there's nothing to do,
But watch T.V. and build your life around its pretty stories,
Emotionally attached, you'll feel both may pains and glories,
Then you'll feel like it's yours,
And you'll wake up and then of course,
You might see, be surprised, yes it's true,
Your whole life that you believe in, life that you've been livin,
It does not belong to you.

I drive, I see potential death at the roadside,
This here is real, but we drive on by, we've got something up ahead
That's so much better, a thing that keeps us going, something bona fide:
We rush home to our computer, go online, and get on MySpace –
That is where our path led.
And when we read that hottie's comment on our photo we feel so alive,
But we are dead.
This is our life – it's online.
We will always find these little trinkets some time.
Around this lie, we build our home,
We have so many friends, but we're always alone
And more and more, these false values fill our head;
We're virtually living, but really dead.

Where should I build a life for me?
There's no space for mine in the T.V.,
Online, outside; it's blocked to my creation.
It's all been built and I must choose,
Like shopping for a pair of shoes,
Here's choices A to Z, now pick,
Which fits best for you?
None do!
And now what am I left to take,
If everything has fallen?
I'm blind inside this winding maze,
Spending my life crawling,
Looking for something I want,
But in the end what I want is nothing.
We're at the market walking 'round,
And everyone takes something.

There's no place where I can settle
I have to keep on moving,

Every place is blocked for me,
I feel I'm always losing.
I have no place to build my life,
I have only me.
There's plenty empty residence,
But the price of living there, it's too steep:
Settle down inside our walls,
Buy our posters, and hang them in your halls,
But for the safety we provide,
We charge a little fee,
It's nothing really, sign this bill
That declares "I give you me."
And you will be safe and happy,
Never a bad thought,
If you've ever struggled, well,
Then let it be forgot.
And you just go on smiling, securely in your niche,
But the truth is that your life's a fake,
A laziness-induced mistake
As long as you accept this fate,
And pick up garbage off the street,
You never will be free
From your deepest unfulfilled wish,
From your deeply harbored inner maze.
Never asleep, never quite out of the daze.

September 4, 2007

I Don't Wanna Think About It

I don't wanna think about it, I just wanna move
I don't wanna think about it, I just want to do
I don't want to think about it, I just want to act
The moment that an impulse comes I let myself react.
I don't wanna think about it, I just want to live
No doubt or hesitation, without a thought to give.
I don't want to think about it, I just want to be
Closer to an animal, live completely free.

It isn't objective, but I wanna try it on for size
See the world through another pair of eyes
Be able to be the way I can't be;
I don't wanna be constantly thinking 'bout me.

Stone Role

There is nothing real anywhere
In my entire life.
There is nothing but emotions
That swell and then subside.
They color my world pitiful
And blind me so I feel
That every different shade I see
Is ultimately real.

There is nothing but facades
The pretty parts we like to play,
Drunken dumbass or quite smart,
The stone role hardens more each day.
What we really feel and think
Beneath it all, we'll never show,
What's underneath our skin we're lucky,
If even we ourselves know.
But too often we are blind,
Though there remains a dim light
A lone speck in the night
Of which we're barely aware,
Like that tiniest star, if you look straight on
It fades to leave you wondering if it's even there.
From beneath your stone role
There's nowhere to go,
You follow its path and bury your soul
Though the way of your heart lies before your feet!
You're dragged along in the thick heavy smell of defeat.

Along the stone path, the deeper it winds,
Forget all about who you were as a child.
Leads you farther away from your deepest yearning;
Easier to put on the mask every morning.
And when everyone around you also denies
What lies buried inside them, it's harder to fight,
You follow the crowd for fear of being parted
And together live the life you never wanted.

Around this lie builds everything –
Act one way but feel another.
In our heads our thoughts will stay,
Nothing real in what we say,
Can't do what we want to do.

You Can Fall in Love

Well, you can go to college to get your degree,
Move into a dorm, have a life that is free,
Go to sleep every night at a quarter til three,
So easy to forget.

Look at him over there, oh it would feel good
If his arms were around me; his subtle touch could
Send the butterflies flying; maybe I should
Take the long way to class today.

Well, you can go shopping, get some Hollister shirts,
Joke around with your friends that you shouldn't flirt
With that guy, 'cause you don't really like him that way,
You just like it when you catch his eye.

You can tell everyone you two are just friends –
All the fun of the game is in what you pretend!
For a while you can act like you haven't a clue,
He keeps chasing after, and you don't know what to do!
But he was so cute when he had his arm around you...
The attention – I mean chemistry between us is pure
But no, I don't want him, and that's for sure –
But we all know what'll happen next weekend.
(Rhymes with...)

Well, you can come crying when your heart might just tear.
If you didn't like him, then why do you care?
That jerk went and left you for another
Go home and confide the whole thing to your mother.
Just don't forget to leave out the details.

He took his attention and up and ran off.
God, guys are such assholes, when will they ever grow up?
I'm so glad I am female, of the better sex and –
Ooh, look at that guy. I bet he's good at sex....

Well, you can wrap yourself up in the words he said;
It isn't too hard to lose your head.
He talks of soulmates and finding true love –
I'd like him better if he were more honest.

I could translate that thought into different words.
He's saying one thing but it's another I heard.
Something friendly he says, and then touches my shoulder;
I know once he has me he'll turn out much colder.
No more need for those looks, all those subtle hooks,
That prey off my weakness to slide under my skin

He won't be the guy you thought he was
In a few short months when his "love" wears thin.

We have a connection, really we do,
It's the purest of feelings, a bond so true.
Brief moments, flirtations, you catch my eye,
Touch my arm – you're the perfect guy.

Well, you couldn't foresee it, and neither could he,
The end of those thrilling subtleties.
Well, such are relationships, one needs the other
Not for the other's end, just for his own.
It's not just guys; same with the girls:
It's Spring and I need a new handbag – I mean boyfriend.

September, 2007

Eh, Attraction

I'm sick, and in bed,
Mucus filled head,
Prevents me from cleverly rhyming.
Fantasies run
And never run out of steam;
It's hard to learn chem, but easy to dream.
Much more fun
Than boring books
Are a guy's quick looks
In your direction –
We're much too quick to draw that next connection.
It happens to me,
But by now I just say,
Whatever, let thrills be thrills,
They're just worthless,
And throw them away.
Though my mind's still a mess,
Behind that, I know,
It's a repetitive catch,
So I just let it go.
I feel no real attraction
From this brief distraction,
And no, I don't want it to lead anywhere.
I don't want to think about it, I just want to live,
Day by day, without a thought to give.
Though I'm flattered, I don't really need your stare.
And it feels great to not be dependent
On these doggy treats I get thrown.
I don't want a relationship anymore.
I think I'm afraid to be known.
I can't remember how attraction feels,
I don't even know if it was real.
Attraction is so often one-sided
And by expectations blinded
And always somehow skewed by or dependent on timing.

October 5-6, 2007

What I Am

Every moment of every day
I only know that I'm not awake,
Say things I don't agree with, things I don't mean to say,
And waste my time regretting each stupid mistake.
It all stays inside,
What I really think
Sometimes I'm so blinded by my mask, I forget
What I really am behind my wall
Of joking and laughing about it all.

Pretend personalities, change them like clothes,
What's real about me I think nobody knows.
I surely don't, but I try to find
To strip myself down to the real is the task,
Take off the veil and I'm a little less blind,
And then put on a different mask.

October(?), 2007

Attraction, attempt 2

The briefest looks,
Subtle hooks,
Secrets shared between our eyes,
Glances we romanticize
Inside our minds. We fantasize.
You tell yourself one lie; I tell myself another.
To feed our hungry egos we're both just using each other.
We can play our game of eye flirtation
Gather bits of cheap elation,
Temporary thrills
Beyond control of our will.
But no one likes to take control of randomized fun,
So we let the dice roll;
Close our eyes, spin around, and point to "the one."
An endless game, and endless charade;
You are never yourself.
Yet your habits remain;
You can't be anyone else
Except whatever person you spend your life trying to be.
Attractions based on patterns in a mask you can't see.
And the connection ends there
To these trifles we give too much worth.
We understand each other
Like Jupiter knows Earth.

How can you be mystified as to why you feel alone,
When the only desire you care about is your own?

November 20, 2007

All I Know is that I'm Asleep

Every moment of every day
I only know that I'm not awake
Run around in my mind as my mind runs off
Random footing from thought to thought
All that I feel and whom I feel it for –
Well I don't know who they even are
Create an illusion and give him a name
Always changing inside though the world stays the same.

December 6, 2007

Last Words

What do we want?
Why do we do all we do?
For what end, for what point?
Something selfish, no doubt.
So how can you move
Knowing you're pulled by your strings,
Running after so many things?
What do you want?
What do you expect?
You sigh and you suffer,
But what can really change?
Must make some sort of exchange –
Where you gain, somewhere else you'll lose.
Again you'll complain,
Expecting and judging.
What is the path
By which you should go?
So many false guides,
How can you ever know?
Be soberminded
And look all around
And maybe you'll wake up
And find yourself on this very ground.

December 9, 2007, 3 AM

Falling Off the Edge

Every moment feels like I am falling off the edge,
Not walking calmly 'long it, but already falling off
Barely held to it by one last thin string
I only ever see this edge when I'm already falling.

When life calms down, it's really getting much harder,
'Cause in the blink of an eye you will let yourself go.
Those tough situations make you keep yourself in line.
Much harder to prove yourself worthy when demands are low.

With all that free time, there's only more to waste.
You, and not circumstance, must keep you pushing the stone.
With all those new friends, hard to slow down in the haste.
Easier to "be yourself" when you were alone,

When you didn't have to act or play the social game.
Now learning to be your own yet the same
Takes the patience to bear it, to be conscious of your role
Of yourself you must learn to take total control.

But all you ever see is yourself failing at that task,
Yet you're unable to speak if not through some mask.
But what do you do? Give it all up
'Cause you can't act perfectly in each situation?
And all you ever see is how you mess up
And make yourself the target of their manipulation.

You hate yourself for it, and wish you could be real,
But you can't act on that impulse, though noble it be,
'Cause you must consider just what, and to whom, to reveal;
Grit your teeth and bear wallowing in secrecy.

'Cause though the aspiration for honesty 'tween people's a high one,
I have no faith that the world can ever be so:
We all look at the others, and ask "why can't they just be true?"
Answer to how true are you, and why, you will know.

Do you ever say exactly what you wanted to say?
When you act, is it really what you wanted to do?
Or are you skewed by your fears, stopped by your boundaries?
I think it never comes out like you wanted it to.

And if you ever say that this isn't true
And you're capable of doing what you set out to do,
And you're in control, and honest of mind
I would assume that you keep yourself blind.

So if we're all kept inside, and the things we intend
Never make it out past our skin,
How can I possibly relate to you honestly
And expect from you what I myself cannot give?

December, 2007

Hedges

I really need some assurance
That there's something outside of this game.
Cause all I'm ever seeing lately,
All inside myself,
Is the mask I talk through,
The veils I walk through.
And I have never heard my voice sound real.
I've never really honestly said what I feel.
I say it all through some kind of mask
To keep myself safe and avoid getting asked
The things I fear to answer
Honestly, directly, without some kind of pretense.
All this world ever teaches is to keep up my defense.
That's how we all are playing the game.
Careful not to tread the wrong way.
Have to read between the lines – it's such a shame.
Afraid to say the things we long to say.

Show me something real
To give me faith,
Cause I see nothing real
Inside myself.

And if I don't find it inside of me
How can I expect to find it anywhere else?
(The world is empty).
And I am so afraid
That there can be no other way,
This game we always will play.
And I am so afraid
That this is really the truth,
That the world is really empty,
And there's only what I see,

That I really am alone
And that's the way it'll be.
That there's no way to be but on my own.
What's inside me I don't know how to make known.
So show me something real
To give me faith,
Cause there is nothing real
In the smile on my face.
I'm always wearing some kind of mask.
I'm always putting on some kind of act.
I can be anything I need to be, for whatever end,
But whenever I talk to you, *it feels pretend!!!*
So show me something real 'cause I'm about to disbelieve.
How two people come together I cannot conceive.
We are so separate
As we're walking around
And if I try to be honest
It's still fake somehow.
I feel no connection
And it gets me down
I never feel that I'm genuine,
I just don't know how.
I could hook you, but to force it, I know is a mistake.
I don't know if relations can even be not fake.
I have never felt it
Is it something people feel?
What's the point of having anything
If it's not real?
It all stays inside,
What we long to say,
Can find no outlet.
We go on our way.

Look at our world
It's like a wide open field
Onto which the selfish see room to build.
Every new trend
Inside the mainstream head
Becomes another wall we have to walk around,
Another hedge in the maze that's sprung from the ground,
Another part of the game
To make it more convoluted,
Reality distorted and our thoughts deluded.
Tall, dark hedges, they block the view,
Through their darkened thickets I must speak to you.
Past these dense thicket walls I can barely see
So I imagine the truth on the other side
Is exactly as I wish it to be,

Like the heaven I've built inside my mind.

Every new thing is another hedge
Fashion and toys, computers and cell phones
Thinning the population on the edge
Cars and stereos, TVs and radios.
Pink plastic Barbie toys and hand grenades
Propel us into a life of charades
Weapons and opium, jewels and cocaine,
They only make our standards yet more insane,
Only perpetuate this miserable game.
Implant another standard into your head.
You think you're free, but your path is limited.
Reject what does not match with your mind's view
Of what is the only good thing to be.
And you go on with the current's pull,
For fear of being parted, you pretend to agree.
Forget what lies beneath your skin, and in your mind, and soon
What you *really* want...is...dead.

...So foreign my own voice,
So unfamiliar my face,
It makes no difference if I'm noble
Or to myself a disgrace
Because none of it is really me.
It's all what I pretend to be!
All I ever do is to conceal.
Nothing is worth anything if *you're not real!*

So show me something real
And help my faith
'Cause I see nothing in us
But the empty space!

And if only I could really feel
What's beyond this wall of steel
This wall that sits inside of me
I beat my fists but I cannot break free.
'Cause behind appearances outside,
Anything of any kind,
Behind any joy and any pain,
Every reaction that I make,
The world sees my performance, but I feel my smile
Standing satisfied behind the drama all the while!

So I have no way to break through
And stand closer than infinity to you

So how can I break free
(Use all my rage?)
When there's no one in my world,
Just my childhood in a cage?
Whose bars I cannot even feel
From my eyes itself it can conceal.

My face contorts itself each moment into any design;
Behind it I stand watching with a *satisfied smile!*
'Cause all we do is fill a role
Lie to ourselves that it's beyond our control.

Before every reaction is a moment of choice
When we let ourselves slip on the mask
And so begins our silly act.
As we all think that we're being real,
Living out the lives we've come to lead;
Dancing in step to find a way
To survive around each other day to day.

12-23-2007

Square One

So many roads to walk upon when I wake up each day,
All I'm ever trying to do is find me the right way
Sometimes I feel so good about it, I feel like I've won...
But then Life kicks my ass right back to square one.

So many ways to think about it, I just want to know
How to view the world I see before me, which way I should go
Sometimes I've got it figured out, but then it comes undone,
And I lie beaten on the ground beneath square one.

I get so confused about it, wanna know what's what
Should I save myself or throw my hands up and become a slut?
'Cause I feel like I have got no feeling where there had been some
And I always walk in circles 'round square one.

Sometimes I feel so smart about it, I know I'm the best,
I alone am perfect, flying high above the rest
At times like these I sit back calmly and bask in the sun –
But a hurricane blows me back to square one.

It's a long and arduous journey up the mountain that I take,
But if I keep at it eventually the goal I always make
Took a million days to get here, now finally I'm done –
But a minute to fall right back to square one.

I hate walking through the mire, always being unsure
I want to find security, that's what I'm looking for
So I sit myself down on some spot, but quickly as I'd come,
There's an earthquake in my paradise,
It shattered all my world, so nice,
I'm left to realize I'm back at square one.

Square one, square one,
I've got no ground beneath my feet,
I've got nowhere to take a seat.
Square one, square one
I've got nothing to latch on to
I'm wand'ring free without a clue
I can't sit still 'cause I'm unhooked,
But there's nowhere to go, I've looked
It leaves me hanging in the air
But when I fall down I go off again:

I keep wand'ring, looking for something I want to find,
Pick up many goods, but never really satisfied
Then I spot some gold and grab it and so tightly I hold on...
But I return emptyhanded back to square one.

I see that all I'm seeing is through my subjective view,
Try to break this habit but there's nothing I can do
Unless I think I'm free from it, and if I so should dare...
Then the fall back to square one I'll hardly bear.

I just want somebody who will understand my mind
Sometimes I think I've found him, and I let myself get blind
As I build his perfect image hope by hope up toward the sun...
'Til it all comes crashing down upon square one.

My head's full of delusions, for a while they keep me safe
Show me what I want to see and offer an escape
But take me off these drugs and I wake up and go insane
Writhing madly on square one in so much pain

You'd think I'd learn my lesson after so many a slap
But I can't help but fall into the very same trap
Each time I think I'm "past it," hits me harder than before –
No ground to walk on, just an ego feeling sore

I can't give up the feeling that I want to find my place
The permanent home of my life's long chase –
Now finally I've found it and it's called Square One:
So safe inside uncertainty,
Relax beside my golden key –
Until I fall back right onto square one.

Square one, square one
There's nowhere that I can go
All I know is I don't know
Square one, square one
Nothing that I want makes sense
Cannot live in my pretense
Don't have faith in any plan
I've only fooled myself again
I'll keep on coming back to you
Accept that there is nothing I can do.

February 1, 2008

Head Above Water

Keep my head above water,
Keeping my head above the water,
Everything beckons me to go under
Can I fight it forever, I wonder?

Head above water
Keeping my head above the water
Everyone beckons me to sink and go under
I'm standing on the brink of disaster
Of losing, of crushing myself beneath the waves
This game will go on every day and I am always bound to play
Don't think it can be any other way.

Swimming through the ocean
With no one on my side
They're living in the world down under
Underneath the waves
Dragging me to them
To be their little slave
And take everything from their view
But I never see how it should be the same way that they do

They've got all of the answers
I keep my head above the water
They're draggin me down under
But I – must – resist
I can bare – ly – resist (the pull)

Keep my head above water
Keeping my head above the water
All of my thoughts are draggin me down under
All of my fears are what's makin me surrender
All of it comes from my own head
Got to remember that fact while I'm not dead
'Cause I could go under the water
Give up myself and surrender
Become a plaything in their game
Without a want or her own name
And I know that I am selfish and I'm living for myself
But I need my fuel to keep me alive here or else
I will slip under the water
Step on my tail and sink under
Roam disappointed forever
'Cause I could never fight
When I feel that I am right.

I always did what I thought I should
I tried as hard as I really could
So effective was I, in my lie, in my mask
That no one has a clue what I feel, nor will they ask
Now their words make me wrong
But I just can't go along.

Must keep my head above water
Fightin to stay above this water
All my emotions are draggin me down under
All that I feel is like a weight I myself have chained
All this pain I myself have pre-arranged
I thought that I was in control
Now all I know is I don't know
Can't stand being either puppet or the puppeteer
I can't get satisfied in either role and I just fear
That what I want is all wrong
Cannot happen my way
Disproven every single day
But I still – go – on.

02-02-2008

About –

I'd like to say I'm past it, 'cause it's been so many years
That I've battled with this thought of mine that gives me no rest.
But every time it happens I still ask myself the same:
Is this feeling real, or am I inside of my own game?

I've tried to find an answer, resolve it for sure
But all I've found so far is that it's neither yes nor no.
To be up front and ask you I guess I'm much too insecure
So I keep on revolving in my mess
While I keep on pretending to grow –
Never yet been above the trifles.

Is this just me, just inside of my head?
Sometimes it feels real, and I can't ignore
How strong's my conviction that between us it's pure
That between us there's something that's hidden and shared
Hidden from outside, but I see it – and I'm scared
To believe it and vest my hope in,
'Cause what if I'm wrong?
What if I've been misled all along?

Is it just me, just my mind running wildly,
Or is there something real?
Is it just me, is it just in my head,
Or is it in yours, too?
Funny thing is, I could put it in;
Say what you want to hear,
Show you the impression you want to behold –
But something about that doesn't feel pure,
And that's what matters most to me.

End of May, 2008

Believe What I Want

I'm looking for signs to help me
Believe what I want to believe.
I pick up on them so quickly,
From the slightest nuance I weave
Oh, the most intricate story
That you ever could conceive
All in my quest to believe what I wish
Is real enough to believe.

Look for the marks to tell me
'It's true, what's in your mind'.
Sometimes what I see, it seems so real,
That, emotionally, I can't deny
What they seem to be proving – just what I want –
But it's dangerous to be sure
'Cause when you get disproven, inevitably, it knocks you so hard down to the floor.

There's no helping the window before my eyes
That taints everything I see
With my emotions and deep-rooted expectations;
Try and call it reality.
I don't know what to trust; what's inside my head
Changes with every look.
My heart swayed so easily, a touch or a word
Will easily do the trick.
Believe in whatever I want as the truth,
'Cause I guess I can never know.
I'll settle on one emotion today
(Our love will stay forever this way) –
And watch it change tomorrow.

What's there to trust inside myself, when it feels like I've got no ground?
When my view is subjective, skewed and reflective of all I see around?
And when everyone else around me
Is just the same as I?
I look for what's really true, but all I can see
Is the emptiness between them and their lie.

So when can I trust someone, other than that
They will always act like themselves?
Unable to change their daily mold,
And neither can I, myself.

So where is the truth? 'Cause it feels like there's nothing around me but empty space,
Ulterior motives, hidden connections, unsaid words, and a smile on your face.
And all I really wish for, is for there to be another way to be.

I'm about to sink into this mire forever, and lose myself completely.
Lose what I know I believe in, in face of this army of roles
That demands I pretend so as not to have said something that shakes up the world.
And before all your hidden desires, there lie the surface things you say.
And I'm left to take your word, though I see the signs that it's not really that way.
Signs that you're lying, playing a role – but I'm too scared to reach through
And tell you that I think that you are like me – all I can do is play my role, too.
And maybe someday I'll turn out to be right
And maybe someday we will speak through these walls
Instead of forming our words around them
And hoping our signals hit the mark.
But never without our effort can something like this come to pass.
Act how is right in each situation, and maybe we'll get the chance.
Hard to believe in it, but if you come 'round I'll be standing on the edge,
Afraid of falling to either side, and losing either my hope or my head.

May 2X, 2008

Another One of Those Moments

I can't stand to be myself, I can't stand the things I do,
I can't stand that iron rule, the one I'd like to blind myself to,
And if only it weren't true – but in life I can't ignore:
You get devoured or devour – and to life there's nothing more.
It's the cold hard truth – you can deny it and let yourself get eaten;
Or you can play your part and hate yourself, but at least you won't be beaten.
Those who laugh that it's not true, they need it most to thrive,
Tell you how much they love you, as they eat you alive.
Words are on the surface, but intentions they run deep,
Even the prettiest of promises won't change what you keep
Deep inside you, you can't change it, it'll always make its way out;
You can't hide or deny it, just push it down and pretend
That the words you say are true – but it's in everything you do,
Your motivation – it's what fuels you; but if you could look between,
At the emptiness inside, you'd see that *nothing's* what it seems.
The core is not the surface; and the surface is a stage.
Deep down it's really simple – there's an animal, your act's the cage
That tries to keep it down; but it runs wild 'cause it's untrained.
The only truth that I believe in is the beast behind the curtain,
In the monster sitting stilly at the bottom of the lake,
At the bottom of it all, or every movement that you take,
Never without a string attached, never without another cause,

Some cheap desire to fulfill; stroke with your paws and save your claws
For until you have them safely set, when they forget they can escape,
That they don't *have* to stay here, and you bank they'll never ask themselves:
"Is what I am doing really what I want to do?"
(The most important of all questions, the only one that can save you).
But I don't believe in any of the surface things that're said,
Even actions can be made to fool – so I must be led
By the feeling that sees through it all to sense that something's wrong;
In spite of all the pretty pictures it does not go along.
Running counter to the play, it sees right through behind the curtain,
And what it deeply knows, it deeply knows for certain.
All I see around me makes me doubt what I know;
I'm insane; I should be normal and agree with the show.
'Cause those who are intelligent are intelligent, and those dumb are dumb;
"Agree with the winners" is society's rule of thumb.
And there's something wrong with *you* if you do not see the same;
How dare you say that my great self is just a silly game?
For calling people fake, we'll put you in the nuthouse,
Crush your spirit with our help, you'll be quiet as a mouse.
That's why I don't believe our words, no matter how eloquent they sound.
They're there to hide the true reason buried underground –
Watch them all try to convince me, for their own end,
I must be firm to not be swayed by the image they portend.
So tempting to believe them, and the pull is so strong
But one tiny part of me can't play along; it feels wrong, it feels *wrong*,
That's all I have to live by,
Trusting my heart and my innermost eye.
...Everyone has something that redeems them through it all,
Shows the way to go in spite of misleading signs,
If only they let it be their guide through the vines
In spite of everything and anyone that tries to disprove –
Remember the shadow behind their every move,
And I suppose in that case you need not worry at all.

June 30, 2008

Tree

I don't know
What to do with your perfection.
There is nothing to say, there is nothing more to want
You are perfect as you are,
And anything more would only take away.

You were made by the sun, every cell so designed
To work together and look glorious in every light.
I can only behold you, admire your calm and perfect grace,
So in tune with the world, so complete the way you are.
You need nothing more.
I can only adore and admire you,
Let you inspire me.

Every part of you speaks, has a separate voice,
Like a million "me's", all connected as one.
It makes me want to say something, but I can't think of a thing to say.
Someday you will die, but you'll never come undone.
You are as you are.
And you want nothing more.
You're here for it all and you have no ego to separate you from the rest of the world.
Your perfection is free
And when I'm looking at you
I realize that's how I ought to be, too.

I want to touch you, walk among you,
Look at you forever – it'll never be enough.
You'll never bore me, for I adore thee.
You make me happy and you lift me up.
I want to be you, drink you in,
No matter how much I get, I can never get it all.
I'm powerless to take you, take you for mine,
I guess I can only leave you to be what you are,
Go on admiring you from afar.

You'll teach me everything I'll ever need to know.
I have only to see you and I feel at home.
I want something from you, but what, I don't know.
Nothing will completely satiate my soul.
I guess I'll leave you. Be what you are,
And I'll always admire you,
Near and afar.

July 16, 2008

Words, Words, Words

Days, days, days,
They're passing us by,
One into another,
Always less time.
I've got a deadline,
I can do only so much
In a day, but I've got
Only a certain number.

Words, words, words,
They're meaningless
Insincere, confusing mess.
Change one thought,
And it changes your life,
But they're based on words
Based in a lie.

Words, words, words
They try to conceal
What's behind your mask,
What of you that's real.
You'd have me believe you
But it's lucky I feel
The truth of what you'd
Never want to reveal.

Words, words, words,
They conceal what you are.
Words, words, words
Are all I hear.
It's true they confuse me,
I've been swimming in words,
Forgetting beyond them's
A whole nether world.

You're saying one thing but I hear another.
Behind your words I know what you really want.
Explain it one way, but it's still another.
Words won't change the way things are.
There're your words, and the world, and they don't compare.
You won't fool me with even a whole dictionary.
Make me think anything that looks nice to me
Pull me this way and that 'cause the words are so pretty.
Empty shells that don't show what's there;
Underneath your words it's a whole different story.
I've been following the words to find what I seek,
But they just lead astray and only mislead.

To weave though your words is no mean feat.
I don't care for your words, I don't count what you say.
I'd rather you silent,
For a moment stay still
And look me in the eye
As you really are.

Words, words, words,
They're all I hear
Walking through this world so dear.
Talking, talking,
Saying nothing.
Don't lose yourself in all their words,
They said one thing but it's another I heard.
Swimming in soup, confusing my head,
Gut leads me right, words have only mislead.
It may seem one way, but trust when I say,
All her words put together won't change her face.

7-24-2008

Next Time

Next time I'll know better
Not to do what I did before.
Next time, I'll say to myself,
"Take care of yourself before everyone else."
Next time, I won't consider
Their cheap emotions 'fore mine;
Everyone's got to handle some pain,
Can't put the burden all on my shoulders –
It doesn't make me better
If I let myself suffer.

Next time I'll be better,
Next time I'll do it right
It always seems to be next time.
Next time's when I'll fight
For what I want, knock them all down
Caring for only myself.
Get what I want, I'll feel no guilt,
Rise up above myself.
Step beyond my limits,
For now I can only sit,
Waiting for next time to come
As I devour myself bit by bit.

Next time I'll be the one,
Take my lost spotlight back,
Take my place in the sun
Without shame for the things I lack.
Next time I'll have let myself won,
Move to the front of the line,
Let myself be finally happy,
Next time *something* will be mine.

It always seems to be next time
That the good, golden, glorious comes.
Next time I won't mess up,
Next time I won't come undone.
Next time I'll let myself win,
Move from second to first and stand tall.
Next time will I grab my victory
Without hesitation or thought.
Moving forward to get what I want,
Next time I won't be ashamed
Of what lies inside my heart
And of what I really want.
Next time I *have* to win;
Next time my life will be *mine*,
Or else, what point is there,
If next time I'll just say "next time"?

August 20, 2008

My Daily Pill

I don't remember what life was like before.
The past seven months on this drug have been a chore.
I'm trudging through the days and I want to know why
Every day I eat away at my own insides.

I need to feed like the rest of the world,
But I guess that a by-product of being alone
Makes me feel I don't fit in the social mold –
So I gnaw my own flesh right down to the bone.

How clueless I am on how to feed off my friends,
They all seem able to do it so well.
I wish I could
Find a way into the mold.

But as it were
I'm alone and inside I grow colder.
I feel I'm just getting older
As everyone's life passes me by like flashing jewels in a dark night sky
And I am alone – missing out on what should be my own.

My jealousy has got me dying inside
My insides cut up by my own knife
I sound emo – but this is truly the way
My ego feels today.
Yeah, I'll let you see what is the greatest divide;
The one between my ego and an honest I
There's gotta be, a real me
But I can't see past my empty.

Well, I am a turmoil spinning 'round a void
The colors change but the palate stays clean –
You see me angry, sad, confused, and annoyed –
The deepest part of me feels none of these.
It's like they're clothes that fall off and get worn for a show
All this spinning around in myself has got me so low.
Man, I must really have not a grain of love or joy,
If I'm allowing me myself to destroy.

There's no one else outside who does this to me –
But how did I ever sink my teeth in so deep?
No one knows, the worlds I make up in my mind –
But you'd find they don't cross with what you see
And I'm worried *I'm* the only one who's got this deformity.

This is all bullshit and this fact I do know
But tomorrow you'll see me carry on the show.
My own skin it always feels not quite right –
Always making sure I'm your ideal sight.
What I really am, behind this I don't know,
But I'm so scared if you see it you simply won't care.

Too attached to you and every movement you make.
My eyes take their glances but you've moved away
To newer better things that your excitement do slake:
Today's today and tomorrow's dawn won't break.

My daily pill is a self-abuse
Somehow deep inside I guess I choose
To make myself miserable every day,
Depend off of you and the looks you no longer throw my way.
What's this? It was "good" five days ago!
Now the tide has turned and once again I'm burned.

And it's all fine while it stays inside
I'm so good at hiding the things I feel,
That now I can't help but to function that way,
And the price I pay for my tendency to conceal
Is that no one would ever connect my face
And my act to the words written on this page.
I don't even know if what I write here is real –

But I know I would die if it was read out loud.

September 11, 2008

Being My Own Psychotherapist

I keep on coming back, back, back to myself.
I keep on finding myself all over again
After losing to some other thing what's true of myself
Left and right it pulls me 'long but never for long.
There's no more dividing out 'tween right and wrong.
Well I keep on giving up my own self to
Some other shiny thing that looked so good to have and new
Something less valuable to have than having myself;
I eat myself alive, I throw myself at you.

Well we're all people and we can all understand
That if you like me you can be the man
And I don't have to chase or hunt you down –
Slather you with attention just to make myself known,
'Cause if, when you see me, you don't turn around
And don't find me interesting on your own,
Then I guess that that's that, and that I'll just have to swallow,
Rather than in my own worries wallow.
'Cause my heart can't move on, and my mind can't let go,
Obsessed with perfection and the perfect show.
But always, as always, I must be myself –
I don't care if ya'll think I can't have any fun –
It's just that I haven't had attention for the past few weeks,
And all of us do need our fix.

I guess, perhaps, I have too much pride
To be shameless enough to chase you down –
I'm in wonderment as to why you don't act like a man:
Men, they stand, they do not shrivel up
And make themselves victims of abusive girls.

We all know I'm just jealous,
And if you've no control –
And I know I can make myself believe any show –
Well then it's not my problem
And it says nothing of me
If you're not caught by what you see.
All it says
Is that perhaps I was wrong
Maybe there's nothing between us
And I made the whole story up.
That's probably true, and if there's one thing I should do
It's to admit to myself that I don't need you.

September 13, 2008

We Understand Each Other

Here I see love;
Here you see nothing
But an ordinary moment.
Here I am caught
In an aura of gold;
Here you are looking forward
For something special that's lying ahead,
For excitement in your bed.
Because here there is nothing
Your appetite craves;
You're carefree, and I'm the slave.
My sky is purple
And yours looks blue –
We understand each other, yes we do.

Surely I see what you want me to see;
And surely you are who I want you to be;
And surely we must see it all clearly;
And for certain no one has lied;
To you it looks as it does to me;
For certain we are of one mind;
Between us there lies perfection;
That's all what I truly believe;
Surely I'm right, and not blind;
Surely an illusion I'd not conceive.

For, here you see love;
Here I see nothing
But commonness kind of boring.
Here you are reeling
From your influx of feeling;
Here I am ignoring
What's true for you –
But what about me?
I'm unaware of your reality.
I see just what I want to see,
And I'm looking ahead
For that fun in my bed;
Who here's misled?
Is it you or me?
Can it ever be
That one is right,
If all the time
One sees what one wants to see?

You see love
And I see you;

With this don't want much more to do.
In a bubble without a clue,
But lots of desires;
My mind never tires
Of coloring the page,
Of decorating the bars of its cage.
I perceive nothing here
That my "heart" might crave;
I'm running carefree; you're dragged along like a slave.
To me it's one thing,
To you it's another –
You and me, babe,
We understand each other.

September 18, 2008

The World is Empty

The world is empty
And there is nothing outside.
There's the sound of my voice
When I sometimes remember
That I, too, am here and alive,
Not merely a ghost, but a physical member;
A piece of the game; a stone in the river;
Played on haphazardly;
Playing a giver.
We are all only toys wearing masks,
Playing roles that mask our dependency;
And all that is me
Is a fleeting emotion,
A hormonal imbalance,
A forgotten notion
About something or other;
Had an emotion, had a thought,
Well, it had me,
But now I forgot.

October 6-7, 2008

Ode to Someone

Driving along in the emptiness
Makes me feel sublime.
Some of my torrid emotions have ebbed
And a curtain's parted a dime.
It's an ode to someone, I wish to write.
Someone out there, I'm sure –
I give you a face and I give you a name,
But what is it really for?
One day you'll come to me;
I'd love to feel the bliss
Of knowing that this feels right,
Being certain of what's between us.
But I give up my hope for now,
Put it aside, and I know,
It'll all happen somehow
When the moment comes around.

For now I go on my own way,
But deep down where I have no doubts
I'm certain you'll still be around.
Just wait another year.
Your name and your face may change,
But whatever – to me you're all the same.
And what does the mold really matter?
All that matters is how I feel.

Can't see it yet, but it'll get clearer;
Life is only a perfect mirror.
I must do what I set out to do,
And I know that by this, I'll find, not lose, you.
Who you are, I know.
You are my ideal.
I know you aren't real,
But our encounter won't let me go.
You're so near, sometimes it feels;
Impossible, I know.
Around the bend, back to back, the horizon's your home,
Just beyond my reach, my other something that keeps me lone.
It's stupid, I know, on the surface,
And everyone and everything disproves;
But the more they try to break it, the stronger it grows.
You'd think it'd be the other way around, but it fortifies
Off of the struggles and shattering blows,
Just makes me believe it more and more;
I can't see it anywhere with my eyes,
But there's no question that I'm sure.

It'll happen, I know.
I don't worry or doubt.
I want it and I'll take it and I'll force myself to make it
Through the tasks I imposed on myself.
That's all my life is; there's nothing more
Or less than what I know I must do.
So if it seems that I'm just losing you,
I guess I'll just have to bear it;
Someday, this wish, I'll share it.
You want what I want;
You understand what I write.
Someday it'll turn out right, that's what they say;
But it never happens that way, and do you know why?
Because words are one thing, and you can speak of the loveliest dreams,
But if in your heart you don't doubtless believe it,
You can say you do, but it still won't be true;
What you want is exactly what happens to you.

For now I know I have to leave it,
Turn my back and go on my own way,
Take comfort in knowing you'll still be around.
Perhaps a different face and a different name,
But we'll still be playing the same old game.
All that really matters is what I believe, how I perceive;
That's what's real
Not hooks caught on stones,
Those go where the river flows,
Carried to where they are perfectly needed.
Not the stones themselves am I meant to keep.
I myself am like one of those stones
In the river.
So if I break or shatter
To the whole, it will not matter
Because it always stays the same,
Only inside it's conforming and rolling,
In our playful, dynamic game.
From afar, all the same,
A million particles, gathered as one.
None of anything can come undone.
All is forever, and to you I surrender.
There's no control; but I can't deny
That I really want you to be with me.
I guess I shouldn't be ashamed,
And I shouldn't hide the truth
No matter how pricked it gets standing naked in the street.
I open up myself, and I don't care
If I win or lose,
Because I do my share.

October 7, 2008

I Am

I am a collection of hormones
That changes on the half hour.
I am brave and bold and strong
Except for when I cower.
I am what I see as myself in my mind
And not what I see in the mirror.
I turn away from it to behold
An image I couldn't hold any dearer.
I am fluctuating answers:
'Yes' today and 'no' tomorrow.
At two I'm nothing but jealousy.
At three I'm nothing but sorrow.
At seven I'm happy forever
Until nine o'clock rolls around,
When I see him flirt with another
And my emotions hit the ground.

October 9, 2008

Jealousy 2

I'm watching everyone around me
Have all the things I want.
Comparing theirs
To my own lot.
My envy of everything eats me alive,
Constantly longing for something at night
And in the morning – it seems I can never be free.
I'm always yearning for what I know I don't need.
But jealousy, jealousy, it kills me inside,
Being so jealous, I'm wasting my life
Living in moments that aren't here
Oh I slip away and I disappear
From around these four walls,
The realest part of me, exactly what I see –
But I trade a life for jealousy.
Worried my dreams will ne'er materialize
Hanging on to the visions that throw hooks in my eyes
It'll never better 'til I realize
This is not the way to go,
Trading my life for yet another show.
The surface looks golden, but inside it is broken,
I know perfection is only from far away,
'Cause up close I turn down everything
And just sit and wait 'til there comes a day
When every cell in me will utter yes
Without protest, and most of my suffering, I confess
Is a game
To keep me occupied
From the emptiness of the hole inside.
'Cause I starve, and I hunger, but then I deny
All the saccharine sweets that fly at my face
(Can't bear to seem a low disgrace)
So worried I am that I'm losing chances;
Got to find another food besides your meaningless glances.
Got to organize, prioritize,
Focus my eyes on a single point
Somewhere in the distance; I get disappointed
'Cause it seems, all my dreams, will soon be replaced by reality.
And while I trade my life for this jealousy, I'm anything but free.
How to break loose from this mess in my head?
How to keep going with the things that I said
I would do, to myself, when I look left and right at everyone else!
Everything I'm doing just seems to be failing;
I try and try, it seems to no avail.
Putting my efforts into a void; and about my own fate I'm paranoid.
Resistance, encumbrment at every turn; yesterday's labors are getting destroyed.
Nothing's for right now, it's all for tomorrow

Even tomorrow's for tomorrow; today I just sorrow.
It's all for a tomorrow that might never come,
But I can't give up until I'm satisfied
Secretly, I know, I'll never reach such a state
So I guess never giving up is how I spell my fate.
And still, though I know
No one has the essence of what I crave,
I can't help but lament
Those golden chances I just couldn't save!
Let me go, let me be – I scream at myself and my jealousy
Take your grip, off my heart – of my inner world you need not be a part.
Everything seems lost, fallen into a hole
Blacker than night, it's torn up all I know
Into shreds; there's no "end"
There's no "ending up" 'cause there's no giving up.
No one has it better, and no one can judge
Honesty is the only true marker
Whatever shape your body wears says nothing of your heart;
I know myself and I'll go on though it looks darker.
I could write forever 'bout the things I don't have;
I don't have them, yet to them I'm still a slave.
All that I really want is to crave.
And do you see how disorganized are the thoughts running round my mind?
Wasting time, I'm wasting today,
Reliving the past, dreading what will come my way.
Neither is helpful, but both have become my pattern;
Yesterday and tomorrow do not matter.
Fallen into another rut, one of the mind
Another way to bind me; paralyzed and I cannot see outside
Of this swirling mess inside this cavity.
Afraid of making it all too easy
I'm just carrying around so much that I don't need.
For some reason I keep holding on
To all these things that don't really exist,
But in my mind; exist just to eat me alive.
And I really, really do not know why
I set up an obstacle course for myself.
Make my own days a living hell
When they're really okay, and there isn't that much
In the way of excitement; I've got a hunch
That I'm hungry, but this hunger I will not admit;
Feeding off myself, it seems I'll never quit,
Why do I hold onto so much I don't need?
The greatest riddle here is this:
Where does that mass that hangs over my head
Come from, if these everythings don't even exist?

October 26. 2008

Fake Birthday Blues

I gave up everything I ever wanted
For nothing at all, it seems.
Now all I'm left with is a broken image
Of how I should be.
The rules of living, they do not apply here,
Not in my reality.
Outside the world goes on but I stay behind,
Losing, missing out, my hands are so empty.

And where I stand now, I don't know.
This place, so cold, so lonely, so I go
On with my daily life, I wait 'til it comes, comes on by:
My tomorrow, oh how I sorrow
For all the chances lost
To have a great life, to have a fun time;
I'll never be this age again.
Did I miss out on, did I lose every-
thing that's good to own?
The things I lost, the things I never had
Won't let me go.

I gave up everything I ever wanted
For nothing at all, it seems.
It made no sense to anyone from outside,
But it felt right to me.
I did not think about my own tomorrow,
And what would come of me.
Then I got burned, and the ground I stood on,
The sand blew out from underneath.

All I see now are better yesterdays
That won't loosen their grip.
The things I gave up, I never gave up,
'Cause I can't forget them for even one good moment and live.

And where I am now, and who I am now,
I don't even know.
Wanting everything, to me I don't
Know what will happen tomorrow.

Did I waste my life?
I cannot go back and be that age again.
So lost in acting, I sit and wonder
Every moment, "when?!?"

Sometime before, I had reason to complain,
But now my life's so bare.

To have my drama, I swirl around in myself
And pull it out of the air.
I have nothing to write about here,
No story to relate,
Except this one tale, so boring and stale,
Of missing yesterday.

...Look for the diamond, I'll never find it,
'Cause it's not out there.
Inside the center of everything
Is nothing but thin air.
And no one wants to,
No one wants to see the black hole that they're staring at.

November 1, 2008

I Saw Through My Own Fallacy

I saw through my own fallacy
It broke apart into a million pieces
My little ideal got left behind
And now there's nothing, nothing left to comfort my mind.
I saw through my fallacy
It shattered right before my eyes
The truth that's left, there's just no denying
But there's nothing, nothing left to comfort my mind.

From far away it looks like perfection
From far away, you are everything I want to see
But up close your human shows
And I just can't – I can't stand you standing next to me.

What do I do? Oh-oh it's just another escape
Each time I lay eyes upon a new face
There's a halo hanging over your head
And I let – I let me get myself misled.

I saw through my own fallacy
It only took yet another shattering blow
To crush my little ideal way I see the world –
The world is not how I had hoped.

I saw through my own fallacy
There really is nothing sacred left
Why did I fool myself to see it so innocently?
But I can't – I can't say there's nothing sacred to me.

I saw my lies with my own eyes
They never did materialize for me
Instead they fell just to reveal what's real
Is not how I wished it would be.

My life is just a trick of my mind
Weave a story with the colors transmitted by my eyes
The missing pieces that my mind filled in
Pulled them out of the air and thrust them in.

I saw through this fallacy
Of believing you are just as I want you to be
Each time it hits me I go down another time
No one embodies my ideal (not even I).

I made up my own reality –
I could create it any other way
But to my wishes I fall prey
So I don't hold it – it holds me.

I saw through my fallacy
I even know why I keep it up
Easier than dealing in gray reality
But for the love of me I can't make it stop.

And out of nowhere
I pulled it out and thrust it into my mind,

I saw through my own fallacy –
And then I fell right back again
The pieces picked themselves up to carry on

November 10, 2008

The Second Annual Purging,
aka All My Wrong Points 2

Lately, all I do to myself
Is stick my head into some corner,
Fabricate a little story;
It's so scary what I believe.

I stick my head into a corner
And write about everything I see,
But none of it really happens to me;
The truth is that in my life,
There isn't all this drama;
All these negative feelings are pulling me down,
But their causes don't even exist,
I pulled it all out of the air,
And it's so shocking and scary to see,
That really my life is not how I describe;
My stories have nothing to do with my physical reality.

"I lost everything I never had" –
What stupid bullshit is this?
Am I really just that bored?
Compensating for being ignored?
I've lost the dominant role in my life,
From being so scared of being alone again –
Avoiding falling down that hole a second time,
Now all the while,
I've revolved my world around
Everyone but I.

I can only sense that I'm not here,
Not inside my own performance;
And who they talk to, I don't know
If it's a wall or someone's face.
Sometimes I feel like I am talking
To no one but myself.
I stage a conversation
Just to throw out my own weight;
There's nothing we exchange
But my self-inflating ego
And your salivation o'er it;
Or the other way around.

Clear my head of cobwebs;
Stopping all this spinning;
So desperate to escape
Into a land of rainbows;
Or tragicomic drama;

Anything but this,
This land of nothing sweetened,
This land of sweet ennui –
Sweet for the truly burdened,
But agony for me.

Bringing myself downward
Like I never did before –
Why is that and how do I
Stop this madness ‘fore
I fail to recognize the veil
I shield over my eyes,
And stick my head into a well? –
Farther, farther, fantasize
‘Bout so many stories I’d like to play,
All the sweet burdens I’d like to taste.
Just offer an escape –
And I’ll turn it down again.

Life is a comparison
Between now and before;
These days I’m immobily strained,
In high school I was pure.

In high school I wrote of the present,
All that was happening to me;
But now that nothing’s happening,
I write of my ennui.

And I’m stuck inside this pattern
Of being stuck in yesterday,
Stuck in old thoughts and feelings,
And feeling bare these past few days.
Feel I have got no story,
No bone on which to gnaw –
But then I found my arm –
And I guess that if I’m writing
The truth about my life –
What it is it’s hard to say,
But it’s none of what I write.

I’ve crystallized the habit
To always criticize
And judge with blinded eyes,
Fueled by hungry emotions
And constant dissatisfaction;
Everyone is wrong.
But I alone, I carry on
Upholding my convictions;

But I judge my every move
Which only keeps me blinded to the things I actually do.
And it's been so long since I've seen myself
For what I really am.
There's a face behind the mirror
But inside her head it's bedlam
And she's blinded to her own world,
Blinded to her life, she goes on living in the outside
But still with no clue what she's doing
Just a constant wish to keep on proving
Competence, by made-up rules
And standards that she tirelessly
Keeps trying to live up to.

If I could see her out there
As a member of the world,
I'd see the lies that she has told herself
And the game these lies have spawned.
Everything she writes in here,
The problems and the pangs
Are just stages you must pass
As your piece moves across the board.

And she says she doesn't want a game,
And that she wants what's real;
But she'd really rather not
See the way she looks for real.
Because the way I look at me,
And what I make myself out to be
Isn't close to what I am; and I've seen it all before,
But lately I've been going down some convoluted road,
Making myself always unhappy,
When I know I could just be free,
But I'm afraid of being a slacker if the daily life's too easy.

I've been keeping up a drama going on inside my head.
Life could be a million other ways than how I said.
And if I could cut this spiderweb I weaved so long ago, I'd just be happy
And accept the human trifles that have snagged me back
And act a little selfishly, without so many smiles;
I haven't been myself at all.
And all of my relations have been built upon this mask
That I made through my own task.

'Cause if I admit what's here then I'm a human who's just bored.
And I don't really know what it is I'm waiting for.

November 13, 2008

Lonely

I've been so lonely, I don't know
How to fix this feeling that
Gets me down so effing low;
Sit here like a lazy slug
Wondering what's going on
Outside the walls of my apartment;
There's a crowd and in it's everyone.

Living in this world, but not a part of it;
Been set aside from the melee.
Whenever something I like passes by
I must give it away.

Lonely and depressed I am here,
Wonder if it'll ever change;
Can't vest my hopes inside tomorrow;
Perfection's out of this life's range.

I just don't know what to do;
Wishing for someone to talk to;
Wishing I could be a part
Of the life my friends have got.

Last year it was not so bad;
But I forgot just how it used to be.
I guess I must spend this time,
For some reason, being lonely.

Don't know how long it'll last;
Guess I can sleep it away.
God, I hate to be alone;
I'd drown inside myself this way.

Will that happen? Will this change?
Will I ever stop complaining?
Will I reach out if I need
Some kind of form of communication?
Will I ever feel elated?
All I want's to have some fun,
But I can't step outside my house
Without feeling guilty every move.

The guilt I harbor's like an anchor,
Dragged 'long with me everywhere I go;
I can't for one good moment
Honestly relax, and forget what's in my head;
Always tense and always waiting;

Wish that I could be myself;
Wish that I could stop my smiling,
Like an automatic reflex;
Wish instead that I'd explode,
Let loose what's in my abode.

God, I feel so lonely now,
I don't know what I can do.
There's no one that I can call
To tell about this state I'm having
Without feeling like I bring them down.
I've got no clue what to do,
So I try to write it down;
Too much care to how I seem;
Appearances betray what's there.
And I can only hope to feel
Another upswing in my tide;
But I do not control the air;
Can't see tomorrow from right here.

November 14, 2008

To My Love

Oh, to my love,
I want to say to you,
That you don't have to go anywhere:
If you want to
Get to some place,
You needn't move at all to get there.
And no distance will take you away.

To my love
In the mirror plane
Leading out your days just like me,
Oh don't you see
The distance here;
I reach out but I cannot touch your face.
I stand right by
With you beside
But together we can never be.
And in the world,
Oh, I know, love,
Such strangers always are we.

And to my love:
For someone I feel
The whole of what I hold in my heart.
I can't say just who –
But I know you –
Just turn around for one moment.

You never will be
One with me,
But I will always feel your pull
On the other end
Of the rope I hold
Whose end goes endlessly on somewhere.

I cherish you,
And I'll see you
In every single face I stare into.
Oh, to my love,
I'll say to you
All the things that I should say to me.
If only I
Held so dear my
Own life as I hold you,
I'd see
That my love somewhere out there I seek
Is literally only me.

November 15, 2008

Little Escapes

I'd try to counter the boredom, but I don't know how.
To lift myself up and out is like climbing up a hill.
There's nothing in my life that lifts me up now.
And I haven't been high, in the longest while.
I'm not sure what could get me excited, but still
I sit around and wait for that magic pill,
The one I know is never gonna come, but I
Don't know what I will do with my life, it feels like nothing
Is moving forward for me, and in the meanwhile:

Bored and dead, I turn on the T.V.
There are so many stories to entertain me.
But no matter how long I lay there, can't let go of all my cares,
Can't immerse my burdened head in their pretty tales.
I can't escape.
Though there are so many offers,
Nothing seems to hold on to me.
Can't get in.
I look it all over,
But then I leave empty like I came in.
And I go on,
Looking for something,
Something that's out of this world.
But then I feel –
'Cause I know that it's hopeless –
That this vagueness is too much to want.
And this fantasy,
That could be for me,
That I always crave,
Is only another escape.

All the trifles – well they aren't enough
They glitter but they slip right through like dust
As I try to hold in, all they could give –
But after a moment I remember it's nothing.
I give them up, and I let them go,
And I'm dissatisfied once again.
And where can I go?
I only sit and wonder "when?"

Where will I find it, if the world just isn't enough?
What am I looking for, a permanent way to stay up?
And isn't that all that we do?
Inject ourselves with fun like it's a fast-burning fuel?
Well lately nothing burns brightly for me;
There's so much glitter around, but it's a worthless game,
Chasing down the rhinestones, I only feel the shame,

And the pointlessness of everything that stimulates my brain –
Though there are a million things,
Nothing is worth anything to me.

Now here's a lovely paradox that I can't resolve:
I watch the lives around me, they have fun and they mess up,
They go up and they come down and then they go up again,
And they never stop to think just when
The game will fin'ly end and life will begin –
'Cause life right now is nothing but a set of highs and lows,
An endless chase, an endless charade where nobody knows
Who is really who; but I know of one certainty:
Everyone is out to win; all want only to fit in.
And though I sit aside and wonder why I get passed by,
Why this masquerade goes on and I have not been invited;
Jealousy consumes; I crave to do what they all do,
I want to play out like a fool, and make all the same mistakes,
Just so I won't be here alone.
I want to join the party that I watch from far away,
But at the very same time, I want none of what they
Have – or rather what has them – and though the rhinestones attract,
Give them up when I've the chance to have them – that's how I react.

What do I do, if nothing's what I want?
I want something, but I don't know what.
And all the faces, and the prettiest stories,
They bore me to death, they do nothing for me.
No matter what I see, it won't touch deep;
Anything I get I don't want to keep.
I give it all away, and then I cry for its return;
I eat myself alive 'til I find another fuel to burn.

And all these little escapes that are everywhere
For none of their glitz do I really care
Like simulation rides, go and get your cheap thrill
But in the end, it does not fulfill.
It leaves you empty, and the hunger remains
While you waste onward the best of your days
Doing you-don't-know-what for why-you-don't-know –
But never mind the hole – just plug yourself into a show.

'Cause all the little escapes that entertain
Bombard me with thrills, but only in vain.
A candy array – enjoy the temporary taste,
But look back once it passes: it was time passed in waste.
You are empty again, hungry for more;
Will you take the bait over and over?
Fill the hole with yet another book –

These saccharine sweets can't get me hooked.
I want to escape 'cause I've been so bored;
I want to bury my head deep into the sand.
But any sweet that momentarily lured,
I sample and find that it tastes so bland.

Where is my place if the lights don't draw in?
They say the treasure you seek lies but within:
But when I look inside me, all that I see
Is the world in the mirror; and the world is empty.
That's why I crave for escapes; but they hook me no more.
Is there really the diamond that I'm looking for?
How can it be that one day all will change? Have I lost my faith
That somewhere out there lies the grandest escape?
I wade through the mire, the vastest sea,
Amid the rhinestone fields filled with emptiness,
And nothing is worth a thing to me –
I can't hope – but I wish – for a diamond amid the vast expanse.

November 19, 2008

The Rhinestone Sea

The rhinestone sea
Does nothing for me
The light that it shines is so empty.
It shines like a star
From so far away
Tempts from afar
With all that I crave.
I clutch at its glitter
But I grasp only air.
In the rhinestone sea I found despair.
It calls out
The rule we live by
'Til the moment we die:
Follow the thrills.
But the rhinestone sea does not fulfill.
I chase it down
Just to turn around;
What I sought I never found.
And what is more,
Wherever I go
It follows me:
All I can see is the rhinestone sea.
I look everywhere
In the vast expanse
Of the glitter amid its sunlit dance.
Wonder where
Somewhere out there
There surely must be
A diamond among the rhinestone sea.

November 19,2008

Throw Me a Bone

All I really need is a bone to gnaw on,
A toy to chew;
Then I found you.
You'll do just fine
'Til I color my sphere
With the trifling "stuff" I hold so dear.
Lace them like flowers strung 'round my wall
And keep them long after they die and fall.
It's past their time,
But I need a bone
To keep myself up; and my dreams do console
When I'm looking for something to fill the hole.
I find it then lose it;
Elated then sad;
Hunger for the same as I'd had;
Miss what's amiss,
Yesterday's bliss;
Today I fell in the water and sunk like a stone,
But I'll be fine once they throw me another bone.

November 26, 2008

Slap in the Face

Or

Delicate Drama

Or

Laced with Thrills

Oh it's so good if you remember to
Laugh out loud when you listen to what you
Say to yourself inside your head –
Delicate drama, I weave with my thread.

Life passes onward, and you bite every hook,
Too much importance placed on each word and each look.
Remember to carry the feelings around in my head.
Delicate drama – it's what I said
Was happening to me.
My fine drama's all that I do see.
Spin it round in my head,
So fine and intricate,
So many cobwebs in what is otherwise a perfectly clear, bright day.
Delicate drama – don't listen to anything I say!

I get so bored – all of the time
The monotonous chores are not sweet enough for my
Particular taste, craving in haste, so many dreams that are here to waste
My little time – substitute reality for this mire I baste in.
My delicate drama; I need a slap in the face.
Delicate tangles I protect from the glare,
Soft and tenderly concealed
To be revealed, in slow surrender.

Oh lift me higher and drop me – I love the fall
From the step I'm on to the one directly below.
So thrilling; I'm willing to sacrifice what's real
For this delicate drama, as long as I feel
Like I moved across the world when I really just moved an inch.
So slap me in the face
'Cause that's the only remedy.
And this is not just a phase, but a permanent state:
Addicted to the drama I create.
You're so glad you're not in my head unless you're just like me
And the things you make up are the only things you see
The things you make up make up your whole reality.
I need a slap in the face to snap me out of this daze
Hit me over the head and I'll start running on the ground
Instead of running in place in stale old fantasies –
I think I've got a pretty good estimate now of me.

Send me to Africa, drop me somewhere out there –
And you'll see how quickly my drama disappears.
But give me luxury, all the world's fineries
And I'll get quickly consumed by my tragedies.
Oh, he doesn't like me, life couldn't get worse!
Run away from it all! Just grab my Coach purse,
Hop into my car, and drive into the sun,
Stop by Starbucks to pick up a caramel frapp,
Take refuge in Barnes and Noble with my imported cheesecake,
My safe haven from all the shit I can't take.

December 5, 2008

Judgment Day

Who's better and who's worse?
Let's ask ourselves to figure out
Through this maze a course,
So that we'll never have to doubt again.

Because I want to know for sure
What mode of action makes me right
So when I look at every move I make,
I'll smile on the inside.

And meanwhile on the surface
I'll continue to pretend
That there's an honesty that underlies
Every word I said.

Every action – I preplanned
Each wrong thought – I reprimand
But first I had to call it “wrong”
And convince my mind to go along.

Not for a moment do I take
My eyes off every move I make.
My eyes send signals to my brain
To look out for each mistake.

And what's “mistake” I have to “know”
To put on the perfect show.
But I'm just pushing myself downward,
In as far as I can go.

And even when I'm just with me,
Sitting on the couch alone,
I put the act on for myself,
And I *still* keep up the show!

Not for a second am I me,
'Cause every impulse gets restrained
According to who I *should* be.
I wish that I could just be free!

Forget to think about myself each moment,
Drop the need to be some kind of “perfect”
It just isn't worth it
For the price I pay.

Every day is judgment day,
When you're the one inside my head.

Some control freak's taken me
To unprecedented lengths
To be something I am not
Just for the sake of vanity.
Takes me far away from me.
I feel like I am never free.

And now I'm standing on the ledge
(Only inside where none can see)
About to throw out every judgment
That I ever made of me.

'Cause there's an impulse I can't shake,
Its germ is growing in my mind,
The urge to go do something crazy –
To realize time will still go on,
My life will not be over after,
And I'll remain to watch the sun
Rise upon another day;
I'll wonder, have I even changed?
Aren't I still just the same?
The world's not come to judgment day.

Lift my burdens, inhibitions,
And the ceaseless self-restraint
Tension built up in my shoulders
Over years of carrying weight.

But the biggest reason I can see
For why I need to judge might be:
Without my standards to latch onto, my mind will just float free,
It won't have anywhere to go, no hook on which to cling,
And anything it sees can be anything.
I won't know how I should be,
Won't have a shred of certainty,
And everybody that I'll see,
Even those faces on T.V.,
I won't know if they're "good" or "bad",
I won't know *anything* at all,
I'll be without a single wall,
Without a road to blindly follow down,
I'll have to decide things on my own
And stand there naked and free –
Exactly how I longed to be.

December 7, 2008

Another Party

In the beginning, when I had no expectations
And there was nothing attached to you,
It was all so bright, so clear, so light,
So free; no depth, only breadth.
Time hadn't passed over us yet.

I look back on those nights when we'd sit around;
I remember you not as "you",
But as a stranger I tied no thought to.
You were anyone to me, endless possibility
In what lay beneath your skin.
You were only the body I saw on the surface.
Before I knew you you had no within.

How I miss the taste of that innocent time.
Time's imperceptible passing has halved us all
From what we could be to the patterns that remain,
The impressions on each other's minds we ingrain.

From "anyone" you've become "someone"
(But no matter what you think you are
Never close the door,
And if you believe you can be, then somewhere beyond
In a land you can't see, you are something more).

A year has passed, and we've slowly sunk
Into the "who" we know each other as: "me" and "you".
Familiarity kills possibility;
I'll still remember you when you weren't "you".

Charmed times, twinkling lights,
Abstraction that couldn't remain in my mind,
Devolved into separate, good and bad,
Yesterday/tomorrow, had not and had.

Mildly I say that tonight was okay.
Can anything be just "wonderful"?
I haven't felt wonder in such a long while,
Especially not with another.

And for this it's too much to hope,
That one fine day I'll meet someone for me,
And because of him there'll be secrets in everything.
With him next to me, I'll come alive;
Play off of each other in ceaseless wonder
And talk late into the night.
Only because we are together does everything come alight.

We live in a world of emptiness,
No secrets to reveal, and nothing is concealed.
But all the magic we create, and the world we see –
Lies in the emptiness between you and me.

December 14, 2008

The Diamond

To find the diamond, we travel far,
It's somewhere in the world
Somewhere to find.
I never forget about my glorious diamond.
It's somewhere in the world
Somewhere in my mind.

The diamond is out there
(The diamond is in here)
(Is there anything else about which I care?)
The diamond's value, I can't describe:
It's worth all the emotions its mere shadow excites.

12-21-2008

Somebody's Face

Time doesn't matter,
And there is no Space;
Nothing changes the feeling from recalling your face.

You are no prettier
Than anyone else,
But when I look straight at you I see all of myself.

There's no one else of whom I can speak just so;
Every particle of you that I behold
Matches with something inside of me.
Every cell of your face, the straight gaze of your eyes
Strikes a counterpart point that inside of me lies.
And when the arrows all strike, the feeling is like
There's a blueprint of you grafted into me.

It isn't a thrill, and it isn't a chase.
We don't play off each other in flirtatious ways.
Despite outer circumstance, doubtlessly,
When we look at each other, I see that you are for me.

Your face is the only one I see in the crowd
That looks as if it's alive and awake.
Unlike everyone else, behind who's eyes
There lies emptiness shrouded beneath disguise,
I see that there's "something" inside of you:
A Life – unlike the death everyone succumbs to.

You stand alone in the crowd, for me, this way,
Not yet given in to the ease of decay.
Keep trying – you're the only one I know who tries.
Trying is everything – all else is just lies.
Try not to sink down with the pull of your weight;
To "go against yourself" is so foreign a taste
To most; though they "suffer", deep down they're content
Wallowing in theories and explanations so eloquent.
It's all the same level; could stay there forever,
And never really feel what it's like to wake up
From your dreaming of flying, as you stay on one stair;
Step over yourself to move anywhere!

Neither passing of Time
Nor changed circumstance
Can make me forget what I see in your look.

As long as you stay forever changing,
I think this experience will always remain.

I don't need confirmation to tell me it's true;
It's so rare what I see inside of you.

December 24, 2008

Christmas Blues

Just me and the T.V., the only friend I have here.
(So easy to get along with someone who doesn't respond.)
I hate people, and their sycophantic views.
Hate talking to them, being around them.
I'd rather be alone. All alone....

I hate when I'm alone; can't stand to be myself.
Cannot stand who I am, and to know I'll never change.
I don't do anything; no hobbies that I have.
I take care of a house, and that takes up all my time.

It's just me and the wine; we sit here and converse.
It doesn't really help, nor does it make things worse.
It's only just a thing – and that's all I can say.
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good day.

Just me and my self-pity, hanging out tonight.
I wish that my own world would look a little bright.
Because I really have nothing; there's nothing that I do.
Don't even have a room, or a *desire* to move.

Can't take anything for me; don't know how to act selfishly,
I mean, rather, in a way that *benefits* me.

Step over myself – right now I wouldn't dare.
I'd rather wallow in self-pity, and I'll do that right here.

I don't know what I could want to make a better life.
Everything that comes my way I scorn at with my eyes.

...I'll leave the rest unfinished; the story, how it goes,
You all already know; all these thoughts have come and passed.
They're in the past and now I won't dredge them up;
They were; but they were never more
Than the lights I left on, or the clothes that I wore....

December 25. 2008

The Story of My Life

I'd rather be alone inside my head
Living in the worlds I created
'Cause when I walk outside and face the world
It is never what I expect to behold.

The ways that it is are not the ways
And the hedges of the labyrinth are all displaced
I am not where I thought I was ('cause I was in a daze)
Took a map with me but for the wrong place.

So pull the feet out from under my ground
I've got it set but it gets tossed around
I create the story when I'm alone
But its commonality to reality is none.

It was somehow different all along
And everything I thought turned out to be wrong
Whenever I step out I get knocked around
And the feet gets pulled out from under my ground.

I sit alone and I contemplate
All the falsehood truths that I create
And the story of my life, everything I know
Is a show in my head and nothing more: a show.

It turns out that I didn't know myself
I thought I was all but I was something else
Anything but what is truly me;
In my head I'm the person I long to be.

Pull the feet from under my ground
Always feels that way when I look around
I collide with you and my worlds collide:
Reality and the-reality-inside/
Shatter the reality I built inside

And it shatters the notions that I have built
Nothing true in my stories I'm forced to admit
And I can't deny that to myself I lied
So that it'd look like what I imagined inside.

There are two things: life and life-as-I-say
They start out as one but go their separate ways
It's the story of my life and it's a chain of lies
That grows longer the longer I isolate my mind.

So hit me over and knock me out
So that I come to terms with what it's all about
Instead of trying to keep up the right display
And denying the truth of what comes my way.

When I take a step forward there drops the pretense
Thought that I was here, but I'm somewhere else
And it's not like I said it was, no not at all
I woke up and walked into a wall.

I tell myself to go right today
But the sign outside points the other way
Suddenly I don't know what's up or down
'Cause I've had the feet knocked from under my ground.

Knock the feet out from under my ground
All the castles in the air – please tear them down
Because I don't know how many times more
I can take the dynamite to my core.

Pull the feet out from under my ground
So that I never again get too complacent
With the stories I weave up inside my head
And live in the reality I created.

Because I've no idea what's right or wrong
For a while I'm fine while I go along
But then everything I know receives a shattering blow;
I *thought* I had it right, but apparently not so.

So what am I left to believe if not me?
In the moment it's perfectly clear what I see,
But somehow later my vision was wrong
Do I keep to my faith or follow along

With what *now* seems to me to be just as true
As yesterday's truth I so certainly knew.
And is there a solution for my self-deception
Other than preventing its conception??

Pull the feet out from under my ground
It's the only way from my dreams I'm knocked out
And it's better for me than in my bubble to stay
Do it 'til the tendency may no longer sway.

January 4, 2009

Four Years Later, I'm Still the Same

All the time, no matter what the circumstance
My head gets stuck inside a corner and it's all I see
I get used to the patterns that accompany what happens
And forget the rest of the world around me

If I could lift my head out of its corner –
If I could wake up from within one more dream –
I try to force myself out, though it doesn't feel right,
It feels like nothing at all but grasping at air
Nothing at all, and no means to compare
My emotions forget that of which they were so sure,
What they knew yesterday when here they were.
But now that they're gone all my trying is gone –
What was I trying to do again?

Been thwarted and now I feel pressed to run
To escape the shame of beggary
For something I'll just regret once the sun
Rises again to cast it all in another light,
One I'd forgotten until it fell within my sight.
It's crunching through these moments that's tough
'Cause another day this story will have fallen behind
I only feel guilty for my own bluff
And I wonder if I made the right choice, after all.
Do I trust my yesterday's mind?
Some reason must make me decide what I decide
Deep down I know that I might have lied...
And I wonder if all along I was wrong,
And how will I fix it for tomorrow's song?

It's four years later, and I'm still the same.
Only the faces and names have changed.
Always the circle goes 'round again
And I just follow along.

Still the same, though for change I try,
Thinking I have some effect on where my
Feet carry me with the falling tide;
Rises and falls, as I take the ride.

Think I have power all my own;
Cannot bear to see me: the pawn;
Wading through fantasies of right and wrong
For some ideal – a mirage that I want to be real.

Got no acceptance for the truth around me,
About me; what I see I push down to deny

If with my ideal the concrete doesn't fly.
It's true: deny is all that I do.
It's true: that one day I'd be here, I knew.
That doesn't make the hunger gnaw any less,
And I'd jump on the chance right now, I confess
'Cause equilibrium's been pulled right away from me,
And I chase it by law so that balance may be,
Knowing full well if it turns around, I'll push the other way,
To the center, the struggle must always be kept
So that I get fed; but now I smell defeat;
Guess it's come time to find a new slab of meat.
(I'll keep this verse hidden so that they may believe
That I'm such a nice girl; such thoughts I'd not conceive.
But what does it matter – I'll go scavenge for food
Start a new reaction that'll taste just as good.)

Disgusted now with this whole game I'm becoming
Feel myself rotting 'mid my back-and-forth running.
And "meant-to-be" is so pretty a dream,
And like a dream, understood only while you sleep.
Chances come accidentally
Either you take or not – and that's your "destiny".
And it's the only way; no other way to explain:
You see your chance and you grab it - 'cause "meant-to-be" is a dream.

Four years have passed and I'm still the same,
Forgetting yesterday's truths come a new today.
Crunching through the days how the leaves may wend,
'Til they flow out of sight 'round the river bend.
Forgotten and passed – so important once
But now these everythings are less than dust,
Even less than a memory – they go 'long their way –
Stick my head out of yet another corner I say!

1-06-2009

Facebook

I see all of the things you have
And then wonder, what have I?

I see who you are from your photographs
And then wonder, who am I?

All of you have your own little niche,
All of you fall in a mold,
Represent one of seven colors,
But each so easily named;
And a thousand others on the surface like you your image do uphold.

Everyone is well defined: “this” means you are not “that”.
But then I look at myself, and I cannot define into which image I fit.
All of you party in your own separate way: night clubs, Rockband, books, or shots.
All of you kick the others out: silently, as if you did not.

I don’t care where my party is; my party is always of one
And what we do, doesn’t even matter, because nothing quite brings us that fun.

You are “this” or you are “that”; only on the surface, my friend!
At some point you know, you have to wake up, because the party is going to end.
And then maybe you’ll look at yourself and not know who you are,
Just like me; and your masks will shatter and cannot help but fall.

Jealousy is inside of me, when I look at your page
You have so much that I do not: your image has a name.
And I forget where the current leads; just to an empty abyss –
Swirling around in shiny reflections of dreams you forever chase.
Swirling around in the emptiness – but like I said, I forget
Down where this road has led.

I forget how you spend your days; exciting as always, and always in waste.
One party after another; one thrill follows the next,
Completely immersed in every detail, and sometimes contemplating intriguing philosophies
Before heading out to your next party.

Eaten alive all day and all night by the sounds of the party next door;
I’m not empty, I have something, but I’m always craving more.
And I cry out loud, ’cause I can’t find a venue into the world;
This longing has led me to seek it out – but then reality deterred.

I’m out of it; out of this world
Out of this land of closed-up doors
It’s not so bad, if I stay out,
And it goes on right next to me;
Don’t have to be, in on everything;

I'm fine with mine, I truly am,
And I'd stay content for the longest time
If not for this fear that it's not okay
To not give a fuck 'bout what else is out there
'Cause I don't need it, I don't need it
I tell that to myself, and hope I believe it;
Believe it deep down, truly I do;
To get into the game I'd have to turn on the truth
And I can't forget what I already know,
Though I do forget that it's merely a show.

There's a land inhabited by everyone, milling about, emptily speaking
I long to explore it and take a part, so often I long to be inside,
Until I take just one step closer and realize again that I never will find
Whatever it is that I'm seeking.

January 13, 2009

Untitled

I want you to be who I want you to be;
I want you to be the person that *I* see.
Change what's inside; all I did was try
To make you stand for
My ideal on earth.

I want me to be who I think that I am.
The rules are meant to be aspired to
The ideals that cloud my mind
The standards that bind.
I will force myself out and change to be free
Until I am the person I long to be.

Bring down, bring down my ideal
To the earth and make it be real
Prove to me it's true
And I'll uphold all I've been doing
Bring my ideal here down to earth.

Living for a dream that doesn't even exist
Try to tell myself to get a grip
And face the truth, the darkness of the life
But I keep holding on so tight
I do not even realize
I can't force myself to let it go.
It forever holds me down and gives me hope.

Searching for what's true, what shines always on through,
For what glitters in the night when there is no light
To reflect off of its face,
Giving cause for me to chase
What only disappears as the light outside it fades.
Is there nothing but the veils to tear through,
Mirrors casting mirrored faces,
Escapades into an empty void?
Or have I just become much too paranoid?

January 14, 2009

A Lullaby To Mine

I've got to get out of my head,
I've got to get out of my head.
Living inside here, remote in my own sphere,
I've got to get out of my head.

Got to get out of my head,
Got to escape from this store where I sell myself
One percent of what can be bought from outside,
Thinking what I receive is all there's to find.

I must get out of my head,
Must get out of this place where I tell myself
A story of endless lies,
Must break through the invisible walls,
Because where I am living, and how I see everything,
Is so scarily confined.

I'm in a trap for myself
I sit here alone wondering where I can go,
But everywhere I see the same exact view;
I could do *anything*, but what I do
Doesn't matter at all, 'cause it's all the same.
From among the diversions how do I pick one game?

I've fallen into a hole,
One where I sit by myself all alone
Like the man in a cell who ends up gone insane –
I dream up the world inaccurately to
Keep myself dreaming my wish,
Afraid I alone get everything wrong
And the rest know it better than I,
It's always their world versus me and mine.

Isolated, I've become so isolated
On my own, I'm in a world that's my own
It exists in my head, only inside my head,
And this world I'm in keeps me isolated
From the world, the outside,
Where there's nothing I can hide.
From a life, I deny,
Everything happens counter to what I
Feel is right; if I'm so blind,
Why did I see a different light?
Or one that's not there?
Is my own head, really in such disrepair?
Why am I wrong, all the time,
About every little thing I claim

To see, claim to be?
Why does another hit disprove me?
And I'm knocked down so low
How much lower's there I do not know.

So say goodbye, to my own mind
And take upon me what's outside instead
Into my head
And maybe then I'll be content
To be a part of the play;
I'll lose my will but I will feel okay!
And isn't that what every one of us does
In the end, they all fall down
And it's a bittersweet goodbye
To what you never should let die
So sing a lullaby
To mine.

01/19/09

A Sunset to My Day

I need to get my feelings out
I need to clear my head;
Did not expect this happening,
From such a tiny seed;
But now we're standing on the ledge
And I cannot think of much else;
What started out so wonderfully,
My mind turned into hell.

It's gotten to the point where it strikes a bit too deep,
I did not see this deepest pool that lay below my feet.
And least of all did I expect that I would be plunged in;
I thought it had to do with choice: but here I have no will.

How it all fell into place; how natural it feels,
And now I guess I've had a taste for something I'd call real.
It wasn't forced, it wasn't called upon, nor drawn to me by wish,
I was simply the receiver of an unexpected gift.

Sunset's come, so brilliant, I watched my sunset rise
And cover with the sightless dark the staircase that I climbed.
The staircase found below leading downward to trap doors
Like a wisp it's been erased and now its weight exerts no more.
Yesterday's forgotten in a sunset that explodes
With its rays across my world,
Mirrors a sunset smile within.
Shines its bloody rays into an unexplored night
With a brilliant of stars that glitter into twilight;
An archway that leads through to something wholly new,
I'm under it, waiting 'til something pushes me through.

I don't care where I am; I don't know who I am
I already feel like I have changed and left the world I'm in.
No standards for the placement of anything I find;
Anything can be anything, and everything's inside.

I don't care, I don't care, everything's fallen away;
I don't look at any others that chance to pass my way.
Their hooks slip through my lips 'cause I've no urge to bite down
I'm only scared that in the pool I fell in I will get consumed and drown.

So I've been changed, I feel it now,
I feel a sunset to my long, long day
Somehow something's taken me, and I don't feel betrayed
I don't feel dirty, don't feel wrong,
It feels as simple as the sun,
As pure as my favorite place,
My bedroom with its misty shades and walls of perfect blue,
Like the flutter of leaves in summer's late afternoon
On a sunlit tree, with its shadow beneath,
With the clouds overhead and with the river;
As simple as the sunset, as natural as the world.

I'd become content just to wade through the void,
Taking thrill after thrill, knowing it wouldn't fulfill.
And I thought that in our world there's nothing more than empty corners,
And a marketplace with cheap arrays that only bores.

I didn't want this, even now I don't
I could do without this; it'd be even better that way
If nothing happens, you know, I'll be fine
I already blew it up way too high
The bubble will burst, like all of them do
When you pretend you have more bubble gum than you chew

part 2: love is a ghost

The Phantom's Life

The phantom wanders through the forest with the presence of a ghost
At every turn among the trees he takes he's neither here nor lost
He's never set his path, and every tree looks just the same
Only the sunlight shining through is what makes worthwhile the view.

It's a circular forest, and the fringes he has found
Now he's got nothing to do but walk around and around.
He's a phantom passing onward, but never in a game
Amid the animals that sleep amongst him he feels wide awake.

Nothing seems to hold him, and he can't seem to hold on
All passes through completely, from its start 'til it's done.
The phantom follows no one, and his emptiness is bliss
The phantom is the emptiness he knows everyone is.

He's spent his days searching for what gives him no rest
But in the whole wide forest he's found only the forest.
And so, he lets it go, and goes on although he knows
That there's nothing more to find around the bends and in shadows.

He forgets of the desire that belies a constant hunger
To be never satisfied, and he goes along his way
Seeking nothing, knowing that there is nothing out there to find –
'Til he suddenly finds himself beneath an archway.

Heaven to Hell

I don't know if it's a gift or if it's a curse,
If I've gone insane or been shaken awake –
It's such a fine line, you never can tell –
What started as Heaven my mind turned into Hell.

February 3, 2009

Blast It Out

Everything I take inside of me, gets blasted out of my head;
Don't hang on to what he said or did,
The way he looked at you
Or you'll fall through with his pull;
To take you in in the full –
So deep a rabbit hole I follow
Down, down, down,
Forget the light I started out in.

Everything you do is like a flare,
Throws you up in the air –
Like a god –
And brings you falling to the ground to be trodden on
By the shards of all my shattered ideals;
And it's just me; you are you, and I'm insane –
I'm crazy.

Just hear me out:
Every feature of your self is like a tunnel to follow down,
Endless wonder into eternity,
Becomes my destiny to follow you around
On the line you have me hooked by.

It was what I sought at first;
For a day I quenched a thirst so unquenchable –
And now I must cut off all of the lines,
Keep myself and my wand'ring, desperate heart in confines
Or I'll get crushed for the millionth time.

So good, so right, so just what I had seemed to be waiting for,
I got some and then I couldn't stop wanting more
And it settled inside – the hope.
But I must take this seed, and before it grows,
I'll blast it out,
Blast it out of my head;
Make me forget.
Oh the thrill; how it's all I really need to fulfill;
A useful waste of my time;
Blast it out like a mine.
Blast it out and leave me to my monotony.
How it'd gotten to me.
I stand alone, wond'ring if it's just what I made up on my own again.
How many times more must I endure
This blasting through my very core?
And if this is the risk of knocking far too close
I think I'd rather stay a few steps back.
There'll be a wall to surround me, no collision to confound me,
And I'll avoid the painful whacking to my heart.

Blast it out in less than twenty-four hours.
Now I'm fine; I got over this hole in the mine.
I still don't know, what it was, or why –
But why even try
If it all gets blasted out anyway?
And everything I get
That I'd like to let
Myself indulge in for the rest of my days,
Gets taken away while I still crave?

Blast it out – every notion that I have built
To keep it happening my way;
Remember to forget yesterday;
Every moment is a world without chains;
And from the blast in my heart I see that nothing remains.
It all heals
To be blasted out another day in just the same way,
Just as painfully as ever it used to be.
And I sit and wonder, when, when, when,
Will to *me* something glorious happen?

Blast these dreams straight out of my head
'Cause you know that I am so fucking misled.
Blast these dreams, blast out the chance,
Blast my heart out in advance.

February 12, 2009

Self-Love

Never, never – get used to the word;
That's when you'll forever have someone by side.
Shatter your notions and face the world;
The inside should match the outside.
Or could it be said the other way,
Either way, something's got to change.
"Fuck you" to the world outside you can say
And go on your own way.

Catch the train, run to catch up,
It's only going one way.
And it always seems to be way ahead –
Or are you just out of place?
But you stop to look and see that you're running,
Always running away from your place,
Driven to be in another, further;
Tell me what's wrong with where you are.

After a time, it gets so tiresome,
Spending my life running to catch up –
To my own joy will such a life come?
So I stop and I stay – and the train moves away.
The train with everyone on it but me,
Comfortably taking their own seat,
And enjoying the ride – as I ran alongside.

You come to a choice, eventually:
Do you keep on running, or stop to breathe?
Do you keep on chasing what's not your dream?
Just for fear of being parted, do you run at full steam?
Or do you give it up, forget the chase,
Let it go, and accept being alone?
Is it worth it to always run after the train?
Or can you finally turn away from all them,
And forget the train and how its tracks lay?
Forget the world and go on your own way.

Screw the world; stop chasing after
That which doesn't care for you,
That for whom you matter not,
That which goes where your heart does not.
You know it won't lead to what you sought.
And it's fear that drives you along that way,
An obligation of the strongest sway
To follow wherever go they.
Ask yourself why others' say
Outweighs your own and why you jump

To reach what dangles o'er your head,
Why it must always be that *you come up*.

Around the issue you can't dance forever, dear
You have to face it:
Let it go or live to chase it?
Follower or loner, dear?
Don't be afraid to disappear.
Don't be decided by your fear.
Don't bury yourself any deeper.
Life your head, look in the mirror;
Tell me what's wrong with your own face.

February 28, 2009

An Object for My Affection

All I seek to find
Is an object for my affection
That hangs formless in the air
Without a vessel by necessity

Bring down to my level what starts so high above
Transmute through coarser images what truly is so fine
I seek an object for my affection –
If this affection's even mine.

March 7, 2009

An Object for My Affection

For someone I feel much tenderness,
A longing to hold and to love and caress,
No ulterior motives that we must undress,
And no quality gives to this more or less.

A feeling that fills me and strains to burst outward
In millions of sparks – but oh I'm such a coward,
I trample it in, and I hide and conceal
Beneath shame for feeling, these things I feel.

Still it's in there and if I hold it down
It will rot to corruption and quickly turn sour;
Simple as sunlight and pure as a flower,
It naturally flows like a river, around.

Around every bend, with a steady pace –
Indescribable perfect grace;
I stand in the middle with nothing to do
But behold what cannot be grasped onto.

I feel loved by you, held and golden;
I've given to your face this burden.
From this vagueness pulled your mold
And in my mind this story told:

You care for me so purely, just as I do care for you;
I latch onto the affection that to me you beam straight through.
And you see this truth I feel is my own lulling remedy:
Believe it comes from you, but this affection comes from *me*!

Can't leave it in the air, it must latch on to any form.
All I seek to find, all I seek to ease my mind
Is an object for my affection –
If this affection's even mine.

March 7, 2009

The Moment You Change Masks

I'm like a cup but without the bottom
Pour water in me and it all flows out;
Throw a ball against me and it bounces back;
From a void things may enter; and to a void they leave
All I remember is for a brief time they were in me.
But here they're no more; wonder if ever they were.
What proof is there but a memory
Of thinking a word to describe how I felt
When I felt whatever it is I now do not feel?

Everything passes, its prominence fades,
All issues shrunk to naught from their momentous days.
Even in a few hours how my world does change;
No one story the true version of events long gone.
Pick your favorite and assert that as your past;
Any stable state can't seem to last.
What these states are can be any at all,
Any color conceivable –
But if you look deeply and judge the shade,
You see the stepping stones, and not the way.
Watch instead how it changes to “nothing” from “all”;
Never notice the gap between one and the next,
The moment you switch from one to another mask,
Go from one to the next without a glance;
Our mindless, repetitive, day-to-day dance.

March 7, 2009

Teetering on the Brink

Tomorrow's never happened yet,
So your stories you can all forget;
Is worrying about the chance
The way to bring it here?

And why must you feel always sorrow,
Resigned to a hopeless tomorrow?
Don't forget, you turn a corner,
And you never know what's there.
If you free your mind of Time
You turn a corner everywhere.

Another gray-walled corridor
Takes you down same as before;
Can't allow yourself to hope for more
Or you'll face another disappointment.

You depend upon the lucky chance,
Waiting calmly at the shore,
Too afraid to soil your hands
And delve into the gray unsure,
To deal in less than the ideal;
So picky over in-betweens,
Yet far too little resolute
To stick it out for your dear absolute.

Surprises are for triers,
Disappointment is for criers,
And monotony for those too scared to risk their egos for the chance;
Take one big shot 'cause little steps at some point won't advance.

March 11, 2009

Wanting

My life's so bare,
But I don't care;
What more is there that I can do
Against the lack of "fun and new"?
It tastes so bland;
Head in the sand;
I long to sleep it all away,
'Cause day to day as I go through
Find I have nothing more to say.
Waiting, waiting
Its abating,
And in place a diamond jewel;
Could I be any more a fool?
I'm bored, and all the flavors rushing past
Do only that, and never last.
Something more
I hunger for
A hunger I can't satisfy,
And just as much, cannot deny
Although I try, I try to find
A remedy for my own mind.
And jealousy,
And apathy,
They all flow into one in me;
With neither fully I agree
And so they clash
Together gnash
And swirl into a grayened moor
Hold back my outward step before
It's acted; I've retracted
'Fore my foot stepped through the door
Stuck in boredom's circling castle tower I'm forevermore.

Sugar, sugar, disappears,
In your mind its presence leers;
The taste is gone; the hunger stays
And never does abate.
Look for sugar, look for glitter,
Look for prizes, look for love,
Look for secret truths profound,
Look for blessings from above –
Look for any, yet the same
Under but a different name.
Desire always burns as one
When you bring yourself to face its core.

What You're Looking For

Boredom settles when you cannot find
Anywhere around, what you do seek
When you're searching for all of your life,
It never does elude your curious peek.

I can't find the perfect words
To describe the nature of our
Yearning constantly for something more;
Go along your chosen path
And watch yourself as you watch out
For what it is that you are looking for.

How it all does intertwine
I cannot phrase into one line;
But every feeling points in the same way.
All that passes through me falls away,
I cannot hold on, nothing stays,
To hold on leads to its decay.

Every object represents
The searching on which we're hellbent
To find a finding that will set us free.
To escape the boredom of time
We go on, seek the sublime
And march forward to our death so willingly.

Only we do not realize this,
That we greet death with a smile,
Await the final rest each moment's pass;
In everything we seek the end at last.

Cataclysm of our instincts:
End versus eternity –
We are always looking for the opposite of what we say.
We seek forever, but an end is always what we do expect
In every conversation, every show, and every war.
Cannot imagine going onward without end forevermore.

Read a story with no ending
You'll go crazy from pretending
How it all came to pass *in the end*.
This one thought is our enslaver,
Keeps us just as we all are
No matter how we try to make amends.

Life will never change; there's no tomorrow, only now
And now, you see, does not begin or end.
Formulate our death with every turn around the bend we take
All we do and how we do it – for this one desire's sake.

What you're looking for is all the same:
Call it one of several million names;
But it will have the same effect,
Your most prized illusions to protect,
'Cause what it is you're looking for always
Is the outlet of your maze
Into the light where nothing changes,
Standing still in bliss remains;
Sounds a lot to me the same as being dead.

Call it what you will; but everything is out to kill
The hunger you find standing in the way
Of feeling like you are fulfilled,
Of being perfectly complete,
Of having no more words to ever say.

3-19-2009

At the expense of your suffering
You get a reward
You get peace at last, resolution, accord
Within yourself, silent at last
At the price of your fire
You win your rest.

Such a rumbling storm tosses you everywhere
You remember how it threw you up in the air
And the difficult circumstance of having no ground;
Now you're calm and with solace,
Inside make no sound
It was just what you wanted,
So you said to yourself
To be stable forever, to be tossed nevermore
To be free of the clashing with every respire,
And you got what you wanted
At the price of desire.

Now what do you need? And now what could you want?
Nothing seemed perfect when it was sought
But now that it's gotten there's no more to do
Nothing is moving inside of you.
Nothing conflicting inside of me
And I can't find *one part* that burns to break free
Of this rut that has me paralyzed
By nothing to nothing, too late I realized.

Still, it's a sign that there must be some part
Who cannot rest forever no matter what
If I write of this state and am horrified
By the lack of anything inside.

My life is so boring, and I think that that's
What brought me ultimately to this state
To this standstill frustration – I need be propelled
To some new conflict I will hate.

03/28/09

Save myself
I know I need to save myself
But I don't know
What I can do
To plow on through
The fog that weighs me down.

Pulled apart
On all the sides
They rip apart
At my insides
Part of me hides,
The part that craves the sun,
But who instead gets trampled on.

I wait and seek
A revelation,
Miracle, a new sensation
Anything to lift and make me go.
I wait for it
Even though I know
It never comes by passively
It won't fall on your head for free
You must do something; pay the price;
Too bad I sold myself for artifice
Sold my wanting for acceptance
Of defeat; I never really
Let go of what has held me.
I wasted time
And wasted bread
Could've fed it to myself instead
To make me grow up higher, higher
Than I thought to e'er aspire.

Hope for much
And *do* much more;
That should be what I'm living for.

Anyway, back to the story:
I looked for an open door
To run through and find something new
To help me, help me get back up
And forward march out of the blue.

Didn't know what I could do
But then it started to flow through
From heart to hand
Without demand
Like issuing a silver stream

Of the exact words of what seemed
Was happening – and then it hit:
The logical next step; it fit
Completely; fire heat me
Once again I found a flame
To overcome me
Wake me up out of this mindless, standstill slump.

I knew action was up to me,
Despite no clue for what to do,
I knew it wouldn't *happen*, and I must try endlessly,
And then it happened on its own
That the flow of Life helped me.

03/29/09

I Can't Forget You

(an homage to the song by Cracker)

I can't forget you,
I cannot forget
All that we had in common
And all that it meant.

I can't let go of
The finality
I felt when it seemed
That you were for me.

We said such deep things!
We thought the same thoughts!
Played off each other so well,
There was nothing more I could want.

We gave it all meaning
(At least *I* did – in my head);
Exchanged so many glances;
Our hunger they fed.

“Us” was so special,
A world of two
Into which we'd escape
And just ourselves seclude.

(And do you see
The insanity

Of what we expect
And truly believe
Can happen? We try
To hold tight and close
What just passes through us and onward goes).

And I can't forget you;
That's just how it feels.
I'm stuck to the conviction
That what we had was so real.

I will never forget
What was so pure and true –
I will never forget
Any of you.

(Too bad there have been
So many of you).

April 11, 2009

I Could Love Anyone

I could love everyone,
Anyone and everyone
Anyone is right for me tonight.

Perhaps I'm very desperate;
I only want a kiss,
To fulfill the crazy notion
That the moment would be blissful.

Be careful: it's a ledge
And you could jump at any time,
And forget from whence you came
While enamored by the sublime.

But I really could love anyone.
Tell me why each time it feels the same.
Each new face, the same old feelings
And the same discordant game.

April 11, 2009

I do not need anything;
Right now I don't compare
The imaginary world outside
To the reality right here.
Nothing for me lies beyond
What I can sense and feel and see –
And this, my limitation,
Could be any and every.

What I need is nothing more,
For here I am content.
Found what I was looking for
And even though we're separate,
The fact that it exists and that I knocked into its course
Is enough for me to know that what I want so much,
What I ache for all the time,
The only thing I want for me,
Is a possibility,
Is a reality I tasted –
And now I must let it go,
Because it's just enough to know
That somewhere out there it's lying
Waiting for – absolutely nothing.
So I thought that it was waiting for the moment to come 'round?
Ha! Wake up and smell the truth – it's always there and never fades
It does not need the circumstances
Because it's its own entity
And *I'm* the one below it
Grasping at it desperately.

Like a queen it sits and reigns,
Needing nothing from the rest,
Independent of their wants,
With itself, so content.
And look at my first paragraph;
Isn't that just what I said?
It's enough to touch upon it
And feel like I have been well fed.

I need nothing for right now
I do not seek – I don't seek
Nothing to find,
And nothing to need.
And nothing to write
And nothing to say
But – nothing at all.
It all comes by my way.

On a String

I'm pulled along by a string
Or a million,
Every which way; I don't have my own say.
So quick takes effect every tug 'round my neck.
I'm ready to change course so suddenly.

All my senses today have gone mad;
Catapult me up twenty feet in my own head;
Every whip of a fly, every minute gone by,
To all of the tiniest stimuli,
Watch the clock, watch it tick-tock my life away.
In anxious anxiety, await the next gunshot –
How does each tiny thing so easily sway?
Every look that I got, and every one I did not;
The slightest fluctuation: an expectation shot.

Part of me is not as insane as the rest of me,
Like an anchor keeps me grounded to the facts of reality
While my senses, the ship, get tossed by the sea,
Carried this way and that, and on some days,
Like today, so mighty are all those waves.
And the pain is the pull on the chain.

And the one tiny part that's not fully insane,
The eye that just sees and does not deny
Or construe, but holds to what it knows is true,
That is my anchor to the ground,
Tells me not to hold hope in the waves around –
For they glitter so beautifully under the light,
But there are so many, and they pull with such might,
And I chase what has already died.

The sober state of mind:
A different face on either side.
I know I cannot hope,
But neither do I worry
That my wants I'll never find,
With my chances won't collide
Or of chances be deprived
By the glorious passed by.

Go On Your Own Way

No matter what they say
Go on your own way.
No matter what they do
You must follow through
Even if the path they take lies diametrically
In opposition to your own impulse of theirs you must be free.

Do not chase after
To keep the bond.
Let it go
And turn around.
Go on your own way
Forget yesterday
For it keeps pulling you back to just the same place
You've been at so long
Many times come to know
It holds nothing for you; you know you must go.

No matter how it seems, it's a mirage, a dream
That can never be
Your reality.
Your mind sees the distance
But does not bring it here
To see that up close, the distant stars disappear.

You leave them to theirs
And no matter where they all go
You go on your own
Travel onward alone.
And though that may not be pleasant, the truth, I'm afraid:
Your own will must be the last thing you trade.

Forget the world, forget his face,
Stop trying to match yours with his pace.
If you wind your way against its grain
You'll follow always, but never gain
Your wish. But if you let it go,
Turn your back to it, and go on your own
One day it may bring you straight to your wish
From an angle you hadn't thought could exist.

Only if you decide this is how you must be.
Go on your own way
And of others be free.

April 26, 2009

Hunger

I feel the hunger; it can't be ignored,
A constant yearning that pulls me forward.
It gnaws inside, a want so raw,
No goal in mind but to placate the gnaw.
No object it craves; just to satiate.
Raw as can be; no identity.
Food and sugar fail to abate;
Books and T.V. are so empty.

They fail to still
The hunger for
That something glorious
That something more
That's out of this world in a far-off place;
Run forever to catch it, to chase.
Hunger is chasing what doesn't exist.
But this hunger believes that it might be filled
If it finds the other half of me –
That yearns likewise to embrace hungrily.

Hunger, hunger – what do I do?
You gnaw but I can't be free of you!
Drive me crazy; dangle 'fore
My eyes, my grasp, what I'd adore.

I hunger for something of magic;
I hunger for all I've imagined.
I hunger for what cannot exist.
I hunger for what I miss.

April 26, 2009

One Way Feeling

I don't know what it is
That makes me see in all your moves, magnificence.
I don't know how you are any different
From the others, but in them I do not see
Anything of speciality.

And it's not true,
Not an objective view.
But still it's there;
I can't deny
The lightening powder that fogs up my mind....
But if I'm fair
It can't be
That in yourself there lies a certain specialty,
A diamond key –
It must be just me.

I don't know why I don't care
About another as I do about everything you do,
Why I don't see the magic in their every tiny move,
But why for you, I do.

What is it that hooks me and pulls me along?
For outwardly you know we're all of us the same.
Is that just what happens when you knock too close
And can't forget the feeling though it only happened once?

How does it happen?
Did I just take a hit?
If I'd never stood so close to you,
Nothing would've happened, would it?

How does it happen?
Is it just pheromones?
Accidentally collide and accidentally on we go.

How can it be, that it's a world for me,
But to you, a parallel reality that you never can see?

How it all depends on the space between our hands;
The farther apart, the less I feel your presence.
But when we come close together, I cannot deny,
No matter who are you, and no matter who am I....

Is it the real thing?
Is there something real?
How can this be something that I alone feel?

Now every day I'm reeling
From this one-way feeling.

What is it that makes me want to be just like you?
Why do I want to do all that you do, and with you?
Why can't I come close or pull away at will?
Why does it never seem to be mutual?

Did I take a hit of you, and now I want more?
I took a hit of my own wishes; now they lie in yours.

With lessening distance, I fall under your spell:
Up close to me you are a bottomless well,
From far away just another empty shell –
One I don't know anymore.

From my perspective, you and I,
Both of us lead double lives.
One that's unspoken, between us two,
And one in the world, where you are "you",
And I am "I"; I play my game,
And meanwhile you go on your way.

The sum of love, of sex, whatever,
It happens like this, not another way, ever:
When we're together I know you then;
Then we pull apart and are strangers again.

All that was, now gone with time,
The storm remaining but in mind;
It leaves no trace
And the pool lies still
Once more, just like before.

April 30, 2009

About Nothing

We'll see what's down this road,
Never been down it before.
Clear off the layers piled,
Let me start it all over.
It's so tempting to escape
The shell, the mold, I myself made.

Dissatisfied with me
As I made for all to see;
Don't think she's even real
But the vision's probably
Exactly who I turn out to be,
And the truth I just don't care to see,
So I *feel* like there is someone else behind –
But there's emptiness and no one left to find.

Let's drop it all away;
Yesterday was just a dream.
Nothing from yesterday
Stands before the mirror here.
All that happened – in the void

I see a lonely road ahead of me,
But it makes me forget
The weight of the yesterdays still trapped in my head.
Why not do what I'd never thought I'd do before?
I am not my past, nor is there much for me in store.

I don't know what I'm saying to you;
It's coming out just like it needs to.

Clear out your mind of all you know and be free.
You're no one; stop building yourself up to be
"Someone"; at some point the layers get too many.
So we can start afresh, repeat it all again
Until the next time we must shed.

May 02, 2009

A Happy Poem

Yesterday I was so worked up,
But now I feel just fine.
I took the poison out of my head,
Found solace to be mine.

Stressed over one thing,
I followed my heart,
My feeling, it led me right;
If by “right” is meant to be “comfortable”
Then I possess a very clear sight!

Now I can write this story;
Now I just sit here and smile.
The less I worry, the better I fare
Trusting that deep down I *do* really care.
Down goes my worry and I cease to compare
My proper lot with their proper share.
And the strings do not ensnare.

Confidence rests when I rest my head,
Stop trying to hold on to every thread.
Letting it go and letting it flow
To work out every moment as it must so –
The world’s not so dumb as not to know
How to progress by itself without your hand
Pushing it where it *thinks* it should go –
That is the only remedy
For ones like me, to become free,
To feel unburdened and empty
In the most filled-up possible way.

And to those in my place, to you I say,
Worry will eat your strength away,
Cut your freedom down to four bare walls,
To left or right, to light or dark,
To either or and nothing more,
Until all aspects of your day
Become a chore, and you approach things before
They happen, that way –
Well then what’s the point?
The turns you take come without your say.
Stop planning and forcing your life away
Based on yesterday, while forgetting today.
Chains in your head keep your fire at bay;
The chains in your mind you can barely see –
Worry kills possibility.

May 12, 2009

For –

I know you, when I see the way you think inside;
I was once there, content inside the mire of mine.
But it gets old,
And it gets stale;
Swirling in your bath you never can prevail....

Are you afraid of becoming light?
Are you unwilling to let it all go
Because without the burdens you surely will find,
Besides their weight, you have nothing more?

Are you afraid of being empty?
What will you do when you lose those prized
Sweet burdens you hold onto so tight?
Without the down you think there'd be no up?
Weighed down by clouds that have drifted off so long behind,
You stay afraid of the coming light.

Are you scared that you might not be
The person you think you see,
That you've built up and covered over in stone?
Why hold it if it's not your own?

When you are told to let it go and love yourself
Does your gut squirm and push away those words like death?
You blush when they preach to smile through your frown
Because it seems so fake when you feel so down.
But I know more than that: you're embarrassed to love
And to laugh at what you could never give up.
But more than any, is how it pains to embrace
The truth etched so clearly upon your face.

May 13, 2009

The Downward Pull

Sometimes I feel like my life isn't real,
To go against the grain,
Make your choice, endure the pain.
There was a plan hanging over my head,
You could smell it in the air:
"You're supposed to go there."
But without a doubt, the way I have gone
Did not accord with my old song,
There was no path I went along.
It wasn't written in the script,
And I swear it felt a charade,
Like it was never even made
Like I made it on my own,
Pulled it all out of the void,
Less concrete than my night's dream.
It has no firm quality
Except its tinged insanity.

Where I am now, feels like I should not be there
What I have made, feels like I pulled it from the air.
I look around, and it's not how it's supposed to be
There should be another me,
And she should be another way,
Living out a different day.
I could see her former path
Lying 'fore me oh so clear;
From the path how I did steer
Into God knows where.

There was an easier road so broad
To tumble down and placidly trod.
You do not see, but my reality
Stood there right before my eyes
With a million signs
Pointing to what must be;
The downward pull lured me
Just like it lures us all
To take the freefall
Into destiny.

May 26, 2009

Temporary Cure

How do you delude yourself today
To think your dreams will come your way?
Do you work hard? Do you run far?
Justifying everything you do for tomorrow?

What new silly games do you play
To keep the emptiness at bay?
The emptiness of right now and today.
Now you can't look away.

I'm fine, I'm empty; but I still depend
Go out to get it every now and then.
Every desire is just me needing my fix
And it's nothing more than a temporary cure.

Like sugar, sometimes it's just a need.
All I take in is a part of my vital IV,
Nothing more than the drugs I must sometimes consume,
To stay alive...just to live out the tomorrow in my mind.

How do you pass the time? Which diversions hold you?
Do you ponder your past lives? Do you practice meditation?
Hoping to feel once again the thrill of elation?
It fills the void with a sugar so sweet,
But one thing about sugar: it burns up real quick.
And another helping will do the trick –
It's then that you know that you're its slave;
To feel elation just to feel is just another game,
Another drug with a prettier name,
Sounds like a better excuse
But it's still only used
As porn for your soul.

How do you fill the void? What game are you playing?
Are you in love with someone? Are you seeking fame?
Are you rooting for your team as you sit and watch the game?
Got a million desires, all the same.

Get into a game to pass the time.
Immerse yourself, lose yourself, and you will feel fine,
Asleep to the truth, you'll dream that you're alive,
And blind to your reflection, you'll seek out the divine,
The name you gave your special game that keeps you getting high,
Which you must periodically revisit to keep yourself alive.

We keep ourselves alive
To perpetuate our games.
Got one desire with a million names.

June 7, 2009

It never comes out like I wanted it to
Every word I say, every image I convey,
Each façade that I portray; to make it seem like I don't care,
Like on me had no effect something that really shook my world.
But my inner life does not accord with a single word
I say; I guess I lie; guess I deny
And pretend it's something different on the outside
Even though I *know*; yet I can't help but fear it's just a show
I make in my own mind.
And how do I pass
The gaping hole between Intent and Act?

Between intent and action
There lies a gaping hole
No bridge I build can cross it
It's insurmountable
The inside and the outside
Have nothing of the same.
All my outward actions
Aren't real, but of a game.

6-23-2009

I Won't Find It

I won't find it in you;
I won't find it out my window
Looking for a different view.
Sometimes I drive around,
Desperate to find it
(While I know it can't be found).
But I don't find it in the mansions,
I don't find it in the woods
(Except inside the mystery
That lies around the bend,
Where it goes on but I can't see,
The beyond behind the last tree).
At first sight I jump up,
The excitement of a moment
Thinking wonder I have found;
But how quickly I come down.
I don't find it in the mall;
It isn't in the bright arrays
Of the colors and the patterns,
Of the rhinestones and the jewels;
The variety placates
But for moments far too few.
I don't find it in my friends;
Even there I feel alone.
We talk about our separate worlds
As if we lived in one.
I won't find it in good company,
For that is so temporary.
As soon as I leave it leaves me
Empty once again;
Barren with nobody else
As if my lifeline did depend
On holding onto them.
I won't find it in romance,
Though that's the most convincing lure.
It holds such promise in its end,
The promise of a cure
(And the promise of an end).
Through it I search inside each face,
Seeing what treasure lies in there,
And when I find a jewel so rare –
I just use it to compare!
Compare us two; me against you.
Either this trap, or all's bland.
All seem sad and desperate,
Living out a chore, and waiting for what all wait for.
Romance lifts your heart so high;

That is its allure.
But into the void it flies
To leave you wanting more
(’Cause romance is a whore).
As do drugs, so does our “love”
(I put it in quotation marks
’Cause it’s not really love).
I won’t find it in my food,
Though often I crave sweets;
Get lifted by the flavor,
Though its stay is always brief
(But if the flavor lasted
You’d stop noticing its taste,
So there’s really no escape).
They say I’ll find it inside me,
But I have no clue what that means.
Inside myself I do not see
The wondrousness I seek.
All I know is that’s the way
To go; because there’s no way left.
Every path the world has offered
Led to a dead end
(And I suspect that *this* way has no end).
Perhaps my heart is hardened,
Perhaps I just deny,
And refusal to see makes me blind
To the treasure that’s inside.
I know I don’t need to change
Anything ’round me;
Via inner change it rearranges,
Not circumstantially.

...I find it in contention,
I find it in the ebb
Of the inner turmoil always ’round the bend.
Two sides of the same coin:
Tension and contentedness;
Contention for my soul.
I find it in my fantasies,
Sad though it may be.
I find it in the food I eat,
In books and in T.V.
When it’s enough to placate me,
I find it everywhere.
When it’s just the thing I need
I pull it right out of the air.
For some reason, at some time
Any *thing* will work just fine.
But even the next moment,

You know the coin may flip.
And nothing will placate my soul
Until the turmoil stills.

Is there a reason to seek out a cure
For the turmoil born in wanting more?
Wanting and being satisfied
Spring up from the same;
That which doesn't have a name.

June 27, 2009

Traveler on the Road

Wherever I go, I leave no trace,
I'm only passing through this place.
For a while I do take part;
But in the end leave only footprints on your heart.

Your home is here, it seems to me;
I fell in accidentally,
Chanced to wander through your sphere;
I won't for long stay here.

We collide like charges, me and you;
I'll leave once you've transformed into
The next skin to envelop you;
Don't worry – you transform me, too.

Soon I'll leave, watch you recede,
Waving goodbye as the distance increases,
Watching you fade as onward I keep,
Soon, even in my memory.

I'm a traveler on the road,
Nowhere is my home,
And slowly I'm accepting that
I'll travel on alone.

The story we're cocooned in now, to me it feels so pure,
But I know we're only in it so that we may change more.
And though I'd love to stop and say at last I've reached my home,
I sense the path does not end here, but continues to roam on.

Like music, I have disappeared
Into nowhere – was it even here?
Though no trace of it remains,
It's left its mark in how you're changed.

A phantom who is here yet not,
Does his work but leaves no spot.
Following the phantom's footsteps, you may trace a line
That weaves throughout separate places, threading them with time.

I wish I could take one along
To walk with me as I walk on,
Never at an end –
I jump from book to book,
Some time in each I spend,
But in none I find my nook.
And if I may find someone,
To travel by my side, by the same internal guide,
Well, that would feel like home.

But I accept to go along this way,
Playing out the role assigned me in each place,
To go through what I need to,
Transforming constantly anew,
Carrying nothing with me between trips from here to there,
Relaxing all the iron grips I hold with out of fear.

We'll have stories and adventures; but there's no chance for permanence
With the villagers I meet along the way, in their abodes
Permanently settled; I can only hope to find,
With severed ties from all the world, another traveler on the road.

July 13, 2009

Slowly Coming to Acceptance...

You're here to change me; and I'm here to change you;
For a time we will stay while the storm clouds brew,
Then we'll part ways once the storm passes through,
And accept that it's time for something new.

Don't hang on; it isn't wrong;
We sing, but we don't write, the song.
You can't drag someone else along
To face what's yours to face alone.

Each one is his own entity,
Lives for himself, to become free
So that when he dies he's severed ties,
Freed from the weight of all his lies,
An empty shell that yet is whole.
And so it's true we're all alone.

We all must face what's ours to face;
In this involve nobody else;
No matter how you long to follow
Someone else's path for fear
Of nevermore being to them near,
You must go to your next place.

While you live you never know
What trace your actions leave after you go.
You live as you are told to do
By the voice you learn to listen to,
The drum that beats, whose call you heed
Without being able to say why.
All you know is if you don't, you'll regret it 'til you die.

Maybe all we're meant to do
Is to greet death well –
Can only get there is we follow
The line that drags us through our hell.

July 15, 2009

Keeping My Boat Afloat

Feeling so stupid, and so sentimental
I always fight inside to reclaim myself.
Something has stolen me, locked me inside,
And the spirit I had when younger has died
Not completely, but it is pushed down
In favor of taking the world in instead;
And what will happen once it truly is dead?
Where am I going? Do I want the right things?
Am I purposely leading myself to the brink?
It's all in my head, which corrupts every smile,
Starts once again to measure my while
Against the standards of everyone else;
All I am is now put to the test.
And all I feel is that every day
I'm a little boat sailing along the vast bay,
Playing it safe in my little lagoon,
I enter the ocean, and get crushed so soon
By the waves; they're against me, every one
And alone out there I see only the sun
Shining down on a barren sea
That seems to stretch onward to infinity;
No other boat like my own around
By which I could navigate where I should be bound.
Messages in bottles that someone once wrote,
Abandoned at sea as the boats all sink –
Of sinking I'm always on the brink –
Fighting to keep my boat afloat.

August 1, 2009

In the Light

In the light I see myself anew
Clean and empty through and through.
All of my yesterdays never existed;
I couldn't hold onto them if I tried.
What crumbles now is the cast of my mind,
All the ways I've been are left behind,
And all of my thoughts, their webs of substance
Turn into mist inside my hands.
All that I knew in its time was true,
Vanquished now by the light that shines onto,
Not blaring but steady, not blinding but soft,
Not intoxicating, it holds me aloft
And carries me on into uncharted realms
Where my past mold has no place or need.
In the past there now lie only empty shells –
It never mattered, and never happened –
A glorious gift, from my own life freed.
Couldn't even tell you last year's tale.
I don't remember it, but if I tried
To recapture its flavor it would be stale;
The goods in the basement have been liquefied.
Can't resist this process and instead hold on,
It's true all I've been and believed is gone.
I played in a story but now it's done,
And the "me" that I played was really no one.
She was good for her time, like everything else,
But no longer do I need what's just a shell.

More than you know of you is not the real you;
So much can be lost – but it's not worth holding onto
For if it can be lost, then it can be replaced;
Even years of your life can be simply erased.
Almost all of yourself is only a shell.
What's left is real, but it's tempting to feel
Like you want to hold on to the makeup and clothes
That you think define you, but which really confine you.

In the light nothing can remain,
You crack a smile and the constructs fade,
You look back and it was just a charade,
You grasp onto air reaching for yesterday.
This morning I woke up and lay in the light
And I could not fight how it pulled me along.
I woke up and the maze was completely gone;
The hedges I'd placed my footing around
Were naught but shadows on the ground.
All this time playing to illusory rules,

And to know what I did I did not *have to* –
Well now all that I've done is completely undone!
What missteps on my own terrain –
In all I've done and all I've known
I was just circumventing shadows
Instead of walking freely along the vast plain.

August 3, 2009

I have an appetite that doesn't consume,
A hunger inside for which nothing will do.
Every satisfaction for a time subdues,
But again it wakes up to gnaw.

I'm carrying a bomb that I need to drop,
Every nook of the world seems like such a good spot
But as I run around looking for it,
It doesn't matter where, all in all.

08-05-2009

Corruptability

Corruptability's my tendency.
What starts out as a smile turns 180 degrees.
And it will funnel down into a tunnel, getting worse and worse.
One side holds paranoia, the other holds remorse.
And I can't help it
Something in me
Turns every smile into a dagger
Every promise every hug and every want
Becomes a chain, I am restrained.
And in my mind I feel like ripping out all my insides.
I have to run away because you stand too close to me.
It isn't me – it's my corruptability.

While it is far away it seems a pretty dream
But when I'm on the brink – oh how I start to think.
Every notion, every act – I must hold back, I must retract
'Cause I don't know if I am right.
With all I do I always fight inside.
It makes me go out of my mind.
There's something in me
And it turns everything around.
Don't come so close to me, it's too close to being reality.
I'd rather live in maybes and what ifs
'Cause I am safe up there;
'Cause they can't touch me here;
'Cause I can go on believing what I want to believe,
Holding on to my worldview without threat of argument.
When I knock too close to the real my walls all get knocked down.
My convictions don't fit in with all I see around me.
All that's new seems horrible, it threatens to undo
The bases I have built up in me; how I think life should be.
"Will I myself betray?" becomes the question of the day.
"Will all that I believe die in the face of everybody else?"
Am I slipping into hell?
And if I am, will I even know?
'Cause I could go on with a smile pretending it's all fine.
Won't even feel the burning; convince myself that it's not real.
And all I am is being broken all apart.
Corruptability – the ability of my heart.
It sits there like a guard wilting every flower.
All that starts out wonderfully turns scary in an hour
So that I won't be crushed by the inevitable let-down.
Won't find the wondrousness I seek, and I don't even want to try.
We're only human, but that's not good enough for my
Stupid web of high ideals – perhaps it's time to take in what is real
And if I do this, will I lose
What is irreplaceable?

Trade innocence in favor of the world?

August 8, 2009

Rejection

I can't lie, and I can't deny
That I got rejected yet another time
And I sit here and I wonder why
It happened.

You came on to me so strong
And I got swept up and played along
And I didn't hold back any of
My heart, again.

And I let myself hope for all the best
And how my logic did protest
But I put those trifles all to rest
'Cause I liked you.

And my affection was so pure for you
I thought I saw an angel inside you
But I saw just what I wanted to
It's my mistake again.

Rejection, dejection, deflection,
Acceptance of defeat, and a failure of action.
It happened once again to me in just the same old way.

Attraction, rejection, dejection
In that order once again for me.
Oh rejection, I sit here with my own misery.

You said you thought that we could be really good friends.
I let that vision go straight to my head,
Now look how I have been misled
By the promise of what could be.

From all that you have told me
I doubt you'll ever listen to my story,
Take the time and wait a while for me to bloom
Open your heart and make some room
For all the world that I could show you;
It's so good to see another view.

But instead we go down the same line,
Further away from each other with time.
Can you suddenly turn around and start a brand new life?
I don't think I could either; at least not without your lead.
We knocked together – but I guess it's temporary.

I can't lie and I can't deny
That all I did was lie and deny
Put up a front before you and hide
What I really hold inside.
And now you'll never know
You'll walk away thinking I'm forgettable
But if only you took the time
I think you would like the things you'd find.

Rejection, dejection, deflection,
Acceptance of defeat, and a failure of action,
It happened once again just like it did the time before.

Attraction, rejection, dejection
In that order once again
I do not know how or when
It ever will work out?

Oh, why did you ask me out and then walk away?
Good thing it didn't get further than a play we didn't play.
I said that I'd go out with you,
But then you never followed through.
And why oh why did you then flirt with me?
Was I a comfort for your misery?
And was that all you really needed me here for?
Why did you say we'd be so good together
And then change your mind like they change the weather
Forecast on that website we looked through?
Was I a little pick-me-up for you?

I know I don't understand what's really going on in your head.
I am no fool – I know that you've found someone else.
And is she everything you want in a girl?
Does she make your heart sing?
Does she make you feel good inside?
'Cause that I think's the only thing
That you can ever really judge by.

I embrace it: rejection.
I got rejected again.
I don't know why
Maybe I didn't act in time
Maybe I acted like I did not care

But I love your walk and I love your stare
And I like the way you do all you do
I only wanted to get close to you.

There are things about you that I could never accept
But they didn't matter anymore
When I decided I liked you anyway
Behind your personality –
I like so much the things you *really* are.
Not what you wear, your car, your habits –
Maybe our lives just cannot fit
And maybe that's why you gave up on me,
'Cause I don't like to smoke, and I don't party.
I guess it's for the best.
And I guess *you* don't feel the irresistible urge to contact me,
So why should I be bound to you if you spare not a backthought for me?

We were standing on the brink
But then I started to think, and then I got scared,
And by the time I had calmed down you had moved on
You move so fast – in a day the connection was gone.

All I wanted to do was get close to you,
See the world from your own view
And give you mine so that you may know
There's always another way to go.

All you have is what I do not.
And I know I hold what you once sought,
I'm the part of you that you have forgot
And you are the half of the world I know not.

We could break each other apart,
Shatter each other's lies and become
Someone new, see the whole world through
Each other 'til we no longer know who is who
And that would be real; we'd become real
No longer be the shells we've been
We'll cancel out like water and flame
If only you could see past your game –
Drop your standards, your society,
Your mental constructs of what should be.
I'm not who you would like to see,
Be seen with – how embarrassing!
You need a hottie with some bling,
A cigarette, and experience,
Weed in her pocket and a minidress,
And if you can't see that's worth maybe a cent,
Hope you don't settle down, only rent.

And if you'd still prefer an empty guise,
Then experience hasn't made you wise.

Emotions change, fade like our clothes
Here today – tomorrow, who knows?
Now living only in yesterday.
I reach back to grab what's faded away.

I only wanted to get close to you
See the world the way you do
Know that neither my bubble nor yours is true
And reality lies somewhere in between,
In the fun we poke at each other's scene,
In how silly before you all I do seems,
In how it vaporized my childish dreams
That clung on like leaves – but it's soon to be Fall,
And you – let yourself be stripped of all
The cobwebs and old trends you carry that hinder
Your view with a lens that acts like a filter
But the world is all here and it's all real –
Can't pick and choose what's yours to feel
Shouldn't make my mistake to conceal
And suffer for being inept to reveal
What I hold as true, and what I think of you
And the chance I see waiting between us two
So high dangling over our heads – to grasp
It there's a one percent chance – 99 we'll fall flat
To calamity – but the magic I see
Dangles airborne ahead invisibly.

August 24, 2009

Oh My God

I lie with my eyes open wide awake
Going up and down with each breath I take
From emotional highs to mental doubts
Each time I “know” I’ve got it figured out.
I truly am an emotional whore,
I put you through it though I know
When we come to the brink I’ll say no once more
And leave you writhing on the floor.
Once again I’m so unsure.
The reality smacks me and I can’t ignore
The differences that divide you and me;
In the world we aren’t meant to be.
For all the attraction that might draw us near
You’re still in yours, and I’m still in my sphere
And I lie with my eyes open flooded with fear
Just knowing the facts that I fail to see,
Ignoring the harsh truths that are sure to hit me;
Why don’t I value myself as I should?
You’re bad for me; yet to myself I’m no good.
Can’t face the truths about you, but I need to,
Everyone finds someone’s neck to sit on;
God my emotions are so misleading!
For them a whole storm I am entreating.
Will I ever be able to break free,
Will I push myself deep into a trap?
What if it goes too far, too deep?
On my head a level grip I can’t keep.
I swear they all think I’m so levelheaded
But fear drives me crazy and I always let it.
My heart is so open – it’s called stupidity.
And I fear what everyone will think of me.
God it’s so hard; why must I be put through this?
Keep the hurdles away, ’cause ignorance is bliss.
I know the truth, know it deep inside
And oh my God what if to myself I lie
And then go along pretending for life?
Where there doesn’t need to be, I create strife.
I’m such an idiot, the worst I know –
No clue of my own worth, that if I make a move
I could get all I want, it could change and improve,
Oh how I dread how these things will go.
Too late to take back all that I said;
I tried to be honest – and look where it led!
A grave before I’ve even made my bed
For the night – and the knot in my chest don’t feel right.
Hide the dirt, I want only pure;
Just a drop of poison spoils a glass of wine.

I could take yours and I'm open to that –
Are you just as willing to take all of mine?
Oh my God – please hold my sanity
I swam far out to sea, now I reel in
And cling to my pole, feeling more in control.
Too late – I already did what I did
Now I must play further and be unafraid
To act as I must for my benefit
And always remember what fortune I'm worth –
God it feels stupid to talk like that
But if I don't I'll wind up crushed and on sat.
Like the shit someone stepped in, the slime out they spat
Goddammit you know I'm worth more than that!

August 27, 2009

Untitled

Stop talking to me, you keep spinning my head
I have no opinions of my own.
I don't feel like playing the game:
Maybe I'm not a very good girl.
So many standards and ways to be
Too many windows through which I could see;
Comfort never yielded good poetry;
Stop criticizing all that I see in me.
Words said, moments past,
Emotions you know they change in a flash
I try to freeze it to take a breath
But certainty is certain death.
I want nothing more than to knock myself out
Go numb to my mind and go about blind
Just do what I do, not a thought given to
If I'm right or wrong, what I could've differently done.
Be my common sense for me;
Picture myself in a year –
But you've never been attracted like this –
I have no respect for myself
I have no true love for myself,
Love which will give me the very best;
The good chairs, I give them to all the rest
And myself take the stool
'Cause I'm that kind of fool.
What to trust, by what to go;
The more I learn, the less I know.
The more I live, the less direction;
Steer me, steer me, my affection.

August 28, 2009

A Little Here, A Little There

A little bit here and a little bit there
A drop of humor, a moment of fear
An analysis long but then throw it away
Blanken my mind to keep thoughts at bay
A sec of security, then an hour of doubt
Little signs everywhere turn me all about
Self-disparagement, then indignance,
Each minute steal a backward glance
Chase like a puppy, then to chase I'm affronted
Never could really pinpoint what it was I wanted.
Minutes of poetry to spill the crap out;
Feels like a solution, but it's roundabout
Feels good to calm down but the problem's still there
I never fix it, I just quiet'n the fear.
And I know I never do my fair share
In the game – I stand still and I wait
I've got a sharp hook but I put on no bait
I don't wave it around – that's for *you* to do.
Um, what, you expect me to dance for you?
Sneer! Tough luck, fish, go on your way
A big one will swim by me, and he'll say,
“Well I see no bait but that sure's a fine hook!”
I want a fish who can see my face clear through the brook!
No, I'm not unrealistic – you're just materialistic!
And when I have to try goes my ego ballistic!
I never did try, just let you swim by
Forgetting we all get pulled 'long with the tide.
And if you want it grab it – but if you don't, don't cry.
It never happened, and I wonder why.
Snap out of it, girl! You could have the best!
Wake up do your makeup to chance leave the rest.
How my machinery does protest
When I try turning the gears the other way.

August 28, 2009,

Love-Hungry

No, this is not how it all should go
The truth of it all sitting at the soul
Is that I want love, to be cared for,
To be desired, be adored,
Be admired, treasured, prized,
Look infinite through one man's eyes,
And to feel this in return,
All you give me, I will return
I will take yours and you take mine
Without protest, lose yourself and we'll bind.
I'm starving for love and because of that
I'd settle for whatever scraps I can get.
And that's the truth at the heart of the matter;
My quest fueled this whole encounter.

August 29,2009

Oblivious

I can't believe the things I say,
I can't believe the things I do,
I'm numb to all their impact,
I just take a mental shot
And shoot like a ballistic missile,
Giving not a thought.
I don't feel my impact, it does not exist for me.
I let the bombs go off and walk right by the casualties,
Go blind to my destruction, 'cause I don't feel a thing.
Cut my head off of my shoulders, and I'm capable of anything.
I remain naïve and myself I do not feel
The emotions that I cause in all of their exquisiteness.
I just roll along, singing la-dee-da-dee-da,
Tense myself, let the gust blow past and cut it off.
How can this come so easy
To take no responsibility?
Continue to laugh as if I never lived a yesterday.
The feelings fall right off of me as I just go along my way,
Oblivious to what I caused in their imagination.
How the tables turn; never thought *I'd* be the one to burn.
And I retreat into myself and feel not the sensation;
I feel *another* happiness, my own contrived elation.
And I am too uncomfortable to bridge our separation,
I'd much rather forget the game 'cause I thought it was just that.
Turns out I am a mental whore; and here you thought I was so pure.
But I could easily forget the chance 'cause it is too much strain
To deal inside the mess I made when I did not refrain.
And now I continue to play, though I don't want you anymore.
Summer lovin', gone so fast; you just met another whore.
I would rather forget it and suffer the loss
Of the chance I thought last week would only come around once.
But now, you know what? I don't even care anymore!
I've forgotten your face like an oblivious whore!

September 5, 2009

Constructs, Constructs, Constructs

I walk around shadows and hide in the folds
All that I feel inside I hold
I pretend I don't care even though I do
But I never know how to show warmth to you
Who gets under my skin and makes me trip
You know I can't bear to loosen my grip
When you make me feel I might lose myself
And get lost inside your own essence
I worry that I have lost all my good sense
I worry, and worry, seeing all it at once
Avoid the mistake to avoid being the dunce
Which just makes me a fool
And I stay on the edge, on the defensive, in case I turn out to be somebody's tool.

Before the hits strike I raise my shield
Before the sun shines in I've raised my shades
And a constantly misaimed sword I wield
Hurling it not where I meant it to go
And then I say "oh well" once I go "uh oh".

I walk around shadows
I hide what I want
I hide what I feel
And pretend like I don't
I pretend not to care
And I act unaffected
One normal would acknowledge a storm that passed through
But *I* say, "what? Were there winds that blew?
What goings-on are fazing you?
I have no clue!" But in truth I do;
It's laughable what I put myself through
And after all these years I cannot find
A valid reason for my self-treason
There's no reason why
I should keep up the constructs and walls and continue to deny
For the public eye
To stay nice and dry
By the heat of my hell
Of my own device
'Cause I act so nice
Though half the time I smile I mean to scowl
How much of my nature do you gather now?
Not so nice! It's all pretend
For what end? Oh I forget!
'Cause I never knew,
Just kept plowing through
Hurdles I did not need to

And instead of taking *them* around
I bypass shadows on the ground.

September 22, 2009

It starts up top
And falls through a jungle onto below,
Over a maze that it covers like snow
Brick by brick
A wall so thick
That to dismantle it is impossible.

In the city,
The trains only go one way,
The clocks only tick one way
As we run along in their wake.

It falls from above down onto below
Into the shape of the cup we hold
You'll never see the snow fall just as snow
But always taking a mold.

09-25-2009

The Dive

What what what what *what* am I doing?
Knots in my chest.
Making the wrong moves
Every step.
Every step
Not what I wanted to do.
Feels like pulling my skin
'Gainst my body's moves.
I try and I try – but I don't know why.
Already I've become a slave to the tide
And I haven't yet dove in!
Can you imagine
What will happen once I am inside?
Your only chance to save yourself
Is before you've taken the dive.

But once you're in – let's roll
You're a passenger
In a car – where it goes
Is beyond your control
Can you feel the tension eat away?
Constant unease in the day-to-day,
And it gives no rest; how you are repressed!
About to burst open any second
From this constant pressure in your heart;
The one time you heeded the beckon....

I watch all of the things I do
And think to myself, "this can't be you!"
"What are you doing!?" Why do I run
Headlong towards the pointed gun?
The waiting trap, the finite rut;
Feel the knot inside my gut.
Says turn around
Before you drown.
This isn't real, and it's not your dream!
So why do you settle for a life you don't feel
Is yours to have – *you know what you want!*
But you can't get it 'cause there's a wall in front
That stops you from ever saying what you
Can't feel how strongly you feel is true!
And what is *here* but the scraps of a mess?
You know you're a mere convenience,
Alleviation for the stress,
A future doll but to undress,
And not a "*you*", not someone to
Be lifted up towards higher view;

No he will never exalt you.
So if you want to stay pushed down,
As life goes on trampled harder into the ground,
Then hang 'round 'cause you're almost here
At the point where the border becomes a blur,
And you look back in a while to find
You're crossed the line
That you didn't notice 'cause you denied
What you're feeling now, the tension and strain,
Inner calamity that drives you insane
With its constant pull and constant pain,
Torn apart, and it eats you alive;
It's scary to see
That a part of me let's myself be resigned
To "destiny", to a dreamless future, and not "what could be",
What I feel's for me;
This part just gives in
To let myself be controlled by the pull of the tide,
And just take the dive.

September 25, 2009

Don't Think Twice

Don't think twice as you make your moves
Carry on forward, for the rut awaits
The moment you lag, it will swallow up you
'Fore you know it you're stagnant and can't continue.

Don't think twice as you go through your day
Swirling inside your sweat is at bay
You could fall and sink into that old, depressed way
But instead carrying on is the remedy.

The only cure is to not look back,
To not sit still, to never let yourself lag.
Don't fall in, because when you're inside
All the time you spend becomes wasted time.
For ones like me, it's not so easy;
Push ourselves constantly 'cause we're empty on yearning
And death is always around the bend
The kind of death that shuts your eyes and makes of you a shell
Drags you down to listless hell.

October 03, 2009

Forks in the Road

Forks in the road don't steer left or right;
They kick you down or propel you up.
And they always signal an internal fight,
But it's still your choice just the same.

But I know which choice we take more often,
'Cause too often we're blind to the other that's there.
An impossible staircase you must jump for
To reach where it sits in the air;
Never what you imagine is there.

It seems so absurd, but you know you can be
Any other way – that moment is the one you break free.
But I don't say this like girls say to "follow your heart";
Know that beast, he's nothing more than a tart.
What I mean is, you could be somebody new
When you throw out the world from your worldview.
Because every road has two directions,
And it takes effort to turn the other way.

Change your image – in a day you could be someone else truly,
Though it's just what they see.
Nothing remains standing permanently.
You feel so alone, and so insane
Watching it all as you waver between,
Another day wanting none of that scene.

Forks in the road come up to my face,
Knock into me and force me one or another way.
Each time I feel myself long to escape,
'Til a choice is made and I go on my way,
Fine for a while, fine for a time
Until unexpectedly I repeat this rhyme.
And the further I go, the more I'm alone
On my own with no hope for someone
To be by my side; who could I ever show
The decision behind the me the world knows?
Truly everyone's burdened by some kind of mask;
And me? More so than anybody.
I see what I do, then think "I didn't mean to!"
I am shocked; but the clock just keeps on ticking
In its clockwise direction while myself I keep tricking
With a comfortable story and complacency,
And a view that's pleasant, but far from reality.
'Til I hit that moment when it breaks and what lies
Behind it becomes all too clear to my eyes.

Compare myself too often to you,
To their lives, to tomorrow, to what I could do
And my deepest fear, I will tell you
Is that my whole life will pass me by;
All of them always say, don't let it happen that way
They say, forget your cares and throw them away
For a night; but each time it makes me fight;
I see Venus in the sky alight,
So far away, and God it's so bright!
I fly away, my cares I let
Stay uncared for on the home I left;
To the distant new as I fly so free
They thin out and fall behind lightly.
Looking back at the Earth from afar I see,
God does it sparkle beautifully!
But I know what's there:
Behind the shine lies the substance I built over years.
Here's nothing of mine but a memory
Of flying free to a world that is empty of mine.

October 08, 2009

Inspiration

You can say it to me over
And over but I don't care;
I don't believe it's love.

Love, if it is true needs no words;
Just listen what I tell you
And say nothing yourself.

There's more love born in a step the other way
Than in a million hearts, all the "I love you"s you can say.
And I don't deal in false proclamations;
Love has more to do with effort than emotional sensations.

So many faces all around me,
They're all the same, personality
So vibrant, yet so far away
Don't we all look like pinpricks
Jutting out above the ground
A millimeter up, just like everyone around.

I don't want to be pulled by your string;
Should I just quit this thing
And cut you off for good?

If I'm already writing of our ending,
And I know I'm just pretending,
Maybe then I should.

'Cause I see so much bullshit all around me
Hear so many words but inside they're all empty,
Wading through the mire but it touches my skin –
Should I, should I, should I give in?

To the pull....

Drop it all away
The images that I created
Hold on to my name
And play my familiar game
That I fall into so easily;
I trade something 'cause nothing's free –
But I forget this rule
And in the end end up the fool.

Love is an illusion tied to coordinated flirting.
Right time, right smile, right words, you've got yourself a brand new dream.
But in one way or another you are overcome by hurting

Hooked your line onto his string
And now to follow you'll do anything.

November 3, 2009

Probe

Halloween came and went this year
I didn't have time to stop and savor
The moment as I ran by it in fear
Of missing out on something good.

Why I do always feel constant unease
Churning like worms crawling through my gut?
Always I never know what to believe –
There's this tiny feeling I can't help but perceive,
It is real or an illusion I weave?
Is there a path that "feels right" to you?
Or does the cold hard world ignore what feels true?
So much pressure from what they expect you to do;
And how much does it matter what everyone judges?
Each man, his each step he halfheartedly trudges
Along, his head turned towards the source of a song:
Just a lure to ignore, or a dream to chase?
Follows you like a shadow until you face –

Honestly I do not know if I'm honest;
I could be your every dream;
Why do I keep wondering
If I'm missing out on my true desire?,
Which seems unlikely to ever transpire.
Burdens and doubts turn my mind about constantly,
So much unease, I'm on the verge
Of lulling myself to just appease;
So many problems spit out through the fountain
And run down my arms all around; they surround me;
And nobody seems to have it down perfectly;
Everyone judges, but none are exempt
From being tied by the strings of the patterns they kept,
Couldn't break out of the mold – yet I
Live my life without realizing one day I'll die –
And how do I spend my precious time?
Fighting to keep it all inside
And thinking I face it by writing this rhyme.
I tell myself a lie right now: I'll say it all before I die.

November 5, 2009

Run From Your Foundations

You built such a beautiful castle
Inside which you now dwell
Every detail is so intricate
And each hand-chosen shell
Is embedded with precision
Down to each minute detail;
It's a beauty to behold
This structure glittering with gold.

The sunlight does it justice
In its shadows and its light
The interplay's spectacular
And it stands out in the night
When the stars are but a backdrop
For the borderlines finite
That entertain invisibly
Stories spanning to infinity
Unfolding through the hidden spaces
You see with your imagination.

Bit by bit you built it onward
Molding what you so much wanted
Now you live inside it
Not apart from castle's walls.
It's slavery wrapped inside beauty
He'd never break apart now, would he?
Who would leave behind the world
To just disprove its iron hold?

Immersed inside of the precision
You blur the borders from your vision
Remember how it came to be
Each speck triggers a memory
How slowly day by day it grew
Each memory's bound straight to you
And wraps you in your own sinew
Now find how painful to undo.

And as you build it ever higher
Stacking floor upon each floor
Winding staircases grow mazelike
And obscure the door.
Farther you go from the ground
Enamored by the dream you're bound to
Forgetting the few faulty bricks
You used to start your palace
Way back when, ignored the cracks

That didn't seem quite right
You decided to press on regardless.
Do you realize now at least?
No matter how strong the lure it's
No fix to keep building turrets.
Regardless of how grand a sight
You're building brick by brick upon
Loveliness to one day come undone.

November 7, 2009

The Fine Line

On the fine line, I always waver between
One side or the other – is either my scene?
And it's never what is, but how it may *seem*.
In the doorway I stand and I waver between.

I think that I'm ugly, but then the coin flips
And the shields on my eyes are replaced and then I
See everything differently – the old world grips
No more; the same changes with a different eye.

Nothing has changed, but I stepped into
A new world without even having to move;
Veils apart, by your thoughts separated:
Conviction one: my world *I* created.

I find myself now always able to choose
How what I see and what happens to me
Can be viewed – but I never know what to pick
And I know, no matter what I say, it could be another way.
Should I settle on what feels pleasant today?
If you find yourself miserable, stuck, and misled
You don't need comfort, you need a slap up the head.

It's a fine line walking between your worlds
Doorways open at every turn
Into lands all so grand waiting to be explored
And to make you forget bout the other doors
And the doorway out, and the other doors
Leading to places just as alluring,
Just as convincing and equally real –
But still I face the same old problems
No matter what world I choose to be in
History repeats itself and I can't seem to win.
So I don't know what to tell myself –
Don't quit on the game; you can't get out
Until you get through; and that's all it's about.
Forget the line; you stuck in the knife;
Explorer by dreams, loser by life.

This poem did not end to my expectations;
I wanted to make myself seem really cool,
But look what I did, called myself a fool
And spat on my noble revelations.

November 14, 2009

In The Low

When you're in the low, oh, things couldn't look worse.
Looking for an exit as you repeat the same verse
Time and time over – won't get out of your head;
Outside just a shell; inside seems you've died.
And while there you wonder what it's for.
Someone tells you, you need to spend time here before
You start regrowing – but you don't believe
'Cause from inside each moment you crave only to leave.
From outside the low's pain you cannot conceive
Even close to how it feels to be buried beneath
Every one of your failures, complexes, and fears
The hours alone, shattered's been all you've known....
Even once you climb out (at last) you can't recall
The exact measure and feel of the pain from the fall
And just how alone alone feels when you're by yourself
And feel no connection to anyone else.
You wait and you wonder when it will all end,
From inside you think "this confers no benefit"
At the time – only years later you look back once more
And understand just what the low was for.

When you're in the low – you'll never believe it –
But it's a chance to shatter all you don't need.
You built up a layer of what doesn't matter
And walk under it, buried, but just don't see,
In the halcyon days when life flowed free
Without resistance, you only could be
The persona equated to the mask that you wore –
Who would take off a mask the whole world adores?

In the low you discover who you really are –
None of those words you attached – they've all gone
So if you think you're clever, unique, or a superstar
Get ready to shatter the mirrors and walk
All over the glass with your bare feet and sulk
'Cause you're not who you thought you were, not even close,
You are no one – there's nothing at all to you –
And you only reach that by going through
The low you so hate – heh, now don't you
Realize just how hard it is to hold to
What you know you believe, as the gales blow through
And tempt you to let go and sink –
You are always on the brink
And all that matters is that you don't let go.

The low is a drop to the bowels of existence
But it's also the biggest possible chance

To break out of your life and do something – *anything* –
Totally pure; beyond circumstance
Is the kind of man you will become,
Above the limits that contend some –
And you'll see – if you make it – the low sets you free –
Eventually you become a ghost.

November 17, 2009

Wait For Your Own Love Story

Stay out of their story and wait for your own
For your one great love – maybe one day it'll play
Out from birth to rebirth, from bud to full bloom,
And you'll cherish each moment with a heart that's full.
For now part of you's here, another piece elsewhere,
Dragging along after the stardust trail
Of two lovers inside a closed bubble, so you
Turn away, don't feel pain 'cause you long for the same.
But it came to me once – and I just pushed it away.
Fear overwhelmed me and I cut off its head
Gave it a quick death, kept the procession at bay
And hid in my cave, peeking out every now and then.
Stop wondering all the time, when, when, when.
Wait for your own story to engulf and begin.

11/17/09

The Hand of Fate

The hand of fate steps in to play
And dangles before me what I so crave
Then laughingly whisks it back away
And I run after the prize like I'm its slave,
Hanging on to the afterglow,
Thinking I must do all I can
To get back what I'm scared won't come back tomorrow:
I've fallen into a familiar trap again.

November 23, 2009

Around You

I truly don't know if I'm free or staged
I don't know which I am with you.
No matter what I do it feels like a play
And also no matter with who.

I want to feel real, but I only ever feel
That way when I am alone.
And I know for sure, I don't want to spend
My whole life being on my own.
I almost worry that for me it's too late
That I've digressed too far
Hated myself so much that I
Rejected me and who you see
Is only a forced contrivance –
But can that ever really be true?
Can you ever *not* be you?

I always feel tense and I feel no connection
To the one who's next to me
Whoever they may be
There's a wall that sits in between
Because I never really know what to say
And to keep the awkwardness at bay
I make some stupid joke.

I'm either wholly joking, or far too serious
There seems to be no in-between
Looking into these trifles is making me delirious
And seeing my own face in the crowd makes me run
Back to the safety of my dreams
Where it's natural and perfect between us it seems –
But when life plays out it fails to be true
And do you think I'm crazy to think I like you?

December 5, 2009

Accidents on the Breeze

I wish for so much
That I don't have right now
I build it all inside my mind
But it escapes my reach somehow
Oh, oh, as the vines swing back
And forth so constantly.
Thought I had it all –
It was so near –
But then it swung the other way.

We're all accidents on the breeze
In a world of almost here's
Say we're searching for our way
But we let the breeze switch us each minute
We think we have control
But we only let it roll us where it will,
Thrill after thrill,
And then one – fine – day –
We die.

Life is an accident on the breeze
A trip among the vines that swing rapidly
Nothing is free
Nothing is set in this jungle where we get
Swayed endlessly.

I still want all the things I keep on coming back to
I still feel just the same when I'm too long near you....
The winds blow through between us
But somehow I always see this –
It pains like a spear that cuts through like a needle
Reminding me of that same thing I always feel when
You and I meet eye to eye
It thrills my heart and I can't deny
No matter how little time we're together
I don't look for it but it hits me whenever
It's me and you
Just for a minute or two
So golden – now we're here let's breathe –
But the wind picks up just as I got settled
Into my home where I feel it's right.
Is it just me or do you see this?
Let's tell each other and it'll be alright.

Accidents happen upon the breeze
But maybe there's something that stands permanently?
I know we're destined for this lifestyle
Knock together time to time for a little while
And we remember what we saw inside each other
But the weather changed and 10 years later you're a stranger....

Oh – don't let that happen, please
Don't let your life be an accident on the breeze
I'm here for you
Too quiet – it's true
But maybe one day soon I'll tell you
How you make me feel
No matter what
Stands blocking up the view.
I'll grit my teeth and continue
'Cause that's really all that I can do
To set myself free,
Keep myself from being an accident on the breeze.

December 11, 2009

Perceptions

Not everything's explicit;
There are realities unsaid
And though they're given such few words
Are just as well wordlessly felt.

They live on in the undercurrents
Trapped beneath the show
Sometimes seen, but in little signs
And despite our words we all do know
That what is true can't be erased;
Try and bury it or turn away;
Try to trample over the path that pulls
Oh, I don't believe the words falling from your lips
Because I know what you do fear
And I know you will try to stop the waves
But the forces you attempt to control via charade
Are beyond you or I; and you can fruitlessly try.

Many times over and over I see it,
But I stay quiet 'cause I'm too scared to believe it
Yet how many times have these perceptions been true?
I confuse myself, and in the end, all along I knew.
I do wonder if I made everything up –
In such little things can you see a whole world?
But it's hard to keep straight when the view ever shifts
Though time to time I return
To something I was so sure was true –
But I lost my grip as the winds blew through.

Perceptions return and some can't be erased
I laugh as you try to stop what we know will take place....
So what am I waiting for when I know the truth?
It's almost as if there's the door, and the key
I hold in my hand, but I simply don't do it;
See the clouds have all cleared and my view is free
Now there's nothing left but for me to do – no reason not to;
The path is free, and so am I
So here I come, acting on my
Perception and dragging it from underground
To the surface, to its rightful place
Knowing nothing can stop me, not threat nor fear,
Because the fluff has faded and left me clear

A,B,C,D

Driving faster than all the cars on my right
But I don't notice as I look at the surrounding sights
What do I see? I see a word so bare
I see grass gone dead and a gray highway
A pale blue sky looking like it hasn't seen the light of day.
I go from A to B just like from C to D,
Stuck in a routine of apathy.
I turn the radio off 'cause I can't stand the song
I hear only silence as I drive along
In a vanilla-covered world asleep in the sun.

I'm in need of excitement – I need a spark
To get my mind out of a sleep so dark.
I go from B to C just like from D to A
Ever-turning in a stagnant decay.

I could stare at the wall for hours – to me
It's the same as going to a party.
People talk but I have nothing to say;
I just listen to the conversations going by
And nod, okay; see, I can't complain
I can make a joke and that's the extent of my game
It stops there, I can't care about the things that hook you.
Why so serious? It's just passing through.

I feel bare as bones, and I hold nothing
Don't react, don't complain, don't desire or explain.
Don't tell me to have sex, get drunk, or the like –
It's *me* that's the problem, not the style of my life.
I go A, B, C, D and then back to A.
It's all the same, it's all the same
And I'm just waiting for something in me to change
Maybe a care, or maybe a fire,
Or maybe a strong enough desire....

People are different, can you understand?
For some reason to me everything tastes bland.
I'll be honest: I'm too scared to address
The one big issue that gives me no rest:
And that's love, a relationship, a boyfriend, a mate
I've put it off for so long that I'm scared it's too late?
I blush as I write this and it'd be better if I could
Say it out loud, not just to myself.
You think I don't care! But that isn't true!
This is more important to me than grades, or school,
Or work, or appearance – or anything you could give a name!
I just pretend I'm indifferent, but it *isn't* the same

To me – I see exactly as you see!
I'm not blind to what goes on around me, I've just
Pretended I'm above it – but, God, is that a lie!
I want a boyfriend, and I want to have my
Own story, own love – I've hit the nail on the head
It cost me a deep blush, but I've overcome some dread.
How can some people find it so easily?
But for me it's a burden, a fear, a problem,
A troublesome issue that I can't solve or act on.
Yeah, laugh – that would be the right thing to do,
And that's what I would do if I heard me as you.
So you see, there's the issue and it frustrates my core
I'm held back around the person whom I most adore!
And even though years have passed and I've done a horror to myself
By keeping it quiet – I thought it could fade
I thought I would be fine keeping up a charade
And what have I been complaining about all this time?
How fake am I! How I live a lie!
No kidding! Look what I did to my
Own desires – kept them bundled up inside
And never mentioned it, not a single time,
So how can I complain? Yet how can I ignore
What bothers me constantly? And what is more,
I overanalyze every moment
And this overworking swings me back and forth.
I give up – but I can't – I just get swayed
There's only one thing to do to stop playing this charade.
But where can I find the courage, and not feel it's too late?
I have nothing to lose, no dignity;
I might get embarrassed, but at least I'll get free.

And I keep saying this many a time,
And I keep writing so many a rhyme....

December 16, 2009

What must I do to keep my fire burning?
Don't give in to the trifling storms
That depress you, regress you, and all-around threaten
The soul that should shine through each step you take
And the very worst thing is to feel beaten
Inside you can feign death or be ever awake.

12-16-2009

Distant Dream

You'll always be a distant dream
Living in my fantasies
Trade an imaginary happily-ever-after for one that's real
Forever with you with me.
I write your name into my phonebook
For the minor thrill of the way it would look
And I feel like I see the impossibility
Of you being more than my perfect dream.
I get my hopes up with substitutes
They fill the gnaw with happiness
That is nevertheless pure emptiness –
It releases dopamine just the same.
I'll tell myself you'll be only my dream
To come to terms with the actual goings-on
You liked me before but since then you've moved on
Not all are as crazily patient as I –
Hardly any could sit as idly by.
It's my own fault; for my cowardice
What an amazing chance I did miss.

December 17, 2009

One of Those Things

It's deeper than convention, far beyond your choice,
Something you can't control and takes its rest inside your gut,
Buried in your instinct, given no true explanation,
Logic does not abide here, nor does fault, or shame, or blame.
You can't deny it's real, just like you can't deny the color
Of your eyes, and it sits far removed from the surface's game.

One of those things
That you can't decide
You didn't choose it to happen
But it can't be denied
A connection that's deeper than your bones
A reaction that you can never control.

Some things in life are just this way, and there's nothing left to do
But accept and try to fit it in your plans
'Cause how we live our lives, and the visions we weave
In face of such a force, are shown to be so illusory.
When it knocks upon your door it cannot be refused
And you may find yourself a sudden unwilling host.
Your plans may disintegrate, and you may cry
But there's no question of mercy on a level this high.

Oh it's one of those things
That you can't control;
Misguided to try for compromise
'Cause it's no one's fault and within no person's will
To change the essence in a realm where your consciousness don't dwell.

One of those things
There's nothing you can do
Try to shine another light but it won't change the view
Try to pray with all your might but it won't change for you
'Cause it's one of those things
You can't explain
One of those things
Beyond you.

12/19/2009

Impromptu Musical

(Male part):

I like women, several dozen –
Two could be just fine –
But I'll never stick around 'cause I'll be late to catch the next breeze
So if a girl should try to catch our magic, freeze it
I pat her head so gently, laugh, and break her heart.

I do, admittedly I feel a little bad –
So many pure young souls that I have pinched a tad –
But when the dawn breaks, and the sun shines,
Adventures of my dreams leave my mind –
O! I forget all about my follies of the day before,
I had a girl, we had a tale, soon I will have a dozen more
For now I'm fine keeping up this lifestyle
They say one day I'll want some company for more than a night
But I say on my own I am quite alright
And I can handle myself wherever my feet brake –
Yes I'm bad for a girl, but good enough for my own sake.

(Female part):

I'm just a young and idealistic girl –
You already know how this is gonna end –
I sit here waiting for my prince Charming,
He's pure of mind and always 'round the bend.
I have no interest in flaunting what I got
I scorn the whorish girls who do do that instead
And smile complacently and stick to pretty
Thoughts that spin all day 'round in my head.

Look at me I am so idealistic
I don't have a realistic bone in my body
One day I'll fall prey to some bad, bad man
And then I'll never be the same again.
I know my fate like I know the number line
I laugh at it myself 'cause I know I'm beyond help
The way I am – but every man I do decline.
The face of any man, it makes me want to puke
The thought of waking next to him, it makes me sick
You see, I am a spoiled and bratty princess
Waiting for the key
That will unlock the gates to romantic bliss for all eternity.

Let's be a little wise and look at this objectively:
Prince Charming is a pansy and as sensitive as I
I'll fight those sex offenders off all by myself
With my noble spirit – I do not need anyone else.
Oh in the world it'll be quite hard –

I'll get duped and tricked every other yard –
But I'll gut it out.

12-28-2009

All Love Songs

All love songs demand
Something to be given to the singer at hand:
You owe me, you hurt me, you shattered my hopes,
Is what they all sing to their lovers like dopes.
All love songs are selfish;
Do they ever sing
Of the joy, independence, or freedom of their love-thing?
No, they sing of themselves, and the feeling they feel,
The hopes that they harbor, and lay at your heel.
Fulfill my desires, is what they all say;
If you didn't I'm justified to walk away.
It's a mask that expounds on your virtue and grace,
The triggered emotions evoked by your face –
Underneath that is selfishness, pure as a gem
That ever is fixed on what you owe them.
That's why I hate love songs; I think that they're fake.
Underneath each sits a hunger to slake,
Like a dog who devours what he can obtain,
Thinking always only of his own gain –
And a free-running soul for himself to take –
But most importantly, an illusion to break.
I'll do that for you, call you out on your
Cheap tricks masked over by a love-sick sore.
And you may hate me, but I don't care.
Enough of this bullshit – the flip of your hair,
The beckon in your eye, the thoughts you deny –
If love songs were paper I'd set them on fire
And show the world what I think with a big damn pyre.

12/31/2009

I've stood before the archway
And it makes light of my world.
The plans we sit preparing
And the daily stories told
Fade before the archway
That leads us far beyond
To drop the crude and vaped
And to know no limits' hold.
Through the archway I can't pass
Because you know there's no return,
But standing right before it, staring
Outward to the stars,
You learn an openness
That there's no other way to learn.
Many times I've reached the archway
And it's real as stone and fern.

January 4, 2010

What I Love About Life

Some days, inside me things fall into place
And I couldn't be higher if I were flying.
I get so filled up by everything;
Aren't even bothered by my own constant lying
(For there can be no other way to speak).

I love driving fast and really feeling
My speed through my bones when I let tension go.
I love blasting emotion out of my heart
With every song I hear on the radio.
I like company and I like being alone;
I love being against the world in which I'm embedded;
I love thinking about the endless unknown,
Sometimes standing before it; but to enter, I dread it!
I love, given the chance, to talk to a stranger;
And I don't like love, but I love feeling danger.

1/06/2010

Pattern

Had a talk with your image last night
You called me again in my dreams
And told me of your troubles, your troubled life;
I forget what we said but it satisfied me
To hear you again; I was wondering when

And if we might talk once more.
And though I acted the same,
Indifferent and lame,
As when I'm awake, I didn't mean for
It to look like I was avoiding you,
But even in my dreams I follow the same old pattern
It's difficult to show that I care for a stranger
Only slightly easier to tag along;
In my dreams we meet again and again
More quickly the barriers shift in that land
As we run around and run into each other
Say more to each other now that we have more time.
My dreams can free me; but in life I'm still me;
My soul feels well-fed as if with a remedy.

January 14, 2010

More Problems Explained

For some reason, whenever I'm near you, I just want to walk away
Though at the same time I long to stay and get closer.
I don't know why but I end up retreating
And if I look at the situation from the outside, like an audience watching a play,
You'd never know that I feel this way from my actions
Which tend to be self-defeating; which all tend to conceal
Inside what I feel for you, and how perfect I think we'd be as us two.
I get discouraged because you show no interest;
I act kind of mean, but I think you're the best.
I hope you have selective hearing to miss the little insulting remarks I address
To you, though I don't mean to, I'm just too afraid to get close,
Though I really want to; what if you hate me? What if my transparency shows?
I'm so bad at showing affection to people I really care for,
But easily show it to those who don't matter as much, who don't touch me.
With them there is no feeling, and I act warmly like a child or a bit of a flirt
But if I do act so, it means it means nothing to me,
Backwards though the strategy be: trust me, if I avoid you
It's because I like you all the more.

January 18, 2010

Even if we break up, I'll be fine;
No matter what, I'll always have myself –
But I remember now that you *can't* own yourself,
So if we *do* end, I really *will* be left with nothing –
But then I always have nothing, even right now –
So what am I scared of losing?
And how can I ever lose, if nothing is mine to have?

January 24, 2010

Life is too short to think of possession,
Far too short to strive for perfection,
For an appealing scenario, to imitate,
For something that's not "you" to emulate....
Life is far too short to worry over trifles,
Too short to be dominated by your complexes,
Too open for you to sit here closed off,
Too short to feel self-conscious for writing clichés,
Too quick to doubt your heart; don't let it lie.
Life is over too suddenly to hang on to the past,
Can surprise you so quick and blast you out of your niche.
Life is too precious for you not to strive to do
What truly you want, and let your own fears stop you.
Now I will stop writing clichés that I don't understand.
I just know – any moment, there's so much I don't know
Or see – I'm blind to possibility
And this blindness runs me into a corner for my few short days.

January 24, 2010

Crazy Stalker Love

Well, my love, I will write you a song
Called "Crazy Stalker Love".
Prepare for a tale of romance
Sung on Earth as by angels up above.
O! Love of mine, I watch you sleep,
Though you will never know.
I hound every trace of you I can find,
And trinkets that reek of you I stow
Into a space, my sacred place
That I have devoted to you
And my crazy stalker love –
I hope you feel the same for me, too.

Does the thought of my eyes closed at 2 AM,
My face innocent as my subconscious thrives,
Stoke a burning desire within your heart
To forever intertwine our two lives!?
When you wake up, do you visualize
That I am awake like you?
Do you see me inside my kitchen when you
Are in yours, doing all as you do?

I don't just go on your facebook page;
I've researched your favorite songs.
I've flicked through your photos so many times,
I have a story to string the panels along.
It proceeds magically, leading you to me –
Though those photographs aren't there yet.
But if you let them materialize
They'll tell a tale you will not regret.

And then under the surface, I'll pleasure you –
I've taken the time to find out what you like;
Asked around, made some deductions;
A guarded chord I am sure to strike.
O! my lovely, what in you I see
(And I see you more often than you're aware).
I pine for you affection, dear,
Longing ever for you to care.

Go through my diaries, uproot my lies;
You'll be the one to know me behind my disguise
With your peering eyes – or from your computer;
Are you on my facebook? Are you reading my quotes,
Analyzing them? Are you absorbed in my notes?

If wishes were granted, you'd be outside
Watching me, sighing, from my window.
I want you to want to know the true me,
Every embarrassment, quirk, and grotesquery,
Just as I aspire with you, lovely.
Actually – wait, no.

January 26, 2010

Displacing the Storm

I take a huge swing, blindly almost
And while I do, I don't feel the moment.
I just did what I did, what I wanted to do
Without thinking of how it might look to you for once.
But the next day, the storm that I've kept at bay,
Starts creeping over me like a virus
And too soon has overwhelmed my being.
I'm in its throes and every doubt and fear
Stabs me over and over like a spear
Right through my heart, my mind starts seeing
The worst reality on its screen,
The hopelessness of every dream,
And I start letting them go – they weren't worth much –
I'll have another one day, and I'll be okay,
It'll happen easily, without all this fuss,
And I won't have to fight inside this mess.
My heart goes cold with fear and retracts –
This has some influence on the way I act
And that's why I've dropped the bomb on you
In one fell swoop; it was all I could do
To make my voice heard, and bare my heart
And bring out to the open, unshielded, what's true.
Well, I did what I did and tomorrow will show
The next few feet of the river's flow
And like always placidly I will follow
Calming myself inside of the storm,
Trying to stifle the squirming worm.

January 30, 2010

The Clump

I feel somewhat like a stranger here,
Even after three whole years,
The bonds I've made will easily break
Like there never was a yesterday,
How fast the ties will fade away
When I move on to my next place.
You'll stay swimming, spinning, turning,
Too afraid to leave your space,
Sitting inside that dimly lit corner
While sunlight shines onto a world you ignore;
The taste of your thoughts, it infests the air –
But I'm not bound to it anymore.
Here at the end it feels like the beginning;
We're strangers as much as when I first sat down.
I didn't get what I was so set on winning,
But I'm as light again as when I first came around.

Change, change, your time has come.
Turns out I can't stay in one story too long.
I have no home but the path that winds on.
To no one place do I belong.

February 20, 2010

I want to bring it all together to come crashing in a storm
Let all the pieces meet and watch it explode,
Burn out the rotten leaves and let fresh new ones regrow
In the rubble that'll lie before my feet.

Come all together burn before me, burn into my eyes.
You're the one I want and I cannot pretend to bear no lies,
Like anybody else I have as much of a disguise,
It's hormones, baby, fueling me, I'll never realize.

03-25-2010

My Lover

Oh, my lover, I see inside you.
This connection is just divine.
Flitting from form to form like a trick
Of the light, but each time is so right,
It holds me up in the air alight,
Aloft, so far removed from aloof,
The mask I wear too often to
Keep stable on the ground.
Now just look at what I've found.

Oh my lover, I see through
The outer shell to what's in you.
Through your eyes and your ways,
Your mannerisms, your gaze.
Sometimes you're a person, more often a haze,
A formless mirage that wanders always.

Oh, my lover, it's not just the wine.
I speak here freely; you aren't mine.
Love does not possess; it takes the burdens from off your chest.
If you want to know what love is, always make the choice
Of the one that doesn't sap you dry,
Keep you down, stifle your voice.

When the feeling is missing, I circumvent
A shell I cannot pierce.
Frustratingly, inside I try to see,
But I find no inner content.
But when it is right, I peer straight inside
And come out to the world from the other side.
It's the filling to the shell,
The ocean's swell
That carries you off the ground,
Away from the world,
And don't you know
When I look at you, it's indescribable
What I see – at this point I don't even care
If it's just me; I'll never resolve
If it's just a dream, an internal sham.
And don't you know,
I feel you're more like me than I am.

03-28-2010

So Sure

I am one of those
Who only wants the dream.
Don't you come too close;
I know you can't be what you seem.
I live inside my mind,
Exalting what I cannot have;
When I get to know the *real* you
I'll stay miserable to myself.
How revolting your features become;
It makes me want to throw up.
So tempted to stay in and play by myself
And never really to grow up.
Like a child I play in my room, looking ever out the window;
How pretty the world seems when you cannot touch.
How strongly I feel that I want it so much.
So I'll lead you down the corridor, but leave you at the door,
My eyes on another window, ready to play once more.
I see the sunset, the sunrise, daylight, the night;
Each so amazing, in its moment 'so right',
The one I want to get lost in; each time I feel so sure,
But when I step outside, the infatuation dies;
I don't want it anymore.
I'm not twenty inside, but four.
Maybe younger.

I said I like you; call me a liar;
Certainty is no marker of desire.

April 3, 2010

Am I always gonna be looking for
Somethin, somethin more?
Always gonna be wondering
What's behind those other doors?
Attracted to the mystery,
Will I never be able to choose?
Sit down in one place and commit,
Stop wondering what I'll lose?
Will I constantly remember
The chances I left behind?
Will I feel like I wronged my heart?
Now will there be nothing more left to find?
I feel like I've found the ultimate,
And beyond that is only beyond;
But that's a fleeting emotion I'm scared to lose
And can't hope to hold onto and find again.
Grip too tightly what comes by surprise
To return nobody knows when.
Poisonous convictions
I should not have paid much heed
But listened to my body
'Cause my mind tends to mislead.

04/03/10

Realism

I've gotta be real, I've gotta be real,
All those stupid thoughts I've gotta ignore.
I said I've gotta be real, think about tangible things
Like T.V. shows and who's at fault for what and God I don't even care
But I'll pretend, and throw my stupid thoughts away,
About doors and emotions and theoretical crap
That's invisible to the tangible.
I said it's time to grow up and these childish things drop.

I've gotta be real, I've gotta be real
'Cause I'm living out of this world.
Time to put on makeup when I want to be noticed
And stop ruminating on the esoteric issues of becoming who you are.
'Cause in the real world you make yourself a star.
And in the real world like this I won't get too far.

Oh my God that was so rude what she did
And I can't believe the things he said
He's a douchebag and my professors suck
So I'll go out of my way to give them lower ratings;
Maybe that way I'll make my mark on the world.
Maybe my name will get out and be heard.

This shirt I bought the other day, ohmygod it's, so uncomfortable
And I think my bra was showing all day in the sun –
No scrap that, a real person would have definitely known
Not to buy a shirt that would put them at such a disadvantage
'Cause they have common sense about these things, and their heads aren't full
Of useless crap that isn't real.

Imagination is a sin so be a stone
Unless your imagination helps you get ahead;
I'm trying to be real, that's what I said
I need to do to be a part of it all
Instead of just watching the world
And living in my head.

Somehow I'll lobotomize that part of my brain
That keeps me focused on internal terrain
To the ignorance of what's outside my skin
What I'm getting into, what situations I'm in....

I said I'll be a stone, I said I'll be a stone
But pretend like I'm in it, and like I care –
Nah, nevermind, who gives a fuck if I'm real.
I'll just do what I want, and you can go fuck yourselves
And I'll be how I want, and if I lose it all
And wind up hated, alone, or stay small –
I'll swing the other way to absurdity
And watch mouths drop as they don't know what to make
Of my disconnected take on my every mistake.

04-08-2010

Regret, Maybe...

I would work through it if I were up to it,
But I have too much to do
To drag you out of your rut.
It's easier just to deny it,
Burn the bridge I once put so much effort into,
Not look back and keep moving forward.
Some days I feel like everyone's partner,
Seeing everything in everyone's face.
Other days I feel completely alone,
Artificially matching your pace.
And if you care so much about what everyone thinks,
Try out my new philosophy, and cut off the strings.
Say "fuck you, dear" and go on your own way
Remembering to forget yesterday.
I said it's easier just to burn it,
And leave the knots underground.
I feel kind of like I'm giving up,
But I just can't throw into this all of myself;
I said you need to be the man,
'Cause I won't do it, though I can.
I said I need to bear less sentiment
'Cause being tossed back and forth is making me spent.
I work to look perfect, and cover all the dirty spots –
Funny how my self-presentation is also how I see the world –
Don't bemoan your loss: I can understand the Tao
But I can't sit down and work through the knots.

04/13/2010

These Dark Hours

Do I trust?
The hours alone
When I set myself aside and wait
For next time,
Dependent still
On random thrill,
Uncertain of water cupped in my hand.
Empty and bare
Once stone turns to air,
Once brilliant stars
Fade to yesterday
As I fly through the night
In the cosmos black
Worrying it won't come by my way.
Weaned off of candy,
I forget the supply;
Stopped in my tracks,
Will I ever get off of my
Feet again?
Lost sight of the brightness
As it disappears into a memory again.
I lived the moment like it was a dream,
Is there faith in anything if everything "seems";
All is vapor, my hands can't hold –
They grab at a rope that was only a shadow.
The fear that binds, that there is no ground
And what I stand on is in my imagination,
That everything is vapor and we are lone souls
Shooting through the sky, searching for illumination,
Our worlds illuminated for moments by passing stars
That leave us in darkness, again, alone.
But if we looked at ourselves somehow we might see
Our own illumination; but we can't seem to be
Enough light for ourselves on our own.
'Cause love is like a bright star that lights everything
As it covers you, then speeds on out of your reach
Into oblivion – like the wind
That picks up like a hurricane in one grand swoop,
Stops to stillness next moment, leaving all as it was,
Like it never was here, just passing through,
But when it was here, oh you knew.

04-16-2010

Stay With Me Forever

Stay with me forever, even when you aren't here.
Our moments precious few together, I hold so dear.
As we traverse this world so vast (though they say it's so small)
I hope the distance of our bodies makes no difference at all.
For you've touched a recess of memories too deep to intrude
With a cold hand, or any length time interlude.
Some seem to be threaded, though poles apart;
I couldn't help it, but I'll gladly accept you having my heart.
I hope that we're such and stay always connected,
And I pray that one day when I least expect it
In the randomest place, I'll turn around to your face,
With you I don't wonder what more there's to chase
Or find, and when we drift beyond our control, and this falls behind
And down opposite sides of the hill we roll,
I'll pray to God that I haven't lost you,
And that one day fate will sway as I want it to,
So that I'll be with you, living our dreams,
In a world of two that has no seams.

I'm over being ashamed for this sentiment,
Being afraid of being wrong and living in doubt.
It's with you I can open up and be who I can;
When I'm with you I don't feel like I'm by myself.

April 23, 2010

Dear Mentor, Kick Me In The Ass

I can't fall in love, cause I just lose myself,
My self-esteem goes down the drain and I back up against the wall.
For several months after I won't say anything at all.
And when I get over it, I'm myself again.
And you seem to like me then,
When I don't care anymore,
Only when I am not bound to you,
But if I don't keep guard
I will take a leap of faith and then fall flat onto the floor...
So I've got to keep a guard around my heart
And all those feelings,
Well they pick up and stop like the wind.
I will be a vessel and just let them pass through
If only so I can keep doing what I have to do.

Because there's no one who will build your life for you.
Every day you've got to stay on pace and continue.
You need a kick to the ass, and I'll be there to offer one.
Lest your poor little heart falls for someone, and your plans come undone.

I've always got to keep myself afloat.
Keep trying, trying, trying
Kick myself hard in the ass to keep from crying
Like a baby and the mentor in my mind
Looks coldly upon what he finds
When he sees my heart running
After someone else, forgetting where my feet wanted to go.
It's yourself you've got take care of before you let your life go.
So keep building, building, building
Ever higher, build your life
Cause in the end that's what you'll have.
Don't chase those pretty moments.
If you're lucky they'll pass by,
And they can't help but catch your eye...
But remember where you're going.
No, I can't fall in love.

Oh, when it wraps itself around me, the first few days are bliss.
But inevitable heartbreak comes from misled expectations.
There's no way to change it so I'll take it as it is,
But it's no kind of life to run after brief elations.

April 28, 2010

Can't Help It

Can't help it, I so like you!
Lighting up each moment however small.
Standards, what are they to do
In face of what nullifies all?
Like a swift wind or the blanket of stars
Sweeps over every trinket the same.
The all-embrace; I run away and dip low
But when I wake up I have returned.
Now I'm high on a pedestal,
Know I will never fall,
I don't even know if it's inside you.
And I don't even care if I'm the fool.
It's real to me
Through you.

May 8, 2010

My Terrain

All my life is spent sucking the poison out of my mind,
Dismantling the walls I put up on the ground,
Weaving through them in search of what's not there to find;
One year I build it, the next tear it down.

Over the flat plains beneath the ink sky
Is the limitless ever-deep ocean of stars
And the same love and wonder you can catch in another's eye,
Needing never to travel way out there.

On our flat, wide terrain we build mazes, settle hazes,
A haze that blocks the clear, bright sun
That makes everything simple; but we complicate
Finding webs in the corners that form every turn.
We twist and wind, but we can't unbind
From the bricks that are only vapor.
And the mirrors we hung around all of the walls
Burn our reflections into our mind
And that becomes all we see and seek.

In the house of so many levels,
There is rumored somewhere to lay a great treasure.
It's not the treasure itself, but its promise
That sources the miracles we see around every bend.
And you can take either side of the coin:
Either something – your treasure – is always amiss,
Or every moment you live is in magic and bliss
Rooted in nothingness.

May 9, 2010

The Mess in My Head

Crawling out of my own mess,
My head breathes fresh air, above the mire
Behind it; I guess I should count myself blessed
That, despite the tatters I left,
I'm free from the mess in my head.

The mess in my head I left back there somewhere;
Now *I* can go on and walk the world.
All the me's and masks that swarmed 'round and clouded
I thought were I, but they shrouded.
They fell behind but I remain grounded.

May 17, 2010

Gnawing Teeth

Back and forth
Back and forth
In between
I'm pretty cool
I'm a fool
I cover it up
I'm hard to read
And I'm messed up
I think you're way above me on
A throne and I'm the lowly one
The lonely one
But I turn around
And seem like ice but I wake up screaming
In my head
I'm crazy; I will lay in bed
And blame me
For what I don't got
And build up
Problems, problems, walls
To then tear down
My hormones ebb and flow on their own
When they're fast I find myself alone
Frustrated, want to be elated
The visible spectrum is overrated
Want UV light
Stars in my heart
I worry for us being apart
My heart freezes over
And I sink low
Controlled by hormones' ebb and flow

My feeling is blasted out of my head
My heart's all wooden like it's dead
The shining lights they just misled
And I'm scared to be holding a broken thread
I twist and turn the knots internal
Sleep will not cure every state
Hungry but no appetite
I'm full and I am now too late
Stupid pendulums' forces swing
Like a wind unexpectedly
I'm on wings
It stops, I stop, remain on ground
Stay low – and still – and make no sound.

May 18, 2010

Multiplying

I write as many poems as there are forums
Blogs, webcomics, news sources, photos,
Millions, multiplying like germs,
Each a staggering work of genius,
Each, art at its finest and deepest,
Each individual so unique
Shares his feelings and dreams like he is the first
Holding them in he feels like he'll burst –
Internet! Savior of cowards and friend
To the too-lazy-to-create a novel trend.
Here we come, hordes of us
Early-to-mid twenty-somethings in search
Of the life of excitement, the permanent spark,
Sneering at nine-to-five workers, remark,
“Not for us”, we shake our heads,
I won't waste my life for another's ends!
I must express who I am – I must write my blog
When I wake up at noon, instead of going to work
At a quarter 'til nine;
It's unconventional
But it suits me just fine –
Read about it online.
I have the same urge,
Restless from things untold;
But there are so many of us –
Who will break out of the mold?

05.23.10

I'm working so hard to forget you
'Cause it just isn't happening.
I've been a fool to predict the twists
That turn opposite to my feeling.
It seems I'm the worst prophet
When it comes to my own life.
On solid ground one second
'Til I look down and see but air,
Falling, grab at all around –
'Til I realize I'm on solid ground.
My friends are but ghosts, and from ghosts form friends.
Out of thin air, foundations; walls to thin air.
It's the magic of the world: from the void, back into.
And I am but half, and half, unglued.
Half in the void, half material,
Separate by space infinitely unbridgeable.
Out from the nowhere I'll pull your hand
And feel my heart rend, plunged into the longing.
I walk these sunny roads but I'm not belonging.
Rocks are not sturdy, but vapor, and ground
Is a rug, that's pulled out; I look frantically 'round.
Don't know how to believe,
Cannot conceive
Of a God – don't we *all* hope that someone's out there
To do our work for us,
Lighten our chores.
What I pray to at night
Is the emptiness
And it makes me feel all the weight of my life
On my shoulders – now there's none but myself to blame.
Search for God – and you're inside of a game.
Can't find what's not there.
What you want is a savior – but there's only thin air
And the real search for God is no search for God;
Only those can find Him who have no need.
I don't predict what comes out of the void
Or how long it will stay –
You want the flower, and it starts to decay.
But the rocks you kick and neglect don't leave.
And mostly, I don't know how to conceive
Of myself – it's water I use for ground.
I am my world – unknown to myself.

5/27/10

Do I Need to Be More?

Never had the inclination –
That's not true, just lacked the guts,
The freedom to throw it all out of my head
And let myself go nuts.
Oh, do you see me?
Why can't you turn around?
It always seems like I have to be more
To get your notice 'cause you ignore.
Do I need to be more vibrant?
Rip my heart open, let it all out?
Wouldn't that scare you away?
What's wrong with being calm and caring,
And having little words to say?
What's wrong with agreeing, not rubbing shoulders?
I guess that's too much of a bore.
Like the ever-present starlight,
Always there but never acknowledged;
I guess that I'm no meteor.
Not bright in my own right.
In the background, never in sight.
And even if I tried, I'd only turn out to have lied.
I'm not constrained, just self-contained,
And I keep silent even when this pained.
I can't be more;
I'm against the trend;
They say sing your heart out and let go of your head.
That's the move all dare to do
But I dare to stay silent and fall behind,
And boldly claim that being quiet's fine.
It's a good goal, and its achievement's mine
Without even trying;
Being a star I'd be lying.
And I dunno, maybe that's what you chase;
Me, I'm sadly cursed as the same.
But I can't be more even if I try –
I'm the plain one, stay at home, care for my
Brother, act like a mother, don't wear my heart on my sleeve,
Don't give into sentiments, or light up like a comet,
Keep my feet on the ground and burn evenly;
And I guess then that you're not for me;
It's I who makes me myself see
As a blank wall, adorned with nothing at all.
Why's that so bad? Why does it make me so sad?
Do I *need* décor? This way I'm glad.
They call it lackluster; I call it what is.
I feel full; they see barrenness.

I'm In a Right State

I'm in a right state
And it's over you.
I sleep so poorly, it takes me hours to fall.
And when I wake up I'm on a train of thoughts
That's impossible to get off.
I've forgotten how clarity feels.
Inside I'm unstable as quicksand,
As a ship rocking on the high seas,
As electrified as an eel.
I try to talk it all away,
"I'm making it up," to myself I say.
But then why do I return to this day after day?
Can I really be that deranged?
I'm in a right old state,
A prickly bitch to everyone.
No urge or care to relate.
Oh let the light shine in again!
I'm so contained I keep the torture up,
So high is my tolerance for hell
That I keep sending myself back there.
I'm in a right state
And I did it to myself.

June 3, 2010

Tortured Emo Soul

I used to think your tortured emo soul was something special,
Those internal conflicts made you somehow different from the rest.
But now I clearly see, you need drama to be happy.
You say life is hard but if it were easy it would be no fun.
I can see it now: round and round the same circles you'll run.
You're still trapped in high school in your mind.
I've been an idiot (living inside my mind).

You say you're a good person 'cause you try not to act mean.
It manifests as you and your ex staying somewhere in between.
You complain that life's unfair; nobody seems to care.
Did no one tell you, you pull yourself out of the mire by your own hair?
Maybe I am cold, maybe I lack sympathy.
One thing is for sure: I am what life has made of me.

June 9, 2010

Progression of the Way

Getting soberer, soberer, colder, cooler,
Emptier, forgetting yesterday's play,
More and more words sound like one said over:
Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit all day.
Boredom, minimal, yes or no
Black and white becomes a sheet of gray.
Coming, going, ebb and flow
But in place I stay.
Mirror, reflects, make no contribution
To conversation, have nothing to say.
Two steps forward, one step back
Is the constant evolution.
Old dreams day by day release,
Let me go, untie their strings
Mansion or apartment –
Neither changes things.
Go down farther, but look back:
Sky ahead, buildings behind
Beneath my feet an unseen track
Heartache hits but knots unwind.
People can't be kept and I
Am seeing through their skins more each day
I ignore the things they say
'Cause on their face is the truth so plain
The reality no one can deny,
And their words are all in vain.

June 13, 2010

Merry-Go-Round

In the universe of my mind I have a mission,
And for so long deeper inside I've been slipping
One foot on the ledge of the worlds' divide
But once and for all I must let go and take the fall
Without threads, and do my work
And only then can I return
But I ask myself
Will it still be here
When I get back?
Will the world disappear?
Faces and names may change but I
Feel independent of the wheel
The faces and names that exist outside
Are the game and the fantasy in me is real.
For months you will not see me 'round
Wonder where I went and forget my face
But when I come back will our bond remain?
Can we pick up where we left off like nothing's changed?
But it did – in me –
And so now I see
That the world is a merry-go-round and any
Time you can get off and get back on to ride
Like not a day has passed, party and cry
Just like you did before
The ride doesn't change and if you want thrills there're more.

June 19, 2010

I feel just like an orange
Cut abruptly in half and left
To let the juices drip out,
Like a wound open to the air;
The other half whisked away
And now the fibers hanging out
Yearn to retouch their fray.

I feel like my heart's contained material
Was unwound and sits now in disarray
A mass hanging right before me
That can't figure out how to rearrange.

A ball, suspended, waiting to fall,
The first half of a thought,
And this feeling is so strange.
It's identical, what is and what's not
From thin air form worlds
And worlds go to naught.
Reality becomes possibility;
Keep your head above the instability.
If you can stand on the seesaw and keep talking
Then you can do just about anything.

7/01/10

Ode to My Car in the Shop

Oh car,
There you sit,
A lame camel pounded by a high sun's heat,
A desert wanderer with nothing to drink,
A shiny white crystal turned to black ink,
In coal-like grime, you start to look ancient,
Your joints getting stiff like a hospital patient
Confined to a bed, who yearns to stand up erect;
It pains me to leave you in such seeming neglect.
I love you, car,
You know me better
Than I can convey myself via voice or letter.
You know all of my haunts; I can't hide from you.
And who knows you inside out like I do?
We're like an old couple: you leave me shaken,
I drive you wild over roads we've taken.
You and I, car, we have what's real;
You are technically inanimate, but our bond is ideal.
You know naught of people; I don't know much about cars,
But we transcend these barriers.
And I don't care that you're getting old;
I'm not tempted by shinier ones, truth be told.
Your body is changing; dents where were none;
And you may go slower, but you still get the job done.
I value you, car, I don't want to say 'bye;
Give us a couple more years 'til you die.
And then I'll regret never giving you a name;
And I'll find another... but it won't be the same.
How it pains me to watch you sitting out there,
Made helpless by your disrepair.
And I can't do much to help you heal;
A few days you'll suffer 'til we find the best deal.
And then you'll be better than you were before;
I'll start pushing the gas once again to the floor
Without fear you'll explode in the middle of the road.
And once I feel safe enough to let others in,
We can drive out again to the sea,
And you can sit there in the parking lot's din
While I have a great day running free;
I need time to myself - you understand.
I'll wash you once we get farther inland.
I'll take better care of you this time, I will.
Make this one a longer and flatter downhill.

July 9, 2010

It Once Was a Sea...

It's in the past now
I'm riding the wind.
It's only a shell now,
The sight of your face.
The pearl is carried from place to place.
The spirit is homeless and has an elusive embrace.
The spark is alive behind each pair of eyes
Visible only upon surprise.
And after the fire dies you hang onto coals,
You talk about ashes, and stand on debris
Where once stood a kingdom of mystery,
With such an elusive front door,
That you planned to rule and longed to explore.
A gateway to riches of Shambala,
But you slept and blinked
And it vanished in a wink.
Now where there stood riches beyond compare
A wind blows through the empty air.
Shells on the floor, dry as chalk, echo
Of moments that passed and a hold you can't let go.
Let go – forget – dig out your teeth
And sail away – wave 'bye – to the memory.

July 10, 2010

Sea of Stars

I am in a sea of stars
In a forever cerulean sky.
No matter where I am in the back of my mind
A memory is burned inside,
And this memory is but a state
Of forever being openhearted.
It took one good crack for me to break;
Now there's love in everybody's face.
This sky is the permanent background
Of that vast expanse behind the veil;
It's a narrow tunnel 'tween the worlds
But the space out and in is the same.
And neither can contain
This feeling that's reflected
In the everpresent starlight;
These stars will forever shine.

Behind and inside there's love, longing, and peace
And I'm not looking into your face;
I'm holding your hand as we together
Behind these concrete walls and dirty streets,
Suburbia, magazines, cares and problems,
Are every moment flying through
The vast expanse of stars,
Where I've been since we knocked so close;
And I think it was a permanent bind,
A state I've never known.
Pull back the veil and there you are
And I – I am never alone.

7/17/10

Better and Better

A skill I've been developing:
Be not attached to anything.
Do what I need as quick as I can
As unattached as Batman.
Stomp on my heart and get over it quick
Keep at bay the feelings making me sick
Throw on new wood to keep up the flame
Beat my wings furiously to stay at the top of the game.
When disappointment hits I move quick to act
Tear my eyes away and stick them onto a new goal
No time to wallow, no looking back
Like a paramedic team, take quick control
Transport to safety and then you can rest
I won't hesitate changing from north to west
'Cause I'm a machine with a core of steel,
A lobotomizable memory, and an agile wheel.

7/19/10

Carbons Aflame

Empty feeling in my stomach's pit
From too much time spent with an old crowd;
The taste reminded me of what I missed out,
And one taste in a while is enough.

You go around and around in circles
Talking of wares they sell at the market;
Are they really enough to content you?
For myself, I need the spark.

I don't feel low, but I feel corroded,
Like fermented wine was replaced with cheap spirits
And we drank our fill and burned up the fuel
Of empty carbon-based simple sugars.

Those have been my experiences,
And I wonder how you can stand
To do this over every day;
Doesn't the drama bring you down?
Don't you get bored with lackluster "loves",
Vessels with substances having no chemistry?
Just hydrocarbons lit aflame
For that quick cheap thrill, the aim of the game.

You stay so close to earth when above's the whole sky,
For you twigs are forests, hills, mountains high,
You talk of moving continents – but you're just kicking 'round pebbles
In a little lone courtyard on the head of a pin.

7/25/10

Back to Earth

I'm coming down from the high,
Coming down from the sky.
Back to earth now, the trip was fun
And I'll miss floating there far from the sun
With the stars and the quiet and limitless space
Feeling together, the feel of embrace
But I felt the plane bump as it touched the ground
And now I feel each step my feet make, hear the sound
Of each footstep on pavement that's solid and near
And I think of daily things like bills, what to wear
The unbearable heat and how I'll next cut my hair
And how I'm ready to settle for something neither here nor there.
Back to earth, we're back to earth
And I don't think the next lift-off will be for a while
I can feel it so strongly that it can't be denied
The story ended and the comet's trail
Is stardust through the sky getting ever farther
Glittering specks floating away from each other
Each little one settling into a corner of sky
Invisible to my naked eye
How far away the memory now does feel
How I'm no longer touched by just how real
Because we're back on earth, I almost want to say
Goodbye for many years, my friend, 'til some distant day
That part of you and that part of me
Won't for a long time meet that touched so briefly.
Oh, I can feel it with certainty
I go on my way, and you go free
'Cause we're back on earth from our trip to outer space,
Back to our roles, you see;
You're no longer 'you' to me.

July 28, 2010

The Perfect Verse

I keep trying to write the perfect verse
To describe what I find here.
Sometimes I feel a few words hit close
But never to the heart; just near.
So I keep trying again.

Each day I burn into something quite new
One thing ends and another begins
Shells molt constantly; one I can never keep
The river's much too strong to keep me hanging on
I let go and follow along.

Looking for the perfect verse
Trying to create the combination of words
To place on paper what's behind my mind:
An endless wheel turning.

Day by day you grow more in-my-mind,
Your body turning to dust,
Then all the dust scatters,
And *you* disappear;
I'm *insane*, I fear
'Cause there's a world in my mind
And I try to bring it here.
But if it tries to come down,
Well you know it can't fit.
It's so awkward and tight and even I
Am not I.

In the world I'm just a body
Playing out its part like everybody.
If that part of me in the sky
Gets to know her,
She's a stranger looking me in the eye,
Saying, "What? I'm confused.
Now if you'll excuse,
I've got to go on my way,
There's a train to catch and it might crash
But I'll try not to worry;
These things you can't control.
When I get home I'll be tired and I'll sit down to watch a show."

I see that spirit move even in and out of me,
Flitting like a ghost from body to body,
A thin string, connecting everything.
The look in every pair of eyes is one,
And the side of a rock,

And the face of a clock,
The same thing all of them say,
What they yearn against their body to convey.

7/28/10

Goodbye, We Are Strangers

I can feel you past me now
Going along your way,
Behind it all
In my mind.
It lives in yesterday.

I can feel the story's end,
The circle's close;
Nobody knows.
But inside me it is real,
I'm told it all by how I feel.

Once fully over some weeks
Did it go around without even seeing your face.
The last chapter unfinished was finally written
And played backstage with grace.

It's all invisible, but it is real.
We'll never again be close, this I know.
For now we are strangers who never met;
You go separately; and I turn at an angle
Wander into another world down a new ally.

So goodbye, goodbye, you leave me whole.
The dream was fulfilled behind the curtain.
From best friends to strangers.
Now the autumn air beckons
To chapter 2,
Unconnected to you.

I'll always be longing....

7/29/10

It's all going to something
You can tread painfully or lightly
But you keep moving ahead
And you can carry your dread
Or you can act like you get to start over again and again
But it's all going to something.

You are the color of my soul
The reflection of it and its complement
At the same time
If you are there or if you're not
Dead or alive you are still felt
One day I still haven't forgot.

You are the color of my soul, I feel
I found you in the world and I
Would trade the whole world just to be with you
'Cause in you I find the world.

It's all going to something
You know your choices, why not make them?
You can make it painful or do what feels right
Make it ease or agony and put up quite a fight
But it's still going, and you're going along.

08/06/10

Square 1 2

There's no one standing here before you,
No guiding light to show the way,
No one to say you're on the right track,
Confirm that it will be okay.

There's nothing but you and your choices,
And the resolve of only one.
No way to ascertain the future –
Sorry, it makes me not much fun.

'Cause in life you are on a cross bridge,
Take each plank one step at a time.
Can never look out to the end there.
Look down and always step your mind.

There's no one who'll always go with you,
No certainty in what you know.
Sometimes you can't see one step forward,
And blindly step by step you go.

There is no stopping when you're inside
A dance where you must keep in step.
And if you don't know what you're dancing,
Give up on always being correct.

Sometimes there's nothing to grab onto,
Not in the future or the past.
The present moment is a torture –
Your first, your only, and your last.

And when you realize there is nothing
But air in memories and plans,
Hallways with mirrors of distortion,
You know no more how to advance.

As all foundations melt to puddles,
To dust your stories of romance,
Real is not found in your grand castle,
But the inexorable dance.

August 8, 2010

The World is Full of Hipsters

The world is full of hipsters,
And I'm becoming one of them,
So self-aware that I'm aware
Of how I'm self-aware;
Using the same word twice ain't rhyming,
But I am too hipster to care.
As the upper middle class expands,
So does Am. Apparel in square feet.
I'm only comfortable in Hipsterville,
That one café-lined street.
I often mention the bad neighborhood
That ups my cred by being beside
When I meet my friends at Starbucks,
Setting my Macbook Pro aside.
I even know that I am using
Some examples which are stale;
Where once stood soy and pomegranate,
Sit açai berries and kale.
This cult is heading toward destruction,
And I'll be the first to ditch the band;
Any decay can be made fresh
By selling from an unknown brand.

08/11/10

I'm a Fool

I'm a fool,
I'm a fool
For keepin' myself low
On the ground.
Yes I'm a fool,
For being afraid to part with concrete and fly
'Cause what if I
Am wrong,
Then this song
Will come back to haunt me
Make me burn red when I'm alone.
So I stay alone
In my own
World and walk a path I don't need to walk on.
I am a fool
For keeping myself so down
A fool for ever letting myself frown
A fool for calling myself a fool;
It's so warm inside the dark and ironic
Self-depreciation – it's like a tonic
For my esteem;
To act like I'm the world's queen
It makes me cringe;
I stay on the fringe
And let what I want pass me by.
It's not the world that thwarts my chances,
It's I!
I don't feel I can grab 'em
So I don't try.
I said I'm a fool
In so many ways
If I could be a different kind of fool on some days
Then maybe I'd know
All the foolish mistakes
I make by thinkin' I'm such a fool.
But most of all
I'm a fool for love;
Cling desperately to shreds and sail a sea rough.
I hate to be
The one who feels desperately
Like a fool
Watching you on the stair above.

The Inevitable Dance

It takes one point of contact
And the push and pull begins
Into a game beyond us
You and I are drawn in.

I push, you pull
We move together keeping space
As we toy with distance
And the edge of embrace.

Without our own volition,
With laughable ambitions
With the illusion of choice
We play it out with grace.

The tide then turns
As we dance on
And it slips from your grasp
When you think you've won.

Just when you accepted
The game is finally done
You're thrown in again and achingly
The dance goes on.

It's not your fault or mine,
We merely keep step with time
Ensnared in this romance,
Doing the inevitable dance.

This Is too Good a Prospect

This is so good right now of course I have my doubts
There must be something I can't see
Some move that's sure to pull the rug out from me
I'm getting suspicious of my own eyes
'Cause I'm letting myself go blind
To feel only optimism
And allow the growth of the schism
Between my view and reality
I bypass roads where I know I'll see
Something that's beyond me to change anyway
So I ignore it and smile all day.

This can't be that good, I fear
I'm waiting for the slap that waits for me
Around the corner right beyond where I see
I take Photoshop to the scene
And glaze over blemishes to make it clean
As long as I still feel uncomplicated bliss
And keep my mind at peace.

This is too good a prospect
One that I cannot reject
The lines of fortune are intersecting
I'm so happy there must be something I'm missing.

In my dreams my life got better
And life became my dreams
But now that the piñata I've been whacking is cracking
It's hard to believe I'm seeing candy
How can everything be simply dandy?
There must be rot somewhere that I can't spot.

I remember when I'm with you it can't be clearer
But when we're apart I doubt the memories
That I drained of emotions by sucking away
At all the joy they could give me.
So now that cool-headed feeling creeps over
And how I'm starting to doubt
The memory that seems like a moment's dream
No matter what I do, I just can't hold on
It slips through my fingers like water
It has the consistency of air
Convictions are no longer convictions
If I can't feel the conviction there
If I don't get constant reassurance
From your attention and your stare
I'll feel like the world has left me

And I sit like a fool, bare.

Must stay firm on the ground
Keep one eye looking around
And part of my heart tethered
Not to get blown off course by foul imminent weather
Keep one eye hardened and clear
Upon reality
Horror stories of breakups that hit everyone on T.V.
Won't bypass you and me
I'll join the ranks of statistics
If we're going to be realistic
Dreams, they're fun to cherish
But I never really knew what to do
If they'd started coming true

September 5, 2010

The Need for a Base

Is the reflection a reflection?
Is gold gold and not rust?
Maybe these flecks of dust are diamonds.
Ignored the big and over trifles fussed.

I see the forest and it looks so winding and vast
But I put in a new pair of eyes
And suddenly I'm looking down from above and how
Small in my palm does it seem from the skies.

You need a good base to stand upon
A platform from which to see
Defaults on how to be
But there is no real "me".

You need stability to survive
An identity in this world to thrive
And I, I have my solid base
But it sits out on the sea.

I'm saying I never know how I should be
If I'm seeing this scene the way you see
And if I'm alone in my view I abandon ship
That's why I get tossed around endlessly.

09/08/10

I to Me

I walk along like a marionette
Turning this way and turning that
Churning out gold nugget waste
Pushed along by an invisible hand
That never moves in haste.

He controls where I will go
And builds the railroad of our traction
Call it God; this nothingness
Is the true determiner of action.

Nothing defines everything
And all I know is there's no I or me
In any step I take, any thought – there's no mistake
And I can feel no victory
Only the hand that pushes me.

It removes all of my pain
And carries it and then I learn
That it's not mine at all
And I reluctantly feel I am not alone.

I was walking along the road
Blaming myself all the way
Until I walked right out of my body –
I one became two and glanced back:
There she stood, still on the track
And I, ahead, felt something
Pushing against my back
The invisible hand that's been moving me
Not my heart, or mind, or dreams,
No decisions, mistakes, responsibilities.
It was a sublime moment;
I had been thinking of death just before.
I'm the feathers of a duck
And everything is water rolling onto the floor.
Keeping up conversations
Costs so much effort it's become a chore
There's really *nothing* about which I care
And lately no matter where I've been
I'm never fully there.
I've known love, I can't *imagine* more,
What else could I ever hope for?
It was me with me –
And sex – eh. I'm apathetic
To the thought of some faceless dick.

So I was thinking, perhaps I'll have a short life,
I've done what I wanted, and as I look ahead
All the roads stop to an end that's dead.
I don't care for the world, it's out of my head
And I'm out of its clutches
Almost nothing touches
Deeper than surface skin –
So a short life may be mine to win.
Yeah, I'm ready to die
I have nowhere to go
And then I walked out of my
Own skin and I know
That there's no I to me,
Only the hand that pushes invisibly.

09/08/10

Come Out

Come out of the dream world, unhook your heart,
Don't be afraid with a thing to part.

Come out of the clouds and forget your mind,
Don't be afraid to leave a story behind.

Come out and respond right to keep up the game;
Apathy won't keep alive your name.

Make your move and think before
You jump with your knife out to settle a score.

Be a constant and let whatever's bright
Flare up and die out into the dark night

Don't bemoan tricks or shows you may lack;
Come out as you are and go on with your back

To the world and be unconditionally
Reserving of judgment for all you see.

Go on straight ahead in spite of the scenery;
Eventually you will be bound to find greenery.

Go on steadily and it's a hundred percent
That you'll get to your goal by mere fact that you went.

09/12/10

I'll Never Be a Writer!

I'll never be a writer,
Give in to the decay.
I'll never overthink it
For more than a day.
I'll never go to therapy
(But I might be a therapist).
I won't spend my whole life
Feeling wistful.
I'll burn through every feeling
And get a taste for every kind.
I'll treat the world as my buffet
And seek what I will never find.
I'll never stay a moment
Longer than's my time.
As soon as I smell the decay
It's time to leave it behind.
The pleasure of life lies in
Always ever seeking.
Movement is the cure
For the disease we call "bleak".
I won't get wrapped up in thoughts
Such as "I am such a freak".
They'll come at me but they'll find
That all my hooks fell off.
I'll never be a poet
And become so self-absorbed.
Every hat worn temporarily
Must get discarded.
All my problems and my states
Are as forever as today.
All the artists and the writers,
People of craft, skill, and like mind
Hanging out in the bowels
So low on the ground,
Dug so deeply that they cluttered up their minds
With a web of iron weighing a thousand pounds,
They can hang out in the darkness
And swirl inside their sweat.
I might visit for a day or two
But I'll never let
That world become my home;
I'll hop onto my rocketship
And propel up and above them;
Life is only a trip.

So don't touch me, don't touch me,
With your problems and dirt.

I'm a princess and my delicate heart can't feel hurt.

9/12/10

You Make Me Feel

You,
You make me feel desperate,
Like I'm gasping for air,
Like there's a monster inside me
Underneath my smooth skin
Clawing and screaming,
Writhing in constant unease,
Having nothing to grab onto
And no platform on which to stand.
You make me feel like I'm out on the sea
And every moment is a wave.
I hate to say it's you and not just me
And I worry for you it isn't reality.
But through you I've known every feeling,
And I think through you I've been thrust into the joy
Of every action and thing's purpose being
In itself, and not something more.
You make me feel everything,
And inside open doors.
You are both ends of the spectrum
And everything in between,
Each separate color and the whole gradient
In every situation and scene.
Every person inside of your face
And yet only one, like nobody else.
A lifetime in half an hour.
And I'm afraid that I'm a fool,
But I never pretended I felt this way
From anyone but you.
What if it's all too intense for you?
Tell me, then what will I do
If left on my own with unmet dreams
And cut-off strings hanging out in the void.
You make me look in the mirror
And see what a princess I'm being,
How cold, and flawed, and seemingly uncaring,
An ice queen with arms folded, waiting.
You are a source of energy
That never will die with distance or time,
And I cannot forget you.
I don't know love, but I know you
Make me feel everything in the world there is to feel.

9/13/10

Bright Star

Bright star that lit up my sky
Like nothing else in the universe –
We are not pressed for distance or time,
But bested by my cowardice.

Bright star, the only one,
The chance was before me but now you're gone
And my retribution to feel our tie
Severed and watch you shoot out of my sky.

Bright star, now across the universe,
Never to be felt again.
Oh bright star, I had the chance
Over and over again.

But bright star, I was too human,
And your light the rarest gift from above.
Oh, bright star, I failed the test
And let ego overtrump love.

Oh bright star, the only one,
How my actions have been mistaken.
Bright star –loss is forever,
And our story a breath never taken.

Everything I Need

Everything I need I have right here,
My whole world encased in a convenient square.
If I want friends I can go online,
If I want to write a song I can go online,
If I want to know the weather I can go online
I don't even need to walk ten feet outside;
They'll tell me the forecast, and I'll gauge it in my mind.
If I want music it's right here
If I want to say 'hi', I can just type it out –
You'll get the message before you hear the sound.
If I want to find love, there are online dates,
I'll know you through your list of likes and your photographs;
All info is broken down into captions and paragraphs
And I don't need to go out and live to come up with my epitaphs
I can do a quick search and they're laid out already;
What need do I have for my own ingenuity?
And I don't need to drive to go see the concert;
I can watch it online; we can watch it together
Over skype, you in your room and I in mine.
Everything we once needed has become obsolete –
Write out a song by hand on a blank music sheet?
I can just do it online, and, no less, for free!
They have programs that will even *play* it for me!
Air hockey, pool tables – even those exist virtually
And instead of cumbersome coordination, I just press a key!
I need imitation only,
Holograms – overrated is this 'solidity'.
We're moving beyond the material, anyway,
Exploring the world with our butts in one space.
To limit energy waste we can just regulate
What pathways we take – two or three about
But for \$10 a month add a fourth route!
The notebooks are getting ever smaller
Until we can implant our world into our palms
And throw the rest of the plastic junk away.
From head to hand, a direct link
We don't need to move, only passively think
Be inert vessels for the intravenous drip
And bury our bodies before they are born.

Bright Star shot out of the sky,
Went home to leave this world behind.
Frustrations pent up over so many years
One day all burst free.

Two stars met out in deep space,
Out of time; God said to them
“Separate and learn to grow,
Complete the wheel and start out low.”

So Bright Star dealt in all those things,
The daily plagues of the earthlings,
But after a while once it started to fade
And rocks began to turn to vapor,
Closer and closer to home she came
In her heart and memories – memories faded,
Her actions and words merely played,
Life around her a charade.

Bright Star didn't care for the world,
All the layers unpeeled from her one by one;
What was left was stuff that mimicked the sun:
A bright star – but not the one.
Bright Star searched and searched the world
Looking for Bright Star –
Bright Star is the essence of,
The kernel of, our hearts,
The spirit that can never die
But be awakened to live forever
The dissolver of “you” and “I”
The part that knows and feels love ever.

Our essence is a Bright Star
That yearns to kiss all this goodbye
And shoot up beyond what we
Come to learn matters not when we close our eyes.

So closer, closer Bright Star came
To remembering her truest name
And farther from the earthly game
Of dust and shells and echoes
With little specs of stardust buried
Glittering like mica in the soil
Neglected by bodies feeling only their toil.

One day she got tired of pretending,
One day her mold fell off for good
And, leaving the shadows behind,

Bright Star shot into the sky
Up and out of this world.

September 22, 2010

You – whoa oh
You are the color of my soul, I feel
Both its counterpart and complement
At the same time
And I feel just fine

09-22-2010

I'll Never Like a Boy Again

Always looking for that feeling that blasts my world apart,
Make it up inside my head, wake up to ache inside my heart.
Then I thought I found it truly, when I no longer looked,
And it was perfectly fine until I started to think –
Then on every little movement I was hooked
With my hooks in his flesh I start to sink.

Through someone I can find the diamond of wonders,
The world inside the world, the water in the desert,
The rose from a faraway land that appeared from air,
The gates of promise that lead there.

Yes, through one I can find what it is I look for,
But I realize it each day more and more
That your body's just the avatar, and it's not really you
But a traveling ghost that eludes embrace,
A shadow flitting across my view,
Which I can see inside the details of any face
If I really wanted to....

So how can it be your form I love?
Love is a thing of the stars above,
Too fine to be brought down and stuffed into boundaries
Too fine for this coarse earth.
We, solid beings with our quirks, earthlings
Don't know how to handle what has no strings,
What's boundless – you and I can feel
But “you” and “I” could never work,
Our bodies themselves would corrupt the initial pure;

Maybe once in a while we'd feel the spark,
But most of the time we'd be on the ground, where we were born.
And knowing all this, the nature of bliss,
What's possible in these human shells,
I can't bind love to any one name
Or the face of one – they all look the same.

That's why I'll never like a boy again,
What I seek isn't in his face or his voice,
But it *could* be, and I *could* see
The universe in his every cell
But it really only comes from me –
Too late once I bit the hook and let myself get dragged through hell.

So how can I love the form, when the form means naught?
It's invisibility to bring my world to life I sought
Without this weightless quality the world is desert and dust;
Out of nowhere a rip in the empty sky
Gives a glimpse of the kingdom that formed from thin air –
Until the door vanishes – but for the rest of your life, nothing will ever compare.

It takes one good crack to break you forever,
One to set you free
And once you've touched upon the magic
You're linked eternally.

September 26, 2010

Fuel

Every solid mountain is really liquid fuel to burn.
Every feeling and state is a cog in the wheel that turns.
Nothing's objective or forever,
It's only fuel to move ahead.
You think a game is dying, but you don't know;
Out of nowhere it can resurrect.

I need you
To be
My agony
So that I don't run out of fuel.
I need the torment of incompleteness
'Cause it propels me out of apathy.
And rest
Is for
The dead and I'm here to feel as alive as I can.
I'm adding years onto my life,
Incurring karma on my back.
It's never over 'til I'm dead
And we're never... at the end.

I need you to be unreachable
So that I can learn to bend
Any way my whims desire,
And play with my inhibitions 'til they're shreds.
And you
Keep this reaction
Going on inside.
And I don't know
How it's for you –
But I'm throwing wood into the fire.

Everything inside the past don't matter.
Convictions are so strong so they can shatter,
And perspective made to change,
Every moment rearrange,
You're on the sea,
You're in the air,
You are so free
With no ground beneath.

I will get used to this being my way:
Eternal instability.
'Cause peace too easily
Turns into apathy,
And apathy's a death you can't escape.

Everything could be a joke;
Blue could turn into yellow
And I could hear a million words
Inside your simple "hello".
And I'll love it
And play
And you will play along
As I write the song
With the movement of my form.

There is no truth to defend,
Only the answer for the moment,
The next move to make
For the game's sake.

I'm no one, I am just pretending,
My permanence is ever pending,
Forever on the ledge
Between absurdity and seriousness
And if you ask which it
Is even *I* don't know.
All I know is that we're always burning fuel.

9/30/10

Reflections While Listening to Music

It's only the feeling I want to feel.
I'm dancing inside my heart
From nothing but this feeling
Which has no root.

My roots have already started burrowing themselves into the ground.
I didn't choose how; I only watch it, as my heart skips along,
Now feeling worry, now feeling joy, now feeling serenity and peace.

Images can't form in my mind. Ecstasy has no form.
Love love love – it could be an illusion.
It's like honey and my world comes alight.
Then when it leaves how cold it is.

Sometimes I think it's necessary to hold back, keep my arms up and everyone at bay.
Then I switch to dropping those fences and being completely open.
I keep going back and forth between cold and warm, between being shrewd and a fool, between
following and being aloof.
Being watchful and skeptical is the trade of my mind,
But being a fool is the post my heart keeps returning to.

Less thought, more heart. Thoughts overcomplicate, but when your heart feels, it speaks a different
language. It knows a different way of knowing, and now doors are opened which lead to new realities,
new background colors for your scenes.

Music can lift your heart up this way and quieten your mind.
It can be medicine for your heart, and for all sadness.

I want to say, there stands the archway that leads to a new world, one of togetherness, that is never
boring. Let us go through it.
I'll take pain over apathy, because pain is fuel and fuel propagates transformation.
Pure ecstasy is that moment when you stand right before the archway, on the edge of the two worlds.

Oh puppy love, sent from above,
Why do you make me sway
To the rhythm of you, and all your ways?
Chasing every day.

I've taken too much of you into me,
I've forgotten who I am really.
I'm only me, but I'm no one,
I've come undone,
Chasing desperately.

Oh puppy love, sent from above,
Love's not a game for two, but one
And I've come undone,
I'm really no one,
But when I'm with you, we're one, not two.

I lose myself and turn into you,
Taking in your ways,
And I can lie, that you're taking mine
And with this lie I will feel just fine.

But puppy love, sent from above,
It is so clear what lies here.
We live in illusions enough as it is –
An overlay that makes life bliss.
But it won't be true,
It'll come back to you.
So unhook your strings,
Take yours out of mine
And come back to my philosophy:
Go on your own way, and of others be free –
But my heart is a fool chasing desperately.

It's as if I am blind,
But behind my eyes
I sense you out in the night skies.
I close my eyes
And I am in space,
Feeling you somewhere, in your place.
I know where you are,
Where my rope goes
And you're holding its other end always.
Earth matters not,
You were what I sought,
And now I've reached that place
I've been dying to go, where I've always been –
If only I'd closed my eyes I'd have seen.
It's no longer 'me', but 'I and you'
And I feel no space between us two,
Behind our bodies, separation and words –
Inside our hearts we are in accord
Quietly, together, you are the world
I found in the droplet when I gave up the world.
The whole world was empty, but you are the world
Overflowing with riches untold.
Only in you does this happen for me –
I find a cure for my apathy.
And I don't need others, I don't need games –
They fell off of me and you stayed in place
Like you always remain once the storm blows past.
I love you, I love you, I love you at last.

10/09/10

We're running out of traction,
We're on the last miles,
Coming up to the end of the road,
And it's either gonna take off or die.

I feel I'm growing along opposite poles.
Like Two-Face – half becoming alive,
The other half goes ever number.
Each time I see you I feel dumber.

I cannot lie to myself,
I make so many excuses for you,
To justify your immaturity
By saying, "oh – he's just moody".

Don't you find out the truth
On days you look like shit.
I was in my imagination more than I'd imagined –
Then you hit.

I don't know how to think –
Everything's numbed when you are sick
And I can barely feel it,
But I know I'm right in the thick.

I know my heart's in shreds now,
My hands clawing for support –
But I can't feel the impact.
I breathe it in but it stops short.

We're nearing the funnel's end,
Where time between opposites lessens.
I get too used to it,
I get too used to it,
You are so fucking frustrating
Make up your Goddamn mind
And tear yourself away from the mirror
And off of your behind
To run a few laps around the gym
'Fore I tear my eyes off you and onto him
'Cause we're running out of time
To continue our cowardly climb.

And now the Novocain is wearing off and I feel the pain full force
And all the things I want to say to you I'm saying to myself
And I'm imagining the dark side of the light I saw before
And feeling like I do not like you like I thought I did before
And that my heart is turning wayward to another setting sun

And it was all in my imagination that in essence we are one
And that tomorrow I will find my castle rubble, all undone,
And the desert will consume me and my stars all one by one
And in memory I'll store away the past things that I treasured
And you'll go on your way without a care, an act you carefully measured
To keep your heart safe, and me not too close
Til you turn back but I've given up on this course
And the chance is now over and the leaves are all rotten
And my bright golden era is history forgotten.

10/21/10

A million times it has come to me
And a million times gone away
To leave me fearing its disappearance
And alone in the darkest night.
Yet all the stars return, alight
And dance once again like they did.
Every time they go out I fear it's for good
And yet it never is.
I close my eyes and forget today;
Unable to hold onto the notes of the song
That fly into the past, that mysterious abyss.
Whenever I close my eyes I fear
What I can't hold onto will disappear
And I'll wake up to find it vapor, what was –
And yet it never does.
Still whenever I close my eyes:
I touch the emptiness of memories.

10/21/10

Chronicles of Foolishness

I am such a fool it makes me blush
So much maltreatment just for a crush.
It's a familiar dilemma these days
But when I acted cold I was unhappy anyways.
I regretted my aloof exterior
And beat myself up for the façade.
I haven't yet regretted the shame of being foolish
Just felt the burn run down my bod.
Foolish feelings will disappear
Over time, I'll get smarter,
But I never can rewind
To the chances I stepped on by holding her back,
So let the fool attack,
Watch her bumble, ungracefully stumble,
And mumble nonsensical words.
Is it enough of a sign? Are you shy, or blind?
Or just enjoy watching me writhe on the line?
I may be a fool, but you are oh so mean –
Only when we're alone does it fall somewhere in between,
But when we're out in the crowd, how you start to push down
(Not me anymore), but your cruelty I abhor.
And I'm sure my childishness gets to you,
Pretending it's just friendship and I'm not 21 but 2.
But you have me open now, you must see it yourself,
I'm sure it's glaring for everyone else.
'Cause the fool feels so naked
And how the air bites,
A hairpin trigger each hair excites
And inside it's like Jupiter's red stormy eye,
No ground for your footing. Magnify
Each cell to a planet and each one is suffering
Its apocalypses – cataclysms. And each time
I step forward, make one advance,
The sensation's like standing in no man's land,
Like I'm in a country whose language is foreign,
From the woods wolves will jump out and leave me torn.
You'll quickly decide you don't like it by my side,
But just played the game while just that it remained,
And if so, then I truly *will* have been a fool –
Even so, nevermore would I want to be cool.

10/21/10

Sober As I Go

I woke up with a heavy heart
There's nothing can be done.
A million views of yesterday –
Real, I don't know is which one.
A heavy heart from yesterday,
For me, and you, and you –
Was I wrong or am I wrong right now?
I don't know what to do.
I don't know o'er how many levels
This illusion spans –
What's real for me, what I thought too
Was just as real for you,
You've demonstrated is untrue.
And the lines I safely hooked into,
Let myself fall in a lull –
Doesn't take too long to sober up,
The ground is concrete, feelings dull,
World is quiet, sky is clear
The drunken lights of yesterday
Into memory disappear.
I once thought love should be so calm,
Peaceful and serene,
But enchantment and sobriety
Belong to different scenes.
No one can tell me what is real
Except for you – but I might ruin
The ruins with the question;
Show, don't tell.
I'll trudge through hell
(Which flips to heaven with a switch),
My heavy heart in tow,
Sober as I go.

We all live in multiple worlds;
Most of the people in my life
Are on the outer shell, dancing
Together, on the ground floor.
They're at the party; they live the play.
Their words so distant from
What they mean to say.
How I see their faces, so surreal –
They barely cause me to feel.

But in the basement, the bedroom deep,
Quiet recesses, doors closed we keep,
So distant from the surface there is
A room, a world for two.
And I feel you are there with me
Where the rules are so different from the outside sunny –
All the etiquette and form blocked out –
I can only hear you breathe, every little sound is so deep.
Less and less distance as we come closer
I look in your eyes I see more people than in a crowd.
Every color electrified; each fidget magnified.
It's torturous hell, this precarious state.
Words are so empty and we can be
Quite apart in the outer world – this is just between you and me.
Nobody knows what we find here –
The door is closed to those outside.
This room so personal, where I know you,
Each passing day, more through and through
As we'll blend, each cell merges one by one,
I am you, you are me, where had one begun?
I feel we're always in our sacred room,
Despite what happens on the surface, beneath it's the same.
It's all lies up there anyway, a game, a play –
I belong in the room for two.
I merely stay out there 'cause I have to –
My body's out in the sea, keeping its head above the riot,
But underneath the waves, it is oh so quiet.
Water caresses every part of my skin,
We're conversing more personally than I've ever been.
It's so close, it's me, I'm it, we talk
And we know what we say as we say it as one.

October 29, 2010

I'm going crazy, but I can't feel it anymore.
Poetic lines run through my mind just like they did before.
Interpretations bombard me, but I try to block them out
Before they weave a wall of fantasy from which I won't see out.

The world is quiet, the world inside
That's the one that matters, where is my real life.
I wander through the desert now alone for a time
Coming up ahead, it'll be a while.

Separation is heartbreak; heartbreak is fuel
Aches tire the muscles out; fear is in rule.
I don't know why it's such a mountain,
I don't know if I'm insane.
I'm killing myself with this selfsame pain.

11/02/10

So tipsy on the tightrope that is my ground
So distorted the mirror where I see myself
No permanence lasting more than a few
Seconds just like the sea never is still
But how it beckons from the shore.
Safety and comfort can be found at home
But the thrill, frivolous, keeps me wanting more.

I will return to the sea to be rocked back and forth,
Throw away the compass and sense of north
All my senses and direction's like a rock that's been dropped
From great, great heights – it leaves no order.

I will sometimes float among the stars
Sometimes I'll be a comet hurtling through dark space
And that's inside while the life goes on in this world
Like puppet theater, shadows of what lives inside.

Sometimes I'll be alone in the vastest desert,
For a thousand years I will feel this hour
And when we embrace it is timeless and knows no space
Behind the world we are together.

That's been my story for the past few years,
How much is fantasy, do I know?
It could all be fake, but without this light
My world's so barren – it's a cure, alright.

Sometimes I'll burn the fuel of heartbreak
Sometimes I'll meld what's outside and in
But I will stay alive in spirit
The terrain that affects me is the one I walk within.

Desperation is a state so low
Never been so heavily in its throes
Why must it be you who keeps me hanging by a string?
Why not somebody nice, somebody loyal,
Someone who will not crush me at the chance?
I stand before you, just following
I turn away to keep cool
So that you will not see my desperation
But I sense you sense it anyway –
Never been such a fool.
I'm unaccustomed to the painful chase
Knives under every step toward a distant embrace
I watch other fools I've laughed at who've been in this place
But who am I to talk now?
There is not a word that I could say.
Visions of my heart bleeding with every squeeze
I've stepped on it so hard for protection
But wouldn't open foolishness come more easily?
I forget never to take myself so seriously....

Step around the fence
Go lightly past the mountain
It was a dunghill
You blew up into a dustcloud.
Looking back so easily,
Moving ahead so breezily
I'm free now.
What a pretty dream.

No matter what the goal is,
The light shines everywhere.
All the time you wasted
Vanishes into the air.

So cut off your head, stop swimming
In the pool of sweat,
It's been too long I sing this song.
I'm free now.

Go, go, go, forget, forget
Freedom laughs at any regret
You just have to get past the rock
So make the jump without a thought.

Thought I knew
But all I know is I don't.
There was structure, there was certainty,
An answer for the query.
Those days are done.
I can't even say with certainty that two and two makes four,
If it's open or closed – is it even a door,
Or a hologram before?
I followed my heart and it led me to the state where it gets blasted all apart.
I took the road, hoping for clarity, hoping to set myself free, and got lost.
I dove in without thinking it through
Now I'm aching, aching,
And I – don't – know.

Where is tomorrow or yesterday?
Right now lasts forever.
The pain of being alive knowing neither wrong nor right
And being blind in each endeavor...
All I've learned is that the road
Turns not how you expect it to
And for a tossed-around heart
Emptiness will cleanse you through and through.
For this voice I lost, this voice I thought was true
I got a revolution of my rules,
To putty went the steel,
This vulnerability makes me keel over and cry
'Cause I know nothing anymore with certainty
It's hanging in the air, all I do see
And I could die at any time and that would be a breeze,
But I am in the moment, here I'm stuck,
Eluded by the wanted Lady Luck.
I hate girls, and I guess they hate me, too;
Oh Lady, if you were, we would so clash
I'd so envy your ability to flirt;
Your game with Time, that bastard, leaves me hurt
'Cause pawns that pine for the sun at dawn
Sleep through afternoon and wake up to find the light gone.
An open heart equates with stupidity.
I should have standards but I am free
To latch onto a limb lit up by the sun;
In every fallen leaf I see the one.
I crave to get drunk
And purge my heart of this junk,
Have sex without a thread
To tie me to the bed.
For a long time my heart will be silent,
Asleep, not dead.

It's so hard to come back down to earth
When for so long you've been up with the stars.
You are vapor, you know
But feel your feet hitting concrete now.

There's a time to be in love
And a time to walk alone,
Come back to the city to work 9 to 5
And learn to hold your own.

For so long you seemed stiff
I admit I was a bit repulsed.
When you wanted me so bad
My heart was turned away.
But I never love the person – just the feeling in between
I've learned – my "love" has always been unclear.

And now I've been burned
The tables turned and you
Look available and I like how you do all you do.
The light that's been my torch could now shine on you.
Don't let get me drunk again just when I need grounding –
But how good everyone looks when you are rebounding.
It's astounding how fast my heart moves.

For a long, long while it will be quiet.
I reject love in favor of building myself.
'Cause when I take in one I lose what I am,
On that I have no grip.
It's been a fun, fun, otherworldly trip
Inside my heart and mind.

But now we're trudging back to work.
I see ahead all the lessons I've not learned,
The mountains and the rocks without the mist.

I belong up in the stars, but now I feel
A million miles of time between yesterday's light
And the next trip to be.
Now it's memory.

I'll have all the worldly fun I can
But I'll never be so touched by another man.
And I'll do all I'll do with all but the chamber
In the bottommost depths of my heart –
Let it rest.

Back to earth, back to the world.
Time to build myself cell by cell.
And if I find you out in the desert again,
It's the spark in your eyes I seek, not the shell.
What's that without the brightness?

11/17/10

I want to, I want to love you
I feel this so sometimes
I hold it in most often
But why?

My heart has made its decision
Without a choice being given
It happened that way and there's nothing to do
I walk outside but in this case there's nothing
I can do to alter what is for me true
And I try but I still feel the way I do.
Nothing much changes from day to day
There's still the same old sway.

Oh, some days I feel this, so whole, so happy
Like you're here with me but it's not in you
Other days I'm practically crying
Feeling my heart tear and rend
Every moment those days it's the rip and chasm
That's hanging on my mind.
Without my choice, some day in the future
The sides come together
The hole closes in to be whole.

Dancing with me, I'm dancing internally
Mirrors all over the walls
Reflecting your memory as it plays in my eyes.
But solo's how we go and dancing on
I feel you behind the cold glass wall
My hand touches, but it's my imagined sense
Behind it there's nothing but fingertips.

Solo's how we go inside our hearts
Coming together and growing apart
I think is a drama starring only you.
We may sit next to each other but
We are a million miles apart
And we may live together and play the part
Of being together, being one heart.
But you are you and I am I
Each one imagining what says the others' eye
It's a reflection of your desire
You listen to language you cannot know
And give all the senseless sounds meaning
Your whole life in this love, you're dreaming.

December Lights

A little bit of loneliness settled into me
From a trip I took downtown.
Even the safe posts to which I return,
My home, the things I know,
Have a sense of unfamiliarity.

A little of the silence I heard outside
In the trip's aftermath still remains to reside
And when I speak now the sound of my voice
Jars out in the living room like foreign noise.

The quiet night, the lights wrapped around
Wooden porches, make the surrounding space darker,
Harder to see; December lights
In a cold lonely quiet yet quaint, flavored night.
It seeps into me, this moment's taste,
Through my skin to my muscles and bones and still deeper.
Cobblestone streets, an old, ornate church
Muted by shadows of traffic-lit trees.
There is no one around, save a few single bodies
Making their way to their cars back (I think),
Turning in for the night, passing closed cafes
That line the streets like streams intertwining.
The beauty of the interplay of every detail,
The space between lines, between the cars of the light rail
Hold the world in a delicate balance,
Mirroring the stars' (we can't see from here) dance.

Every tiny thing I do sense
Settles inside me with permanence.
And I become built from the little pieces
Of each new impression I intercept.
And I wonder if it's not a one-way attack –
Maybe the well shivers when I stare back.

Though I'm home, in part behind I remain.
Inside I'm still traveling on the train.

Friendship

I can never settle in your arms too long
And sing this song
That my heart sings
When it feels so warm,
Like it's drunk hot tea,
Embraced completely;
Tomorrow it will know cold.
Oh oh – back and forth,
Swing from end to end.
This bond of friendship fluctuates,
Or do I too closely hound the trend?

I'm getting used to these familiar rounds,
Round 2, round 3, to infinity.
When we part I know you'll swing back my way,
And when you do, I'll know to say goodbye.
I prepare in advance
So that I will not despair.
There's a whole world outside
And I'll wander it when you're not here.
When we next meet I'll have things to say
And this keeps the swing in motion.
But the private feelings I'll keep to myself,
My heart's excitement and commotion.
For now this works,
For now all's lit up,
For now it's everything I need.
So I'm not afraid
To wave 'bye, my friend,
Or fear our bond will come undone.
Together, apart, round 4 –
And many more to come.

12/05/10

Many months I told myself
“You’re just chasing an emotion,
Running after bright lights of stars
As they fly past you on their own.”

I briefly felt so complete,
But now I feel like a fool
For jumping out of this world to an impossible realm,
For wanting what I do.

It isn’t smart to drop your standards,
And turn your back on the rules of this world,
To try to bring to our state of colors and shapes
What among them looks absurd.

Now every day I tell myself I’m crazy,
And I have no game to which I belong.
When you get me that’s all you get –
Sorry if you wanted the hooks that dig into your heart.

There was a time when I still had a choice:
Do I chase it or follow the clear, wide road
Waiting at the side for me,
Wondering why I am up in that tree.

So many months ago, I should have saved my sanity;
At that juncture I could’ve put my hand up, said “stop”.
I could’ve broken with this beating, been free,
Cut it off ’fore I went too far.

12-08-2010

I Want Only You

All my heart is cleaving
To one, but one unto –
Since our first collision
I've wanted only you.

All my thoughts point one way;
To one they all point to.
No strings hang out on the fray,
For I want only you.

12/19/10

There's a perfect wrapper, an ideal shell,
A world waiting, a tape playing –
But it can go on my whole life just as well
And I'll play my part, though my heart's nowhere in it.

My heart is with you, in the sea of stars,
Flying through the cosmos at breakneck speed.

2010

Can't shake this feeling
Can't shake this feeling
That I'm holding out for naught.
Can't shake this feeling
That it's a mountain
When it should be like a waterfall,
And that we'll never come together,
That the well is dry
And all the water was my dreams settling under
A promising starry sky.

Can't shake this feeling
That I can't forget you
This moving on's not like the rest.
I let it go and
Move on, feel good that
I am alone and at my best.

But when the cycle's over and the storm calms down
I find your presence on my mind
And I feel like I should be where you are,
On a thread unbroken I feel you are mine.

No matter which side I stand on
Can't shake the feeling that I'm wrong.
One half of me's in love while the other walks alone
In the stars or in the desert – where's my home?

Can't shake this feeling,
Can't shake this feeling
I've been going the wrong way.
Can't shake the feeling
What was meant to be lives on in the hallways like a ghost,
Meanwhile I act out like a shell, an empty host.
My spirit's wand'ring somewhere looking for my body, lost,
And I am just as lost as well.

12-22-2010

Air and Memory

Every day I think about it, it seems a bit less real.
It's been a while since I have heard your voice or stood by you.
Yes, concrete physicality is what I need to feel,
Otherwise what have I but air and memory to grasp onto?

Yes, I worry far too much that the future's empty,
Though the past has proven that delusion wrong again, again.
Over, over I daydream of how I'd like it all to be,
But impatiently I only sit and wonder "when?".

Worrying it evaporated into air like mist,
That it's only in the past and will no more hold me,
That our lines part forever to prove it a tryst,
And leave me naught of that world but air and memory.

Shooting stars run through the sky,
Here and then forever gone;
Just like situations I hold dear.

Bright for but a moment's time,
Until it's out of sight ;
And what have I but memory to stay near?

The star is no more luminous
To the naked eye;
It lies outside my vision – but not outside the sky.

It's Lonely at the Top

I've been thinkin'
A lot about drinkin'
Each quiet night away.

I've been sittin'
High up on this post,
Apparently keeping emotions at bay.

I've been frustrated,
And at times elated,
Often, in the same day.

Set up on a mountaintop
By somebody's words,
And left, watching them go back down on their way.

Now I sit with a frown feeling all alone again,
Smart enough that everyone tells me I'm so,
Foolish enough to let an idiot's words
Slip under and sink my heart low.

That's why I've been thinkin'
So much about drinkin'
While banging against the wall all day.

Cold-hearted gal,
Whose guy's just a pal,
And the girl is more like a guy anyway.

Can't make a move
'Mid the stomach flips,
The nausea, the stiffness, the businesslike air –
You assume I don't want to,
But that isn't true –
Someone's opposed and I feel that it's *you*.

In my *mind* I'm caring and tenderhearted,
Loving and soft, not black or white –
I *do* know the range of emotions, in fact!
It's not just anger or apathy.

But between what I feel and the things that I do
Lies an impasse, a glass wall I just can't break through.
Maybe I should go dancing
To open my heart –
They say I could do with a little romancing –
But I hate everyone!

And quickly get bored –
Let some guy feel me up, fill me up with sweet words
And other such bullshit –
Go back to your day job,
You decked out avatar –
I only care about what you *really* are,
When you're low, unpretending, ashamed of your face –
At least it's more honest than last night's embrace.

On top of the mountain we all gaze upon
Sits a throne that I see nobody sit on.
But it's becoming clear (I don't want this to be:)
In their minds on this throne everyone places *me*.
And I don't want them to feel like I'm better than they
Or keep their distance 'cause I hear the words they don't say –
It's how I am and I cannot stop.

So I find myself high, untouched and alone.
Let borrowed words express what's known:
It's lonely at the top.

1/06/11

Lover, you're whole again,
You left his body –
Now there is no more spark in his eyes.
You, form of light, move about without name.
You're somewhere again and I'll find you again.
You, who's the essence of all that I seek,
I feel you out there once more, stronger than before,
More complete, more solid, though purely of light.
You need a new form next time my heart you ignite.
Old ones like leaves get swept under the table.
I thought all was lost but inside I feel able.
My heart feels renewed; the ball that unwound
Somehow found its way into a structure again.
Lover, a new dream, another illusion
To start up the game – maybe this time play right
To shoot in the bullseye; when I see your face
I'll know it is you and we'll quickly embrace.
I already see you, once more a new dream
That my heart takes out of the old form you were in.
It's true, I'm not pretending – the inner reality
Is a fresh new start filled with possibility.
A friendship was formed, flowers grown from your light
But the light was never what was meant to be kept....

Excuses, anger, but at the core of it sadness;
Pretty stories just to make me feel better.

1/07/11

I Guess it's Mine (song for guitar)

I guess it's mine,
I guess it's mine
To walk alone.

I guess it's mine,
I guess it's mine
To always feel this yearning pull,
To always be half,
Torn.

To always be
Incomplete and on the road.

I had dreams of settling,
Coming to a final place,
A safe embrace.

But how I feel
That it should go,
My pattern's proving
Not like that at all.

Why the vision
If my hands work another way?
I'm looking right at it
But walking away
Down another path I never felt was mine.
It's where my feet are
And the scenery is foreign to my heart.
The air has the strangest flavor,
Not of home.
Yet where I find myself
I guess is home.

That old dream
Nurtured for so many years,
What feels right –
Doesn't match what's in sight.
Somehow I missed it
And now it's far behind.
Never thought I'd be the way I am;
I must have never known what's mine.

I guess it's mine
To be locked up.
I guess it's mine
To be so calm.

I guess it's mine
To have a broken heart
And if that never changes down the line,
Well then I guess that's mine.

I guess that's my lot
And assume no guarantee
That my lovely vision
Is meant for me,
That I won't remain wandering
Across this gray, bare sphere
Looking for the arm
Reaching out to me as I to him.
What I want so much
Might never be requited.
The night will be so quiet,
I'll be alone with all the stars.
Never find that grain of warmth
That settles deep inside your heart.
They found it next door merely
By stumbling in the dark.

I had dreams of a wedding,
The dress and ceremony
In the twilight with the lights
Glowing dim and eerily.
And a husband and a home
To live calm and happily.
But I want none of it now,
It's set me free
Cause I can't have it with the one I want to be with me.

Until I had a collision
That shattered but one heart.
Maybe it happened
Just so I'd sit down at this guitar.
And if it never was
I'd probably never write this song
I guess it's mine,
The way I go along.

Meet along the way
A stranger who was always me,
Walking outside the dreams in my head,
In reality,
Beneath the sun shining coldly on her face,
Objectively.
A shadow by my side
Who's always been alive.

I guess it's mine,
What I see when I glance behind
In surprise.
Even though the past is full
The future always appears empty.

The pavement flies up,
As I step it forms beneath my feet,
Then falls behind
Where nothing's mine.

1-10-2011

Pinpoint

I can't pinpoint the essence of you or me.
Who are we all trying to be?
The winds pick up and I can't do a thing.
They blow me about – no roots in the ground.

Even trying to improve seems to be part of the game.
So many people, each a little story of his own.
We'll never have time to see everything,
So stick to your grain of sand and see in it what you'd find in any other.

Oh we travel far we travel far
But you're born a way from which you won't get far.
We can try; in our minds we become
Everything we think is ours.
But in the mirror is a little piece of reality staring back at me
And I don't know where on the map her place is,
Is she an arm or leg, left or right?
A heart or an eye?
I think she could be purple or any color my mind likes,
It likes them all the same.
I could give her any other name
And in my mind it would still be me
'Cause I imagine a favorable identity.
But in photos her body never changes,
And my mind still doesn't know its host.

Oh you're a story born with all the pages
But you never want to read it through.
You're on the lookout for other covers,
Never recognizing you
As one of those stories, like a stranger you might spend some time around.
You're the missing piece from your own scene.
Sugar cannot taste itself.

Like rubber bands we stretch out a little
But spring back to the core, what's comfortable.
How does alchemy come into play?
We strive and jump to get farther.
The "I" inside is the same for all
But our bodies are different –
Your body's who you are.

A rose and a carnation – to the sunlight they're the same.
One could never be the other – so don't waste your time.
Each one has its bit of earth, it can't be everywhere.
And its story only a few other flowers maybe will hear.

I don't want a wedding,
Walk down the isle with everyone's eyes on me,
Go through this rehearsed ceremony,
'Cause whoever stands across from me, part of my heart
Won't be with him, but out with the stars,
As I wonder in the back of my mind what I'm doing plunging in.

Marriage, marriage – why do I need it?
Is it for security?
Ceremony – it feels so phony.
You never will have all of me.

Part of my heart's forever blocked
Closed to the others' faces.
Though they be sweet, I must retreat –
Nothing will come from their advances.
What about mine?
I wanna move
But I move inside my mind.

I want togetherness in all we do,
I wanna feel that my heart's with you.
I appreciate the others' virtues like my neighbor's house –
It's nice but it's not home.

Invitations, and stupid vows –
Go through the moves to get your prized possession.
Show it off, keep it by your side,
Put it into it when you get bored.
If we don't mesh and something feels wrong
I'll just bury this feeling that I don't belong with you.
'Cause I need marriage, I shouldn't be
So impossibly picky.
I'll never find somebody good that way.
I should aim for Mr. Just Okay.
It's just a stupid feeling anyway.
You need a man, God you're twenty-one!
The pins of fear that I'll end up alone
Should strike my heart but honestly
I'd rather be alone than alone with a stranger,
Wishing for another, wishing to be free.

Marriage, marriage – pick out the dress,
Have all your family and friends stare.
Be the center of attention for a day –
I'd rather disappear.
No stupid slideshows of “our journey”,
Signs that we were always meant to be,
Half-meant toasts that bring a tear to my eye

And contradict what everyone said last week.

If it's not perfect in the sense
That with him I feel no doubt,
Why do I need to bother?
And keep this one around?

We can go through the motions.
I'll be your smiling avatar.
My heart will be nowhere in it,
And from yours quite far.

Marriage, marriage – true marriage is impossible,
And if you strike upon the chance,
What if you're so unlucky that it passes you by
Like a comet shooting 'cross the sky
And there's nothing you can do but wave 'bye?

1-17-2011

No more illusions now,
The storm has passed.
I don't need you beside me to go on my way.
Right now I feel perfect and confident
Writing what craziness I have to say.
I don't care if nobody agrees with my view,
I'd even rather it be that way
So I can go on alone where no one has gone
And say I was there first,
In a land nobody knew of,
A world hanging in midair
Where blue is red and the sky is the ground,
Where nothing makes sense but inside I found
A resting place that is only a sense
Of going along with no one ahead.

1-30-2011

I'll remember that vision
Of just you
Walking in through the door, head on.
Nothing about it,
No meaning outside
The plain thing, no strings dragging on the floor.
Add to my collection of memories
Like bright little jewels in a jar
Growing brighter and deeper, garnering
Subtleties as time goes on.
Or is it my eyes, or is it my mind
That changes as it wraps around them?
And leaves them to ferment, then comes back to taste
Layers and layers of feelings gathered,
A molecule here, a tinge of another
But I can distinguish each one.
From five to a nine hundred and forty two
Increases the variation.
From the depths and the widths;
In an inch lies infinity
If you continue to divide.
And I will always almost reach you
Yearning to from inside.
And in the empty space lies sweetness
In the slow passage of time
The honey dripping from the cracks
In air, overflows, keeps flowing
Much to my surprise, my hands
Can't grasp it all – I give up
And smile just for this time.

2-04-2011

Marketable Skill

I should have learned computer science
So I'd have a job,
Practical procedures I can carry out with ease.
Instead I trudged through biochem out of sheer will –
And now I'm left without a marketable skill.

My father's yelling constantly about "real life",
Says I'm irresponsible and unaware of toil,
That my head is in the clouds and I'm out of the world –
Before he takes my keys and leaves to change my oil.

My boyfriend-type-thing-I-don't-touch
Is up-to-date on techy things,
Meanwhile I have broken three mp3 players,
Three cellphones, two computers and one camera –
Like the twelve days of Christmas – falala-la-la.

This awkwardly-leading-me-on-leading-me-along-friend
Whom I see five minutes a week face-to-face
Who won't ask me out but spends all night online with me,
And built up a harem of possibilities and fantasies
That chase him 'til he rejects them awkwardly –
He has a marketable skill,
one for which I'd kill
(maybe I will).

'Cause everything is not like how it sounds, sounds, sounds –
And now we're talkin' bout "real life".

I pray my references will lie.
There's nothing gained in staying shy,
'Cause it's inevitable that I've got to make up shit –
So I'll take liberties to elaborate a bit:

I play piano and guitar
I can almost strum a chord.
I know Paint Shop Pro 9,
I made some drawings, they were fine.
I'm an "artist", "writer", "musician"
And many other ones besides
But if I were to be honest, I would say my forte
Lies in writing silly songs 'bout going 'long my way.

Not about political affairs
Nor useful product reviews
But about the act of writing those,
The focus never on the point lookout,

But about about,
about the other side of it, the underside we hide.
Now see me flipping over logs like Pumba and Timon,
Makin' 90s references 'cause I'm a 90s girl.
Got no boyfriend 'cause I'm used to bein' alone.
But it'll be okay.
I'll marry Johnnie or Jose.
Captains Morgan and Alina –
I think it has a nice ring
(Nicer than the one I won't be wearing).
While the world moves fast ahead, I'll strum my mandolin,
Singin' about what's happenin',
Not things, not judgments on the world without,
But about about.

02/06/11

Too cool I wish I'd be a little brighter,
Too low I wish I'd be a little higher
Too calm I wish I had some more desire
I know zero and ten
But 4, 5, 6, 7 are motions foreign
Too hard I wish I'd be a little softer
Too male I wish I'd be more like a girl
Too much thought I wish some would shut off
Too patient I wish I'd had enough
Too cool I wish I'd be a little warmer
Cheeks flushed peach instead of pink
My arms move onto yours seamlessly
I've spent too much time on the brink
I deserve better. My heart too squeezed
Put my mind at ease with barriers where I should go
I just for certain want to know
Too dim I wish I'd be a little brighter
So heavy I wish I would feel lighter
Winter I'm whiter than a ghost
Too cool I wish I'd start a little fire
Ignored my own desire
Never will come forth
Forget you, you don't know my worth
You only think about yours too
You're too young to be one of two
You take for granted my affection it is true
Cut you off cause I'm so cool
Too long I have felt like a fool
I'd love it to be you – but I'm no masochist
If you want it you know what to do

Life don't twist round your sensitivity
You only think "you owe me"
And in that statement I won't be the "you"
You're cool but I am so cool, too
I wish I'd be a little warmer
Then maybe this would proceed better
I can't deny this train is stuck here on the tracks
I go on my way don't look back

02/09/11

Dear Heart

Dear heart please kill me
You switch every hour.
Confident then crying,
Disabled then empowered
Then disabled again.
You're in so much pain
That I have to work through –
Can't do my work cause of you!
Dear heart please die
Please calm down and stop bleeding.
I don't know what I'm doing so wrong in this world.
I tried but got nothing
I tried but it's dying
Receding into the past
Where all things go.
You swell and withdraw
I have the sea inside me
And it's more like the ocean than the one I see
When I drive to the beach –
Cause this one's in
And touches the cells underneath my skin.
How many more of these poems do you want me to write?
I try to be independent but inside
I'm dependent on his every move
And nothing has changed after all this time.
How many poems of degenerate quality
Do you want me to spill?
Die heart, my motor, pushing me back
And forth with the strongest swell.

These words exorcise every wave of emotion
From inside and onto this page – they lie here
For me to remember and maybe the rest
Of the world to one day hold dear.
Die, dear heart; you almost kill me
Practically every day.
I am powerless before your archaic sway.
You control my body with sadness and fear
You doubt my dreams and empty the glass
So it sits half empty and trickling out
Through a little crack.
There is something happening to me,
I don't know what it is.
A sword running through my heart.
No one can see it – it's perfectly private
And outwardly there is no sign.
But it's a whole other story inside and I wish
I would just finally die.
Cause I don't know how much longer I can rock back and forth
Torn apart then reunified.
Sometimes I choke on the upsurge of feeling;
At parties I go out of my mind, so bored.
But always inside there's this pendulum swinging
From pole to pole of my inner world.
It's without warning – the feeling of
Incompletion is driving me up the wall.
Frustration at no solution in sight
I bear it and watch time crawl.

12-14-2011

Square 1 3

Back to square 1, 1, 1
My whole world has come undone.
Every structure, every judgment
Of myself and everyone.
Yet solidified
Some convictions inside
And every time that I return
The world is ready to reform
Until I come again back to square 1.

The circle finished and now I am set free.
I hung on so long but finally
The missing grain fell in my lap
And slapped me into sense.
The unnecessary threads always fall off on their own.

Every person is a character
Featured in his several chapters.
The pages turn and I keep learning
Brushing back the pretty tales of my deepest yearning.

This I know: you cannot lose what's true
What's real doesn't need a grip to stay.
It will remain but remove the lens
Don't hold on so tight and magnify.

Everything I knew in its time was true
But past it means nothing but an empty shell
So go on, on, on
And accept that you cannot escape the return back to square 1.
The world does never stay forever
That way which you see –
Commonsense words certainly
That I relearn as if I start again.

Everything you learn you must learn twice at least
The second time walking, the first on your knees.
Square 1, 1, 1, how neutral you feel.
The world I had been in was getting oh so stale.
The desert felt like wandering a thousand years
Now it's time for a new breeze, a new perspective
Shatter my collective memories and dreams.

I suppose what's left is all that's real.
I start my life over for a new ordeal.
New characters and plans – just an ephemeral game.
But I – I am not the same this time.

Square 1 return before you send me off
To a new home, a new life
No choice in what's my strife.
I'll see you in a few
Back to square 1
When the devil pulls the pin out of my world for fun.

I've been sad so long
I've been sad so long
My heart feels like it's bleeding, crying
Endlessly for what – two years now.

I'm trying to get out all these emotions
Without holding a molecule back.
I'd scream, and cry, and shout in the night
But my voice is oh so quiet
That it mostly stays inside, confined
And my heart cries.

I've been worried about being too emotional
So I try to self-contain.
My habits of restraint have become
So deeply deep ingrained
That even when I've had a lot to drink
I still think of how they see me
If I'm a mess I stay in my room,
So quiet, until I'm properly recomposed.

I'd love to unroot the demon that possesses me to do this.
I feel chained inside cause everyone is saying
“Be expressive” and I feel bland.
I hate and do not see myself at all.

I've been thinkin' I need to up my sex
To get your heart on me.
You think so little of my femininity.

I've been thinkin I'm too manly
I could use some heels and skirts
And the guiles to flirt without insulting.

I know that if you loved me I wouldn't have to change a thing.
My mind knows love is free, no standards
My heart holds onto you with a passion.
I'm on your wayside, your eyes on dancers,
Beauties ornamented, full of grace.
I'm too austere for your tastes.
All I long for is your embrace.
And the closeness we once had is *really* what gets me.

I've been sad for so long
I've come to this mournful song
Like a dying lark out in a lake
I thrash when I awake
Throw out in all directions
To escape this madness and this pain.

I make excuses,
I find explanations
But still I'm on the same – in so much pain
I long for days where I felt love.

I long for you to be attracted to me
See me as sexy and a woman –
Perhaps I am not womanly.
I need dance lessons – I will whore myself up for you –
And herein lies the flaw.
You must feel my desperation
So much honey dripping down your jaw.

I have been sad for the longest time
I want to cut my heart right out.
Too deeply settled in the pit of my chest.
I have been thinkin' that I'm not enough.
I hold on to this one thought:
All these things I'm thinking are rot.
I hold on to this thin link tenaciously.
Every now and then I'm free.
I don't care now – I've accepted that you will go on your way
And forget me, which you never held as anything worth saving.

I think everything just to escape
The present pain inside my chest.
Everpresent, sometimes dull, but gives no rest.
I've been thinkin' there's just something wrong with me.

02/19/11

Love is an uneven pull,
Earth is an uneven field.
Where chances lie above our heads
Our kinks trample upon them.

So very many unnecessary
Buttons on our form
Block what we want true.
I'll have a knot in my chest til I'm over you.

Slowly it is happening
No shortcuts through the thickest mire.
A quick bright shot, now make up for what you got
With what you lost,
What's in the past.

Earthlings we are so uneven,
Distortions of our spirit selves
Lain sleeping.
If it awakens it opens to the harsh dilemma
Ever trying
To ignore the rules it knows belong to fools
But fools are we as long as we
Stay slaves to gravity.

The spirit knows no weight
It's but a grain that lives constrained
And trying
To escape the psyche's mazes so confining.

02/21/2011

Now I Know What Gravity Is

Dear, I'm broken open,
My mouth a gaping hole.
It's all I know now.
Nothing else comes close to mattering at all.
The sights of all our world
Are but a backdrop for the stars.
I've been severed from head to foot.
There is no going back.
I feel, I feel, I only feel
The world is dragging at my heel.
I utter words that fit my body's role
But it's a shell
And I'm in hell
And heaven all the same.
Inside there is no rest
But an expanse of stars
The universe an openness.
I say I want more than anything to die
To fall into this open starry sky
Why the world if we belong
In the open bound to all and none?

I could paint you a picture:
Every planet spinning on itself.
Not a mass, but a whirling
Creating its own gravity
(A game and I hate it) –
As do also the stars
Which create my sky of beauty
That I see when I'm freed from gravity.

One small body but I'm never complete.
I've been this way so long now.
One moment turned me inside out
On my head,
Flipped my world upside down.
I swam in a sea of stars
Inside the chamber in my heart
That nothing else has ever reached.

When you're broken open the clouds bleed
The walls cry an endless river
It never stops flowing and the water falls forever.
You see in a moment
How everything does scream
And it pulses –
Remember, the world is a reflection.

When you're broken open
You lose your dreams
The past falls off and you are clean
Standards fade like salt in water.

You were searching for something
To hold in your hand
And admire forever;
Endless fire.
But all that you get when you leave the world –
That 'thing' is everything,
Impossible to hold.

All that changed
Is a sword pierced through
And made a wound that will never heal.
Now maiden of mourning, walk the earth
Forever crying, singing, dying.
All you say will never say it all.
Love is an endless waterfall.
Not the bottom or the top where's there's rest
But the falling, falling you cannot catch.

I never thought I'd think this way
But I'm only cynical about the day to day
And the games, I point them out
But what's it matter?
Most people do not want to shatter what they think they are.

You'll never get far – the world is a sphere
And after a while
You're back where you started.

Life on earth is confinement if you're awake
So many cobwebs off to shake
And your spirit's always thwarted.

What did I want? A form to hold like a cup.
I wanted to always keep my mood up.
But if I were at peace I'd write none of these –
I don't know if that spares your eyes and ears.
How many more years of this game must I bear
Before I am out there?

This thing beating against my chest
Is not my heart but it knows no rest.
A fire's been lit,
The beating is of my spirit.
It beats against my bones –
That's why they ache.
It knows no language
So it cannot speak.
Clumsily it leaks out through some words,
Some songs, some forms,
All saying the same in so many ways.

2/21/11

I'm so cool
I don't care about anything but school
I'm putting everyone in last place on my agenda
Feelin' relaxed, like I aint got to pretend.

I'm so cool
I'm turning tragedy to humor
Laughin' 'stead of cryin' that I'm a fool
'Cause that's how cool I am.

I'm getting texted on this Friday night
As I sit at home while everyone parties.
For a while I just need things to be quiet
As I sort out my priorities.

I'm so cool
I'm quickly getting over you
I do not care what you are up to or with whom
Or if you feel alone.

I keep movin' forward
Keep doin' what I have to do
Hold my arms out to the future
And take out every trace of you
From my heart and mind
Your name only pops up every now and then
Subsided has all the emotion
Now I'm left with nothing but my cup is full to the brim
There's no room
For anything but my goals.

They think that I'm aloof –
Maybe it's the truth.
I don't care because I'm so cool.

02/25/11

There is nothing I can do
But pour my heart into
Everything else around me but you.

You've run away –
What did I do to you?
Maybe I was too kind,
Or not kind enough – on some level I'm blind;
There's always the obvious I'm blind to.

There's nothing I can do
For an answer.
The knocks back on the door get softer
With each day.
It's passing through the stages
Laboriously
And the pendulum swung back my way
To strike me in the chest.
Yesterday you should've seen me, I was at my best.
Jealousy consumes me over why it works for them
As the other half of my brain says, "stop being twelve, for shame!"
Real life's out there
But oh in here
It's a pendulum swinging from ground to sea.
When will it be over?
There's nothing I can do but put words on this paper.
When I look back at this one day
I wonder what I'll see.

02/28/11

Well, what can I say? Some days it passes and I feel okay
Going along, sing the same song,
Writhe on a private line
Hanging desperately but fine
With my slavery
Not enough pride to complain today
Or feel my ego smart
I go along the same.
Everything passing into the past
All problems and issues are overcome
By digestion; I churn through it quick and complete
And shit out gold nugget waste.

03/03/2011

Why did you leave me here
After your touch?
A metaphorical touch –
Once was too much.

Of everything I was, everything I made,
Nothing remains
That bears my true name.
Because nothing I did, or thought, or said
Sat as deep as the open wound sits in my core;
An always renewing open sore
That rips and closes and rips afresh
Every night.

Now that I've known this deepest touch
How am I supposed to live my life
When nothing matters
Everything pales
In comparison to this light?

The wound is too open;
I doubt the form
Through which I knew it
Could himself heal.
Even his attention
Wouldn't be enough
To seal.
It's mine forever alone.

I've lost my peace 'til the final sleep
From a touch too deep – any deeper
And we come out to the sea of stars
At the core of each cell,
The hole in the shell,
The diamond you search for –
What did you find?
An ever-open starry sky.
You wanted a treasure to have and to hold
But what you found was a portal out of this world.

How can I live here anymore?
I found what I was looking for.
Now all I want is to merely die
I have business here no more.

Every picture that I took,
Every poem that I wrote,
Everything I know I am,
Identities and names,

Are lost off me, fallen into the sea,
And merged into the waves.

None of them have a tie to me.
Tell me, how am I to marry
If the only marriage real to my heart
Is the one of completion, together, apart?

Why did you leave me?
I throw sand at the sea,
Angry at you, then I drop to my knees.
You have me forever,
“You” who is none –
From your brief touch I have come undone.
I am no one,
I only move, only do
As I wait to die.

All day all I can think of is I;
All night all I can think of is you and cry.
I’m incomplete without you,
Always reaching, always longing.
I never will find you trapped inside a form again;
The shell fell off and all I’m left with
Is the ghost
Who has no host.

03/04/11

Love is a ghost, flitting across my view.
It appears in the window, then disappears,
And the room is left empty and dark though you chase
That ghost, ever travelling, in search of a host.
You find the spark in a pair of eyes
For a little while 'til the bright star dies,
For its lifespan is timed. But you go on,
Alone in the desert for a thousand miles.
Then the story ends and your heart forgets.
You're in a new land and you ask yourself,
"Whyever did I ever fret?"
The chances you find are infinite.
"You" are new, the past forms matter
Not; again you'll find what you sought
And love 'til the flowers die again,
Like the earth does spin. And there's no need
To wonder "when", say "never",
It'll sooner than you think happen.
Know the key, the love in your life
Has no entity; it's you and this nothing,
This spirit you see in a person, a rock, hear in melody,
That sits in your soul. Its only goal
Is to open the chamber inside your heart,
And you'll feel it forever, together, apart.

03/06/11

Mark It In Time

A night I will always remember –
The day I killed my love.
He falls apart and I surrender
To the current pulling on.

My heart is turned to slumber,
I feel it pulling out the hooks
As the story now is over,
And everyone bows as the curtain falls down.
Not just in my mind,
In the same place I felt you
When you touched the deepest chamber.
I do feel it true.

Are we forever? Out of time?
Are you mine?
I didn't want to kill it –
But I fear I did.
Mark it in time.

03/10/11

I see you everywhere,
Not in a form.
Your ghost flies into
The movement of the breeze,
Through the branches out this window. And I
Turn my head and see you in the cracks in the walls.

I feel you pulsing through the solid surfaces,
The rustling of papers,
The pang in my chest.
You strike without warning
And leave just so,
Flirt with your wink around every corner,
Coy and illusioned,
And insubstantial.

You are in time, you are the space
Between things, the movement from A to B.
But there *are* no stops, only infinity.
And you – we touch hands again and again,
Turn towards and away and back
Is our play,
Forever like there never was yesterday.

And I ask, what is my body to do?
I want no one – only you.
Only if the feeling is right.
Only if there is no doubt.
Only if every cell agrees.
Leave me unfinished

If you don't want to be mine, then I'll let you go.
We never knew each other.
Every day your picture becomes
More like that of a stranger.
I hooked in too deep –
But I don't take the blame.
Distance myself from the swirling sea
Of kaleidoscope colors and ecstasy-agony.

We go on our ways, apart.
Beyond my skin this whole thing was naught.
The last stitches close up this bubble forever.
Even *I* won't be able to stick in my arm.
It remains sealed to me, just as before
I knocked into you when it sat invisibly, latently.

We are on the upswing of this slow way.
I know and feel you less each day.
Seal the rip 'cross this rag doll chest.
It's fine, it's probably best.

03/14/11

Speeding Bullet Train

Do you remember five years ago,
When I was trapped inside the low
And I could not even imagine a light?
But then I saw the light of the train.

Now I caught a speeding bullet train and I can't get off.
I'm in love with an emotion,
I'm at home inside commotion.
Any less than the fastest mess is such a bore.

I used to be at harmony
Inside the forest or right by the sea,
I sat under the sky and took my time staring in awe at the stars.
But now I do not care;
I dropped and left it in the past.
I jumped and landed in the air,
Picked up a wind so fast.

I caught a speeding bullet train
And now I can't get off.

I think I'm going insane,
Faster, faster with each thought.

I wanted love but the train sped on
And I left you standing in the dust.
I couldn't help it;
I hope it's just a phase and soon that I'll calm down.

What I've become is the very last thing I ever thought I'd be.
Every day is yesterday and every moment I am free.

I caught a speeding bullet train,
I caught a wind out of control.
I let go of everything but one aim...
Whose name I do not know.

03/16/11

You bit right into my soul with your voice and your eyes,
With a synchronized manner, what mirrors mine.
You plunged into the deep end and took right hold
Of the plug that drains the water out.

Like a seed you burrowed and took firm root,
Come sunshine you poisoned all the fruit
With your presence – each molecule carries your taste
And every vine entwines around your face.

But now it all has gone to waste,
Every hope I had I killed with my anxiety and haste.
I turned my back upon
To save face.
But each moment I long for your embrace.

It's a two-sided life,
Black on front, white behind
No outside, yes in
Flip me over and expose the din
To the sun,
Dance in step,
You're the one I feel it all next to.
I think of only you.
Everywhere I see your face;
The fool has taken up my space;
I've long since let her win.

03/16/11

You can try and push the boundaries,
Steal a glimpse into new worlds,
Dip your feet into sands of another constitution.
And you can use those hallowed moments
To make headway and results
And create something outside your situation.
But you'll never get too far
From the way things really are.
The electron cannot stay in the excited state forever.
You return to home base,
Land on your tonal
And sing the one note that resonates.
You can enter into states,
Almost be another person
With qualities foreign to you.
And you can take home what you learn –
But you're a tourist in a land
That never sits quite comfortably with you.
It seems we're born with constitution
And we wrestle with the ropes,
Make exertions, then return to take a breath.
And just when we're doing nothing
But let the ropes stay bound
We see who we are on the ground.
'Cause you'll never get too far
From who you really are
Or the stable chemistry of every element you see.
You know relations from the get-go –
Maybe they can change slow
In those lit-up moments find us shaken out of our peace.
But when we fall we part
Or return if that's our start.
Tempering the winds, it is truly an art.
Oh, you can try and struggle
But you always will return
To what remains standing
When you stop fighting your own.

03/17/11

Unhooked Again

Version 1:

I feel you next to me,
Standing at my side,
Against my back,
Inside my eyes
Calming, I feel I'm never alone;
There's always someone to look me back in the eye.
I reach out my hand, you simultaneously yours
Which is mine, to yourself across the line.
Across the barrier of worlds and time
I feel you press from the other side.
Your eyes and expression are mine.
I am not one, but two who are one.
I whisper "you you you"
Into the air, I am never alone.

Version 2:

I'll never see you, my self
You move as I move as we stand back to back,
But each of my moves is a search for your face
As you likewise do.
Forever we search for each other,
Closer than we ever could be
But never to touch,
Always to want
Turn around – but I never can quite.
I just miss your face, but I still feel you warm
At my back, pulling at my string
Like I pull on yours, which is mine.
I am not one, but two who are one.
To the air I whisper "you"
As my heart ever plays our drone.
Across the universe it sounds back.
I both sing and hear the note

03/21/2011

Leaver

I should've known better than to hook into you
But affection did never give much of a choice
To this day I'd bend round and turn inside out
To put your life at ease.
I find it dilapidated
How am I one hundred percent and you're zero?
Oh the way I feel ain't physical;
You burrowed into my emotions but I know you
I know who you are
You're a leaver, you're a leaver
You're the first to run off
Is it precaution? I'm awash in
What could've been ours
I'm not a leaver at all – I cling to what's dear
Opposites attract – ain't it unfair?
I cannot sleep 'cause of it
This time around I'm the bug
I gave up my power
Now look at you walkin' round so smug.
But you're a leaver, you're a leaver
Call yourself complex
Well my dear maybe one day
You'll be stuck in this vex
Then you will know what it's like to be left all a sudden
Oh, I shouldn't care after so much time
But I'm still standing in the middle of the pile
Hoping that you'll come back
No matter what, you are mine
I'm on a tightrope of devotion and insanity
I've always heard insanity and love look alike
Now I know – and I will never come back
To you, leaver
I want you out of me
I won't stop pinin' til my heart forgets your company
How you did deceive
But don't misinterpret – I don't blame you
I'm sure given the circumstance you did the best you could
But neither of us knew to leave when we should –
On the very first day
For good.

To Answer Your Question, Margaret

I wanted my light so much I could not wait patiently
So I mined every face for the spark in its eyes
When I glimpsed a reflection of the distant stars I took it and with it ran off
Maybe I am too young to do otherwise

I created my desire like we all always do
Then we try to explain it from a million views
But every theory is roundabout and never hits the heart of the stone
Yes, I think it's all in our minds and we are all alone

03/23/11

Nobody Knew

A motley of strangers from separate lands
Was bound toward the same destination,
None could foresee that the speck in the skyline
Was a point where multiple roads converge.
And when they arrived, nobody knew the nature of what they had stumbled into.
Nobody knew but that which drew
Them together, if more than mere chance.
But I have a feeling that it was just that,
For by chance they parted, too,
Unless in their time they exacted a change
That went unseen by them
But known by the one with the sneaky grin
On the face of the hand that orchestrates.

The merchant brought magic,
The gardener love,
The build brought the binding blue.
What would transpire upon the disrobing
Of layers, nobody knew.

The gardener saw everything under the sun,
The merchant saw that which was seen by none,
The builder knew how to maneuver around the contours of any land.

At the end of their stay inside the oasis
Each returned to his own occupation.
The merchant became just the merchant again
And wandered on to a new town.
The builder returned and resumed to do
Only what the world knew him to,
But who he was in combination
With the others, nobody knew.
The gardener retreated to tend to his plants,

Loving the world they provided,
But missed the taste of harmony
Whose echo in him still resided.

Nobody knew what they'd fallen into
Until it was far behind them
And they turned around to see the lights
Glowing brighter with distance and fading with time
As they separately searched for another oasis
Of many converging lines.

03/25/11

What would I say if I could write something even I would never see?
I'd say I love you and want you always with me.
It's really simple:
The things I keep returning to are the realer ones.

But she's die-dying in the river while I swim on.

I was born with a raging twin inside,
Her bony back to mine
Snarling at all,
She never wants anything good
To get the best of me.

Life has its rules but everything's been to kill her off.
And now she's die-die-dying in the river as I swim on.

It's simple really:
I love you for no reason other than I do
And that's fine. Looks like the fool has won
I want what I want and that is all.

Sink low in the afterglow
It turns out it's not all gone.
All this affection I don't know how to manage
Hangs about in the air.
Say something please. I'll simply wish for
My dreams to come true.
It is so simple when the snarler fades away, no longer needed.

I'll sink soft and low
Into the afterglow
I'm the open pining longing striving hand outside the door.

Half is what I feel like.
Affection is all around.

04/02/11

At the Core

I can't complain about my wonderful life
As I stand where a million roads converge
(I seem to be choosing but really it's fate pushing
My back inexorably.
Or if you're a skeptic we'll call it the breeze).
The wheel rotates round on its intricate rim,
Designs flash before my eyes
As I take in with wonder all I can see
And dance to the myriad intricacy.

But underneath
The surface, deep
In a place where none of that reaches,
I'm still sad,
Still crying
At the core.

No matter what transpires on the surface levels six feet down,
In one chamber deepest in I wail one note for all of time
Into space; I cry or smile
Or anything I do,
It's a skin reaction; underneath
No link ties to this play.
No matter how the winds sway
Behind the world, behind my smile,
Behind reactions, circumstances,
Happiness, annoyance,
At the very core
From my deepest heart I pour and pour
Into the stars, my only song,
I do not know for how long;
Time's not known behind my forward smile.
I'm so sad here it's agony;
Meanwhile the hand, it pushes me
From scenery to scenery;
It makes no change inside.
At the core I'm wailing, wailing
Into an infinite drop,
Crying a constant note that aims to bring you close,
And chasing lights that race into a black hole, out of sight.

Burn With the Sun

I cannot stop myself, I cannot stop my mind
From taking me up on this self-induced high.
Every time I reach it it's fire and nothing more –
It couldn't be purer.
The next day when I look around,
Everyone seems to be on the ground,
And where am I?
In my self-induced high.
How this state does terrify me.

If I keep this up I'm gonna burn with the sun,
Burn through the elements one by one
Until what's left is a substance flames can't scorch.
I don't want to leave it all behind
But even at home I'm in another world.

One week ago I was down in the low;
What changed to propel me out, I don't know.
No more heart-rending pangs –
Well, yes – but I go on with them in the background, white noise.
Couldn't have it anyway with my feet off the ground.

I'm creating an image round an empty core,
I can do so much I couldn't dare to before.
So far away from this world, I don't know when I'm coming back;
There's a hook in my mind that ties me to earth
And if I go too high the alarms go off,
Then I quench my excitement and quench the light
'Til I come low enough to take a respite.

For now I'm burning with the sun;
I've forgotten everyone
Except me, I am my own world,
With one aim every cell leans toward.
Forget everything else; I can't explain.
If you're not up there I know it seems insane.
As if from a plane, look down at the clouds
And see how simple and free,
And the people below and their stores and their roads
Are an intricate web of fine threads woven,
Trifling from this height.

Endless Motivation

You say you lack motivation;
Well I know an endless wellspring.
But be warned of the cost to dip;
Can you imagine your heart ever rending?
Endlessly yearning forward,
Your neck craning out toward
A back turned from you like a silent wall of brick.

You will lose yourself, you will do everything
You never could see yourself do
Without hesitation to hold you back;
Your body will fly with your heart at the head
On a gust of wind that never rests
And you'll pour and pour and continue to pour
Forever, forever more.

Yes, you can have endless motivation,
But can you pay the cost?

04/12/11

Pre-poem

Spitting on embarrassment,
Waving away dignity
Along with every value you hold,
Leaving only direction and speed.
You fly and cry and crane your neck
Futilely,
Losing yourself,
You'll do everything you couldn't see yourself do;
Your body will fly with your heart at the head.

I'm in love with a ghost,
In love with a phantom,
In love with a shadow
That just disappeared,
In love with a rope
That just whipped round the corner,
In love with a wink
That lived so brief,
In love with a memory,
In love with a moment,
In love with the mountain's peak,
In love not with someone
But someone elated,
In love with what could be.
The sword pierces over and over through me
Once the ghost walked through me and left his mark.
I, too, am a phantom; isn't it fitting I find
My match in a moment's spark?
My love's hard to reach when he's everywhere,
In minutest acts or a loaded stare,
In the sun over leaves,
In beauty, in what comes naturally from thee.
I'm in love with a phantom,
In love with a ghost,
The sun's reflection over the sea,
The interplay between lapping waves
And how closely we speak by the shore,
In love with the words that can find no words,
I'm in love with the melody,
In love with the spirit
I glimpse sometimes,
Unquenchingly, achingly.

Rite of Passage

I'm just tryin' to keep it balanced these days,
But I feel I am walkin' a tightrope.
I took a deep little plunge into a deep little pool
And forgot the world outside.
In the water reflected were all of the stars,
And I swam in the simple sea.
But rip me back out into the cold air
And set me to walk on bare feet.
I'm tryin' to hold it together successfully,
Leaning each second to catch what is falling,
Purging my heart of ideals;
How it longs to sleep,
But I've got no more feed.
We mark the end of a lengthy dream
That bloomed like a garden inside;
How unpleasant to wake and tend the fields.
I've come to childhood's end,
I can feel it though still groggy
As my body goes to toil under the midday sun,
Remembering the sweetest dream,
After forgetting its real little plot of land
That it put out of mind so easily
To let me indulge a little longer in soft dreaming.

04/15/11

Still

Time does not heal where it can't reach.

Beneath the surface
I am the same
I am here still.

Is there such a feeling as too much?

You pour and pour out every moment,
Knowing forever is not enough
To move from behind out to the front.

The scenery
I catch dimly
That circles past
Is all okay.
Inside I'm in the same place, still.

It runs ahead of me forever.
I've touched what doesn't fade,
Behind the veil
And after all this time, I am there,
Still.

It's in my heart my mind my body, all of me
Flings itself to this sprinting entity
Sprawling, arching, unimaginably deep
It permeates far ahead
And slithers back into my bones.

I am there still
I feel it still
I spit on thrill,
There I am.

My only care,
One wailing note
That fills all space.

It's been the same forever
And I am here still,
Playing on top, knowing it doesn't matter,
That someday I'll die
So who cares? Who cares
About your idiocy?
Run ahead of my thoughts racing after me,
Beneath my body's functions and the web they constructed

That means nothing,
I am there,
Still.

04/18/2011

The Toll of Tourism

I was born in the country out west, where I feel home;
There the air, sun through leaves falls and permeates my bones;
I breathe deep in and recognize
What feels right,
What is mine;
What falls into place without reason or trying.
Among the trees, walking through the woods,
By the still, deep lake
I'm submerged in the details;
Where am I? I cannot separate.

I take a trip to the city for the very first time,
First second I'm knocked to the ground – it's not mine
This unfamiliar place; "I never will love it," I say,
But day by day (if I desire) I learn
How to weave through the streets, adopting the patterns;
I'm in Rome and I conform my ways to their ways.
I think I love it, I think I could stay
On, snatching mannerisms, donning new hair and glasses;
New hobbies developed; wrapped inside I find myself enveloped.

Then the breeze comes in; it blows me back home
Away from the din, to rest in my own,
My comfort, like a battery and I am a toy
Of the breeze, whichever way today it blows.

I take a trip to the city and play with the kids,
I meet you with your different eyes and plunge in
(After the fact I wonder if you took any of mine)
And we dance out the differences in firework flames.
In this city on the sea I never find peace
You'd think (*I think*) it will kill me –
But in time I crave instability
Just like I once craved peace.

Let's dance in what feels strange,
Wearing clothes that don't fit us;
I'm a circle knocking into a cube,
Getting dented;
Walking off the ground in this unfamiliar town,
From the air waving 'bye; don't let me come down
'Cause I am staying in the air as a stranger in anxiety
That inspires me to leave more than footprints in my wake.
It's the toll of being a tourist on my wrung, twisted body and worth it for its sake.

The memory of "home" is burned into my heart
So I've no qualms to part
With the search for what I have found.
I rely on the wind now
And pray that it doesn't calm down.

I want to dabble in lives that are not mine,
Live tales out of karma, buds off the line,
Stories that are chapters out of time
To fix my soul or something before I go home.

I took a trip to the stars and forgot all I knew;
Earth's customs fell apart into the nothings they are
Before the blank face of outer space.

I took a trip to the sea and in time loved the waves,
Swung oppositely to previously preferred stability;
I took a trip to the desert and wandered for a thousand days.

Now I return home to rest and relearn
That I belong to the earth.
I find my people again and I do not care
For the bliss of complacency;
Not to want is the scariest state; how free
When you drive and feel you're going nowhere; see the clouds
In awe as if you arrived on earth today.

I was born in the country – but something was missing;
I looked at the others and stared at their ways.
So I traveled 'round the planet and found that everyone has their ways.

The Colored Screen

A wall of bricks covered in light and shadow;
A woman on her laptop, also enveloped
In sunlight hitting her shoulders,
Not as pretty as the younger, emptier girls
Who swarmed in and stand around me making one noise
With four mouths, in identical skinny jeans,
But she looks alive,
eyes portals to depths, preoccupied.

Inside me this brick wall, the people, this scene
rip open like wallpaper; behind
Is a world without form –
the reality under my body –
projecting onto the outside, easily finally.
Between the two sides lies this thin, detailed screen,
a paper lantern encasing a too-bright light.

I lost my life,
Don't remember why
I sit here studying (feels like I go to no end),
Like the girl on her laptop, the man on his,
The serious lady in glasses reading,
Each speeding separately like atoms, randomly,
Colliding, parting, and going along.
(Except for the noble gases
Who are too complete to need anyone,
And form no reactions, sit bored in the world
For reasons unknown to me).

This day my body took to breathe and recuperate,
To move slow, like the turtle, in concerto
With no need to rush,
Dancing in step, speaking in
Body language, what all understand
Unquestioned when the world inside
Is freely projected and reflected and seen through the colored screen.

04/30/2011

In the Back of My Mind

I can't get you out of the back of my mind,
Can't get you out of the back of my mind,
Take you over everyone else put together.

You interfere as I sit here outside,
Can't get you out of the back of my mind,
Time is not doing its job this memory to weather.

I enjoy the buffet as much as I can,
Take in every thrill that brushes my skin
But it's not really worth a dime; I'd trade it away in an instant
If you would stay.

Cause I can't get you out of the back of my mind,
My heart is so stubborn and it has decided,
So why do you turn away so stubbornly?

Cure me of this disease;
I'm foolhardy beyond rationality,
Staring at this splinter,
This extra limb, impatiently.

In all that I say I feel your ears on it,
My words go through your eyes before they make it
To the surface – only in my heart I'm sure,
My heart is pure, singing one note,
Unfrayed and in one piece
That gives itself against my will,
And I don't need the thrill
Of the buffet, of their smiles, and I offer you no wiles
So it beguiles me
That you cannot see
Or feel what do I in the back of my mind.
It's a backdrop for all that unfolds in my world;
No one warned me of this possible strangeturn.
I'm full in the pit
As the surface spins round – but *I* don't,
I stay with you
In the back of my mind.
I try blocking it out
And diverting my eyes
But no matter where I go
Or how high I jump, or what mask I wear
I'm still there
And the rubber band always snaps back
And I find you

In the back of my mind still there.
And honestly I do not care
That you seemed to do less than what society says you should do.
I'm still bound and am standing my ground
With no sight of an end, and no clue what it's worth;
Once again throwing treasures into a void.
But I'm not annoyed,
I'm only there
(In the back of my mind
You don't disappear
Even after such time).

05/08/11

Just Go To Bed

Sometimes it's better to just go to bed
Than agonize.
Undo the supercoils wound up by your mind.
Tell myself so many lessons,
Hope one day the tension lessens.

I want too much from every day
(To let myself be happy).
I go steadfast along my way
(Not showy and not flashy).
I've told myself only the dominant win;
Now surely I will lose with loss in mind.

I have an enemy, living deep inside of me.
How did he settle so heavily in? That is a mystery.
He ruins all my peace, and talks like a self-defeatist;
Or is peace the enemy?

05/08/11

Alone With Myself

The car's rearlights cut
Distractingly across the smooth slate sky I watch deepening
Most of all loving
The glow that remains in the center,
Orb with a moonstone core
Crept over slow by edges dipped in thunderstorm.
It's the first time I see this,
For I awoke this morn
From ever sleep. Often I feel
Behind my life I lie in bed dreaming.

Trees golden green overlain with gray yellow
Concrete gray blue-tinged roads below.
A gaping yawn to catch your bellow
If you have the urge; but I stay calm.

This cup of tea is my father jumping
Is the pattern of the carpet he's jumping on.
In the lines between all I see
Is a kind of movement past vision.
And in the space between my ears
A something substance paints this balcony door
Like the ocean, the questions on my biochem test
Spin a love affair which is also said by (and in turn describes)
The grass blowing outside 'neath the deepening sky,
Each blade a world, all blades a world,
The world a speck.
Nothing is anything and everything is everything
And I something/nothing sit taking it in,
As impressions fall into a vessel
That doesn't exist; fall into air
Through a barrier not there
That catches and tries to repossess
What started and ended in the middle of a breath.

What do I do now,
Alone with myself?

What Are the Chances

What's is like (I forget)
To find everything in one you met?
Two tiny specks among all possible stars
That mirror each other perfectly come
Face to face as around them the universe falls.
What are the chances? And what is it worth?

05/11/11

The Play We're In

I try
But why do I
If I wake up and find my mind on you
Like a splinter I cannot remove.

Some people spend all their time together
With even their bodies entwined
But part for one day and do not remember
The other's existence; I have a bit
Of the opposite issue.

Maybe the winds will blow us back together one day
Like characters reunited in one scene of the play.
We've appeared on stage in disjointed scenes
But the sun sees us and the timing between.

There have been so many acts performed throughout history
With their ones and twos, their mes and yous,
But this is the only one that *I* know
Through and through.

One script reenacted through different bodies
Or the same two actors who keep forgetting the story
And act it all over to remember again.
Because it feels like someone has already seen
This very same scene through *my* eyes.

05/13/2011

Don't Reciprocate

Keep staying away from me as you do
My lingering confusion and attachment to you
Makes a wonderful little engine that keeps me on the move.

I don't want the feel of love to come from your hands
Or for you to lead a dashing crusade of romance
Listen to my message: don't reciprocate.

I hope I always feel the yearning
Towards a desired ending
So that I can keep creating
And one day win lots of fame.

For if my love were all requited
And in bliss we were united
To live contentedly, delighted
I'd die happy without a name.

My ego's a growing little monster
Who wants his footprints in concrete.
He's learned how to play and with a sneaky grin
Plans to pull out the rug from your feet.

05/13/11

Nothing Breaks My Heart

By morning I have forgotten the world I was lost in by night.
In the daylight I walk sober by the maxims steering me right.

But under cover of darkness, I slip into a world without words.
Alone after midnight on fog covered roads, every scene becomes a greeting card,
All together the year's greatest film, and every song I hear fully, plunging in
Follow every note.
And nothing breaks my heart.
Nothing breaks my heart.
My heart breaks for no reason at all.

The composure built over the day comes undone and I descend to where daylight can't explain;
My heart bursts open with wide open eyes, comes alive, during daylight detained.

Every motion squeezes me inside and nothing breaks my heart.
Nothing breaks my heart.
My heart is broken from no cause.

The understanding of these hours in the morning is a wisp
Until again tonight this downward spiral we shall descend
To where undoes all one language that through all resonates
By nighttime melding colors daylight separates.

05/17/11

Pimples on My Nose

Well hon, I am not one
To set much store by superstition
But there's a saying from the motherland
About pimples on your nose:
If you have one you are loved by someone,
And today when I looked at my face
Smack dab in the center there was a little red dot –
Another pimple on my nose.
I've been watching their progress carefully
For the past very many months,
A steady procession of little red graces
Over the bump on my countenance.
Whoever thought I would feel so happy
About the fact that I have acne?
But it's special, the one that cropped up today
By its place in the center, like it wants to say,
"Don't for a minute be fooled by what's seen."
Now I'll be happy if always there will remain
A pimple on my nose.

05/15/11

Enemies

Oh hey, I am not everyone
And I really hate the coldness in me
But most of all my hesitancy
And I'm making peace with my enemies
Being my enemies – not all can be friends
Especially those holding pointed spears.
Am I one of them?
I feel a line has been drawn
And I'm on one side,
And so many that I
Have been close to wound up across somehow
So I stare out, asking myself
What did I do to put us at odds?
What is there thriving inside of you
That aims with a hatred so sharply at me?
I've got a good feeling
For affinity,
If it exists or if there is friction.
We've wrapped our words around in so many ways
But my face remains my face.
Brick red doesn't mesh with cerulean blue,
But I, from *my* dress, admire *you*.
Why did my enemies have to be
The ones I once held so dearly?
Or am I paranoid,
Living under the sea,
Imagining these spears pointed at me?
I come back to this vision
Best seen without eyes.
Try do deny and say that I
Am just being silly, and where is the proof?
Only a feeling? Is that enough?
Haven't my feelings been wrong before?
But my gut tells me where the landmines are.
I see more clearly if I shut my eyes
And walk the terrain of the underworld,
If it exists or is only fiction.

05/17/11

*#?Ψ↔

If I could draw your face, it would be abstract.
You may be who you are,
But you still hold my heart.

I know it's foolish to say winter is warm,
To point at what is unseen and say "everyone look!"
I feel I'm walking along a road I've made up
With every step I took.
I can't deny when I plumb the depths inside
What sits at the bottom like a constant comet.
Oh since we met it's been something I can't explain.
You have my whole heart – it's not in my chest
If someone is looking.

What is this made of? Feels like foreign fabric
That came from another planet
As I hold it in my hands, they grapple
With what follows no rules.

I will feel this hole forever deep inside my chest.
There will burn this endless fire,
As I laugh and move around the world,
Always feeling this behind
Whatever does transpire.
I'm cut off and how it hurts.

5/19/11

Dear Dad

I won't ask for your help no more;
When you speak my ears are far removed
From any advice you give me
When I approach you with questions of gloom.
You huff and agonize as you overanalyze –
Don't wanna give too much away –
But in the end your only words of comfort:
“Don't worry, it'll just happen someday.”

No it won't
'Cause I just read a yahoo article
About people who stay single in their thirties.
I fall into each category (even “not in a category”)
Except “perpetually parties”.
Can't you see we're all set in our ways?
And tendencies will never change.
We've been long walking down our unintended road
Where I've spent so many years going against the breeze.
So why do you tell me to accept myself
If some tendencies are my downfall?
Another recommends that I bend my legs backwards,
But it does not feel right at all.
... ..
I'm gonna plug up my ears for a while.

Everyone's such an expert on relationships.
Everyone is a master of life.
Everybody knows that they know better.
And I just wanted to create but I woke up bitter.

Why does every silly song turn out so serious!?
These lyrics bring my potential readers down.
My self-appraisal seems to be a bit delirious.
And every serious poem comes out funny.
I don't think that's funny.

(alt. ending)
Why does every silly song turn out so serious!?
These lyrics bring my potential readers down.
And every profound and meaningful poem has come out funny.
I don't think that's funny.

Found My Direction

Found my direction baby
Found my direction baby
Away from obligation
And always to me.

There is a quality that
Divides the population:
Some are best calm and steady,
Some need to chase sensation.
And I am neither one. I
Walk straddling the line.

That taste not sweet or salty
But different altogether,
A kind of sharpness that is
Reminiscent of jasmine.
The moon that's strangely bright, the
Sun during an eclipse.

Some seek the comfort of friends,
Some meet their enemies to
Dive into battle, thrive on
Discord, not harmony.
I don't know which is better.
I don't know what I need.

Smooth running gears allay your heart
And feed it honeyed milk
And make you too lazy to walk,
Sensitive to a prick.
A constant thorn is born of war.
That polishes your core.

Found my direction baby
Finally found my way
Whatever's unrelated
Has to get thrown away. I
Stop feeling obligated
And run to what is mine.

In That Place Again

And years from now
When I look back
It won't be your face
That I remember
But the place
I was in
And I wonder
(Listening to the music that reminds
Me of traveling in the desert
Under the stars
Always in love
With all)
If I ever will be
In that place again.
Like a leaf
Your face withers with time,
Peeling off,
Stale paint,
Dead sheet of your eyes
And smile
Plastered
Flaking off falls.
It isn't in you, you're an avatar,
But something behind
The wall
Encases
Is what I'll remember,
What sits in my heart.
And if I want to go to that place again
I just turn on the music
And close my eyes
And my heart dances
In memories
But not memories
These images
Move with the rhythm
Notes flicker stars
I ride along
With the sway on a camel
Through this desert
Of dancing sands
Every grain
My heart.

Regressin'

No one really knows just what to do
So take a step back from your own view
No need to carry with you what you held then
'Cause you might never see those mountains again.

Everybody's tryin' to find how to be
I don't know but I've picked up a few keys
Like: don't listen to who speaks with such certainty
To tell you what's what and what life should be.

'Cause the truth is no one really knows
Even though they know they do.
Circumstances got everyone bound in their throes
And in their view.
But if you flip through how history did unfold
You'll find every kind of mold.

I was playin' in the world we're in
But then I slipped out of my skin
Hit the floor, picked up my mandolin,
And walked along my way, strummin'

Lookin' for the right way to go about
But such a pursuit does only clout.
So take a step back from all you've been told
'Cause anything can happen in our world.

Every day I'm slippin' out of my skin and hitting the floor
Shake my head at what I played – I aint playin' no more.
I'm addicted to starting all over again
'Stead of holding the increasingly weathered pieces together 'til God knows when.

Oh, there's a monster inside of me
I call her my only enemy,
She brews a bitter poison inside my heart
That leaks out through my tries at artfulness
I don't even know if besides her face
There's anything else in this empty shell.

She claws at me like a banshee
Begging to be amputated
So the baby she's smothering can breathe
And lazily bask in feeling elated.

In that fight going on inside
I'm not rooting for either side.
We came upon a transition

And now my conglomerate's regressin'
To my old days, comin' back as if I'd gone nowhere
And all these years vanished right into thin air
And left me here again.

No one really knows just how to do it
I don't even know and I've been through it
So many have tried to tell me what it was
But my mind speaks up: honey, you weren't there so shut up
Your words mean nothing. If you wanna know how to be
This poem will not help – sorry.
But I can break my own rule and claim one certainty:
Don't make it your goal to follow someone's mold,
Take a step back from what you've been told
'Cause if you look around you'll see that every way to be is found in our world.

05/28/11

The Golden Grain

You, your shell
Is one of them;
Its words echo distantly
While your grain floats like a star overhead,
Appears separate, tied by a thread.
It's what speaks, what looks
Around the world with wide open eyes,
A body that shines so bright
In a flowing colored myriad.

And your substantial form
Is a gray toned shadow
Whose eyes are dull,
Whose voice is a whisper
That echoes over the mountain ranges
Of lonely windswept chalk.

The worlds should switch;
The one unseen
Bursts with the colors of every dream.
While this world of colors our eyes convey,
(Close your eyes and the crowded hall where you stood
Is empty, abandoned, silent
And you walk through alone in the world)
Painted in shades of gray.

Reopen your eyes to the bustling world
Again and again – but always the same.
Close your eyes once more and wander
Through silence, in search of the golden grain.

When you find it the worlds are righted,
The outside repainted to match what's in
As the world inside seeps through the veil,
The barrier, your skin.

People are pretty – how can you choose one body?
Don't look for somebody.
I don't know what else to do
But sit here without a clue.
And I, I'm happy,
Happier than I've ever been,
And I've only just realized,
Going, "huh, that's interesting,
To find myself at a constant B."

Imaginary Emptiness

I feel your absence like the void is a thing.
Not zero – we dip into the negatives.
Every second that passes without your presence
My skin crawls and twists, my heart drops down
And tastes the lack of love like bitterness in the air.
Take away the magnifying lens; burn off the taste buds;
Close my eyes; cut off the skin receptors.
Prevent me to feel
This nothingness like a shawl I can wrap around my shoulders.
It is felt everpresent – every wall burst open
To pour out the rip a diamond drip
At the cost of an endless feeling.

05/11

Fall Off Me

Thoughts from one minute prior, fall off.
I no longer speak your language.
Seeds blown by the breeze into my ear
Fall out when I take a step.

A minute through my body encapsulates a year,
The time to grow a flower
And wilt it back to ash.
So cycle thoughts through me –
Blossom, entwine, shrivel to dry brush.
So with my thoughts do I agree?
As with my change of clothes.

05/28/11

Song for the Future

Well, I'm gonna stop tryin' to be someone and let go.
I chased down a mountain, but for what I don't know;
Maybe just to prove to myself I could.
But life proved laughingly that I couldn't *not*.

Now that I'm secure I'm gonna drop my crown.
Now that I don't need proof in the sea I won't drown
I'm gonna stop lookin' down and throw in the net
And float along like a hedon how the waves may let.

I used to think I had to run after the world as it flew by me,
'Til I saw my feet running on the ground after a fantasy.
Now I'm tryin' my hardest to be no one,
Sink into the background, be the girl in the shopping line.

One of ten billion, I want nothing more.
I'm tired of fire, and burned to my core.
Now what's left is a little dwarf hard and white
That sinks into the folds of the black bed of night.

I knew I was right when I said it's a phase.
I planned to be married once I stayed in place,
But darlin' it's impossible not to change;
I'm out of the mind I was in yesterday.

06/01/11

This is a song I would've written in my forties or fifties after going through life... but I wrote it when I was twenty-one, on the day I got my first real job. It's about looking back on the pressing need to *be* someone and laughing because far from needing to run marathons, life is so made that you have to try *not* to be someone. I think this is something I'll learn later in life.

Hello, 2 AM

Deep to me the outlines drawn
Mean nothing though they're looked upon;
Ignore the forms – a crowd of ghosts
Bustles through a silent city.
With my eyes closed I see clearly,
Navigating blind.
Where you saw walls there is nothing;
Out of nowhere, the hand of a bodiless friend.
Feel with your eyes closed open
The landscape's contours rearranged,
Finding everybody's shape –
Now open your eyes to the disconnect.
Who we are out here, what does it mean?
You go further out, I plunge deeper in.
I'm living inside my vision,
Drawing my resources closer in,
Living in silence, sunk into peace.
I don't aim to explain
To anyone how I close my eyes and listen
To secrets spoken so plain
In a language I cannot relay,
Melodies strung of notes we can't catch,
Wondering what it is I hear
If anything at all – or if
I'm hearing only the whistling cry –
From the farthest point in its trajectory –
Speeding through air it cuts into –
Of a boomerang I threw.

06/03/11

Letting myself fall free
I find I can't fall too far.
But I imagine inside I'm falling
Because the light went out for a bit
And I prepare myself to live
The rest of my life without it

06/03/11

Turn the lights off
And find yourself
In a whole new land.

Turn the lights off,
Walk in darkness; you'll see
A light up ahead; walk toward.

As you get closer,
Your body feels ever warmer;
You've swallowed this light into you.

But open your eyes;
You won't see the light;
There are no guideposts in the world of day
For the underworld made of substancelessness
That most cannot access.
Yet it is the only place to visit
Where you can find lasting happiness.

Navigate according to streets
And you'll never reach your heart.

06/05/11

The Ghost Plays Tricks on Me

He flies into an uninhabited shell
and looks at me out through its eyes,
curving the lips of this avatar
into a knowing smile.
Before I know it, he flies out,
leaving the shell to fall to the floor,
empty sockets for eyes.

He flies from puppet to puppet
pulling on strings,
animating their limbs
and I look on the scene, irresistibly;
my head spins round to tie him down,
but he just disappeared and I'm only in time
to catch the puppet going limp.

06/06/11

It doesn't matter what language I speak;
They all sound the same.
We make plans that happen or not;
Either way is the same.
Day to night so many days,
Move silently from place to place,
Speak my words and play my part;
It doesn't move my heart.

One note, one state, one word repeated,
Fantasy to circumstance
But always rings inside.
My heart pulses every beat with this reality,
Nonexistent in the light.

So help me help me
Leave this place I've been so long,
Held by my invisible friend
As we sing a song
That sounds like silence when I try to sing it out loud.

06/12/11

Every now and then I hear a note
Rung from a distant land.
I stop and ask myself: how much is fantasy
Of this reality I have so really known?
Upon the strike,
I see your face – the tenderest expression.
You are infinitely soft and sad and sweet,
Looking into me through your heart's eye,
A rueful smile.
And my heart breaks for you,
Locked up so deep inside,
Flying farther 'way, grown fainter, like this ringing note.
But when we meet each other in the streets,
No, we cannot comply.
Every now and then I hear a note,
A distant messenger.
Every passing day that I remember,
Farther, farther, fainter.

06/21/11

Last Day

Well, boy, finally, you have set me free.
It's the last day of this process.
Nothing much has changed between before and after,
I am the same as ever I was.

It took you far too long to let me know.
Were you afraid of being unkind?
One quick rip's better than pulling slow
And digging in the knife.

I came to the end of foolishness;
There wasn't any farther left to go.
Lost my body running after you,
And went blind to custom, too.

Ho boy, it's ended; you were the first.
Now I await the consequences,
Looking forward to years in the future
Replaying inversions of these cadences.

But you know what I think? There was little to do,
Of my journey through this terrain, with you,
Catalyst: unchanged do you remain?
Will your life be of verses, or just a refrain?

06/21/11

Where to next?
To love the world, the whole world,
Every inch and crevice
I abandoned, I skimmed over,
Now that I've returned.
I never loved the world before.

First I stood outside;
Now I stand within.
Feel the wind through every cell
And let it break you
With no barrier,
No wanting,
Only moving, taking in.
No distance – now you're in the middle
Spinning in
The center of the whirlwind,
Bearing the severance,
Forgetting remembrance,
Letting everything come and go.
In this whirlwind we don't speak,
We don't think, we don't act,
We only dance. We only dance
Through every alley, weave a thread
Of gold until the whole wide world's
Ensnared.
This state – no fear.
Death is 'round the corner
But we keep dancing here.

The desert sands are myriads of colors,
Melting, glistening, and dancing around you.
Nothing stays in place, it always moves,
In perfect coordination.
It is you, your mind's creation,
A reflection.
Why to look within
When you can look without
And see all of yourself?

Every song becomes its fullness;
Words have disappeared.
Words are notes, and all is music,
Poetry, a flow.

I could talk about the details all forever;
Truly I don't know
What land I'm walking in;
I don't ask myself that, no.

Virtue

You can be superior, you can be soft,
Cultivate your gentleness, stand above desire,
You can be the nice one – “you’re the better one” they’ll say
As they run off with all the food cooked in your fire.
“Keep on burning! You know you burn so bright,
Your beautiful flame is our source of light!
Yes you’re the light one, we’re in the dark –
Lead us to safety in your strong ark.
We’ll collapse when we get to shore – but we’ll urge you
To keep reigniting your spark!
And you can roll in the hallowed words we say,
The reward for your naiveté.”

Show me one reason to be kind,
One benefit to softness, the logic in being nice.
Milliards extol these abstract virtues,
Which they laud with abstract praise.
Were the voices speaking out for kindness
Goaded on a friend?
Urging him to lofty heights,
While they became the thief.
“Good” and “bad” are doubtful,
But results don’t need belief.

What geniuses spin such illusions
And stuff them into heads
To breed fools malleable enough to trust a view
That real laws by ideals does skew.

So you can be superior to me if you would like,
Steep yourself in virtue, bring your light into the light.
I don’t need to be extolled, I just need to reach my goal,
And you can take your fool’s gold praise and shove it right.

When the Sky is Clear

My whole life before this,
I waited for you, perfect,
my other half behind my back,
and every day felt like tomorrow
I'd walk around the bend and meet you.

After the whirlwind (which is far behind me),
I walk away from you, dissolved
are you, was I, and now
I face only the empty sky.

What was the point of being filled with so many
illusions, being made with seventeen eyes,
one inside, another distorting the light?
Why did my body have three extra arms dangling awkwardly?
Why did I know truths I strove to prove but couldn't see?
And for what was that dream of perfection, consuming desire
that only fell off of me?

I walk away from you now, you illusion,
you dream, more phantom than I had known
this poem: 'bout nothing
love poems: to no one
the pull: imagination
true love: my fabrication

Life is the same as before in round two,
but I have no dreams – there are no such things.
I'm not waiting to find you around the bend,
I am not waiting,
I'm just –

Change in Attitude?!?

Every person's eyes are windows
Into the soul – but not his own.
There is one soul, so who you sit with
Is always the same, redone
In a different mold. It's true
What Rumi said, about getting back
What you lost in another form.
It's the same inside,
People are tunnels.
Everything takes you to the same place.
No need to be afraid of loss;
There is no such thing, nor is the world scarce
But a cup overflowing at every turn!

06/28/11

Blue

To the garden I came for blue
I turn – right there
Around – again
Once more – look down
At my hand, blue
In my hair, blue streaks
Everywhere, what I seek
Turn about, a million seeds spring into
Flowers blue
Then wilt to cerulean, indigo ash
A new wave of blue 'cross the sky does flash
I look into you and I see blue
You're gone, another comes, also blue
A stranger turns to glance at me
Blue peeks out as she turns swiftly
A thousand strangers blinking blue,
Open gates
Everything takes you to the same place

06/28/11

I'm Not Fighting

I'm not fighting, I'm complaining,
Making one hit once a month
In hopes it conveys that I want you
Through the lines between "hello, what's up."

I'm not a fighter, I don't charge
The world down and stand at your door,
That's creepy; I'm embarrassed
And my ego is worth more than love.

What love in me can I speak of
If I cannot raise hell?
If I resign myself to hope something outside
Will turn this to my will?

Feelings only feed one mouth,
It's *action* that will do,
But I do not know how but to
Pour all the feelings out to you.

If I had one grain of what I claim
I'd learn to weave so easily
Like a stealthy silent spinner
Tangling up victory.

What talk of victory!?
With mine concerned love wouldn't be.
What would love be?
A way, somehow, to break resistance down gently.

And I can see it work on me,
But I can't emulate.
Is it weak to let go, let alone?
Would love care to save face?

Am I saving face? No I don't think so.
I just hope one day by grace,
(The way I feel I know)
Will bring me what I want, so

Is soft certainty my weakness?
Forceful pushing – is that strength?
What is fighting? What is waiting,
Knowing deep you have to wait?

If I was filled with but a grain of that true gold
There wouldn't be debate, I'd lose my hold

And fly with every particle.
I tried – does failure mean it wasn't in the full?

Would you think even that I tried?
I hear rejection, but don't listen,
Yes, I'm mad. I shouldn't be
The world tells me
When through their rules this place I see.
But who won who paid graces heed?
To throw all that away I can in me
But outwardly – the dream knocks up against the street.

It's not enough what I did, is it?
No, for I have given up.
If I let go – is it my weakness?
Or should I knock on your door
Until the tiny dents bore through?
Until the shouts of lunacy
Become white noise?
And if I can't, what love can I write of?

07/01/11

When You Meet Your Love Out in the Streets

When you see your love
Walking in the streets,
Be it several years have passed,
And they have come to loose their jeans,
They are tiny, helpless, fighting 'gainst the world with that frail form;
Be they bloomed in fullness,
Curves abounding, all reflecting
The vitality of youth –
You're stopped in your tracks just the same
And your heart breaks over every detail;
No matter what the detail is, it's the all and only;
A sudden moment's song
That has no notes
Rings inside your ears
Like a freight train speeding through,
Its gust of wind blows by you;
Shock eyes open suddenly;
Love breaks you without hesitancy.
Everything you knew –
Little glass delicates shattering.

Everything you built – in a tornado,
Iron melted, less form than liquid – and you
Are only on the ground where you stand.
Love beats with blood inside your heart,
A tear from which springs forth a note that cries
And when you're back to sanity, slowly you stitch up the wound.
Love breaks you. What does love do?
Love breaks you suddenly.
You meet your love out in the streets –
Why does love break so mercilessly?
With love you cannot do a thing but gape,
Go blind, thrash your head, it makes no sense.
I know the things you think I ignore
Of sophistication, modern trends – keep up with the world.
But I find in it no pull or allure
Only so much effort to run after.
When you meet your love in the middle of the street
Suddenly, there's nothing to do, nothing more.

7-05-2011

To Love

Love, I can't convey you.
I knew your wind in passing,
But now I don't remember.
In my mind I see a vision,
Yet I don't know how you look.
I only saw your back.
One day you were fuller,
Blooming – and I loved
Everything about the beauty of your fullness.
Now you are so thin
Now that time has passed;
But in the way you break my heart there is no difference.
Love, you do something to me
That makes no sense out here
Amid the animals who fared the better,
Better nature's laws they knew.
But all that, you undo,
You flower burst out from no seed,
Bloom from in my heart to out,
Disappear as suddenly,
Nothing here that I can grasp.
Love, I can't convey you.
Though many years have passed
It means nothing – when you strike,
It isn't *you* that I adore;
You are “adore” itself.

07/05/11

Green

When I decorate my room this time,
Green is really green.
I walked into the empty space,
But I was not alone.
Someone sat there
In a chair
Whose outline I could almost see.
With him I filled in every crevice
Intentionally,
Every piece of décor chosen
Utmost carefully.
I watched myself arranging
Every detail so slowly.
It is clear though I have moved
Before, this is the first time I
Have ever made my room.

Once you drink up all the juice
The bottle only's left.
It bears an imprint of your favorite flavor,
Echo mere at best.
Throw it out and take another;
Foreign tastes refresh.
Deliciousness of yesterday –
Back there let it stay.
Take a new one.
Really take
And write of every detail.
Fall into another world,
Headlong, in the whole.
Don't restrain the sever,
For you won't stay there forever.
And you can really never
Cut the diamond thread.

Some people prefer not to collect photographs,
They cut off threads, they don't accumulate
To spare themselves the pain of later having to clean out
That's somewhat inevitable, I will admit.

An exchange of love letters, I think "what's the point
If someday they'll mean the opposite?"
You think you are above the game,
But you avoid it to spare yourself future pain.
Is that so high and mighty?
I say it would be more advanced

To go normally through the exchange.
What does that look like from the outside?
Like nothing at all has changed.

07/07/11

Ode to Question

Question, I always hear you
asking yourself to me,
And everyone we see.
But your answer, no one knows.

Question, you meant to ask “You?”
But out loud it came out, “where to?”
So we headed to the bar on the right
and talked about you all night –
but it was not what you meant us to do.

As our talk circumvented your essence,
people recited the soundest theories,
but as you have erased every answer
and become the only care in me,
the logic I heard did not fit,
and the core was never truly hit.
But it’s not that their answers are untrue,
it is that no one hears clearly *you*.

Before you asked yourself to me
I mulled you over from afar.
How many theories I could spin
before you were within.
Now all answers fall short,
and all comments make no point.
I can do less the more you are near;
all that is left to me is to hear.

God, if you exist,
only you can answer this question
that always makes itself heard
over the noise of the world.
I’m left to put my faith in hopes
that serendipity will be kind
to resolve the hole in my chest,
lest an ellipsis conclude my life.

07/10/11

I cut off everything but what I chose to keep
Inside my world. A tailor to my life,
Decidedly my favorite shades are pumpkin, red, and plum.
The million others I have filtered out;
Choosing what min'rals form my planet. Don't you know how dumb
I am but you keep hanging on. How do I cut
Your stubborn arm? Step on your fingers 'cause you're blue
And my sky painted all in gold has no need for your shade
Offered so desperately it makes me laugh. But I have better things to do
Like run to my horizon. And, well, you – you can go fuck yourself
My dear. It isn't my burden to bear. I am the artisan
Of my own life, the captain of my soul.
I like the steak and steak knives, think the ones for butter
Can all go. I picked the right degree
To twist the blinds, let just the right amount of light
Into my lonely room. Do you not see it's something that I choose?
The things you represent are nothing like what I have built
My world of, and your constant knocks just make me more annoyed.
Now bring me wine someone. I am an idiot
Who doesn't see, refuse to feel the threats against my cool
Painted all over your nice face, your friendly smile,
Your boring ways, your timid style
That almost begs me to unravel the whole spool
Of threads that spin your tender ways, defenseless laughable,
Fertile ground for feet to tread, and most will be so eager;
Even I am not exempt. So I smile back at your smile,
All the while without the reason mirrored.
Choosing in my mind to stick to my cool character
And chase others whom I think are cool like me but cooler.
I will never see, or let myself become a fool
The way you foolishly urged me to do.
And who are you? What are you doing
Calling me to you? You are a castle worn
That drags a body uber sleek to sink with you,
But I refuse. My world will be complete 'thout shades of blue.

07/11/11

Not Much of a Poem

Tell me, how did this turn out so uneven?
I need you, I want to take you in my world
And give you everything forever.
But you, you do not need me;
You like to be alone.
You could get used to it, you say;
Meanwhile I pine.
I call and call your name out,
But it gets drowned out by your stereo
While you're in your room, singing alone.
Why don't you need someone?
Maybe someday.
Why do you like being alone?
Too much stress?
The benefits will outweigh it dear, trust me,
And I'd give you everything
But you like being alone, you like being alone,
And I can't bear to be half.

07/18/11

My Heart is a Fish

My heart is a fish swimming in the river,
A little fish with a big death wish,
Throwing itself all over,
Looking for a hook.

My heart is trying to line up
The pickup sticks lying jumbled.
You face may have another name;
And good and bad may look the same.

My heart doesn't know one situation from another.
My heart fills so many outlines with one color.
My heart will always find some reason to break or maim.
No matter what the cause, it always breaks the same.

Your voice is starting to sound not like yours,
But so much better.
Your drunken written pretty words,
Read like a love letter.
You're a poet of smooth finesse;
You're on my mind, hate to confess.
Look at you and me, and you will see
I'm going blind.

I don't need this, another lover.
Out of your line, I'll keep my cover.
Surface of scorching knives;
No tenderness belies.
Inside it's silent but outside it roars.

It's fire, fire,
It's a burning sun.
Hear only silent roaring,
Miss the one
Who stirred up tenderness.
None of that here in this.
Throw out your hundred arms like licking flames.

The fish swims lost in circles round and round,
Getting confused between the sea and ground.
My heart needs none of this;
Let it peacefully miss
A feel of love so soft
When it is held it falls apart.

Memory of Other Organs

One time that you looked at me
Anchors me to memory
I saw so much – how much did I make up?
Do you deny, are you in pain –
Did I see straight, this whole time have I been insane
And imagined feelings that never did reside?
From that one time stems a memory
That won't let go of me,
A pothole in the past I can't pull my foot out of,
A hook on a line tuggin' me all the time
I've gone blind to the goings-on outside
Though I move along with the flow
The way my life does go
But way back and behind
And on top of my mind
It lies unresolved,
A sentence without punctuation,
Half a thought spoken,
Dropped in a token, I twist, I wait
As I turn the handle
It's hard to handle being up in the air
Playing to whatever goes on out there
While I don't care, deep under waiting for the click
And whatever goes on, I follow along,
I do my part, I lust, I thrust, I make art,
I work, I act kind, kind of like a jerk,
I find my peace of mind and then I regret it
Then over again the circles spin,
I pretend to be tied up but I am not
Except for one memory that has my core caught,
A moment's completion,
A ghost well I know,
Out of this world he's a visitor
Whom I bumped into as he was taking his tour,
Then drifted back into an unreachable plane
And I chased, but I knew it was in vain,
Hit against a wall, banged my fists in pain,
Extending to taste a foreign flavor
My earthly taste buds were not made for,
A taste I will not find running through countries,
The only taste for which I have a taste,
Gouged out my eyes, replaced with a light,
Now nothing I see lines up with what's in me.
Nothing outside conforms to what I so certainly know.
There's a story, there's a burn, there's a lie from you
Am I making up the fact that something wasn't right?
Am I making up love? I know for certain

When I get excited, it is not love,
It never is love, now I'll never confuse it
With the something I knew once, though I don't anymore,
Hear only an echo, can't let go, I try to loosen my grip
But my chest has a rip to which it is attached
'Cause it's proof that I met my best friend once,
With no name, no game, no home, no form, no way to follow.
My world spins 'round me (suppose we), hollow.
And only the core does matter;
The shapes outside don't mean a thing.
What's in a name? Absolutely nothing!
How does this rag change if I call it "king"?
You can be poor, mature, a child, inane, pious, tame;
But attributes, to me they all look the same.

07/25/11

Something to Think About

I need something to think about while the day passes, dull
Something for my mind to chew over, to keep it full.
Sometimes it's philosophy or the great things that I do,
But the object my mind most often lands on is you.

To all my guys,
I think of you and only you all the time.
To all my guys
Who aren't mine, your face is prime.
Everyone takes a turn wearing the mask of the main,
The emotions and words of each rendition the same,
The role is easy enough for the choice of actor
Not to matter too much.

I don't really believe that I'm in love with you,
That we're meant to be, will come eventually
Back together again and be the best of friends.
You're on an even footing with the other loose ends.
A tapestry with dangling threads – that's life.
All I want is to live out so many good nights.

I don't really believe you're the source of my suff'ring,
Just the formless unrest that always is gurgling
Needs a form to slip on and it's often your face,
But with any other it feels just the same.

Whoever stayed entertained tasting only salt?
I want sugar and bitter, the whole palate.
Travel 'round the world, "tasting" every kind.
Be prepared and be warned that I won't bind.
(But a benefit is being blind).
'Cause the world is big and life is short
And if love is over begin the sport.
This same happened to me many years ago
As a teenager with a much calmer flow
Of hormones – you know where I'm trying to go?
With my overripe fruit of ideals out the window.

07/28/11

I feel like I close my eyes and walk into a light,
But oh no that's not what they see.
Feeling doesn't translate into what the scene looks like;
Its trace is invisibility.
Where can I find proof to show you
That this truly is the best
When *this* removes the need for show,
For being appropriately dressed?
No photographs will capture, no neighbors be impressed,
No mansions will be bought from it, no footprints will be left.
No knowledge will support it, no logic will agree.
Until you jump into the kingdom in the air yourself
Anything I say of it will make no sense to thee
And even if I talk for days it will all sound like lunacy.
All I could say, though it won't help, would be, "believe you me."

The world gauges happiness by judging appearance,
But happiness would never ask that a photo
Be taken and displayed to have itself validated.
How can you see what doesn't put on a show?

My conviction could flip, I could walk off a cliff,
But what can I do? By what else can I go?
Maybe only cold hard reason;
Maybe this will be my lesson.

07/30/11

Right now, this is the certainty
That courses through. I feel, I do
That you take me wherever I need to go;
I don't travel alone, when I have my skin.
All towns and gardens look familiar;
I find whatever situation I've fallen in
Provides if you flip over the bricks of the places
In the cracks, if you look twice at the inhabitants' faces
Oh you'll find a friend, hidden from you at first glance.
Calmly you go with no need to rush.
That is how you lead me.
I walk and the path seems to wind like a choice
Taking me wherever I need to be
Or is every place connected analogously?
Is that dismal or a miracle?
Depends on your eyes.
Before I came to the world again
I was wanderin' lookin' for
And could find what I sought in no venue,
And learned I would not find it anywhere.
But when you find a diamond you find a mine.
When you taste a drop you're drowned in the sea,
And you drink and drink but it'll never empty.
You drown in a diamond spill from the rip in the screen
And you might die of overwhelm staring straight at the burning sun.

07/31/11

King of My Heart

King of my heart, why don't you come to me?
I've done acrobatics across the world,
Been this and that from sea to sea,
The opposite of what I was, what I never thought I'd be.

King of my heart, I have constant unrest.
I long to draw you to me, but you leave me powerless;
I come to your wall, but find it covered in hieroglyphs.
I had hours of speech prepared but when I open my mouth
I cannot speak your tongue,
And I do not know how to reach undertow and pull your body to mine.
But it's not my body you touch, it's in my heart that we converse,
And if we lived only in that world, of emotions,
Without resistance we'd instantly join.

But in my whole state, I burn and burn.
Once I quiet my body I hear you clear
Ringing through my heart, your place.
Our room resides on the upper floor
But on the ground level sits the door
And between the two there is no staircase.

You think me quiet; you've made me mute.
King of my heart, not a trace of the brute
Do I find in you, being so refined,
So sensitive, in yourself confined.

What have you done? You've burned me away,
Made me a marriage with the air.
My body is like my guard dog, bounding
Its movements of which my heart doesn't care;
It has its own story, but *I* am not there,
I wait for you, king, beside your chair
By the window that looks out to everywhere,
But you are not to be found there.

Just now for a moment I had barely a taste
Of loving the same as I loved being by your side
Loving our break and divide.

Well, by now wore off the spell and I stand in the plain.
Metabolized my body the last microbe of this illness
That fogged my brain and skewed my mind as it ran through each vein,
But now I've gained immunity forever to this sickness.

Well, worn off has all the spell
And I stand by my lone.
Looking out ahead of me I see but a vast plain.
Looking back upon my life I see it was a dance
I'm forced to ask: was it just me, or was it circumstance?

Who's to say the flowers weren't my interpretation
Of abstractions and my friends not shadows I formed into friends?
Their reactions, our exchanges, only tales of my creation?
The brightness of a situation that which my mind lends?

Whatever I knock into, how can I give it appraisal
If I know the grain of wood that's making up this sturdy table
Has a quality beyond itself that's but my fantasy?
Is it ever circumstance, or is it only me?

08/09/11

I Don't Want to be Fine

I don't want to give up my struggle,
I don't want to run out of time,
I don't want to reach the goal I've been trying to reach.

I've criticized spending your life in a dream world
While a dream world I have lived in,
But now that the clouds are dissipating,
I'd say "fuck the real world" and jump back in

Because you won't find anything here
But echoes, and you set a misaim
In searching the outside world for a diamond
You saw in a dream so real
You felt sure it must lie out your window
The moment you awoke.

All your life you dream of a prize,
But don't know that the prize is the dream
Of something beyond this reality of our eyes.
Our ability to create,
What I've cursed as distortion is, yes, a distortion,
A trick of my mind to change without changing;
What other creature on earth can this power wield?

All my life I've struggled against this tendency
To recreate to my fit reality
For I always found myself going against the way the world went;
I always went the other way.
But now I am okay.

So long I wished I'd but agree
To resolve the constant disharmony
Between what I saw and what I felt should be,
But now there's no fight to quench
And I feel maybe I'm on the ledge
Of rain about to put out the fire,
About to say that I resign
Just now did I learn to love it
And now I don't want to be fine.

Confusion/Closeness

I feel a closeness, I don't know to whom.
When it has no form it leaves me confused.
Something whispers inside and drives me deeper into
The tunnel of the world where is only one.

I am the character, I am every one.
Outside my private room I talk to none.
Inside it, I create with me
A world blocked off to brutality.

But outside of this sacred air I'm such a bitch,
Discord between my heart and my outward itch.
How do I live? I stick out my left hand and grab my right.
We embrace each other, we love and we fight.

Everyone thinks I'm cold, do they?
Or impersonal when I've naught to say
Of myself; I'm talking, but talking to
The only one whose view I accept.

Lately I have been so confused, I cannot express
Ideals hang tenuously and partial needs give my body no rest
But urge to build beginnings of bonds that are only half-meant,
Partways-wanted, that will be hard to part

While up in my head and perhaps in my heart,
Which has been a quiet bystander,
I cling to one hundred percent and try not to thwart
The pure dream with my body's slander.

But repression is no way to go, is it?
And aren't I back here again?
Thinking, thinking (but now also drinking –
They call it a vice but I think it assists,
They frown upon it, but I smile at the ease
Of these nights without thoughts, though my mind resists
(My mind's so strong with its iron reigns)).

All I want truly's for this poem to end,
For it to have worked out, for the past to mend,
For my heart to feel peace lest my mind persists
In exalting the merits of struggle as but an excuse,
But not deal with my real half patterns
That make me fall short, nor live life half-meant,
Nor accept incompleteness or come to terms with the way relations are bent.

I feel this closeness (I wanted to)

That doesn't reach out to another.
There is no question of who
Sits on the receiving end – no other.
There's no receiving end, no talk of end,
No talk of who, but just this feel,
Nothing waiting around the bend,
No bend, but only the world as it is is real.
And I add to with imagination
Closeness of my own creation
'Cause we are more than animals
And have greater needs.
There's little magic in a princess' sparkles;
A different mouth our glitter feeds.

08/13/11

Around the World

Don't you come too close to me, I flirt with everyone
And I flirt with them the same as if they were the same person.
There's no discrimination to my taste.

I like to get a feel a little deeper than the skin;
Assuming that I'm sure before I take a step within
Is a misled method that's led me astray.

So I play a little, stir the pot
To figure out just what you've got.
You know how I love blue, but how it changes so dramatically depending on the lighting.

I'm running round the world, trying to keep a dream in mind
Of my one hundred, but I keep hitting so many ninety-fives
And to succumb to its demise sometimes becomes only too tempting.

I had my heart broken, broken, broken,
Now the compass arrow's pointing everywhere and nowhere;
I've no direction
So I'm running round the world
Finding out about all I didn't know.

I remember knowing that I felt so sure, sure, sure
But if I can't have what I want I want nothing more
But my body's still a body still is burning
And some days all day I spend the hours feeling only yearning.

But something I have to do to move on if this won't change.
Yes, it still holds me inside but the scenery becomes a different stage.
My body's moving on while my heart still drags behind.

So I dig into each pair of eyes just like a hopeless miner
Looking for no treasure, but to understand the crevices and lines
That line the walls – of you, not of my mind,

For I know those all too well, indeed they're all I've ever known.
I've hit posts or human bodies, and by my veils off been thrown
So now I go around the world in hopes I will be realigned,
No longer seeking what I've found, what is not out there to find.

I Don't Want to Be 21

These new habits are taking a toll,
Walking the field like it is a tightrope.
Don't know what I want: to live alone,
Have a family, travel 'round the world.
Every prick dips under my skin, flips a switch in my mind;
Take the grain and fly. Weave a story that does not comply
With the goings-on of my physical life.
Up on a pedestal, on a throne
Where I placed myself and myself alone.
Every little touch is much too much.
Crawls under my skin, becomes an elephant.
Then I retreat and harden the hierophant
Image the world perceives.
Think too much of the future, more of the past,
How this grain will destroy of my life the rest,
Trap me in binding circumstance .
I was this way, too, when I was nineteen
And still believed it was drawn by fate.
But now I see patterns between the plunge
I could've taken and the one I'm about to take.
No, nothing conforms to my interior
But I take the scraps 'cause I'm inferior;
At least, that's what I'm afraid is the reason
For these what seem like mistakes.
Does anyone think this much about every step they take?
Does every move have the danger of leading me into wet concrete?
No, I don't trust me feet, they cannot see
(Nor my libido), or ideals I can't let go.
There are so many ropes of thought, I choke.

I don't want to hurt anyone,
But I'm a danger to myself and everyone.
When I think too much, I am no fun.
What worth has fun? What does have worth?
Ever since I've been unhooked I fear I've been kicked off
The team that bats for the kingdom of God.
All I want's invisible. Does anyone else
Place a value on this nothingness?
Will no one understand? Do even I?
I'm so confused, just turning
The wheel around and round.
Looks like I need a new inner goal.
I feel myself coming to this new skin,
But still it's far away ahead,
My other life, meanwhile I apologize
For smacking you with my spinning tentacles
With flaming tips of burning youth.

In this confusion, I've acted somewhat uncouth.
Even *I* wish I'd be past this age
Where anything could be the truth.

08/22/11

I'm Gonna Leave You

You make me feel so comfortable,
Even happy – but tell me what it's worth
If *you* say nothing matters
But the moment when we're born and die?
And aren't our birth and death only ever in our minds
As moments we never experience?
So isn't what matters what we do with what is *here*?

What is happiness and humor worth?
We laugh all the time – but every road takes turns.
In the moment (sometimes) I'm sure with you
But when I am alone my ideals invade,
Screaming “run! Cause he's not going far
Spinning round and round in the human drama,
And you know you'll never rest lest you keep moving
On the wind.”

Your philosophy is, “it'll work out, somehow,”
But look at the lives of those who uphold that excuse.
I say *you* 've got to do it and if you don't push,
You'll settle and say, “it just happened that way,”
When *really*, you *let* it occur, but kept up that veil
To sleep at night
And ignored he who told you twist your body and fight.

Is it unpleasant dear, tell me, to hear?
Would you rather I whisper secrets into your ear?
Should we keep cracking jokes, keep finding out
That we seem to be the same beneath
(Only when we're close), but what's that feeling worth?

I've known peace I've known in moments few;
For the rest of my life without it I could do
Because a taste is enough of what you want true,
And you'll have it forever in memory;
Can never hold anyway intangibility.
My body goes to you, though, though my consciousness
Disagrees and screams he'll drag you down
And thus we get this wound-up poem.

You could know me, I feel that clear;
It could be personal, what I fear,
But I don't want to tie us up in that bind,
The most painful knot you could unwind,
And something in my brain tells me I would;
I'm gonna leave you, dear, and when I do, for good.
Done it times before, had it done to me;
Know the ins and outs of splintering.
I may love you, you make me feel so happy (sometimes),
I'd tell you everything, such a friend –
But I'll leave you in the very end
Or eat myself alive like I did
Every time I've been in this same spiderweb.

Haven't told a soul of what's going on
(Though everyone around us knows).
I keep asking myself, why am I here?
Who do I trust? Not myself for sure.
My mind knows best, it can't ignore
What my excited heart claims doesn't matter.
But its tough ideals, do I trust
When they say, "seek one on your level."
But last night I was crawling on the ground,
Punching, yelling, and drinking and stumbling around.
Who was I looking to find there, a king?
Looked in the mirror and it shattered everything;
I cried and dropped it to join the throng
Getting tossed around by the empty waves
Once they let themselves go; but I still hang on.
Where is the light? Is it in this sea
Or at the safe lighthouse of my dreams,
(An artificiality built to reach the skies,
A testament to something beyond animalism;
Forgetting it, I quickly grow horns and talons.)
My life in fantasy, or maybe at the top of this hierarchy
I have drawn out that is crowned by a throne.
(And you're a bottom dweller, dear)
It isn't fair that I tried, and will keep on trying,
And once the hormones fade you'll be left knowing

That *I'll* volunteer to carry the load.
Perhaps you say you are young, but some things just don't
Depend on your age. My dear, I wish
You did something with your life
Other than party every night
(You'd be a generous king, with your light,
But you've got to work to make the outside match the good things inside).
And if we get together on a tipsy occasion,
The threads will be frayed,
For the fabric is not of the vision I painted
Whose remake soothes me from head to heart to root.

I see a stranger, place them beneath;
Everybody says that I'm aloof;
At such a young age, look, already better
Than everyone else in the world.
In their eyes I try to see myself; I question
Why they didn't want to keep going.
What do I know of the world? But nothing
Unless it's the one I inhabit alone.

So it's a fight; on one side I agree
With my high ideals; but should I hold on
To what I fear can't be recaptured once it's gone?
Or let go of this nonsense and join the show
Of human drama caught in trifles
I couldn't care less about. How sad
I could stay alone and every day this seems more okay?
Not only, but what I want truly, not dirt and not trouble.
Never been more confused, but two things I know:
One: I'll never be able to stay in place.
Two: people don't change
(Even with a transformative love?).

08/26/11

Second Love

And I feel you are where I once was,
Eyes open wide, dancing in the dust,
In the height of a kingdom streams color across
A world for so long gray.

But how can my eyes open wide again
For the very first time, as they did then?
My place now's to let them half-close
And bask in the luxury of being loved.

And I can't wait until you break
And blink as if you just awoke
To find the build-up of you broke,
That history begins today.

How strange not to be the one chasing after the comet
With all I can give. How strange
Not to hang on the edge, but to rest in bed
And close my eyes. With my eyes closed
I see I've been lulled into peace.

Still in this bed I remember and feel
Threads unfulfilled in their fate to tie,
Thinking one day the fray will demand completion
At the cost of my by-then-built life.

How different is this second love
That leaves me calm like a wounded soldier
With nothing to do but to be taken care of
By who has love in his eyes for me,
And quietly I smile in return,
But my mind, once burned, now cuts short
Any swell my heart might take to fly.
You are only young once inside.
And I'll bask in the luxury
Of being the older soul.

Around the kernel dances second love,
But deep, deep under I chase the light
That gave a part of me immortality
When it was young,
Deep, deep in a place I've forgotten
Existing untouched, that runs on its own,
A little perpetual motion machine
Still chasing the light –
Even though I feel I've stepped into it.

Madness

I reopened this book to write of a situation almost gone.
As I revisited the stations, the sentiment filled up my heart with light
And I felt I beheld something unique in a lifetime.

In the late stages, when I was coming out of it, I began to call a spell,
And look down upon as madness, what, if I stood above us
I might see was *really*, like I thought (though I thought me mad to think it),
A binding of our souls in the cosmos, outside of Earth.

Now, I've submerged myself in being realistic, shunning fantasy
And, because it's in the distant past, I relegated this trip
To someplace farther than memory.

I feel myself forgetting
And as I do it breaks my heart,
And like before a shell breaks open and what's inside cries out.
Could it be that I do hit upon a truth
Too high above to ever send down confirmation, proof?
Will my earthly body trapped for years inside its earthly life
Be left to think, as do its fellow earthlings,
That such notions are fantastically madness? Impossibility? Nothing but fantasy?
Be unable to feel a material so fine flow over my form?
Will my earthly life play out its rest without this quality?
When I touched upon this nothing that was something, did I really?
What will happen when for longer time spans I forget?
Will this deepest part lie sleeping til by accident
I strike again upon this book I built once in a secret chamber?
What do I even write of now?
It's hard to hold to nothing.
Will my heart once finding fully filling
Have but memories
While my body ages, while my personality
Looks back upon a brightness that my common sense rejects?

Until one day; will I know then, how I could have lived my dream
But be too old to do a thing, in this garden world a queen
Who never took her role, but preferred to live convention
Though we have one life to grow into ourselves 'thout intervention?

About Nothing

When I was young the world was slowly turning gray as I grew older,
Sunsets ceasing to inspire, mountains draining out their color.
Didn't want a thing around me, no allures that hooked my mind.
My heart was quiet, waiting for an unseen, unknown diamond light.

I swam inside a sea of rhinestones posing as the sun,
Knowing not one sourced the light when standing on its own.
I couldn't tie a name or a give a form to the elusive key,
I only knew nowhere in this world lay what did belong to me.

One day when I was younger something touched me from another world.
For years I felt this single moment's imprint on my core.
Spent all my days trying to find again, explain, to recapture
The only thing that mattered anymore,

Twisted the shawl until my hands went numb and held the air,
Looked with burning eyes so hard, the image disappeared,
Panicking my sanity went after this light to a fall;
Was there ever anything at all?

As I watched the comet fly out of my world, mountains broke open,
Sky and walls ripped like a screen and everything began to cry.
From the rip there poured out endlessly a stream of diamonds,
More color thrown over all than could ever hold an eye.

When I was younger finally I gave up on the chase
After a light that even memory could not contain.
Let it go as if it never happened, carried on
Knowing I'd never know it again.

No matter what my body did from then on, 'twas the same
Inside where every morsel, though inspired awe, was never kept.
My body paid no mind to Earth but lived on it as in a game,
While inside eyes closed to await the day it died, and slept.

When I was young a rocket shot me straight out of this sphere
Then circled round and took me back to Earth; the ground was hit.
No longer did I find the rank of pathways to take clear,
Having once been thrown out of orbit.

Love Is Easy

My mind has so many rules for how to live well.
I've been a good and observant student all my life.
But something that feels right pulls me against that way
As I consider cutting off all the threads with my knife.

Life breaks me apart, but it's never enough.
My mind pushes down the urge to love.

09/07/11

Something Killed Me

It's like this whole time I was dreaming
(Maybe I'm still dreaming now)
But I feel I awoke just now and blinked off all the cobwebs.
The dream is truly beautiful, but only is a dream.
Inside all is quiet now, what sat so deep has crumbled down.
What fine silt so smooth at first enveloping my core
Cracked off to leave a hollow.
Now the notes fall in and resonate without an altered timbre.
There are no ideals here, there is nothing here to reach.
You are no desired, and I am left so clean.
You make me into who I seem to be –
I have refused, but I refuse no longer.
It's too real, as I've known all along.
There are no ideals here, and if this is the ideal
I don't want it anymore.
No one will agree – but they can keep on chasing after
Some epitome – but I won't be
The drop that fights its way back to the waterfall.
The waterfall's in me.
And now I see, in it's the drop, the waves ashore, the melting current, placidly before
The fall roars through its heart.
I don't think of kings or queens, rich inside their field of diamonds.
I don't think of stars – I hear only silence.
Somewhere I dropped my diamond.
You can have it all.
I don't think of love.
And I forget the waterfall.

09/21/11

The Way Things Are

We're gonna go deep and far and deep and far,
Plunge into the creepy dark.
Become our monsters, free and snarling
With our fangs all bared.
We're gonna go down the tunnel, far away
From the world beneath the light of day
And come to know ourselves behind the play.

We will take our masks off and reveal
The little gremlins underneath
And in the cave whose walls we'll feel
Our shadows will flicker across
For seconds, lit up by the torches dotting crevices.
We'll forget the world and what we think is us.

I will be a devil, dragging you
Along a line of fairy dust,
My little buddy plaything
I return to for a loving breast.
I'll keep us in the realm of air and meanwhile with my back to you
Shake hands with all the proper mannequins whose eyes are dead
As you, poor soul, a little gremlin, hobbles with a light and wide eyes
After me, who'll always be ahead.

We're gonna go deep and far, so deep and far
To find out how things really are,
Turn inside out and thrash until we don't know who we are.
Writhe unbridled 'long the walls,
Let our monster pets roam free
To dance as they were never let before.

We'll transform to bug-eyed hairy faces
Lashing out forked tongues,
Speak a language native to the cave
But gibberish above.
There will be no reservation of even the smallest part,
Nor observance of conduct how to behave.

Gods are flying 'mong the stars,
Kings and queens tilling the earth,
But underground this population scampers
Out of discipline.
Let the kids run wildly making mischief with a sneaky smile.
I won't be afraid to plunge right in.

If we think ourselves angels I'd laugh

And have to disagree.
I'll crawl into my monster's skin
And befriend my enemy.

So long I've heard the tunnel's song as it's been luring me –
Who am I to trample over curiosity?
In the past I took a step and ran back
To meld with the world
The few incomplete dark truths I incompletely learned.
The gremlins sang a song, but a few notes I'd ever heard,
Outside their world, entirely absurd.

09/23/11

Dearest Friend

I feel you have locked me out
(I hear whispers through your wall
In a language I can't understand)
But outside I'll remain.
Everything is in this life
(I never asked for)
Except the golden center.
I'd exchange for it these images
If I knew how.
Even all this happiness
Feels only like a dream.
Happiness, annoyance, suffering –
Inside I stay the same.
These trees in the foggy mist
Take me back to silent memories
Of music played a thousand years before.
Deep impressions one way or another
Turn out uncannily correct.
I feel I have felt the highest love
In you giving me up.
So high to say I feel it
Makes me sound like I'm insane.
But in silent thought when I'm alone
I hear you live across the wall.
Your music tells the story
Of what's hidden in your heart,
Kept hidden by your face
(Only *I* am fool enough to believe it a charade).
Even *you* might not know on the surface what you did.
But I have felt the longing,
I have felt the denial.
I have felt you turn your back to me and start to cry.
My imagination?
You would never tell.
If I woke up in a different city, with a different life, a name,
A husband, family, friends, talents – I'd still be the same,
I still would talk to you
As you keep me barred out of your gate,
Aching to let me inside
Across the wall, my dearest friend.

09/26/11

Out of Time

Even though the evidence has faced me in plain sight
Standing here alone I feel that something isn't right.
The theory entertains itself (against my logic's cries)
That you have such control as lets you bury down a well
That looks at me feigned emptily, the spark inside your eyes,
And seem as if you haven't changed, so I could never tell.
A thin link you cannot suppress still hovers in the air;
Just a couple molecules sensed ever so faintly.
I never *try* to catch the taste; more reason that it's there.
On the wind I've felt a sadness that did not belong to me.
It seems someday the universe must pay for oversight
That made us know of one another but go on in spite.
We are an X, touched once in center, then gone separately;
We weren't meant to meet here; we met accidentally
As we passed each other going down our separate lines,
Exchanging mirrored glances in a moment out of time,
A glance that I cannot forget: I saw you playing me
In the world that you belong in; I dropped my own instantly
And chased a flying comet fated for another corner,
Never knowing who I am, nor seeing my own reflection.

We caught in a moment out of time.
But there's no diverting the course.
No, we weren't meant to come together, maybe only to remember,
Maybe to stay sentimental, lose ourselves in words.

09/26/11

Why do I still write poetry
If, once I write it, I never agree
With what I wrote and think it lunacy
And become afraid of what's in me?
I weave stories to get out perceptions
That swirl inside my head,
So fine, sometimes reeled in only by the thinnest thread;
And I wonder in the end
If it wasn't perceived but invented?

They don't even have to rhyme, no,
Poetry has lost its rules.
The only thing remaining is its name
And even that is loose.
If the world did not call this a poem
Neither *I* would.
I do not know what this thing is
But a hundred words repeated
According to loose rhythm,
Ten ideas elaborated.

I've been writing poems for so long;
I lose myself when I
Try to get out what longs to escape
(Though I never can; that's why
I keep writing on – it's not a choice,
Nor that at which I try,
But a growth I've gotten sick of and wonder
When it will fall off and die.

I've written so many "poems" now
I couldn't tell you what poetry is.

09/26/11

This morning I thought I'd never write poems again;
It just goes to show how little I know.

I was *partially* right – I could not write
Of a new relationship over which I tried my heart to excite.

(Believe me it's good) – but I can write of only one
Who doesn't exist, who is none.

I write about nothing, stories that aren't logically true.
I don't know why I do.

09/26/11

Don't ask about the festival –
I was there but didn't see a thing.
There was too much all around me,
So loudly it overwhelmed.
Your body can only take so much in.

How the light hit those blades of grass, formed the shadows on pillars,
The fountain's moving water, her face and hers,
Their fashionable clothes.
I could go on about the things I never saw.
In one little square lay a whole world;
I wanted to plunge into one for more than a minute
And know everything about it I could.
There were too many unexplored worlds around me.
I was walking alone
And I must've looked a little strange.
It rent my heart to see happy duets
Because I've denied it so long for myself
That I've gotten used to being deprived
But there's no need.

I go out and in, out and in, travel between.
More often than not I close myself off in my room,
Then I come out and play.
But don't ask me about the festival;
There was too much to see;
I couldn't tell you objectively
That it was okay.

09/26/11

A Poem With No Rules

A lover and a festival –
A body and a soul –
A person and a god
Meet each other on a road.
They are walking in a line
But throw a glance that's out of time.
And each must keep going where each one must go.

A star and an observer –
Two comets flying past –
The same inside their essences
But on two different paths.
Brief meeting of a moment;
Too long it cannot last.
The universe must pay sometime
For its indifference.

09/26/11

To My Child

I wish I could tell you of good and bad,
About wrong and right, about day and night,
But drunkenness has led me to my light,
Shown me my face and revealed my taste.
My mind has spun so many tales,
Spun me so, I've forgotten where's north.
But when I'm imbibed with a little drink in my veins
My body quickly remembers and rushes forth.
And all that morality – what is it worth
If it's somebody else's shoved onto me?
I may look bad now, may look like a fool,
But I no longer think fun is wrong, you see.
How can I ever have a child?
What do I tell them they should do?
Following conduct has hidden so many
Facets of myself from my view.
It was by chance I stumbled onto this cure –
You'll find so much you need accidentally
When you drop course and set out to explore –
And I wish I could offer some guidelines to you
But unravel your learning is what I will do –
As you go there are no posts to grab onto,
Nor a blanket rule for what or how to,
No way barred from trying til you've gone at it,
No ingredient prohibited to be added,
Only, child, mix it discriminately.

10/01/11

I think I think
That this is magic
That by
My hand's touch you'll
Change automatic
I guess I'll have to go through it
To prove to myself it's not true.
But I believe
In spite of good sense
In this avenue

I'm waiting for
A face like mine so we can
Remain standing
Still for the rest of time
But I know
If I met him I would have nothing to say.
I would get so bored after a minute and I'd walk away.

I think I think
That I have just started to live.

I feel I feel
Myself always in love.

I need I need
So little that contains so much.

I know I know
That we are out of this world.

Ideal shattered
Set off to find it once again.

Insanity
But I go on anyway
So why do we
Keep talking
Walking down one road
When we should stay
Silent and stop and look around
And see our game
Every minute
Wake up, start again.
I wasn't here just a second ago, oh no.

Is It An Age?

Is it an age?
Or is it a mood?
Never been crazy like this
Never wanted to.
Is it my age now?
A mental disease?
I feel a time for bloodletting's come
And later I'll swing back to my calm self
It only lasts 'til I'm too scared to carry on.
Yes, I'm afraid of being high
But why not let it come down on its own?
So many go crazy under the night
Like comets falling to the ground,
Wasting themselves;
Is that what I'm doing?
Is this a time for fun with you?
The concept's never been so important
As the urge to explore excites my veins.
I'd been so long in the low but now I
Find myself listening to techno.
Just for a time?
What am I afraid of?
Discovering so many different faces
Doors to unexplored places
That open at night
Or whenever the mood strikes
But I just burn to waste in these flames,
Wasting what needs to be wasted
So a resistant kernel remains (if).
Yes hormones got me in their throes
'Cause I've so late come into the teenage
Regressing from being an old lady like Sophie,
I'll say to you what strikes me, however crazy
Said for the moment – no need to follow through
With action when it's enough to brew
Excitement that's cheap anyway.

Oh you, you are so beautiful
A figure moving inside a mirror
Set at fifteen degrees to my zero.
I watch you and know that you aren't mine
And when I watch you I let you go.

You are everything I love
Unfolding in another plane
Made a way my hands can't hold
A pattern that can't fit in my world

10-06-2011

The Song

I had a conversation
About what one can do
With his earthly life
As if we knew
We are now in the middle –
And I had to ask why.

In your time as a half
As a bud poking out
A flowered animation
A brief manifestation
How you spend your earthly life
Becomes such a weighty question.

Some are striving higher
Craning their necks
For a name on this planet
Until they leave
While some are content
In the smaller things
Pebbles on the street.
Everyone strives
For something. But I
Do not believe.
Something pauses, it disagrees.

The song tells me
It comes to the same.
Suddenly
The question makes me turn around again.

I have been around
And come back to leave
Over and over
What I acquire in my earthly life
And return to my nonexistent friend
With my back to thee.

The song casts over
Their fates a light
Blinding without compromise.
When they return
When the brief
Period of half degrees
And compromises
Ends to lead
To a plain
We come to see
Who we are on Earth is not to keep
In the song that dissolves
Our visions.
We
I wonder why
For what we strive
It makes no sense
For this earthly life
When it's that only.

I turn away
From everything that I can gain.
Cleanse me now
Forever for
My time on Earth that I remain.

I go to the store
I go to the job –
Not for long now.
Who we are
Is a manifestation,
A ray of sun
Through these prisms, everyone.

But under the guise
The passage of time
The song tells me
It doesn't matter
It can't be judged
When it comes to one
And I ask why
It must be spun

Into a billion half formed pieces:
For one to hear
The song that's sung

10/9/11

It's a hard road the farther you go,
The path gets narrower, plains farther below,
Their voices still rise to you like an echo
Shouting so much sound advice you should know.

It's a hard road; there's always the danger to cling
To being *something*
And stop just living.

I have no advice for the higher you climb.
In time all advice falls away, in time.

10/15/11

Bad People

Good people
They marry who they should.
Good people
Celebrate all the holidays.
They don't give their families shit,
They don't give them a hard time
'Cause they're so good.
And you are one of them.

Bad people
Lately I have been around
Bad people
In a way I have always rebelled,
Early stepped off the proper path
To follow something I called my heart.
Now I'm not dating who I should,
At work I act real smart
Though I know it'll come back to bite
That I'm not good.

You'll never see a picture from a night
That shows things as they are inside.
I do not pose to play to angles made with light
Nor do I feel compelled to smile
So you might see a cranky mess who makes a fool out of herself
As she hangs over sketchy guys.

If she were going for a doctor
She would need to look good on the cover,
Have a likewise proper lover
Dress him in proper attire.

Bad people
I am one of the
Bad people
Spitting on society
Too selfish not to live so free
I act more as it pleases me
Good thing I'm pleased by pleasant deeds
But still not on the path that leads
To pleasant photographs and praise
But to a freedom in them hid
Barely betrayed by my photographed face.

Good people
Have so many photos of how they are
Good people
On Earth shine like star
As they marry who they should
As they excel in their careers
As they step over their heart
And get guidance from fellow good peers
As they die and get forgotten
Forget the heart that turned so rotten
Silenced after so many years
To the bellow of their fears
That constantly yelled in their ears
To be good people.

The One

So clearly I feel childhood ended long ago
When a full love burst, first led my heart to a whole
From pieces, back to pieces – once known, now forgotten
A time when I was steeped in the one.
Now I have half loves given in half degrees
That my heart don't fill, but do I stand still
While I still breathe?
The clouds have cleared round the castle
And revealed a hill left to climb
Not by magic, to get the dream
I don't believe in anymore (do I?)
It's hard to see the castle from the valley down below
Where I wander now, meeting so many others who do not go
Toward the castle, but they're just as valid;
You see so many lives and forget your dream one is possible.
In the castle lives the one
But the closer that I get
The more I forget
And ask, "where is this shadow from?"
That looms across my world
Feeling an ominous threat.
I'll know when I've reached the door,
I know I'll know, know I'm not there,
But do I walk alone or stop to talk with some along the road?

10/16/11

The Dream, What Was It For?

You chase a dream and in
The chase you're often dour
Walking on for what
Feels like senseless nothing
Waiting for the hour
To finally unite
With a dream that binds your heart
And pulses in your mind
As if it stood outside.
If you simply keep onward
No matter what is said
Coming from spectators
Or from your own head
You reach the end and know
That you are with your goal
Just as you imagined
Is the blissful culmination
Enveloping elation
You are lost, you are no more.
But after some time passes
And you remain burning
The fire burns away
The image of your dream
And every standard built
In relation to it seems
To have dissolved
And left uncertain
How you should appraise:
What you loved you hate
Bad to good fermented
Back and forth and back returned
Through the structure you have churned
Until the whole dream has unraveled
Unrecognizable –
Now you are left so tired
Depleted of your wood
That fire burned completely through
And in the end left you with nothing
Not even your dream
Which, underneath the wrappers
Of its image had no core.
In the center of your fantasy
Lay not what you looked for.
Your dream you have now found
To be devoid of your desire,
All you've done on a foundation
Set a foot up off the ground.

Again the urge to search
For what it is you want
But how, now that you've learned
In no dream lies what you got?
Now that you have proven
No face contains the spark
Stop searching all the faces.
If it is not there,
Nor in analogous endeavors
(As all games are built the same
As all games are played on Earth)
Then where?

You could journey as musician
From beginning to end
Reach the highest position
Reach out your hand
To take your top place
And grasp the air –
Suddenly falls
What became your role
Start another journey
With a new goal
Start as a carpenter
Master the art
Become a master
Again restart
Knowing you will not find
The gem at the top.
Perhaps the road is paved in precious stones
And at the end you step off.

With my eye I spy kings, doing great deeds,
Publicized all over.
I see beauties waiting for years alone,
Enjoying the show.
There are lands I hear of whose legends make me
Yearn to visit these places,
Splitting my life into a million pieces
That the eye of my mind desires
Looking at the view of an endless journey,
Responsibility at its back.

Hearing stories of kings and adventurers,
So because they were so born,
Plants a poisonous seed in my mind
That makes me yearn for greatness,
To twist my mold around to reform.
But most of us are peasants
On our local plot of land –
And if I am to be one as well,
Then such will be my hand.

Put out of my mind these dreams
Of what I do not own.
You can have a million on Earth,
But better have one than zero, right?
If I am to be only average, while my friends fly ahead
For their traits conducive to conquest and I remain in place
For my calm, that is just as well.
And I will live it out until the end,
And will not fight.

My Invisible Friend

My invisible friend,
I longed for you so long,
For so many years in a barren world,
Winding with the tune of your strange song
Against my common sense
Until the notes melded across
Bridging the chasm of opposites
To leave me muddled, at a loss
Of what notes did, did not, belong.

It led me off a cliff (it seemed);
I went again over, over.
Now after many trials
I find my instinct is a blur.

At this fork I've come to to decide
My learned mind insists you but deter
Me from my life.
Now do I stay with you, my nothing,
Living only inside me?
I find no outward proof of presence,
But I do internally.

You are oriented backwards
To the world my feet are in
And if I let you be my guide here
Am I doomed never to win?

Shouldn't you feel shame towards me
For such a coarse concern?
It was *you* who taught me finery
As I awaited your return.

(When you were gone
In that vast empty space
I learned what I could never learn
Before in that same emptiness.)

If I give you up, my nothing,
Deeply I know it's for good.
I have been with you my whole short life
Whose flow our bond withstood.
But it was you who cut our bond with blade
And I whose heart was bled,
And if you call out to me now,
You'll find it's *I* who left.

Bring your judgment on me, friend,
For what I do decide.
Cut me off for dropping God
And parting with his stride.

I don't need my God now;
I have left you o'er the wall
And if you sing out to me
I will hear no note at all.

So, my friend, again it ends,
The hundredth time, *now* by *my* hand,
Your mountain out of mind, forgotten
Images we shared.

And if I am a godless peasant
Do forgive my risked miscalculation,
For our time was dear,
And it is not that I would *like* to lose your voice,
But I can't hear
A different sound between your call
And what has none of it at all.

Perhaps I walked away a second
Right before you came back down
And opened up your gate to let me in.
But I have given every vision
Up of what I thought I'd chase
To live with what I get,
And you out in the distance,
On your mountain, 'cross your wall,
Sending notes out of your call,
Inside this valley, I forget.

My invisible friend now I see
The source of my pain has been my longing for thee
For *me*.

If I'd let your burn me away fully
I would feel no pull,
You'd be in my world
We would be in accord as we were deeply.

If I didn't see you only through my shadow
We would not be separate.

My friend, do let me let you go
And let us live now side by side,

Back to back
With our closed eyes
Playing our respective plays
That never cross
Go on without my eyes upon your back
Along the path I also take.

10-22 – 12-18-11

part 3: to the other world

With the music on something makes everything brighter,
And until you are broken and unraveled you'll never see,
Never taste through and through your entirety.
In these unformed visions the world unravels
Everyone is running to theirs,
Plunging toward the bottom, toward the end
Of their destiny, their world that thrives inside.
Once you plunge into the pool of you, swim until the end
And gasp for air from the other side.
Why do I stay here?
Everyone is running to theirs.
Am I to mine?
I don't feel the wind at my back,
I am lost inside
And don't see a reason to look behind.
The wind blows through my heart with the music on;
It transports, while I'm there I try to describe
But I am blind in this world I find myself deep inside
Not everyone is there.
Throw success out of your hair
Or not if that is what you are
But I am not. I'm standing, seeing
Everyone run to theirs.

Waiting For What's Mine

All the paths I'm given,
All the chances meeting me,
I've refused to embark on them
And kept onward steadily.

What is mine? What belongs to me?
I'm waiting for the opportunity,
Afraid it's just passivity
And an illusion that will lead
Me nowhere. But at least
I don't jump into, hold back 'fore I could.
Oh, this pool below my feet leads to
Such a worthy life; why don't I want to?
I am waiting, or, delaying
'Til I find what feels so right.
A staunchness; keep on going
Or make myself decide?
It will remove the pressure,
Put a smile onto their faces,
Ease their eyes away.
I'm trying not to care
And go along my way, as I dare.

10/31/11

Everything you try to do, you try to be
Somebody who will be recognized
When you walk 'long the streets
To stand apart from the crowds.
Everybody is dressed so pretty for all those pics
Of their glitzy smiles in tights
In straps with drinks not blinking
Straight ahead.

And clap
To dance
To the rhythm that pervades
Through the crowd;
You move as one, have fun,
Get another one up at the bar
Then snap a photo with your phone
You are never alone among the crowd,
But the demon in your mind wants to jump out
Through the glint in your eye
With the aspiration to make you fly.

There's a seed in the mind, it's an ego;
One idea he cannot swallow:
You're but a piece pushed through the game
As your friends and enemies pull on your strings
With those shiny things.
Have fun; you're like everyone
As you mix your drink, as you pause to think
To do something, as you move to a new thought when you blink.

I am like everybody,
Trying to be somebody,
To rise above this body,
Go
It slow
Take the pressure off your shoulders,
The poison out your head.
My family applauds
When I say
I will stay
In school to be doctor or scientist –
What do they know of how it goes
Nowadays? I know from far away
It looks so nice
You don't wanna think twice.

I'll put my knowledge on this paper,
Aimlessly through streets I'll caper,
Looking for a path that lies behind

That brought me here
To the edge of a cliff
That extends with every step
To remain the edge.

The sunset in the distance,
The trumpets heralding home
Are the greatest deception ever told.

I am like everyone
Searching for who I'll become.
I want to be
Everybody.

But all I've done
Leaves a trail of who I am.
I delay to decide
'Cause I
Believe

That you do not choose who you are
But it's slowly revealed
And if
You've luck
You'll have
A better lot and you can pat yourself on the back
For which rays chanced to fall upon your head;
Only humans walk with it swelled.
I see your vanity and raise you ambition.
I have quantities of chips of qualities
To play at my volition –
If the something above my head
Deems I can play it so.

10/31/11

Feelings,
There's so much to say about feelings,
So much to say but there are no words
For these images without forms.

Oh, my feelings,
Of tenderness, sadness, a far light;
When I think of your face the flavors collide
And swirl into a taste unnamed.
I can't repeat it
But it don't matter;
Soon another concoction will blend together
Of the elemental feelings added drop by drop in time
To a collage of movement
Draped over shoulders, head, and neck,
Bedecking me with finery I cannot grasp,
Nor can I tell you; I cannot define it for myself.

I know it's feelings
That send me whirling through a landscape ever changing.
Meanwhile I stay in place and travel;
Moonlight strikes the gravel at my feet
And I am thrown into the sea,
Where there are many ways to see
Everything with this colorless paint
Washing over, changing the scape.

11/05/11

There's something serious goin on
But I do not know what it is;
I'm just playin out my life
Exactly as I choose
And I don't care what people say;
Save the standards for amongst the group
When I'm not there; I'll join you to recuperate
When I have had a full long week
Doin what I need.
We can go out to the bars and drop ourselves onto the street.
I hated seeing myself roll on the floor,
But I don't anymore.

There's something going on here
Of which I'm dimly aware.
Sometimes it strikes me that I have
What I cannot find anywhere
Around, what I'd been searching for.
Hard to recognize it for
The magic that it is
In its disguise of strange décor.

But what we say is never words
So don't you judge our talk.
Something else transmitted in our time
Together, makes you wonder once the shock
Of what we said has faded,
Leaving an impression you cannot ignore
Of what we have that kicks open a cellar door
You hadn't known was there before,
And issues out a potion you cannot quite understand,
Or why it is you feel,
We stir up not confusion,
But a question,
But a million nuances
(If you're sensitive enough)
And for a minute you feel just as I feel.

To Margaret, or Good and Dead, or The Modern Dilemma

My friend, how different the world is today
(So they always have said):
Hard to flourish outside in the light
And let your seed bloom in your darkness meanwhile.

There was a time, when we first met,
Where the pressures felt lighter pounding your head,
When the fear to fall behind was not the driver,
And we'd stay up late mulling life all over,
Talking of all we saw, not knowing what was going on,
But in the confusion, what jewels did we happen to stumble upon!

Nowadays, I hear nothing of you in what you say;
Spare a friend the formalities you were taught for strangers.
You can be candid; that I prefer
Over pleasantries, rituals wasting our time,
Circling around and forever avoiding the core.

Oh, I see people on the pages,
In their photos,
Suffering,
Not feeling it,
No pain in it
When in's walls made with bells to ring
Are barren,
Halls with eyes you see closed free
Undecorated,
There's nothing to feel
But grab a meal
And comment on the modern flavor.
Appetite
So curable
Needs nothing more,
Content for hours
'Til you need another;
Quaintly you'll walk 'round the corner,
Hum a smile that you heard echoed;
Copy cat, you just repeat it
For you know that it's a ticket
To help pave a road so smooth.
But you avoid it,
Turn away
From what I'm saying.
You're so good,
Keep going on your way;
Your hallways quiet
With none to stalk through.

Repeat opinions,
Grab a portion
Of what will go down with where you are
And in your years to come on Earth, the more you do, you will go far.
But in's a star.
But you forget
So you don't listen
To the deadly quiet
But inside it
Out of nothing
Something grows.
All you ever see around you
Will mean nothing when you're free.
But if this is too much to swallow
You've a path to walk safely.
Keep on going, good and dead,
Avoiding knowing what you've said
You're dying to see.

11/12/11

Lover of Love

Lover of love, why don't you talk to me?
You've got me waiting, aching solo for your company.
Said there's a demon inside me,
Inverse color of yours; I call him strain
When you're absent and he dons that shade.

Oh lover of love, what are you doin' to me?
You've got me thinking, burning 'til I cannot tell between
What is my dream with you and what is real in life.
You are my savior and my villain, at once carry and kill.

Black and white are no longer bookends.
We took the line in a circle and met at the ends
Where the top was the bottom and outside I stood in.
I'd been chasing to turn around and find I was chased.

Oh lover of love, won't you get out of my head?
Why won't you stay with me and keep my calm when I'm frustrated?
Lover of love, just who or what are you?
I try to pinpoint but my finger only pierces through.

11/23/11

When the stars strike you on a clear Autumn night
In surprise you look upward and are taken aback by how brightly
They're shining and how many you see
Despite streetlights surrounding you every few feet
You stare for long moments like a cup before water
And let their white diamonds pierce you through the center
Doesn't matter how long when you take in so deeply
The moment settles inside you forever
Now when you close your eyes to remember the memory
Will burn so clearly; the cool crisply outlined light
Of so many stars – even tiny ones clustered like jewels on a thread –
Will be perfectly outlined in the eye of your mind
And whenever you call upon it your heart as well will respond
And a gaping yawn will open for you
And you will plunge headfirst into
The stars; not only your mind but *all* of you
Will be submerged and released

11/24/11

I'm not interested in love,
Not interested in sex;
Let me create;
Shut off my room,
Shut off my links
Let my visions consume
Me fully without interruption.
I have too much to say.

One moment opened me;
One moment changed.
Still changing, I feel,
Still a knot in my chest
In the crevices of the twist
There accrues
A poison, a bitter brew
And the only escape for this slew is through my left hand,
For no eyes but mine.
Thus I'm not trying too hard to make this rhyme.
Pull out from the air a last line.

12/4/11

Be Professional

Isn't this *my* room?
So why do I cater
To who might see it
When they visit later?
Won't I spend most of my time here alone?
Why do I hide in my own, my own?
I'll have a kid's foolishness decking my walls.
Either I'm stuck and refuse to advance
Or *nobody* resurrects their old romance
As the years creep up and urge us to speed
So we blindly whip past that in which we staked value,
Carelessly mumbling that we will return
At a later date, once we're established
And earned our freedom – to throw dinner parties
For guests we feel we have to appease
To stay on good terms with those in the field
We're entrenched in for habit or common good
While the backs of our minds still swirl with choices
We wanted to make; but we did what we should
According to what older, wiser deemed prudent
Judging by standards brewed in their time,
Standards that change with society's bend.

12/7/11

It Has to Disappear Completely First

Every trace – vanished
Not a molecule left.
You cannot remember,
Thus do not feel bereft.
No question of it.
What is it?
It is nothing anymore.
You recall a world of riches
On which you shut the door
So firmly, not a particle
Filters through a crevice
Of that long lost world's light.
Started on the surface again
No memory of what was then
No heart strings pulled,
None are attached;
Nothing to attach them to.
Vanished every particle,
Evaporated every feeling
Dissolved every image
And your reflection in the mirror.
Every trace gone without fear
Of losing, without hope to regain,
No expectation to hear a refrain
Played in the same melody
Until you accidentally
Stumble into your kingdom again
Through the back door
(That turns out to be the front)
As a different someone
From the you when it found you, younger.
But do not hope to get it back
Or you'll never.

My Mind Has Been Poisoned

I know my mind's been poisoned with shame
For starting so many prepositions with "I".
I know in years past I was purer,
But with ideals in my mind now I try

To remake myself in order to succeed,
Which necessitates that they look and agree,
Same longing for acceptance underneath
As my worry gasps, its eyes fixed anxiously

On my movements, but it's better covered up
In transitions over steps that I messed up.
The necklace around my neck speaks of
My deliberate grasping for the top

Someone in a book let me know of,
Which articles roundabout always speak of
Shooting their arrows in every manner
Permeating and poisoning me.

I know my mind has been poisoned
As I've gotten older,
Learned to be smarter,
To stomp on my naivete,
On honesty, on flowered debris
To gain some efficiency.

East Lake Avenue

There was time in my life when it made no
Difference what I wrote about; I could write anything
And it would be anything else, as if red is in green.
That time is now. In my room, alone,
I find my friends and don't feel alone
But like a crowd is with me,
I can almost touch
But an invisible wall blocks out my body.
If I close my eyes, look at the top of my mind,
They are there, with whispers I can't translate.
I do not need anything.
In anything is anything.
Everything can morph
And it's only what it "is" if you choose to confine it.
East Lake Avenue,
Tender in me;
I see my soft eyes
Looking wistfully,
See myself sleeping,
Lonelily,
No longer longing for what can be.
East Lake Avenue, hold me;
My first true home in this life.

12/10/11

Guitar Music at the Train Station

When I'm alone and the sky is around me
And I look at everything that I have found
And the world is around and I am alone
I don't know where to go as if I have no
Destination; I'm here at exact location
And where I am going
Is never tomorrow. A dream world I've offered
Myself to appease the waiting gap
That's waiting until the inside out
Opens its eyes that are closed now, sleeping,
Feeling the humdrum careen like a blanket

12-16-11

At times I have an impulse
That must be satisfied.
I bend my back deciding
Which approach to follow.

Purely logical? Don't need a soul.
"It makes the most sense to repeat what you know,"
Says my head to tune out the thrills of whim
Who changes his mind like fireflies light up.

If I follow impulse,
Jump on the thrill,
Go for the higher bill
(Though it's impractical),
Take the scenic route
For the hell of it,
Take an unplanned turn
To see where it leads

And most often it leads to a string of warehouses
Such as I'd see going straight back home.
I guess the destination was the sharp left turn
That threw me up, and with that my name.
Simply travel – no destination in sight.
It makes no logical sense – and now a darkening sky
Makes it very inconvenient to be lost,
And I still have that extra and whole drive back
And on top of that wasted so much gas.

There is a world of riches to gain if you choose shrewdly, I am told.
On a stupid whim, though,
I cash in on
A prize worth more than gold.

On Trains

I'd forgot
As I've gone through
The routine motions, in the morning –
Make my coffee
Out the window
Take the view
In in a glance
(If time allows) –
Of our one meeting
Of the pull
Inside my heartstrings.
As they vibrate
Music rings
Between the tethers
Holding rainbowed lines together.
But on trains
I do remember
And I long
The song to look me in the face
To strike my soul
Again as it does then from far away
Across all space
On a far planet
Mirr'ring this
Where on a train
Sim'lar to this
You lean your head against a window,
Pulsing with ache from your miss
Of me – we are connected
In this way – we're always severed
But for thread.
I miss your presence;
Every cell
Longs for its essence
To fill it
When I relive
This airtight kiss
Pressed against glass
Inside the train
I find it isn't gone
As I believe
When stationed.

Professionally

Losing my soul, losing my soul,
It's eating me up
Professionally
In my painted nails and seriously
World-dominating thin-line mouth,
Burning eyes,
Soldier steps,
High up office,
Guarded rep.
Never knew I was this kind
'Til it sexily called me and I put on my suit
And did my hair,
Forgot my dream
To stay at home
With my true love's kids,
To be a wife
With a colored garden
While my man
Takes care of me.
But what needs a woman
Who can handle herself
Professionally?

12/16/11

Don't take away my sugar;
If it leaves my mind will turn to dull
Slow thinking, forgetting the visions that are full
Of color, motion with the music of the sun,
Don't remove my sugar; keep the trickle to my brain.

Dancing in the lamplight of my mind – what must they think.
Run from post to post, flatten my palms against the brink
Of the universe's edge, my fingertips lean over space,
Reaching out to what I cannot feel, touch back my face
Is blank; I don't remember the details of my lines.
How did I get here? Erased what lies behind.
Dancing in the freedom of a nervous energy
Bundled in my being, seeking a way to be let free.

12/23/11

Who knows how life will go?
In the dance we constantly change hands
We cannot plan
When in reality there is no thought.
Who knows where this next pass will leave us?
In the middle of a pavilion, surrounded by lights and pillars
In the dark, with our cotton frocks and best new friends.
Form a link between the eyes – I will never see you again
But we'll be together every night,
You part-of-me-now, helped build who I'm now.
Whisked away with the dance
I let go of your hand.
The colors fly past and I'm in a new life
Where I landed, a queen, with a kingdom to feed,
Too old for sex now – ha, until the next breeze
Breaks the notion of what should be at sixty.
Who knows how life can be?
In the chaos we swirl
That blurs all of our rules.

12/25/11

It took me so long to come back to mine,
To learn I should do what I like.
It took me so long to learn I will never change,
And to stop the try.
It took me so long to learn not to try,
But just do, and just do the things that I
Already knew; I doubted what I was born knowing,
Gone away from it to come back and learn that it's true,
But proven now through my mind, though deep down
I always had a grain of inclination to nod.
A seed that whispered quietly what my mind did not believe.
It took me so long to learn to do what I do,
But a hundred percent, not trying
To cover hush hush with my arms what shone through
Anyway. It was always bursting out of its cage
Despite my strongest attempts to be somebody else.
I'm grateful for that; I'm calm now.
I'd gone around the world sampling what lives I could lead,
Trying to find one, to find that my favorite people
And favorite stories were of those who were running in tune
With their motions, and not against.
It's the first step, a lesson to twirl to the favor
Of what fits you, not to bother trying to change your shape
To this attractive nook that's hooked you. And when you do
Learn this, suddenly, how nice everyone else will be.

12/29/11

To S.A.

No one tell me what it is;
If you want to see the dirt
I can't help you there, but I
Will see the brightness everywhere.

It is *I* who's unattached.
What am I to do with you
If you want dirt to multiply
And cloud with it your view?
Well, I can't be a savior, it's
On *your* shoulders to grow your joy.
No shortcuts, nor am I the fix –
But if you want to dwell in drama
Don't you bring me down there, too.
I'll give you moments that make you
Glad to be alive, but if
You want to follow standards,
If you want to be a keeper,
I'm your enemy and waiting
For the day your eyes should flip.
When it happens, you will hate me,
But I hope you'll follow to
Learn how to walk upon the air,
How to cut off useless limbs,
How to block out nasty voices
Spreading their unhappiness.

There's no control over relations
When relationships are true.
You come to me, and I find freedom
Mingling in you.
But if you want to plan tomorrow,
If you want to see the end,
Fix yourself up first, my friend,
And ask no more that question.

Tenderness transmits
Emanating from your eyes,
As we lie together,
Into my empty sockets.

What to do when one
Throws at you whole heart
But you feel you are no match
Except for times you flirt?

When you speak to me like that
The tender thoughts pierce into me.
I wish you were my comet, but
You are my chasing puppy.

Your love now has me floored;
In shock I've been struck dumb.
For a minute feel I will succumb.
But when we part my head gets clear
And wishes for more similar,

For mutual creation
Springing out from a shared hobby
Function in sync similarity
I see in some, so jealously –
Then I return to you

Get ready to accept
What I won't get –
Your pull is stronger
Than these practical concerns.

1/02-08/12

From afar, from somewhere,
Sometimes it enters you,
A blind without form
Squirming mass in a dark room,
The tender point hitting
Where nothing from this Earth can reach.

Look up to the night sky, imagine
How far are the stars
You can see, then imagine
Yourself on a tiny planet,
A point that sees
This vastness, from one to infinity.

But in all this distance
This soft, dark thing
Will not be found.
You may as well count
The distance empty.
Now look at your motions –
As I park my car,
I press the lock,
Over gravel its tires,
I climb out, check
For cars coming down
Along defined limits
Of this distinctly quiet street
My feet plant on.
I look up then
But am not in awe,
Seeing emptiness from one to afar.

Longing for what is missing
In your house, but what
You know should be
Makes it real.
And I can feel it sitting deep in me,
Resounding in the form of music.
Not a color; that which colors.

Our concrete details of this Earth
Are not touched by love;
They cannot absorb;
It passes over, does not go in,
Immiscible substance that glides over skin,
Past discrete pebbles by the intricate lines
Of this house's time capsule 1920's style,
Over defined body's steps.
Love is separate

From the concrete structures of earthly life,
Apart from stars that are burning by
The immutable rules of burn,
From how life goes on.
Parallel, a song
Resounds, having nothing
To do with the crickets
Providing white noise outside my window.
Love is that formless thrashing
Unrestful blind thing
That makes us tender,
That gives us nerves
And then squeezes them so.

I try to pull out
In perfect form
What I hear inside
But I find any aid
Only takes a part across to this wasteland
And lets it fall halfway.

1/08/12

I, I took everything
I parted with mine
I left it behind

I, I know when I have
The music in me
It will set me free

And I touch
But I cannot feel
This barrier stands
Forever between

But I know
Aside from this world
There is a love
So separate
And when I come home
I will forget
My brief time here
I spend to learn something
I'm biding my time

And I, I forgot everything
I ever did learn
When you took me back home
These symbols dotting the Earth
Are so final and cut
But you are infinite
You nothing I write
Of when you pass by
Always at my side
Across a glass wall
A parallel world
I don't know what for
A dream to prove
Our world is not but a sphere
Barren with no point

I wandered away
From the city of soul
From everything.

I was told what to do;
I saw what I should
And what I should not

But I could never figure out
Which side I was on
And I straddled the line.

I fly from every name
I try to give
Across the spectrum.

I took to outer space
But I found nothing there.
When I got to that place

I looked back upon Earth:
What a mysterious orb
Glinting to come.

But my memories knew
What I would find there.
What other than hot air

Will you find anywhere?
From your point to the ends
You are ever the same.

Why do you get to be the good one, suffering
While I want none of this, lightly paw it out of curiosity.
Don't send me tenderness I cannot return.
We do not match up, a part of me still slightly yearns.

Oh but the guilt, it overwhelms me;
As on my way I gaily roll
The echoes of your wailing
Reflect my dirty, dirty soul.

It's been a long time since I've stood on
Top, got to have the upper hand;
Your cries refract off of my back
As I set out to trek the land.

01/08/12

Confidence at 0

Fuckkk... all the world when I look in the mirror, crying,
See myself with slouched shoulder in my mind's eye,
So divided, obligated, feeling dejected
By your insensitive statements.
Step around my skin, be careful
To stay friends – I will get pissed
You'll regret that you messed this up.
I'm conceited, believe it – I do
I hate everything of *something*, and I pick me
To kick into the ground.
My bitter heart churns out a bitter brew
With the fiery furnace aimed into my face and spare you.
How noble. How stupid. Do you see what I'm doing?
I'm continuing hating myself.
Well, why don't *you* get a job,
And why don't *you* stop acting like you're
The first person to ever be hired on salary.
I can hook up with whomever I like
And why don't *you* take your eyes from my back.
Why don't *I* stop judging? I will judge you hardcore.
Strain myself to discover life's not worth living this way.
Confidence at zero today; knock me easily down
I need to spin faster, deeper down this hole
To the end. Fuck my confidence – I keep myself low.

1/12/12

Danger Up the Road

There are lights, there are lights it seems
I go toward them when in the dim,
Getting brighter, getting brighter, they envelop me
When I am fully in.

Something still, it holds me back; it always has,
This quiet voice.
Something is not convinced, but senses through this light
A set of claws.

I walked into the circle, he
Invited me to dance with him.
To the lullaby we swayed, one eye
Of mine ever open.

What started as a golden field revealed its potholes soon enough.
Sometimes a bit darkness helps
See past the blinding light with shadows
Outlining the crevices, the spots you miss,
The trinkets to be wary of.

I was going down my way, going down the road
When I saw a light ahead and I went straight into my friend.
So strongly it pulled me toward, I could not resist to go,
But all the time I went I sensed some danger up the road.
Now inside this lullaby I'm dancing with my friend,
Dancing with my enemy, held so tight to me.
Now inside this binding that overarched me before
I felt to keep me safe and help and never let me go.

Going down I saw a light ahead of me; so strong its pull
In spite of obvious surrounding signs I went; my mind
Was too fogged up with brilliance, with curiosity,
This "maybe it is possible" my heart spoke up with glee.

Among the Lions

Take a step out to unknown territory,
Looks like it's gonna go well, sun is guiding me
Follow its light, though it's making it hard to see –
Who cares about those pitfalls? I'll fly on belief.

I believe in this foreign light
Worming its way by curves to the underside,
Quite a surprise, though it makes me a fool
I am bound by glue to its foreign pull.

In the garden, never felt so free.
Every spire winding endlessly,
My mind is led, my heart dances, my arms flung out in openness.
Their scorns of concern don't bother me.
I am dancing with my monster, never felt so free.

Back and forth I looked before I took the plunge
Definitely.
Not his fault my heart is spun this way and that
So easily.
One foot squirming in the wet grass, one inside a fancy boot
I bought at Nordstrom to go with this purse I have to look so cute.

As I got naked, psyche lagged behind my body,
Now caught up.
It's naked, everyone is watching me undress onscreen.
A sucker for their criticisms – will I ever brush them off?
He's talking to our friends who know me of our own personal stuff.

Keep inside, how I live, telling no one of what I desire
Intimately.
Normally, it's not normal, everyone knows everyone's sick
Curiosity.

I hide, run away from scrutiny, the eyes upon my naked skin.
Don't expose me; say you care; but you are patient,
Merely different.
How do we go on?

So many problems – are they problems or my preferences?
Why must you bend down to me,
I bend back as you probably had guessed I would
From what you'd seen of me, subconsciously.

How can I accept this hovering umbrella
Of a starry sky image above?
Monster, why do you keep me? Wouldn't it be easier

To let me go and call it love?

It should not be so, this closeness grew
And comfort, it does taste so sweet,
More addicting than caffeine, keeps me not high
But snuggled up inside the sheet.

Now I'm burned out, mind fogged up, worries clogged up
Every portal to freedom
I trusted originally. Did you fool me?
Am I too naïve and paranoid to come
Dancing with the lions; they're like kitty cats if you know how
To scratch them, feed them what they crave.
They will keep you in the den and lick your fur,
But I am not so brave.

1/15/12

Leave me alone with my time; I count time
Like a miser. Only so many days have I.

You've come too close now; now go away.
Give me a break, keep your emotion at bay.

I cannot tell if the feelings I'm feeling are yours or mine;
I look in and hear you; but I do not want to
For you are no god; you are but a ground feeder
And I am afraid of the torch.

So you've broken my bones like an enemy; now let me be;
Your patterns are not for me. We are strangers
Who never should have come near (like I say every time)
Now watch it cling the harder I pull away,
The tighter constricts. I bet if I gave way
I could play this out until it went away.
Not 'til I want it all; a price I must pay.
That, I cannot escape.

Out of "you" and "I" is forming something
Slowly, something I cannot name.
Go away from me; I'm independent
And you ruin all my plans and visions
I'm attached to. Will you not let me be
Until I learn to roll with the punches?
So many dirty spots I've found in the mirror
Ever since monster has come nearer.

What is this feeling I have for my monster
I'm holding reluctantly close to my heart?
I argue against this and for with myself,
But it's obvious I am powerless
And without my agreement, it will progress
Until it's bloomed out to its fullness.

Set me free, my love, set me free.
When I say "love" I don't know what I mean.
You are the current form, all that I need.

Kicked Out of the Garden

When I hear the notes now
Only faded feeling stirs,
But shadows of a garden
Where I whirled once, in the middle,
Where on air I spun, so thoughtless
As it permeated me,
Making crystal clear its meaning,
This plural melody.

I barely understand now;
I try to bring it back.
But I've been kicked out of the garden
Where I learned I was a star,
One of many, in the garden
Of celestial body rosebuds
And effervescent seedlings,
Stars still laying in their sleep.

Now I see my body
And its half-acted misgivings
Needing much repairwork
To overcome shortcomings.
Yes, this state is real now,
What I called "reality,"
And the land that I once thrived in,
To my heart, true fantasy,
As if it never passed there
But I think that if you pass
Fully through it once
You can call yourself the garden.

I missed you, my world.
I left you for him,
For a comfortable tie that went under my skin,
For a night of talking, sometimes fighting, or loving,
A lifetime of festering in our din.

It's hard with another;
You've been quiet for years,
My retreat, my solace, my cut-off wellspring.
When I'm alone we're together;
When I go out to play
From your voice, born quiet, I turn away.

I missed you, my story,
My personal converser,
My created reality
(Safe from the knocks of another.
They were trying to break you,
They all are – I'll shield
My sweet little diamond – no power I wield
In the world of loud voices)
My world underground,
I left you for something that pulled me out.
This choice – why so?
What is worth in our world
To have? I don't know.

1/19/12

Drag my hand, my wind, my spirit.
Breath lost, fly me to the mountaintop.
In open space I cannot bear it.
My body is flying ahead of my heart,
My mouth is gaping to swallow the sea,
Eye-whipping air makes them watery.
I'm before myself; you are before me,
Flying, relinquished the ground 'low our feet.
Drag my hand to the mountaintop,
Let awe swallow me.

1/20/12

Death is a Party Guest

I was staring at the punchbowl by the table so long,
staring deep, getting lost in its intricacies,
I only ever was dimly aware of the rest of the party;
sometimes I forgot I was there.

I stood there so long I but fell asleep;
muted voices passed unintelligibly,
ambling around me, masses roving
from corner to corner, from room to room.

Little ice blocks were floating and melting, coming and going;
the punch was destroyed. I swirled it around
to create some drama; other times I just let it be still.
I dipped in my cup and had my fill
and it tasted unique, a memorable sweet,
a world of its own.

 Somebody nudged me
To remind my self it was still at the party.
I blinked up and looked to the opposite wall
by the wooden slab table the punchbowl sat on.

It was Death, whom I had spotted earlier, mingling
shoulder to shoulder and side by side
with another guest, waving his arm to explain an aside
in their conversation, and she would nod,
and he touched her shoulder, then each went along
and I watched Death, now conveniently thirsty,
Come to the punch where I still stood, casually,
and ask me to move ever so politely
touching my arm – like sex or a shot
I blinked and the moment had gone
I looked round the room – it was the same
Death was still next to me waiting for me to move still politely.
He got his punch; I went to the door
beneath the kitchen, stood by the window,
Talking to some other guests, away from the punchbowl
About some sport. And Death went into the living room,
and sat down down to pick up in Rock Band.

Unraveling

In the bar I can't hold down the wine once I start
Two glasses I'm laughing like an idiot
Fling my fork, tilt the glass, it almost spills to the floor
Your eyes judging me as you sit there composed
You've had at least four yet remain unaffected
I bet you find retribution here for being rejected.

We go back to our cars I sit inside in the cold
I lure you to come without expressing the word
We find a spot in the dark, cover me with your coat
From *my* mind practical concerns are remote.

I roll around in the dirt like the pig who just found
It. Starting the ride when everyone's coming down
Young years of thrills left their senses much smarter.
I grew up first, and now I'm a late starter.

The reasons are dwindling to keep on the face
Of one moving on toward a chosen place.
The fractures are visible as a bulbous red zit
So I may as well quit.

Rolling around I've held myself back
Tiny taste, I retreat, wipe the mud off my face
Deliberate where to be, but never in either place.
I'll stay in roll around til I'm the dirtiest of the pack.

Once I've shamed myself sufficiently, destroyed my reputation
I can breathe, look clean upon the remnants of destruction.
Did I find some end after I rolled and rolled and rolled?
No, I rolled til I was out of breath, lying, panting, face down to the mud.

Lines from February 2012

My sugar stock is gone now
'Cause I dumbly gave it up,
Thinking I'd avoid being labeled
Mean if I just cut things off
And quit the dragging;
Now I'm lacking
In my favorite comfort food,
My mouth so empty, stomach growling,
An empty space where he just stood.
How stupid to attempt
To be the nice one.
Do you ever act with *my* interests in *your* mind?
So why should I if it leaves me feeling deprived?

I'll cut my instinct to be nice off
And won't indulge in thoughts of love.
The world is eating me alive
And I need sugar to survive
And you're a storehouse, friend;
I don't see you running to lend.
It was my fault at first to bend
Against my ways to make it easier for you.
It put a strain upon my back,
The one that led me to perceive
Your dirty words as an attack,
Led to our downfall; we misunderstood
Each other. How I miss your arm
Of comfort wrapped around me.

Running after my own, I feel very alone.
Afraid of whom I will offend,
On whom there will be to depend.
Forsaking ties among a friend
To chase a haze around a bend.
A spirit of adventure is not conducive to relationships
For you are at the masthead of your newly sailing ship
And it takes trials to get your bearings straight
And several turnarounds
When you are independent, and when you are alone.
Going alone, I forsake a web I could build,
But which is not my trend.
I remain inside while I'm outside, inside my head.

When you are the leader
Heading your own pack
You sit in the front seat
And face every attack.
Managing the stagecoach,
Every mile becomes a mission,
Every step you face resistance
Ever noting your position.
In this world you're ever up against
Everybody's cares
And a constant battle for
Your own agenda isn't theirs.
Before, when you leaned comfortably
Back in the curtained coach,
The battle blows felt muted
Lived through a passive approach.
But when you jumped to leadership
You fast became uncertain
Finding fantasies worth naught
Cultivated 'hind the curtain.
Now each blow you're feeling fully
As if you never had before
Trading safety for a role
You're feeling unqualified for.

My heart is always feeling wrong
No matter where I go or what I choose
Something nags me from inside,
Frowning, tugging at my sleeve.
My heart's imagination
Attaches extra emotion
To the moment's object's face
Be it you, or you, or you
And leaves me to move sans a clue.

2/9/12

When I first saw you, you were the light;
Spite of what I saw, I walked through the darkness
Emanating from "things" of the daylit world
Closing my eyes, I walked straight into you.

When I got to the field I was in the light
Which after some time turned into the darkness,
My worst enemy out of my closest friend.

We danced in the shadows that reshaped your grin,
Slowly revealing your strangling grip
With which I don't think you realized you were choking.

Leaving your darkness, once more you're the light
As I head to the light, walking into the darkness.

To John Lehman

Faint star in a washed out sky
I peer at you through this telescope
Of the heart
From a staircase chamber leading down
Into the House.
Not bright yellow, barely pale lemon,
The faintest voice of a silver trickle,
Pure whisper of a lone stranger
I hear from almost impossibly far away.
I sit here; you are just down the hall
But the matter of our bodies' space
Is none; in the world of stars you cry greeting
But there is so much space to cross.
Faintest star, your earthly body betrays
Your true nature, appearing sickly, faint, and frail
But with a glimmer so pure from a wormhole well.

And some are suns burning ferociously;
And some are comets hurling brilliantly;
And you are a weak but pure core glinting from a place I can never reach.
I will almost know you, know *of* you for sure,
Hear your tinkle from within,
And keep secret this perception.

Sensory Deprivation

It's one of those moments where I hate everything
And look for someone nice to come
To my window and save me – but there'll be no one there
I realize – wake up, breathe the chemical air,
Then wait for the email to brighten my mood;
Even spam bots forgot I exist today.
I look up some music while coasting downhill
To sweeten the state with a positive thrill.

And to help feels like a bitter pill,
"I'm a horrible person," subsequently I think
And I cry here, wanting nothing again,
Like so many times before feeling bare
Taking this turn time and time over
Waiting for some sort of savior lover.
Even food becomes help not to reach for;
I cannot reach altogether,
So maybe I'll sit back in the lack of appeasement
Firing through my hungry brain,
Crawl like my slug self over rock bottom
To be that self-depreciation .
I *know* I should try to force myself out
I try to find something to blame for this state
But since I come back here again and again

The thought of being wrapped in you is nice,
And I know together we'd have a good time
But as soon as I decide I think twice
And cancel, fueled by my poisoned mind.

I'm tryin –
Half of you should stay with half of me.

I don't know what I want and everything looks kind of nice
This bit is tugging at my heart a bit
Guilty feelings overwhelm from your dragging line
I'm sinking in the mire, trying to quit
And appease and please.

Your bending backwards makes you seem like none
You should be someone in the world
But it seems your passion has been one;
Such attention to me takes its toll.
I was in a similar situation
Acting as you're acting now
So I sympathize, if it's consolation;
Circumstances obscure who you are.

I say whoah-oh, I'm tryin'
(But I do not know what I want)
To keep this man from cryin'.

February 2012

Cultivating Artifice

I've got a friend who explains the ways of the world to me,
And she does it so eloquently.
She can talk for hours and come off like she is well read,
And truly she knows how to get herself ahead.
She says, "I've got an instinct to cut off who's mean to me,
But of course I continue acting nice superficially."
I've got the instinct of no instinct for the art;
This way of artifice stomps my little heart
Into the ground; it's too much effort to keep trying for on my part,
Too much against my natural ways.
What's wrong with them? Should I rearrange?

I know what's smart, how to get ahead;
For years I've fought this war between my tendency
And what is optimal to spread my name outward
So don't tell me
How I could rise above the crowds to thinner air where I'd be free
To maneuver through the world without someone above my head
(Though maybe when you are that high you're *really* bound by thread 'pon thread).
For me it comes naturally to drop out instead,
And I'll leave you to fight and claw, act out of sync
With deeper parts in you that don't exist or matter to you.

So you worldly people, don't give me any of your advice:
Once and for all I've decided to give up on artifice.

2/18/12

If You're in the Middle

Well, what can I say?
If you're in the middle then things are okay.
You don't bother neighbors; they don't bother you.
Your life is comparable, relatable-to.
Even if you are just a bit better, it's fine,
if it's not so much that you're out of touch.

If you're not too pretty, two points 'bove midway,
you are pleasant to look at, but no one will say,
"You're so pretty!" while secretly harboring hate,
fearing your competition. You're still worthy to date
yet are warmly included in bonding critique
of that someone-you-all-know of godly physique.
But if you are too pretty, they'll set you apart,

and admirers see you as monstrous of heart,
or else you'll run the risk of an arrogance grown,
and reap hate for demands undeserved you've sown.

If you're not too talented at any one trick
you'll have all the support of your peers in the thick.
But if you outshine them in smarts, art, or skill,
you'll be mostly ignored at your rising's peril.
And their silence, they hope, will soon sow in you doubt
for the worth of your work the world's better without.
But if you do something of familiar ways,
the comfort inspired elicits their praise.
You are recognized if you copy to the letter,
especially if they think they could do better.

And if you own the mansion, passerby sneer
while passing your gate, while wanting so dearly
to be in your place; they instead speculate
what monstrous misdeeds let you afford that gate.

And if you own a car that growls like a dog
and that shines like fresh blood and that billows out smog
and that looks like it cost two years' worth of income,
the average-car-owners will find you loathsome,
yet, happily, another point for criticism,
a study of psyche-reality schism.
And the strugglers won't realize your state: after so
many years on this Earth and so few left to go
you are welcome to "waste" to your preferred extent
money on luxuries that make time happily spent.
(and it's too sad we take on this mantra so late
after wasting our firey years bound in a strait.)

And if you stand out above in any way,
you are scrutinized for how you spend every day.
"So uptight from too much work and too little play." –
but more of the latter, "Amoral!" they'll say.
With a fifty's transgressions they're more lenient, too:
"It's just something that everybody goes through."

Experience will prove to you that it's no riddle:
for the best earthly life aim to stay in the middle,
or better yet, slightly above; aim to hit
right at seventy-five. Eighty, you're pushing it.
And from ninety you'd be wiser to turn away.
still striving you go all alone up that way.
Society's dishing out one of its tricks,
saying, "Strive for one-hundred"; I would say, "sixty-six."

There's Nothing Gained By Being Nice

There's nothing gained by being a good girl
Kill the instinct to be nice.
Sometime later in your life
You'll wish they raised you with the instinct
To take care of yourself first
And tend to others if there's time
But make a quite convincing show
That it's the other way around.
You'll wish yourself the vocal spitfire,
Not modestly reserved,
Once you learn no one provides
For justice you feel you deserved.
You can rattle off your mouth
To then be easily forgiven
For your youthful harsh assumptions
With a headshake and a laugh
Upon a fine recommendation
For that coveted position.
But it's harder to speak up
When your loquacious grace is rough.

There is no sense in being a good girl
Much like there's no sense to blame
Your parents for instilling morals
That are useless for the game.
Once you start up in the workforce
You'll wish that you preferred to play
And had to force yourself to work
Instead of being the other way.
No you will not go very far
If you live cultivating virtue
And your dates will be your downfall
For your cloak's not hard to see through.
Worst of all, you'll blame yourself
Be wracked with guilt and burn with shame
And late to drop that nonsense to
Take part in transferring the blame.

02-21-2012

It doesn't matter where I go;
Why am I agonizing so
Over this decision?
In any position
I will still relay what I see
And probably spew out some poetry
About my impressions
And perceived progressions,
And if I dig back into my recesses
I was I wearing pants or dresses
Or sweatshirts or lab coats
Or flying or trying to stay afloat.
No, nothing will change of *how* it progresses.
Let the decisions be made on their own!
And I will always be there to metabolize
What I did not yet realize
And think to myself that I've grown!

2/25/12

I know that I love someone
When they're not the subject of my poetry,
When I find seventeen reasons
To attribute to them my misery,
When I create such misery
Out of a beautiful situation,
When slowly, slow it grows
Yet started out, too, as great elation,
When I try to push it out of mind
But wrap my heart around them,
When I stay hooked into the past's designs
In memorandum,
When little time between one rock
And other undisputedly
Proves I need to be in love
And fall into so easily.

3/05/12

Shreds

Fabric shreds like extra arms
Flop in tatters –
Cut them off.
Extra steps are taken – “why?”
No reason –
One purported –
To keep pleasin’.

You and I – when separate
Are hidden moss under the rocks,
Our clouds of anti push us back
Against the current – in our own.
But together we’re the same world:
Backwards – but now it is forth.
Each led by a malignant compass;
“We”, turns out, are headed north.

Radii bend and collide
To go a new way, stronger.
I can’t hang around in my own dead weight
Any longer.

3/14/12

New Again, Now That It's Spring

I see someone in the distance,
Hazy mirage as of now.
My next new life partner
Who follows my heart,
Who shares a mind and spirit with me.
It's just fun right now, sadly.
Or maybe not. It's an intermission
Filled with kissin'
And explorin'
To burn the leaves
To become someone new
To find ourselves in a different state
Set on right paths.
We're spinning now
Without direction.
Let's enjoy this intermission.

But what I really want is someone
Comfortable, an outdoors guy
Who leans back comfortably in his chair and watches the world go by
With an unassuming smile,
Who plays with dogs;
He's a natural
And a pioneer
Of fresh wind spirit.
I want an explorer
Mirroring my ideals.
I want it to fall into place
Without any question;
We are right for each other, my friend.
With you I'll be comfortable;
We both are headed round the bend.

I want somebody who doesn't dress sharply,
Who doesn't have swag, but a natural air
And is mostly relaxed but enthusiastic
And deep and kind and fair
And gentle and balanced
(Maybe I want a woman
Or unsexed type of one).
He laughs at competition
And shoulders his own burden.
Oh, I want a saint like that,
But who am I?

Every Breath I Take

In my mind, there's you and I;
But there's still someone else.
When we sit together, we
Yet remain separate.
In that sliver through our skins
Rubbed together, there resides
A third presence, closer to me
Whom, when my eyes close, I see.
He has no form; he's but a spirit;
His most descriptive name is "something".
He is always next to me,
Closer than my shadow,
Even closer than my cat who always followed me around;
No, he can never disappear
And stands forever in the way
Of letting some human be "nearest".
He's a presence when I close my eyes,
A presence in my deepest.
He is every breath I take; he rises
Right with mine; he mirrors;
He's my union whom I always long to unite with,
My nearest,
And my only;
How can I wait
Without going on with life?
It progresses, and he hovers,
A shadow of what hasn't.

3-16-12

I don't write about love when I don't know it,
That much I can claim.
The diary cover I drew to convey something timeless
Is already starting to fade
And it hasn't even been three years;
I may carve in the lines
To preserve it – or then what was its worth
If it struck and rang out into silence?

3/18/12

In This Emptiness

In this emptiness,
I do not know what is up, what is down,
I cannot tell sides, spinning in this unaxled wheel
Without orientation or moral guidance.
All I see is an empty field,
All I hear is nothing;
All I know is that everything is eventually overcome,
Every molecule consumed
Must pass through digestion;
There is no creed, then, that can be held onto,
And many people, when they reach a certain age,
You can see that they've become relaxed with rules,
And if they could, would do anything
Dictated by their whims; and if somebody tried to stop them,
They would laugh and say, "well go ahead, take this old fool –
Like I care much about dying."
I wonder what they think of young ones such as myself, running
Always, dodging barriers, worrying – maybe
They don't have the energy. Then I suppose
You're truly an observer when no longer a defined character
Within the social story, and are merely reading for amusement –
I wonder how amusing they find it.

In This Hour

There's no one to turn to in this hour
Who will answer; when you call
It rings out like a ray from you,
The lonely point. It goes forever
And these simple words repeated over, over
Do a poor job to convey the thing that I'm trying to say.

Negativity thrives inside me,
Like a poison vein.
I cannot blame God or some human
For this unsav'ry state.
It's lethargy; either slow
Or at a moderate tempo.
But high excitement sets my mind into a disarray.

I call out – but nothing answers.
I grasp walls – but there are none.
My fingers longing to hook onto shapes
Remain to yearn.
Close my eyes – there is no world.
Open them – as if they're closed.
I have wasted too much energy looking outside of me
But seeing only me when I feel jealousy
At others' faces shining with excitement;
At the cost of games; I fight it,
What is given me, what I feel that I must then accept.

Maybe he's subconsciously aware that he can hook
And I will bend to acquiescence after what time it took.
And maybe I should trust my killer –
Maybe I should eat those words!
I'm always up against my monster
Dragging me into the sludge.
How is it her weight's so large
But mine only minute??
I resist instead of plunging in to what I hate,
Thinking I must create life,
And so try to build every wall
Against the patterns of what nature has in store for me
Can it really be so disagreeable a lot?
It has to fall to *someone*
Who calls for it. Why can't I?

Nothing on Earth

Sex can't save you.
Food can't save you.
Nothing can save you,
No title, no name.

Travel can't save you.
Run, ever run
To the visualized ledge.
All pavement – the same.

Movement can save you.
Stillness can, too.
If you have been stagnant
Or flighty in move.

Feel it gnawing,
Your emptiness.
You do nothing
And end up ___less.

Whatever your ___ is.
Nothing is the fix.
Except the knowledge
Of destination.
Always in mind,
Burning in heart.
Until I pick a path
And start

I will be empty
In hours like these
Watching and hearing
The rain hit the leaves
Leaning against the fire escape
Trying too hard to sink into the scene.

Find me, I'm waiting:
I heard you inside me,
Stirring, the calls of a chorus of voices
Calling me up from this temporal table,
Mumbling secrets they're about to reveal.
Come find me, I'm open, wide-eyed, I'm ready.
The world is new – or I just arrived –
Already I'm tired and ready to leave.
Too many worlds in the tree rife with leaves.
I felt a little pull; I heard a quiet call;
And then it fell silent – it was a tease.
It was a taste, a harbinger; Spring
Is wonderful in its temporal state.
Rain couldn't be without time for its falling.
Collect me now from this café of stalling.
An open gate that has always been there
Awaits.
 I am in the garden.

5-8-12

Love Poem

The fire of love blazes through fields,
Cuts across the preferences,
Halves hobbies and particularities
And shoots straight to connection.
You meet the eye of someone
Who longs to touch this flame,
See it blaze across their sky,
Cutting right through mountains,
Through all their mind has built.
I see potential fires,
Brief, bright flashes everywhere,
Burning low in bodies,
On the edge of a flare.
Once I was myself inside
One such hurtling star.

06/23/12

Heat Demon

I kept followin' a feeling that misguided,
That lied to me,
That led me on all wrong.

A sugar that smiled so deep inside of me,
Or cried to me,
“Here you don’t belong.”

Sometimes it led me to seeming darkness,
While making me see only light.
And from where the sun sometimes shone brightly
It steered me to take flight.

I walk into your arms – it feels so warm
According to my mind.
Turn a 360 and it all has changed –
Face me, but I face the dead of night.

I wonder who this misguided demon
Dares to pretend he is?
Is he passing for my intuition?
Perhaps I’m just high on my own promises.

Did he ever claim to be my savior?
Did he ever claim to lead me home?
No, that was my own interpretation.
He only showed me where it was warm.

6/23/12

The hibiscus in bloom,
Purple-lavender,
Puts me into summer.
The sirens pass me over,
Outside in Baltimore City.
In our 50-species garden
Summer comes up from deep under,
Throwing us into the wild
Unkempt array of fifty trees.
My father's sitting, contemplating,
Smokey barbeque.
Engines rev up in the distance –
Another siren is due soon.
“Yes,” he says, “not long now,”
As summer passes by,
Carrying us, inside it,
With its bubble inside time.
Twilight is descending;
Lowly an owl hoots.
Wouldn't think we're in the city,
But the road nearby's so busy,
You remember with each car
That speeds, and then the chirp of crickets
And the hooting of the owl
Take the forefront once again.
Who's defeating who?
It's hard to tell.
The fireflies come out now,
Swarms of light in dimmer nooks;
At least seven different trees
Shoot up from that low paradise.

6/23/12

Port city, far away from my home,
I don't find myself running to you.
But, if one day I had to,
I'd make here my home,
Farside seaside port city of people
From the top to the bottom,
Friendlier than in London
(But then again, who is not?)
Less pretentious than Cambridge legacies
Who pay to go there to party
(But no one will say -
I just gather: the faculty gather their money
And give them prestige,
You can buy so many off on that token
That glimmers so brightly.
Let the rest go to Cardiff
And study at newer institutions,
Getting better education
In this edgier town
That feels much more modern,
But is sparkling with interest,
A factor of interest I cannot pinpoint.
Just look at the people -
They're much like the ones back home.

7/10/12

Castle to Train

I'm a different person, from whom I used to be.
My hair has gotten darker and has turned much more curly.
My smile has gotten wider, the blonde is a brunette.
When I was seventeen, every single day I'd get
So enveloped in internal observations; every day must bear a lesson;
My face looked so innocent back then
When I was untouched by the ocean, untouched by the sea,
Skin marble against towns that I drifted past slowly,
Yet so sensitive to screaming of the parents on the trains.
Now it doesn't touch me as I sit here by the window
With my skin a little tougher, edges that much rougher.
I hadn't written poetry in weeks,
But now it seems so silly as I pass this landscape, hilly,
Taking into me a far part of the world.
I've found myself more open without satire to pour on,
Rolling down the rolling hills this train is speeding by.
I was once a moron with those ideals that I swore on,
But I felt my heart was right inside its place.
Now that life's oblivion; no more am I living in
A world that I created in my brain.
With my face a little longer and my body somewhat thinner,
I have lost all connection to my first life.
Now I can be somebody in the world where all the people live,
Knowing there's no point to look behind.
Maybe someday in the future she and I'll connect again,
But for now I'm out and about, hopping from castle to train.

7-12-12

Traveling Alone

On the road with my backpack, I see many travelers passing me,
Couples are holding hands, sharing it; isn't it sweet? It makes me ache
For the same – I know I should want it, I see it happening all around me
Like flowers. Roses in Cambridge and Wales were everywhere,
Running up fences, and I smelled their delicate scents
That took such careful work to create by nature,
Chemistry we cannot replicate created a million essences of subtlest flavor.
But here I sit wanting to fuck, thinking that with some luck
It'll hopefully happen if someone approaches me
While I'm alone on my netbook staring into the monitor so burningly.
That's all my body wants, just to rev up and die out
And rush on in the morn on my own – not to grow.
Shouldn't I know by now that that subtle flavor only comes about slow
Ly and imperceptably. But I just want paper plates' brief bright flames
To pop in my sky. The other's too much of a bother.
If I got up I'd probably find it – if that's a good way to go....

7/13/12

I was sleeping alone, sleeping alone
Until the storm came,
Blew off the covers
Forever.

Then I was running, quickly running,
Driven by a flame,
Not *to* one lain
Wherever.

Blown behind me like a nightgown,
The city's spinning silently
Around me
In my head.

When I was sleeping, so strongly sleeping,
I was nearly dead.

7/14/12

Nobody wants to travel, they just want to pass.
They're all here for a reason – but no so me;
I am just here, looking to be,
But everyone's set in their plans,
With a line,
Parameters that bind
(Especially I.)

7-14-12

Breath of Fresh Air

I feel like I just started my life,
Like I was just born.
Tomorrow I will do everything
And it will be my own.
Now I am a hole,
Everything blows through me,
There's nothing to me,
Everything's new to me.
Nobody knew me;
I am someone new,
Nobody – who
Has no past and carries no weight.
Let it go through. I am a gate.
My hair is fresh,
I have always showered.
I am a shower; I am a rain.
Every moment I'm born again.
My skin is porous,
Unclogged with oils.
Where am I going?
Nobody knows.
I'm only going,
There's nowhere to get.
This is the life
I have wanted to let.

7/23/12

Maybe It's Memory

I won't lie, I've been around as I've been about,
Seeing a lot of new.
But you still hold a soft spot in my heart
Even though our paths flew by each other.
And maybe it's memory that skews me,
That creates this beauty from one time,
Maybe it's a memory that's painting a rainbow in the sunshine
So bright, so plain.
Every country little bit confuses me, amuses me,
And bruises me.
But bruises make you stronger – not like masochists!
At least they give you color (well, I couldn't resist).
But memories are greatest wealth in all the world;
I couldn't ask for anything more.
Maybe it's this memory I painted into memory that brings me back to your front door.
So excuse me my delusion,
I'd been wrapped in confusion 'til I started
This trek around the surface, and how it's realigned me –
But I digress –
The memory won't satiate me,
But one more meeting, it surely could do it.
Let's go through it.
Oh, validate my memory with your sunshine returned,
Oh, let me tell you all about the things I've learned
And you'll smile softly seeing in me a ghost you thought you'd burned
Of you when you were going through the front doors of the open view to learn it.
Now I'll return it,
Back to you.

07/25/12

I have found what I need
Out of my home
Which is pulling me back to the old.

Out in the open, I found home,
What I wanted to be,
Values agreeing with me
In simple smiles.

Oh, I don't want to be run by a foreign hand;
Either way I am, but only one I trust.
The black is opposite to the cool white I finally desire.

You and I can make it real together,
Create a bubble out of thin air.
Apart, we keep ours heads up, swimming;
Together, easily validate each other's art.

I know where I don't want to be, where's drowning.
It tempts me down even so.
I met you for a night and then it vanished -
But form myself did not let go.

7/26/12

Yes, loneliness
Is what always remains behind
Once the mists clear from the morning,
Once the morning glories fade.
Hundreds spring up for a day,
Bawdy forward blaring trumpets;
By sunset they wither out,
And let the quiet of the night
Be settled.

My,
Loneliness
Is what's always around the corner
When you find the empty alley
And their voices fade behind you.
You are in it on your own
Where there is no one at your back
Except the ghost that might attack,
Or the shadow of a killer.

At a party, you are crowded;
In a crowd, you're but a pebble,
Just a little pearly droplet
Feeling somehow immiscible.

In a crowd, you're one.
One of a crowd, one in a crowd,
Surrounded,
But it feels like not by people
'Til you let the feeling out.

Your field sees stormy weather;
Winds blow seeds – far-flying heather,
Foreign jewels; your curious
Animal senses strain their tether
Reaching further, smelling deeper,
Eyes fill up with new impressions.
In one day a million lessons
Grip your unbred infant heart.
But in the clearing that's a stage
For all the world's various weathers,
Winds that test your fragile feathers
And help shape them – not in calm –
Yet it's a clearing and when finishes
One particular storm,
There's a quiet, there's your blank slate,
There's the bedrock of your home.

Someone will come as you sit here, doing what you do,
Loving you for you
When you least try,
When you give up,
When you feel weak.
Someone will come.

Don't feel the pressure
If you're a poet
To go out a party,
Your self – not to show it.
The highest you can do
Is stay in your place and
Keep doing what you
Most easily do.

7/30/12

I'm a good flower in a bad environment,
All around me is dirt.
My little stem grows up from concrete;
To concrete fields my seeds blow.
I'm a little deer walking in with the lions,
Baring my tender neck.
They're all too shocked to bite me
And guard me beside themselves
As we walk through the concrete forests
Full of tigers around the corners
And tricky devils, masked raccoons.
I'm the weakest but carry the light.
In the darkness you'll see a glow.
Follow the glow in the night.

08/01/12

I Will Return

I left my heart in a distant place
And ran off to wander along the face
Of the Earth, to see its sights and learn,
Telling myself one day I'll return.

I will return, I will return,
I will return to you once more
For the piece of my heart that has broken off
And hooked into this rocky shore.

I left my heart with a wand'ring lad
Who found himself stationed just when I had
Begun of many travels my first
To quench a years-long dying thirst.

We talked all night of the world's corners
As he got me drunk on local Bulmer's.
The night slipped through us like silken thread;
Come morning I had to move on ahead.

But I will return, I will return,
I will return to this rocky shore
Though you no longer seem to care,
I will return to you, my dear.

I left my heart in a boy's homeland,
A boy who told me that I'd be grand,
In a place where the people did seem so free,
A place where the people were all like me,

Buried somewhere in a field of green,
A forest of moss like I'd never seen,
A fairy kingdom made to explore
For such a wayward wanderer.

Yes I will return, I will return,
I can already feel the yearn
To heed the call of this isle once more
And collect my heart from its rocky shore.

Pity Party For One

There's no one in the world for me,
A lone girl traveling on her own,
Sitting at a restaurant next to a family
Having a pity party on her laptop.
I got so excited just to be disappointed again –
Yeah, same old story for everyone;
Then why are kissing couples everywhere!?
There's no one for someone who's so independent,
So inspirational – leave her alone.
I have to admit, I like it much of the time,
But I'd like a kindred spirit
To see this world with,
A Nigel Thornberry.
How could it be that the brightest lights disappoint
The most, die without sign
Into nothing and leave you hanging in space,
While the sounds of the club next door reach your ears
Through the silence where music had only played.
There's no one out there for a writer
Who writes at restaurants when dining alone,
And a young girl who should have a boyfriend;
It doesn't make logical sense why she's here on her own.
I met the most unpleasant person last night,
An elderly man who was always right
But, I caught, so insecure
In his proposition that I write for
His book so he doesn't have to suffer the process
Of writing, and so I can.
“Just translate Russian to English,” he said.
“It'll take five years minimum,” I declared.
“Nonsense,” he replied, “one year; read a novel.
All novelists worth their word read Russian lit.”
I was sick of this shit but I was polite,
Though I snapped at him quite a few times.
I'm not twelve, old man, if you say, “There's your chance
To make a million dollars,” I won't shout, “hooray!!!!”
I'll know better for next time than to stick myself on a lazy Spanish weekend
Without escape locked with an old geezer who's fallen asleep to a Russian movie
That's actually good. I have to say, that paella was worth the wait
In the restaurant by myself. I don't regret it.
I just like rambling. No one will read this ever anyway.
I think I should get used to people responding to me on their own time
Instead of waiting in panic for answers that might be too rushed.
In the meantime I'll go on with life. Life's a funny thing –
All I wanted was marriage, that stability, but – well, first of all,
It's not like that at all, it's dynamic as anything – but
You cannot expect anything like that to fall to you.

You have an encounter; you let it go.
If the winds are kind back it they'll blow,
But chances are it won't be so.
You're more likely to find a different seed blown on the wind,
Blown to you and away; you are blown about, too; don't think it's just coming to you.
And what can *I* expect, pulling my roots?
This life of travel I've tasted – that's how it is, you pass them by,
People constantly weaving in and out of your life
Like shadows, passing ships in the night
On an endless sea of a dark mess of waves.
Watch their pinpoint light shine through your own window.
Watch it grow dimmer; watch the created ripples rock your little ship
Less and less as each vessel carries on with its charted course.

8/04/12

I lose all my greatest loves,
The ones that hit me home.

We left as passers in the night,
Two small ships on an unlit sea,
Passing silently save for a thread of a song.
Would you have us be lost to the sands of time?

All the loves that touch core-deep
Strike chords deliv'ring perfect sleep
With a rocking lullabye
On the slow waves of a high,
And then sink me deep
To the ocean floor,
Where their echoes sound,
Are my heart's walls.

I lose all my greatest loves;
They sink to the ocean floor,
Forever echoing ocean songs
Deep under vessels sailing on.

8/05/12

All great loves are falling stars
On the darkest sky, in the deepest sea
Rarely find a mouth on shore when they fall
Great loves fall into the web-like sea
And sink to the ocean floor

I have lost all the great loves
That brought me home
To the ocean floor.

In the rumbling sea
Dark web of waves
Pulling every way

Dropped a falling star
Sunk to the ocean floor
Rather than two pairs of landlocked eyes
Watching the sky in wait...

Lost to the waves, forever playing ocean songs
Below the vessels sailing on along the surface easily.

Shall our song be lost to the sands of time?
Our ships remain passers in the night
Drifting along on a darker sea
On the web of waves of black glass ink
Under glimmering pinpricks above,
Holes to the world outside
We know how far away?

Lost great loves that hit me home
Strike the chord that *is* my soul
And fall onto the ocean floor
Beating under sunny yachts
With people sipping margaritas in this season's new bikinis
Overlarge sunglasses, party hats,
Deaf to ocean songs so slow.

I have lost all the great loves
That brought me home
To the ocean floor.

Into the rumbling sea,
Dark web of waves,
Pulling every way,

Dropped a falling star,
Sunk to the floor
Instead of landlocked eyes
That watched the sky in vain...

Lost inside the waves
Forever playing ocean songs
Below the vessels sailing on
Along the surface easily

Shall our song be lost to time?
Our ships remain but passers in the night
To drift along a darker sea
Across the web of black glass ink
Under glimmering pinpricks,
Pinpricks to the world outside,
Above, we know how far away?

Lost great loves that hit me home
Strike the chord that *is* my soul
And fall onto the ocean floor
Where they beat under sunny yachts
With people sipping margaritas in this season's new bikinis
Overlarge sunglasses, party hats,
Deaf to ocean songs below.

Alone on the Mountain

Everyone around me sinks into drinks or drugs
And talks about them.
When they do
I feel how alone I am
On top of the mountain
Of no preoccupation,
Sober as the cool air that blows through my head,
The only sound I hear
Because the words coming up from the earth
Are a murmur.

8/7/12

Some mood overtakes me,
Usually
That same fluctuation between these two states:
Free-spiritedness, discover the world
With wide eyes and light weight and no tomorrow;
Or selfishness, the memory
Of family behind
That I've often forgotten,
Absorbed in excitement.
Whatever thought overtakes me
Makes me plummet to shame
Or fly up to elation,
Though it's all the same.
And in spite of this,
I must do what I must,
What I set myself out for,
Without wavering due to my own blurred mind-vision.
I'm here alone.
I'm here alone.
That is all that is left
At this distant table
Under the wind.
My moods are inside me, swaying the trees;
Don't mind the breeze.
Just keep your eyes fixed.

08/07/12

In the night's restless, restless waves,
A fleet is better than a few,
And one affords less than two,
But I know you – you want to be one,
The one who is always sailing on,
And I do, too, they tell me so:
“Why do you insist on going alone?”

I can't get these ocean songs out of my head,
This sad, longing poignant violin.
Have I merely gone so mad
Or is that the state *you* are in?

8/8/12

Oh, they all run away like the sea
Retreats after briefly washing my feet,
Hop on their ships and set sail from shore,
And I never see them anymore.
I traverse the rocks, the hills, the plains,
Comb the shore for foreign shells,
Awake to a mind stuck in one of its hells,
And sit (?) on the sand after it wanes.
Everyone leaves me, I complain
As I pack my bag and rush to the train,
To the next destination – gone again
To the vibrant fields of imagination's end –
, behold, 'thought breath;
The other wonders, “when to *me*?”
As other side's covered with passing couples' kiss –
Stop – I've met the enemy.

08-09-2012

A Star Pirate

A star fell from the sky
Onto the ocean
Onto a ship.

It became a man
And joined the crew,
Grew long hair and a long beard, too.

He wasn't a pirate, though,
But a light
That looked the part like any
And sailed the night
With the rest of them,
Through the mess of black ink waves,
Many nights
Staring up.

One day like any this star jumped ship
And sank down to the ocean floor,
Where he played evermore an ocean song
While the vessel sailed on the sea as before.

08/16/12

I Partied in the Alps

Walked into the party like my name was Alina,
Heard the techno music and I walked right back out,
Down the dark street back into this little quiet hostel,
Sat down on the couches where I found a little cat.
Stroked her sleepy belly like the rebel that I am,
Partying my nights away like so til 1AM,
She clawed at me a little bit; I couldn't but squeal "aww"
Foolishly grabbing in my hand her little paw.
A lei'd been wreathed around my neck, and so it still there sits,
And all throughout the single Magner's I sipped bit by bit.
Walked into the beach party, got carded, went downstairs.
I knew it wouldn't be for me, but it was some meters
A walk beyond the Irish bar set in this rich Swiss town,
So even though my eyes were closing I just went along.
The people that I went with must have thought myself so lame;
They know I'm not a partier; they think it's such a shame.
But I indeed was at this party – but sat out skinny dipping
For leaving them too suddenly once I saw people tripping
And rolled my eyes impatiently, and went my whereabouts,
But now I can say, "hey you guys, I partied in the Alps."

8-16-12

Paint this place into my memory,
Where each stained glass window is built unique.
Let my soul revisit inside my dreams
To walk by the turret and sit by the well
Poking into the core. When I stare down
I feel so at peace looking into the world
In the little courtyard of this church
Of a town by the sea where the ship with the lights on
And bright colored flags sometimes docks.

The house on my back is breaking;
The wooden plank boards are unhinging and coming undone,
Then I find a home in the old stone reliefs
That surround, where I feel at peace.
The house on my back will soon be nothing;
Soon I will be a homeless bum.

08/29/12

The House on My Back

The house on my back is breaking
As I carry it on my shoulders
Over mountains, through town streets,
Like a camera around my neck.
Windows and doors become loosed by the wind
And inevitably fall off.
I get frightened and reign in the framework of boards
That yet keeps coming undone.
The house on my back is breaking down;
Soon I will be a bum.

08/29/12

Summer Wave

A high wave rose out of the ocean,
Its glass crest covered in glitter,
Majesty of the sea,
A proud king striding against the blue sky.
I, little peasant, hopped onto the very tip
And rode this wave all summer
Over the crashing, unstable blue,
Carried under the warm, deep night,
Conversing with stars,
Sighing at ships,
Listening to the ocean's songs below,
Then breaking into morning's ascension,
Into the day under bold sun's glow,
Enjoying the view from the very top –
What a spot I caught!
For a magnificent ride on the unstoppable stride
Of an ocean king
Unquestionably sure
Of his destination,
And kind enough to take a passenger.
Waves like this descend perfectly,
At just their right time.
I can feel the beginning of a smooth descent
To a new shoreline.

08/31/2012

My own chains make a barter:
Something good for something bad;
Something positive comes with a negative
On the back.
My own chains are the masters
Of purgatory,
Give me a dose of cough syrup with my tea,
Make me choke always after I smile.
My own chains don't let me break away.
I trade an excellent night for a miserable day
And my chains insist
That it must be this way,
What they call fair play.

09/04/12

When I say “you” to you, it has such a rich meaning,
Saddled with so much feeling,
It sounds like footfalls upon a silk parquet
And against the dim walls
Your eyes should simultaneously be softly directly
In front of me.

These quiet minutes
When we sit alone.

09/08/2012

Going Into the Distance

So many stories lead to a certain fatigue
As you step back and let faces come and go
Without trying to grab a morsel to hold.
When you start you are eager,
But after practice, you grow old
And become a veteran of the trade.

You are never alone for too long here,
But sometimes you are very alone.
When the story falls off and the voices grow dim in the distance,
Of nights swathed in laughter and liquor
And circling, smiling friends, accompaniments –
You are lonely when you have to start over
In a new land whose call pulls you mysteriously onward –
Why do you go?
Everyone you meet disappears,
But didn’t you come here this laughter to find?
Yet you are leaving;
Why do you go?
Going into the distance
Yet lacking a reason.
Your back is retreating
Into the desert that lines the horizon,
Blending into the sand.
The “why” of your first day is dry and depleted;
You merely step into another life
To become “somebody” again for a time.

09/14/2012

It's neither hello nor goodbye, my friend.
The Lake: you're here to stay.
Though I fly so soon back to my bed,
This lifeline knows no break.
I will not fear for what I miss out;
I know out there lies too much.
And I can't see every face or meet with
Each singular touch.
I'll go my way, no matter where
I randomly made cuts.
They're not real anyway, my friend:
The earth is made of mud.
And my life lies rooted in this ground
That with water loses form.
I'm torn but it's a silly thing
To be feeling so forlorn.
I will not try, nor will I strive –
It will rather come to me.
And if I miss a drop of the pouring rain,
Let that pore remain empty.

09/18/2012

Home

Love is overtaking me
Like a slow wave,
How the slow crawl of the sea
Does caress a sandy shore.
High up in the mountains,
Here I found my home.
It cannot be denied
When it slowly warms your soul.
No, it's not like fireworks;
More like subtle warm stares;
More like time around a fire
Until the coals glow
And the couch is sunken into
And it's quiet all around you
Except your whispered voices
And the spitting of a coal.

We do not need luxury,
Just these weathered boards,
Mismatched colored rugs,
Patterned throw pillows,
Constant feet parading
Of newcomer souls
Passing through our house
Carried on the wind that blows.

09/20/2012

Heed the Call

What I've sought was – I don't know
But to heed the call of winds that blow
Blew through my town – dropped everything
To see what was going on outside.

What was I looking for on the other side?
Crossed the divide to find what was there
On the other shore I found a party
As circling as any one back home.

We came on planes to get caught in circles
Now we're never going home.

Horse-drawn caravans on the one street
Locals that mostly keep separated
I'm separated; some return
With stories of bonding with locals.

Oh there's a skew to what I know
Come from the taint of my window.

So much pride and so much privacy
In this newfound place built on community;
I don't know anymore what should be "me"
The more I go the less I know,
Through my dirty, dirty window.

10/26/12

Music Exchange

You once gave me a song, my dear,
That made me draw pictures for days,
Granted me visions that kept me awake,
And was built into my body's new cells.

Now, what you give me just brushes the side,
Skims over my ears and sounds alright,
And the song *I* exchange you say you find strange.
Lo, we have drifted apart.

Your song once paid the rent in my heart;
Now we have both moved out.

11/11/12

To "I Remember a Time When Once You Loved Me"

There are too many dancers;
It confuses me.
My heart falls into pieces
Over memory.
It says, "I remember a time in the distance when I held only one.
But the sun has gone down on and undone the love that it spun."

Now, there are too many
Fingers pulling me apart.
I remember dancing
Under starlight –
Then I used to say
As my heart would sway to the universe beating all around,
"I have only one,
Have only one,
And it can't be undone."

Now, I read off the names on a list and remember
The separate chapters written about every member.
The stories are disconnected, not one
But one million
Pieces of broken glass smashed all across the dance floor.
Even the one who was once the whole vase
It not whole anymore.

I've become fickle for dancing,
Never sure,
Turning around to dance tango
At every trigger.
The sound of the memory has faded
That rang out the timeless note of my one.
Now I have fun,
Silently twirling between everyone.

11/12/12

So many lunatics running the streets
Are driven by grandiose heroic dreams:
One wants to be hero, another a master
In whom everyone the authority rests.
Another believes he is helpless and weak,
Another misguided and so he weaves
A meandering path without realizing he's
Always been on a straight, broad road.
Another is driven by fear toward power.
We all build ourselves some sort of tower
Of fantasies nestled in clouds of steam
That power our motions across this sphere.
And if one more time I have to hear
That someone is trying to open my eyes
I'll tell him to shove it up he knows where!,
His beautiful wishes to save our lives.
Messiah! Who needs you? Look at yourself –
An opportunistic idealistic snake.
And if we should hug again make no mistake
There will be more antagonization.
For you're neither brother nor lover but third,
The enemy, rubbing pumice stone to me.

11/25/12

Visitors

When you don't want to be part of this world anymore
You start to see it like you're a visitor.
All your life you try to do what's better for your kind,
Sometimes you put yourself second and even when that makes you fall behind
You still think, no it is better to comply
And while you struggle someone shoots it all to bits.
Some people take a gun to it
Some people take another hit
Some bastards simply do not give a shit
And get the spotlight
While the rest of us are hidden by the veil
For keeping things running – but it's to no avail
Normal gets no notice; it gets only pain
Because our world shines all its light on the insane.

We sweat to build tedious castles
Working all day for hours
And watching our steps, where we take them
Lest something does break from our carelessness
Under the fear of making a mess of what little is ours.
And then someone comes, someone comes along
Humming a broken song about a knife in their hand
And revenge they will brand on the chests of betrayers
And insult-sayers they're still carrying
Whose voices make them blue at first – until a little
Thought might enter their heads and fill them with thirst
For redemption. But then who will pay
When manifests the day when the ticking little thought becomes a tape pressed play?

Oh, it's the citizens. They want to run away,
Want to be visitors, because there is no way
This can be meant to be. Step back and look upon
The destruction of a few who don't look left or right
Before destroying lifetimes' efforts overnight.
Get philosophical to escape what is
Not comprehensible. We must be visitors
For it's a barren world without our malls and pills
And there are places on this planet we have never set foot.
They're in Antarctica, whose mountain ranges prove
That we are strangers visiting the planet Earth
But then who *are* we then? And where do we belong?
Maybe one day we can go to Antarctica
And start all over without any form of gun?
What we say to console ourselves when there's nowhere to run
And wonder why on this big rock so free of us initially
We were ever put upon.

Clingwrap

There's this stretchy clingwrap suit on my skin
Always pulling down and in,
And I'm always fighting to stretch and break it,
Cut off these unreal limitations.
But it's persistent and skin tight
And makes my life an uphill fight
A battle going against the grain.
Oh, I know there's a better way;
I see it in their faces, they portray
A life of ease, a life of victory.
Maybe I should interview them to find out if it's a play
And the winner's face built on foreign belief.
Are they not, too, covered in this sheath?
But lying about their victory?
Oh I'm so young but getting older
And now this is all I feel.

Oh, clingwrap you harbor me,
Keep me from swimming out to the sea,
Flying on a spirit so free,
Maybe I need you to keep me in til I'm prepared.
Sometimes I should feel a bit more scared
Of the real dangers that lie ahead
But I fear only demons I created.

12/30/12

Ghosts

Ghosts can linger for a very long time,
Sometimes for years, especially if
An especially powerful touch visited
Your skin and went under to leave its mark.
You sometimes hear echoes for so very long
Though nothing substantial is lingering on.
But you cannot love a ghost;
You can only hear it, hear it wherever you go.
Its voice seems to live inside you;
Its voice cannot seem to let you go.
Another life comes, and lives, and dies –
Only *then* does the *old* ghost begin to subside!
Only then do you know that it's only a ghost and say,
“What a long one”; they rarely are so
Persistent and clinging. You know
It had to be some kind of sound to produce such an echo
That fooled you so long that it *was* the song –
But the song was a sonic boom.
One brief moment, one touch to the core, it flew
Into and through before the second hand struck.
Such mysteries fill your inner ocean life
But your ship sails on. Your feet move.
What can you do with these mysteries?
What can you do with a ghost?
You want to put him at ease since he takes you
Away from the real world to his, which is gone with him;
You follow a ghost world even if you run,
Remaining in the shadow of color.
He accepts no fellows.
His body bellows
The song you are after, sung too far ahead to hear.
But when the ghost is gone –
You ache knowing you cannot even remember
That you were a *witness* to this glorious voice
That *was* the substance this ghost's man sung.
You were once in the light, but now you're back in the world,
And how foreign it feels.
How empty it is.
How far is your home that is *not* your home;
It's the man's home – your home is here, he says.
But you're not at home here;
No, you're a stranger
Stuck between worlds
Knowing he is not coming back for you, and even if
You could meet him again, what could you do
Knowing he cannot take you,
Knowing you do not belong?

You are neither a body nor spirit.
You heard a note and are fighting to hear it
But losing, sinking back into the ocean of trifles
And little glass beads, knowing you found a diamond,
But what does it matter if your hands can't handle
This matter, if you don't know how to hold?
What do you do here?
You can do nothing, but witness the ghosts in the world.

12/30/12

I Will Be Reborn

...Five years later we meet again,
Like the circle comes back around,
Another point on two separate lines
Who once again cross when they shouldn't...

But if we never meet this second time,
Then one thing I certainly know:
I will be reborn. I will come for you
And pull you back toward my soul!

One night we met in the dark;
We took hands and a little walk
Down private steps to the bottom floor
And when we came out to the core we found ourselves among the stars.

We parted then,
Never to meet again,
And as you rode past in your caravan
I hollered out, but you carried on, and never called back my name.

I cried into the gap
Your name for months I never stopped, never forgot
Until the space got so much wider and the air quieter
'Til it faded to a silence that hung completely still.

It took years of space and emptiness
As we carried on our separate ways
Until I could no more hear, and soon no more remember,
Even one note from the musical chamber.

I carried on; I even forgot,
But the rest of the world was a darker spot
Than the sea of stars and plunging into a moment out of time
Wrapped in each other's arms.

Five years I wandered in the maze again
From which I once knew how to leave,
Deeper into darkness until I was another one of them
A hooded figure, a zombie

01-09-2013

Let Go on the Rollercoaster

Down, down the straight, wide road
We go.
Stay in line with the caravans.

North Star ahead. We follow
Doing as we're told
In silent pressure otherwise we're dead.

Gravel on the sides. As the road gets wider
I see a path
That is the desert sands.
I go.

1/16/13

Sometimes I remember you;
Like a distant memory
An outline and a shadow
Are all of you I see.

Sometimes it comes back to me,
Fleeting wisps of colors
And the smile that made me smile
Without anything between.

When we were both innocent,
When we both were young,
Unburdened by careers or age,
Suspended in a room, alone,

There we sat so openly,
Talking over anything,
Looking at each other and
Seeing eye to eye.

Like a distant injury,
I do not remember often
That exact feeling;
Only sometimes.

1/18/13

Creativity

I feel as fresh as when I was in love
(Aren't I now?)
Where I am means nothing.
Travel and be in hell.
Stay in place and you could always move.
It doesn't matter what's outside.
The outside world is not touching me now
For this moment – I know now
What it means to be free from the outside world when I'm in my own,
In a waterfall of speed and creativity
Flowing up, up, and out.
Did you know, music, art, writing, math, and building are all the same?
Creativity is creativity looking for one of many outlets.
The core is one but the faces are many, the holes poked into this ball
From which the light shines.
Spin, spin, and pick one or many.
Write music or poems or draw and sing the same in each one.

1/19/13

How grateful I am to be back in the night sky,
Darker than ever before
And the stars are white sharp diamonds,
Brighter than ever before.
How I am in the sunset again,
Walking to my car,
Touching my own past,
And knowing I'm in love.

In this sea I know that there was never an end and you are always inside me,
Whether we know it or not.
How can I tell you that I am always with you and if you want to be in the sky tonight,
We are there?

I have nothing to say as I bask in the cosmos inside me,
That pushed me to write this letter
Saying I'm here and you can reach me and know that this *is* a real place.

...I haven't even thought to call you my love because I was busy enjoying
Us being together.

1/19/13

One kind word or one glance is good for one moment.
We move like fish in water:
We blink and we forget.

The sea is endless darkness, every fish a tiny light.
One swims by and we forget.
We do not care for its name.
We want only its light
And we want it to remain.

I don't like the darkness anymore than you,
And I don't like to swim alone
But most often I do.

There are vast expanses in the sea, infinitely dark
Devoid of any fish's spark.

It has been a while since I've felt lonely,
But I knew that it was coming
As the darkness after sunset
(And at failed human relations).

Failures never fail to dim the light to darkness
And make me swim bitterly
Or else ignore what's true.

There is no solution to a brother aged thirteen,
Only to be calm and not to scream
And escape to think of lonely fishes in the sea.

1/19/13

Being cut off inevitably comes after love.
First a sea of stars, then a jet black void.

I've been here, in the void, many times
But never looked it right in the face.
It's said the well looks back into you;
Well, I don't fear this void.
In fact, I *want* to be swallowed
And fall forever.

Either way, there's a deep silence
In the void, whether
It is empty or it's full of stars.
That leaves the culprit: *me!*

Oh, I am here inside myself today:
The world goes on, my body goes on with it.

1/19/13

Words are never right to convey the silence that pushes them out –
But they are all I have.

Lines on paper strain towards nothing, chasing that but leaving
Traces like footprints in vain.

Music parts waves over ground revealing the silence with sound arranged into song
But then it is gone
And noise washes over again.

1/19/13

How can I emphasize
What I want you to see?
Bang louder on the wall?
It's futility!
Write more, try again,
Pick other words.
I'm just hammering stubbornly
At a wall whose only key
Is one word in the tongue
Of its hieroglyphs.

1/19/13

It's safe to be smart
To sit and study,
Cultivating intellectuality,
To remain at this table in this state,
Quietly, receiving praise,
Agreeing with the news your circle raises
As their flag.
You're looked at warily if you throw away
The mantle and abandon roads that slice the ground like veins
For rocks, terrain inherently unstable with no name upon the map,
Where you'll fall down, get dirty hands, and start another culture
That does not yet have a name and be
Someone who is not defined, without precedence.
"Who are you?" the question wants an answer.
When you pick a strip out of the hat
And take your name, the one that fits me comfortably is "smart"
And oh, it's safe to be.
It's safe to be instead of venturing out to the craggy rocks that wear your feet
And lead you nowhere and alone.
Drop your name and you drop everybody else and you drop everything you know
And were and everything you said. And come up to the cliff
Of the Grand Canyon – stop. You'll never talk again. You'll know
You have no name. You'll go
Over the craggy rocks.

1/22/13

I can't fight it;
We slowly get closer
Every day, even if we don't speak.
Even when we are fighting,
Every time it is over,
We only get closer
Like drops on a bend.
You are always inside me,
Though you're not who I wish
Would get closer to me,
For your eyes aren't mine.
You're a stranger each time
On the inside,
Whenever you wrap your arms around me again.
Outside, familiar; inside, a stranger
Whom I never will understand.
I look into your eyes and see not my lover
But a foreign, distant land.
Not a ghost, but very much flesh,
A square to my circular form.
We brush like nettles
But encase like velvet
And are always pulled toward each other like magnets.

1/22/13

Come close
Move away
I can't stay
At rest

It's the middle of the night
I'm undressed
But not naked,
Never

And I'll never know you
And you'll never know me
We are strangers
Forever

1/26/13

I'm finished being a poet,
I have nothing more to say.
Put the pen down for the rhyming
On this January day.
I was meant to write a story
Of the journey through the world
Inside, where we walk blindly toward
A song that sounds absurd
According to the populace;
But, deaf, they cannot hear,
Or only a distortion
Through a disproportioned ear.
Yet the melody sounds right to us,
Although it makes us dance
To music that is silence
And confuse up with romance
A pull that leads us far away
From life and plural crowds
And steers us so uncertainly
Through endless reams of shrouds
Until, exhausting every means,
We find there's nothing else
Inside this endless forest
Hiding only empty veils.
We never truly *reach* the song,
But, past our futile search,
A hand picks out and touches us
And lights a sudden torch –
Then disappear the forest veils;
The search is a game, too.
We wake up in the empty field
This blazing light blew through.
Already it is in the past
And we are left alone.
If it was a mountain,
We start making our way down.
Soon we're back in market
(The same we turned our backs upon),
Greeting strangers' faces,
Putting old clothing back on,
Meshing in the throng as one
Of millions we'd abhorred,
While the song that led us out of there
Before is no more heard.

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
With its lights on for eternity,
A crown of flags swaying in the wind
Of the whirlpool that keeps it still.

If you find that ship, you will find your home.
Sometimes it docks and you fall into your soul,
Dance for a night in someone's embrace
Under the night sky with colored flags waving,
Bright liquors pouring, music playing,
In a moment frozen in time,
A moment out of time.

We run over ground, looking for our core,
Thinking it stands still and the waves move,
But the ship is permanent; the earth revolves
Taking us along
As we search for our calling, without knowing
Of the ship lying still in the middle of the sea
With its lights on and flags waving for eternity.

2/2/13

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
With its lights on for eternity,
A crown of flags sways in the wind
Of the whirlpool that keeps it still.

Fall into your home, my friend,
After the chase around the world.
Under the stream of colored flags,
Dance with a kindred soul
Beneath the glittering stars of night
And the salty smell of the rocking sea
As liquors pour and music plays
Inside a moment out of time.

We spend our lives running over the ground,
Looking for the answer,
Deluded that it's stable
And surrounded by the ocean.
But the sea is in the middle
And the middle of the middle
Stands forever still. Without a bridge;
A ship that knows no harbor.

There is a ship in the middle of the sea
While we run across the earth.
Its lights are on eternally,
It's decked in colored flags.
It glows by night like our heart's lighthouse,
Never fading out
As we run and run and think we'll get there,
Without a clue to what we seek.

There's no way to reach it. It's connected
To nothing. Separated from the world,
The ship is standing on its own.
It has a party neverending.
It's a rest for all your parts.

The Great Silence

...Because nobody answers,
Because I own no story,
Because I send out a cry
To no reply,
Because all of the visions
Turn out mirages,
And I ride a lone camel
On into the desert.
There is a great silence,
A vast aloneness,
Living inside me
When the world falls away,
When the stories fall off
And show I was a character,
But when the curtain closes I'm none,
Neither woman nor man,
Neither old nor young,
Neither rich nor poor;
And the set comes down,
And the actors leave,
And every emotion was make believe,
And every life lived vanished like a dream,
And I return ever frequently to this state:
That the world is quiet,
That the rocks ahead
Reflect the sun as it rises and sets,
That I am alone,
There is no one ahead,
And the calls I send out
To my fellow man
Race like sunbeams to the horizon,
And sound like they never hit a wall;
From my camel miles from civilization,
I receive no answer to my call.

It's only a game, all this,
And the opening doors are inside hedges
Artificially placed
To perpetuate our rodents' race
And its finely tiered hierarchy.
Someday again I will feel the breeze blow straight
Across the empty plain
I remember when my mind calms down.
Once the beginning is over
And I have acclimated,
Excitement left unsated
Will wipe clean the window.
It's only a stage production,
Badges, trophies, and cultural induction,
But without it
I have no direction.
Without it, I am lost.
With no role in the game, I spin
Hanging upside down
Not knowing which is what,
Afloat in quiet space.

03.04.13

How can you keep holding on to a dream world
When you are busy in this one?
When you are young, you have the time
And the freedom to live in your fantasies.
But survival takes the forefront
And the sugar you weave turns to bitters
If you have no one behind you and are burdened by time,
Obligated to be someone.
So many averagely sit in the middle – the best of our people –
They don't run from this.
I am alive in the middle and look around and think, *no*.
So many run from tree to tree and get high off the sap
And call it a life.
I think, *this is not the life I want, either*.
I want something real; I want a real life.
Scavenging flea markets outside.
The inside has fallen quiet.
The world has died.

3-10-13
Alexa

The Ache

The ache is for nothing
The ache is for:
The past that becomes washed away
Like forms in sand by the tide of time
Smoothed down until nothing remains.
For the memories that grow ever quieter
And in them, the laughter and songs.
For the moments that touched us –
The ache is in my hands and my eyes
Getting used again to the dark.
For the ride that never momentarily stops
Whether you're in your favorite moment
Or down in the deep, where you want to throw up.
For nothing truly stays with us;
Touch is an ephemeral bump
And all of life is contact
With entities moving on.
I feel what I lived I can't prove,
And if it's gone, why did it matter?
Pity it ever happened, now that my love is a ghost.
Inside this ache is joy
And the trigger to make me cry,
Remembering all I possess, my life:
A skeleton of pictures and words.
...All I possess, an ephemeral trace
That merely lingers longer.
An ache for the present to stay
In the empty spot at my side.

3/29/13

I fell apart on the road to nowhere,
Following the wind.
It threw off my compass and my sense
Of home.
On the road I only took one drug,
The one you know as “change”.
I’m addicted now, no matter what
I cannot stay in place,
Something must goo – oh – oh – oh,
Either I or what’s outside my window.
Seasons move too slow – oh-oh
I can no more wait until they cha-ay-ay-ange.
I wanted permanence but many years ago – oh – oh – oh
A wind blew me off course and wrecked my compass.

[guitar chords. **Na** – nanananana – **na** – nanananana]

It’s a permanent internal childhood
To merely try out,
To only taste a sample and soon run away-ay-ay-ay.
It doesn’t hit the spot after a minute,
Therefore it’s not what I live for.
I go on to something better,
Move on higher up the ladder,
Never settled with the view below – oh – oh – oh
[maybe break here?]
Barely long enough to leave a footprint. [break. Nanananana. **Na** – nananana.]

Meanwhile I remember years of struggle in the past
In circumstances any self-respecting human would assess
Need to be fought against, to change,
And so we fought, but in that mess we couldn’t budge
How many times I was arrested
By the sun (uh – uh – uh)
Behind the pewter gray storm clouds
And lime green grass in ten square feet
Surrounded by a pothole street
And hostile crowds.

And when the world is open wide it’s also flat.
There were no doors
And yet too many ways to go.
It was my own mistake.

And when the world is open wide it’s also flat.
That is the problem: there are no doors
But too many ways to go.
And could it be my own mistake of many years
To feel the need to pick a name before I pick a road

And map it all before I even go*?

*beat nanananana beat nanananana
Beat nanananana beat nanananana
Beat nanananana beat nanananana
Etc

3/30/13

It came out of nowhere
And to nowhere will go.
I cannot hang on
And I won't.
Let it go past me;
Eyes in the backseat;
My body, well, it really has no control.

A light out of nowhere pops up in the dark.
Unknown origins of this spark.
Hope with my heartstrings the glow will not fade
Because I am a moth; it's the sun.
And it's fueling my long-standing hope for the one.

Chances are merely the ship will sail on
After it lit up the ocean and blinded.
Light momentary casts the world dark
And I readjust myself after the spark.

Emotions are always convinced of the taste
Which they know in the moment, without hesitation.
But experience shows me that distance is remedy,
Hiding the ship in the mist on the sea.

Distance is perfect efficiency; memory
Loss of the heart does the rest.
That organ remembers for only so long
Before it relaxes your breast.

And distance is perfect for sailing a ship
Into the night that swallows every bit.
Exchanging of light never happened, as if,
And your heart is again convinced.

Emotional notes never sing any wrong.
Distance and time merely quiet the song.

4/7/2013

The first time the waters washed over me, I let go
Of the post completely and lost all control almost immediately,
Swallowed up by a sea so much bigger than me.

Every wave flung me as far as it could
And my limbs tossed out with the water.
They moved just as it moved.
When it was done my body was battered,
But it was still there;
I'd thought it dissolved into air
(Ripped apart by a sea so much bigger than me).

The second was nearly the same exact plight:
I quickly let go and put up little fight,
But this time I knew what was happening,
And while getting tossed kept my eyes open wide.

Again and again the sea batters me.
Now when the waves come I cling to the post
So firmly, I do not dare to let go
And get tossed at their whim to capricious shores
Or awake on the waters with no sense of north.

No matter how often the sea tries to swallow me,
After the fact, I recoup.
Yes, the sea *is* so much bigger than me,
But all that I truly possess is the tiny body
It threatens to swallow,
So I always remember first that I am,
And I will not lose myself like the first time
So completely ever again.

Because the sea is movement eternally,
And it will wash over me over and over,
But I can't dissolve in the waves every time
To wake up as the foam and reform.

I don't want to trample on this, but I just don't know
Where, if anywhere, this new attraction will go.
I don't know so much of you, but you seem strong and smart,
Protective, and perhaps this time I *have* found what I want.
It's physical but visceral so give me a hug.
You're stable and nobody dares to try to trip you up.
Never in my life the kind I thought I would love,
But in my own privacy, no reason to hide.
You're taken but I can't help feeling it would be mistaken
If this didn't turn out to work out by surprise.
The foresight of parting tugs straight at my gut
Bonded at the cord that will be cut.

Slow down, imagination – you're a product of Spring,
Drinking new flowers in gardenful gulps.
When it rains it pours, and last week it was frozen.
Chip a bit off my arm for a map of the earth.

I've become the glass statue in the midst of the ocean:
Waves washing over like cool, smooth silk.
I once kept dead roses, but found it was pointless.
Everything works in the beginning.

4/13/13

You're a portal to a side of my inside I've never known.
I'll show you a world you're hiding, blind to something living on
Like a baby germinating without your help, goes unknown.
Open up your eyes and see a newborn being inside your own.
He is just another stranger who soon will become a friend.
My own sister I've been waiting for is calling 'round the bend
With a sword she's wielding, flaming hair is waving in the wind;
Takes my hand with iron strength, a confident unbroken gaze.
Open up a softer side, that will calm you to your core.
Peace you'll know aside from your voice so loud carried down the hall.

I am now imagining another light that isn't there.
Sadly watch my newfound sister fade away and disappear.

Sometime in April 2013

I need to get into it,
Take a breath and dissociate
From the people around me,
Recall it's a game.

Because the story I set out with
Gets interrupted by pits;
I'm only a human:
Up and down my life twists.

I get veered off course too frequently,
And forget the treasure I tried to uncover,
The story I tried to weave
By the sun shining outside.

And it may be beautiful,
It may fill me with love
(Or synonymous emotion),
And I lose touch.

I drop it so easily,
As if I'm wearing a glove,
But it's in my bare hands, dear,
And I have to hold on.

So take a few breaths,
And let today go.
All that has happened
Does not touch the dream
Reverberating in the sea like a glass stone
Untouched by the world,
Unaffected by time.

And everyone wants something,
Something from you,
But you are not their ears,
Though your ears are in tune.

When I finish this story
I will be free
To play in the sun,
But 'til then hang suspended,
Out of time and life's passing.

People pass by and barely brush shoulders,
Glance in their eyes and keep moving forward
Running their way to wherever they're going,
A moment they know; but a moment they're certain:
They change their minds when the wind comes,
Blowing them toward yet another horizon.
That's the kind *I* am, with my eyes wide open:
Let go too easily, keep moving on.

Barely brushed shoulders and then I was certain
But morning came in, I crashed into your back.
Now I am swimming too far in the ocean;
Now my feet have lost grip of the shore.

Wherever you're going, I know you go swiftly;
But I think and I go slow.
On foot I am hasty and you take your time,
But once you've decided you've made up your mind,
And I think and think and savor the slow slide.

Softness is blind to bold strength; they're too different
To come into contact and stay.
Glistening hilltops from far away
Are up close revealed to be built on shit.
It's always a mess on the inside,
A core built upon a distorted thought, an untrue belief
Each one of us harbors a skew that tilts the world and the way we perceive.
Some are naïve and some full of self-hate,
Some blind to their instincts, or call themselves fated
Some see enemies and fights in everyone's eyes
Some expect flying knives.

And I am too paranoid of their words
So I throw out words that are cold in advance,
Trampling over the very budding stems I think I act to protect.
And you see a fight and a void in the space
And a threat from the killer lurking behind every grace
But I have no killer instinct
And maybe that's why so you feel.

And I need to trust my first instinct, I do
And I need to stop so much thinking through
And you need to slow down, yes you do
And we both need to open our eyes.

And when I am finished I'll throw this away.
When I'm thrown into the maelstrom I move back to survey the premise;
I, too, feel the threats all around.
I, too, feel their hungry eyes on the prize of an innocent neck;

It makes me sick to my stomach to think of what they might think
And I know I am touching the tip.

Because under the top lies a mountain of shit
And under your face lies a core on a tilt.

4/29/13

My soul mate is in every face and every sparkling eye.
Every life inspires mine.
If you match up with my wave by jumping out of your haze
You will see the mountain view
From the very top.

Every life is cracked into like a dull rock hiding crystals,
Some are poisoned with bits
Of darkened matter.
Every one unfolds
Slowly is most beautiful.
Every one I look at
Is another to know.

For me on my way,
They are all distractions.
How can I let so much beauty just be,
Ignore it and proceed?

Until we come together we're only a chance
We are only a memory.
I know the world has so many chances
And so much lying ahead that if we miss out
We will part and forget each other
Except for when we remember a couple of times
And think, *what could have been*,
But it wasn't, and life is fine without you.
Is there a hand above us? I don't believe it
Except for maybe a small part that hopes
Something will do the work for me and call my life
Important enough to be fated,
But usually I see only chance,
And that is us. We are only a chance
And pawns in a game – I don't know if it's written already

Or if, if I lay low, chances will truly pass over my head
And avoid me or if I must rise to the occasion.
What is my role in my destination?
I have a goal and it is unnecessary to the rest of the world,
Not to mention biology.
It is only for me like a vomit that I must force out by art,
By separation from the chances. And if I act this way
Will the chances really leave me alone?

5/5/13

Some are hundreds of colors; some are two.
Some have many winding paths,
Some have few
Repeating over.
Some think outside the box,
Some, it's all they see.
Some never dissociate,
Some never leave.
All are in a game,
None ever step outside.
Some switch lives.
Some hop from one to another.
Some travel in circles,
Some rely,
Some believe in hard work,
Some get by.
All are explorable,
But some are rich
And some are poor
Under their skin.
Some roads go on for miles
And so do some people.

Some are thousands of pixels; and some are sixteen;
Some are long varied; some a short thought.
Some are alive, and some change,
But it takes a long time to see.

5/5/13

Writing this is an Escape

For the past few weeks I've wrestled 'thout sleep
With a new dilemma turning my gears:
I saw an earthworm in a May rainstorm
Get stuck on a chair and go searching for home;
It arced half its body over the air
But, instinctively, when the worm felt nothing there
It retreated. And I knew I'd find him dried out on the chair
The next morning if I let it be
And stood back and let karma take its course,
Was my thought, but I thought, then,
I'm in the perfect position,
So with a movement that felt like cutting invisible plans
I ripped off a leaf and wiggled it on
And it fell to the concrete; no, I wasn't done
Because it is but halfway away from the sun,
And what was the point, then, of playing God?
So I pushed it on, flung it onto the mulch,
And I took a step back for a minute, leaf dropped.
If *I* am God for an earthworm, then who is God for me?
I looked to the sky and felt the spring drops
And the call back was silence.
I was alone, by the chair, in my life,
Relegated to chance. *I* am God for my own world, too.
And I can blame no one when something falls through,
Or passes me by: I was waiting, but I didn't *try*
Hard enough! In a poison passivity case,
A wicked mental state that has permeated
And made my movements dulled.
Sharpen the blade. Who is watching above?
My life is a lonely chance,
A bubble of animation about to pop
And fade into nothing.
And with this observation, the other image
Teases like a hologram.
Some moments I glimpse a more overall
And am floored by the perfect plan.
Perfection or I am just pliable,
Merely excellent at scoping out reasons
Why the master carved out every puzzle piece
With precision to shame the ancient Egyptians
Because so much has fallen into place
And left a very clear road, a framework,
And a broken heart full of fuel.
So when I blamed myself for inaction,
I couldn't believe I didn't know what to do.
How could it be that I dropped the ball so hard?
Deeply, I still believe someone will catch it.

But when something falls, it falls
And if it falls over a cliff, it is forever lost
Though your heart holds on
And you start getting too philosophical.

5/12/13

I have to remember when I step out that door,
“This is not what I’m living for.”
So much life to be had out there,
Handed to you on a silver plate
But none of it is yours.

During the day I pause my heart, twist my nature,
Suspend my trust.
Nobody gets it 100%,
And I never do what I love.

I enjoy the game – for the first few days.
How long do you think this will remain?
Already I see a few months ahead,
Walking away to catch that train:
I stop and realize, *what is this for?*
This is not the life I adore.
And somebody said you can never be rich
In spirit while being a professional bitch,
And pausing my pulse from seven to four
Has left my spirit poor.

5/16/13

A Meeting of Minds

My mind touched yours, so very different,
But somewhere they met up,
United at a little tidbit,
Playing tug of war.
The cord's been cut, but my mind's been changed
From touching onto yours.
For the rest of my life my eyes will remain
A little bit sharper, like yours.
When there's a meeting of minds there is alchemy.
I've come down from the excited, unstable state,
And once again I'm comfortable,
But now I'm someone else
Who can never be so complacent again,
Trust those around her, but herself above all else.

5/16/13

I know the world is a bare metal face,
A smooth stone under the cold hard light
Stilly not making a sound, as it is,
But inside its tiny crevices
The light doesn't hit,
My imagination snakes its way in
And creates what is life.

When I see a suit on you, I see a man
And no more than details like the watch by his hand.
A wall now stops me from treading on
Into a world without ground.

When I am alone my thoughts fill up the void
Creating a party out of thin air.
The room that I live is in filled with gold
And glitter and can in a blink disappear.

I wait for that time
When my world is silent
My mind empty save
The sound of the wind
Through a barren field.

Away from you, my imagination makes the bond grow fat
To be cut down, and you exactly know
The way this process functions.

5/24/13

Life is like a mad lib:
You fill in the blanks.
Whatever you wish, you will see.

Life is a mad lib
And I am a madman
Filling so much of a story
With favorite adjectives,
Weaving in beauty
Out of what isn't there.
Out of a blank line
Onto a blank page,
Creating the truth out of air.

Life is like a mad lib:
There's no true version,
But only whatever can be.
And if you're on the same page,
Performing the same stage,
Then there might be something to see.

But if you change your mind
Or fill in with graphite
Or decide that the word wasn't right,
At once it is over,
The stage props are sold,
And the air clears, revealing just air,
Disappearing up in smoke,
Revealing both the joke
And truth: that there is nothing there.

Life is a mad lib
One big glib fat fib
And I am the architect.
Life is a blank page
And those who are seeking
The truth just don't know their own mind.
Mind is a window
Tinted a rose glow
That's deeper before and behind,
The present a blind spot,
Window-sized white dot
That presence seems never to find.

By nature I see what could be
But experience makes me now stop at dress,
Quenching the urge to embellish:
Everything is what it seems.

Life is a mad lib
A cruel dangling carrot
Teasing to fill the hole in
With your own potent potion,
Your undoing poison
And live out your version alone.

5/28/13

I send out a prayer with all of my heart,
A prayer that will never be answered.
Across the physical limitations
A yearning wish cries out.
I try to make it clear,
But you stay clear of me, my dear
And make your hand-up known –
But my heart never lies.

Today my heart is sick
With obliged hours among “friends”.
It’s not who I am
But needed for the game
Needed for my plan
To get and get away,
Travel ’round the world
Not too far a day.

Where I am is not for me
And every bit feels wrong.
None of this from 7-4 sits
With the core. How long
In this hell can I stay
And feel my hair turn gray?
Better to leave sooner, dear,
Be on my truest way.

5/31/13

And I am alone now in this adulthood
Without a single friend.
Everyone has taken a mask
But no matter what scene I have fallen in
I cannot find a true fit.

Do I wait it out and hope
For something to crop up?
I have my intentions and
I have to keep them up.
But my mind fills in the gaps that it suspects
Have been there all along.
Oh, how this town is not for me.
How I do not belong....

But everywhere I go
I can dig up hidden diamonds
Surrounded by mousetraps –
This is what hurts the most.

Through the crust of your desires,
Your gathered years,
I see an eye-shine
From deep, deep in.

I saw two children today
So freely play –
They were no one and perfectly
Themselves, while the crowd that surrounded
Were trying to be
Well-dressed, professional adults.

I can never be engaged;
I am far too disengaged
And very on-my-own,
Watching everyone go on.

Not a hippie, not a yuppie,
Every personality whose look I swallow
Spits out bitter from my mouth
And leaves my heart more hollow.
I don't have the patience
To keep the role play up.
How are you so intrigued
By what they're talking of?
Yes, it's crucial to know
Where you stand with The Mind,
But at some point – maybe it's just me –
I stop caring and leave it behind.

I was a member of the fleet,
Wearing the cap, uncomfortably.
One day a ghost slipped onto the ship
And he was more my kind.
The words of my crew have come to sound like strangers',
But when I look in the ghost's eyes,
In this stranger, from a foreign land,
I find a bit of me.
So he led me out of the proper crowd;
I dropped my cap and language.
Together, we went quite far out,
And quickly. By tomorrow
I will have no tie to my old crew;
They will be a memory.
But just when we crossed the freedom line,
I blinked and he was gone.
He led me out
And dropped my hand
Now I am here alone
Without a hat or coat or language
Or a friend; without a role.
Without a way to go, or way to be,
Disconnected once again
And free.

6/6/13

What-I-Love,
I must hold on
As I drift off on this train,
Working hours not for you,
But hear so much of those who do
Escape the mundane lifestyle that I
Hope will not be mine.
Oh, What-I-Love,
It is not easy
To keep you alive.
You're first priority
Pushed to the side.

6/6/13

You move too quickly into the store,
Putting your cigarette into your pocket.
You have somewhere to go,
The next step in your exciting life.
Life moves so quickly down here in the city;
Everyone's going to school,
Studying the structure of cells through a microscope,
Shoving the lens from their life.
Like everyone you are wrapped in your circle,
Living your story out without a second thought.
All of it changes as soon as you've children,
But when you're alone how free you are,
Free to get wrapped in the delights of the city,
Speedily moving along.
You catch it lest you miss one good song.
Never take off the headphones,
Always tuned into the airwaves
Lest you miss one note and life goes on
Like a wind and you decide to be a stone, not a feather.
Lest you decide to no longer be blown.
Nobody looks outside of their life;
There's always the next page to hasten to,
The next sentence and new character –
New new new – it's a drug,
It's a disease, and oh how I need it,
How I am not cured.
Don't put your cigarette out; you're just going back out
So you may as well leave that little light on
If you'll only be here a second
And rush to the next,
To grab a few packs for the friends coming over
And clean your apartment and review your lease.
Review your life – you are rather pleased.
Here in the middle the colors all blur.
Why would you even consider stepping outside?

Don't mistake a sign for love;
Keep your head to the ground
And ignore your mind's chaotic show.
Don't mistake your mind for love;
It's the architect behind
All you see. And all you see
Is a world of your design.
So keep your mind humble,
Keep it low,
Keep your eyes wide open,
Always alert.
Swallow the endless instability
Like a purple pill
That tosses you constantly
Between the here and there,
Taunting you with the shore
Though you're ever on the waves
Hiding under the sun
Glaring down harshly while the sea roams
Like its unruly child.
This sea is your own mind.
Retain it, contain it, restrain it
Or let it go.
Let it go overboard.
Crash and drown and be tossed around so that you fully come to know
The nature of the waves
And the pattern of you
And bend by the current
To make it through.

6/10/13

The world is full of holes and secret doors
But you don't have most of the keys.
Come into contact with another mind
To gain entry.
You can offer them your eyes for theirs
And learn another view
To fill the holes that dot your landscape,
But, also, to find you never knew
How deep the hole runs; and the tunnels branching off
You find; an underworld you glossed over's
Revealed by stranger's mind to you.
You need each other for perspective,
And you'll form a strong collective:
Both of you wanting to trust
But neither one is able
Always fearing what the other one is capable of doing,
Pull the curtain back to show audience laughing,
Pull the rug and make you trip
So you retain the strongest grip upon your borders
While exploring through the windows
All the worlds you never knew.
Do not try to understand what the relationship is *really*,
What's behind your understanding,
The entire overview,
The plan of action, the unfolding,
What the other one is holding,
Who is playing – you think *they* are
But they think the same of you.
And deeply you hope that one day you will break through
To honesty
By reaching under
In a moment of sweet drunken clarity,
The great revealer,
But when sober light reverts you to your norm
While slowly rebuilding the memories,
You again put on concealer.

6/12/13

Back on the Ground Because I'm Too Complicated?!?

Dropped me back onto the ground, into the world,
The normal world at the level state,
Not the excited level where deep-held dreams are teased out,
Where your feet are in the air
And where one becomes the world.

Down here, everybody is scaled down to particles,
Little pieces that weigh an ounce, are short little mazes
And mostly closed doors that you'd peer in but you lack the motivation
And they don't stir your imagination; they try to drip blood from a stone
But it's like a movie with only one scene. It's like walking one short block;
Some roads you go on for miles – and so do some people.

All the visions you inspired dissipated when the question,
“Will they happen?” they, my hopes, yielded a “no.”
So I will settle once again for uninspired love and sex
And remain cold inside your memory, or whatever I did wrong.
A greatest fantasy I got to live: just what I wanted
On this Earth, that, for a while, hung in the balance of a “yes”
Turned to a bond, into a union – that did not come to fruition
Despite my hardest private wishing
And now self-blame for the defeat. But fantasies, no they harm none.
I saw myself the way I thought you saw me and I loved it.
It was how I always wanted to be loved and to love in return,
An interplay between two halves of one circle spinning both ways.

7/7/13

I feel like a fool in a lot of ways
Reaching out on a Saturday night
Hoping again for the millionth time
Concluding that I should give up, save face.
Paying twenty dollars for some wine,
Twelve more then to unhealthily dine,
Waking up, not working out enough,
Getting drunk, saying stupid stuff.
I feel like a fool at twenty-three
Going after one who's thirty-four
Tempting him or making him laugh,
But he don't have the heart to tell me that.
Sending out five drunken messages
To some old amused long-distance friends
Hadn't contacted in months or years
Living their lives, they hit delete
Think, what a silly girl she is
Hanging on to what's long since faded.
The menfolk find me sober too jaded,
Drunk, unbalanced, off my chair
Revealing in bold how much I care
Too much – it makes up for the cold
Hours of affection so devoid –
Now you know where the whole load's kept
And how suddenly it is released.
Had one who loved me just for that
Gave me a tiara for a hat
Poured whiskey into my chalice,
Always ready for a kiss.
But I stomped all over that one's heart,
Unwound, rewound, what's in his head.
What was once between us now is dead
He was never really who I wanted....
I carried in me some foolish ideal
Clung to an old love that wasn't real
In vain trying to keep up a tiny flame
So pretty, I never would find the same.
But the little lick flickered out long ago
I told myself it cannot be so
Cause my world went then completely dark
Relying on just one little spark.
It's sparks my heart keeps seeking out,
Ones that can burst into open flame.
Ideal to live outside of the game
Echoes from the bottom of the well
Beside every old lover's shell.

Off the Track

Gone so far
Won't come back
My dot is blinking miles off the track

There's no road

Face from before looks back at mine
A simple smile
That's gone now

Innocence
Is lost inside the change
Baked in the searing sun
I've become hard

[added 10/22/14:
Permanence
Is lost inside the game
Built on weathered stones
It won't go far]

Gone so far
I won't come back
Sailing, sailing the blue
On no course I'm due
While a storm is brewing

Photographs
Remind me of what's lost
I keep sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing on
(Can't live life backwards)

I'm gonna come at you
Be everything I thought I'd never do
I don't care if it's not true or if I'm trying, trying
And you can see right through

I don't know
Who I am anymore
I've shut the door
But keep on opening
Too curious
Not furious enough

I've gone so far off the track
The desert is my path

The ocean is the river
I'm following its way

Who I am
Is anyone
Inside
Don't you look at my face
And wink 'cause you think
I'm so innocent.

7/14/13

Until I met you, I was half
Now it's started, started.
I cannot go back when the trail blazes so brightly ahead inside for me.
I don't know if it's changed you; if before you were but half too.
But now we're whole. You have my sister, I have your brother.
No one else is as much a character
Or touches all my being like you
Nothing spurs my imagination to create
Like this encounter.
I get high off my own imagination, but you put me in touch with the well
Accidentally, blindly,
And set me free.
Reunited with myself much sooner than expected.
The further it goes on
The more of a ghost you become.
Broke away from reality grounded in your body
And I followed that one.

7/16/13

Brunhilda the Insane spent twelve long years
Sampling lives to find her path,
Tripping down one for a little bit
After a year to call it quits.
Where is she now? She's hiding out
With the boys "just liv'n" overseas,
Sacred sister to their nights
Of combing the empty summer streets.
Everyone must go his own path,
Disconnected from the rest;
They're joined at the hip for a little bit
But nothing sticks to her marble lip.

7/16/13

Frame of Reference

Walking around in my own maze
And it couldn't be any other way.
Without it we would have nowhere to go.
When I see you, I see the map of the labyrinth
You have grafted onto the plain world around you,
The way you see, and how you will next go.
Your frame of reference – without it you are blank.
When you step back, your frame of reference
Is really all you have. The only you.
And if you break it, or redo, no wonder it's so painful,
Near impossible, and without it, no one would exist.
I take in bits of everything and synthesize.
I take in everything just like a happy little fool
Let it come and go and meld it
Whereas you, not so creative, but strategic
Guided by a completely different maze
I can barely imagine. But by being near
I see a little and understand your frame of reference.
It makes perfect sense,
And, comparing, I understand better
My own, sharpen the walls for my eyes
That everybody sees clearly
But *I* am walking in blind.

7/18/13

Dropped My Nametag

It was wrong, but I punched him.
It didn't look like the way to go,
But I made the move regardless,
Cut my fist right through God's plans.
I rearranged the surface,
The mirror broke to shattered glass.
I went far off the highway
Untied myself from my past.
Well then I dropped my nametag
And became a true nomad.
A bag filled up with masks
And a frame is all I had.
Well now the lens is cracking
And sunlight comes unfiltered in.
I danced with God and the Devil,
Not sure which one I needed.
A straight path lay before me
To be sweet in society.
But I shook off the encouragement
And found a bit of salt has set me free.
Now there is only a forest
And not a single trodden path;
I don't speak any adjectives –
But pull out one of the masks.
And if I never get anywhere
But live my life out in this state,
Like an internal animal
Wrestling with fate,
Fighting to climb to the platform
To God and Devil's club's front gate
Where they play golf together
Looking down upon the Earth,
My time will have been worth it.

You don't know what's around the corner
Have a hope
To be let down.
I've been living my life sober
In the traps
Set by myself
Keeping my own love deprived
Afraid to be the chasing fool
Very dumb to be too smart
And never to do anything.
Appearing cold and keeping
All the warmth inside –
A wall ten thousand feet tall
Between me and my having it all.

7/26/13

People are fruits, colored and textured,
Completely different on the inside,
Some are ripe, some are young,
Some are rotting, some fall early on
And stop. But every one will fall
Someday.
You're not the only apple on the tree
That bright red skin hides soft flesh underneath
Don't be naïve and fooled by skin
And blind to yours you're holding in,
Your neighbors look like shadows
But it isn't true. They're apples.
They are fruit like you.
People are fruits with the patterns and flavors of their kind
Most so different under skin
Some so thick and some so thin
But even these words create barriers
To make sense of the endless fluid gray.

7.26.13

I think the world is falling apart
Faces disintegrating like puzzle pieces
Revealing emptiness underneath
And perpetual silence.
Nothing matters but it is quiet.
Is there a note that still rings true?
I have been told to do the absurd
Because I have just one life on little Earth.
And if I make enemies or garner questions
It doesn't matter, for I will move on
Leaving my footprint like ghosts of the sands
Into tomorrow and toward the low sun,
Around to the moon, always under the stars
All my life singing these ocean songs
And no other tune that doesn't ring true,
Whole life a talk between me and the sea.

7/26/13

It's whatever illusion you want to live in;
I've always been confident on the inside,
Struggling under the weight of paper-mache
Distorted drapes.
It's whatever you want to live in
Is the dream is the reality.
In my mind whole stories pass through my world
Like storm clouds.
My soul drinks up, the ground,
And flowers bloom, and die. That's life.
Of *course* there's nothing to see at the end!
What'd you expect?
It's if you want to be a hard-knock,
An adventurous unsinkable 'xplorer
Underneath your shy demeanor
And your glasses, by all means, be.
It's whatever illusion you want,
Whatever dream fulfills your sleep.

8/11/13

I'm as lost as you are
going down no way.
We're in this together,
try to break away.
I can't see the future,
At least, I can't believe
the truth inside my own heart
I secretly perceive.
So many times it's led me
just over one more cliff,
shown so clear path
that wound into the future,
but it was just to see it,
not to live.

8/12/2013

My Dog

I don't know what to do with my old pet,
He won't wear a leash or let himself be held
But he'll jump into arms that will throw him down
And he goes to the ocean 'cause he likes to drown.
He walks backwards on the ground but he leads the way.
I can't help but to follow him or else bear his pain.
We bicker all the time and it drives me insane,
Yet I take all his advice, but never to my gain,
Only to my pain.
I have a dog in my chest and his name is Heart.
He can't be trained and likes all that he should not.
He follows other dogs who are prone to attack
But he's a puppy forever, never part of a pack,
And I have got his back.
But my pet is always wrong regarding where he goes.
I never trained him but to tell him just to follow his nose,
For I had faith that his instinct would lead us to gold,
And when signs said wrong way I pushed him on to be bold,
To retain his hold
Of that coveted smell,
But I should have known better than to let him go to hell.
It was too late to turn around
And discover what we found
Before the cavern found us first and now will not let go.
My dog and I, we sit, and neither one of us know
How to get out of here and make our way back home.

Lost again chasing an elusive whiff
That faded out and led him right off a cliff.
But if I didn't let him go he'd howl 'til I did,
Or grow defeated, turning bitter and dark –
And nothing matters as much as that he feel his spark:
He chases fireflies (but those come once in a while)
And I love nothing more than seeing my little puppy smile.
In the cavern we have time to let the realizations sink
In and my puppy grows older, reigns himself in
Before jumping next time, and his wide open eyes
Mellow down to half closed, and scrutiny takes control of his brain before he follows his nose
He takes into account the ground 'neath his paws
Time passes imperceptibly, the scenery changes without our notice,
My dog and me come free from the cave eventually
And, older, go on.

8/13/13

I thought we were the same
But you were playing a game
You were speaking my language
With a foreigner's accent
And I should have heard it
But I loved too much
Hearing you use it
To say my name.

Why did I come here
Knowing I don't belong?
And why am I staying
For so long?
Wrestle with the ones that I have nothing in common:
We talk all night, me and enemy
Not those I get along with easily
(They are soft people
Easily pleased
And know where they stand
But I do not).

And it's not the story, but how you read it.

8/14/13

I set out to climb a mountain that I never have should,
Got there, took a tumble down,
Scraped my face on the side of a rock,
But that is the risk – and it happened.
You must prepare yourself with ultimate realism.
You mustn't neglect it can happen to you.
It's a *very* real chance that you'll slip, fall, and scratch
But before you set out you minimize it.
The prize at the top seems to weigh so much more than the threat.
You may scratch your face on unyielding edges,
No softness or blurred lines will cushion the fall.
In that moment do not look away
But sharpen your vision and see it all.
You must prepare but strike while the iron is hot, too,
There is so much that you must do.
Do not let it just happen
Because weathervanes' ways are the easiest thing,
They blow freely wherever the breeze pushes them
But they stand at its whim
And they cannot tinker
To tilt any bit toward a goal in the distance.
There is so much to remember,
There is so much to do.
There is consistency and follow-through.

8/21/13

Bus Ride

All the world offers an escape from the misery.
Console it with cakes, console it with booze.
Friday night everyone grabs up a partner
Drinking the previous week away.
To this it drives; the industry thrives
At the expense of your widening frame.
Rotting brain eating up cheap office gossip;
Fast a good scandal can make time go by.
But I want a little bit more of that nothing
That's not satisfied by any orgasm.
Put down the bottle; I don't want to numb this.
I want to feel it, so take it away.
I want a bus ride around all the city,
Taking in, spilling out when I come home.
No escapes can satisfy
An insatiable black hole.

8/24/13

Blind Spot

I am a blind girl
Looking for excuses
Always missing the meaning
With a hard hand

A soft mind
Helps me smooth it over
And pretend that it is fine
While others sit in silence
Tell myself that nothing happened
We're just going home
And I can kiss them all goodbye
Like the afternoon was well spent
All the words that I never meant
Didn't notice how they pushed
Dominoes down

In a blind world
Blind spots everybody walks in
Bumping into bodies like walls
Mannequins with our heads cut off
In the city

Relying upon luck or fate
To steer us right into the longing
Resting in the dark subconscious
That we don't know how to get
Ruin chances for ourselves
By walking straight into the blind spot
Like a full solar eclipse
Take the road just to the left
Be normal, functioning people
But the high road hides a steeple
We imagine
And we walk on toward our vision
In the blind spot

I'm a blind girl
Knocking into walls only
Making every motion wrong
Walking backwards to the moon
On my way toward the sun.

Life Is a Mountain Range

The first mountain you climb
Feels like a lifetime,
Enough for a life's work;
You'd never seen something like it before,
Or imagined where it could take,
Nor the pain
Of coming down.

You're in the valley
Feeling empty
The stars above you
Are too far away
And the air isn't clear
Like it is up there,
Not so thin
And not so quiet,
Not so personal when alone
Are you and the world you live inside.

You become disappointed with the second mountain;
It's a little smaller and doesn't take you quite as high.
Its terrain is different, different flowers,
Maybe a crevice, maybe a cave,
Maybe you feel like you cannot escape
But finally you come down.

Know the earth this way and when you're in the valley,
Feeling empty,
But also calm, you get a good respite
From getting high.

Every mountain is the story of a lifetime.
When you were young and so unconscious,
With more limited perspective,
And were learning how to see as you picked up the bits and pieces,
You imagined you would only climb the one.

Again and again you did it
As mountains came upon your path
And finally you learned
That lives repeat themselves, wrapped in this one,
A little different every time.

And now when you embark on the mountain you no longer feel
That it is the be all end all.
You see the next one that's out of sight,
Waiting to show you who knows what

And this is truly the greatest delight,
That one life can be an entire mountain range without end.

9/14/13

As I looked at myself through the eyes of somebody else
I realized it was not his world I found that was so terrifying,
But mine.
The labyrinth hedges and complex shadows
It wound me down in confusion outlined
Through his machinations and hidden maneuvers
That steered me into a tripwire world
Was a world inside of myself.
When I look at my art I can see it:
It has always been inside me
It took meeting someone to draw it out –
And the truth is, I never really met him.
I still don't know his mind
And when I get a glimpse inside
I realize I don't understand
And no matter how I bend
I will see it through my window
Helpless before my own limitations
Just like we all are in our frame of reference.
It's more dire than I thought,
Much harder to break out
Than a simple one two turn of key
To let you see it differently
And breathe another air.
It will never sit with you.
You'll take it in and spit it back
And all you ever really do
Is sharpen your own outline.
I'll never understand another's mind.
The more I hit them
The more I glimpse a little bit
My own.

9/19/13

Flood or dry as a desert
There's no in between
I feel my life in black and white
I am afraid to be myself
As I look at everybody else
Who is free to express
And be a hot mess
For the sake of their music
Take that path in their life.
But I need an apartment
I need to find love.
I put out my heart again
Again it shut off
Feeling too sensitive
To changes in touch

09-19-2013

Trip Hop Sad Ballad (a la Emily Wells)

When we collided, we were opposite forces
Maybe dark and light,
Bonded at the mind.
Now I try to be more the way you are
Losing my softness for a tougher outer shell.
When I'm around you I do not like who I am,
But it's so easy. No, I cannot see you again

I can't see you anymore,
I cannot speak to you.
Get you out of my head
As if we never met.
And you go on your way
Let it rest in yesterday.

Feels like late summer
Is sinking into Fall.
Stole a glimpse into a lifetime
But I did not taste it all.

I have hope without a reason
Only time will wear away
With each first-time collision
The center chips away
To leave the heart of things a hollow,
Leave us hope for circumstance
That caters best to all our comforts

Without extraneous romance.
Reveal the answer that we seek for
In this tangled human yarn
Is the empty space 'tween buildings
In a city going on.

And you, you are bound up in
The pattern of your life
Ready to marry with that girl
Who fits so well into your life.
And could she be your demure lil' wife?
And could I be someone's, too?
To take the second and let him head
I'm not sure that I can do.
It is the fault of growing independent
And holding my own door.
Long ago I married spirit,
Being of consequence unsure.

I saw a chance that lay between us,
And sometimes I still do
If you rip yourself out of your life,
If I'm not I, and you're not you.
And in the mirror of our joking
I see my own old world
Falling apart under a new light
That makes it look absurd.

No, I can't see you anymore,
I cannot speak to you, my friend.
Remove your essence from my pattern
As if we never met.
I felt the moments of your softness,
But you say you do not care.
It's hard to turn around a walled heart
Who speaks softer every year.

But as I fell down with your pull,
I feel deep down pulls down to test
If the undying hope is proven,
I justify your silent breast.

And I make my world of music
With this story chapter two.
These characters are mine, dear;
Here, you are not even you.

Musings at Work

You think you're cold but you don't realize,
You are just not in your place.
Think there's something wrong about
The conformation of your face.
And history does not repeat
But every day you hear its rhyme.
Why are you back here when you
Have been back here so many times?
Digging down to find the answer,
Don't see that it changes daily.
Is that life the kind you'd go for?
Better to cut ties, say "later."

10/3/13

Work Advice

It's much easier when you don't care about the work you have to do.
It eats fewer resources and leaves more for what you love to do
In the little time that's left to you.
It's much easier to pretend if you're not pretending your heart is there.
Stop trying to convince yourself there is something worth saving here.
Let it go and let it rot and let your skin be smooth as marble,
Let your heart be cool like marble, too.
Because it's much easier to be personable when underneath you do not care
And therefore do not judge yourself for all your little interactions
Nor place barriers curtailing friendliness so you can say only the right thing.
You won't think so hard and barring what derails career you will say anything.
It's much easier sans emotions – then you only have to fool
The comers-by come by your cubicle there to take a peek at you
To entertain their ruleophilia by scolding you inside their heads,
But you don't care, it's all a joke to you when inside you are dead.
It's much easier to make faces that take you to desirable places
When you don't have a conscience.
It's so easy when you are laughing about the game you all are playing
And stop being even slightly shocked when nothing follows logic.
No. Stop with your expectations that managerial decisions will create change for the better;
You only show your age.
Don't you have sense to knock you over your head with the truth that the more upbeat you are the more
nice things people do for you and even if you are fully justified,
You should never voice your rage?
Even if you hate it here you're only making your time here more miserable
By gaining the reputation as "that person."
You never, ever want to be known as "that person."
Anonymity is the key and a cheerful and/or humorous presence
Or whatever is your most endearing quality
Is what you should emphasize.
And when you realize you stand in your own way by going around in the same few patterns
Making a life that rhymes more perfectly than a Shakespearean sonnet,
If you are any kind of objective or half-brained person not 100% deluded
You'd know you should step back and analyze what you have seen, and you'd get right on it.

10/03/13

What Happened At the Bar

In my head I wove the vision
Of what happened to you
Not long ago. I saw you down at a bar
One evening.
Another man sat next to you,
And as you drank you told this story:

“There’s a mess I’m going through
With my years-long old lady.
Plus a younger girl I’m messin with.
She’s great and we have fun just talking,
But my girl’s my girl for years!
I know her through and through
And I think maybe
She’s the one.”

And the man said, “You should quit that girl,
The young one who’s still vulnerable.”

“But she’s so great to talk to, not like any other one.
We are alike deep down. We just have not had time....”

“Well, that may be, but you know that she doesn’t want a friend;
That girl, like any other girl, is out there lookin’ for her man.
So you just do the girl a favor and you cut her off in whole.”

“Not even one word of philosophy?” you asked,
And he said, “No.”

That was that. Since then we haven’t talked.
It’s true; I couldn’t be your friend,
Imagining that girl you love
And what goes on between.
That man was right; the world was wrong
To push me into you, who couldn’t give me what I needed,
Like my only other one.

I will break this bond as if it never happened and accept
That once again my heart was wrong.

Love is love; compatibility’s unchangeable
But circumstances, outer shells, and distance
Have the final say.

A Deeper Place Uncovered

You only ever hinted at dropping the path,
Came to it again and again, but went back
To the trail we all follow, afraid of going alone,
Pushing your pattern down.

But it is your tendency to leave it behind,
It, when I say it, what I mean is the world
And all others' ways, common sense –
Don't believe you're a fool; you know how it goes.

In spite of this, you have finally come
To a lifelong resolution.
Go off the path and plunge into the woods,
Where no one has been before.

There is still so much left to explore
In our world that's filled out all its corners
On paper of physical features and trails,
But dimensions in music and art are untouched,

And even unseen except for moments between
This world and that when you close your eyes.
Hard to hold onto the visions that swim
But your lifelong pursuit's to descend them.

Don't be afraid of going alone
Into a jungle where there are no rules
It is only a deeper part of your being
Where you have never been or seen

You've not known its existence and suddenly
The ivy door parted and you held the key
In the right combination of melody
That happened to fall on your ears.

There is no going back now.
Yesterday's life is a lifetime away.
In this place you are completely alone,
Woods that run deeper than familial bone.

They promise to bring you to the core
Of what exactly you searched for,
A story unfinished from your past life.
You return to something both new and familiar.

You are alone here, you are alone
(Because no one you've met in this life is with you
But you cannot deny what you see here is true).
See who you meet along the way.
People and creatures who do not exist
In the world of the light of day.

I do not know what it real anymore,
Let go of what is outside, I'm concerned with what's in
Today. And maybe tomorrow
I will say something completely different.

Commonsense words, how to stay on course.
In my one lifetime for that I don't care.
It is too obvious I'm meant to be
Going alone into wilderness.
All my life I have been coming to this.

10/14/13

Breathable Mesh

In the morning after a night of local beers
And a straight shot of whiskey
Sipping it slow
I am breathable mesh
The outer and inner winds both blow
Through and through ever fresh
With the scent of rebirth
The essence of poet-
-ry and eternal growth
It is always a year in my garden,
Churning through every season
Of beauty, of glistening snow and of silence
Of fall crackled leaves and memories
Of the forest,
The river, its shimmering water
The smell of the freshness
My dog-heart abounds
In the summertime heat.
There can be no defeat
In the constant spring.
Drink from the wellspring through breathable mesh
And envelop yourself
In the glow.
It takes all kinds –
Some are poets,
Not very organized, no,
And that is alright.

10/19/13

The Invisible Forest

I am in another world, a forest of invisibility
With no plan to put an end to these lonesome wanderings.
I emerged from a forest, an empty one,
And found *another* that is invisible.
There is music in the trees here, the music of my soul,
That draws me deeper. No paths are worn;
No one has ever walked here before;
This landscape is untainted and pure.
It is my own world, and yet
Anybody (who wants to) can find it.

When walking down the street underneath construction
Past people, it's easier to understand
If you accept, the way it functions,
That your heart – what is yours – stakes no claim in this land.
Without investing you see it more clearly.
Remove the outer blur of illusions and greed.
Your desires are what ruined you, what skewed your view.
I desire nothing here.
If someone approaches me with hostility
I will not be offended
Because I don't care.
This is only a joke.

The invisible forest overlays the physical features in front of my eyes.
I see it more clearly than I see the world.
It begs: which one is the *true* overlay?
If there was only the world without the invisible forest
We'd be a barren rock floating in space.

10/19/2013

Doormats Don't Say Much

The presence of a doormat
At the front of the door
Aligned neatly with the porch,
Even if it says "welcome"
Or depicts cheerful birds,
Doesn't say much
Of the bond between
The man and the wife.
In the morning one tends
To the front cheerfully,
Waves at the neighbors,
Talks about something;
The other one leaves
To the store on an errand –
Nobody knows
That they barely speak.
But when you have a doormat
To the world it's a hint
Of similar riches
But more of them
Repeating when you go further in.
It doesn't compute
That the presence of this
Pretty doormat could mean
Absolutely nothing.
Because why, then, take care
To straighten it when you come home?
After all, if you do it
To keep up a home to a standard,
There must be *something* you're keeping together?
Or not?
Or are you doing it for your neighbors?
Or kicking it back into place out of habit?

Your heart takes you through waterfalls
Listen where it goes
Follow – not always through meadows
Doesn't mean it's wrong
No matter what, follow along
To heed the otherworldly song
Calling from the distance – always *distance* –
Never presence – why, don't know
Just go
And it is so
And get wherever, never end.

No use in your argument
No questions of embarrassment
The pumice stone and the steel wool
Are instruments of burnishment
The milk you drink is cloudy
And the warmth will make you hazy
And the honey leaves you sticky
And the care will make you lazy
(And the marriage is degrading
And your calls are getting sharper
To your lifelong d'veoted partner
To rush over, take your picture
In the pretty princess dress,
In the borrowed princess costume).

Lean back and laugh, let the cobwebs clear
Everyone's repeating their patterns
Over again
All you can do is see
If you have any uncertainty
(not because you're truly uncertain, but willfully blind
For the forcing to earth of a private ambition
You feel is so lovely, you have deemed your only, your ultimate –
I sympathize)
Time will be the revealer
And really to know
You must learn it a million times sometimes.
Oh, time will you the worth
Of first moments' inspiration
Time reveals the chemistry
Going on in the reaction
Time will brush away
Both false hope and bitterness
Time will leave you clean
If only honestly you listen.

Find the brightness again and again
And you learn it is never the end.

`11/01/13

The ones we're created close to, we dance with to music of deep tones,
Uttering sounds of earth-shattering words
In all of our play dancing around the center –
Still nobody knows the core.
The private melody, innermost visions
Only you see, only when you're alone.
If we *do* hit the chamber, hit blindly –
Mostly we come very, very close;
Forever almost
On the asymptote of humanity's love.
An invisible hand pushes into a soulmate;
Boarding a rocket ship heading from Earth
And smashing through the glass dome.
Behind us are all the world's languages, colored customs,
And we float on in simplicity;
Looking while it is happening we see nothing,
But nothing's the same after this.
We find our private melody
When we strain our ears to the invisible trees
And go deeper, deeper, deeper
Into the forest for the rest of our existence
To the only worthwhile place,
The home of our treasure.
To your hand this place is nonexistent
Yet releases the juiciest meat.
Sometimes luckily I fall in
But just as easily fall back out
When the winds of indifference snuff it out like an ephemeral candle's flame
And leave me in the dark again
For those quiet empty nights that gnaw
While I wait for the *other* emptiness
To return, the one that is feast and elixir,
The one that opens my mind.

11/01/13

Invisible Wellsprings

Invisible wellsprings spring up in the invisible forest you wander
And shower you with invisible riches you cannot share with the visible world.

Who is it that leads to these hidden things?
A love always turning its face.
The broken one who matches within.
Invisible substance flies between eyes,
Binding you with invisible ties
That you cannot fight against
Though you leave, you ignore but his pattern still follows
And so does your own
In writing about these invisible things.

Invisible wellsprings fly open like champagne corks.
The flood comes at once or not at all.
The richer your forest, the drier your desert;
The deeper your silence, the calmer your presence.

I catch snippets of an unintelligible tongue
From music, interactions, imagination spurred.
Lead a life unrelated to mine in the world
Unfolding between myself and none.

And I saw visions of long-ago comets,
Desperate deserts in loneliest nights,
A once-in-a-lifetime other world's light
That was touch and go (now I long since don't know
If it even was real in imagination),
Found the monster and followed his tunnel,
Ran away to the ship in the middle of the sea;
We *all* are ships with a little light
Sailing the murmuring waves by night.
My friends were ghosts and disused their hosts
And flit out from the eyes to behind the veil
Of the invisible forest from whence all apparitions like this emerge.

Saddest truth is the locked up sphere
Of the invisible forest to me most dear.
My visions are those of uncharted terrain
And yours are those of stars and rain,
To you the deepest, your golden grain.
You give your golden grain to me –
Never give out so easily –
It must still cross the unbridgeable chasm between two eyes;
Daggers are waiting below while mirrors distort the narrow road.

None of my love has ever contained any love
Because I was only chasing my dreams.
I never knew you, never saw you, never cared
For you.

This is why my loves have all dried up
(When my dreams weren't satisfied).
I should instead be wide-eyed at the miracle
Of another chance.

You think it's wise to grow your disillusion
So you go abroad to break it
But come back you find it's smarter
To be simple. Only simple people love.

The mind can be too sharp – a knife
The mind can be too strong – dictate
The mind can be too loud – a megaphone,
And leave a handprint on your heart.

One day – a blissful day –
You'll no more care bout being a fool
Nor what they might be saying.
Self-awareness, a sharp eye and tongue, will anyway keep them at bay....

Incapable of love
By chasing down our dreams.

One big mistake – in fact, the only one I needed make –
I wished with all my heart you'd love me,
Never wishing I'd love you.

Thus, love has withered
Or was not love to begin with.
Well-read mind knows this too well, of course,
But sometimes a desire bursts to strong
That nothing matters of what's learned.
Everybody has their price,
Everyone has their "just right"
And it's purchased with good sense.

Here is the answer to a tormenting riddle:
Why do you plunge into your world alone?
A variant of questions follows up this:
Why are you always on your own?
Why can you not take another soul with you
Into the flourishing of your being?
Your urge to share yourself – to give yourself –
Is all-consuming.
Why does it not, then, happen?
Well, let's examine that action:
What we find inside the guise of love
And kernel of desire
Is selfishness pure
Revolving around what *you* want to transpire,
To manifest a world (of beauty, surely –
I don't disagree) but the other's identity
Is to you a nonentity
Save for their function as your mirror
Or your parrot – but for certain
Not the person that they are.

Not all are made for the unappealing exchange
Of taking up someone's mantle
And dropping your own –
Not even turning your back on your to-be-found treasure
Whose scent at last you have fallen on
In the ultimate manifestation of your individual soul,
But letting your world disappear altogether,
Get washed away
Back into the state of vapor;
Nonexistent becomes the very thing you are.

When you have circled around perspectives
And circle again – all, you revisit
And do not discover – then maybe it's time
To let it fade like a morning mist,
Beautiful, yes, and temporary....

Do you remember how vast was the secret world?
And only yesterday did its potential at last unfold.
In your vicinity lie a hundred planets
(Most, I won't be naïve, are one dead or dying tree,
A remnant, shadow, of "what could have been,"
But many hang on in the precarious, tender stage of "what could be",
Fighting an ocean of circumstantial futility
With one eye partially open; like all,
Divided into and pulled by a million arrows
With little skill at valuation, and little perspective,
And, often, no guiding hand but the grabbing fingers

Of others' ambitions and blindly offered escapes
That are often too hard to resist at a tender age
'Til those key moments we *all* reach when suddenly
We're at a fork unprepared, going up or down,
And you know which direction more often is taken...).

I don't blame anyone for avoiding love since all my observation
Too coldly has shown that those who devote their lives to somebody else
Get little of that in return,
A very sad fact for those who wanted to try
But whose minds became too sharp and wary to let such injustice fly
And, with further proof of a monstrous world,
Watch those made to love be taken for fools
By the trickier ones and conclude that in order to stay in a vice you *must* be blind –
But those cannot close their eyes.
So, thankfully, when an ultimate opportunist
Using a sweet or seductive voice
Comes along acting like your mirror and singing your song,
Speaking your tongue (perk your ears for the accent),
That mirror's a front for a door to a selfish black hole
(Like the one you become when in love with someone)
And you know from that to run because there is no love down the tunnel
But a strong pull into somebody's very well-developed fantasies
Where, rest assured, your place, your role, your clothes are all laid out,
And if, seduced by the imitation of your voice,
You go, you will quickly discover there's no way out
Without making an enemy.

11/8/13

I'll make you a believer
I'll bring you back to old
Again you will be seven
Whole life set to unfold
A path will stretch before you
Uncovered new and long
The past will be a whisper
Eyes open wide again
It comes up from my heart at times
Though life tells me I'm wrong
That my imagination
Itself being too strong
Casts tomorrow's shadow
Senselessly upon today
A shadow from under the ground
Pulled out, but hard to say
What world it is it comes from
It's real but it's not here

Just, if you can, believe me
Before it disappears
A chance upon your door knocks
But you turn away your ear
Tied down by those who suffer
And reflect the fate you do
“The one reality is this”
They stonily tell you
“And if somebody tries
To prove it otherwise
If that someone is a she
You better know not to believe
How many years of life have shown you
That such promises are lies?
To throw out your experience for wings
I’d not deem wise.”
But I want to prove I’m different
As I sit on the fourth floor
Alone in my apartment
Writing poems from the core
Thoughts even I’m afraid to give
To paper permanence
Never have I been afraid
Of deepest senselessness
Coming up like formless snake hiss
Falling into some strange pattern
Out through words that simply happen
When I open up the pen.
“I’ll make you a believer”
What my core tells me is true
I’ll turn around the mountain
The world onto its head
The criminal repentant
The stone a heart that’s bled
I am new for you
You turn away but keep on peeking
What is it you are seeking?
With hope, a different answer.

In my room and in my head
I live alone in my own world
Bred from sunny fantasies
I try to bring down onto Earth
And I have lived so many years
Ashamed of all my childish hopes
And feet a foot off of the ground,
Just what I hope turns you around.

The Shadow of the Woman

I saw the woman's silhouette
Against the sky-wide yellow moon
For the first time in my life.

Walk into the bar where all the wooden people sit,
Skimming over faces over cookie cutter lips,
Mannequinish eye lines through the dusty trinket desert.
Fall into the droplet; drown inside the sea.

I don't believe that anyone is evil...
But everyone is trying to control or own or kill you
In the blind dance.

Here I am retracing a path already taken,
Once shocked by the walls now I know I erected.

What is a man but the bottom of his soul?
A failure and a killer
With a need to control?

The action of the man
Reveals the shadow of the woman
I have never known.

The etching of the woman's silhouette
Upon the ancient pots of clay
Depicts a primordial struggle
Of a woman caught in crossfire
Over living one and zero
Or having one and being two.

Waver between being yours and being free.
I love the idea of marriage,
But I may have married spirit.

In those quiet moments I have heard
The voice of the one who is leading the way –
It is silence.
And I have stood in the middle
And fallen in love
With the sound.

Are you so smart?
Or are you dancing the dance
Of the blind?
Are you as free
As the music that's carving the dream path
Between my ears?

You ache to dance the dance of the heart
Or maybe you only need this
To happen in your mind.

What do I have
Against healthy relationships?
They don't unearth near as much shit.

I should quit you,
I know I should.
I see everything
As you beat me down.

While we bathe in the primordial pool
I'll reach into you with the softest hand
And show you with one glance
How the lightest touch moves mountains.
My music will soon become yours
And you will take me forever
Like a pill in your pocket,
A piece of stained glass,
A window to my eye
And glimmer of my mind
While I take a vacation
Back onto my path,
Drive through the forest
Of witchy Maine
In search of the source
Of my soul-chamber's music.

In my own shadow
I found the evil,
Dipped into the pool
And touched the stone floor.
Under the moonlight
In the rippling reflection
Of the dark shadow woman,
I tasted the urge,

Like blood on my lip,
To deep down defeat you
And walk off the winner.

The shadow of the woman,
Like an umbrella,
Covers my world,
My entire motif
That I saw at last through a wide-angle lens.

All else aside from these bottom urges
Are superficial trifles
Children's acting,
A waste of time,
Playing boyfriend and girlfriend
Or husband and wife,
Wearing the dress
Overtop the defeat,
The acceptance of stagnancy
In your soul's growth on Earth;
I'll never be married
To end up like this.

Together, apart,
I drive in the wind,
Alone with my lover again,
The ghost,
In line with Comecrudos.
Bring me out of dark sex
Into the free and simple light,
Outside of woman and man's
Eternal fight
Of archetype shadows:
A perfect Venn diagram
That touches just once in the middle.

Being on the sea is never easy.
You don't know you're there 'til you've fallen in.
It was waiting below your feet,
Its swirling, turbulent storm.
No one's your friend deep down in the ocean,
And, keeping your eyes shut, you never can see
Where the waves are carrying – just let –
It may be paradise or it may be misery.
You could end up on a soft, sunny coast,
Or crash into cold, rocky, shallow currents.
Where no land-dweller speaks welcoming words.
What I'm saying is, there's no control
Over fate. You are blind inside the waves.
What can you do but pathetically pray?
When you have neither anchor nor compass nor rope?
Just a lone little body in a fathomless sea.

12/03/13

The Horn

Deep in the forest of invisible trees
dwelt an odd little creature who lived in peace.
He awoke to the sun, was a lover of stars,
and a keen listener of the forest's songs.
His body unarmored, of delicate build,
with curious eyes; one quirk nature willed:
it wasn't his fault, but the way he was born -
he looked like a person except with a horn.
It grew from his forehead, twisting and long,
an awkward, misshapen grotesquery
that snagged on the branches as he roamed,
but in spite of this feature the creature was free.

One day through the woods came a bright, shining mayor
with a hole in his heart, an empty container,
saw the creature and cried, "You couldn't be stranger!"
but none really knew what the mayor thought....
He was fascinated by the strange little creature
minding his business; he noted the feature
unusual to him, pinnacle of the norm.
But he would tell no one he envied the horn....
For the mayor's awareness of his emptiness
that burned like a branding through his hollow chest
was as sharp as a razor pressed down to his breast
for twenty four hours, stealing even his rest.

He noted that no trace of armor was worn,
nor some measure employed to cover the horn,
while the mayor was not found without a hat.
Indeed, the mayor wore many hats....
The thing stirring in him beholding the creature
was foreign, uncomfortable, without a name.
He had no hat for it, but could not approach
without cover; he tried, but it ended in vain:
he came up to the creature, imposing his will,
receiving in answer a set of wide eyes.
The mayor then faltered; *that* never showed
where he came from, but the quiet forest exposed.
And what did he need for the creature to tame?
Only to take off his hat, of course!
But that very act was his ultimate bane!
So instead he took out from his pocket a chain.

The creature had never seen
another human being so close.
The mayor had eyes that reflected his own.
The mayor read that little face so plain....

He took up the aim the lone thing to befriend,
gently securing him onto the chain;
his teasing affections were, beneath, pretend,
so artful was he in mimicry.
Not even the sun could tell for what end
he worked; he had his own motivations.
They walked together, the chain's vibrations
shaking the creature's every step,
for he was the weaker; his friend led the way.
He took him to town where he lived his play.
And everyone loved him (the mayor); and they
saw the creature; his horn they could not ignore.
They whispered rumors of him and the mayor.
A slave? A captive? A human? No.
A thing with a horn; he might have to go.
And the mayor, who embodied how to behave,
was, in truth, to these whispers the ultimate slave.

He smiled at the crowd, but most carefully kept them all out
and retreated behind his curtain.
There, with his fascination he wrestled,
and where he stood was never certain.
He nourished a strange relationship
with that blatant horn, one of love and hate.
“How can I love one so ugly and strange!?”
The little creature this way he'd berate.
Then, in a rage, he would cut off the horn,
then turn to his room and the rage on himself;
all night he would cry and regretfully moan;
by morning the horn had returned, fully grown,
as twisting and wild as before, if not more;
the mayor was fighting a constant war.

But the people in town called the creature a monster;
raised in the woods, he didn't behave
in accordance with the mayor's creed;
their slander cast widely but couldn't net “slave”.
Ironically, *this* was the very point
to make even one touch of affection true
of the mayor's professedly acted caresses.
The people, of course, did not see through....
They worried about their glittering mayor
saddled with such a disfigured knave
who seemed to be marring that golden face,
but as any long-term observer would see,
it wasn't clear-cut, of monstrosity.
Over time and trial, the creature remained
himself, unchanged, while the world spun on.
After the batter of onslaughts and storms

he came out peaceful, harmless, pure,
while the mayor's immaculate exterior
began cracking, revealing the dirt in the shell.
Behind the smooth face broke a hyena smile;
behind his high cheekbones spun animal eyes
and in glimpses revealed what had long been concealed
as he fought with the creature and the curtain unpeeled.

In the end, his endless back and forth
tugged on the chain too much too hard,
and he so wore the creature down with art
that he finally killed what saw him with love.
It was his last chance, for he'd go no more
to the forest again in this life, now too old,
but remain living on as the same town's mayor,
contenting himself to remain the main player.
And in his undocumented end,
what was his inner state, no one knows.
To the world he existed among the people
hiding their horns in the folds of their clothes.

I was born with a little horn
And I did not understand
How to make use of it,
So I tried to keep it down.
But it poked out through every hat
And put-on crown.
The horn seemed of no use to me
For creating a life,
Only sabotaging every attempt at it.
As I grew up the horn grew out
Got ever harder to cover up

12.3.13

Once I Had...

Once I had a normal life,
A grand old house, a lovely wife.
One day I left that life behind.
I dropped out, and slipped out,
Was free.

On the road now, I'm a bum.
I haven't changed my shirt in weeks.
I haven't washed my hair; I'm merely
Seeing the landscape's many peaks.

My wife back home, sits, waits for me,
Waiting for me to return.
Does she know she'll get a shell
If I do ever come back home?

Call me wrong, say I escaped.
I dropped my coat; but it was fate.
I never should have married or
Built my life without the core.

Now I'm naked and alone
Yearning for soft hands again
But pushing back the nagging tones
Of voices that have worn me down.

In the distance sits a mountain.
In the morning, I will climb.
I'll reach the top and look down on them;
That moment will be sublime.

Sometimes I think about returning
When I feel that aching yearning,
But each day I'm slowly learning
To accept that it's not mine.

And rather than go back to leave
Again, I keep on going forward
On the line that is not woven
Into any human vine.

My old friends have gotten fatter
Sitting their whole lives away
On the couch with beer, TV,
Mumbling bout equality

She takes their dog to a groomer, Brings it back covered in bows	
“But did that take you all four hours? Where were you? Bet <i>someone</i> knows!”	When she was younger it was cuter, Crazier, older she grows.
“You don't trust me!?” she will rage. That night he'll get off the couch, Blow some steam off at the strip club Wishing how life <i>had</i> turned out.	Dyes her headful of gray, blonde Powders her lined face beyond All recognition, pulls skin back, Behind her ears to hide the slack.
He'll come home late; they will stay Together, reenact that scene, (Hopefully not) have a kid Or two to sow “what could have been”	Veiny hands begin to shake Sweet voice starts to rock and quake As a girl she seemed so pretty As a woman earns your pity
Into <i>their</i> souls; but their bodies Grew accustomed to the habits Reenacted by their parents Now they start it all again.	Still she's buying little dogs The kind you can stuff into bags She takes them with her everywhere To do her nails, to dye her hair
That is how I came to form A life I never truly wanted. Garden path of milestones they Laid out my whole life haunted.	To buy herself more lingerie For nights that she goes to play Fishing for the younger men So that she can feel young again.

This is what I've left behind.
The circle has to break sometime.
I am not a man now. I don't know
What I am as I go.

12/4/13

The Heart and Mind

The mind tells the fractured self how to step
while the heart knows all along what is true.

Music lifts the heart temporarily;
in those moments it sings its song, knowing perfectly

where the fractured self belongs.
The fractured self runs after the pipes and strings,

thinking it's found the ultimate light,
but when the music stills it still runs

through the air so quiet.
Its lifted lightpost has fizzled out,

only showing a glimpse of the perfect way.
The fractured self can only believe the heart

when it sings or cries.
When it is quiet, it shrugs, blending into the wall,

leaving the self alone with its cracks and holes.
The mind with its hundred eyes and cogs

constantly turning, comparing, too much,
steers it down a more practical path

calculated from a formula taking all input
and churning out a best answer,

a ninety-five, after years of practice,
built up from a solid but shaky eighty

(only when young does the mind not distinguish
between the feel of a ninety and forty-five).

That's the whole problem of heart and mind: the mind
hits a tighter and tighter ring every time

while the heart, one time out of ninety-nine

lands dead inside the bullseye.

12/12/13

I have to get out of this place that pushes down what I have to say
And tells me my ways are wrong because I am not going along
With surrounding prevailing patterns. But it doesn't matter
What everyone else is doing. Comparison's poison and also your ruin,
Or, worse, an anchor that keeps you tied down to the dead lead ship
Of a masochistic dance that goes one step forward and then takes one step back
Forever. You'll never get out until you stop looking back
And sniff out the whole wide world. It's absurd how long we stay
In these dead weight patterns and let our bodies decay
All because of something that somebody else could say,
As unsure of their steps, also doing the forward-and-back one-to-one
Hanging in the vice grip of their indecision and fear to commit
To the wholly fulfilling impractical needed-for-none
But you. Whatever else you do will not touch as deep
Or pierce arrow through. But consider money!
The pot to nourish and safely contain your true honey,
The barrel to leisurely age your wine, the currency traded to buy yourself time
To access the grain of divine that's residing within, try'n' to fight its way out
Through a cold and demanding world pulling you with tuition and fines
And signs and poorly written lines online listing where you should be at thirty-three
Or twenty-four - either way, the comparison puts on more
Extra pressure that only distracts from uniting yourself for the ultimate act
Of devotion. But *this* is oft written off as a silly notion
Of childish fantasy, a refusal to live (like everyone else) in reality,
But then why, tell me, do you keep returning to that
Impractical nudging, yearning, to turn from obligations
Unspoken that choke, and follow what's calling you out from inside,
A perfect but unvalidated guide that the world has not yet decided
Has earned its approval, 'til years down the line
When the guide was right all along after years of blindness
And suddenly, everybody agrees with the crazy notions it spouted
Out from the beginning and says, "Well, look at that," and nothing else
Since what more can you say? All talk merely circles
The rickety hard-to-see way.

12/15/13

The Morning After Nothing Happened

Like a junkie, I put in headphones.
Music sounds amazing today.
Every song seems new, and I
Myself am fresh from time spent
In the company of someone new,
Somebody different, just us two
As we talk one on one. It's no
Big deal, it's only fun. But it's
As if I hit "reset" last night
And it kicked in this morning
After little sleep; detangle
From the brief encounter. Sharpen
Who I am; define my outline;
Rediscover by repeating
My mistakes, or rather, habits,
Like a child hitting its head
Against a wall; three times and then
At last you know for certain
It is brick. Guess I'm that thick,
The first time I'm left guessing
What it was. But now I know
Both scent of substance and my own
Thick skull's careens. A clash
Of substances defines the world's
Terrain. But it's all in my brain,
Oddly enough. The *inner* is
What ruminates on all this stuff,
On all this useless fluff
That's gone tomorrow.

12/16/13

Big dogs walk with big teeth and small minds
Cut down to right size for sharp bites
Don't overthink it with large, plastic, complex brains.
While small dogs ponder, peering slowly, still decoding
Dirt's make-up, big dogs have long since bitten off
Each other's heads and spoken all their words
Like lightning: greyhounds, foxhounds, shepherds
Run. The bright brown eyes still softly ponder;
Pensive dogs who linger longer.
In the field are big dogs true, but who
Is wearing costume fangs? Now I see through
The bulk of you, you gentle dog.
Put down your coat, for you have not run off with them.
I know you think yourself a failure.
I know you've put on a costume.
I know you've bulked up at the gym.
I know you.
I see you look at me, small dog unhidden
And your costume comes undone
And fear comes out on the field where the killers run.

12/17/13

Lament

If I were a dumber girl, life would be easy
I wouldn't see as much and go with the flow.
I'd get a lover without too much thinking.
Many would be good enough; I'd focus on the shiny stuff.
And if I were a smarter girl, I'd have left by now,
Would've walked the moment your game became clear.
Too strong a desire's too long kept me here
While my drying eyes pop wide and cry in horror,
My mind lists off reasons like running water,
Hoping to knock in some sense lest we do begin.
But as it is, I'm somewhere in the middle,
Neither dumb nor smart enough to move,
Attached to one direction, to a hologram
I project on the screen,
A film titled "*What Hangs In Between:
A Tale of Hope and Possibility
And Hopefully Not Chances Missed;
If Only They Had Just Once Kissed....*"

You and I are ships out on the water.
I'm leaving as you're docking in.
Like sand blocks we just have passed by each other,
Like strangers brushing shoulders on the street.
We call out to each other from the cabins
To stay, hold on, just wait – but there's no end
In sight for you suspended in harbor.
Our lights are the same, but the sea is wide....

Oh captains, captains, can't you talk it over?
Can't you readjust the course?
And couldn't you have overthrown that sailor
Stalling destiny with unnecessary noise?

12/27/13

Working For An Invisible End

Maybe I shouldn't have chased you so hard or hunted you down, but I couldn't not.
And I do not know why I've become so invested, as if it's the end, and you could break me.
It feels like you're holding a very thin glass in your fingers. The delicate film could snap.
Neither of us stood outside our lives but craned our necks out into – what?
Who knows what this is for; I worked with an invisible end in mind,
Building around a world that did not yet exist but which I glimpsed.
You are asking me if I mean what I say and I guess you're afraid to trust or think it's my play,
And I feared the same of you. It has ended so many times to start anew,
For when I went to bed already dreaming, the morning dragged me into sobering light
And I stood in the rubble or shitpile or what have you call it, looking on it with glaring sight.
Everything was unpeeled and revealed behind the scenes and I cannot say
What the core is, except a whiskey glass and a fireplace and a clear night sky,
Just a vision of that nonexistent world through the window of an invisible house.
If I never get there along the forest path I tread through the lightless trees
With no end in sight, it was a journey in vain taken only for itself.
You desire so much the destination – but what if it never passes your way?
A coin spins on the table between the sides of a lighted house and a dark empty wood and has not yet
fallen.

12/28/13

The world comes up and leaves
Blink once for the lighted house,
Twice for the lightless trees
And an empty clearing where it stood.
The ocean waves rise up themselves,
Lift you up and dip you low
Sometimes let the waters be calm.
Any way, enjoy just being alive
Fighting with the other side
Who's fighting to close his eyes
And keep his narrow path,
Agree with you.

12-28-13

When I Revisit It

In the whirlwind it is beautiful,
It spins me around so I cannot see.
Tomorrow I look back on what happened
And address it soberly.

Why, oh why, did I justify it?
Why did it make me so high?
Where did that world come out of?
Give me something more calm
For I do not know any answers,
I know only lakes and waterfalls,
Ocean storms and rapid rivers,
How to recognize dry deserts.

I deserve better but love what I get.
Am I reading too much into it?
Nobody else would stand where I stand
Or stand for such poor treatment.

In the whirlwind the invisible honey
Comes out of hiding and I am sure
Of what I desire and claim to live for.
Uphold the crystal containing cracked potato
Denounce the put-on ballet show.

12/28/13

I tell no one I listen to your music
While mine plays second fiddle.
I match the tune sets against each other
And come to know you and come to know me,
Sharpen my song with your complementary melody.

I tell no one I don't do my work
But sit at my desk writing poetry,
Pretending to waste away, hatefully waiting -
My dress, heels, badge, and everything.

Another lives on the inside
Only allowed out in glimpses.
What a slavish life not everyone lives,
Could've done different, but someone told me, "Be smarter,"
Said, "Get it together."
Now the thought's stuck inside my mind.

So I've been a fool,
Well, I don't regret it;
In fact, it's set me free,
For looking back upon it
I'd've done nothing differently,
Been so concerned for dignity,
Holding back what should be free.

Art is escape
And we ignore what matters
By plunging into the meaningless mystery.
Why ask questions? You have no answers,
And no one does. Soon you will be
Mouth agape unable to make a sound.

I know you now
And don't agree
A different eye
A simple mind
Mine's complicated,
Eye too jaded,
Love unsated,
Yours long gone.

Oh, the glaring light, what it does to me.
Your outline reveals my shadowy trees
But you didn't grow them; your mirror's the right distortion.
Oh now I see ever clearly that it's all springing from me.
I've not yet met you but doubt I will;
Your music coming in blows up the tarp and I blush at what's underneath:
Hide those diaries and games and insecurities
Unnecessary complications like rays emanating;
After all, I'm the one who loves sad songs
While yours roll easy, free, indiscriminately,
Never stop if they like something they see;
Oh well, c'est la vie; but I dig my nails in for weeks
If the music reverberates right.
Oh, the things running through my mind;
Worlds form and break down in one space in one hour
A castle today, empty clearing, it's gone
A parade put on by tense anxiety
All in one – I don't know what is wrong with me.
You say I'm sane; just don't peer into my brain;
I don't know what my problem is; it isn't you,
But the thought of you sure brews up a storm.

When the ocean was full
I drank the sea
Dry desert with just a snap of my fingers
Or the passage of days.
Hard-to-hold-on is my own fault.
Think it's you, but at the least it's me, too,
If not only.

There's no in between when your heart is invested
Reluctantly, and you never knew
That it would keep you so long to weather;
Sailors those who have weathered all shades of the blue.

It was a stupid wish, extra, when reality slaps you across the face with obligations.
What can you do? I give it up, though I cannot.

I say you are an ocean;
You say I get a drop.
I want to drink til you're a desert;
That's what's really going on.

Who Are You Really?

Who are you really
In this life you go through?
Perhaps born a pauper;
Life makes you a king.
Suddenly, you have everything
At your fingertips, and, worse, believe
That you earned the crown; it was accident.
Tomorrow you go back into the desert
Apart from your other half and the land
Imagined that built up around you
A wind blew down and turned by sunset to sand.
Who is that man who wanders alone?
Where did he come from and where will he go?
Several stand side by side, clothed in the same robe
Having arrived along different paths.
And underneath their robes
One might be only beginning,
One might have crossed all four oceans
To finally rest on the sands.
One could be king tomorrow,
One could have been one yesterday.
One life takes on many iterations
If that is your destiny.
Hear the secret whispered to you:
You *were not*, but going through.
As permanent as sunrise and sunset
And desert shifts and ocean drifts
And kingdoms fallen, castles built
On the illusion of their stones.
For you are nothing but a vessel
And your character, fixations.
When you get down to the bottom
Find that you could let them go.

We

We are ugly and barefoot
Naked and stupid
A book whose most embarrassing lines
Are highlighted like a caricature
Of a preferable smooth story.
We have no answers
Nor do we know
What is going on.
My fluid boundaries
Trip me up;
Lack of experience
Comes up
As somewhat of a problem.
We are a mental world
That could not exist
Or could.
More often I ask myself whether it *should*
And if this is the kind of thing I would call good
Or if I should want something else.

You will let me down,
I can feel it now
After all, it's a weekend and here I am alone,
Tell myself I'm busy anyway and this works well.
I know you are laughing silently
At home
In front of the TV.

You should never give it up to hope
Or believe love stories you have heard.
You can try to be more perfect but
It will not set you free
Or bestow the hoped for reality.

You have taken time to build my trust
Behind the scenes. You broke through to the core.
Never have I felt like such a fool before
Or such a little girl.
You know what really matters to me,
What so few are privy to, and we
Banter back and forth across our boundaries
And you say I take it too seriously.

But how can I control the sea?
You have got your hooks so deep in me,
A foolish master of psychology
You get me through technology.

You should never judge someone softly.
Only judge by action. Anyone can speak
The golden words you listen for, your own vulnerability,
But it will never be
The long hoped for reality.

01/04/14

Gold and Blue

Growing up, with boys I had it easy.
They would come all climbing up my tree,
But from my high branch, I turned each one away until
I met one who'd sing my song back to me.

One day, I met you most strangely.
You sang a tune, and I just knew
That somewhere in those notes rang my own song:
Two interwoven threads, one gold one blue.

I jumped down and ran to catch the train,
And even when it left I kept on running,
Broke all the rules for this, like madness,
Like a revolutionary mistress.

When you're in love with destination
You chase down the train already left
Instead of waiting for another
You know's bound for somewhere else.

It isn't always easy to start over
When you already had the whole world,
Green freedom of Ireland and dark Czech nights
Drinking on the shores and in the mountains.

I broke all the rules down for you,
Did everything no one should do,
Laid my heart down on the line where the lion stood
Looking hungrily at me for food.

I did more than anyone who's sane
Should stoop to just so I could say,
"There was nothing else I could have done.
It was out of my hands who won."

But someone walks away the winner
And someone's left to start all over.
But where do we begin if we already had everything,
A fully flowered world?

When I met you, something lined up right.
Stupid little nonentities matched
Same way of cooking and to fight
A playful pinch and scratch.

Anybody else would think it crazy
But to us it tacitly made sense.

What did we share so well between us
Except a common craziness?

Sometimes it's hard to start all over
When the History From Shore to Shore
Closes on the world inside. But now
You don't stand where you stood before.

I cannot return to my origin,
That place is for me no more home.
When we crossed the sea it really changed me:
Of birthright patterns I was shorn.

When I met you I was a toddler.
I saw her face again in your mirror,
Smiling like a goof, unhooked from the aloof
Plaque mask I'd worn for years stalling on Earth

Where the way we sense our time is nonsense
Or not as accurate as time within.
You could be two for a thousand years
Then age to thirty in one winter.

With you I grew into a woman
My baby face calmed down, grew wise.
So quickly passed us many seasons
Traveling the world with eager eyes

A vibrant garden blossomed underground
Where only blind could clearly see.
Its scent sent out its herald truth
And bits escaped into the concrete city out my window where I sit up in midwinter at age only twenty-four but yesterday not more than four, last hour primed to be a mother, now a middle aged and wiser dame with lines and wisps of life-earned gray whose husband went away and left her on the island with the breeze upon her face –
The change in style is proof
That the artist has grown older
In the place where art is born.

I reconnected with the toddler
That so long had sat at bay.
Resumed her life did she, my seed,
And now has grown into a flower

On whose petals painted landscapes
Depict richest life you'd ask for
Never happened in the realm of stone
But only on a higher plane,
Occurring wholly in my brain,

Where, anyway, it turned me inside out
And opened up a child.

1/5/14

The Other Way

It seems like the physical world is complete
And visions come in elusive flashes,
But I say it is the other way:
The concrete world is urban decay
With leftover bits of what existed,
Chains that drag us in stagnant patterns
While the origin of these rare bright visions
And beings we meet who change us truly
(Unlike the strangers we pass in the city)
Live in a larger, truer world
Where we exist as who we should.
There, we might be frozen in time,
Waiting to start our life again
To grow up wiser on the inside,
Not just in our brain.
That is the world where your innermost core resides,
And *this* world here is mostly quiet.
That's why the music that speaks to you
Is almost entirely silent.

1/5/14

We make each other
and then we come back
as more perfectly polished simple gems
now that we have uncovered our flaws.
We are more pure than before we rubbed
and our eyes are sharper.
What were we thinking?
That each could become like the other
as we were fumbling
to mingle our outputs
and mesh our skins
and our withins
into a slop?
We are a vaporized nebulous starcloud.
We are perfectly polished and well defined marbles
suspended in darkness, apart.

1/10/14

Perceptions mean nothing, they are not proven
in this harsh world where your words speak it different.
I hear two languages, one not spoken, known by your body,
your essence, your fears, and your flaws;
then another, the facts you believe in, ideals you uphold,
and the truths you have learned.
You may say x but if I cut your head off,
I would hear y as your body moves silently
going about its ways without interference,
and we would know that it is geared toward taking the power
away from your man,
or devouring a girl.
Maybe it's my own plan
skewing me and hearing this first nonexistent language
it so believes in, that never comes to fruition.
Did it exist? Did he really dive into the ocean?
He comes out wet, but we talk about his career.
Little glass grains fall into my brain and skew it all over
distorting the words, and I believe – silly – my 'heart'
And life will never reveal what was wrong, what was right
of these perceptions, it keeps it hidden,
and we dance on along the concrete blind.

1-14-2014

And when you know nothing,
That's when it's over.
That's when it begins
When you cannot say
Where you stand or what your priorities are,
When everything is the same.

1-14-2014

Castles Fade

I met you on the pathway, as a merchant on your way.
I was coming up from nowhere, going toward the same.
Briefest look and conversation, we were lifted up;
The world behind that gate I'm never able to convey.
It comes in bits of colored flags, hanging off my tongue,
Lifted strings of notes from the most beautiful song.
Visions bloomed like flares and faded back into the wall
That stays unyielding quiet if your mind has become dull.
I met you on the plain, but we were joined by the magician
Hidden, snapped his fingers, and we dropped into the ocean.
In the boarded trinket shop the faded curtain drew
Back, revealed a castle that awaited thrones for two.
It stood upon a hill, surrounded by the lushest green,
Gardens spilling over turrets, coloring the scene.
The night brought no stale darkness but an ocean pricked with light,
A banquet of a life that offered infinite delight.
And suddenly's it came the vision dropped like a charade.
I was left with the magician and he told me, "castles fade."
The magician's a cruel character, he comes and goes just as he pleases,
And all he really offers you are mere glimpses and teases.

1-24-2014

Now I see the magic carpet
Waiting on the floor.
You were standing, open,
Wide-eyed in my door
With your brazen language
And crude exterior
Covering a soft heart
Eager to explore
And be taken anywhere.
I of us was marshall,
Directing our forces,
Adjusting the sails
And deciding our ship's course.
I wish I knew I stood there
And that you stood behind
As I held your small hand,
A child leading a child.
I see now we were verging
On the plunge into *my* ocean.
I waited for your doorway,
But you thought your own world empty,
And stood there, small, expecting
That I would lead the way.
But I just realized captain
Was assigned to me too late.
You, really, stood there frozen,
Numb before my gate,
Forgetting your own world,
Ready to set sail
With any captain anywhere.

1/29/14

I know it deep down in my soul, my friend;
Just sitting here alone, I felt
That storm has passed and left the kernel:
You brought me down to where I am a child,
Where I've not revisited since age four,
And made me feel very simple inside
As I carry an inward smile.
I see it clearly now: since meeting you
I have changed; look at my eyes.
They fall sharper onto the world for the rest of my life.
I am harder, louder, and more independent.
Have you brought me to my other side?
There was nothing I could do
To stop, slow down, or speed up the brew.

1/31/14

A Little Prostitution Goes a Long Way

Your soul is made of a million glimpses
Spread out across the colorless sands
Of light fallen over fragments of prisms.
Twist a little to earn a dime.
Wrap a portion in popular notion,
Bottle up a potent potion.
Peddle it out on the busiest corners
To buy yourself more time to glimmer.
(Or if your customers only want wrappers,
You need only sell the shell.
Don't waste a prism on someone's imprisonment,
Condemning your treasure to masochist's hell).
Mine yourself to earn a dime.
Swallow the shame and be on your way.
It will only hurt tapping for sap
And afterward you'll feel just fine
When you are painting within your garden
Twenty hours out of the day.
Give up four to earn your stable,
A finger for freedom, a price you can pay.

2/7/14

It doesn't matter where I go.
Why am I agonizing so?
When I hear the music right,
With pure certainty I know
I will never be cut off
And what I seek all rests inside.
There's another world's escape
Through the tunnel to outside.
I can catch a stranger's face,
Pull them to my side by grain,
The bit that pulses deep within
Despite their personality,
The toddler frozen at age three.
Some psychologist came close
When he said we form fixations;
Not our bodies, but our grains,
Our innermost possible selves
Freeze up at a certain age,
And we can age but never grow,
Remain the toddler til we're old
With true selves that come naught to know

But live a life as primitives
In a land of Philistines.
Where you may, but rarely, find
A mage of age one thousand years,
Older than the gnarly trees,
Ancient, walks among unknown
In that world almost alone.

2/7/14

Love should be a two way street
But I make this comment because it is not.
Why do the ones so generous
To a fault always fall in love
With the stone spoiled brat
Who likes everything neat?
Who's okay with two friends,
Who maintains a closed world
And reaches all her short ends?
Openness is no breeding ground
For security. But *I* want a one
With no guarantee.
Make him wide-eyed, a giver,
A restless explorer,
Even if we only bind a short while.
Moments of openness last a lifetime.
You let the winds blow through
Like a hollow with roots.

Love on Earth is a one way street.
Somebody falls and the other one says, "okay."
One looks up to the stars, and the other one down
And behind, occasionally.
Judge me like I judge everybody,
For I remain empty
At my side.
I cannot wait to explore the world
And be afloat on the restless tide.
Give me my year of eternity.
Give me the changes it brings upon me.
I will throw every truth that I know
Out my presumptuous little head
And when I return will be quieter,
Not as cynical (or maybe more).
Give me something strong enough
So that I may "know" no more, forever.

2/10/14

No one is an island
But I come very close,
Prefer to sit in silence
And write up some new prose.
Work, work, work, work.
Too serious for fun.
Only twenty-four
And I'm already done.
Some guys want to fuck me,
But I go with none.
Brush them off like gnats;
Delete them from my phone.
Not much of a texter;
I'd rather be alone.
Get bored in a second
And forget where we were goin'.
All roads lead to Rome –
Wake up and smell the liquor.
I drink on my own now
To fall asleep quicker.
Depression comes at me
And beats my motivation
Which evaporates like mist –
But put on some pressure
And hear me complain
(Knowing full well I need it)
Bout catchin' that train
And how one day this lifestyle
Will drive me insane.
But take off one weight
And I fall right back down.
I'm hard to excite
You cry, but I know.
It's only my nature,
As much as my stature,
That I go at eighty
Or I do not go.

I Don't Understand Men

I don't fucking understand men.
That guy Jason will fuck my friend.
He and Sarah broke up again
(This time for good, she said).
My impression of men is this:
So intellectual, full of purpose
At work where you're sharp and never miss,
But when that any-girl walks close
It doesn't matter what you know,
Your intelligence flies out the window.
I don't want to tease retardation, but boy!
That's what you look like, acting like you've got no say
In the flow; it's all up to her!
(What if she can't? What if she fails
To get the guy and some other dumber girl prevails?)
Hey, *she* wants to; so along you go.
You're just here for the ride, man –
Hold up your hands – why you accusin'?
I'm just the victim
Of all her games! No, *you* take the lead,
But you never go after the one you need,
Settling for accidental fate,
And wonder why you come to hate.

2/14/14

I see a future
Out on the ocean
In glimpses from here
That I have to hold onto
Once they disappear.
They always return
To me, it is true,
But if I kept the fire,
The line would run smoother
And I'd get there sooner.
I work for the world
That doesn't exist
And is laughed at at present
By self-proclaimed realists,
Those eternal dreamers
(For there's nothing dreamy
About seeing the castle
And becoming enamored,
And wanting to reach it.
Everyone learns
That the mists that surround it
Fade like illusions
And you're left to build to it.)

2/16/14

And the more myself I get, the stronger I forget
That old world where I had you, and the charm of yesterday.
You brought me to a child self, and so put me in touch.
Whenever I make steps now, I feel like I am four,
Smiling like a goofball, squinting like a baby,
Making all the motions I was too shy to before.
In another person, or an action, or in nothing
You can find the thread of gold and walk down your own line.
I still write these poems, I write them over over,
Until I come to know that what I say is true no doubt.
But til I am so certain, I reassess the question
And struggle with the answers in a million different forms,
All which say the same thing – essentially it's nothing
Arcane or deeply hidden, but the most obvious lesson
That, when you look back on it, once it's in yesterday,
You laugh and wonder why you lived your life another way,
For it's so self-evident, eloquent, convenient,
Falls right into place neatly and turns the key hole free,
Opening the doorway, reached meanderingly
For no apparent reason, scrambled by no mystery.

2/17/14

Every time I find it I get lost again.
Not in accord with my truest plan.
Too fluid is every manifestation
Of what I want in my life to be.
Too much in my own life of me,
Too strong my own little hand touching powerlessly.
The world rejects every emanation.
But I know for sure one thing only
As I wait for gold impatiently,
Wait for the vision that sits mentally
Insisting its forms be born solidly,
And that is the sickening pain in my gut
Pulled like a rubber band out every morning,
Making me feel that I'm stuck in a rut
While ceaselessly toward left and right I am yearning.

2/20/14

Lullabye

Hush my sweet baby I'll fill your sweet head
With advice for the world you will soon come to dread
In coming years you'll no doubt come to fret
That life will not be what you want it to be.
But don't take any advice from me
Is my first advice. There is no guarantee
That I'm right, nor those gurus you'll see on TV
(If those still exist when you reach puberty).
Life will not be what you want it to be
If you want it too hard. Everything against which
You will rub rubs you wrong the first couple of times
But you get acclimated and the questions get quiet.
You'll take in their faces again and again and realize
Someone different can still have an interesting life.
Don't you follow or measure yourself up. Study up
Everyone's cast of mind; it will sharpen your own.
Everybody on Earth is a flavor and your job's to savor
(According to me. Someone else has a different belief
Regarding how we should be).
Don't take yourself so seriously or you'll take it uphill
As you wait around for a miracle or the lottery.
Only those who can take themselves seriously
Become sociopaths or wrapped up in their games.
As soon as you walk out of work throw it out of your head
If your job is the kind that you dread.
In your off time pursue what you do love to do
And aspire to make it one day an all-day pursuit.
You should do it how *I* am now doing it.
That's why I'm writing this poem to you.

2/26/14

At the Hampton Inn

Intrigue and starlets,
Sandal and divas,
Sherlock and Idol,
Are what the world favors.
Give us our sugar;
When it burns gives us more;
A new competition,
More scandalous shows
That poison in new ways
And help us get hard
Or we will go crazy
And mention dead art
In an offhand remark
Made at this glitz party.
We paid entertainers.
We paid Party City.
We closed the front door
And turned on the TV,
Posted 'bout problems
In reality
Onto our facebook page,
Expressing all of our rage
Into the comments
Which admin erased.

3/3/14

Yet Another Soul Crushing Day at Work

Don't give yourself up to the monster.
It will threaten to bite off your arm.
It will tell you you've need of the meager
Portion doled out in return
For your lifeblood, original statement,
Expression and freedom and time.
Run from the creature who's sweeping the streets,
Eating up all the bit cogs.
Put in your two weeks' tomorrow;
Suffer the world of the burden
When for a while you're uncertain
From where the money will come.
And what will you do on your own here,
Going from something to none?
You over years you have unraveled
And with this last quit come undone.

All that you have is expression.
All that you dropped wasn't one
With the world beating outward inside you.

Naked, will God overlook you?
Will the bounty rain down but not on you?

March 4 2014

Taking a Role in the Shadow World

As life builds up, the city's bricks get dry.
Along the pavement I hear my own footsteps, see my
Body like a character defined.
I have at last accepted a role and the corresponding life falls stone by stone,
Layered quick by the mason; the stone maze echos
My steps through the shadow world, which world is front and center now.
My heart hides inside the invisible forest, waiting,
But never dead.

The spotlight shines on the rocky stage
That sees a face, a mask for the echo
From merely a very elaborate window down to who I really *am*.
It is but one path chosen from out of a million;
I am no longer at the fork of possibilities, but on a trail.
Behind lie the loves to which I've waved goodbye,
That I could have had had I
Picked a different life, for this one, too, dead-ends.
But I will walk it. This is not my name.
The more the concrete world builds up, the more defined this cloak becomes
Down to the etching on each button, down to what I choose to say.
I've given much up only for the chance to play
This part, but always know,
And though we're *here* in the world of shadows, I already walk miles ahead,
Living life out first inside
And once the castle's well defined, and everyone has settled in,
I will slip out and be no one again.

3/09/14

Love: first your perception skews it
As if you've taken a cocktail of psychedelics,
Bending and twisting things into alternate forms,
Distorting the sound of somebody's voice.
You play like an artist with ribbons of paint
On your canvas, the air,
With such passion painting a vivid portrait
Of what is not really there,
Of the world not truly here.
Perceptions of heaven, a realm high above you
Fall in like drops in your drugged open state.
Your mission becomes to descend them to body,
Into its life made of concrete shapes,
Into the senses' life to feel
That the world of love you live is real,
The world so high above,
The world of love,
That has no concrete proof.

3/11/14

When I'm Drunk

When I'm drunk
Things I love
Well up in me
And I so see
The gravity
Of certain choices,
Melody
In certain voices,
And the faces
Of clear weirdos
Shining in
Their essences
As the people
Underneath.
When I'm drunk
I love the things
I've built.
I love the man
I left behind

But I can't reach him
Anymore.
When I am drunk
A part of me
Wishes that I was there,
That I had moved
For him.
But another
Part of me
So clearly sees
That it was right
To walk the path
Forked off mysteriously
Leading right
Straight into me.
I'm not yet
Who I could be.
I don't think marriage
Is for me.
For who could stop
The runaround,
Keeping himself young inside?
When I am drunk,
Or, no, tipsy,
It becomes clear,
It, everything.
And that is why
I drink this beer,
Enables me
To write much freer
And unleash
What hides behind
My overly
Loud cryin' mind.

3/11/14

I want to love you across the world.
The land dwelling creature longs for the sea,
Like the horse pines for the dolphin,
Poke your head out and breathe my air.

It is not worth it on land; I'm bored
With the world I know; it is too dry.
Too in step with my own kind;
I want to turn your head around.

I want your gills to grow to lungs.
I want to dive and feel uncomfortable
Living out of my element
To learn my body's limits more.

If I never loved a fish,
A foreign representative,
What would I learn of the universe,
Walking in circles around the forest?

Lovers are travelers; travel is painful,
A process for practical purpose not gainful.
The bears advise me to go to work
Collecting honey. You'll rise and retire
Quicker the sooner committed to life
Afoot like you were made for.

Love in the sea for a land-dwelling creature
Will open his eyes like a pig in a jacket.
What is he doing, attending the meeting?
Everyone laughs at the fool he is.

Mixing worlds is uncomfortable
And doesn't make sense like a Dadaist life,
A stupid approach to a nothing goal,
Discouraged by world who does not need it.

Your wallet attacks you with practical sense.
The life you can take is limitless.
The courage you need is buried deep,
Discouraged by steady scrutiny.

Common sense is the killer term.
You dream of fulfillment, sickened by what you bring home
Every morning the pellets of honey
Are far too sweet. You crave another.

Born in a bear's firm overcoat
You contain a star or anemone

Longing forever for taste of the sea,
To a lifetime of not to find but seek.

What is stopping you if you know
That wherever you go you are always alone?
Look in the mirror again, fine human.
You crush yourself with the path you choose.

Every day you walk somebody's life
While yours awaits inside.
Every day your parents say; every day your teeth decay.
Every day your body weighs
A little more.
You steal your freedom in these moments, in these thoughts,
Inside these wishes.

Love the mermaid more and more and never let her go.

3/12/14

Everyone's a dream, a masklike face.
Few I remember, few stay in my heart.
Those special ones fall into the place
I cannot touch. Their imprint feeds art
As my subconsciousness rearranges
The living mask that has wormed inside.
Each day another layer falls off
In the realm unaffected by time,
In the subterranean life where I live,
The cave that echoes the whole heart beat
Under the glossy professional cover
Deceiving upon life's magazine.

3-17-2014

The Art of Framing

You never know what is yours until you close your eyes,
Step off the playground you've been pushed to play on,
Walk away.

When you try to dissect trust
What do you find but the longing to give yourself over
And cease examination?
What is it but the craving
To relax? Does *everyone* wait
For the impossible to act?

Pick apart fear,
An emotion reacted but hardly examined –
These essences are trouble to pinpoint –
It is the certainty of something
That is not yet here.

On this rainy Sunday
That ends a quiet week
My world of twenty-four years
Has come apart to its foundation.
“Rome wasn't built in a day,”
But often beguilingly I've found the art
Of building up life out of nothing
And tearing it down to restart
Happens momentarily,
And fluidly,
Easily,
Like snapping your fingers
And a garden's created.
In night that comes inevitably,
It rapidly turns barren,
And in the morning it is spring.

Maybe this is the differences of ages.
The gap between age and youth:
You're the owner of tunnel vision
Along with a quick and excited heart,
And a mind so hungry it feeds itself.
When you peer into your very first canyon,
You see no end to its darkness.
When you look up to the heavenly clouds,
You seem to have been let go from existence.
Youth won't see space within boundaries
And cannot understand why it ends,
Perceiving it not within cupped land
But part of the picture, unframed.

When older you have repeated
The rise-and-descend; you are never let go of,
Life cycles back on a string,
And you can be certain you'll be where you've been,
Find and lose the world again.

Glue in the crack with wisdom;
Space falls within its confines;
As you grow older and older
You take up the art of framing.

Why do I channel authority
In so much of my poetry?
It's only the search for certainty.

3/30/14

I always meet the same man
in a different pair of eyes.
I think that all of history
has only seen two lovers.

3/31/14.2

I've got my finger on the problem,
That's why I'm never resting,
That's why I'm always thinking,
That's why I'm so intense.
I've got the sense of urgency
Constantly coursing through me,
Constantly propelling me,
Repeating, "you're not done."
Lately I have come to see
That this life is temporary,
Humanity is but a dream
And we'll return to something greater,
Get absorbed back in the upper,
Get pulled out from atmospherics,
Blink as if we'd been asleep.
Everything we know is backwards:
We think we are living real life,
And sometimes we get these visions,
Get obsessed with fallen hints
That are little pieces. We don't see
Those little things are from much greater,
A whole world behind the rocks
Of lifeless planetary metals
We have colonized for speeding
Up our growth, yet we're retreating,
Pinching our souls while we're here.
The funny thing is, it won't matter;
We are not able to shatter
Anything real while we're here.
The only thing we learn on Earth
That is new to us is pain
When we walk against our self,
Which often seems like staying sane.

I feel you are far from me
Though we had been near.
Now I've grown some extra limbs
And you have stayed the same.
I feel you are far below
And I'm made from two people;
Another person added on
Atop the one you knew
When we were younger and I drew
Everything I felt for you
So very blind, without a clue
As to the origin of these
Bright visions, that incurable disease
Whose passing I had to await,
To reach and stay behind the gate.
You were never part of it,
Or maybe with closed eyes,
(The way we impact) as were mine.
I don't feel it anymore.
I don't even remember.
All I really know is that
There'd been some sort of sever
Between myself and Earth, and truly
It was just a moment.
All else in the story
Only intertwined around it.
Then I chased your ghost, but it was never really you.
My dear, you did not have a clue
And my heart never could get through.
For what I felt stopped at my face
That from a young age had been trained
To be regardless porcelain
While those around me went insane.
It is sadly accepted fate
That I remain outside the gate
Where I will patiently await
To know such rare love once again.

3/31/14

Love Poem

My Love,
you're both the captain and the sea.
We sail into your ocean,
children.
As we talk, our simple language
develops sophistication.
Our laughter deepens
in time and mellows
as we grow into adolescents
and true adults
when we sail into shore
again, by sunset.

My Love,
it is your ocean we explore.
I bind myself to help you find
what's truly yours
for you have brought me to a child.
There is no difference
if it's your ocean or mine.
You're both the captain and the sea.
This sea is yours
but I don't feel it separately.

4/02/14

The Man With the Bag of Gems

In the world of spirits, the world of visions,
A man walks with a bag of gems.
Who is he? Is he the king?
The culmination of everything?
Only his back is ever seen
But all the gems that fall from him
Line the ground with the very light
That creates the invisible forest
Giving it its definition
By the invisible light flowing through,
A ubiquitous shine that everyone sees,
Drawing them one by one into the trees.

The man who walks with the bag of gems
Is going where-no-one-knows why.
They ask what he is coming to;
And he says he has dropped the paths
To search for something out of sight
Without realizing that this search itself is what he's looking for;
He doesn't look behind as he walks on inside his destination
At the gems he drops
And the rich lit invisible forest behind him springing from their light.

4/3/14

Listening to Music While Very Emotional

In between the music strings I see a million loves.
They come to me in glimpses of lives I'll never lead
Or lives that I have led, or lives I can't explain,
Loves I cannot catch that end with end of the refrain.
A new song comes and I am plunged into it once again
But it's a different story set among other terrain.
Running on a horse, the grass below us blows;
In between the mountains strumming eerie melodies;
There I meet a man; I start over again,
Peering on this moving train through many different windows.
Cannot speak the language, try my best to translate,
Only understanding through instinctively known liquors
Capturing the essences of so many old characters
And everything between them hanging in the humid air.

4/4/14

For a long time I drew forests,
many different kinds of trees,
wandering in place throughout
the never-ending leaves,
going nowhere in delight;
I could not say I was lost,
for I'd come to find the finding,
what I wanted most.
This went on for years and years,
looked at through binoculars;
even from so deep within
I could see the horizon.
Even *my* life is but borrowed;
fire will fade to an ember,
bring me to a new December
as if nothing lived before.
The butcher will chop off the past.
The fire will destroy the paths.
The comets blaze without my eyes.
The wheel spins round the empty center.

4/15/14

I am the king of my forest,
parading among inimitable forms.
I lord over grotesque distortions whose meaning and shape nobody knows.
I thrive in my sovereign empire,
where I bow to only the sun,
cry out as loud as how freely I caper,
friend to every hiding creature,
wearing the shining gold crown
that I donned when I ran to the forest
from the land I was told I was born to,
but I have returned to my home.
I am the king of my forest,
kind lord over a world,
commander of language that's perfect-
ly weaving through endless trees,
emerging as silence or at best a garble when striking the boundaries.

4/25/14

Canton Square

Everyone does yoga
In this yuppie urban park.
The girls are wearing black stretch pants and Lulu Lemon tops.
The men are wearing polo shirts or jeans and button downs.
Every passing couple sounds like everybody else.
They sound just like my high school;
It's like being there again.
They talk of those not present
And shut up when they appear.
Most are wearing sunglasses,
Some are in summer dresses;
Over trifles they obsess
While the world spins on.
I once thought I'd like it here:
It's safe and residential.
Fifteen cut-out Irish pubs lend Friday night potential.
Small groups pass each other by;
It's loud but nobody says "hi";
Even though I'd bet most people here
Have gone to bed.
It's best seen as an outsider,
An occasional visitor.
Beneath the quaint exterior's
Their own unheard unrest,
Festering below the skin
Carefully contained within
And stifled when the Looney's din
Drowns the squirm with noise and beer.
Without a doubt the grand appeal
Of Canton Square on Saturday
Are all the angels (meaning dogs)
These people bring outside to play.
No, to me it's clear:
I will never belong here.
Writing on this bench and looking one-of-a-kind queer,
I'm getting halfway glances,
Reneged out of cowardice
By a man behind his girlfriend
Who can't tell you where they're headed.

Menstruation (is a Window to the Void)

Gone too far, lost touch with the ground;
No connection to passing faces.
Am I a human or alien?
I guess if you see the whole universe
We're all really aliens, strangers to someone.
These people around are not my people.
Help me, something, find my people,
If they exist, if I'm not one.
I live – exist – and go to work;
No one would understand why I complain;
It doesn't matter too much what I do,
But it's too much time wasted on that damn train.
Keep your concerns about Earth; I've too long been out there,
Feeling like I am biding my time.
Keep your concerns of TV; I've too long been inside.

5/1/14

All Possible Paths

There was a time when everyone was a mystery.
Then, I looked at them and saw possibility
Without future or past.
But that was before I understood causality
And saw someone with their line of yesterdays,
Facing all possible paths.

During that time, when I beheld someone,
They could have been headed anywhere.
But when I unearthed their trajectory
(And came to a dead end at every road,
Found nothing but space past the church's door
And realized while walking alone that anywhere I'd explore
I would come up empty, if I were searching for
Answers or some sort of clarity)
Their one or two ends became very clear
(And note, they were hardly the ends where they saw themselves going)
And I drew their line on my map of time.

5/1/14

High-strung, professional single man
Still going on about work on the train;
You've got to cast off that shirt and tie,
And throw what is not your own out of your brain.
Your buddy's implicitly higher station,
Thanks to his ring, tied to acceptance
Of dry sticks and stones, that cannot be shaken
And *long* ago stomped over soft, fluid words,
Allowed him to focus *all* his attention
On saving two-hundred as if it's his passion,
And catching up with what's on TV
(Content as long as nobody touches
Or improves on his obsolete technology,
Unless it was marketed specifically
For his breed,
The kind who as a young child lost the need
To grow individuality,
And focused his sights on dead red meat,
On money, a good wife, and a comfortable life),
It shakes up the insecurity
That makes you a victim of your design
As if another is living your life
Keeping you between the wall and yells
In both work and play;
I see through when you mention dinner,
The girlfriend you speak so uncertainly of,
But whom world's guidebook identifies
As a proper, desirable one to love,
And are you an idiot!? Obviously not;
You're a sensible man so you work at it,
Poking the dying embers of spontaneity,
While spending most of your unowned time
Flailing in mediocrity's pool lest you sink,
All to stay in the halfhearted game.
Every minute sitting 'cross you on this train,
Emanating complaints from the flailing
Of all the ambitions manufactured for
And thrust on you
Who became a storm 'round a hollow core.
Could you even find yourself? Where are *you*
In the thick of all you must do?
Beaten up by the pranksters
Who poke at your uptight sensitivity,
Which remains a vulnerability
In the eyes to your better-adjusted friend
Who stays silent while you complain
(Who contains, in my eyes, dead ends).
The difference between you two; only you
Remark on what passes beyond the train.

I always hope I'll meet someone
While walking in the woods,
Plunged into that silent, calm, uncomplicated state;
He, too, went there to throw out
Everything he'd seen that day,
To wash his clothes of all the smells and stains.
I'll meet you from the other side,
Here for the same reason,
Like a mirror
And I do not know where we would go from there:
Talk and walk back out, rejoining our respective lives?
They don't fit or sit right to begin with.

5/8/14

Westport

A distant world at my fingertips:
The empty concrete beach beside a bridge,
Where a hidden railing leads
To dirty water and dry reeds.
I can get to this quiet, unhaunted oasis
Whenever by riding to Westport station
By light rail (a true escape in the city –
More so the ride than the destination.
Many have found this secret location
Suspended in time, and take a break
From responsibility or facing their identity,
Riding the light rail back and forth when high
For free; attendants never come by.
That's why when you reach BWI
You'll see a few who are empty-handed
Just leaning back and letting it take them
Wherever, repeatedly, but it is pleasant,
Predictable, nearly hazard free.
So when you need to escape,
Hide in the cart that removes the burden,
Insulating while snaking the city
(But where I am it is always quiet).
I feel more like them than the ordinary
Going somewhere. I use this break
To write and reflect on the nearness and distance
That both define what I found today,
And write out my tension; I feel out of place
Like a lone, rogue nucleolus
Who escaped the cell and bounces, lost,
Awkwardly through the lifeless matrix
Of tangled fibers and breaking compounds,
Intermediate frankenshapes.).

5/9/14

The way to keep your fire is to eat less,
Have better but less sex,
Eat more fruit and veg,
And be always on edge.
You're playing with fire,
Creating creativity,
Allowing it to flourish
By monitoring carefully.
You do not belong here
Where they do not understand
Why you're holed up, pent up
Behind the glass
Struggling to burst
Against invisible chains,
Watching your waning years
And passing days
For money. It's all for money,
The world's word for security.
Some are poised to conquer,
Some to survive,
Others to thrive,
The rest close to die,
Or to lie and to win;
Such cover a grin,
Armed with the magic of ephemeral spin.
They hold a key
But are no more free,
Prisoner of their identity.
Speak with a chant:
"There's nothing I can't.
There's no more than air
Waiting after this ledge."
I'll never get there
If I stay holed up,
Pent up under others' standards
Guiding what's outside of *my* own mind.
Things only strengthen against resistance.
Call up the river's flow at will.
You feel like, when you sit here, dying,
One more day of this could kill.

5/15/14

Union Station

Someone is wearing the pink shirt and smiles; I think that she is an outsider
But she sits with the misfits under this pale white archway
In Union Station.

Well, I was wrong. But across the isle sits a group of Indian men
And they huddle together
Under all of the surface layers; fear pulls their molecules in toward each other.
Under their words, under their clothes, under their show for the world
They silently cling to each other.
But *this* group of four right across from me
Are outliers, failures, hanging in Union Station
Discussing “the goddamn bureacracy”
They once, I feel, were free and excited
But life was more difficult for them to adjust to, I judge
(Like I always do).
This one man laughs alone out loud; no, he doesn't care
What stares he gets. There's an undeniable air
Of a rogue, jerky path been taken;
Not the straight, wide road of most, like the population
of Union Station
Going on vacation or going home.
In my mind *these* four are out of time.
They don't look normal, is what I am saying.
They're old but they haven't aged.
And it is *I*, the inverted filter, watching this miscommunication
And giving it labels, coloring in the lines,
Missing my train for this spectacle.
I could see this divide forever,
Between the daylight and underside crowds.
I'd have another beer on an empty stomach if I didn't know
That I could not simply hang around forever,
But had to go home to tomorrow.

5/16/14

I identify
With those in the lower stations,
Failures,
The ones who are out of place,
Who didn't fall where they best fit,
Like the kind-hearted man
Dressed in business clothes.
He plays the part, but reveals
In the spaces between
An inner cast naïve,
And thus, incidentally,
Stumbles backwards down the ladder,
Providing comic relief
For the office who laugh at him while they fight
For higher positions' pride,
And shine with the glow of their medals; never mind
The squandered lives
That litter the path behind them
Or the emptiness they find
In the end they'll never admit to.

I identify
With the lost, roving eyes
Bulging in worn out faces,
Riding from station to station
For no reason but to be nowhere
Because that's where they've come to belong,
The world cut off their thread
And now they are needed for none.
They drift like phantoms and ghosts
On a shaky identity
That perhaps was more promising
Years ago, when they could not see
Their approach to this precipice,
To a skilled observer obvious.
More often than not these people
Mutter to themselves,
Or wait for the high to wane
So that they can do it again.
That's where I guess we differ,
And I don't know if I perceive
Something that's inside of them,
Or *anything* outside of me,
But that grain of insanity
That early threw them off the path
Resonates with me
More than the daylight concerns
Of yuppie urban professionals.

Take up the mantle of nonconformity;
You've never been so free.

05-16-2014

Reconciliation

Take a black pen. Draw ink lines
that well define themselves
upon the unfettered white paper.

As the years go slowly by
the sharpness of the white and black
melds and softens into gray.

Colors fill the shade in
very slowly, adding new dimension
to the lifelong painted landscape
titled "Reconciliation."

6/9/14

(a poem about a painting that wasn't made)

Little Thing

Original:

Someone has walls around their heart
That are finally made visible by Sleep,
Whose pulling notes reveal the cages
And their surfaces' reactivity.
Somebody's deepest fear is being harmed
Deep on the raw nerve they're shielding –
They guard something beautiful and fine
That not everyone has, and not everyone can see.
They call them closed off, seeing only the surface.
The core never even gives a glimpse
From under the cruel words, the sudden reactions,
The pushing away of what are perceived
As monstrous mouths. Are they real
Or are they a figment? I think people merely
Do not know what they do.
They bite and devour soft light without meaning to.
When Sleep plays so tranquilly through
I see the cage of my own inner life,
Reaching around the barbed walls for a friend,
Making surface shadows; our laughter's pretend.
Outside the cage the world's full of killers.
So says the little thing I guard,

Offended by one little smite, one wrong puff of air,
Too hot or too cold; no, *it* is too bare.
When I circle around and around
Thinking so “deeply”, so much, of myself,
It seems, looking into the past, I was always at fault
For why I never got what this little thing wanted.
And is this the conclusion that, left on their own, others will find?

Edited:

The walls that line somebody's heart
Are finally revealed by Sleep,
Whose pulling notes expose the cages'
Surface traps and poison darts.
Somebody's guiding fear is harm
To the rawest nerve they shield.
Something fine and beautiful they guard,
That not all have, and not all can see,
Calling them closed off, seeing cages,
And being not allowed one glimpse
From under the cruel words, the sudden reactions,
The pushing away of biting perceived
From monstrous mouths. But are they real?
Or are they stretched out figments? I think
The truth is people don't know what they do;
bite and devour without meaning to.
When Sleep careens so tranquilly through,
It uncovers the cage around my inside,
Whose resident reaches around the bars
For a friend, making shadows instead in mind.
Outside of these cages the world's full of killers,
So says the little thing I guard,
Hurt by one smite or one wrong puff of air,
From outside; but *it* is completely bare.
When I circle around this, thinking so deeply,
With such introspection, so much, of myself,
I glimpse into past conversations;
And deduce it might have been *my* fault
That my little thing was steered from attaining
The only thing it wanted to reach,
Letting loose past the bars instead a garbled
Noxious unintended speech
That set ablaze spectators,
Scorching their eyes and cutting too deep.
Have such a discovery others made,
while alone in their rooms with Sleep?

6/13/14

Written to Sleep by Godspeed You Black Emperor

I am a very simple world,
A lonely mountaintop,
Contemplating the mysteries,
With an endless views of skies.
I'm hidden plainly in the field
Where I wander like a ghost,
Tucked away in the back like I barely exist.
I briefly pop my head
Into the throng of chattering faces
Among whose noise I go unseen,
And stealthily slip out untouched,
Back to the mountaintop home base,
Rarely remembered but by few
Who ask "what of *that* face?"
I'm no one in the multitude.
Of those who were my friends and glimpsed
The arid rock and lonely home,
Most have left back out the door,
Scarred and tattered from the crawl.
If you come and find me,
I will lead you to a portal.
It's on *you* if you will see it
Or if it stays invisible.
I cannot make you taste my view;
It saddens me to bear
Witness to the skies and songs alone.
But if you find me you will breathe
The simple mountain air
And I will show you something new.

6/18/14

Ocean Hymn

If you can't see
then close your eyes.
The years rush over;
slow down time.
The beautiful resides
in life
behind the mind,
unseen.

I sit alone
beside the sea,
my only one
for company
besides the stars
and rocky shore
that lies
beneath my feet.
The sea and I
converse more closely than
two landlocked men.

I talk to none
inside the world.
I left that place
to be alone.
Out here
I have a friend
who's everywhere
and hears my call.

My cry to him
seems never done,
bursts out of me
in shapeshift form.
A million ways
and roads
that say and lead
to the same,
home.
One long unbroken song
that plays one note.
I hum along.

My hands move to it;
my eyes through the veils
pierce to the core
inside of everything
around me
but, I still need more

manifestations for this one,
one story, one
painting, one song,
one truth,
the mirror for
the only lie
we carry on.

In the color of your skin
I perceive a distant past,
A fleeting window glimpse
Through modernity.
Next to the sirens
The undercurrent silence
Sounds so strange
But strikes much deeper
And rings much truer.
The wail's out my ears
And yet still under
I'm hearing the echo
Of eons gone.
It was a moment
Too fleeting to hold;
Any analysis
Perverts the message.

6.23.14

Soul is a garden, blooms popping up,
Rare and beautiful, of all kinds.
Walk on the edge of loveliness, danger,
Flowers and thorns to keep you alive.
Your soul is a garden and when I'm inside
I walk freely, get well fed,
Drinking the honey that nourishes mine.
In the garden I am secure,
On the grass bed fall asleep,
But not on the surface; I sleep to the core
And when the moment is perfectly ripe,
I wake up rested and come alive.

7/11/14

Run to the razor edge, stand on it.
From there you see the predicament clearly.
He is about to jump off the line
At just the moment you crossed eyes.
At some point does everybody get off
And give up? What do you do
if you remain on the razor's edge long after
All your friends and loved ones jumped
To the stable floor, and you balance last, alone?

You didn't take a name on the razor edge.
You keep your eyes peeled wide.
You keep the balance, stay upright.
You are never anyone.

7/14/14

It sucks being a philosopher.
I never wanted that to be
The title on my tombstone
Unless it paid off handsomely –
But that is not the case as it's
The modern century
And all enlightened thinking
Can be found online for free.
So buy my books and call me
A plebeian if you will.
I'd much prefer that to you
Ruminating on my swill
While clutching close your wallet
Or, more accurately, password.
Didn't you take to heart my lines!?
Your hand and mind should be aligned!
It's rare philosophers are practical,
and as I'm mostly one, I say,
“I *should* have been a hacker,
or a clever lazy slacker.”

7-22-14

I Even Feel Different from the Artists

Draw a few pictures and if someone says, “that's really good,” the next logical step is to put them out there. You take the obvious avenue that those who also make pretty images take, only some take the name of “artist” to hurry acclaim, all in the hope that someday somebody else will pay to sustain them to make pretty pictures at leisure. But art isn't life, it's a *reaction* to life! 'Cause *life* is the art. But you can't see or keep it, nor give it a form or a name. Our petty homages to it are repetition or imitation, but rarely creation. It seems – and I hate to say it – you won't make much art if you become a creative. Most of the time you'll be an online professional – and isn't that what you were trying to escape? Everywhere there's a goddamned culture! you have to fall into to funnel the funds, the same exact corporate climates except for slightly different (but nearly identical) values. The bottom line: don't *fit* in, don't *get* in. Then I'll go another way and exclaim, “I'm even different from those who say they are different!” And now I'm the same as the ones I left. On my way to the culture of one that appears behind me for I cannot see one step ahead as the road is made the moment I take it. But how to live and be happy? Tell me the antidote to hate. Is it defeat? I'll reject the balm, for it quenches the fire and leaves you content to retire and watch TV every evening, keeping the peace in your family and yelling should someone omit their pill that morning, start making a racket – no that won't be me. “Be free! Be free!” I'll tell my offspring. “Do what you want; don't come crying to me. I'm just here with the unconditional love,” the only response to futility that lines us all up as equals – woman or man or parent or child. Only, while I'm alive, *how* to survive and stay free? Make a living that makes my life what my self-importance tells me it could be? I think about death constantly. So, if you're tempted, like so many, to sell your own self for a penny, remember that nothing matters and everything will fall away except what really matters, what cannot.

7/25/14

Finally I Understand a Little the Ray of Creation

Why are we stuck in our heads
In the tower of our home?
Born with restlessness, we
Wrestle with everything
Put upon us from outside
And our own.
I'm walking in a spell,
Awoken fighting.
Kick the comfort off, it's binding.
What is it we're stretching for?
The garden that's unformed
Of all roads branching off
From the core.
Every step you take upon the path, die more.
Your light becomes its shadow,
Your soul a caricature
Of the storm, of the chaos
Of the unformed.
Start a molten star;
Cannot say who you are.
But in the garden of forking paths
You take a single road
You cut off all the other doors
And you go on
From creating
To repeating
And you
Are now someone.
The world has a name by which to call you, sir.
Take your title,
Live in shadow
As a fragment,
Ten percent flesh,
The rest a lifeless replication.
Awoken to nothing,
I wrestle in bed.
Alone in my apartment
Here lands my head,
On the forest I can't see,
Only sense so many worlds,
Barely tasting what could be,
That I can't truthfully convey.
And still I haven't said
The meaning that I meant
To say.
I saw somebody spinning
Long ago. He was no one.

He has since stepped off and gone
Down a single road.
What started as creation
Is a slowly fading echo.
The long lone path of naming
Grows thinner going deeper.
The symphony is whittled
To two simplistic notes.
The folk in the beginning
Lose their humanness,
Degrading down to parts
Of their former unnamed selves,
Their subtleties erasing
Until they are cartoons
Repeating their catchphrases
'Til they're just a line and dot.
As this happens on the inside
In the other world you grow.
The world looks on your castle,
Built up stone by stone
That has no running water
But is full of heavy gold,
The walls painted in frills,
The gate of iron swirls.
They gasp at all the riches,
But what did you give up?
And is there anybody home
Except the prodigal deformed
Inbred hunchback servant?
And who was he before....
Trade fresh breath for death
Willingly unknown.
This life we all go through
Not knowing what we do,
Or how to place our value,
Or which contracts we sign,
Moving from the forest
Of the living to the dead.
They swirl into each other.
The transition's imperceptible.
The moment you cry out
"I'm living!" you're inside
The barren repetition
And lost touch with creation.
The ray of life degrades
Into basic black and white,
Primitive cartoons,
But the mark of it outside
Is the field of empty castles,

Shouting they have conquered life.
Children run away
From these empty homes,
Return to where they're born,
A place reached when alone.
And as inevitable life moves,
Most again return
From the forest of the living
To the castles made of stone.
It's only logical;
It's where all roads go.
He's a dimwit or a child
Who stays his life off road,
Becoming nobody,
No shelter, food, or comfort,
A caveman willingly;
And they ask what wealth has he.

7/28/14

to Coil's "Fire of the Mind" in my head; homage to "The Garden of Forking Paths" also, whose name alone inspires so much, as does "The Cloud of Unknowing."

All the Creativity That Comes From Avoiding My Main Project

You can't look at the stars
Or they fade away
And become the darkness
From which they save.

What to do
When your eye is fixed?
You wanted time
Now you're in the middle.

No borders surround you.
Now what are you to do?

Dream of venture,
On the wind.
The dream's the creation,
And getting there's work.
The dream's inspiration
And if that's all you need,
Then be content just to dream,
Be content with the dream.

You thought you were one who
Lifts her hand
But the mirror of circumstance
Shows someone else.

Is reflection
As much a choice
As anything? Can you change course
Now that you've seen?

Is the going all you really need?
Is destination only death?

It's a false carrot of promise.
The prize is given us
Each moment. We're too foolish,
Single minded, to realize it.

That's what I am like
Going toward an end.
The breath of living's
In the steps.

And the castle in the distance
Is only the dream.
You will never touch its stones.
They will fade an inch away.

Employment Opportunity

Running through the forest, seeking the way
to yourself, to the nothing hidden, waiting, in the center.
You already know what the core is – it only takes
pushing back the veils to get there.
The light called and guided you through the darkness
of no common sense but limitlessness.
Fall apart on the hand that offers,
that seems to hold everything in its palm.
It holds the world in its palm – a shining globe
that twinkles, reflected, in your own eyes.
It's for wanting so much that you fall so hard,
refusing to accept accident as your lot.
Do you reject what was put upon you?
Do you drown in the ocean, like the many and good?
Do you turn to the lightless forest against it
and get caught on the friendly hand that will slay you?
Do you know what I say? Or do you have to get there,
throw everything into the pool 'fore you lose it?
No, there are some things that are worth holding onto
that are subtle and do not excite you as much
as the glittering promises offered. Don't sell your family for jewels.
No one's a friend simply for themselves!
Throw it away. Go the safe way. Get out of your head,
you could be a charlatan, caught up in the wrong crowd
with smudge to your name. No, you do not want that.
Those publications can't be undone!
Don't take their name. Don't lose yourself.
Don't wear the company lanyard. Don't drown.
Their ideal is this, but everything reaches its opposite.
Even a hero becomes his antithesis
when it's too long since he's looked in the mirror.
No, don't give your name for their affiliation.
It's a long, rickety road, but go on your own way.
Go on alone, don't give up what has true value.
By the end all gets whittled away from your truest form.

7/30/14
to Midrange by Labradford

Some of my friends are real people
and that frightens me increasingly.
The more of them have babies,
the more I realize, *not for me*.
I don't want to say "never",
But I can't imagine when.
I wanted it my whole life
'Fore knowing what it meant.
And now I do not know if
I ever will want it again.
I used to want a family
Until I realized that I had one,
and even if I didn't make it,
Well, at least it did make me.
I think I'd rather travel,
Enjoying minimal commitment.
I don't even have a plant,
Nor do I want a cat.
I think it's best to be
completely on my own,
mobile endlessly,
traveling constantly.
Yes, that's the life for me
If I can't be a pirate
and live life on the sea.

7-31-14

Restlessness, Hiking, and Fate

If you look at my movements it's clear
I get no satisfaction.
Keep wandering there to here,
In search of a new situation.
I've crossed the word out: "slow"
Drink really quickly my coffee.
From the smell of the falling sap
I get up, but I love the outdoors.
I *love* to think about nature,
See photos of hiking excursions.
I've forgotten how much I love hiking –
That was when I didn't know it was called that –
But now that it's become *something*,

Well, it has become the *thing*,
And everything else is just *not* that
Everything else is in passing
Until I am “hiking” again.
And now there are places I *must* go,
Or else I'm not living my dream.
They'll grind in the back of my mind,
Reminding me that they're still out there.
So even if I'm somewhere pretty,
I remember that there's something more.
And then I remember those moments,
Too few and far between
When I felt I hit in the bullseye,
And that nonsense turned out to be real.
But the truth at the heart of my movements
Is a state of distrust in fate,
For I've seen what people call “fate” –
Those who say, “What is meant to will be,
And I'll get what is meant for me.”
Well yes, you do, that is true –
If you remember there isn't much to you;
Besides a handful of roles that relinquished control
Of the rickety steering wheel.
So who will believe they were fated
To end up beside their spouse?
You know it could have been just as possibly
Almost anyone else.
Is that what we call “fate”?
Then I will have none of that.
No “accident” for me.
It's easier *not* to make
What you could call “destiny”,
The hard truth when my days so far
Were said and done is that
The things that made me happiest
Were not handed, but sought.
But active movement does not play neatly into the fantasy.
And so I am left to observe
There is nothing I deserve.
There is emptiness on all sides
Of the actions that move toward.

Timing is Everything

And where on this rickety vehicle
we shall go, we do not know.
The cart drives over the yellow ground,
rocked by brown embedded stones.
Under the sun we ride alone.
We have found freedom and cut the past
expectations, purported directions
off, to venture on our own.
We are ourselves here, we're by ourselves
in the land lying unexplored.
It would be smart to have considerations
of financial security, not only spirit.
But what we follow is *that* call,
a beacon we've taken so long to uncover
that why would we throw the discovery behind
and submerge again into stale dissatisfaction?
There's one cure for my restlessness:
it is never to rest.
Life is resolutions of conflicts,
and every action hones that skill.
To comfort my parents, I tell myself
the American system is falling apart.
That neat garden pathway of school and employment
they showed is us far more precarious
than it likes to seem, but my generation
will spend their lives hanging in between
the garden bench and the new hashed stools
bolted roughly 'til some new form
settles out from this emulsification.
Until then the daring explore;
the many cling tightly to mediocre
approaches and wager today's safe bet:
their lives will end 'fore the ship will sink,
while early explorers are likely to fail.

8/15/14

Why I Wrote a Thousand Poems

or

Searching for the Self-Knowledge You Will Never Find

Of all the things I've glimpsed
And the things that I imagined,
The most painful to see
Has been my blind spot;
You're staring at the sun.
I only know it is there
By the edges I glimpse in my periphery.
But the moment I turn onto it
Of course it is gone.
Through the filter of others –
Hundreds of others –
And that's still not enough! –
I may glimpse what I'm missing.
A human touch? A lacking something?
A certain sense or an obvious truth?
God has me granted
A lifetime of searching,
Conflicts to burn through for shit to produce,
And until I'm done pouring
They won't resolve;
Perhaps when I'm old I will see it anew.
Was I too serious? Far too ambitious?
Too secretly important?
Too afraid to be selfish?
I'm burning to know!
And I don't even know why!
What contribution will it add to tomorrow?
Have I been blinded by idealized love?
High expectations and too ready a knife?
Should I have been the exact opposite
Of everything I believe!?
I know I have written the final poem,
Like I am writing now, dozens of times,
And my only reaction to things I like,
That pass me by, is how do I keep them?
Or maybe it is the fact that this moment
I am doing *this*, here, now
Instead of doing something else,
While thinking of what else there is.
When I analyze my waste
It all gives me a vision
Of a person walking, arm held out
touching air, for some silly reason.

Self-Destructive Tendencies

It's the pattern
of self destruction,
lines cutting across lines.
Or does it all come together in the end
if you go far enough,
never betraying yourself?
Is the end there from the beginning,
are the out-of-steps justified by a plan?
Or does it cut off when you stop,
all parts without the sum?

September 2014

Everything Is

Everything is to break myself down,
To test my own self
Against the walls
And against the sun
And if the structures should pass the test,
Consider them won.
But their formation
Was an amalgamation
Of elements of the situation
And so
Was probably not what you needed
But go
To the show and watch how the other people sway.
You think it strange until a note
Begins to play that touches you
Like them they do
And you sway too.
It's only it's deeper
To reach the core,
Takes a little bit more
To steal your breath.
But the face of death
If their best friend
And mascot of those who play without fear,
And *they* are (what is ironic) the band that everybody comes to hear.

9/9/14, after a Pontiak and Holy Fingers show at the Ottobar

The King Lies Asleep in the Forest

The king lies asleep in the forest
Unaware that his crown hangs in the air.
We sing of lament, we the chorus,
Of the forest's long-held disrepair.

It has been this sad state near forever.
We've been waiting the king to awake.
But our king lies asleep in the grass bed
And he does not remember his name.

We're waiting for someone to see this
To upturn and set the forest free,
To restore order from out the sadness,
That has echoed for eternity.

So long have these woods been a dark land,
In whose thistle and brush all lose their way,
Drawn in by its beauty fast succumb
In its wiry cloak fade away.

For the forest it can swallow you whole.
It will fill you with wandering thoughts.
You'll think you've ascended to higher
And without notice turn ever lost.

This is why we, the land, have reached to you.
This is the tale we need to cry.
If you can, save our land, and we'll leave you,
Let you float calmly on, by and by.

Quarter-Life Identity Crisis

When I realized there were a million, billion ways to be
I could not do anything.
There was nothing to do and no way but every way to move.
Under their clothes and their age are the patterns
that crystallize and never change.
They will be what they are forever
and so will we. Once we uncover
what we are and what's in between, do we accept?
Do I as you?
You have a different eye than I do and it is hard to see through
for me, but easy to hate. It is just
an uncomfortable feeling,
immersing into their atmosphere.
I have been here too long now....

To "The Truth" by Handsome Boy

Balancing on the edge of a song,
How do I go along?
There are a million ways to dance down the line
And I cannot without looking out
The window at how everyone else moves. My mind
Is loud as the music relaxing me, telling me
to be who I am but who in the face of you
is that? Knocking together like waves
Push you away
and you are imperfect, an angled shape so I'm pushing not into infinity
But into a man.
Not into a deity. Tell me
Not to be this way.

part 4: no self

Say No to Fate

A noble cause if the elimination of violence.
A lesson you also will learn
is the blindness you have amid the building
of your circumstances.
Like indifferent Tetris, like imperfectly matched music
playing dissonant riffs in the background
the pieces fall quick and haphazardly,
rushing into conformation,
since life cannot bear to hang nowhere.
I am, too, an accident,
spinning to catch a swirling world
chasing itself but looking like
Part Seven is after Part Eleven,
though both are tethered to Big Zero.
You might wake up discontent
with the remnants of the quake –
how they happened to arrange –
but that is where you stand.

No, it's not okay, no I cannot accept that accident
is my determiner of fate,
you say,
scrambling fast to rearrange it,
frantically, before it's locked hard into place,
before the lava cools.
You find you cannot move a boulder.
Time, in this case, moves against you
as the world's new fate is sealed, decided,
and its face once more rewritten.
Calling upon all the force you can muster,
you rip up the ground and break the chains,
upturning the settled conformation;
as a side effect, it cries

and then begins to fight.
The whole bloody world hears it wailing! –
it doesn't stifle itself for politeness –

and as you break what the world decided
the struggle in one little corner tugs
on every other part;
they rise,
they ask you why,
they say, “you have a stable life”;
they say, “nobody can decide –
even the blessed are accidental.”
You reply, “not me,”
and move against convenient wisdom,
bring the city crashing
– they think that you are crazy.

amid the rubble life is blank
how long there can you hang
suspended in the formless nowhere
living beings by definition
must always be moving somewhere
they cannot there rest
what happens in this formless gray
I am not disposed to say
see another poem
but don't dare look away

A flower pokes from the ground next season,
one in a neat row that lines a house
with a weathered fence and lived in garden;
so peaceful it seems perpetual,
or at least untouched for many years –
but appeared in the neighborhood yesterday.
The people that live there are perfectly nice and calm,
rational, reasonable, honest, and sane,
the salt of the earth, one could say,
bumbling humbly about each day,
caring consistently for their garden,
revolving their tales 'round beloved pets.
They'll invite you to dinner to take it easy
without bothering anyone else
inside their humming heaven on Earth,
indistinguishable from next door's.

“Fate One met its end”; the word gets out
to every plain and corner.
“Just a different pattern where the city stood before.”
“What happened to the city?” ask the slower ones
bit sluggishly, who were following the series,
to see if A and B would date,

and if C would get promoted,
become the ultimate big, fat C.
These questions are now irrelevant.
“Where are A, B, and C?” ask the toddlers confusedly
as they pass by a pretty, peaceful garden
around a humble, inconspicuous home,
admiring its bay windows, the way
they were so harmoniously arranged
to let the sunlight ripple down.

A poem about magic and a different way of seeing the world, where the world is constantly rearranging
without people noticing – for instance a house appearing where a city stood – but not in time – it's out
of time – time is a circle spinning on itself. The world is also broken into bits that are personified.
Those bits of world watch the whole world, walk the world, observe the world, but also only react to it.
They are the legion of fate, of happenstance. The people, the ones who are victims to circumstance,
they are the ultimately vulnerable ones who are the actors for this show. They are they affected. They –
a few of them – force the changes to happen, and those changes are always extremely uncomfortable
and evil seeming as they disturb the peace.

Fear

I ignore it and it comes hurtling back.
Afraid am I to be its consort.
Now, slowly, I sit with it,
that which has no name.
... I have called it that before,
and then it made me smile,
but now the fact that I don't know...
what finishes this line,
it has no name either.

We learn to call it fear.
Several months ago, I said, "pick apart the emotion,"
but I did not dare,
or I meant, do it in theory.

Why is it so hard for me to state
that fear is sitting next to me?
If I can't even pet our parrot,
how am I to overcome this?

It follows me, follows me, everywhere,
unbelievably persistently.
Something gripped my heart:
utmost negativity.
"Change or die," they've said.
Now I understand.

What is the fear?
The fear of death
the fear of something precious lost
the one who's driven by it
has the same fear as I do,
but him I will call evil
(purely for his action
which is purely lack of self-reflection)
the fear of loss of all control
and subsequent irreversible damage
to a favorable arrangement
clung to tightly,
I did not even see,
having taken for granted
my age, my health, ability,
the things I cherish, can't set free,
the adjectives that define me,
standing their last ground.
It's not human, what is going on.
Fear of the supernatural,

a realm we cannot touch
or touch by accident to harm
but which can touch us
with intelligence
at whim,
leaving us utterly helpless to predict
or stop the worst from coming to.
What am I to do now,
but sit here with this truth
that cannot one inch move?
Or does not know how to?
Or is too still to learn?
Like a researcher
of matters of the heart,
places untouchable,
I will pick apart
each forgotten corner.
You, jealousy, in me
that can't be reasoned with,
I cannot see how
I could ever call you friend.
I'm just trying to be honest
(and to not read this again).
There – that is the fear;
the one who turns away
the one who puts a wall
the one who's blocking out,
who always changes face
and is not any form.

It occurs to me
just how wise JKR must be
to write so much of fear –
she must have faced it on her own.
She at first wrote from her heart.
The first three books are purely heart
cloaked within a fantasy,
the last four, mostly art.

12-05-14

Afraid it will happen
happen to me
that I will be
one of the few
it happens to
and I walk through
the daily rhythm
holding its hand.
Don't stand behind me
where I cannot see you
and you remain a mystery.
I want to see your formless face.
Stand by my side
and let me know you,
hand me the poison dart
that all run from
so I can know
its suddenness
its silver body
invisible presence
capacity
to wholly break my life apart
and send me running.
Let me watch it crumble
let me watch me run
and let me watch me let you drive me,
my misguiding light.
I have run *by* you, *from* you,
to you, without knowing;
you had faced me clothed;
now you pounce on me stark naked.
I will paint your faceless face
I will feel around your form
I will know you through the bone –
while I write of you like this
tell me where it is you go.

12-05-14

Even though I'm back, in quiet moments
I do a double take at the life forming up around
again, in an awesome slow motion unfolding play.
While I'm blind, eyes closed, it is going smoothly
but in the pause it is nothing again.

Dreamlike again.

Am I living again? Why am I living?

I will always remember
the moment time stopped
and spun on itself moving nowhere

I was anywhere, nowhere
and nothing, not I
but a hollow – just hollow –
immaterial filter
no face and no fate.

At the top of this paper I wrote the date
but when I glance back from the going
pause from the onward
throw my head back to the nothing
the something that pivots,
it inserts a new beat
and reminds me of nothing –
that melody is origami of silence
and a true song has neither end nor beginning,
is a segment of line,
a window peered into, true through a filter: the ear
what I am trying to say is –
when I glance back, miss a step,
pause a second, catch an extra breath,
there is the gateway,
always right next.

12-17-2014

Love After Love

Sublimate sublimate
into every art.
I can't wait
but I lie
to myself
it start.
In through all
motion stills
seen through all the windowsills.
Makes no sense.
I don't care.
Love after love's arc
is done.
What is love?
Attraction.
Now at most an abstraction.
Go away –
appetite
out the window cross from you.
You confined
by a she?
Makes my stomach so queasy.
Never am
innocent;
malcontent clawing banshee.
It is love
after love.
All the same it does to me.

and the ways that don't make any sense
and the ways that make perfect sense
will meld.
Have a head with a million eyes.
Don't be afraid of senselessness
for the one who can come completely undone
is the same who sees the outside world clearly.
Two broken halves? Oversimplified –
that's not how it really is.
A million eyes, patterns like days
are transient, not to be held.
You are ever anyone, are in a room
or a frame of mind
or a pair of eyes to frame things,
encode them into memory.
What are we but memory?
What is memory?

1/6/15

It's What Makes Us Meet

That you were young and innocent
but felt yourself long worldly,
and eager for a – any – mate,
that I had long been lonely
(and you as well). That I had grown
so tired of the runaround
and fallen, after giving up at last, upon the ground.
Not that we were cut from matching cloth
or had spent years walking on opposite sides
of one mirror, though that's the thought that infects me,
for in the others – pretty others – thousands others –
walking sim'larly, I do not see the same illusion;
I see only them.
It's a fog that skews my brain,
and makes it wish for lies,
and I know I am never seeing your face, eternal stranger,
shadow lover, we face forward, match each other eye-to-eye.
Seen full frontal. No partial eclipse. The ocean's all laid out before me
plain. And a mirage
I can do nothing of.

The streets are deadly quiet while a simple downbeat echoes from my pocket.
Twilight or sunlight from the middle of day falls onto the concrete.
A man passes by with that scruffy hair I admire for no real reason.
It doesn't mean much of anything. I'm sure he's an interesting person
with a varied fate and much perspective that only continues to grow.
The music plays on as he passes. I smile from the light of the streetlamp
as it falls inside and slips out of sight into the black sidewalk cracks,
creating the negative spaces humanity's paid too little attention.

A storm's in my brain when I write like this.
Part 1, part 2, part 3 –
doesn't mean anything to me
any after. It only matters then,
when it's going and spinning, begging to be alive
for a minute,
never saying, “ sometime I will die.”

If we need a lesson or a conclusion to sum this storm up neatly:
every story and action is sprinting toward its own annihilation.

1-10-15

The Oldest Bit of Soul

And why shouldn't life be what you want it to be?
I would've thought by now I'd've stopped suffering
by my very hand. But the oldest bit of human soul
is alone – so how can it have any another enemy?
The oldest human soul's the one who knows that it does not exist,
the last we come to when all is wiped away,
when all paths have been formed and walked, and all stories played,
when the new walking goes on in images
and it steps aside anyway.
It looks in the mirror
and sees the oldest bit of soul's eyes staring back,
worn down lined face so sad, and lonely, waiting for... itself?
It has no lover, no other hand besides its own to clasp.
They are not the oldest bit of soul who do not know this.

1-10-15

We were erased from the history books
after the earthquake.
It rearranged the plates and brought me to where
time stands spinning.
Every moment spins at once.
I saw our tale end to beginning,
never moving anywhere.
Spinning on itself,
the end and start hung side by side,
both living.

Did fate step out to discuss itself
and write out a new life?
I look at our old photograph now
and cannot feel the place where our link resided
with its vast unspoken riches
I would fail to find one word for.
The deepest chamber I reached and couldn't touch again once it closed
is a barren plain
a naïve wind blows over.
Where a civilization flourished,
an early terrain sleeps under the elements.
The old is not even buried underneath.
Time, the construct, played a trick,
erased itself before our minds
and brought our kernels to beginning,
pulling over our eyes a contiguous background screen
so we don't see the scar or stitches.
The anesthesia worked.

It's only with you, I notice,
that I remember you in my intellect,
but cannot find your landmarks
on the map of my emotions.
Truly, we only met once or twice in the real place.
Clearly, I still write of the encounter.
But in the safe and in the files
I cannot find you.
But all other chapters in the history book are there.
What does it mean?
You were the only one I had ever met
and now I never met you.
It makes me wonder and resurrects the fear,
from my investigative obstinate thumb still prying the thin black crevice
into the secretive core
where the rules of reality are made
above our heads,
behind our eyes,
and while we sleep,

the fear that grapples with the questions,
who were you? and who was I? who were we for each other?
for the world? where are they now? and it suspects the answer...
Who is in this body now? What *happened* when the earth broke open?
And who is this one just like me I met the very next morning?

1/20/15

Oh great minds of history,
open yourselves up to me
in the fight against form
I most vividly feel the constraints.
Old form wants to morph to new
find hidden other to retell the tale.
Great minds, teach me to have the courage
to break down into simplistic lines,
throw out the habits of a school,
to commit to wading in borderless senselessness 'til
it comes together into a new, more sublime union,
however long that takes,
whatever flames from thrown out names.

1/27/15

Poem 1

My mind goes on forever.
Angels and demons were created inside
as faces of the nothing
that continues to seek new faces.
But the creation of creation,
the formation of ideas,
the elusive, baffling “how”
is what I'm after.

Poem 2

A permeable mind hears everything,
has its ear to all ears and is friends with all parts.
The rumors mumbled underground,
that we are evolving,
are messages sent to itself,
flowers from a secret admirer,
that admirer being you.

What we're leaning toward seems like a pulling wave
but we – you – I are – am
charting the course,
deciding what we pretend's been decided,
hiding that process inside of the lie.
Laugh at the inability of the Thing to admit
its truest want to itself,
turning around instead and spinning this whole vast universe,
the very act of existence
as an excuse to let itself come to it,
as if all along that was some greater plan.
And what is it? The Grand? Its Truth?
(Truth is truth only for itself).
It – the conclusion – could simply be
an orange rose
chosen over the red,
or a coffee with extra sugar and cream,
or the extra hour to stay in bed
guilt free while your neighbors go to work.
Therein lies the cosmic joke:
it starts at the simplest unbroken element,
what you see when you don't think about it,
and flings out to the ends of eternity,
spirals into the tiniest divisions,
all-encompassing space,
finds the universe inside the electron's path

and ultimately claims there is nothing at all.
It comes back to the simple human man
on the street unable to decide to go left or right,
and the middle he's stuck in, the laugh and the bone he needs
to help him get through. The end and the start are all there
at once, he sees like divinity (he's even concocted divinity!
inside his own mind), but like a boomerang, all revelation
and high elation lead back
to the place where you are
(if you want the uncomfortably obvious answer,
bored at last of running yourself around circles).

1/29/15

The things I intend to write or draw
are never what result
from my attempt.
It makes me think
that I am a prisoner
of my mechanisms.
What is prison here?
A shade of no control.
But if you can control the manifestation
does that feel like true creation?
I have grown to love too much
passively watching what will be
and only realized recently
that mine must come from 'me'.
But oh I am a filter
with no agenda
that only gets in the way of what happens
and causes *itself* more misery –
the eternal is unaffected.
Only when drunk does the honesty
ring so clear.
Only when I have had some beer
can I confess what mess is in me
and that I crave help.
But nobody has the answers!
They only have *theirs*.
No one has answers for me!
God created cruel irony –
and I'm getting sober,
seeing my tendency to sum this poem up
with a neat conclusion –
I can't do it.
There I did it.
There, I did it again.
I can't not do it.

2015

See the Gold

when all my mind's in molecules
see an ocean in my brain
harbor lights at the four seas' ends alight lagoons long buried

when I fall over myself every other day
your face – 'your' anyone's –
comes up in golden waves

is it the chemistry that hangs between, or is it only me?
I've been walking along fate's road
but the road was made inside.
At the summit I overviewed it and it perfectly aligned
but the language of symbols was made by my own mind,
a completely forming land.

Reach the end and all my brain's lit up
Retell the story over 'til each inch means something more.
Like this you see the gold in every molecule

it's lit up, it's lit up
all my mind
an ocean wave

but it fades, but it fades
when all known to itself

and when the mind's at last encompassed
every story did unfold
there was one story overplaying
close your eyes and see the gold

when it's over you're outside
life goes on inside the world
all the world that you created
spins beside it lit in gold,
one fading out into the other,
coming back to re-unfold

I know you, don't know you,
my own hand; a stranger;
best friend and a foreigner
I cannot meet.
We talk forever
at once though
but never. Looking straight at you,
see you, so lined up that the beam
never touches the edges.
An earthquake is not felt if cleaves completely.
I know you, will never know you

january 2015

And if my mind believes that you
are right behind me, wanting me,
it's true
at least to my body.
And if my mind sees the woman singing,
swaying next to me
as one who's so in spirit free,
instead of speculating some grotesque insanity,
the world is so much brighter,
just like on TV.
My life is a TV show
and I know just how it will go;
for I am its director; everyone else is an actor
or an avatar.
(We come up against a snag when their limbs
won't bend to my desired path.)

2/2/15

It's good to be thirteen,
idly watching the smoke curling up from behind a window
of the School of Public Health
and smiling simply at the early notes of spring
inside the bright sky crowning 28 degrees.

It's good to be thirteen,
not one step smoother at attraction;
the cart jumps off the rails and dances,
which means I'm standing in the hallway,
coming up with some next sentence,
but failing to, walking away.

Yes, it's good I've not come anywhere,
not taken a single step in life
from the moment I was born;
I'm pretty sure back then, in fact, I knew much more
how to have a relationship,
or at least was closer to the way I really am
without aside interpretations –
much like how it feels
being mentally thirteen again,
like nothing's ever happened.

2/4/15

If you don't know which way to go,
if you are sick of your old way,
or even just the point you're at,
find a new path in the brain.

Just walk away, just walk away,
it is so simple – don't resign
yourself to “fate” –
your mind created fate,
just like it manufactures God.

02-04-15

I was sitting in the garden
for no reason
(sad from long being alone)
when you approached the spot from nowhere
sat beside me
we talked freely
without embarrassment
and stated what we felt.
There were no barriers.

I was sitting in the garden for no reason
when you approached me out of nowhere
sat beside me on your own
after the times that I've run after
knowing no longer how to,
which state brought me to fall
and give up in my garden.
There were no barriers this time
and finally I asked myself, "that's it?"
and shouted, "this can be!"

02-04-15

God's Gonna Keep Me Dorky

God's gonna keep me on the line
God's gonna keep me writhing and waiting
the day that I feel nothing.
"God" is a borrowed word in my tongue,
in this case a pillow for something unknown
to which I'm okay with saying, "stay in the dark."

God's gonna keep my dorky
God's gonna keep me on the path
that makes me fumble every step
before an almighty audience;
the most terrestrial of paths,
for the simplest human attainment -
no hallowed enlightening notes,
just a Saturday night alone
reading another book about all the mysteries plaguing our outer and inner worlds.

02-04-15

I create a thousand worlds every day
but I'm not their slave, no I'm not their slave.
If a world goes on for long you know
you're stuck on a train, riding a train
that circles around in a repetitive loop;
the scenery changes, then stays the same.
A million versions; endless lenses
that you can pull out from your brain.
I am a ghost in these thousands of worlds
unfolding and crumpling back up.
There –
never was –
a bursting life
a flower opened
then nothing
no sun.
A different biology
doesn't know sun –
it has just begun
while another is ending.
This is how human spirits meet.
One finished the story;
another's beginning,
so young.
Don't you judge by the face –
true age is unseen;
a thousand year sage in a child of nineteen;
a man in his prime
locked up in a being
who is dying;
the world in a toddler's eyes;
those dying are perpetual toddlers inside;
only their carbons mark time.

When I finish the story I've nothing to do
so I pass on all of my knowledge to you.
You're a child of mine or a newly hatched egg
for I see how naively you see;
you began.
Pass the hot potato
and off you go,
from perfect zero to crying one.
Ages will pass until you come back
around from beneath the soul's night's descent
where your idealism undergoes revision,
is broken, unformed, you're a killer, feel horrors;
who are you? Do you even know
anymore? It has all been broken in night
and you've never imagined being so lost

or so far from home you forget that we met.

But along the surface we look identical.
Behind me lies life I no longer remember
(under this tiny outdated pipetter,
this low paying tech job and well reserved character),
three lives at least,
lived in a rush,
a frantically spiraling inward wheel
to the crunch
the unforming
the earthquake's undoing
cleaves through the core
'til one's no longer sure
what a core is
how it differs
from surface crust.
“outside” - “inside” -
are meaningless;
for language itself has cracked.

02-10-15

nonsense song

I have no preferences
I have no paths
but all possible

All of these images
come up from under
under my skull
in response to the fear
that existence might grow dull

As long as I am breathing
it will go on
or so I suspect –
any time I've entered the night
I have come back
to do it again

Go nowhere
I am just standing here spinning in place
hanging in outer space

In the black fold
never begun
I repeat the words
that are outdated molds
for molds that the undertow world
knows have already broken down

And the music keeps coming out
Am I anyone? Am I someone?
Language is useless
as are the roads
that are spinning and spinning

The moving without any rules
I make it weird
and I make it fun
I am one
enter the world
of one
and you are that too

And I
can no longer feel it
when I get high
outside or inside?
Survival – that makes you numb
By practice
you are redone
you are moving between
the seen and unseen

2-11-15

When the Mirror Breaks

I am weaving a tapestry covered in polka dots
each one its own story that goes on spinning.
In one tale I see you but it's through the mirror
of desire
of a fantasy.

The ones you love are brighter mirrors
filled with an ocean-wide library.
Every story alive in side them. Like the Lock Ness monster
their heads all come up from under the sea.

When the mirror breaks

our love has ended.
I look at your eyes
and see a stranger
that I never knew
when yesterday what grand adventure
we did share.
But when it breaks it's you
standing before me in a sweater -
yesterday the one my brother
bought the day he realized he's no longer younger
today on your chest a heap of threads.

Could I ever know you if you are a lover?
You're a face reflecting back a thousand masks
trading one each chapter for another
when underneath it's never you.
But it's not you – it's magic I construe.

It's easier to live when you don't know this.
Then you can in peace remain as two,
never really you; and, to you, never I – I assume
you walk among mirrors, too.

We touch each other through the pane of glass.
When the mirror breaks you see who stands behind it –
a radiant heat making lump of flesh
and you face the truth that you don't need *his*
it's sobering to see you never meet
for in my stories I tell stories of the mirrors
and in your stories you think my stories insane.
To you my building blocks are fabrication,
or “worthless” by an economist's name.
Don't spin me pretty false interpretations.
You'd never. You can't even say my name.
Behind the table I put up a mirror
across my mind screen we walk through the plain
a smile that transfers what we feel directly
continuing along to the horizon
exchanging all the things we love the same
reflecting to each other tinted mirrors
whose chipped distortion makes a brilliant light
and that light filters across a brilliant scene
and once again a universe hangs between
but when the mirror breaks it's never been
all meaning another mental sham.
Another one – now what am I to do
now that I see you for who you are
without the story draped across your indifferent shoulders.
Should've kept your facade.

The School of Intuition

Distantly I've heard of
many ways to be
that focus on extending
logic's capabilities,
but I'm a student in
the school of intuition
and when I lift a rule book
I quickly go astray,
deep down another way.
Though it is impetuous
the way I disobey,
and though I seem undisciplined
because I run away,
in the end I'm laughing:
no matter where I run
I'm still inside the building,
separated by *its* walls
(not by *foreign* Kingdom helices)
necessarily illusory,
these beautiful constraints.
In the school of intuition
self-certainty's the key.
Perhaps I am its student
because there I am weak.
The vaulted ceiling vanished
and seemed to disappear,
but it's a trick, the air,
for I have left nowhere;
our classrooms look afar,
traversing split directions,
but I hear them down the hall
within the castle walls,
colluding over textbooks
and expanding what they know,
engineering air
into waves of sound,
a broken-rhythm'd drone,
hanging between tone.
Today in class I tried
to follow someone's lines,
to learn his mental pattern,
imprint it on my mind.
But the school of intuition
teaches only mine
and when I toss the rulebook,
that's by its design.
Fast my hand forgot it

and drifted back to old,
from *that* lone point discovered
ways it had not told.
Now I must enlighten
the scientists at school
of the language I uncovered
without a guide or rule.
To them it sounds like nonsense,
childish dabbling,
systemless expressions
that don't mean anything.
The system being uncovered
is half hidden by dirt,
inadequate exploring,
too premature a world,
but underneath is perfect,
already fully formed
but not yet understood,
hidden in the fold.
My intuition points me
to such negative space,
where what awaits in blankness
its moment to become.

2/16/15

When I hit those realizations
that for the past month I was high,
come out at last into the sun and the melting snow of the physical world,
I can only ask myself, "why?"
What's the point of the seductive fog?
My mind is so susceptible
to its own chemistry,
its melting pot of concoctions
made automatically
and blindly.
It's a drunken sailor
unrealistic about the sea.
It's astonishing how imperceptibly I slip into one or another fantasy,
one train of thought that chugs on 'til it runs out of steam.
I renounce the insanity, plead to the cold hard afternoon light
that doesn't lie.
Breathe, get ready to scratch off my list for the day, motivated
and say, "I'll never pursue art again,"
for only myself does its artifice slay.
But it happens again on its own.
Without thought my hand goes
and makes those lines once more.
They don't mean anything.
It's only when you try to define it and sell it
that you lose yourself – and everything.

2/22/15

Gifts of Shadows

Every life that happened before
is spinning inside your eyes once more.
Your face before me is a cataclysm
where all my points converge.
Torn between to hold and always to let go
I hear the song again, but it is a distant echo.
Having heard it once I cannot hear it new again.
All these gifts I am re-given are shadows – I smile contentedly,
sit back, awash inside the mystery
of self-perfected destiny – my greatest work of art
to put the song on and live every single life in one moment
passing by as shadows of color with a detached vibrancy
I admire their love but know I can't hold
and whatever will be – sinking into the ocean
of dream to emerge as a different name
but in essence the same
experience.
The same tale.
The unraveling of stories is part of the tale as well.
And so you fade; you – I ran into you
in the world, passing through, mirror,
who I was years before, son of my soul.
Affection's a strange mystery and underneath in the deep, who are we?
Crumble away the bricks up rip the streets
and can you, too, see what remains?
Nonsense that makes perfect sense
when we stand face to face,
naked, exposed, and hugging
for all these embarrassing failures, I want to embrace.
And we are two points of perception floating
inside the vastness of space.

2/28/15

- to To Make a Portrait

Freedom's the Land

Freedom is repeating every story and every mistake you made at once.
The same old poems, faces, fates come out of me,
issuing from mine to the outside and falling onto the concrete
leaf after leaf, a repeating form, like a chorus round upon round, overlapping,
diverging, canceling the message itself.
Freedom's the land where your eccentricities fling out unabashedly,
the state where you do not judge yourself for repeating the one flawed tale,
for being the same flawed unfixable one who never will change,
freedom is where you do not stop how you do it keep loving being true.
I have come to freedom through the last interaction with you,
and I don't ask "why" anymore.
I believe I cannot know what you see and the mind link and your reaction behind the sky
is a fantasy in the farthest recess of the universe
in my mind I can barely access or hear that distant corner
where aliens live.
Oh, do I love you? Are we in together? Have I met you again for the dozenth time
out in space, my beloved passenger, my lonely traveler,
my child and mirror
and my protector?
The universal note is playing within my brain again.
It had remained, now I know, but unheard, from the first time heard many years ago.
I wait – will I soon be out there again in your arms' embrace?
My lover, we've lived this life so many times while I've been on Earth
that I know it like my fingerprint
and laugh at the familiarity,
revisiting every lovely scene as I fly above perception –
inside the garden, alive in the chamber, the sea of stars where I was swimming,
getting lost alone in the forest's isolation
and finding myself again when it fades.
I am everywhere at once, switching the scenes like cards,
the landscapes that melt and emerge – always there –
no form will ever disappear
for all evolution, the atom to mind, life to non-life
is a secret loop: life melding into the hostility of lifeless space
and rediscovering life.

Freedom is knowing that every life is a tiny experiment like trillions like it
knowing that there is no right way to be and to value your personality
as missing an element – a dash of sugar, a stripe of pink, a few more degrees
of warmth – well it's only a change in degree. Somewhere lives another
who's always colder. There always is someone
a little bit warmer. Encounter a firey bombastic emphatic speaker,
encounter a chilly collected master hapless inside the realm of heat
like the fire cannot see through its smoke to the infinite reach.
Is either less beautiful, just like the earthly green?
Where to be? Where to be? How should I alter
my composition to please thee? You don't like my hesitant candor
or weirdness or cool demeanor or random phrases – I cannot change.
I will not change. I have better things to change, like direction.

3/2/15

ramblings

Who am I?
Beneath the scarf,
I go home to please my husband.
He pleasures me inside with fingers
that trace my anatomy's secret pathways
I can't help but sigh and cry to when sensations
cut through like electric knives,
like nothing could strike any deeper,
in this faceless biology.

I go to work
play into with replies
aimed right and spoken softly but with might.
We laugh about the balance
of the necessary evil we gulp down,
the unsolvable halfway world
inside whose compromises we (don't) thrive.
My face fits into the photo.
Remove it step into my life.
I fit myself into the template like I'm water –
I mostly am.
Suck out the details – leave the outline.
Slip yourself into what I called mine.
No one will feel
a difference.

Life makes more mistakes than inorganics whose mutations
create colors within diamonds.
What do our mutations create inside us?
Maladjusted breakage from the norm.

What was wrong this morning?
I woke up the world was gone.
World's coming undone.
I live inside my little world
that is falling apart.
Everything is everything else
no barriers
every song flows into every song.
Inside the bus
I see their heads,
the air between us empty
but beneath a little universe.
I'm crazy
I walk waves
I am atop the waves this morning.
Nothing is staying in place.
All the knives are facing me.
And I take the strain so seriously.
a living nobody can see.

This morning the world dropped out
folded into itself
and I am pixels
held together by an idea.
What if the idea is nothing
like every idea that ever existed?

Woke up don't wanna acknowledge
the implicit things all around us.
Why does everything sound good like this?
There's music in my head. Don't judge
don't judge don't judge your doing.
Words fail
utterly
to string my sense
this nonsense is for coping
with my failure,
knowing who I am.
Oh such a day
comes all too often.
I have nothing real to say
but saying is compulsion –
my mind needs to keep saying
stream of wording flows in brain

my hand a valve, release.
Breathe. Discuss the state of universe
keep talking but I panic. Now the
talking is as critical as breathing
which did not come easily
as taking this too seriously.

3/3/15

Why is my enemy so great?
He swells to fit the shape
of any thought, and in that instant
he turns my world pitch dark
so I am staring into every possible outcome
I can do nothing about.
Underneath his weight, the other world hides
inside the pulling pitch of the sarangi's song,
which reveals both faces. Why
does the *negative* persistently emerge,
as if afraid of all the beautiful that could be mine instead?
My enemy is vast. He is the universe's size
and can stuff himself into a micro thought,
deceive me into believing he is vanquished and gone.
But he is merely resting. He is always waiting
for the siren's song to call him out and like an octopus
to tentacle into each pocket through my imagination
in an instant. My sole enemy is living in my self,
or the space my self can call itself (which is itself unknown).
I feel him as a presence, as a weight, third arm, reluctant pet (is he of any use
besides his function as propeller? A propeller, yes – to what?)
Outside so silently my enemy and I walk on an empty plain
dotted with realities brewing inside each lonely brain
their enemies and heroes and convictions and deceptions,
flung onto the barren ground to validate perceptions.

3-11-15

I Am Broken Down

The fake love that I know,
I have to get it out
from inside every organ
in oozing cortisol.
Nobody can see.
And nobody can know.
How can my hand go
when I am broken down?
Any way is senseless
and any sign's a laugh.
I'm pulled on by the string
that pulls out my design.
What material makes "me"
hangs gaseous in the air
forming and unforming
in equilibrium.
Does anybody know?
Does the inner world perceive?
Is it laughing crying ringing,
rejoicing underneath?
What all along it wanted,
was is the success
of the rope bridge flung across,
caught by the other hand?
What am I even saying....
What nonsense out is coming?
Where can I possibly be going
when I am broken down?
At the mercy of the cloud,
the command of how it go
without the pushing of my want.
I sit inside the boat
and I am drifting, like a hook wrought in my back
has hung my being upon the air,
and like my hands hang at my sides,
palms open, like my helpless eyes
can only watch everything pass
through the trigger network web
of loose connections declaring they're "myself".

The distance and the chasm both sprawl out before.
We stand across on distant ledges,
the wind a-swirl inside the crevice world-length wide between us.
So I feel inside my private world, when I'm alone
to let such images brew from the chaos of before
when I could not see anything and only was inside.

How can I convey what I'm perceiving?
We are waving to each other from far shores
and if I blink, it is one place,
and if again, I'm only one.
And you are no one separate, that I have ever met.
The story is unwriting, like it never will exist.
It doesn't have to be; it both is and isn't.
You're both you and I
and when I close my eyes, behind them,
they reopen that same instant, looking from the other shore.

3-24-15

Nature is Balanced

Nature is balanced in the way that the man with the
mayor's smile collects his winnings from easily picked –
even willingly tossed – fruits of others
any fool could collect (but didn't); he packaged them into an easily consumable view
and I, who
make everything into a complex system to find the truth, read his interview
and scorn the cop-outs I *myself* would never do
at the cost of staying unknown and anonymous,
that which I want,
at least in part,
except for the envious unrecognized artist who writhes inside me
and starves for attention,
beside its equally thin twin: romantic misconnection,
laying himself flat onto the table without a plate,
just the steak – no subtle side with which to slide into the meat
or frivolous seasonings those who need
their illusions grab at to soften reality.
Eat without intro or outro, I say
as I offer it up in the hopes it will go,
then run back to my room to meditate out the window
or scorn another successful deceiver
and in their cries of “coldhearted” become a believer
by reinforcement.
Nature is balanced: the fruits up high are the sweetest
but few will taste them. If only they weren't sentient
it would be fine. If only they weren't fully formed people.
Nature is balanced the way that my patterns
dig the same hole and I, misguided, followed nobody's advice
and immediately signs popped up everywhere that I should've.
Nature is balanced. The kiss
that I witnessed this morning
made my heart ache,
but I *thought* about it. I got jealous.
I did not know what else to do. I was helpless.
I went to work to work with machines
but I wrote this poem instead.

All of life has led me on a step by step
inexorable march straight into the robe
of my opposite,
and how smooth it slips over the high ideals that brought me
to the plot twist: their destruction,
at the end of their crusade toward validation.
The vision cannot be hardened;
it dies in the clearing
where only reality lives,
a mirage
the moment I reach to hold it
that leaves me here
and at this point
I can no longer tell the difference
between myself and my opposite.
The journey's end was to *become* what I thought I was fighting against,
the other side.
And the moment that I realize this I'm back to mine
as at the beginning,
like I've never moved
while at my back I am as I am at the end
(inside this interior fantasy
unfolding for only me).

3-26-15

Damn you, ---,
keeping me here so that you can grow older.
I could be out there, but I am of Earth
again, in another scene,
and now that I've set the ball rolling, enmeshed
until *you* come out from the other end.
Yes, you are the last,
the bottom.
We're rewriting fate
on the planet,
changing Earth's play last minute.
Your mind is quite strong, but that's not completeness.
That's half the pie, and it's dangerous,
and seeing you digging the hole so insidious
for its rational self-justification
makes me cry.
I have tripped over my desire
as it was laid out on the ground before me,
fully aware what insanity
I followed.

Next week
when I have a reunion
with the first one I discovered,
we will debrief on our inner stories
hanging in the past,
completed,
spinning with the endless wheel
while eating dinner by the harbor
at the end of a mundane workday,
talking at first of our outer lives.

You are a muse for the new poetry
I write.
The world has only a handful of people
whom I ever will meet.

In this unfolding I will do nothing
but be
a presence for you.
I am for you.
On Earth, the more you love,
the more you are pushed away.
I have done it, too.
The typical forms can be a representation of the inner state
but too often we chase the form,
the end,
before our lives are ready,
from the deep fear that they might never be,
that we might not possess what's ahead of us.

3-27-15

For Brief Moments, Life Becomes a Symphony

The song by Macy Gray came on
unexpectedly inside Royal Farms
and I sang along inside the store,
free as the man she made it for.
This morning after night by you
though just as friends, though for a few
short hours mostly wrapped in silent
pauses walking down the street
with somebody else stuffed between us
absorbing the unready impact –
how do I do this again

when I was broken so before
tryin' to love someone else,
throwin' down my all
upon the floor. The song so lovely in the store
existence 'came a symphony for a few lit up moments
and the air danced; I spun in the storm.
I replay the song now to get as high, scramble to write the experience without rhyme
breaking the rules of poetry frantically to be in that moment all the time –
but it's futile,
it's shadow.

This morning I'm surrounded by familiar minds
and everyone else whom I meet becomes similar,
becomes a friend.

Inside I hold you
close think of your happiness and growth.
Is it a sane perception to believe that all I have inside's for you?
I'll never say this – maybe this
is what will make it disappear.
But all my fear and worry
has turned to I don't care
how this will go tomorrow
for I love you now
and You are now my I,
--- ---,
and I, afraid to write your name,
even to myself
like I am five.

Love makes music sound amazing.
What's breeding misunderstanding?
At once as one and notwithstanding
pendulum, across the shore
never understanding anymore
who we are and why
looking fast up to the sky
and at the ocean of the world
one world, two – tell, who are you.
Are you myself inside another body?
When I blink my eyes
I see you clear
and when I open
“you” will disappear
like a dream I had once
fading in and out of life.

This gift of music
makes me ramble
all the bramble
of the notes are webbing

in my brain
creating perfect moments
when life becomes a symphony
then fades into concreteness
'til another glimmer.

3-28-15

Am I making any sense?
The world has only one.
No one else exists in these passing faces.
They are not people.
They are not even alien.
They are dead.
They are below.
I see you everywhere now
blindly, in the air.
I feel you in the air I breathe.
I feel you when I close my eyes
without the slightest difference
between those body states.
You have swallowed me whole.
I met you through a physical body
and he has a face.
He has a role.
I cannot remember his name
but I hear its true sound.
You are between he and I
and you are everything.
You are us.
Gouge out my eyes with this blindness
this invisible light
unbearably blinding:
the intention of light.
The creation of ideas.
The creation of creation.
The heart of it all
is what I'm thinking about.
And now I see that he has come to the end
as well
and stands on the ledge,
over the blankness,
over the silence
sprawled out before
forever,
waiting.

3-29-15

The story with no ending
is our ongoing pretending,
our relentless carve of life
into a sculpture
that is something.
Our true self is but a filter
and each filament it catches
is arranged upon a pattern
to create what we call art
or to reinforce our reason
but to feed our heart some sense.
For if our hearts were barren
we, the people, would be wooden.
Would we even be called people?
We would be dead if we couldn't
rearrange reality
into our brightest fantasy;
our brains lend lifeless rocks a brightness
as they pass across the screen
Who's the target audience?
For this film we are director
and we're showing off our movie
to ourselves renamed "spectator",
each an individual
alive for self-congratulation,
the most accurate predation
that defines humanity.

3-29-15

The story has no ending
and the wheel's forever spinning
I'm inside the spinning wheel
progressing nowhere and I'm laughing
know the universe has only several
elements: light, sound, and laughter
altogether making planet-
ary life upon the rock
and making everything we know,
encoding the only true fact:
that all existence is a joke
whose punchline is ourselves
not knowing.
Light, sound, laughter make the whole
of wondrous manifestations
that can describe humanity
specifically – not animals –
for animals will never create irony
and see that way
only people screw the world
by seeing it as something else.

3-29-15

Two stars spin around each other
churning the surrounding space
into Time. They hover
while the cosmos anticipates collision.
Hanging in the time emulsion
I'm secured into existence,
held inside this calmest point.
Threaded down to Earth; there "she"ll remain,
contracted into one last story.
I have met myself
and he fades in and out.
I have met my opposite
she and I duke it out.
Truly I need her more now than him.
I know that I will never die
as long's this story stays alive.
This twin star tale could take forever,
for existence now can rest
since it has come into its being,
what is the important thing
and not the resolution.
Now on Earth no more I'll rush.
By the grace of a mutual glimpse
time remains forever still.

Tonight I feel all the old fears
the old sensations and fearful thoughts,
I feel the old heartbreak and the longing
but it does not touch me at all.
I only feel it from a distance.
My new roommate grinds my gears
but she doesn't really bother me.
My least favorite kind of being.
There's glass paneling sitting tween.
Now my heart can no more break.
Now my mind can no more panic
even if those fervent thoughts attack it,
even when I get rejected.

Contract Extension:
70 years more life on Earth,
where you can now wander freely
as all paths are open at every point
and every moment is new.

Thank You for your work.
The spinning twin stars are beautiful
and will inspire for eons to come.
The galaxy is very happy
and was very much in need.

I heard it was a painful labor,
that the pushes were massive,
and the sighs rocked your whole poor body,
but you've gained immortality through the story
that had to play through your little being.
You cured the disease.
Take this note to the doctor when you go today;
terrestrially, you're going with a clean slate.

And don't forget to check the sky at night
for the two new distant stars.
Tell all you know,
though all who look up will see them, either way.

And thank the men that helped you on,
for they're stargazers, too.

I know you were trying to solve the problem
(the letter read gently), but don't you see?
The purpose was not to resolve it –
not to come to a final conclusion –
but to immortalize the story.

Cosmic Rays

The greatest work is done through our beings as if we were portals.
When processes like this occur, "you" are extended into the cosmos
and when they finish all you know and attained
has crystallized in outer space
as another beautiful star;
on Earth, the personality remains.
Quiet Earth (in its naked state),
peopled by noise like a bustling market.
The Earth swarms with personalities
an endless feast of color and texture.
If you are buried underground,
in the cavern of your layered self,
in wonderment over how many levels there are
and when you will hit the core,
when you resurface '
(after your newly wild eyes recalmed)
and breathe that fine fresh air
you will see, weaving in and among the earthly trees,
others with your personality (equally programmed machines)

4-2-15

When we meet
we are in a haze.
It seems clear
and the words come out
but I don't remember
anything but your laughter.
The darkness helps
dissolve it,
turns it upon its head
so I don't know
what was happening.
Was I looking at you?
Were you looking at me?
You were sitting across
and I swear I could see
but now the memory lives underground.
And this morning the world
is made of concrete and rock.
Others and I talk
but it doesn't go down.
It stays on the surface,
even the laughter.

The ego is funny;
it hooks onto very particular things
you said
and I see it right now
in the way I stored the night
and hold it, observe it, relive it,
try to understand
both you and myself:
should I want it?
What do you want?
What are you feeling?
I have the world
but is it all
or eighty percent
and you have the rest;
where's the divide,
and how will the balance sway over time?

Two shells reflecting each other as perfect mirrors
open their cores and reveal different innards.
When shells stand hole to hole
it is never what either expected
but the well seems to cut through the world,
allowing for endless exploration
bouncing all the way down into every manifestation
positioned to cut through your cells,
not merely skim the surface.
This is the way I inscribe history on my side of the wall,
unaware of what's written upon the other side of the same.
Through you I play the story,
though the face I see maybe merely a projection
of the actual thing forever hidden,
never reached nor touched
though it stands right at my back
and is inside my very self,
my every cell, my every holding – I feel held
and though I cannot see, it changes me,
opens myself to you
and perhaps to nothing.
This is a lynchpin for a waterfall
that breaks apart the dam
and keeps it flowing,
once removed.

Charmed moments sing when I awake to this:
walking through the forest of perpetual discovery
any seen thing is worth a thousand explanations
connected to a universe of threaded revelations
“what” – I cannot say
my wretched striving to convey
the life of beauty trails along in vain
after these notes.

Come upon the forest sitting in
weaving lost through endless pathways' wind
come upon the woodland's edge next blink
the edge along the ring where you perceive
to have escaped – or just fell deeper in?
Skim your feet along the waters that begin
I found it in your face as it is painted in my brain
oh you your eyes the ocean – now I see
with my whole heart the unending invisibility
melting and reforming all the world where I exist
into something else: perpetually what could be

my best flowered words fall one on one upon the gate
and I can come no closer in my grounded earthly state
fall into a person whose flesh is a facade
covering a portal into total rearrangement
peering close reveals him a beehive of hollow cells
the intersect of lines that cross to form the shape of “eyes”,
a most magnetic spiral that excites its complement
in the other (un)human who looks through it at it
(what is “human” if not what we know? Form indivisible
seen closer, a portal, mere hollow,
concentric tubes whose core remains elusive
while it's telescoping on and on and in and in)
through this door I call “another” all of mine falls in
released for a swim that feels it could be endless
in the imaginary ocean (it discovered or created?)

the knight lifts his head from the river
the sleeper awakes in the air
walking beneath the bridge to work –
oh how the concrete world continues moving!
as if nothing is going on
inside the world of one

(I can see it now:
“life” broken into moments,
most darkness, some lit behold themselves like stranded stars
slowly growing connection, one by one,
suffering when new light fades into oblivion

but inevitably reemerging from space's fold –
adding one by one until at critical mass
each lone realized it was part of One
and strove from that point to uncover all space
where's hidden in blankness and “not” all “is”
and One is all color and form that can be
each filament, photon, and wave you perceive
is unfinished and will be 'til all is revealed
our existence a mix of “is not – but could be”
and “is – but could be not”:
trillions of details bound together by space
to be crossed

in the portal of you, who is gone,
a new light is turning my world inside out
never know anymore if I'm upward or down
or outside looking in or inside looking out
this inversion of truth into other truth is such a human pursuit...
life's a series of moments being strung
word by word into verses nonlinearly
until enough came to be and the truth was reached
that life is continuous poetry –
existence one playing symphony
we only sometimes press play
at random within our brain.
Turn the switch on inside for the holiday lights
strung by each you residing in its lonely cell
surrounded by bored and inactive neurons
or stars burning so bright by comparison all's dark
when you find you everywhere – you're one again
but the part one is tethered to daily walks on
encountering strangers and potholes
the city government one doesn't vote for won't fix –
if I *could* stop I *would* but I'll rest the pen
the nonsense will pick up later again.

The urge of my life is to turn every moment a poem,
weave or behold a symphony out of what might be nothing.

My attachments on earth are few;
family, you, and nothing else.
Behind when I almost close my eyes
I am in the stars
and everything is fine
nothing touches me inside
for all is fine.
The people of earth in this room are alien,
moving in half graces
crude animal faces desiring food comfort sex
sex to me comes in a glance
across the room while I lean back
in my chair content
and the play of earth is passing by.

If I were not attached to you I would be let go of
but I am trying not to remain attached
to you to let you run free
my child my love my soul my face
my secret held inside of me
I pretend I am nothing
these poems suck dick
but I write this drivel anyway
suddenly I cannot stop saying
what has no meaning except
that concocted by every observing brain
we are alien
upon the earth
if I had one wish I would wish to be drunk
all the time
to be in this state in outer space
or maybe I'll get addicted to being high
while drawing I get there and hum
a tune that helps me move
with a symphony
then it drops
we are all we could be
but we are not
most stop at a half point between
and stay safe
wearing trendy clothes
butts skirts and faces
do nothing for me but pass by
how my sex will come to me if I couldn't care?
No one exists for me on this planet
but lubricant if I can't have it

empty people
full on ego
trip along to outer space
spew out all fearless nonsense
buy a drink and drink it more
until you pass out in your bed til morn
and fade from existence
you've already faded from the world (beer drunk)
you're the reason for my continued existence
watch me from far away chug this beer
watch me surreally sense I'm not here
or I am you or since you left I have felt the rift
of superimposed wave forms
I say this onward and on in the neverending
song going day after day
and I don't want to look anymore
I'm just making a poem of life and that's all
I can do
hanging in the brew
of creation, existence, and all that continues.

4-10-15

Abell Ave – or – Tired at Twenty-Five

The quiet street has many worlds on it.
Some doors shut, behind which they watch TV
with their dog and their wine calmly;
across the street's a boisterous party.
When they open the door I hear people noises,
from the porch where I think of the stars I don't see.
Down on Earth there's a little parade of concentrated agendas (mostly towards sex):
junkies look upstairs and down for their emotional fix,
I judge from my distance
(where I haven't had sex in too long).

I met you away from the party
and it's good to not need anyone
of the crowd.
It makes me breathe easy that we can stay in
while the runaround goes on around.
What are they searching for? I'm happy to, with pity, ask
as I once felt the pull of my missing out,
believing there's something in the porch light,
yearning to be a part of the talk on the stoop,
but not anymore.
There are only people across the shore,
by now I know.
The only excuse for continued curious hope
is being under the age of thirty.
I think that's why around then most people calm down,
fin'lly admitting there's nothing to be found
in the runaround
and woe unto your isolation
if you learn that too soon for your age.

Faces and names are all that change
folks on the street all come and go
seen for a night and never again, not to know.
But you are always here, a staple, a pillar,
walking your dog alone.
You remind me of what I want away from the party:
I need to make my home.

If I could convey one percent of the beauty unlocked at 3AM,
a dot of the ink of all I've experienced,
I would be satisfied.
But when The Lord is Out of Control
makes familiar brainwaves at this time,
I want nothing more than to convey how lovely it is,
and the world behind it of shapes I perceive but can't see physically.
I fondly recall the first moment that morning when I turned on the song
and life became a symphony.
That was when I realized
how it is
and how it ought to be
are connected by a switch.
You could call the switch 'love';
I'm not sure it'd be right,
but it's the word I find now.
What's most mystical about the symphony?
Likely that you know it's your own brain creating it,
so it can't be true;
your next blink could undo it
and the city would revert to being an unlinked pile of blocks.
Is it not heartbreaking
that not one walking through the streets would suffer
when the music is shut off?
They wouldn't hear it, anyway.
It stays locked up in its place.
It stays locked up in your brain
as you are helpless to convey
exactly how it is:
the beauty of the mind striving toward its synthesis.
The time of 3AM is experienced alone
and inexpressibly leaves you
helpless to grasp it even for yourself in whole,
but your heart beats with the notes,
and if it could do more
to pay homage, it would.

Growing New Eyes is a Painful Process

Growing new eyes is a painful process.
First: the face is broken down.
The crusted accustomed to surface has long
been hiding a liquid goo in place of flesh.
Once the stale top's cracked, the bucket slop
is stirred. The nose mixes into the mouth. The eyes dissolve
back into fibers, cells, and plans.
Never more ever a bucket of shit –
how could this be you!?

The new eyes bubble up to the surface.
From their view, things are not seen
as what they are, but how they were conceived
as the once-overwhelming pops recede.
No more seeing each object like a child beholding rhinestones
 The tree so lovely in itself, naively,
 brownstone details of this city
 cease to awe. You now are tired of your brain getting ignited,
 you've already marveled at each molecule before,
 and it is always a brief thought.
 Old eye-led life a minefield made
 of bubble wrap. A hundred combustion
 reactions bursting in your heart each second.
 Such was going for a walk.
(And that was fun, but brain is no longer enamored
with its own drugs).
Things fade back into a plane; an overlay of human nature is instead perceived
immediately, as shapes and colors by themselves will never captivate again.
The thrill of bam! dies permanent;
life's bam! bam! bam! at every corner.
With your new eyes, you will not run
to each one, but steady carry on;
it's called "the heart has learned to think."

Let me say one last thing
before I am swallowed whole
by the closing Earth –
you, my self, I came to find you.
I am your other half.
I had only a message.
You didn't believe me at first –
do you now, as the world collapses in this final moment?
Don't despair that you have lost me
the moment you've finally seen
that I am you –
I only needed to pass along
this losing truth;
now that you have heard it,
you can rejoin and carry on
but remember what your star-crossed visitor once said
and the world she came from.
That world was meant to die all along;
it was on its way out from the moment I showed it –
it only had to speak itself before being snuffed
by inexorable changing tides of the earthquake that rocked you –
you, a simple one
drifting over those fresh waves
on a virginal terrain,
an ocean-farer come from land,
a pioneer of the new clan.
You will rejoin them and carry on.
I only had to see your face,
and show you mine –
I couldn't die without us seeing eye to eye just once,
and now that I've completed, I sink out, fade with goodbye.

4-19-15

The story: a girl receives messages her entire life from a fantastical girl who doesn't exist, at least according to all the people in her life. These messages are knocks on a door from the other side, and the girl follows them, often to her own failure/destitution/impracticality, for she throws her life away for this nothing. When they finally meet, the girl, a princess, tells her about the life and world that was promised. The girl is sad to learn that the world is dying, but the princess claims that all she really wanted was to pass on this truth; her world was dying all along. When she saw it, it was already fated to die. Meanwhile, the outer world suffers a huge earthquake. This also destroys the princess' world, and all the truth in it. This is just when the girl realizes that the princess is her, and tries to save her, but cannot. The princess tells her she just wanted to pass on this world which was hidden, and nothing more. Now she fades out, and the girl will go on. The girl floats on a raft over a new world, covered by a flood. This is a metaphor for what faces the millennial generation, namely the order of the old world getting destroyed and replaced with a new, still unstable way of living that requires new rules (the ocean). The princess and her world represents all that millennials have inherited from the past, which dies.

Desiring is an ugly thing.
I hold the tendency in my palm
like dough, examine the element
I know brought ruin to my life.
To hold the thing in whole and see –
what else here can be done but turn
it round beneath the microscope,
observed under each kind of light,
in vivo, from the side?
The shame I felt not from desire
but the act of it – to desire another,
to fit him into my fantasy
so that I may be content
(justified by: your own fantasy is mine).
He is *another!* A stranger I do not know as another
but only as a crystalline mirror
whose light led me to my own destruction,
whose light led me into the unforgiving clearing
where no such idleness can reside,
where only reality can withstand
the uncompromising shakes of the land.

4-30-15

Inexpressible

What wants to be said, I cannot say,
cannot draw, cannot create.
A mirror is held up before my heart now
every hour or every day,
delivering shocks of light that make
the baby inside wrestle with its space.
It cannot be if it's not restless.
Now I know all that pours forth –
in music, words, or art – is nonsense.
Why do I despise my own?
If I loved it, it could feed me.
If I loved my own humanity
I would not be sitting here miserably
inscribing down my chosen sadness.
The mirror held before my heart
highlights every reaction,
underscored by want.
That is at the core of every action,
and this propels my tomorrow's decisions
to try and act kinder
to not reflect
to think of topics –
but I knock against
my dirtiness
and what *he* would do
makes me stop at every step.
Figure it out – why I was born
a lover of fantasy
and haven't sworn off
of the tendency.
It's the chemistry
of my brain's preferred roads
and ways to be.
But how do I show Inexpressible –
what's revealed in the mirror's glances.
I couldn't put to paper the lurid details
of how things are actually seen.

Silence in the Inner World

Behind the shell is quiet.
I am waiting for the inner world to make a sound.
There's a respite from clashing now.
Nothing is fighting.
I can hear it on the wind.
It is not I who thinks these words;
they're thought to me (dissociatively).
My mind cannot associate,
make crosses o'er the river,
or connect from one to one.
Behind my eyes is a blank page.
I have not a word to say.
All I ever say is just
to hold a mirror sharply so
that those around me stumble
into their sharply etched reflections.
In *their* interactions their anger's validated rather than questioned.
Old comfortable reactions proceed smoothly in their brains.
I have often wondered why I'm alone, without other people of common aims.
Now I suspect it's to be here, to do
something for a time.
To show
to expose
to hold up a mirror
like everyone holds one up for me
and I try to accept the things I see
until I disappear.
Everyone thinks I'm a mystery.
Everyone sees what they want to see.
The seer at all times is flawed because
the point of perception is partial.

5/18/15

I will be in this loneliness forever
waiting for you
without the desire.
I can no more strive for it –
all that I am has burned off
in the fire
and behind my idle thoughts
I behold a gaping yawn.
This is the place I have come to.
All my inhibition
all of my ambition
all the trifles of egoism

even saying this is mine
melt into the fold
of the eternal sea
as if they all are fine.

Again again again –
let me now describe
how proceeds the road
I've taken many times.
Set off when I was young
to you on the other side.
All my life became to touch you –
and I did.
The moment that we met
by a glance into my deepest
flung right out into space
where I remained so held
was the pivot of my life.
But I came back down to Earth,
left to walk alone in silence
as you became unreachable,
so much so I could not even
recall the very moment.

I came to you again
pure by accident
through the other that I met.
I came out to the place
having found another face
whose glance clean wiped the stain
of your first version's embrace.
But it once more dissolved,
yet another lovely form,
and left me with reality,
on the street, alone,
wandering lost in the animal kingdom.

Time and time again
I've reached the place in glimpses
come back again to pine,
always driven by desire
to find you and be held
to find you and unite
on every level.
It has been a painful back and forth!
The idea has been burned –
of “you” –
away.

And it happened one last time –
I know it was the last
because the fantasy is pieces
and can't put itself together
by the uncompromising meld
it's formed with reality –
the Master of All.

The place exists –
I have come to it –
but one thing changed:
formerly I came there to wait
pulsing with the ache
that spoke of our impending reunion
and always in this fantasy
were two.
The resolution
has always been the aim
but in the final iteration
everything exploded.
There is nowhere to come back from.
There is nowhere to return.
All the roads have ended.
All have stopped nowhere.
I am both in space
and upon the Earth –
they've become the same
dissolving their distinction.
I can no more cry
can't feel the desire
can't go out to find you –
there's nowhere to go.
Oh my mouth is gaping
wide to make the call
but cannot make a sound,
and this will be forever.

5-18-15

From both sides
does the chase come and go
I both giving and receiving
instantaneously
as if in an unbreakable flow
I marvel at
but now merely in calm.
From both sides
does the river flow
and I can't understand.

5-21-15

10th Escape

When I am like this
back to reality
after being soothed by the fantasy
all night

song buds pop up frantically

I am only in search of a tenth escape

What new place can I throw myself into?

Every movement flung out
is trying to fight this moment
where I'm stuck
in my own shit
brought here by a lack of foresight
as if the concrete rules did not apply to me.

I want to only solve *real* problems!

Impulses drift along the sea
fading in and out without consequence -
now that's what I call attention!

I need constant entertainment
until I calm down
I need to run home
and write a new song
to feel better
but still I will be no one
I'll be poor
and lone
and the world will keep going on
by the unvarying rules I choose to ignore
spinning unceasingly around the indifferent sun
as ever before
despite our blindness.

Where to throw my eyes
but into the blinding light and go blind?

Like I already am
like I was before

even while pummeling with my whole being like a meteor
intending to shower the quiet world

with the fantasy this little bubble gathered in the endless sea of our consciousness where nobody really
is

was cultivating so quietly without will
responding to the right array of light

falling upon the spot
where disparate impulses gathered and organized
like the lifeless elements formed the first microbes
created life
something
more permanent than themselves and their slow beats
emanating throughout spaciousness.

Across the sea drift thoughts, desires
and sink back into nothing.

There remains the mystery of the writer.
Who is she to stand aside
while her whole self has always been blind,
believing it was a statue
of water
made on the sea
and the release of tension to let itself come undone
comes out in misty sprays of laughter
ongoing waves of no one
lifeless water unordered carbon
explained by quantum physics
as nothing
at the core
but a possibility.
It was actualized before
but why does it have to remain
if it could sink into the nothing and drift
as it really is?

(Then why this anxiety?
Why this wondering?
Why this little stubborn thread of thought
this bit of ego can't dissolve
it needs itself
the self
and how to evaluate the self?
Is it ten microbes
Or one?
Is it a person?
Is it a cat?
Does the tree it sees its own face in
count also?
It's echoing its self back
and they're forever playing perfect ping pong
like the endless well and I.

If the whole we think we are has broken down
then how to circumscribe the notion calling itself "I"?

What space does it take up?
Now we are back at infinity
going from "we created everything virtually"
to "who are *we*?")

Read hope in the formless sea:
here all can come undone
including the poisonous tendency
to criticize our egoism with egoism
and any other tightly wound spiral of habit
that adds to the tension of our artificial.

It's inevitable
we fade
and it's true
we never have to arrive from shore
because our perception of shore
is made from the sea
our own Solaris
equally misunderstood
your Solaris
my Solaris
our Solaris
it's a synonym.
Did Stanislaw Lem even realize
what he was truly saying?

Terrifying
when we see
that we are nothing
and to be
requires effort
constantly
to keep our army of little whirring mechanics in sync
around an aim.

What is mine
has no more aim
its old aim was erected out of compulsion
and my self merely got out of the way
to do what it bid
by its need to get through.
But there was never an intentional I
that came from something I felt was mine.
I wouldn't know what to make that.
I do not have a purpose to be here
having done what needed to happen
but I am *still* here
kept alive by a last comically thwarted desire

that pumps my blood around and around
that reminds me of my body by the friction
that it causes
between indifferent lifeless reality
and the final most beautiful fantasy
of the ultimate sacred peak expression a group of driven impulses could orchestrate
for all the other collective impulse groups both big and small
and if we all should organize into an expression of self
would existence flip
and become self-sustaining?
What then?

It's an odd, freeing burden to sense yourself at the hidden frontier of an infinite micro world.

5-22-15

The Never

sitting here
under the influence
watching what goes on inside –

there is no match with the plastic table
the conversation
about the movie
the laughter
and faces

I am forever inside the never
the encounter will not end
found each time I go out in search of it out of me
walking along the street
trying to catch it as concrete

and when I grasp
it puffs to air
that fades and leaves
ongoing laughter
the conversation in the room
that has naught to do
with where my eyes are focused now

like a coat
turned inside out
in one swift move
am I or my whole world.
what I would call my true existence

takes place invisibly
between the notes
and underneath
having nothing tied to written history

check my credit card statements
check my habits
check my food
and paycheck
check my phrases
said in passing

they have nothing to do with the never
that is my only life
a constant meditation
toward what cannot be reached
more fully every time

and I again am in the never
as nothing changes in the scene
my body keeps on moving
divorced from the chamber
that sees into everything true

can it ever be tied
or united
as my ultimate:
union between the vision of closed
inwardly turned eyes
and the path of feet
how steps proceed
according to deep
echoed rhythm outside from what is in

and how
how how how
I bang my head against everything
trying to solve this one last problem
break the barrier
of longing
that creates the miles between
with a simple snap
a single thread
always the last to remain
when everything else has accepted
the shadows below the indifferent sun

(written to first time I heard first 6 min of Glassworks)
5-23-15

Like a sailor or an astronaut,
I have searched for the problems.
They lie like monuments along the terrain,
sending out waves or rays
but to trace the source is the task.

The source is sly.
I've found many sources in my
otherwise empty black cosmos.
One more I have found tonight
tied so slyly to many others.
And I say: if I didn't love negativity
if the saddest songs didn't ring true with me
how changed my life would be.
But I do love negativity.

The planet whose gravity I succumb to,
the planet who's everywhere –
how to break the grip of it
how to change without changing the sphere?

Maybe I stay here too long.
Maybe circumstance should come undone.
Maybe I should be gone
so that you are out of my sight.

5-24-15

I am only seeking my self validation.
Can a person be as the impulses feel in me?
Though they go against convention.
I did it
and I'm still alive
so I am.
I am
the way that I am
and I have just proven that it can be
so add another star to the infirmery
of a galaxy's creation.

Add another thread to biology
a new pattern within cognition
a new road in the human brain.
It's human still. Another connection
of the old material rehashed
reframing perception another way
tying together a and b
who'd seemed unrelated previously.

5-26-15

I'm a weird girl
Doing it over
Distracted
In the same trap
Too young for my age
Too wrapped up
Held in
Forced out
In offending bursts
No one knows
Or have better balance of parts
One light
On it
Not all
Like I
Until
I break
And fall
Beneath indifference
Reflected
What I put out in the first place
Just say it
No matter
Not worth
Misery
In your one life
Not worth
Taking it
Seriously
If it fails
You can move
Or can try
Or arrange it so that you don't see him
Could you?
Pass by once
And it's
All over again
Next to you
Forced to be here
And that is the helplessness trap
The condition
Of being kept in fear
In a box
What is going
On?

You
you are closed off
to your close people.
You're so young.
When will you learn
to turn to others
to help explain your problems?
I look at you
like looking at myself
five years ago.
I do not know who you are
to me.
One day a friend
one day a son
always a sustenance;
in all the counted days together
everyone.

6-1-15

Every moment is a scene
across the screen
of faceless death,

disconnected spouts of
arbitrary start and end
shown in the silence.

Increasing quiet moments
bring about anxiety in the still.
What is there left to do
but experiment with the mind?
(It's easier than cultivating a discipline.)

And when I have this concentration,
I have endless ability
and unable to sit still
I can go anywhere
but don't want to run
to the blurry horizon I know
is best in my visions
and daydreams had from the ninth floor;
those are the treasured moments, if I'm to be honest.
There's always work to be done on shore.

Some days are perfect
for sinking into the sleep of your habits,
knowing that nothing lasts;
another day

you will be so wide awake
from the fog you only notice
held you when it fades from the clearing
where you are.
Too long standing in the empty clearing
is a torture;
thus the screen.
Entertain me with the variety pack
of all the states that can be had.

This pernicious attitude of young age;
how soon will it get old?
What is there to do on Earth
but cater to who we all are
and the facts of what it means to be human,
slightly different for every kind:
one being wants her drama wherever she goes,
even at work.
Another being wants mainly to fit in
and validate what he loves and hates
by another.
Another is miserable, thinking he's cool,
looking into the future
at where he will be:
on the sunny shore
by the balmy sea
(where the *best* land at twenty-three,
and he is already twenty-four!)
Yet another grasps at her dream
in every other body regardless
of how inconvenient the joining
for their lives,
wants to live inside something like TV,
connecting each streetgoer with each other
to prove a made-up symphony
played on a faceless ocean.

Where to go? Where to go?
Oh these empty states.
Everybody's chasing Vipassana
these days.
It is but a moment.
I will laugh at
how soon they forget.

Words are here
to fill a silence creeping over like a wave
but never crashing down,
which I find hard to bear.

It's lonely in the land without you
even though I know you're there
as much as my own body.

The sound of sirens and the sight of curious strangers' faces is all I hear
and see in the concrete shadow land where you're unaware you're not by me.

Behind the screen that shows me this
all feels right.

I have done my work in the place.

Be sensitive to the deepest calls

and no matter where you are, at that core level you'll feel right
and the surface levels do not matter.

Let me say, do I prefer the battered homely failing frame encasing the satisfied core
to a vibrant glossy surface pulsating with an untraceable pain
that most who are victim to it think comes from outside.

6-3-15

Reality is uncompromising.

No matter how far you run

the line always pulls you back in

and shatters the fiction you were building.

Many times you think (so convinced) you're done,

have arrived at some conclusion,

but the only conclusion remaining by now

is: it goes on and on and on.

Even after you reach the stars,

even after everything shatters,

even after you climb a mountain range

and meet your lovers,

even after the games play out,

even after you make your goal,

even after you chase it down,

and into smoke watch the beauty blow –

you still remain.

And you must have somewhere left to go

some other way of life to be

left after all the paths were lit

up inside your brain chemistry

at once and faded and you hardened

to the mystery,

finally befriending the Master of All:

stark naked reality.

6-3-15

There's a great clashing between two wills
Two ways of truth are killing each other.
I have written mine, sent it into the world
and you say just the words that are exactly what I'm getting at
but from the other side.
One must be annihilated.
One makes the other one worthless.
One can't exist at the end of this battle
One must fall worthless upon the floor
of the ground they are fighting for.
In your unconscious attack which somehow you knew
you make my very point flaccid.
But you are only killing your own self.
Enemy, to lose to me is sweet for both of us.
If you win we both suffer.
If I win we both win.
Let go of you and be the loser
(as you would call yourself).

6-4-15

All it has shown me is there is nothing out there, no escape,
and all I can get from the world I'd call mine is a mirage that will necessarily be destroyed when the
illusion stops being played.
Walking along day to day I merely define everyone and everything by what they are.
Who are you and who am I – we're types,
partially blind helping partially blind
while totally blind are speaking of love between each other but love sees all and embraces,
love does not wish or imagine or fantasize,
love remains when all your facades fall apart and it seems there is nothing to you,
nothing left, and you cannot hide from the vision that all you have been is what you've pretended to be.

6-4-15

Frozen Lake

The forest –
 alive, burgeoning
 bright teal dew-wet leaves rustling
 around your eyes
 it is wet with thickset trunks in mist
 obscuring the distance
 with mystery

the forest lies under
deceptively stoic ground
in a black mica soil,
night-like

below the highways
criss-crossing infinite ways
webbing a bland overlay
of interminable distances
circling
diverging
nowhere in homologous shades of gray

loud and discordant;
its voices and babble
hollow beings grabbing
and grappling with fear
donning sunglasses
racing their neighbors
racing themselves
away from here

– underneath
in the wet teal forest
beats
your own
a mystery
forever explorable

fallen in-
to the quiet
each inch rings with sympathetic strings
of new melody
rediscover music
beside an ancient castle by
a still lake
forever awaiting
your eternal return –

~ The Inner and Outer Worlds ~

is my next play
trumpet music scores
the battle

night and light
dark and day
knight and knight
of life, decay

living knight fights frozen knight
cataclysm swirl of black on white
in final clashing
battle
everybody cheers
from the stadium of either world

along the seam of in and out
the battle rages
for the self

and who will win
can't be foretold

their arms are locked

and all has paused

an earthquake strikes
from the pressure
cracking the outer world
reaching into the inner
and all is broken
all destroyed
the knights dissolve in ashed imagination

...it was imagination
this whole existence...

all is broken
along earth's surface

all is vaporized
of the forest

neither ever was....

“...my young disciple,
I'll tell you a story
of ancient origin
the kernel of its truth comes down to:
One dropped out of the surface and fell
into the forest
and came alive,
discovered notes –
made melody –
saw new colors –
took his increased sensitivity
back up to the surface.

Have you heard of this ancient still place?
The seat of creativity
that never moves
but is home to movement
constant, as is of true life
a crystalline construction
shining like a prism
in the sun
but never frozen,
thus a source
of bountiful –
and how!
there *is* no manner to convey
the state
of every moment's
changing
of the beauty of the lake
rippling with the source of color
creating more
by the light
cast through this place –
made not of water!

The world he left is frozen
and silent
but not with the silence of being near Silence;
here you are closest to the Silence;
there you can barely hear it
over the noise
though nothing ever moves
in the surface land
where everyone rushes
ever to
the circumference.”

... a messenger comes to the Crossroads
where Another is standing,
waiting,
(that's what they do).
He delivers;

“Sad day
sad state,”
shaking his head.

“Care to update us on affairs?”

“It was already a long time ago,”
the messenger says, glancing backwards
into the past
over his shoulder;
the Other looks down the long gray tunnel
with him.

“I am here
(where is here?)
(never mind).
What happened was:
time passed.
We scattered
to corners
where others stand
carrying our memories
of the land.

Far in the past now
our former life
all we had
that remains
now a legend
told by the nomads of a lovely existence
who scattered apart
in search of
another receptive inner world.”

“What happened to the home that was yours?”

“The lake froze over
The forest is paused –
didn't you hear?”

“Has the battle ended?”

“No – the heart has stopped
mid beat
nothing is moving
not a thought
not an intention
not a want.”

Another listened
as he could,
in his remote manner,
solemnly.

The messenger went on:
“The lake is frozen
the forest is covered
from trunk to root
across the fertile soil
in a sheet of sparkling ice
the leaves that rustle in the wind of life
have left the branches naked.
What was once
our mystery
is not
the secret land of wealth
accessible to those above.
We do not know what they will do
when they fall through
into a shallow one-foot pothole
stopping there.”

6-11-15

I was someone
she dissolved
from a mountain
to a naught
first she built up
like a cyclone
then she did it
then in torrents
she fell back
into the ocean
'coming flat
and come undone
she is no one
mannequin
facelessness
not even being.
Inside my hollow
self is only
what is done
an action one
another then
I fight against
the impulses
of how it feels
in reaction
to all these steps.
There's facelessness
there's what is done
and nothing else.
The cycle spun
forever at the
same time done
and just begun
forever living
is the story
that I was
the fantasy
that swirled inside
until I gave
up everything
that I could get
for it to come
out play in full
and when it reached
its fullness it
was crystallized
and then there was
no more to be
achieved.

And when
it saw its crystal
mirror it
exploded
vaporized
and what was left
was all the ocean
where's no form
where's primordial
life
and non-life.
On the seam
between the two
the two are one
for the membrane's
a paper screen
one atom thick
might be a trick;
two holding hands
of east and west
diverging di-
rections that come
together in the end
(always we think
about the end
we almost hear
the final note
that rings of it).

6-14-15

Most of my struggles come
from an incomplete understanding
of myself,
specifically,
myself as humanity.

“Everyone dreams in their own way”
“But the problem may come when you see
that you're dreaming and want to aspire
to live in reality.”

So you come to believe that it *is* that
and your mind starts forcing its view
imposing another life atop
concrete and animal laws.

But that can last only so long.
The cold sun always breaks through
and shines its light onto our wrinkles
and all we blur in mood lighting
cast in the realm of seduction
(every time you are seduced
be sure to remind yourself
you are under some illusion
you can't see).

I've always wanted to say
with too much strong-held pride
that I do not need any dreaming –
without casting my dreams aside.
Watching every actor
get comforted by their beliefs
of themselves in whatever light is most pleasant
within the unearthly dreams
they inhabit,

I have always sneered at that,
looked instead at the hard sun
(always a very forced turning)
and claimed I do not need one
of my own.

But this morning I'm comforted by
(after feeling so much like shit)
the same exact IV
trickling into my bloodstream
and triggering numbing relief
with an opiate balm.

(No matter what, I am fighting,
following,
working through an algorithm
and it only takes a knock
from another mind to make me see

that there is another view
and I could've dropped the shit
or not even entered the level
or – if processed differently – quit.)

A little more of humanity
is every day revealed
and a little closer to earth
come my feet
as I am one
and my head comes to recognize
its own pride
and defeat.

The knot of me
is a failure
wishing to be the alpha
and hating all those who are able
who were thrust into it with ease.
The more I'm revealed before myself
the less I want to see.
Rather would I turn off the sun
and take the opiate I need.

6-17-15

The Bells of War

I hear loud the clamor of war
in every word and every laugh.
In every motion of passing bodies,
war's in the air between.
It isn't calm where it doesn't rub quite right.
I'm moving angled, you move right.
The air flows treacherous, for
all of movement is but war.

Every face in contact passed
could kill me if a button's pressed.
This must be instinct while you're walking in the sun.
I'd say it's safer, in a way, in the dark.
Then, the collective relaxes.
If you're out of step with rhythm, the drum,
best keep the band at bay.
Each knock tolls sharper the bells

of warfare in the air.
The melody of wartime bells is all I hear
and all that's spoken.

Who said we can't understand the many, many languages?
They're one: to kill I kill kill you you all
spit sneer and snarl.
The bells of civil war
civilized war
battale du joir
all hours smally fought and never rested.
Sleep and you are bested,
tested every time you step and speak too slow.

The thing most maddening is
what is spoken over truth
of what it is that's happening.
Profound connection to the universe?!
The universe's killing me!
Killing me! Killing me!!
Everything flings vomit full of hate
while screaming "go away!"
Rejection
an ousting
from everywhere ever.
I sever the tie to the place and run
and stay
and I do not come out to fight the war.
I learn so I won't have to anymore
and can stay on top instead
on the ninth floor where it is quiet and calm.

The battling instincts inside my presence
are simple impulses
mammoth auras
of vague archetypes:
the urge for love
with its hope
stretching out of its pool like a slender arm with graceful fingers and an open palm
beneath the bells of war
heard far too late
the clashing
ringing
cacophonously
through the silence and peace
and steady calm.
Motion is war.
Speaking is war.
Looking is war.

Talking is war.
Every molecule is at war
with every molecule
in this bath.
How to ignore every micro wrath I ever feel
hitting every inch of my surface and sometimes striking in?
Tell me where is the love in this?
Where's the love they speak of
these civilized cretins?
Those millionaire distants
holed up smartly?
These unemployed hipsters
surviving by art
like the Real World,
ignoring the real world,
creating their own
without foresight to flourish but by temporary emotion
and uncontrolled impulse for glory and comforts
sensations and ease and laziness
masked by the thrift store party dress?
By the alcoholics who cope to never fight with what dulls; now
I understand the mind
and the other mind
and the other mind
and the motivation behind
that must (for peace's sake!) be satisfied
lest they eat you alive
in respect to the first demand:
protect yourself,
for "no good deed..."
is too true

in the ongoing war of agendas
where everyone's threatened
where the insecure
will fight it loudest subconsciously
while crying fashionably for the end of war.

Joy

Joy is eternal
and underneath,
behind all the faces
all the forces
breaking you down
in the universe's process
of trying to destroy you
you are built.

This moment of joy
that's fully clear sighted,
an impossible crystal,
has no strong emotion
but wonder at life,
all it can be, as it is
with its refusal to oblige one's glass-bound dream.

Joy connects the disparate pieces
tying them into sense
out of senselessness.
There was a mystery
to the symphony sometimes appearing
that now was (obviously) breaking free.
Joy's the conductor

the ghost and magician
the impulse unseen
the reason for this,
a reason that, like our own reasons,
needs no explanation.
He waves his hands
and worlds are created.
They break down
into fuzz without mold.
It's the same we can do
with our lives –
hold the material,
stand in the middle,
retry.
It only takes acclimation
to failure
which when we are young feels new
because no one could tell us beforehand:
we had been living a dream life avoiding it,
and it always was waiting,
among the true,
until we were ready.

Joy binds together
all that we hate
and separate
with love,
and not in a flowery, faraway sense,
but in clear-eyed, hard-grounded, indifferent life,
the same of mundane today
on our cold still planet
where sound vibrations
ring clear in thin air –
like the rim of a glass,
untouched but available,
in wait on the floor of a dark open room –
in the midst of a still
infinitely colder
emptiness stretching
beyond and beyond
sometimes punctured by alternate points of perception,
like people who putter
about in their yards,
in their heads,
hardly ever exchanging a world.

Here we are,
we who do not need to be,
we who are
the eternal mystery.

7-03-15

Holding a world on the tip of my hand
nobody can see
made of an unaccepted perspective
(with which some will agree)
to Earth's current frame that can't don
what I, a member of Earth, put forth.
Tell me, how was this so arranged?
I exist but remain unheard
drowned by a din of trendy aesthetic.
My land is beauty
my land is peace
my land is to love
and to follow
the nature of things
in spite of the surface rules
enforced by our long-accepted kings:
Gravity and Indifferent Wind,
to whose reign we have long adjusted
with conquest of limited terrain
feasting upon a banquet of fallen spirits
snuffing to swords softer impulses
and now our swords have grown more subtle
to be kind words atop a hollow,
to be a framework for separation
of natural love and the human station
for the survival of our bodies –
but I fight mightily for the survival
of a long forgotten way
that's falling
in the war my love keeps fighting.

7-04-15

How is one part of myself
looking out the bus window at nighttime
writing this
when next to me lies a book
another part will pick up in a minute?
Answering two separate calls
two lives
as two thousand fifteen and our highest hopes compel.
Is it the first time in history
we have wanted everything

and found it was hard to come by?
Now artificial minds are smarter
almost.
Humanity - the notion - dissolves
but our emotional selves stay babies.
"Is there anyone out there over the age of four
and without a personality disorder
or a guitar?"
I should say I'm looking for,
the part of me that wishes we had time.
The part that left the book has paused.
The part that wrote a book is crushed.
The part that works a dead end job is exhausted.
The one trying to quit confused.
And it's a shame that I hate meetings!
My team calls the strong arm in too often
rather than seeking a resolution,
rather than one of them stepping down
for they all make good points
but the manager, he would have to be a manager,
make some cuts
and promises:
"We'll get back to you, heart, in a few years -
hold your breath."
Somewhere there's a well
just when you need it.
When you need to be chipper,
that you are
because that's what casts the safety net of a personable demeanor.
A few years prior I would've scoffed at the inauthenticity
and spoken my mind.
Well I really authentically need to survive
and I can't leech off another being
in conscience.
My family's definition of that word is so stringent;
there are no hidden lines where
what you say means nothing and the hand rubs the erogenous zones and egos the right way
and moves its body to light's play.
No, we are stoic
per history.
It's painful to admit you're a fragment - only - of humanity
and crossed
with between each polar shore an ocean of major shifts
but for so long didn't know who you are
and the knocks into foreign beings
stir your heart counterclockwise
when clockwise is what was needed
Complain and complain and complain.
Dissect the burden in a negative way.

Don't pay attention or give it the time of day.
Pick a name
and be defeated, I hate to say.
No, I will never.
I would rather
grow the world's most egregious ego
than stop being no one,
uncategorizable:
Not Russian not Jewish not Catholic Polish
not writer or artist
and not a professional
no one
no one
no one
no living stereotype
is my name
no matter my age.
It is the hardest
for everyone
has become
a hippie
a doctor
a dancer
an artist
a songwriter
programmer
and all of these groups
hate each other
for highlighting
all of the routes that each never took
or lent an ear to
because, truly, all are true in their way.
All have something you should hear to say.
But you don't have time in 2015
and if you stand in between
you won't move.
Thus the war,
the war of ways
fought upon earth
but, most concerning, in myself,
inside my psyche.

7-07-15

I have been guilty of thinking myself
above humanity
with no need
to be part of a story.
But if I accepted
my insignificance
and subjection to chance
then I would understand
the need
to create a fiction
of meaning
out of my day to day and everybody's day to day
and think more of how our fictions cross.
To understand anyone
read their book.
Some are fragments,
loose phrases spoken in reaction
to passing phases
of the phenomena
we are daily subjected to
and naught more.
The ultimate question remains in our ears:
why Earth?
We maybe have found the nature of In.
We maybe have found the eternal moment.
Yet still we find ourselves here.

07-17-15

A Moment

Let me recapture a miniscule moment:
everything that was high –
I told myself it was so.

And everything closer to ground –
 bobbing my head to these earthly tunes,
 this raging, grainy guitar
 with these bodies that stand in this field
 on the planet Earth among Earth's own trees,
 but, mostly, with coarser emotions
 than those come across more rarely in stratosphere,
 that go down smoother,
 wreak less havoc on body
 for their quicker digestion –
I told myself it was that, too.

...and it slipped in
and slipped right out...

Both are a dream, tunes themselves,
entering sound out of mute and back to
across the fuzz screen
buzzing nothing when hung between stations.
And our whole life is a tuning
of that machine
to stations that feed us
what forms our antennas can recognize.

How much out there in all of creation flies by us
because we are partially made by nature
and can only perceive certain types of formations?
Even on Earth we do not have omniscience!
How many animals best us in radiance?
How can we know how *they* perceive?
There may be whole casts of mind floating by around
that are totally foreign
and so seem like nothing –
all of this air for these lower beings!
There are so many ways to perceive, that
human history could be overturned
and restructured as a whole other story with the flip of a single switch
in a moment of fortuitous chance and right circumstance that reveals something new.
For all of our truths led us to other truths,
and this they continue to do, our discoveries.
What *would* our gray fuzz do if it *could* construe
something out of all available?
Maybe there is no blank space, and the endless bombardment

again looks like fuzz – all that which makes sense –
when taken in whole from farther away.

Circles and circles!
cut down to choices
from all that is possible
to perceive anything.

Maybe the emptiness we reach at the fringes of space
with so much relief
is our own
in escaping ourselves
to breathe in a realm our beings cannot flourish in.

Pierce human thinking –
with awe you may see
there is no core to the mechanism
where we hoped to find standing something unique.
But we are process on process repeated near infinitely
and have made other processes that stand naked and reveal the degree
to which we are nothing but they –
and who feels the awe overwhelming that moment
of stark realization
as crumble our notions
of the long held-to cast of humanity?

All that's defined what it means to be human –
our acts

- of war
- our sex
- the way we prepare and enjoy our meals
- and music and beauty and all supposedly useless ornamental things
- and, for those, our strivings

the tapestry weaving humanity
to present to existence and cry, “this we are!”
But against what screen?
Upon what stage?
From whence the material for shaping emerged?

Your English words ring clear in my ears
and mine in yours.
Let's talk about what we watched on TV.
Distantly, an atom hears
this passing phase,
light years and light years ago.
A distant corner of the mind.
That's where I'm hiding now

That mysterious floating "I"
on Earth identified as an electron
but we think that we and everything
are trillions.
Well, we are.
We are an ocean, then...

Tell me what is space.
It is one mind
spanning everywhere
and awareness floats from one space to the next,
crossing galaxies
without expending time.

From so, so far away
across a quiet
up on high
the passing scenes of Earth across the body I'm connected to
sound like murmur voices
all languages identical
movements miniscule
no matter where or why or how.

From here it is more simple
to understand the Earth.
My body did not for a long time....

I saw a man as I walked from the park
on my way to the doctor's,
a move every cell in my body opposed,
but I don't listen to the army anymore.
He lay on a bench.
He was long and white,
thin,
leather pants strapping him in
in the midst of July
and decades my or my father's senior,
I heard him cry:
"I'm free! Damnit I'm free!"
Then growl like an animal

and writhe from whatever he imbibed or assailed him
when already behind me
as I tried to catch the look in his eye
without meeting his eye,
walking from my interview
for another government job,
still young
but not so I don't learn
there's no freedom on Earth
and to be born
is to be born into slavery.
Death is the only freedom,
and that freedom we're all assured.
Life's what's temporary....

Restructure redefine redo
everything you are
to know that *it* cannot be destroyed.
No matter what, you have something to play with.
No matter what, you have a chance
at rebirth.

One mind,
reaching everywhere
spanning all distances without the expenditure
of time.
This mind is tied to Earth
and also sees it from the distant
point of a star cluster nebula
in the unformed regions of space
where dwell profound silence and simple thought
(what is thought?)
without human encumbrment.
To this point don't now look small
quiet miniscule
and muted
dreamlike.

Life's a video game.
Press restart on your part
of the mind whenever you want.
What on Earth did we do before this genius idea
of dying to try again!?

Who has time to think about love
when they have to go to work?
When they have to take masters classes to stay at the crest
or drop the game and instead complain
that the world isn't fair and left them behind
and go smoke a joint play the video kind instead
pushing back as far as it will go the nag of rejected ambitions
while their counterparts or life they did not live
fights the invisible war and accumulates battle scars and results of constant stress?
Who has time for love the thing we often are told of
is the pinnacle of human ways
as older generations harp that love is a verb
and I would love to love but there are
24 hours in the day
and who is going to love if no one survived to give their love away?
And who can think of love if they were first born into a lower station
of a world system not one bit eliminated
despite what we want to say
and all that assails them daily before love even has its chance to creep over
(because love often comes slow)
is serving people complaining of their graduate programs
20 hours of every day
in their ears as they drive the bus that carts the asses producing identical shit
(doubled even by their mouths);
hell, I for sure would want to tip it
over that bridge every single day
and feel no qualm that there was any great loss to the world -
from the babbling identical rich elite
or me - but one - who, unlike they, have long known my drop among the ocean.
Who has time to find the ocean inside a single drop?
Love runs parallel to our circumstances
but when it strikes we are tempted to integrate it.
For me, personally, this has proved one after another exercise in futility.
So who has time or the means or - still - would we be lacking some ability?

7-14-15

Here I am again, across the green church,
my favorite, like this time last year.
But now the flavor is not what it was,
even in this glorious weather.
I am not as excited and it's not as new.
You cannot hold on to a faded image,
the shell of what you used to do.
Retrace your steps; they will not bring you back.
Nothing can. Only the new
might contain what you found in the old.
So here I am once more, in the scenery
but it is not that place at all.
Tomorrow I'm moving on to another city
already.
Walking in the park by night will be different
if I even do it this iteration.
I may return in the same location
but no longer in such isolation.
More nights will be spent around the city,
elsewhere, I can already see,
even if I move back here;
over the fulcrum where your life spins,
you don't have much control.
If you have changed,
everything else has changed as well.

7-15-15

Neonates
on our first day
you and I
talking over a hobby.
We arrive
in the night
as strangers
obscured, the path behind each of us.
Through these flowery words,
hours of light jokes,
dissection of films,
casually admiring varying viewpoints
(as we don't have to have them)
we cannot tell
who we are
or why we are here.
Keep these up
for longer we'll think
we're here for identical reasons.

From cloudy gray marble
we tend to form perfect mirrors.
As time goes over
it is revealed
as our beliefs diverge.
Maybe we came undifferentiated.
Maybe we met at a crossroads
and these hopeful mirrors
that proved to be skewed
when we tried to force clarity
out of what just isn't true
separates us
along splitting roads.
At the cross
at the bar
we are never who we are
in the meeting of minds.
Our hope ignores
the parting of beings
we were all along
obscured by the nights of philosophy
where it's easy to turn everything
into an abstraction.
People with lower IQs
tend to know this from the beginning,
as they are rooted less so
in the air -
more in what is here,
how it actually works
and so are not surprised when their intellectual friends
discover simple truths
the world was laughing at all this time
while they were wrapped in philosophy.
We are so
naïve
when we meet
in the corner
away from it all
thinking we can escape a world
that we drag with us wherever we go.
It slips under the cracks
and joins us for beer,
waiting,
sleeping,
lurking
'til our minds run out of drugs
to keep us high on the magic
of superficial unity.

Make me unmake me.
A longing's enough
to create a whole life.
One impulse on ground in confusion
instantaneous blur of ignition and flame
unavailable for comprehension
while changing its meaning, decision, version
with each lick flecking the oxygen.
Unforming reforming
a million worlds in this nebula,
never deciding, the cacophony finally dying
leaving a single conclusion no world could've guessed:
a rocket speeding
into the universe.

Moment of ignition,
oh what are you
to set my ship free?
One light of the match is enough to set it roaming
the whole vast universe once again.
These past few months
unformed and reformed was I
'til the burning slowed.
Now I'm in possession of a whole long life
I cannot call mine.
For I do not want one or need one.

My life is for you,
Another,
even if you are gone
or asleep to the truth
which I hold:
the center is not a brain
a mission a scientist a writer an artist.
At the center sits no desired path;
it is only the echo of you.

7-20-15

Make me unmake me.
Change me unchange me.
Who I was temporarily
I no longer am.
She's a shadow. She's a lesson.
She's a gathering of sand
flying over deserts,
fleeting in the grand scheme of her self-perception.

Make me out of wet clay
crumble me apart.
Clear the curtain backdrop
of a faceless gathering,
a mere storm cloud,
Calypso,
a nobody whom nobody
knows how she will go.
One year ago
this same form flew a different flag.

All that's "right" is right right now.
Knots are only meant to be
seen, experienced, but never solved.
The solution is dissolving.
The answer lies in distance.
Dreamlike pass the faces
as she slips out from a scene
into another after blankly wandering
amid nothing and no agenda
nothing to be doing,
waiting for a cue.

Made me it's unmaking me.
Do not be surprised
if next year you ask "do I know you?"
I feel that I am changing
always rearranging
but it may all be internal;
for they say, "you're still so you."
It's the mechanism hidden
underneath a certain humor,
underneath a way of acting,
underneath a taken role.
One day it works like clockwork,
recites its precise rules.
Last year it worked like artwork
singing spiritual truths.
The framework rearranges
while the surface remains smooth
seeing the happening,
on it constantly remaking,
and always awed by change.

My last few fantasies of our life together were especially nice
as I lay in bed,
smiling alone, laughing at what you said,
quipping a perfect response out loud.

The last few sand grains
have already crossed the etched on line of no return.
I still fight with my claws sunk into the fabric
when it is long absurd.

My attachment remains to a shadow
belonged to a flower
that cropped up in a concrete yard
and died as suddenly,
seeing it stood alone.

7-22-15

I want to build an homage to him
so I step as he steps and I think as he thinks
and defend him, sayin it's right.
Where in this am I? Where did I go?
By reflecting his face to him I negate
the differences between us,
unwittingly, I fear, killing just that which would draw him near.
It is love
with no place in a human affair,
in marriage, in family, in fight between sexes.
I get off when we agree; but most would want some friction.
Why was I so made
to destroy myself.
Every time I meet you I'm someone new
broken down to fit the image you come this time to me through.
But I wouldn't have to do anything
save for being selfish
and fearless in my pursuits
rather than commonsensical,
like my more whimsical friends tend to do.
This degree isn't right for me.
This degree won't make me happy.
It interests me with its theory
but doesn't fit what I am
and so will be another uphill climb

ending the same way it ended last time
when I fled the place without reason or rhyme,
afraid to pursue what's mine.
Because who can think of mine in this
changing economy restructuring
except for those who follow their bliss
or who never were told, were never exposed.
Nobody does the thing they love.
99 'cent settle down for comfort
and after the hardship and stress you must handle alone,
I must say, it's not a bad plan.
Because being a writer's a risky deal.
You either sell out or write for yourself
and if you're as true as you can ultimately be -
reaching impossibly far into the stratosphere
where nobody has been that before
and you brave it -
you may not sell enough for a meal
and what good's a banquet when you cannot eat?

7-23-15

In the last days, it was insanity
me spinning around you, you spinning around me
every echo mirroring your words
your eyes bright
round and aglow
my every step was first your thought
your every thought in my head also
the things I do I know when
I do them you do too
in your private sphere
I cannot cross to
never touching
across the aching mirror
trembling from the matched vibrations
of two distinct ongoing lives
that beg to be united
an intention of mine
sits right with you
if we add we'll multiply
what we produce
by the law that sum of parts
is less than its new whole

7-24-15

Trapped beneath the gruel again,
you cannot win your love.
Rubbing faces every day -
We're in the wrong arrangement.
You don't put a mom and child inside
an office and tell them to be impersonal;
put the bond away during the day for the sake the company and your pay.
No it doesn't work like that
Robots should work
And folk should pursue
What they love to do
For the greater good of the world
Having conquered their basic problems
Or help conquer basic problems where they still are
Or solve the new ones emerging,
Concentrate on the future of where we are going,
For look around - we have changed
Completely
For better or worse
And we cannot live the same without sacrificing
Humanity for a lifelessness and overexpression of animalistic tendency
Like the distant past.
Expand
Into the future we go
To other places
To different ways to do
To a better framework for *all*
acknowledged needs, now that we are so close
To understanding humanity.

7-28-15

This sleeping language so little heard
in daylight over motions
yet calls out with its tinny tune,
sounding the kernel of mystery,
the hint of something never seen.
Only the brave dare to plunge in....

The stiller you stay by the pond
the deeper you wander in and away
the clearer and more cohesive the notes
until they are strung into a song.
The moment it emerges in its fully flowered form,
you come to know your heart
as the eternal mystery.
Does it strike you as it strikes me?
Inside you resides a being
who's living by a language
unique to all the world,
ignoring every rule of it,
not one bit needed by its bodies or its plans or its trajectory.
Stranger, stranger Heart,
forgive me; I behold
your other's language
bow along
to the rules that form your world,
terrain I've understood today is foreign
I had traveled overseas,
awoke upon another planet,
misinterpreted its culture
with my mind.

Low tones ring like the newest bells
I have never heard
From a distant home
That speaks a language I had not known
That called out to me my life long.

Follow it
Follow it
Until you hear the song
From the notes
That creep in through your speed
Ing motions
Moving to get somewhere
This actor residing inside don't care for
He is there
He is there
Him you never know
Singing how it should go
With words that can't be understood
By the world at large or another aching heart

His world is wide
His world cries loud
To be heard
Over the noisy din
And only the brave will
Only the brave plunge in
To the eye of the storm
And see the eternal mystery
Is not their mind
At
All
But the foreign tongue
Lisping love songs
From the chamber of instruments
We do not yet know
Out here
On the blue green and white sphere
Getting colder and colder
And faster and drier
The longer we spin
Nowhere.

Oh save us alien
With the ways in
Side
of
you.

My call goes on forever
not bounding back towards me like it did before,
searching for that single mirror
inside the universe. All that space
must contain it somewhere....

I will never come home again
in this life.
Everything is broken open;
every note pours out another world
I had not beheld before.
And like it comes, it goes.
Its disappearance into the fold
is true for good.
When something comes back out
it is always new.
Like a song, not a note can ever be identical to what we heard before.
Even in minutest details it is something else,
whether in the space or with the listener himself,
for time is, too, a factor.

Vector for my heart,
I've long since sped on
and am not where I was months before
when we stood face to face and overlaid identically.
I will never return to such same home
in this same life,
but instead will find the world
with all its variations
all its different eyes
sparkling in its dying organisms.

How to qualify or convey the inner experience?
It is impossible. It cannot be done.
The only knowledge to content me
is that there was nothing I could do,
as I *did* throw out my heart.
And you will never hear it as I meant it.
And I do not know why
I heard and saw it as I did.

My call goes on forever
a ray out into space
from a widened gaping hole.
It cannot come back to me.

You,
my You
in this life,
it pains me to see you
moving so far away,
living so far away
you are only an echo,
but always an echo.

You
are playing in shadows
with different characters
behind your Kabuki screen.
I hear their voices
and hear your love
separately, and distantly.
Worse,
I hear you fight, and break,
begin to hope again....

You
my You,
tell me why
you cannot come to terms with me.
I no longer do anything
but fling out what is my
spinning spark producing machine
in front of everyone
without regarding you.

My You,
you have so far -
I have chosen the one to cross
not a part but *all* the world that can be,
the ultimate challenge and
the ultimate willingly taken pain
for the ultimate test of human love to see
if it's what it claims to be,
like one becomes a parent consciously.
Oh why
is my You
an explorer
he does not yet know he is
and might never be;
a reluctant explorer who could
go about his life saying "there's no need
to cross
each state of existence
to only end up where you are",

(and that's true)
so he climbs
the ladder
of the many
standing loudly and brightly beckoning hands to grasp the bars,
be tricked
into the crowd
riding the horizontal escalator.

You
I have placed before the question,
"Why go against the entire grain?
It makes no sense
when I could have an easy life,
take any one of a million,
and bask in my ninety-five;
I'd even be okay
loving an eighty-eight.
But to strive
for a pinnacle
just for a challenge
that, no less,
makes me move across the entire world
when instead I could stay and have it okay?
Well that's insane!"

You,
my You,
will you cross to me?
You will find exactly who
you see today
passing your way,
bringing out some inner tension
you've left unexamined
and cannot realize is just that very call.
But when you do
after you've crossed
all there is to cross
your eyes will be new
and you will do
all that never would've come from who you are.

You
will one day find
archives of all that I have written
will drop your cast
and think of nothing
but the racing

to the past
to reach a lost civilization.

8-04-15

It makes me fine
it makes me still
beside you all my cells do quiver
as we dangle on the edge
around a pane of glass
where on the other side's
a life we almost lead
but just do not
living identically across
the crystal that makes us for us so visible.

Is it the conflict?
Is it the pain
of going against my own grain?
Or is that squeezed from the fruit made ripe
by the day spent by your side
if I did not would my fine points dull?

It makes me fine
it makes me tremble
it makes me sensitive to every molecule
of thought that brushes across my skin
just one and I perceive when it goes in
that one there – I can map them
along my self
another point pricking from the air
where that man is waving and at his face
I see fall into another story
some are so short
others go on for miles
that couple have very similar faces...
that couple walks holding hands
and *I* have to not react.
Is it not the time? Is it simply that?
What to do what to do
with desire?
I have run around its track
fallen in been its victim pushed it expelled it
and come around back and back.
What more can I do?
I wait
and wait
hanging

living every state blowing through.
How many inimitable scenes will you grant me
out from the writing endless story?
It will go on forever
and I won't write close to it all.

8-07-15

blink and regain your presence

double take - you are here

where were you last second?

every moment - another life

the space between blinks
houses a you in blank
why do you fear the blank when
most of the time you are nothing
only when you remember
to be somebody, you are

I lived several lives today

every life is tied around a scene

I blink and the world reforms

most of the time it is sleeping

creation is sleeping
so why do I fear
my death?
I only do when I stand so near
its companionate archway
recall that I am
from whence I had just come
gazed into the world outside
and now for a tiny moment
I realize the world is mine
spilling out from my heart
a pinprick in a light

a tiny arranging mold
laughable is the fight
laugh forever
at your fights
making up your life
a life of daily struggles.

Put it away
drift on
to the tow
of the shore
of the soul
oh there is no shore to be had
there is space and serenity
there is remembrance and forgetting.

It is a very strange sense
to remember yourself
over and over a hundred times in a day
reconstructing the memory
of your self
the strangeness is found in the empty space
where "you" is a joke
and all sentences
aimed to say
"you" are "such"
place a divide
in vain that the gales
blow easily down

8-10-15

Existence is malleable always
and this morning I move slow.
Last week I could not stay steady
along the surface (I did below).
I drift I drift I drift
through the sea of memory
forgetting awakening relapsing into being.
The gate that always stands there
through it I might always fall
and if I end up out here
I have no idea how.
Long term memory shot.
Conflicts have turned into states.
I'm living a series of them.
Outwardly, varying moods.
But I drift and drift today
a day to breathe deep and slow and sink.
What will come out of the nameless swirl?
I fear a life can't; only pieces.
Under the flowing senses
of all my internal receptors
fluctuating like a light show
I practice remaining alive.
Oh how hard to let go
but I have to let all go.
Always a base of anxiety.
Always interpretation
no matter how close you get to the blank.
There always has to be something.
There always has to be noise.
It all is very superfluous.
Too hard cut these words.
They're callous cold and curt
dividing infinity up into chunks
chopping out the finer shades to fit our best resolution
our only perception.
From so far away our perception -
a ham sandwich photo taker
hammy hands grasping at silk and traces of stardust too far away.
Slow. It is slow inside me.
Away this state will go.
Maybe in an hour.
Maybe after i drink this coffee.

8-10-15

I can't fly with my fantasies
anymore
Every time I think of you I snap
back
The dream life flourishes at my side
in its stream of lovely expressions we could have
The life I so long clung onto
is crumbling into a fade
I hear its echo
In the distance
Its cohesive story breaking
now remaining smaller pieces
that will soon be artifacts
And where will I be
when it's finished
for I was
in the power
of my want
I was inside the story
living at my side
And now that I don't want a story
will I be left with no story?
I have come upon the station:
there's nowhere for me to go.

This way
it is quietest inside me
Not in stillness of the senses
nor in stillness of the mind
not in the blissful relaxation
but which stillness is so still
it can't be sensed
and when it happens
it's like blinking back awake
and shaking off your head
getting back to work
a new you.

I have come up to the end
again.

I live a story of transient flavors,
Intricate as a winery
Irreplicable between every season
And unable to be recaptured.
Expressed and in flower as they are drunk down,
Their only chance to be known
Their only chance to come alive - through the storm of your senses and your mind.
You are machinery for latent chemistry
To pay homage to universal laws.
Your gift for retrospective makes you feel distinctly human.
And as you watch the eras on the water or in the lab or upon the screen,
At different rates, you see humans are changing far too fast.
I long, I long, with romantic earnest,
To write each moment down,
To paint the page with the colors of sky I cannot quite see
As an homage to the inspiration evoked inside the machine by those which my partial eyes do.
It is impossible to convey the beauty of passing states
And how they change from one to the next with imperceptible grace.
Every moment that I wake up again,
I retrace the patterns taken within my brain,
I must recall you - and you take your effect again.
The muse will never know its place inside an incommunicable story,
Living as it does its life separately, a real other human
Never grasped by the beholder.
How is it true that I have no manner to place my very life outside my expressions
Which are so poorly aligned with the restless unseen ferment that guides them?
And how can it be that most of my life will pass by, clouds contained in a vessel, and disappear, only
existing when there is someone existing to see
Its show and that someone is only one
And that one cannot grasp even one percent of all that's beheld and is constantly overwhelmed by the
aching beauty of passage of such subtle states as no painting can mimic in soft emotions and so one
tries to break the human language and forms to reconform into more representative strokes for
conveying what lies behind the mind and until they do resemble nonsense but *almost* something
solidifying out from the brew?

8-14-15

Transcendental Mannequins

Come into it with me at the end of our days
Our stories are over
Our skins touch at last

I'm no one
You're no one
In this empty play
Where's the game?
Oh where's the game?
It ended yesterday
Just when I wanted it the most

I'm everyone
You're everyone
As we begin unfolding
A world is born and lost
Another one will come

Don't fret when it evaporates as if it never was
Tomorrow you will find it
But I'll be someone else
And you'll be someone else
And we will reenact the tale again in some new variation

Donning other costumes
Stroll among a hall of tunnels
That seem to be eternal
Yet we know only appeared
And before we can exhale our breaths will disappear again

Taste another story through my template
I through yours
A shadow mirror serving to distort and entertain
I am done
And you are done
What is left to do?
Build and tear down systems for the rest of our days

What remains of structures that before we took this whiff of us seemed static, still as statues?
Finite free material for infinite ways

Theory

A single word evokes a feeling
recolors this static room
briefly ignites a world
like a bloom
springing out of blinding black soil

wires cross
call to each other
from shores
throw their lines across oceans
shout hurrah when caught
zipline straight, abandoning,
to unexplored land

speak "India"; there flashes
instantly a life
available at the tips of my fingers
meanwhile I remain
seated at this table
still inside my brain
and not a droplet changed

flashes feeding inspiration
not merely for entertainment
redefine existence
and uncover what can be

if everybody's partial
each embodied entity
lives it out in isolation
as expressed Aldous Huxley
who was himself no visionary
but stepped into such a world -
and a visionary feeler
who for all their gifts of color
lacked his grounded view of fact -
but touched a mind-too-foreign's sands

then by throwing out what's in us
so each other we may study
and assimilate new "poison"
(which, the word, we did invent)
would, then, bit by little bit
empty spaces in each one
become fleshed out with new perspective
and new *ways* to wave hello
and would each single mind get closer

to being fully formed from partial
though complete seems impossible
holes could close and become fewer
(and the benefit, for skeptics,
is that which excites creatives:
there's more space for entertainment
more material for stages
exponentially more linkages
and breakage from the sages
becomes ours so we're not left
repeating words that pioneers
have decades past already said)
and through our slow-grown understanding
could we - though we never meet -
rather *be* ourselves the other
and the *other* become *me*
and if this carries to its ending
would not mind become complete
our sea of partial partially
blind entities who're interacting
on an accidentally
evolving sphere become a universe
of universes sitting
separately that are identical
side-by-side superimposed
until the other's me

8-17-15

All I have is my imagination
A seam between the worlds outside and in
I walk long tightrope oh so carefully
But inevitably I always fall in

Holding up a mirror to each window
Never does one other one reflect
I am bound to live inside both stories
But neither one can ever be correct

Oh underneath the concrete there's a chorus
Singing of what sunshine cannot hear
A melody painting reality as convincing
But indifferent winds won't lend it an ear

I met you on a day when I was nothing
You faced me standing on a distant shore
Across a sea uncrossable of

This does not slow down the underworld tale
The development of new mythology.

8-21-15

Everything horrible that can be
I have found in myself
and if I accept it in myself
I accept it in humanity.
It isn't mine alone. I touch
it, part of nature given all of us
wrapped in the code, unlocked
by light.

But today I can't look into any eyes
can't sense anything beyond my skin
I close my eyes and sit alone
wondering when it will pass
and noting that I have been here before.
Oh does it ever end? Or is this who I am?
I wonder most how they can pass
along the street, so wrapped in what is happening
inside their lives
while I care only for the clash inside me, all I see.

8-26-15

A million times I was high
I never noticed
In the moment
It was just a subtle state
Where every feeling was another shade
And the framework was rearranged
And I saw other parts of the world.

A million times I was high
And boy am I glad to be down on the ground
And know it is over (for now)
It sharpens your mind
To waver between the difference
I see the mind that was there before
Without my notice subtly it'll take over
And send me into another world
For hours or days or weeks or months or years

A session is broken into cycles
Dips and rises
Dips come at your relief
But while you're still in the system
You don't *quite* land
And the rises, they may be peaks
Or they may be circles of deeper hell
You are locked inside your perspective
It always is something
Because you always still are
And if you were nothing
You would be free.

8-31-15

The little hell inside me
That goes with me everywhere -
Every day's another chance
To know its algorithm.
Does it ever go away?
Can the structure be defeated?
Is *my* hell so much larger
Or the only one who came in his own clothing to the party?
Does he need a voice be given?
I can see the steps repeating
As I do again the dance
Now thankful for the chance to practice.
Practice makes perfect technique
For taming my monsters on their leashes
Born to the role of dog walker

(One turns around and barks to me).
And I have seen their faces so many times
They have grown old and familiar
Nevertheless remain forces
And tints it's still hard to see past
Though I know they are only that
But I need a clear mind to reach my clear mind!
Otherwise the only fix is respite,
To wait til they get distracted or quiet
And one of the sneakier ones beats me up
For forgetting that obvious bit of common sense again.
From late this morning a view with a dozen escapes,
All of which I have already walked.
Life doesn't pause because you're missing something,
At least, all the other dimensions don't care.
And that's why, from a great distance, the call "it'll just happen" comes
But it do doesn't want to be rung clear
Through the little halls
Where over and over you get to know yourself
And it never ends.
No, there is no end to the shit that bubbles up
To the negativity which is tied to you so strongly
To your tendency to look at and describe it this way
Until it is all written down and abates
To the infantility seeming stronger than when you were a baby.
Look at all that is facing you:
Your inability to face reality
(*Why so strong in you?*)
Fear at taking a name
Conviction that everyone is dangling a sword above your neck
And the universe is coming to its end
If you don't save it
But one little move and you'll be the one who set it off
And that is the crux of it:
You look at *you* instead of looking at the world
That will go on.
You automatically think that the problem lies with you
And that is the problem.
Everyone else is an angel,
But, consequently, quietly resentful
Because you didn't place the weights into their proper places
And this base makes you so miserable
No wonder it feels you can't take it
And no wonder you wonder why everything went to shit
While on your shoulders.
You don't know they're not paying you enough
To fuck the whole thing up.

I feel like
Throwing myself onto the shore
Breaking apart into thousands of parts
And rearranging them all. If
In their new conformations I believe
So differently of the world, then who was I?
If she is lost where did she go?
And who is the new one?
Can some costume be dug back out from backstage
If it was more comfortable?
And why did I delve in so deep as if
Nothing could harm the brave who dare
To bring back to daylight what they have seen
Unconcerned how it leaves their mark on them.
Now washed upon the shore, the soft sands
I find in the seam of my own divide
(Pick your scenery. Any can be)
I can't say who I am anymore.
Cooler weather feels like a treasure
Upon my skin for the first time ever.
But I remember days like this
When I was new in last year's September
But not as new as I am now.
I was new but had continued from the summer.
Today this I is up in the air.
Somebody feels it like a baby.
On one side my body is dying.
On the other I'm coming out of the dark again.
This happens once a week at least of late
That I disappear into someplace in my head
Where the tapes roll loud
And scenes of the past come back
More vibrant than ever before
And I face a different pile of shit every day.
Crying at fall weather; panicking over a possible tumor; dipping into the pool where I'm fully alone
For I am the only one in this body
And I am the only one with access
To the indescribable drama playing out in there that I see directly clearly with my mind's eye but cannot
bring into the atmosphere for the doctors or family who would think I am crazy as I often worry
myself.

09-11-15

I got a gun
and an infallible compass.
They were in a little box down in my pocket.
I had forgotten.

I got a potent positivity pill
I had no other choice but to find.
I got a cheerleader who laughs at my panic,
loud-voiced to ground my feet with heavy-weight boots
that thud on the floor
over the roar of a rampaging mind.

I'm alone
setting out for a future,
defeated and slumped after World War One,
wanting nothing but to sleep for the rest of my life beside my love
in our garden's sun.

In a now historical era
I set out into wilderness, young,
naïve with a dream of my one.
And I found him
wrapped in his castle,
and guarding the door
gleaming beautifully under the sun
I used to light all of the visions that kept me goin'.

How I stretched out my hand....

How I tried all I knew....

How I lunged to catch all of the falling debris from a crumbling wall
guarding nothing.

In the senseless stone pile I discovered –
inside a clearing like the clearing I'd dreamed –
a long-nourished ending that seems to have always
from birth been stuck to my skin.

In the clearing I found not my treasure
but the tools for a long forest life
in search of no castle, but walking,
led by no vision as guide.

From deep in my gut I had to pull out the medicine
for the aching organ above.
There is no cure you'll find out there
in any advice you read
or in what you see.

No there is no cure in the fantasy.

What do I do now without one?
There is nothing more that I need.
A life made of clouds I'd long lived
has dissipated
and left me gone.
I have woven the tale again and again;
I'll remain here that long.

Why? Why? I can ask myself a million times
and never know
until sometime when this is five years ago
and the past is clear
and I comprehend *why*;
no matter how smart, today I am blind.

09-30-15

Quiet for weeks now;
Autumn passes
over in spare winds not even
monophonic; *that* would be
a new symphonic
whole not *really* present
'mong the leaves
against my window
where weakened sunlight
washes over in golden neutralities.

Beside my chair
swirl memories
on the floor in a plastic container;
I caught them from all around the air
but they'd calmed enough to fit in there.

Echoes of inner worlds behind me
still play on;
shadows humming faint the melody
of transmutation done.
Peer into the tunnel; tinny tunes
pipe up, the vestiges of endless too bright moons

that swung and swung
between way out there and nowhere
until your body knew no more.

“Here we are – oh, here we are – no,
here I am,”
said to the mirror –
no more Mirror,
thing that's living and unformed,
but just a mirror,
just a still and silent glass,
exactly what it was sold as,
resting silent on the wall.

Afraid am I
that this here road I'm staring down
is that of riches past now faded past return,
for I'm too old now not to know
you never know
just what you've stepped onto.
Could be a turn returns tomorrow
old wealth's sum in some form new
Or, just as well, it's the beginning of a road
that goes and goes
along a straight trajectory
for stretches of flat scenery
that see no end
and erase venues to return.
Who are *you*? is asked again
at who is there without his burn.

This, the unexpected fork
waiting calmly in the midst
of your full blown festivity,
might turn out an unwelcome truth:
this, the crest – the moment
you are celebrating hitting stride
inside the new and vibrant life that fell upon you suddenly
is – stark – the end
and once again your plans dissolve
and all you knew is temporary.
You step back, are wary
and resigned
in the place where it still pains you
in the place where you're still not yet you
an innermost uncertainty that means
there still is more
to break and be.

No matter how high you become,
you cannot overcome
an ignorance of yet one more ground floor,
of “how it goes”, the board upon which pieces move,
upon which even Queens must turn –
regardless of how primed for certain ends –
bends not even prophets see.

10-13-15

TL;DR: no matter how awesome you are you're still subject to the whims of blind chance.

In the underworld
I'm forever in love
already waving bye to you
again.

We met again
parted again.
Off you went
on your own way.

Deep beneath the happening,
all the happenshifts, below
I'm still
below a stretching freeform sky
and you've gone far already
as I am smiling
at our parting.

I knew it's bound
to be this way.
Lovers parted in the ocean
walking separately
when come out onto land again.

Pass me in the hall
you shyly look away.
Two unwitting bodies
and one imagination

drinking from a straw
dipped in another world
where neither you nor I are solid, stable.
But which we may watch like a movie
through the view into a window;
and the beautiful landscape
of a desert ocean crowned
stretched along the blurred horizon
underneath the ink blue shroud
is a world that's never moving.
It is spinning on itself
but isn't frozen
unlike ours,
rushing rushing on
to what can only be more none
or another stretch of highway
built for our escapes
or to another city built to link our pockets
to another stranger's snare.

In the place beneath the world
at the play I'm anchored to
we're so separated now,
I no longer see you
as you journey to discover
endless ancient mysteries
to bring them back to place
into our starved modernities.
I turn my back upon
the spot where I was standing
and write the tale again
as I now see was always meant to be
my role
and naught - none of the wanting -
more.

Here we go again.
Here we are again.
When will we repeat this?
The one who anchors asks.
The one who anchors laughs,
knowing who she is at last.

10-13-15
(to Daphnia)

Behind the surface
music constantly is playing.
Below our talking
(My talk is measured now,
Let out by a valve)
The story constantly is building.
The storm is brewing
And it spans across the cosmos,
Reaching all manifestations
And connecting them in whole.
Underneath our surface,
Where plays your warrior's pursuit,
I'm the chronicler of eras
And reformer of the sculpture,
Breaking down the arms,
Realigning heads,
Finding new relationships,
Using other trends
To hold ever more mirrors,
In hopes to catch the fleeting truth.
While you're on your trajectory,
Captaining a ship
From star to star to emptiness
And taking it all in,
Your face affixed upon the galaxy,
Turned from my scribbling hand
And muted sounds
I'm at your side
My back pressed up against your back
That pushes 'long my in-held world;
You're a god in the mythology
Structuring my land
But in the land where we are joined
Just our circumferences brush.

I'm in love with the destroyer of the world
With the harbinger of change
at the forefront of the wave.
As he soars I document
every conflict strain and blow
delivered underneath the skins
while every body is asleep
by his silent clever scepter
to preserve for all existence
the unraveled legacy
of age upon age upon age.
He moves, wide eyed, and unaware,
waking to more as he grows.
All billows out behind his steps,
and I, lone, follow, catching breath,
preserve the trinket at his toes
before his mind incinerates.

10-14-15

On Loneliness

You call it "God" because you cannot resolve
this purely human problem.
And its resolution often depends upon luck, not you.
Too often.

Flowery words and theories that span existence
spring into form from minds
that cannot find a cure for the plague
of yet another lonely winter.
There must be some explanation,
they say, concentrate, furrow their brows,
and set about to explain the world
from the atom to all
from the subatomic
finding new ways it is all connected,
escaping into the visions laying in store
and claiming they understand God -
but they must always return to carry on.

In how many tales do they stand at the pivot,
the choice, but return to the body which had been their own?
When we are born we are tied
and can only lean our heads out the infinite window
no matter what seems to be happening here.
In the moment of learning you forget you always are who you are;
you are simply stretching out.

Come back to teach your theory
to us still mired,
though we may understand
and nod in clear comprehension
of another most elegant model
and how it is tied to all others.

Then all in the room go home, well fed,
ruminate about it in bed,
fall asleep,
wake again to do very human and animal tasks
in eight hours.

Break through the glass roof again and again.
How many times must it awe you for you to understand
there is still nothing in it?
God? God is pure entertainment,
the way that you seek it.

I've spent years on that subtle call
only to find it was coming within,
to find it was of my origin
and I had forgotten,
so far we've been walked
along complexing patterns and shadows.
Only to find it was my own mind
and when I hear it a thousandth time
well after I have already died
it can't be called God or any even greater design.
I'm still left with the runaround everyone around me also is running
separate together;
stifles my cries,
giggles at all my artistic rearrangements
of plain old endless human loneliness
and its gnaw.

In the Quiet Night the Change Comes

It is in the quiet night –
the boring one
when you sit without entertainment,
about to break out of your skull
watching yourself make another round –

It is that quiet intermediate night –
when vast theoretical worlds fade
back into laughter
and nothing has changed
after a lifetime -
that the change comes.

How can you say what the change is?
You have done nothing between the moments,
yet it is real, albeit so subtle,
there are no words to describe what it is.
You are going the circle another time,
all old reactions repeating,
facing another lonely winter
you grudgingly see your more cheerful neighbors
have been weathering decades and on.

10-16-15

No, it is not a rebirth.
It is nothing spiritual.
It is only a dropping
Of some things unnecessary.
It is not the final answer
Of black or white;
It is, that was not the question
Glaring at you.
It is, you were living a story
So strong that it chained.
It is, you were playing one particular game,
Adding too many rules.
It is, how can you ever see it
Unless you take it apart from you?
How can you comprehend the land
When your feet rely upon it?
It is such basic assumptions
That you can no longer see,
They have infected so thoroughly.
It is the frantic tendency
To go about naming all you encounter,
Then turn to yourself and cry,
"But what is your name!?"
It is, you have forgotten to pause this process
In its inception.
It has been too long going on....
It has been too strong, your mind
Standing as the gatekeeper
For all from the world
Trying to get inside.

All of the old things must break down. All of them, all of them, all of the poisonous tendencies that keep me from enjoying my life. I have been in the darkness for such a long time.
Let it go, let it go, but my heart grips too tightly all that passes inside. It always has, for fear of losing, for fear of ever being alone.
So many thoughts have misguided me. Such a strange filter has accrued. It has led me to misinterpret the things I care about the most.
All of it, all of it must break down, and I am broken down.
How long will it take until I no longer walk around with a sad face?
I have been kept so low from a teenage knock. I have been tied into others' agendas. Everyone needs their meat to eat and I give them my own.
How long will I be kept so low?
How to train myself to let it go?
How to loosen grips of the claw that comes bursting out of my heart at a certain few?
How to not berate myself for what I tend to do.

11-03-15

Is there a we? The only we is the collective swarming inside of me.
When they quiet down and come together, they become a lonely I.

11-4-15

My window to the world is my own heart. In there I'll find all the bitterness, all the hatred and horrible possible deeds we could do,
And I'll understand them.

Who could love a bitter heart like mine?

Will the world ever discover the hate in my heart
When my tone is so soft and kind?

This is what I strike when I look within,
Then look without at all the kind, smiling faces around me.

My heart is a window into your own soul.

11-05-15

I'll never be lost
I'll never be lost again
In the cold, dead winter.
The world holds a secret: the seeming dead is, in reality, the most beautiful time,
For it is never easier to touch the stillness below
Than when the outside world is quiet.
In the barren night that falls suddenly
You are frantic, scrambling for slipping trinkets,
The flowers, the long days, the ease of spring
And abundant company.
System shock turns even music bland
And you think the right path is to fight against the tendency to fall into the unbearable silence that is
threatening to engulf your room.
So you give someone a call, or watch a video, or attempt to draw but it is too forced,
Yet something in you cannot let you consume the quick sugar happily.
When you feel yourself falling, fall.
Sink into the pull. Loosen resistance.
Your resistance is what keeps you so barren.
It is simple hibernation trying to have its say!
It is never easier to reach the underworld than by simply giving yourself away to the winter,
To the loneliness that frightens you;
Past this veil there is something more,
But first you must pass through.
To renew the world, touch the core.
To touch the core, slow down your breath,
Quiet your expectations, forget the seasons.

I didn't want this eternal flame.
I was content with permanent rest.
Searching was I for that union,
longing to lose, not to gain, a name.

Far from me,
you are far away,
my love.
From here I can't say you'll return in this lifetime.

When I'll want to,
I'll reach in, recall you
and glimpse to the other side
all the things I'll never touch.

I feel you
through the window
living your maligned perspectives,
flying along on your stubborn beliefs
until
you stop
with time
on the fringe of the grand ellipsis.

I will feel that stretching moment
of a deepest cosmic silence –
and then I'll hear you coming back.

But it is hard to live alone,
it's hard to spend your life alone
with a partner keeping stoic
to the undertow.

Who can answer for you?
Who will clear the mystery up:
all the idiosyncrasies of your particular world of one?

part 5: living with the ghost

The hope for something unattainable
melts off what is unsustainable.
All the diamonds hide inside you,
wrapped inside a secret thought.
Pockets holding all your cures
are bypassed by the wrong-way roads
that you pursue of obligation,
or so it seems in this dark hour.

Find your cure inside a thought.
Beautiful renewed becomes the night.
Start afresh your art,
restored to truest order.

11-26-15

The Long Night

All the needed drugs hide inside pockets
buried deep within your brain.
Like a visitor to a new country, you misread the signs
and panic about the foreign terrain,
exactly the way you get lost at home.

It is a map, simple as that.
It is hope, that I carry.
It is hope, in the bag.
It is my secret weapon,
a vision that saves me,
igniting the flame again
to burn brightest in midwinter.

Oh, lovely notes, how you ring,
aching my heart
and too fine to be sound.
In this place, I find myself,
everything I have been searching for,
the friend, the reflection, the mirror –

but when I lift my head once more
I'm upon the earth.

In a state like this, all is beauty.
In a state like this, I revisit the selves of former years.
We hold hands in the circle, and it is only me.
Oh, loneliness, my constant companion,
whenever I fall, it is at your feet.
I sigh as, despite these hallowed minutes,
the reality of circling patterns remains ever clear.

They are all extras, who pass through.
They are no cure but a push to you.
They are visions of houses and grass
and concrete, discrete chapters I painstakingly bind.

How how how? when I'm powerless.
Victory is always short lived when you dwell on it.
What do I do with these patterns I know too well?
They only go higher and deeper.

And if it ever were to happen, do I believe it would be a cure?
Who would dwell on their dark hour
when they could throw on electric lights?
Who could I ever find to share this
and also be honestly satisfied?

I have spent my life on that question
and clung to every fleeting answer.
It is not possible, how I seek it, I think.
A cure for these dark winter hours is simply moving south.
My feet on the ground remind me of this
after several hundred minutes.

I like most those who are held in
and clawing out
too visibly,
laughed at by the world behind a screen.
The public watches them wrestle:
The messy, awkward, ungainly show;
A dance of amateurs; a backwards flip
Fumbled into a sideways roll.
A vain attempt to hold a sheet
Around their average nakedness.
A mass of pointed fingers, nothing better to do
than to scorn at length
the exploration of an honest kid,
sneering at the brilliant mechanism
that allowed something truly different
to be born out of simple mixing.

12-1-15

I have tried tell you a thousand ways that I love you;
Each sounded curt as the last,
Dry as physics, cold as statistics,
Or else too direct to be caught.
Where in the world can I learn to master
expression of softest emotions?
Every time, I have thrown them onto the table,
butchered them up to save face.
How can I learn to talk to you,
and make contact with you in your truest place?
We are such a reflection, hidden beneath
two of the toughest crusts of resistance.
Where you have a hole, there do I.
When you send a barb, such is, too, my reply.
And I have nearly broken, trying to run from the strain,
In attempt to escape another refrain.
Told myself, "you can change places and quit, this time. It is fine.";
But, miraculously, stayed
to finish the fiction.
Is it the next step
For it simply to blow away?
Oh I see another horizon
where I can give all to you sans reflection
At the point when I no longer care to save face,
When all that remains is what I've learned of you,
The prayer that you learn it, too,
and that you cross your chasm to shore.
My human angels are understanding,
And, objectively, they are unfair.
Unfair as reality, but I'll take their favor
And learn to hear the unspoken,
The love of my partial, blind human body
Who speaks loftily but with difficulty when asking for favor,
For getting her gain,
But, slowly, step by step, she patches her holes like a fumbling baby.
Visions bloom in certain moments
Then wisp away, leave bare terrain,
And I fear I am at it alone again
In yet another part of the forest
Where I find that I and the rules have changed
And the name of the game is another country
And the conflict has nothing to do with my self
Left behind in the old.
Vision is the finality, a taste of who I am meant to be,
A glimpse of lovers' reality -
But where my feet stand is where I am tethered,
And after it fades away, I fumble again
But with somewhat greater awareness
And give out a human groan – it's truth that true change settles slow

and despite the vision, you stand in a middle
of a very long going, with only physical steps left to take.

12-1-15

I have been most unloving,
forcing love upon my love.
None of my love has ever had any,
and what in me could I think makes me worthy?
I asked, what did he do to deserve all of mine?
But now I ask, what did I?
Nothing and nothing
from either side.
He did not need to do a thing, of course,
because love is free
(when it's given).
And I did nothing,
so why should I deserve?
It is never deserved, never earned,
never able to be controlled.
The lessons of love
are the most painfully learned.
In every window, thought, step, glimpse,
it's been I
with room for nobody else.
The many people at my door
have stayed too long
(and all before theirs,
for who isn't blind among us?
Only he who can see every brick and sentence
reaching up from the ground is a ray
of loneliness self-seeking
with ignorance keeping it in the bay).
Oh, I want to receive what life has to give me,
but also I want to direct,
match personality with personality,
as correct.
What goes on below
our terrestrial steps?
Do we, through, still connect?
Or is my imagination still loud?
How I did ever allow it to grow....
only the pain of true love
can shatter you over and over and over.

This again, this algorithm
I made,
let myself walk,
dubbed "fate".

12-4-15

Under appearances there is a secret place,
bustling with the essence of life,
all of humanity's treasurehouse stores
that has had to bow its head and hide.

As over the ground, we have been reduced
and overly intellectualized
knowing only the gentle glow
of a screen, and deaf to notes below.

As our deeper feelings wait,
so I look out at the pause
where the laughter is hollow
connections barely forged
and bodies stuffed bags.

But who here feels this,
who does know?
We catch only dimly flares,
sparks or stars
or extrinsic lights.

While I wait
in the disconnected,
where no movement has a true direction
and the rope has been almost severed
and floats in the waters like a dead vine.
Oh, when will this be over, mine?
Tell me what does stand behind
the pull into our subjugation
of our own selves, lost in tie.

It won't die,
but humanity will break
and its soul be reborn as another babe
when all is lost from the surface crust
and the enemy fades
as if we had to die to rid it by
allowing its rule and obliging its play.

Who in the world is a greater soul?
Who is not a short, brief thought?
He who has half is in greatest pain
running from his without knowing why
while the calls say, "do" but, because of him,
it never leads to an answer.

So I slip inside true music.
There in that land I live and wait.

Abiding by a humanity disconnected from its self.
Oh, my love, he knows this truth
working itself out through his cells.
Jump the river to get to the other shore
and you will not fight anymore.

12-06-15

I can't bring forth
the sound beneath
always buzzing
always coming forth.
Every waking hour's
my attempt
to bring it out,
but my skill is much too dull
and my hands are much too slow
and our notes can only capture
the music's shadow.
If it never rests
neither can I.
Sometimes it's quiet
in the outer world -
I wait.
Without my notice
I'm enthralled again
amid the blind,
and all around me physically
doesn't touch reality

12-18-15

It is quiet in the outer world –
I wait

look around
at the concrete cutoff scenes
during the dip in hormones
and all's a neverending film

every scene
of this life
strung together
by the melody behind

tempted to embellish
the trill of the wind
the glitter of the green
the smoothness of pillars
is never enough seen!
never enough taken
and so must come again.

The show makes no sense.
How do I interpret
what he's saying
when he talks to her?
He's saying saying saying
but never heard by either.

For my hands
do hold
the malleable entities
and reshape and reform
all, driven by urge

It isn't true! It isn't true!
None of this is true!
Wake up wake up wake up –
I bang against the walls
of a movie

inside
bursting to get out
through some door
and crying loud
as it fights to find form

and it fades
finally.
The outer world emerges once again

one by one
the voices turn on
bring the crowd
as loud
past the window
where the highway roars on.

12-18-15

It's never beautiful enough
but I'm just coasting on a wave
of this music.

I never found it beautiful
until I heard it in this state.

Reforms the scene constantly
by tackling the inner
which alters the outer
and projects onto it with little shards of mirror
that then reflect back
into the pool
their manifestations at enchanting angles
revealing something new
and as around the music goes
the outer river flows
into the inner
and the inner flows out.

And I, I am the seam,
the haver, the eye;
bearer of the dream
to unify;
threader of a ream
rolling on and on.

12-18-15

You told me you loved me in my dream,
held my hand tenderly.
You were nervous on the steps
as we stood by the lake.
I had ordered some mead at the bar
and suddenly next to me you appeared,
said let's go outside.
And I knew, and agreed,
we were long overdue
to finish our talk.
You you,
revisiting
in so many forms,
the only one I ever knew,
the one bringing me more
pockets of existence
hidden, revealed by surprise.

12-18-15

Trapped in the forest's grip
Until I tell its tale –
The sickness leaves with every stroke of my pen,
With every line and scene and idea extracted
From the crevices of my body
Where they have lodged for safety?
Protection? A home? A test?

It does not make any sense to me
to write this kind of nonsense
But I feel relief when I do –
Or I feel more pain –
The sign to go deeper.

How deep can you go? Most who go
Get eaten alive by what it hides
There is always another layer to find
Until you don't know the most basic
Connections that tie up humanity anymore

2015

Nature of Creativity

So many times
have I been around
and found, in the end
and the start
that the whole world is talking about
what's been throttling me,
giving no rest
as I have wrestled with it
by myself.

All have seen
what I have seen.
All have been
where I've just come from.
The crowd is laughing
when I join the party.
Are all much wiser
than I, emerging from incubation?

This I,
is it my little body
walking on the sidewalk,
but as fast as it can go?
Little bodies forever try
to break their limitations.
Or they grow tired, settle down,
accept a conformation.

This mysterious ghost
I glimpse in certain eyes,
who makes me recognize my,
and who loves most when it finds
its own reflection looking back,
it is the same. It is the same
across the space.
It is a thumb
joining the forefinger
on the rest of its hand
sitting under the water.
Why can't we comply?

Long have I wondered
of the tendency
to make special what's obvious,
this artistry.
Is that our sole method,
to re-see?

To bring the new -
not new; another form
of the eternal.
And I would hope to find new words
for *these* do little anymore.

Without the shock
of some fresh form,
we slip off, we forget –
how quickly we forget;
it could practically define us –
we fall to the dark non-doing, inert.

But this, what animates us
must be able
to snake its way through,
and we can remain, then,
a conduit for what we call new,
what is actually ageless.

This tendency
that throttles me
awakens me
again and again
to another start
another destruction
another all-and-forever
in this life –

has rebuilt me,
redefined me,
there is no me;
'me' never dies.

Never look
at the floor
or behind
is what I've learned,
observing true creators
who keep their going
while the world keeps talking
in the space behind them.

Look at those who are blind
in that particular way,
those who have let go
of seeing everything,
those who cannot be
everything and its interpreter,

those who we will wonder,
when they die,
if they were,
those who only left
their effects, burned off exteriors,
excessive talking, overthinking, capturing,
wondering,
throwing out their doubt
to be caught by another piece,
and passed along only confusion.

Holidays, as you live longer,
turn to days. That way feels better.
Why waste time,
celebrating some mere name
when you weren't ready to pause,
and your true holiday awaits
at a more honest reflection,
and, when, you will know,
you will make no mistake?

01-01-2016

I am a ghost,
a no one.
I can never become
anything.

I love many,
look at their faces,
their full lives,
and their expressions.
They are lucky
to have each other.
They have beautiful
life-arrangments.

I, forever,
remain one lone
walking into the unknown.
And all the world unfolds behind me
left for something in the deeper
to find, to see,
to be presented with
(very far below).

It is undeniable,
this.
This sense, this suspicion,
that I have lived.
That I am a filter,
quite lightweight,
and cannot have a fate.

When I speak to this –
and for many, now, months –
I've sensed
that there is no one
underneath.

Underneath
is the place
where reality is rearranging
where reality is in suspension
where anything can come out from
where rules are being created
where is a hole to what most perceive
to be an endless unseen emptiness,
the problem being
we cannot see
the all that lies there,
so untrained.

It took me (“me”?)
a very long time to be able
to perceive this
and I (laugh at “I”) still only
glimpse it sometimes,
when I disappear.

What benefit
is it
to us
to know
that all is optional?

What point
of those
so light
they float
and build no life,
can nowhere go?

That is the laugh:
that there's nowhere to go.
That time is a circle.
That the only
words we have come up with
are unable
to convey this.

1-1-16

From the quietening suburban night
stretching flat along winding streets
I enter the light
flowing through the front door
and greet your embrace.
Another round of coming home
to us
I savor.

This us,
this, my innermost,
this elaborate world
of intricate paneling and carefully chosen walls,
anticipation around the corners and memories replaying on the shadows of tunneling halls,
I drag with me everywhere
wrapped in my suitcase,

a clanking caravan
hidden from sight -
for I'm the magician
of this, my life -
this sacred place
where I finally meet you -
perhaps post-long-lapse past a whirlwind encounter that threw us off before I could think -
is all and only mine,
contains all of, and only, mine.
Sighing, I pick it back up and drag it along.

Immutable,
unchangeable,
remaining forever
still
is our love story,
waiting for me to come home and press resume.

Our living room
is basking in light.
Our arms
belong to each other
and none.
I whisper to you my secrets and innermost thoughts
and, per fantasy, you whisper them back.

I go outside
again and again -
it clears my head
to breathe that air –
sometimes I think I see you out there,
walking like I,
so I run, delighted,
envisioning the moment I catch your arm,
spin you around,
see your face alight to be reunited –
and trip.
That is why I come home to (indubitably) you – standing fully, before me, in the doorway – bruised.

You loved me all night.
In the morning I left.
You asked me why
I had to go,
opened the window,
let a jolt from the cool slate sky fall in,
lighting our kitchen table with a saturnine tint.
What was there left to explain?

Another one comes

faster and faster we spin
I lose you
and you come again
when I turn around.

Let me go from where we stood
and I'm left to walk upon stonewalling ground
whose noiselessness doesn't resonate with the inner world I'm remembering,
replaying in daydreams.
My footsteps ring hollow and for a while
it is the only sound I hear;
it's unbearable.

I thought
the first time we met,
I lost you when you were eventually gone.
You didn't return for lonely years
during which I wandered around in confusion.
But of course you came back in surprise
and flirted most poignantly,
stretching me out to a brink
that turned out to be not a brink at all.

Tear down the wall
of what I declared my house
and behind it's another
and another
and more.

While we spoke I was in midsentence
when you went up in smoke!
Left me again
facing a wall.
Then rather quickly
I found you again
more than ever before.
You were all.
Like never before.
And it broke me open
to float upon all of the waters and die.
Oh how I was wrung out
and every day strung out.
I had found you tomorrow
for the first time,
and when that mountain was climbed
I found you tomorrow again,
sitting beside a field of equally great revelations

that once seemed so tall.

You'd broken my brightest fantasy,
what I had accepted, when born, as my ultimate
and showed me that loss of manifestation
is always a gain of another dimension
and everything *now* is my dream of the future.

Again,
it is you! Your eye,
is laughing at me behind this new body I meet who, as we talk, knows nothing
or just barely something.
just barely what we're touching on
behind.

We –
this partiality
created as each of us
so you can discover yourself
and love yourself more.
Every lover I'll ever have
is you
and even when you are gone from form
I'll never have to wait anymore
for the only story I live to continue.

The talk of our mouths grows quiet,
the meaning fades out of all we spoke,
and all the constructs our personalities arrange and imbue so endlessly
are a joke
once the threshold is crossed
(no matter how much was invested up there).

Below the surface, we breathe again
in the world of a simpler language
that hangs like a drop from the underground
about to but never to fall,
awaiting
for us to find parts still hidden –
this “you” and this “I” and these new surroundings that burns off our understanding
of complicating concepts keeping us tied,
when reality's nothing, beneath, like what we could've predicted was there
based on the patterns made by the tiny anchors whose glints give hints on shore.

Live From the Home of Stories

It is eye!
Reaching up to the vast infinity.
Oh my partial eye
zipping around:
where is your locus?
Who is this eye?
This elusive point
blinking in and out?
There is only the ocean
where language becomes
fabrication.
I've said the word so many times
it has lost all meaning –
language itself.
Stand behind perception
reaching into the vast infinity,
hooking onto this thought
to catch the ride.
An origin breaking.
What words can capture
what it is I'm saying?
Habits of mind
that I can't explain.
Drunk on disintegrating.
Losing a story – all that I ever was.

2-19-16

Is there no one meant for me?
Is there no one with whom my unusual life will agree?
I loved one once so long ago.

I loved him once, so long ago.
But now his face does grace the screen.
Oh I remember the struggling days of youth
But he seems to've forgotten where he's been.

I was cursed to love a climber.

Next time I'm cursed to love someone who drowns.
Beside him I find myself dragged down.

Is there no one whom I love
But the image of a rough
Background to carry?

I shoulder it like a coat
Of arms, the birthplace of my flag.
But what you hold burns down the mark you'll find upon my back.

I once sang a song
That seemed older than I
Didn't know where it came from
I'd guess from underground.

There are no reasons why
I'm loyal to certain ways
Nobody can explain how we were taught.

Curious, I searched
For other schools outside
Besides the school of whispers I could clearly hear when tried.
There are many clans
Of thought and moral, color like the sands
Our time is no less a fight than the darkest age.

Many times this led
To love across the bridge
I'd call your name and see you stripped
Of all your heavy past.
For a moment you
Saw me like I saw
You, naked and unhooked from feudal reign.

Always one standing over his world:
point and surroundings (from point unfold).
What does one want, truly, from all this?
He builds, destroys, cries, then rebuilds
in ever more complex arrays
numbering hundreds times his days.
Is there anybody else in this place
where he marches on toward the light
that his ground raised?

March 2016

Now it's spring;
I am making love to something
in the air,
the something that's
all over me,
loving me again
lifts my lids
to that old familiar place.
Now it's spring.
Something new
and fresh
and ancient
takes a hold
of the hand that rests behind the curtain,
that world.
Pain so keen
felt but by
no receptors I can sense
nor locate it
to a point –
how it rips me:
the concrete
and the unseen
are moving out of sync.
I go on living these two lives,
used to moving fully cleaved:
one me
in the blind,
piecing back the tale beneath,
of the rubble she's among
resting since
it came undone,
where what will come
out of this next round
can't from here be known.

That something
herald spring –
at least the seasons are in sync.
“Why”
hangs in the air post-war.
How the land has changed, been turned
over – but what for?
The speed
of how this forming builds
is hard to gauge as it flies past,
one moment barely moving,
another and a new world's
bubbling,
fertile soil
of shapeless form
yet unfelt depth,
unknown connections –
from which anything
can come.
This is where
rests my I,
rests my core,
the seed the draws me
round the world
to my friends, my lovers, dreams.

3-09-16

One thing I know and it seems for certain,
proven by time, by being taken away,
is that my identity rests with writing like this:
poems and stories and tales that look inward
fueled by my endless walk through the world
then a dip in the lightless pool; if I can't
I'm stagnant and find no reason to live,
as living for emptiness, physical food
is utterly pointless, and death may come
on any day and it wouldn't matter very much which.
I spent much time (when I first discovered
that this key sustenance was a *thing*
I could look upon like an observer)
trying to shape it to present, to sell, to sustain
my physical body – but that only took away the love
that came from doing it (what is *it*? It cannot be named
as writing or art or anything but that peculiar state
of freedom, of self dancing with myself)
without a backthought for reward.
I still wonder why it had to be broken,

but first built up to its very end;
to be tested, pushed through a million barriers,
pushed into the ground, and remained.
To remain only for the sake of itself?
It – we – do not need another.
We don't exist but for we
and all outside this law burns and perishes
at its threshold. To ash, other reasons;
to dust, your needs to another to prove;
to yesterday, a yearning search,
to lifetimes past: salvation in romance.
How else but through every conceivable disillusionment
could art's only need be itself?

3-09-16

In the blind, in the blind
we are dancing silently.
Rain upon me all your showers;
I give you my biggest flowers.
Add on to my tapestry.
Feed what's gaping hungrily.
All my world was singing out of tune,

April 2016

A story of a dying kingdom
lost and buried
more than ancient
trying to emerge
it comes... it comes to me...
there's a king in the sea and he spills the shore
he is crying that we can't drink air much more
he is begging on land as the waterfalls
from off his shoulders. He comes up
to declare, all this time, we had it wrong
and his land recorded in song
all our tragic mistake
what sent them below
but we have been living backwards, so
“let me speak, just one tale” pleads the king of us
a wealthy beggar shamelessly comes
with the plea to turn up what we call ground
and once and for all turn the world around.

2015 or 2016

The King Lies Asleep in the Forest part 2

One morning he awoke to a soft light
that fell from no point within view
and like it filled him, so did memories
and he instantly knew what to do.

He rose from the lightening grass bed
and no second thought filled his head,
nor did the fog he'd been lost in
as twilight of its own faded.

The darkness the land had been bathed in,
the only light its dwellers knew
gave way to an era that long ago passed,
the pendulum now swung back to.

2016

What did we find but freedom
when we came out to the open?
And everything that ever was
how it sprawled out before
and I – I turn to you
and you never were.
All this I have been walking
feeling with you by my side
you have been behind the door.
And so it will go on
into the yawning twilight
you also gaze upon.
How can I draw everything
brewing in my mind?
It's always better if I let it go.

2016

The village idiot hides behind
the air surrounding simple words.
Some time passes, I digest them,
further wander down, think on them.
Then glance back at he who's sitting
in the grass alone, had spoken
unadorned gems like a conduit
without a clue of their full weight.
And as his still back faces me,
his face looks into the water,
waiting for – what? That's the mystery.
Maybe time, maybe nothing.
But a simple idiot
if you approach him and take his wit
at its face value, blink and shake your head.
The papered-down words hold nonsense.
Depth or naught;
a moment caught then lost.
Meanwhile he goes on.
I write the story; I'm the scribe.
But I can't catch him, no, I can
but see the momentary world
that bloomed out from like a sonic boom,
was gone then or was never –
if it was, we'll never know.
And only ones like I could glimpse
the transient purpose of his footfalls,
the theories *he* wouldn't understand,
might laugh at when spat back and shake his head –
do we find or add in sense?
How do we explain nonsense
to urbanity too ready to write off too simple fools?

A story that fit
With the story that came
Up from within.
Knocked into you
And it plucked the note,
Set it off, rolling,
The hope.
I couldn't believe
That I found
What I wrote.

I liked most
That every day
I heard my voice becoming deeper,
But I guess you really don't
Want that to go on for too long.
Just, carefully, bring up my age
To what my age should be,
As for the decade past I've been at 3.

Needed to feed it
Needed to breathe:
That part of me
That inhaled spring air
Funneled it into my cells,
Reopened their memory,
Breaking up winter's plaque.

But I guess
It can only last
Til one of us knocks it precariously
And truth be told
I always knew
It was better inside my mind.
How I wish now, how I wish
It is more than it really is.
How I wish
the fantasy could still be unfolding,
As the legend leading us out toward the free.
Not back under
afternoon shadows
Of urban sprawl and modernity.
Thrilling portal
Into the wild
Put me in touch with a primal mind.
And maybe it was only me,
Through a fragile humanity,
Conversing again with the spirit.

I feel like a lover today.
I feel like a lover today.
One touch from the sky
was all that I needed
to feel like a lover today.

The brewery under my skin
is ripe with the berries' fresh wine
and it drips out of breathing
when turning my head,
of holding a body,
of beholding that
and churning it round and round and around
threading it through
threading into.

I feel like a lover.
I feel like a lover when my body is stretched
out wide like a field.

One contact with my opposite;
whom all of I pour into my thirsty pores.
make my face smooth,
make my spirit a pleasing shape,
give my perspective depth
add depth to my language without any words -
even take away
so I get to the core
using two or three,
hold mirrors up
to the backyard lake
and show you what's going on in the sea.

I get stupider
with age
I get simpler
losing shades
I get impatient
put up lines
for a picture book,
divide. I –

I've been wrong
to talk this way
about myself
to think me down
that I do I
and beat it up.
I see her now,
tell her “shut up”.
Her voice is playing
like a record
she doesn't even think
once pressed
so many years ago
when I was little
it's not even *my* voice.

Thank God it's I
who's underneath
Thank God my monster's
growing simple.
Or my monster
is as always
but still subtle
but I'm deeper.

But I met you
I met something
and it changed
my English language
and it changed
the way I think
the way things form
the way they link.

Break into the ground
with staff
break it through
its little cracks
to the gasping
aching true

the real
I never knew
was real.

Even if I say it,
now I can't believe it.
Now there's something underneath
allowing anything above
because it doesn't matter
because he's seen himself
because the noise is wash
because the jet stream flows.
He's broken with the surface
it goes on; below he speaks
at the same time.
We are saying
twice
at once
but who can listen?
In this it is not one-to-one,
one to maybe one million.

Talk of flowers
sail the river
laugh at your homework
ignore the babble

I've got one message to climb the long ladder and send across the seam:
“shut the fuck up.”

Unhappiness will take you to the ends of the Earth.
What confusion abounds these days.
So many dreams and so much weight on your shoulders;
Fed and denied simultaneously.
I do not read the magazines
But I smell desperation in everything I look upon
To make me buy itself in a quick-changed package as agile as the clicks it's sustained upon.
If you already come from money – those seem to be the only ones I see.
Debt is a very profitable enterprise and
Dodging it is the alternative to misery.
Refuse it and pay the price. Do not play to the life
of quickly paced imagery. Be left out. Then play,
And you are miserable anyway.
Is there any time to be creative?
If you find it, an app will help you make the most of your few minutes
and swiftly guide your impulses down a path our best minds have hacked to define creativity.
Is there space to be individual?
A knock will sound upon your door
and they'll write a feature about your image
if it'll get a thousand clicks, if you have the beard for it.

5-18-16

Somebody told me what I was seeing
and I believed the words.
From then on all I saw was what
they told me once it was.

Now, after so many years fast flew
and my eyes grew
til my head did but explode...
what is left to do? Except look back on
the world I thought I knew
and watch it unwind?

Somebody told me what it was upon the wall
and I believed it all
over my light.
How many years must I keep up this fight
to root the weed that conquered from one seed?

All of my life, hearing stories
of the world I sent words to
beyond the door.

So many years
I always heard its talk,
and eagerly replied -
always rehearsed.

Now that I know every version old and new
is fraudulent, I never knew a soul.
Where shall I go
beyond the world I told myself about
without an aid?

How easily
they could program me
when I was only four.
How could I argue then?

Those who are molding know to teach a girl
to teach herself false laws,
sit back
get paid
to watch
me work
to kill
myself
into
the ground.
So the world goes.

All that I knew
was never true
is what I come to
every year or two.

So many things
that you will find in there
just dying to transmit
themselves through air.

When you are searching for what you don't know
is what you never had,
the world will break open
again and again
and all its secrets will spill out,
reveal themselves,
through endless stories.

Every form
I've tried
has been
in vain
no matter what language,
it can never say
the thing propelling
all of this,
this quest.

Here at the shore is the starting point
for something grand on the way.
I hear it in the roar of copters, the slow passage of boats, the rhythm of evening waves
as the maritime bar chatter mutes behind me
into a note.

My next life lies ahead and I can feel it coming toward
as I have nothing to do but wait and nothing
between now and then carries much true weight.
If only I always knew...

One day you will laugh when life has changed
at how caught up you were in tangles.
I see it painted in the night air: when many years later, I return to this harbor
unrecognizable
and remember the one I left, the one who came up to this ledge
and died long ago.

It is undeniable;
everything is now behind me
that I've lived
and there is barely anything tying me in the old
besides family.

I'll invite my world
to a party,
and it will slowly dawn upon you
as I linger on each set of eyes
that this was meant as our goodbye.
I know this
I know this
as sure the air blows.
It's written in the language
that hails ashore.
It is the life behind and beneath,
that's been lying dormant.

My world will not miss me
for it kicked me out.
My family's strong enough
to weather it out.
I will not disappear forever although you will think me gone.
I'm only taking a dip in the other side
where the thoughts that have crusted over unwind,
but I will come back one day reformed.

The invisible sentences
of environmental elements
are bond compared with our passing slurs.

The signs we've erected around the world,
what we've deemed for decades as sane pursuits,
and all else will be seen anew.
For I have nowhere left to go but in circles
if I am to stay where I've been.

Who will I be? Who will I be?
Someone who already lives inside.
Someone that both is closest, truest
but whom nobody will recognize
yet will make a fit
and explain all it,
how everything has gone.

5-27-16

Home is when you are who you really are.
The music's a song you have always heard
but now you've arrived at its source.
The song is you reflected:
poignant, happy, bittersweet
as you fall to kiss your motherland,
at last arrived to truly begin.

Nothing can break me
nothing can take me away from my home.
For I am so settled
that nothing exists outside anymore
and all the whispers are those of flies.

You've been coming so long
that nothing is sweeter
than simply to be here.
Could not be better if a minute sooner;
less worn down, wind-swept through,
would it be as desperate, as grateful, as true?

6-1-16

Living with the phantom, the lover, the ghost,
mirroring *his* tale across the glass wall
of time, in my own movements.
From the past, can he feel me as well?
In the breeze, in the song, as I feel him?
He is behind it, behind my life,
living his own in a separate time
never to be united here
but to live out my life with this echo.
As long as it sings within I am going;
the anxiety of ever almost-touching
is merely the source of vitality
as I stretch and yearn for the impossible.
Now I know why I've spent my life sprinting
as if it depended on it, to the ledge.
Now I know where the strange wind blows from:
a world that can never be measured or traced.
As I heard him when I came home at the dock,
the song of adventure plain in the light
falling over black water, sung clear in the air,
does he hear my own life blown to him through the mist as the edge of a paradise coast
when the spray crashes over his face
in his own time as his life plays alongside mine,
where he is as lost as I find myself here?
And now I know, now I know
why you were a phantom,
why you were always inside -
you're the ghost to me as I'm the ghost to you in the place where you have solidity.
And when you move it is as I move, reality mirroring the one you're contained in.
I know we so ardently yearn to unite
across an uncrossable barrier
that yet fails to snuff out our melody over time.
It is hearing this - what I shouldn't so clearly have heard -
that has broken apart my life,
that has given the breeze of eternity
into age, no matter the passage of time.
It is you I'm compelled to keep moving to,
Neverend, and to never be satisfied -
but the rush is life's most fulfilling feast.
The gust of freshness decimates "end",
and I will remain a sentence dropped
in the middle of its thought when I die.
I am not living to have you
but to bring the tale out from under the dark
of separate worlds that affect each other,
to open the cracks in the shell of our sphere.
And the clearer I hear our truth, the more
detailed our dialogue gets defined,
the fuller your face looking into mine

in shock, in awe, in inexplicable visions.
Do you hear me back there through the fog?

6-02-16

What a decrepit age when those who
would be artists talk rationally
about illustration being a business
whose open hell has been overcome
by a warm home/wave of prison doled out by the warden,
who still believes they are stumbling or want to pretend they are in the dark.

I never want to give up my struggle, for ease
detracts from the flavor palette
as if under pressure the juices are squeezed
or my tastebuds prime themselves, so desperate.

Who in ease could conceive of adventure,
so snugly comforted by routine?
I want to stay on this lonely journey
where half the time I fear I'm insane.
The inner landscape where bodies are racing,
traversing the universe like blurs,
where language is far above my understanding on Earth,
and where these words fall down as nonsense yet I know
evoke something deeper in you.

6/7/16

Lovers who enter the forest are doomed
for they are bound to discover that
the love they're in search of, the secret jewel
is impossible to obtain:
how can they love each other when
one's losing his form to become a garden
where a garden is needed,
and the other one barely exists?
they will cry as they fight to maintain their love
but, really, fight to maintain the "I"
in "I love you", holding fast to the "you"
even though it is fading, too.

6-8-16

a woman heard that the depths of the forest were to teach its visitors the truth about love,
the deepest, most fulfilling kind of love; the kind only few can attain.
she was very much in love with a man and wanted to deepen their bond.
so she told him about this secret, persuading him of promised bliss.
they set out. it was not easy. they passed through a long night,
many tangles, much turbulence. I will not again describe
what you yourself might already know.
eventually, they found themselves inside the forest
and being there began to teach them,
to stretch them, to disintegrate them.
and as they disintegrated, they found that it was impossible for her to love him
and for him to love her,
because there was no "him" and no there was no "her";
they looked at each other in their final moments as he became a garden
and she faded as he knew her into another space
found new worlds and connections.
to say "*I love you*" no longer made sense.
There was no "I" and there was no "you".
The forest did bring them to bliss, as promised,
but not as imagined.
It shattered the intricate picture of intimacy that she carried,
the very ideal that led them ironically to the place that destroyed the ideal.
their "love" was destroyed, and those who had spoken of it were no longer the same;
when they had spoken within it, it had contained them.
and that is why it could not survive in the forest that does and undoes
yet remains.
that is the mystery "he" and "she" were now awash in
as they floated and feared they had lost their identity;
he now had a thousand faces; she'd disappeared into empty spaces to zero
and the story was different: it was not about "love" that the two had brought
to the altar.
how strange that in midsentence a wholly different scene began to unfold
and *he* was that now. but if he was "he" and a thousand buds,
he really was nothing, the very nothing that "she" had become.
and the two that had come had, it turned out, always been
the left hand and the right hand.

6-08-16

The world is too big to bear.
The world is too big a burden to bear.
When I get into this state I am easily slayed
by as little as a stranger's stare.

When I'm dreaming
something is trying to come in
standing knocking on the door, cryin'
it will tear it down – I give in
wake up
and can't shake this assailant off

When I'm walkin' through the beautiful day
my head is turned inward toward the war
where the land is breaking up into chunks and floating off
and our world is our world no more.

In the night
as I lie upon my bed
trying to settle down my head
and the waves and flashing lights,
the barrage of sights I've never seen,
the panic I will die, break apart, or nullify
like a pile of broken pieces who can move along the streets
but can't hear each other anymore,
that tomorrow there will be
only emptiness to me
I could've dodged if I'd risen from the floor

All the day
sometimes I go about this way,
in misery 'til I recall
I've had caffeine and that is all.
Then I think of what it's like
to be living inside me
hold my interior in whole
and know the colors have been skewed
by this fear and dour mood.
I have to breathe to make it free again.

Go home and write it out
not unlike siphoning out
a poison stream not really me
but – lodged somewhere internally.

When I win my own release
once again I feel at peace
and then remember all the truths
I have learned in the brighter world.

Our explorers have found every crevice
upon the physical world.
Every island, continent, bridge.
Historians and archaeologists found even those that have been
and oceanographers, geologists, those that yet may be.
And our astronomers find more spherical worlds
that we can and can't see, that, if we reach,
we'll bring our explorers, archaeologists, scientists to,
to discover anew, and then our astronomers will come on board
to further expand the view.

But underneath all this, the greatest achievement
of exploration is the discovery of a reality
that continues to expand.
If I make it all my life, uncover more of this one web
and prove the whole through every separate act
of a world or work of art
or an art that is a world
whose natural title is: no borders.

6-15-16

The mirror sings with the tune
of love at last
again behold
itself
as it is
shining innocent
with its eyes empty sad
open wide
recipient.
All alone
as one and move around
no decorations
only the sound
of the light that shines
from out its eyes
and reflects
out and
back to it.

But no more can I say
no more than this can I convey.
This hallowed moment bloomed
and faded away.

7-7-16

These pages aren't these pages anymore:
I have a child and what is it for?

I am my greatest enemy,
can never be free
of this dance in the night.

I birth worlds
what is it for?
if all I come to is the end
and nothing remains
of what I was before
but these disjointed
sentences.

What is it for?
What is it for?
I grow lonelier

all these lines
are my attempt
to bring out what
keeps me appear so bent

but it is only pieces you see
and what is it for?

Who I create here is who I believe
represents who I am behind all stories
above every outline and scene
glimpsed in the spaces between,
my mirror...

7-7-16

The internet knows everything
but it cannot solve my biggest problems.
Not a single worry's quenched
as morning slips to afternoon.
I ask my phone dozens of well-formed questions,
get hundreds of answers, but ask again,
whimper, feel helpless, come back
some knots are yours to work alone

7-19-16

Forget myself for these months-long spurts,
disappear into a recess where panic prevails –
the only color, the only shade, jumping out from behind all corners,
all sounds are muted to the beating heart.

At night it comes, creeps up. What kind of disease
only progresses when you pay it attention?
Everything's forgotten in these bouts.
What else can I do but live through it,
await the day when it finally clears?

Always through another do I feel you.
When I think of the physical motions that happened,
his body grows stuffed, and muted his words,
and he's merely the shadow; *you* emerge
in full color, behind the seen.
I cannot see you even with my eyes closed.
I cannot feel your hand on my hand;
I feel your hand pressing up on the cloth from the other side.
There's a thin glass pane between us every time.
What, eternal lover? You tell me where to go,
tell me who to know, give no explanation why.
So I go on walking through the days
and cannot explain the logic in ways
but as disease. Even behind my closed eyes, and behind the unseen –
if there's anything after the blind, it is so very thin,
I have only perceived it just now –
there's something to witness; something going on,
some growth is proceeding, and *I* am there –
more there than here – but it goes on without me-in-this-sphere.
I can't explain. I can't explain. Everything I do to move is in vain.
It is you, it is you, touching me only through
the avatar who doesn't know what he's doing in the scheme of it all.
We talk and progress, and I feel your nod behind the surface
to mark it the right way, for this is the place
where I reach you through the veneer of earth.
And I can only see this at night, behind my mind, behind life itself.

I searched for you when I was younger, and touched upon you through another.
But he fell silent every time I heard your sound bursting out in full color,
muting atomically every trifle. I was flying straight up at the very start.
Now we are skating along the sky, you in your life, I in my.
Can I reach you through another only? Not to touch my soul directly?
Only feel the world I seek in shapes through fabric, only see the light in shadows,
only know you through a screen unless I close my eyes and almost taste the world behind me.
Your eye is made of the cosmic sky and your bodily shape the negative space
of all that I have. You are all that is missing. You are what's not. You're other
and you grow ever finer, for I see you differently every time I touch something new.

I am not touching *it*, I am touching *you*, what is not. But only through
a medium. I have only the senses and receptors to process perception, not directness.
Only the sense of the incomplete. The missing shades, the drive to strive for it,
for the whole, for the touch direct, for the true you who only is you, not a statue
whittled out of excess, but what was there in the beginning.
Are you waiting behind an ocean? Are you stuck in the fabric of time,
pining for a magic rope to pull you out and into mine?
Will we always need the secret code of action and dissatisfaction?
And are you only the echo, the mirage, and my fantasy, and thus,
when you walk out of my sight you are only walking down a corridor
where I cannot find you, or your tricks of the light.

7-26-16

Time
and trend
mean nothing in this land,
jump off the radar and
leave space;

makes
it hard
to find familiar guides,
to grab a stitch in time
and orient.

oh the mystery
of living
oh the overwhelm and awe
of being so free

here
I walk
upon the cobblestone
breathing life into
the hundred years that wore

it down
to same
by staying in the line
by letting slip the time
to change

oh be free
to the mystery
you never know
what you do need
nor what you'll be

7-31-16

On days like this I feel hollow,
only a body that wants to eat
and a memory that has turned to shit
and a present that's turned to fog.

I think of great poets whose gift was to capture
the essence of human being,
but I, I think, am the opposite,
and don't even experience if needed for nothing.

On days like this I am very not here,
have no opinions, no center of self.
When I'm nowhere, everything passes through
and I have nothing to regurgitate back.

September 2016

No lover,
no self.
If no self,
then no love.
No story,
no purpose,
no where,
no drive.
No reason,
no love.
No love,
no step.

9/16/16

dove happily into
blind and unknew
weeks turned to months
of pushing back weeds
of brush fought through
clouding up water and blurring the woods
slashing to shreds
the image of you
a lidded eye
a glimpse of a smile
a buried bone
a waving hand
a habit old
and a touch of sand
a suggestion of land
wiped away with a wave
because it's unpredictable
no matter what's tried
I still find myself swimming
alone or not
cannot see you but feel
your mass through the walls
of moss pushing 'gainst
isolated as I beside
dove down, down, down
eventually got to the man
once all cards were played
plain as can be
sitting on the floor, looking at me
while looking away
where are we?
upon new ground, it's suddenly clear
while the tones of our older selves that we haven't heard
yet murmur below
for after we molt
for when the floor breaks
as we keep on tunneling through the sea,
breaking its bed,
to get to space

Everyone Can See

I'm so ashamed
of the damage I have wrought
upon my fragile reputation
with the treatment I accept.

Or could I never really hide it?
The pattern written in my moves.
For everybody saw me running
to the back of ones like you.

It must have been an open secret
to all observers save for me
the way my brain had written love
as “always give your empathy”

while underneath lay the belief
I wasn't he who's bold I nourished,
who journeyed bravely on the sea,
who came to me in bits and pieces.

I met you – were just that vision -
a half-fleshed-out representation
of all I longed to be
and our encounter did unhook what lay there dormant.

But I have one vice
that I carry round
embedded in my clothes
in the shadow I cast
it never gets away from me
and everyone can plainly see:

I don't feel beautiful today.
How long this habit must I carry?
Telling myself that I don't want what can be got
asking whyever would I marry?
It's in the messy clothes I wear,
my cursing words, unruly hair.
Am I to stay this way forever?
Hear constantly about the brevity of life.
I must admit: the ache of longing
paints the sky and feeds my hunger.
And when you pull upon that string
it drizzles down a spice.

The worst of it's I'd got so good at taking shit,
letting it soak me like a pleasant summer rain,

putting it back out from my being into the world
as something covered o'er in gold.
My heart then lined its honest dreams
with all those hard-won figurines.
Thus you rolled perfectly my way,
oh selfish lover never with a word to say.

10-3-16

Irish Ballad

Drunk on my own wine
Love being wrong
Wrong all the time I
Keep rolling along,
Living a fantasy;
Tried to be real
But I can only deal in
Not-reality.
So that's where I'll be
That's where I will be
Come find me speaking nonsense in the language of souls.
An unseen mouth feeding
Off of the air.
Oh you fooled me again out there
But I don't care.

I am living in the story that takes place
unseen.
I'm the one storyteller with no audience.
Only have ears for the cries of the night
For so many years I have put up a fight
But no.
It will not let me go
No matter what it costs me.
No
It will not take the glass down
But wipe it clean again with my hope.
Oh for so many years I've been trying to leave this place,
Commissioned language to create.

For so many years I've been trying to leave
But the door walks by my side.

I am a friend of the hours
Where colors blur lines.
I see most clearly in fog
Walk most easily path that curves.
It's not these woods I would rather hack through.
It's simply what I'm built to do.
Go off road and abandon sense
The commonsense daylight pretense.

No matter the cost
Oh no matter what I have lost that could have been
A city of riches for the unknown
For time to spend within.
What did I find there but days?
Spaces and mysteries.
Terrain that will entertain me til the end.
I need no one.

Step into daylight alone.
Pulled like a child on to roam.
No one can agree and for certain can't see
The place I am driven to go.
Even I don't believe it because I can hear
All of the things being said.
I'm halfway up here and part ways to there and looking out ahead.
A driven romantic destined to be poor.
So long tried to leave this way of being
But I'm followed by the door.
I am always behind the door.

Wondering watching what do I believe?
Why do I think so much of this?
And what I am drawn to
Out of the blue
Does it even exist?
And if it does not what could possibly pull me away from daylight paths?
I've struggled so long just to hear my own song but I doubt I will sing it out loud.
For what will then be of me?
I could end up on the street.
Singing of madness with all my blind gladness,
Turned out by everyone.
It is so easy to become.
So natural to just drop out.
To snip the strings and roll along.
When your highest prize is freedom.

blind fish

All the symbols I can think in
won't make up for the lost connection.
Call myself a fish who's blind,
a backwards man, or a bright star,
Once the floor was broken open,
and the soft shroud fast dispersed,
you turned around and went along your way,
left me with a chest of symbols,
a treasure of meaning, and no one to whom to say what it means.
What a dark night settles over
when I'm left alone with my nothings
in a quiet bedroom, lights off;
know that I have no need to play.
I never told you that you do nothing
but you seem to hear it that way.
Oh no matter what I find,
what comes to me from out the blind,
it is not enough to discover,
isn't enough the terrain to climb.
Surely I did just that for such a long time
and learned that no matter what hills I surmount,
the goal is empty,
the start of another lonely journey, for want of something to do;
but if I could find where I belong –
shamballah may be a shack externally
a palace inside, aligned I am perfectly
with the land –
such a vision lights a way through a murky sea
for a blind fish aswim nonsensically
led by a sight that's next year's hind.

Blind fish swimming wants an eye
Swims far away from the other blind
From family, from familiar sea,
Far away from how things must be.

There's only one way to go
one thing to do
one way to be

a storm in the land
as it tries to rebuild

I come from the land
where the raindrops
fall up

and you cannot convince me
to stop

Maker machine
of a million symbols
that go unseen

they fall and they fall
passing by life –
just one of so many expressions
one of infinite organizations
it defies explanations:
how this is.

I only get it
looking back:
it makes perfect sense

'cause what wants to be born
will not shut up
and it's already there
in the future.

But it's not so much
it's not a big deal
nothing at all
when you finish.

All that was
the perfect storm
to bring out the way
the fight to say:
it fades away
once it is said.

And what is left?
What is the sign? of a life well spent:
satisfaction,

however brief.

10-15-16

The Poem Never Ends

I feel poetic today in a novel fashion
the world is quiet it gives me a chance
not to think to be alone with all my nothing
and find expression.

Under the clear October sky the blue is bluest
the buzzing mind ringing so loud against the quiet – –

s

all that was is gone now
alone again, I walk along
everyone else seems so boisterous
so loud, so busy, taking the streets
in the middle of something,
and I am unhooked.

It doesn't touch me anymore. Hold my own hand as I walk along.
Savor the sunlight and hours of nothing
plans never come together here.

What strange moments when I am not here
and I wonder if you are not there, too
I wonder of what you are doing
and why
if only I knew – then what? Validation?
Think it through in these short hours.
They will be over before you are ready.

All washes past the futility
to grab onto it all
and stuff it
keep it
display it
be it

10-15-16

As the land crumbled upon the surface
and invaders staked their final claims
upon all the space, the food, the dirt,
drying the water, gripping the air –
they nevertheless, because of their make,
couldn't access the world below,
free rolling plains and lush terrains
and rivers and lakes of the mind's eye.
All those whom the aliens robbed –
the common folk who were never heard –
and all their values and their ways
retreated to the secret land
without their even knowing;
it is not a one-to-one ratio,
but the land holds equal weight in feeling:
discarded truths that never could find words.
All their riches went underground
while the exoskeletons sucked dry
the physical blood, and only strengthened
the wilderness eye.
Their ultimate loss on the surface, where all was destroyed,
was paralleled by the ultimate victory:
the king had returned
and remembered himself, and this king was all of them
as one being. All were the king. All lived his tale,
his trial, his fight, his climb from under
to see once again the entire land
he, and they, had forgotten.

11-17-16

Even my diary's a liar:
it doesn't capture these moments,
these thoughts in another logic
that creep unexpectedly up
when I'm very tired
as if I am because they need
to come out.
And when they do
I feel renewed.
They're always to a song,
a rhythm, in poetry,
some sort of synthesis
more than usually.

11-17-16

In the heartland flowers bloom
but it's forgotten for a sunny day
whenever it comes again

Why is it so hard to draw
what lives inside and does not die
no matter what transpires outside
no matter what the day or night brings?

I walk on
 sometimes I've fallen
 buried temporarily
 and quiet til I have a day or several weeks to decompress.

We rob ourselves of leisure time to rest and live while running still
to cross the desert's finish line that keeps on blinking in the haze

There is never enough time until you stop all of your trying
that's the only way back to the garden I have found remains

Oh the heartland vanishes beneath the fog, beneath overworked brains
that lose their memory, that never sleep enough

Twenty seven is the number I most recently discarded
wore it now for several weeks but it went out of style.

Plunge back into what is always there and waiting, never aging
but not immature of maybe we don't understand the world

young and old together, married, in their union realize eternity
No, I cannot surpass my age but I can drink

Somewhere on the edge, after
this mountain, lies the open sea,
and I can taste the simple space,
remember how it feels
to be so free

there's always the rub
when we start to drive
and been driving too long
sitting in silence
nothing to talk about
now don't we know
where you are going and where i go -
we can't reach two places in only one car!
and isn't it funny how we both yelled the same destination and then yelled jinx!
but were speaking of totally different places
or maybe we weren't but shrugged it off.
there comes the rub
when we sit too long
the old woman and man
on the slow descent
you ignore because we're not even dating, so it isn't real
but the bickering is and it starts every time either one of us utters a word.
when were we last in accord?
does it matter to ask?
we fell out of sync so long ago
or does the beginning matter more than i told myself it did when it all only came into view?
always the rub
rubs the wrong part of me
some disagreeable cranky - some
parts of you are insensitive, selfish, and geared
toward getting your pleasure out of tools.
"look, wrench", your impatient eyes seem to say to me,
"we're on our way and i'm driving.
i said only get in my car if you think you can handle me."
got in your car and let you reveal me to me;
it goes the other way, too,
on this river you're so convinced you gotta dam up;
you don't give a damn, just want things simple
but don't want to understand or make room.
so i threw all your soccer balls into the back,
placed my feet around your shoes, pulled in the seat
when you opened the door like a gentleman,
wanting me there but not to take room.
i insist that it's actually this complex!
if only you would listen, you ear.
i'm pulling the map out i brought along
for vanity's sake to a driver who's going to stop in the middle,
kick me out, and exhale in relief.

Have we died or are we coming to life?
Oh, I can never know.

Darkness lies behind me,
darkness lies before you,
between us lies it all.

It untimes to expand
making no sense at all
no logic to be found

as it grows
and grows...

It is so beautiful,
confusing,

perhaps because
I can't
explain.

Are we drowning or birthing?
Now a galaxy of stars
then a darkness, cloistering hell,
then a universe to cross,
breaking wide open my lungs.

2016

Given your hand from the hidden deck;
never what you expected to get
and your tasks unfold, laid out before you
with the other's matching set.

Out of the chaos the path's made clear
as the steam clouds ebb. Your body trembles,
out of fear of the uncharted territory
never crossed because it's deadly;
will you be your own's explorer
to shake up your point of view?
Will you cross through all the sea
though common sense would say not to?

2015/6

The storm is over we were tossed
I look behind me at what waters we have crossed
Hold in my hands the bits
torn from what we have lost
Is it true? Is it done for me and you
our story's over, we have sailed onto the shore
We aren't venturing through deeper
waters any longer
We've gone together just as far as we can go
Have you been with me? Was I sailing all alone?
The weight of all the oceans
falls right off.
When we are not
looking at each other eye to eye
stranded on the shoreline of reality
my skin is desert dry
All the world has disappeared
And the root of meaning cleared.
Bored, we go along like never
and begin
and the taste between evaporates, so thin,
as the waters fade
and the ship turns ghost
and the swirling images are lost
of mirrors leading to deeper interiors forsaken
for a terrain that awakes me from my daydream
All the interior was clamoring and saying
all the interior has momentary faded
And through the sea
that never had to be
we have gone as deep as we ...

Just when you think the sea is dead
It is all the way in the back
 rearing into a wave.
Swim, swim through them
 or they'll wash you –
one will, once and for all
 if you don't become
a more instinctual swimmer.

All the sea retains its mystery
Below the surface forever dark to me
only taste the depths but never fully dive
 to the bottom of infinity
 before it hides
into seemingly nothing,
 into a blank gaze,
 into closing the door
 with a simple wave

How do you hold the sea so contentedly
as if made to be all of the waves and be
 a body walking alone on your way
from a distance pulling, a tidal wave.
 So the sea disappears
 or the sea never was
so the oceans we crossed
 we were not aloft
 we were never in danger
but from declaring we'll stop
 and step off to the shore

End of the sea comes to me suddenly;
I have kept afloat upon Curiosity
But the waters decided
and their world is vapor
left me dry with a love of sandpaper
and memories of meaningful dreams
in the native tongue of aliens

What more could the sea have to teach?
The deepest pearls are beyond my reach now
For it left reality,
claimed itself unreal, never been, and faded away
correspondingly,
as if it was only all in me
and my
tendency to get high on all I cannot see

2016

Old stories
one bleeds into another

A song is over
and it has lived
to fade away
the you and I in it

So splash the colors on all over
bleed out all over
every tale

To find a thread among the bearer
'mong us together
among what's left

And in this way
nothing falls out of its place
among the lines

and all the while you never know
only had to do what you do
as something came about
you were never moving
a frantic search
for what else lies beyond these words

2016

The sea holds a mystery out of my reach
How did I think I would ever get through?
Maybe I brought along too many notions
when I dove in,
to go below

The sea met them all,
wrapped gently around them
rather than calling each out by its name

If I wanted to see a map, I saw it
If I wanted to find buried treasure, it was there

I carried a vision of finality
from the moment it swallowed me whole –
I knew already the end, in my mind –
which the sea does not hold

Was everything that you watch unfold
Already made? Already whole?
Now I think I understand –
I have no choice in who I am
No matter what my wants
or dreams
What, then, are fantasies and fiction for?
What for are possibilities?
They get you stuck in thinking.

I live with my prison
and you live with your prison
and we live together
like we always have been
you sitting right next to me
have no idea of my rootless swimming, swimming,
to a castle in the sea
and crying back, 'we'll get there!'

I, from underneath, can barely see you up above
and, so busy with saving – what? –
can't tell if you're there still.
Have you, closest, gotten older?
When was your birthday?
I forgot to bake a cake –
I never learned how anyway,
devoted as I was to diving.

2016

Coming up from a star
you were with me all along
perhaps you were nothing.

Was I floating through alone
under a ruse
that someone was beside me?

Who heard all the noises?
Who captured their sense?
Were they tossed out, unwound,
and never rewound?

Found my you where there is no sound
where there is nothing my one can do
where face to face with the question,
I

2016

Oh my love, where do you go?
I will not see you anymore.
What do I need of you here?

We have lived our life most deepest
in a moment, crossed the bridges
through whole oceans, dying shores,
and *after* that – I cannot see.

You have eyes that open deeply
I have words made to fall in
Do not care if no one sees me
Cannot tell you where I am
In disease I'm going crazy
seeing all of what isn't there
Looking in the space and hinting at
a language clear.

2016

What is the sea without you?
I want to be stronger
but it's easier when someone's beside
with all the clothes and words you forget;
then you're not a purposeless thin slice of life
staring at a lot of water.

2016

As long as I'm heartbroken, I'll keep going
As long as love eludes me, I'll go further
A one in her place still alone
is going and going and going
Always staying alone
Always saying no

2016

The people in the bright world
just ten feet away,
chatting about all manner of things,
current events and weekend flings –
but, my God, even their outrage
bubbles vivaciously.
It's like the sun is shining on their grass,
whatever that may grow
grows strong.

It's so hard to keep your head above water
when you know all the shores are going under
when everything you knew is crumbling
from one form into another
and the other is not you.

What can humanity hope to preserve
in these bouts of hopelessness?
The last few years have been a blow
and a watch of the war from my window
or my porch.

I could think of something to do
if I had the strength to
organize.

I can always hear the bright world,
never step across the divide.

And if the situation seems hopeless,
the weight of all the world
is crushing to our artistry
crushing to our worth
for what they produce can look better
can surpass out mental order
and the *meanings* we imbue
their order gives no value to.

People are fighting for theirs,
entirely missing the point.
Like a couple in its greatest row
that will realize the fight was over nothing important
after the house is destroyed.
How will we go on
having nowhere to stand
and destroyed our trust and our values and our land
and our selves, for the taking?

I grew up with a world.
It drags on at my heels,
its castles and steeples and books and lore,
its trove of memories.

I have carried it on my final breaths
across so many terrains.
They've battered it down significantly;
I come with its remains.

You can almost recognize
the picture it represented.
It still contains the essence,
I tell myself when my hope is dim.

Others are walking beside me.
I am not walking alone.
I'm walking through crowds of thousands packed on a street
with my invisible home.

It is taking place in the daytime.
It is taking place in the war.
Everyone is distracted completely by all of the conflict
that wasn't around before.
And my world goes on playing its music

drowned by conflicting noise –
grabbing all the attention today –
do I turn around and take it all home, let it quietly fade, isolated, but whole –
if I even stop I will hit a wall.

I've walked all my years a way
to bring all of mine to give to the shrine
to encapsulate it and save it and preserve it into space
to crystallize it forever, validate it,
the life that I have been.

From here on the ground, how can I hope to understand
the physics of future eyes?
Take my world and fit it inside;
tell me that you have taken mine.

Do I hear my song assigned a weight of none
as it slides into the compendium
of all the human ways?
My song and my father's song and the world from which it sprung is forever gone
whose beginnings I read in the history books,
whose end rests in my fingertips
has reached the end of its line

at hands that are mine,
fades out at I... at.. i..

1-31-17

In the Androgynous Dark

You almost don't even come out in poetry anymore.
I feel you with me while sitting here in the dark, gulp it back,
resisting the urge to say. The encounter will pass like all of them do.
Still, I have to keep writing our story, point or not,
repeated or not, encircled or not....

You come out when I'm in a certain mood
and only when it's been a while when we last spoke
and I almost forgot how you felt
almost always late in the night when at last I'm alone.

My back had been turned
I'd been talking inside the world
like I needed to.

I'd spent so long on your trail
that wound behind my eyes
where no one could see,
and nobody knew

what vastness had been my existence,
the story that kept welling up in glimpses
and, like the best loves,
still keeps on with its mystery,
a diamond suspended inside the deep sea
far below almost all of the light.

The talk was good. I don't quite remember
all that was said; I just needed to speak,
to see myself seen
before I could be alone truly and well once more.
Then, balance inside and out is achieved
and these simple words are to me full of flavor
they don't really have.

In the androgynous dark, I met you.
Did not have to close my eyes
to see you walking into the light,
still shaking from the past life-threatening descent and climb
and I could see your gaze and the details of your face like I'd never before.
It was mine.

That instant filled me with so much sympathy
for who you were and all that you had to be -
visions of your emotions and struggles and tortures,
self-doubt and questions and soft masculinity -
for a flash the tunnel of your convoluted past
like a trailing snake
was laid clear on the floor;
soaking, desperate, clinging to the ground of a stable world
where I held an innocuous court,
a warm garden pool of light, a safe harbor from the night past the window
you know too well;
betrayed on your face the confusion at what threw you out from god knows where and why here
when we met eyes and realized immediately
we find ourselves finally in the same world
with no warning....

Only after the talk that is dry as chalk
does the real verse begin,
when I sit on my bed and see from within
the next few lines of a tale past my reach.

My back had been turned so well, I could not tell
you stood behind me. Only for that
could I really turn back around
to face us, to see what is next....

*My dear,
don't tell me about it.
It's all on your face
from the moment when we lock eyes.
I didn't expect to find you here where I dwell,
but let us savor at last
the impossible.*

*Let my head spin, for I'm taking in
every chapter of all of your lives.
You're standing there, soft, by the limelight*

*where your bosom friend glows.
It turns onto you now,
come out of the shadows
and grace the room with your soft voice,
your genuine calm,
your self-contained everything -
I nearly could faint;
only ones like you could touch me there,
cast a swell in what stood still so long.*

*The rain in your hair
as you stumbled inside
the shock of your mouth
and your newborn eyes
wanting only for ground,
to be found,
and to know where you are
how you got here
and why.*

*It strikes me an arrow,
that you do not know,
shows me myself in a different light.
I am the harbor that I was seeking
and you are the seeker
with whom I have lifelong identified.*

*And I, to you, am something you knew,
am what you were thinking of all along....*

*Don't tell me your story,
just sit beside me
and let it play out.
In this androgynous dark
I most clearly can hear it,
a flickering flame
that I thought was extinguished.*

*You've already faded
and left these phrases,
your signature footprints
for all of my life.*

*I felt you beside me
for a moment or two.
I saw your face clearly;
now I don't have to look.*

Learned it a little bit more.

*It makes a little more sense.
These sortable snippets are part of the store
that sometime will emerge
to tell me what it is you've been trying to say:
I hear your cry!
out there! 'cross the bridge!
'cross this wall!
I'm crazy to think exists,
that leads me all over
a network of paths that are not even writ.*

I draw them for you,
unravel their answer,
chasing the problem,
meet you over and over,
pushing back daylight
like a child fighting fabric
in the market's barrage,
past the veil of searching.

inspired by/written to "In the Androgynous Dark" by Brambles and "Trouble" by Hope Sandoval
2-11-17

There is a turmoil in my soul
in the place beyond words,
the place where eyes don't exist,
where we live in the blind –
the source of reason,
who is buried in the seed of our 'why';
a flower poked out
but I didn't listen,
it did not speak through my tongue
and I didn't believe I could really hear
a true language beyond

I had a mission
it lay in the seed
and its wild decrees
I did not heed,
for I was afraid of the words they chose,
Now, all steps are weighted equal:
none have a weight of 'need'
I am failed and free to move about
to like or hate whatever
and nothing will bat its eye at me;
the realm of fate has let me be.

I have been planning to carry it out
and am coming upon the date.
The place I was meant to land
by now has lost the heart that sent the call
across the reason, across the ages, across the shore.

Distant cries from a living castle
I have heard a million times –
you have let me go

and died.

Unspoken urges I must answer
no matter what I'm doing now –
creep up on me like a wave,
build and swell like vomit.

Lover appears from time to time
to teach me to live
then silently leaves,
hides behind the veil.

Lover exists inside the notes
an ephemeral ghost
a collection of wisps of visions and thoughts
strung into the shape of a man in shadow
until I approach too close.

Lover is seen when I peer between
the cracks, in desperate need of something,
taking a step away from time, true pause
to catch the breath, be reminded again that we are together

whispers I never heard that went right over my head
changed the course I led
The life of another across time
looking straight into my eye
reached over the chasm and pulled itself out from inside of mine

And I heard, I heard,
doomed or cursed (however you're wanting to count it)
cannot undo the touch of a song
close my eyes – the glimpses come on even stronger
the whispers in those elusive hours
no matter where I am.
What are you saying to me right now?
Something about how to live on my own...
live like you...
something about how you are living....
caught me on loyalty that I was taught,
now I am by your side forever.

How can you be mad at me for choosing unwisely?
when it was you who instilled the importance of loyalty
no matter what comes, and beyond judgment?
Did you expect me not to find family?

Caught me on loyalty,
now I'm yours forever.
Like a three legged mutant
we'll hobble together
no matter what's up in my head.

When I first saw him, his hair was long,
his button down was red and one shoe torn up.
he had one CD - stuck inside his car, he said.
Next time I saw him he pulled me onto my bed.
He's so cool, yeah he's so cool
came out of nowhere
He's so cool, he would've laughed at me in high school.
We might've hit it off a little during art - unless he skipped.
We might've never crossed at all.

He says his mother is his best friend.
She looks at me like I'm a fool.
like I try so hard, I forget to take my glasses off.
like I have never been so cool.

And then one night while drinking warehouse brews
With people looked like they came from the woods
I met his best friends, and then I took him for the night.
his father laughed but I was mortified.

He's so cool, yeah he's so cool, it makes me cry.
he is terrified of falling, so he throws me in the front.
And I'm a pioneer who drank no beer til she was twenty-three
no I will never be so cool, and he will never be like me.

He's so cool, he's so cool.
"Let's try anal," he once said
And I said "no"
"At least not yet."

4/25/17

Art sometimes is to speak volumes using only several words or none,
sometimes to speak for hours without making any point, or one;
to make your viewers comb through empty chatter, blind them with intricacy;
to make them pause and read again the words; to make them see what they can't see.
Conversations between you and I read back like poetry.

6-19-17

When the wild world's too tight
I have to forget it,
Have to walk in the bright world with full abandon
as if I'm never going back there again.
but I know the wild will swallow me up
Someday soon it will jump out like a shadow from some rounded corner
and tell me something new,
Lure me away from the world of day yet again
But always let me keep one eye upon it
so I can never belong to either
I straddle the seam, never settled
and when I was younger I thought one would win
But I thought this over and over until I grew tired
and it became clear that the answer
Was just the continued problem, lived.
when somebody tells me to come back,
That's the sign that I've been there for long enough now.

9-19-17

Hey C---

I should have known the moment after walking through the door
to fifty photos of your hair and makeup done in every one,
just who you are
but I tried to play along
and now I write for you this song....
The basic kitchen kitsch of pinup women drinking wine
the gaudy Christmas decorations
and the lack of room for anything of mine
should all have served to tell
me this would not end well for me and you
It was a year of restrained harmony
I barely kept the lid on when your cats shit on the floor
and you took days to clean it up when just a minute could suffice
and I stayed quiet far too long
because I'm far too fucking nice
to live with you.
For many years you were a bartender 'round Baltimore City
didn't finish your degree but rose into authority
now I know why
cause you know how to shift the blame
and you can do it like a pro

yet act so innocent and nice
I wonder if your friends all know
and I would ask to see their outrage but i'd get blank stares i'm sure
or pretended affirmations from actors who say they care.
See you left your windows open in event you left your keys
I could have gotten murdered when he broke inside at 1 am
stood in my door
I still lay in my bed and just woken up from sleep.
Anybody normal would at least apologize
but you said nothing and pretended with an absentee disguise
through it all I kept my mouth shut
and I know that I was wrong
to place higher priority on you and I getting along
than being alive.
I couldn't fall asleep upon my bed after that night.
I'm moving out a week after I said, not knowing what I started.
You said nothing for while and this was on the 10th of May
then you found someone for July to take my place I said okay
then you said August.
Actually she can't move in til August.
When I said I couldn't stay you said you preferred if I did
You mean you'd rather take my money to have everything your way?
I think the lesson has been learned not to give ones like you a word
not to respond to your demands at all, pretend I never heard,
text back who dis?
I should have said, um... who is this?
I do not live at that address....
instead I made a grave mistake, foolishly started reasoning.
You would have none of it and fired bombs off again and again
none of your arguments made sense and yet you won the argument
simply by drawing me inside your room without any outlet –
how does that work?
I should have said okay instead I said I couldn't stay.
I should have nodded in agreement not to give you any play
I should have recognized the ruse that you were pulling straight away
and packed my bags immediately and left you silently to pay
throughout July.
It doesn't matter but think I know what's going through your mind:
you see a princess in the mirror in a world that's too unkind
you know your worth but I suspect you are a little overpriced
dressed up in glitz to blind a certain kind of man.
So I write this song

7-29-17

The Golden Path

The road to nowhere is calling again
and I must follow my heart.
Cast off the weight of the rush and the musts,
of the twenty-first century plaque on our back.

All I look upon in this state
who have followed the golden path
started out brightly singing, hand holding,
and dreaming
and ten years later went mad,
twenty years later were sad,
later in life still as lost as before
or taken a role in what they had run from,
but a fraction of who they could have become,
were they able the call to ignore.

Yet in the garden dream that goes on unseen,
they became a king, risking everything.
Must it be a trade of body for spirit?
Must we always yearn for it yet fear it?

The golden path some call a disease.
It sneaks upon you from between the trees
and it calls and you follow if you're brave enough
but after ten steps it disappears.

And when you come out in the woods in the night
and no path can be seen, you are wondering why
you left it behind you only to wind
up lost and alone and poor.

That is my fate, it seems to be,
wrestle over and over with this disease,
hope the reason will find me soon enough,
for I gave it all up to come out this way,
and I followed the music come what may
even knowing it might be a spell

and I might end up worse off than before,
a disease-ridden mongrel on the forest floor
chasing my own tail to no avail,
finding nothing awaited me after all.

Nobody still knows who makes the call,
nor why it falls so seductively
upon my ears and pulls me away
from whatever I'm doing to break my life down

in a manner that cannot be told.

But I have been here many times,
know well my way around this room,
going round and round yet never moving,
still tightly bound to fear of losing.

As I do this another time
I cannot feel it as much inside
as I did when younger and it first came on
and I did not know what was going on.

10-19-17

when you make myths
you open your doorway to hits
At the deepest level
A flood of treasure
or crashing waves
An unholy liaison
while you're away
In the sacred place
to which you will return
And which will never be the same.

11-13-17

True Words

The Way is not to go out there, seeking,
knocking on every closed door,
but to turn inside, face your own heart,
and find what you are living for.
Then, carrying those words that spring from the well,
that ring true, you walk on in the world,
coming not from without, running 'bout
and giving yourself the runaround,
but coming out from within, you find,
you meet, you greet, with your true words,
your sigils, and your only flag,
those who accept it, those who sing or speak back
with words of their own, from the land
where your flag was born.
And that is the secret, that is how
to walk through the world and make it your own
true life. That is the way to live free;
tunnel in and come out from the other side.

11-17-17

Out behind the winding roads
awaits an entire ocean.
Can't you see in the dark
what lies behind it all?
The stillness, the peace,
the things you've been missing,
the missing states,
the locking gates,
flooded after all....

Your words aren't enough
Your notes can't be transcribed
into any more perfect tongue.
And so, like this,
having tried to express,
the traveler
travels on.

Onto the next
through the locked-up gate
sometimes glimpsing the ocean in wait
and tasting the salt
but it's never enough
to break.

My lover goes on
in his lonely hour,
trying to find the cure.

And the ocean calls –
the call of the sea –
behind a swell – attain mastery.

Somewhere distantly
from the road he takes
sits a lighted house
where a friend awaits
and my lover, alone, marches on
toward that doorway,
beautifully unaware.

My lover is on a journey to cross all terrains

My lover is on a journey
to cross all terrains
before he stumbles into the lighted house,
soaked from the ocean,
torn up from the climb,
worn out from marching
over the sands
with only the stars to light for a thousand miles.
He has become another,
clawing out from the inside;
he recalls the first moment of gasping for breath
when he finally burst his head out.
Now quiet and tired,
by the fire he falls,
and a new light comes softly,
a friend comes soft,
eyes over the room,
patient and kind,
he has nothing to say,
longing only to sleep;
he is so far away
from the land where he started,
from the man that he was
in another life that thrives on a distant shore
he cannot relate or return to –
that man is no more.
Careless optimism wiped from that young face
by the turbulent shores
that tossed him, the waves
merciless, unrelenting,
teaching truths via batter,
wiping out all he knows
leaving him blank,
devoid of his visions,
indifferent to pain,
numb through his body,
but still, alone, kind,
in a simplest manner,
a note ringing quiet,
all that is left inside.

In this lighted cafe
where the locals gather,
my lover, newcomer,
wants nothing;
he sits by the fire,
finally crossed all terrains

and everyone wonders about this stranger,
come at the behest of the winds and the waves,
by their motile fates
that swept him along
trampled him down
tore up his life
tore up his thoughts
tore up his plans
tore up his wants
tore it all down
pushed him to drown
to the floor of the sea
brought him back up to a foreign shore
fought through watery fists with his splintered boat,
left only to walk
along quiet sands,
and no way to go back.
An act of God
to pull him out?
He was so stuck
in the world that adored him;
he needed to be left alone,
to be thrown out,
to be cast off and cast off the closet of cloaks
he wore and wore
tear up their stitches and leave him naked ashore
of the foreign land where he will find
a familiar face he never could otherwise know...

and that is the tale of the reluctant explorer
the one, more than any other, I know.

12-08-17

Secret Rock Star

I knew that he loved music from the first day we met.
He had long hair and flannel and taped up boots.
He bragged about that for a minute; I laughed;
He showed his guitar and the dreams of his past,
mentioned his love for it every so often
on bike rides we took along long country roads.
He called me to talk and divulge interactions
with folks he met randomly, asked for perspective.
Then one day he met a few folks and they started a band:
his friend, his other, and a couple unknown.
The wife, lead singer; the husband, drummer;
his friend played harmonica; his other the bass
and guitar alternating sometimes with my sex bud
not boyfriend but more than acquaintance I'm sure -
they started to practice every which day
and watch movies on evenings; he and they
became a circle on which I stood outside;
that was fine; I had mine coming up at the same time.
But still texted to ask how he was and to honor the bond!
My boy formed a band and ceased to correspond.
I told him to tell me how band practice went
and received no response since the time that was sent.
Then it hit me that all of this time, far below
the hair, motorcycle, and the back of a show
was a rock star in slumber, in wait of the light
to shine on him - was all the humility just temporary
til fortune smile gaily? was all of the silence
just hiding a hubris too dented to shine?
to claim lovely ladies awaiting in line?
to believe he's the shit and when his shit shone
to leave behind the stand-in ho?
Does my good, conscientious boybud believe
that he is a rockstar and god underneath?
And does a rockstar contain a rockstar's mind?
to shoot for the stars via leaving it all behind
when given the once in a lifetime sign to sprint?
to cut ties with what holds you back you think?
to believe in the rock n' roll lifestyle as the ultimate vision,
the caveman who can't be tied down born in '92
as the ultimate manifestation of man?
cut ties but I think when comes the wane
you'll come back to explain why you were gone
and say well that was a fun ride, come over tonight!
I'll be gone on my sailboat, with no service to get
that return text next month on how band practice went.

Burnin in the true for many long years the flames beneath my soles
up to my arms inside my heart – I can't keep still
Blind wealth comes a creepin like a vine over all the quiet build
No place in the world to settle – I can't keep still.
Little vines and gentle reasons not-so-gently get nudged out and down
turn into villains who can't hear and jump the edge.
Kicked out of each place I come to by louder voices – so I keep movin on.
Evicted from the garden by the dollar and the pound
He who has more weighs a ton by foot and leaves a mark in Earth
while stories come and go into the none.
I keep sailin round and round in search of a lost past can never stop on shore
took over by the hoard.
Nobody to listen to the silence of the world beside me.
Everywhere I go kicked out by louder voices so
I cannot find a place to sit upon the world.

I move along the surface
and in the true
they do not touch
and say different things
two lines, two different lives
and separate motions for each

the sea's other side
a whirlwind was spinning
everything she touched
was passed through its fattest core
she could not live otherwise
could not take it in calm
not let lies slide
nor let things hide
she was so made
so she became

He will blaze along,
destroy another world,
and his mortal enemies,
who so love their small enclosures,
will, after centuries,
have them again.

He is the riverman in his bones
his manner is easy for all of time
aversion to fighting and conflict resolution by floating silently into the night
set into the pine

many come by to disrupt his peace
but can't a ripple cause
he has a joke for every type
and an eye for every tease
already written on his arm

set to sail the river bend
to wear the hat
on simple days
to let the others
come and press
to live until he
dies that way

2017

I Thought...

walking all over the barren land
looking again for a place
where a story that calls my name is starting to live
so I can pick it up and carry it on.
All the stories I found have ended
and I feel I need to find
a tale that will spin as long's I'm alive,
and maybe one to pass on.
I thought the last one would be like this.
I thought I had picked up a vine
with roots running through the entire earth
like I could see through boarded up windows.
But it was a tip
and it died in my hands.
I watered it daily and hoped
turned it over to examine each line on the leaves
tried to learn the language of plants
asked it so many questions
(but, I feared, in my native tongue),
kept it so high up by the sun
it mostly stayed silent
and I still hopelessly followed its vine.
Now I'm back on the road again
traveling alone, empty handed,

naked and nameless
all is quiet
out here where there are no landmarks or signs
not even a face against the horizon.
I don't know what face I am looking for,
not really looking at all, not open for other stories when I found a path I wanted to travel on,
a fateful beginning, a blossoming middle, and an end of surprises
would be nice, but I need
somebody else to be.
Something to find.
Something that feels
I'm wandering the desert,
wondering how many more I can be
before I grow tired
before I stay lost,
sit down make my home in the sand and the silence
having lost the chance to be lost at sea
and bitter about the touch departed
the ghost that dangled my identity
and reminded me, when he disappears,
that I was too weak to have it.
Shrugging at visitors,
indifferent to caravans,
remembering that I have seen this one before
or this is the same as another; I know it ends soon;
I don't want to know anything anymore.
I can never predict the land's next mirage
I mean, in the desert I saw a whole fucking sea!
Could have sworn I was swimming and diving
when I was sitting and dreaming
and my shadow was company.

2017

The ultimate horror is not to be needed
by the world of need.
Knowing you are losing your place,
you face only two choices:
retreat quietly to the nooks or the outskirts and live the legend you are,
wait to be found by another soul who will put you on,
or take what you have to give so that you made fade fulfilled,
or you yourself may carry the inner life ahead
and be willing to change –
you have no such choice
for you have no choice but to act as you,
and what will happen is what you'll do.

2017

Bring forth your castle
 into the world
 out from behind the veil
Rip it open with your moat
 show the dragon
 another way
Show a way
 a path
 that comes
 through the door
 and shines
 but once
 for ever
 and
 for all
 a light
 under the ground
 bursting out

01-31-18

The Pain From the Core of the World

All night, I lie
tossing and turning,
wondering
if I know how to do anything
anymore.
Feel a stir
I must 'lean into',
quieter
than all popular titles
and unending new lines that distract us
have kept me chasing
for many years
optimal external ways
to make it in the world today without dying,
or being snuffed out from the inside;
I'd rather, if I must be snuffed out, from without
and it isn't even painful anymore
to feel it graze my skin
to suffer a disease
to get my heart broken

by disappointment in love.
No, I'm too old for that.
Last year I was ten years my junior.
I keep trying
to touch the sacred core in me again
but keep losing touch, it seems by default.
Have noticed
my own number constitution
taken over within the past three years.
It sends me to some sort of brink just beyond my view.
Is that where the visions come from
that fill up my mind these days,
of setting out to sea alone?
What a relief washes over when I think of being by myself
through the duration of adulthood
and accept it as my fate
as I watch everyone around me become people I
had identified from a distance in youth as set molds
when my friends and I were still undifferentiated;
over recent years they've subtly slipped into those
and I realize, so have I
only now I see who I am,
perhaps,
who I always was going to be.
And I look at the one who has been my lover for the past two years as we drive
and under the cold and quiet light
I see he'll end up alone, as well.
Was it our cataclysm
that pushed us both down?
Take two soft but difficult people,
difficult to peg into satisfaction within our human world,
easy to work with,
and you get...? Tremendous growth,
so rapid, I've aged sometimes years in the course of three days!
Wrung out my love for hip cafes
and absorbing ambiance;
now I'm simply going about my way
wherever I am.
Less fanciful
than the curiosity and wonder I held
before I became so tired
so let go of the hope for love,
so numbed by what I've become by clinging on,
the only way to deal with the shreds you've torn yourself into
without noticing you were.

My lover is still watching
 in the lighted house where he's stopped,
arrived after crossing all seas,
 after a lifetime of searching,
 of wandering –
I glimpsed his form through the infinite window
 back by the fire
 sitting there still
 the way I sometimes do –
he is there still
a long time hasn't moved
 with nowhere to go
for through the portal I see it
the lifetime unfolded
in the secret world
(it's hidden from me
'til I summon a pulling body
 on the right night)
and he waits for me there
 he's waiting for me to arrive
 he is waiting for me
 like he's certain
 like he knows

To long for someone again is old
I'm old in ways that can't be told
I'm too tired to throw all of myself into the ache again,
but it comes.
Just like all the firsts I had,
brings me back to many ages,
back to old thought patterns, stages
I thought I had passed.

Like my first love,
like first failure,
when around the longed-for man
I see the hidden lifetime hovering
before my eyes again,
the portal to so many riches
flaunts its transiently coy glimmer
and I am speechless in the open,
once more growing thinner.

And if I don't get him, I'll go alone,
as far as I can, to the core of the world
Reach the same waiting inner terrain
from the opposite door;
same end, in pain –

Like all of the others
all of the others
who gave me the fuel to move the world.

3-25-18

I live inside the storm now
blind in the blind world
always touching the core

In the swirl that enfolds me –
well, I have plunged in
took a breath and said do it
over the edge

It was water that caught me
the ocean that leads to all oceans
the drifting that leads to the way

And I have pushed off from lost harbor
cast off into the night
and it pulls me, and pulls me
I am always inside

The cure came on suddenly
one simple day...
I am on my way
a pointed line that cuts through the middle
that turns back the clock 'til it stops

I'm in the going
the beautiful sea
with always an ear to the life in the core

I'm touching the water
touching the sun
living in line with the rules that made us
not the rules of one man who makes us do
well, you know

I'm just on the other side
and I'm coming, I'm coming
like wind

Going In the True World

They love you, but they can't reach in
cannot reach in and pull you out
cannot issue commands
in the language spoken there.

They love you but they cannot see,
cannot comprehend the mystery
you're inside.
They cannot give you answers.
They cannot be your piling or your pier.
All the support you seek
all the support you need
must be dredged up from the deep,
and from where? That you must ask yourself.

Nobody else. There is nobody else
always with you in the inner life.
You are swirling in the sphere
left alone to rediscover North,
electromagnetism itself.

Let go into the wind
and that you will become
with all the strength of nature at your back
to grow and grow and grow.

It never ends, no,
not the true life.
No borders around the True World;
only lost civilizations,
eternal explorations,
underneath the show.

To the True World we go.
I have found what I sought:
the Way to Endlessness.

~

For it you must give up
all that you know
all you dream and plan
to let it lead you on
only God knows where.

~

But we'll keep going, going
on into the True,
the road that never ends,
the 'us' we'll never understand:
our own humanity.
That itself is to be free!
Always left to seek
the universe within
the template that we are
and *how*? Just drop your jaw;
that's all there's left to do.

~

And that is what we seek
that is what we seek
every time that we come home.

We have come up here
from a long way
A long path lies behind us
but finally we're here
And that is all that matters,
to walk through the archway
and never truly return...
where we are going
we do not know
but we knew we were
headed to the way.

I can hear you talking
in the space when we're apart.
I know you seek adventure
and are ready for your life to end
standing upon shells,
afraid to let them go.

... And wherever I am
 my heart is full of crashing waves
 (I can see inside with my eyes closed.)
This is the end of the story
 where it all has come
 (where I place the mark of my rebirth)
Why do these visions drive me so?
 Everyone can see by now
 all my naked love,
 and who I want to be.

I am the breaker
 who comes crashing through
 wherever I happen to be
 stealthily
 not because I wish to;
 because I hold the breaking sea

 and I do not know why
 I do not know why
 but what I need is time
 a quiet place to be
 and constant conversation

I am always in the sea
because the sea is within me

All the time my eyes are closed,
 I behold it ever more
 that private, lovely world
 that keeps me separated

How can I go?
 I can never tell
 where it will carry me next
 nor how the chips will fall
 around me as I move

But I pass through
 (and wish I did not)
touching who must be touched,
 likewise being touched
 so I can go further
 down this most mysterious road
 that one day falls out to the ocean
 the next weaves a kingdom over land
I for certain understand
 that one may not follow the next
 and the tale may never end.
 I am only given glimpses
 and never can go back
 even in midsentence
 even if unfinished
 and still longing to
I take these longings with me
to the next world as my fuel

... To encounter open faces
 to greet unprepared hearts
 who never saw it coming,
 who never knew what hit them –
to stir up all the hidden places
 ruffle untouched spaces –
It breaks open your ground,
 and doesn't spare the nice ones
 nor pause for casualties

Most precarious to be open
lest that wind pass through
 blowing only forward
 at a speed you must oblige
Say goodbye to neighborhood
say goodbye to former life
 Be carried to a shore
 Where you may only wake up poorer

In those crashing waves
lives a deep I can't access

I can barely touch
the riches

Let alone bring them up
where they may wither in the sun

I only sense what's below
one world crashing on another
living for a moment
having its brief turn

2018

It's the attitude I want
the attitude I seek
like the man
living upon the deep sea
looking round.
To walk around town like you are the bricks
without trying to breathe every detail in
they all are part of you
Don't want to step through any door
fall into a dramatic loop, or
get onto some topic.

I'm a ghost
and a fixture
like the lampposts
like the air that makes
the place itself
the negative space that
carries all of the flavor
I have sunk into that,
the eternal world.

2018

Who is happy when you're true to yourself?

Oh, my love, on the other side,
I finally know how to touch your hand,
how to make contact with you on command...

Answer me, who is it that rejoices
when you do the things that put you
in touch with your own self?

For so long I had known but forgotten or undermined
the importance of being true to what I believe.
But now I understand why:
That is when we make contact, my love,
the contact for which I have searched my whole life.

Who is it that feels so free
when I cut off the strings that bind?
My love calling me from the other side.
Now I understand why he is hidden.

So long I thought you were hiding behind an ink sky
that little by little rubbed away,
let me see glimmers and glimpses of my one true face,
but lost again, covered over by a fresh spill
I did not even notice clouded the view...

But I had it all backwards.
I usually do.
You, wild, are out there, on the field,
dancing in freedom, roaming the streets,
crying aloud in your unbounded voice,
and my vast ink sky is a crust of close dirt
claying my face - so when I break free
that is why it feels like new breath.

The seemingly mystical, when understood,
is the most pragmatic, concrete truth,
the most realistic, simplest grain.

I recently, to myself, a scenario posed:
what if I always went with the urge
to react as I feel unhindered by expectations,
commonsense considerations, and truth
of experience?
To react as I would if a comic book hero,
to go with what longs to be manifested,
to go with the voice that asks no questions
but simply states what it wants

without a glance at what the world does.
Well, that would be living a child, and free,

but it took me a couple more days to see
this silly scenario meant far more
than what I expected when it first popped up:
for, when I do this, someone is happy,
and when I chanced to be recently freed,
as I longed I would, and as circumstances granted,
I glimpsed you again.
You come up with the hidden truth.
Both together will surface.

I hear what you're saying now, over the waves,
and I know how we will be together.
I know how to make it so always.
I know what it means to live free of fear
of cobwebs and expectations
of shadows and weights.
Most importantly, I understand why,
so pragmatically, I urge to be true,
and yearn for the true expression,
and the surface of earth to reflect my own heart.

5-13-18

(a poem sure 100% to be misinterpreted, this does not mean to follow each whim. Rather, it means to be free of the binds imposed upon you by others. To be free of unfair binds to walk freely in the field toward your own life... not to live a free life inconsiderately and on the basis of pure, fleeting emotion)

Labor force ditty

the thing I want more than anything is freedom
the thing I want more than anything is time
the thing I want more than anything
is for no man to pull upon my string
the thing I want more than anything is freedom

the thing that is hardest of all to wield is freedom
you may find you run back to structure in no time
you find that you walk in an open field
with no one before you to take the lead
the thing that is hardest of all to wield is freedom

the thing that costs more than anything is freedom
to get it you must invest great amounts of time
the price of freedom is up these days
by the friends and family with whom you part ways
the thing that costs more than anything is freedom

5-13-18

Rapture Crescendo, 2AM

A story of disproportionate,
inconceivable,
unpredictable ravishing beauty
lives inside of me
like a waterfall of half-formed visions.

I barely have time to glimpse the vast terrains
careening before my eye
before they change shape,
write ten new chapters,
so far ahead of my mind.

Vaguely see two main characters
meeting,
 playing,
 parting,
 greeting,
repeating it over and going on
somewhere new
in the neverending.

Oh what am I to do!? I can barely bear witness
to what I long with all my being
to bring onto the page.

How can I repaint
the cerulean ocean,
the mystic archway that always awaits,
the entire landscape of interconnected
bits of image I have gleaned,
that happened to pass my way?

We are still out in the midst of the ocean,
just after sunset;
today is a calm blue sea.

A friend needs nothing from you,
not even if you are holding the key
to their home.

Cerulean Ocean

I am besieged by a love so free,
I can be myself in your company,
we can be together and be alone,
I can walk along every road.

A love so free wants only company,
will not ask of you even if you are holding the key
to the castle but two feet away....

Live the life you live and I will stay
by your side
because in you I see the journey,
the youth that brings me to tears,
the reasons I did not see before
and the more I know you, the more and more
I know, I am certain.

Quietly, I come to feel held
in your presence.
I see cerulean
once again
my entire sky –
entered the vast expanse
that has long been waiting.

From that land I can bring nothing,
cannot translate into tongue
the song which my heart now is singing,
the melody ringing throughout all space,
the life that my soul is living.

A land inaccessible
as the distance grows
for the forest moves forward
and it cannot be slowed.

She dons the disguise of a beggar queen
or an invalid
or one insane
or perfectly plain
and traverses all manner of inner terrain
to get to the dunes
to preserve what will be his ghost.

In the land, the boy grows.
Alone, he grows harder
without her guiding light
without her by his side
as he traverses the forest
and it comes in blows
that can't be avoided,
the crust over him hardens
and he isn't as soft
he isn't as warm
and finds himself in the dark night

But when the queen returns
and the young man is older
she bears in her arms
the boy he could not remember anymore,
the boy who dwelt on a distant, sandy shore
once upon a time.

Summer 2018

Outwardly, I can still make sense
but underneath I have lost it

I am there in the inner lands;
on which days can I find this?
Abandon yourself from making sense
and go as it simply goes.
Only on days when I know this without words,
only on days when I'm sick with the cure,
and as I draw and try to bring it out,
my sniffles and fever calm down.

2018

Song of the Witch

I am who I am
forever more
as the forest continues to grow.
No false kings
no pretenses
can destroy my last defenses,
can throw me off course.
No great waves
no wrecked ship
no dangling treasure –
for I come alive in the inclement weather
and nothing can touch me
to death.
Nothing can kill me
except the angel,
my friend.

Summer 2018

Of Mystery

I walk as I did yesterday,
a sword drawn through my core today
as visions of a breaking world
play behind my eyes

like it was so long ago
when I knew not to let it go
and even now when I do nothing,
still it feels the same.

For a life ends now, I feel it;
see the same, behind a screen;
prisoner, I can do nothing,
blind, I still can feel you bleed

I sense you are lost as I was.
Have I passed along my seed –
the essence of a life, forgotten,
burned through wholly over years – ?

just as I came to the last steps
of some strange trajectory,

wandering for six long years,
lost, alone, and going nowhere,
reemerging normally –

fully normed, yet someone new,
the same as she who fell, gone through
tunnels inexplicable, upturnable, inimitable,
nonexistent turbulent oceans, lands transformative invisible.

Across the sky, I hear your cry
see your long trajectory
know somehow that you are now
thrown many miles off your set course.

Please know that I go it with you
even though you go alone
even though I've disappeared
the phantom from my cells dissolved

I remain now as a shell
a voice for what has walked through me
and *you*, my friend, are now the actor –
so through music I perceive.

A miracle has passed between us
that in the space we crossed to touch
the starlight that would else have sputtered
jumped across the black divide

caught by, from all One's worth, Another,
held to carry it inside,
by the starlight to discover
the life of One, unheard and vibrant,
not in theory but through stepping,
by metabolizing One,
taking up the cross, Aloneness,
to play for Life a melody

that will make the hardest lonely,
that will serve to be your guide,
that will take you on a journey
to and from the Human Wild

and now Another – I have faith –
will press his palm down flat upon
the beating heart of all we are
forgetting as we leave the sun.

Still about the ghosts's eyes –
these symbols are old and used up from a melting treasure trove.
I need new ones. I need new lore.
You know what that means – I cannot be who I was before.
Yesterday's I has aged and died
and a new direction as rich and as deep has not appeared.
Old stories and ways and the way of ways
have been written through.
Now I still here remain knowing not what to do.
I could go somewhere – it doesn't matter where.
Sometimes one mythology is fine for one life,
enough to keep you exploring a lifetime.
Maybe I crave more entertainment when it's simply time to work.
Maybe I crave you like a distraction.

7-29-18

All the paths I have already walked,
even the knowing of walking circles,
even the journey to the core,
to the outside crust of the seed.
All the paths of love I've taken,
several times over until my legs fell off.
I walk in circles bored and laughing,
telling my stories to no one.
I found stories that could not be translated
into any human tongue.
Many minds find them separately.
The hero pushes you further in
into loneliness that comes from knowing
into a winding path alone
that started in ignorance and daylight joy,
that was always the lunatic's song.

Going everywhere, it doesn't matter where,
everywhere I go
sing the lunatic's song of being upon
for unknown ends the Earth.
Goals are poison if you're open;
you may attain them and face the danger
of pausing at the top of the mountain
to look at those standing around you.
Going down the mountain back to the valley
like a wind-up doll
going up to the peak like it's nothing;
there's nothing to a fall.
Going around the unstable earth
singing the lunatic's song
bringing tales of a world that is vanishing

a treasure light already gone.
That's fine for me, that's fine for me.
That's how it ought to be.
But tell me, architect of age, what's next for one like me?

7-29-18

Goodbyes

everyone is saying goodbye right now
and the winds of change are blowing through
the long plateau of halcyon days,
blowing me along to the next
and I leave so many stories unfinished
to ache in the past
 for their completion
I guess I could've stayed longer and seen it through to the end
but I guess I couldn't – the bell rings now
 the time is now
with all the material I acquired
all the chaos that transpired
in just a few short whirlwind moments
and chance connections
chance-crossed lines
that pull us forward by our eyes
we all came here looking for something
and what I found was what others were seeking
that glimpse through a window
that doesn't happen too often
into disturbance and human unsettlement
into a broken land
into being in the middle
into the struggle
of hearing the call of the sea
into the border between something else and your sanity
covered thinly by public acceptance
revealed by meandering paths below the leaves
how did I touch you
in our brief interlude?
I was a burning star
never able to finish one sentence
in that unreachable world.
Though I try to buy notebooks and pens
earn slowly ranked degrees
try to make plans

the volcano erupts as it needs
and I spill it wherever I am
and I cannot go back to it ever again
it's unfinished and hangs in the realm,
still beating
wanting a moment for completing
its course runs in the undercurrent
and all of them whistle in my ears
as I swim through the ocean that never stops moving
and nothing gets old – no it's all getting new
and how do I go about telling you!?
all of this I cannot hold onto!

The concrete holds us, barely changing
behind our eyes lies a different story
a combustion of stories
I cannot make sense of and bring to Earth
for there is too much in there
there is too much to spill!
not enough time in a single life.
The world inside me is vast as the universe
I am about to study
and what I really wanted to convey
still beats, restlessly

8-23-18

I know the kind I am
 I know for what I stand,
 in a word, freedom,
 in a word, kindness
those two, and inquiry, would be the seed
 of my family
but I do not know
 if I want to carry
my seed, myself, my own on
 into the new world:
deep deep down
 I am content
 to be the end of the line;
it feels as fulfilling
 as having kids;
that is how
 I know it is mine.

9-30-18

Lover on my wall
 we never get old
I hear your call as soon as I'm alone,
 the only place
 where I can take a breath,
 I find you right away,
 waiting for me
 on the blank wall
 of the room that's my own –
oh, how will I ever live in the world
 when you're the only one
 who lives inside the place where I dwell,
 bigger than all I project beyond the secret well?
Most comfortable I am here,
 and only here,
and when I spend too much time outside of my head
 you disappear.

Lover on the wall
 it's not a scary place
 to be alone when you haven't in so long.

11-08-18

Blind Man

Blind Man can't see one step ahead
every world at every moment
sprouts a new garden
full of new species

When everything touches
so deeply, even
the littlest thing –
Blind Man lives like this,
from one garden to another
sprouted waned and mulched to soil
until tomorrow, can't predict it
can't depict it
can't follow
Blind Man is unfollowable
unfathomable
unspiritual

living in the spirits' world
a world that's past us once we name it
world so fragile one can't say its name
a world so fine, memory can't encode it
a world that's all my life – I cannot show it
when I try to bring it out
it comes out in gibberish
and only my drunk mind
can make any sense of it
Blind Man is alone – know it
traveling on and on
where is always the unknown
the next phase doesn't live until
he makes the turn
right into the dark

Who won't tire of my sadness?
Who won't stay to know it all?
Who could breathe in every atom
of the world inside my chest?
Of the cosmos growing in me
changing in the name of beauty

when something's felt you do not waste it;
find the ones that call your name
the private world, your home and birthright
with the gates that hold your curse
the private bedroom you alone
know too well – its siren call
at times possesses an entire ocean
to lure you out and once again alone

the doorways that your garden makes
disappear in one day's turn
you cannot explore each option
every path of every world
will live and die unknown
even to yourself
so much remains unburned
let the leaves that fall never burn up
they don't live but leave their imprints
in your garden's wake as you
walk along another body
through a door that wasn't there before

Every day you live like this
Every day does Blind Man go
on and on into the deepness

Tethered to the Well

I'm tethered to the well,
fall in whenever I need its pain
come out again and burn
die to remember why I'm alive.
At the bottom lives a fire
ignited by your skin and knives.
But you must surely come up
and the pressure pumps you out.
He is my muse, who's afraid of the dark
I know to be my savior.
He is afraid of being alone as I was
and I was just being myself.
No borders whenever I am.
No neatness wherever I am.
Break the world's skin
just by walking.

12-13-18

House at the Crossroads

Hanging, building, forming between two worlds,
between the bricks of the street
and the hand of fate
stands the house at the cross of so many roads.
From there come so many roads
and I took the road that led you and me
its own story beautifully
to the house that stands,
or to the cross where so many pass
and a home was made
here we sit
collaborate
stay a while
let magic transform
respect the stories of distant roads
we come to understand.
My road ends
before it goes
on for more, transformed.

November 2018

I can move the world
and hide it all under my skin
run to the other side

I can move the world
hide all the pain under my skin
in a pocket
and cross our great divide

I no longer remember
how it came to be
go on day by day, so hollow
but I smile, crack a joke,
as I used to be –
who was never, ever so well known

There's a world gone on living inside a past
hidden from me by my mind.
I'll awake suddenly from my dreams sometime
and set off without a word.

I can move the world
if only I go blind
if only I can stuff the echoes down
with my gentle hand
holding yours in the land
so distant, I no longer hear the sound

2-16-19

The body's made to swallow trauma

the soul was made
to seek, to wallow,
the body made to
swallow trouble

in the endless diorama
spin I, hollow,
unable to
remember how
it felt to hold you
all I have
are fantasies

the soul was made
to self-discover
body made
to swallow trauma
out of reach
inside somewhere

2-6-19

There is no right, there is only my song
and resolution can never come.
The world I inhabit only goes deeper,
the pain that drives the movement blisters on.
With age the answers do not come;
the questions merely change.
The world I discover hums along
to its own brutal currency:
three minutes of ecstasy
for thirty thousand miles of despair,
for all the castles in the air
to meet their maker on the floor.

3/15/19

Interview for a 6-figure job in the throes of depression

I'm walking a dangerous rope,
feeding off of the night,
under the guise that it's just for a while.
Darkness dances around me and
I dance around them,
losing who I am
when finally cured.
Is there nothing outside the battle to bring myself up to ground level?
I am a warrior who will dissipate
once the war is won.
In the room I have kept or has kept me
I find all who have touched me.
Sometimes they call;
I told myself,
I don't need to be anyone's friend.
Sometimes they stand silently, far away, thriving on the other end
of the long, long hallway
making a healthy life
without me,
moving ahead.
I am playing with a dangerous rope
that may twirl around my neck,
in a moment of underestimating its cunning.
One night it might get me,
but I continue taking the risk.
I came into the sunlight for half an hour
and when she said bye, fell back below,
sank into the comfortable thought
and the sickness;
understood something about how I made the world I have known for the past seven years.
She offered the chance for a spot at the top,
and I gawked, me!? I've been living underground,
unemployed and coasting on early efforts,
ignoring the rules of free-market economy.
In the darkness I paint beauty
and I am not yet done. If I win
I will drop the art halfway, forget the love I found
and its tale I so painstakingly brought from the shadows and loved;
the only world and the only me that I know will fade,
and I will be victorious, but nameless.
I would rather drown as the captain
of a ship that fights across a brutal sea, teaching the laws by example of structures that do not really
need to be,
born out of mother depression,
as is her gift,
who left me to find
beauty, and something new, inside the cracks of night

or rather, stars, that let in a little light from the normal world I would otherwise be perfectly part of,
turned me into the artist of nothing,
turned me into something.
In the world of daylight I am nothing
but somebody else's arm,
and in my disease-ridden kingdom,
I am the lost, lonely queen.
Cured, the story fell off
and I become everyone else
walking in step on the hiking trail
hearing nothing under the soil.
I belong in the world of daylight;
there I will find my love.
I will build a ladder from underground to my home beneath the sun
and show the world what earthquakes reveal.

4/5/19

tl;dr: potential for 6-figure salary job cures my depression for a second, but I have a mission to use this
depression to help others and educate the world on what the tricks of our brain do to the world and to
human experience. I don't want to work in san francisco.

I was forged from the flames alone.
Now that is clear.
I watch you go on
watch you fall in love and play
play and meet a bright new flower
flitting along her way
not expecting to meet her wide-eyed, wisened prince
as she smiles brightly, carried on the breeze of life –
and from afar, I watch you fall in love again.
I am the storyteller.
I tell this story.
I was so made from the flames.
Humans have loves that spark and flare on earth –
ghosts only look.

Don't try to convince me
my story's not done.
The gods have dropped me
and I,
when I see you,
when I remember you,
when I see that you have grown older
because of me
I love you all the same.

My story is over.
I believe it, I believe it.
I saw the ending years ago.
He has crossed all terrains
and she has been sitting there, waiting,
humbly, lived as much, lost as much,
lost her place among the gods.
She watches them now
from afar
no longer enamored.

The world of visions comes at a price
The landscape can come out in mania
Seems to disappear forever on all other days
But you are always inside
or it is always inside
unlocked by any interaction with a new and foreign mind
You are starving for banter, for chemistry, for longing –
the longing you carry is a part of your world –
all you've encountered
is a part of this vast, unmeasured world
You have created, that springs from you
even corners you cannot see
even the other's house
and the other one's land

There is a price to pay for these glimpses:
headaches and the turmoil of daily life
are its fermentation process
and only that
and the indirect but true solution
to the problem of how to be
and how to be steady
(is not to see the future, end)
bring out another representation,
fill in another corner of the map
and still see the formless roil never ending behind it,
still feel you have so far to go.

I cannot blame them
when I myself in moments like this
rip everything I come into contact with
when I disappear in the park
into this world
when my eyes stop seeing
and my hand is moving
and I look up after –
there everything is,
the green spring grass and
children laughing
and birds calmly foraging in the weeds;
the *world* is steady, calm, and stable –
I am not
I am not able
I am somewhere in the balance
arcing through the sky
toward my demise
forever
then go under
then return to arc again

faster, faster,
flying with
all of my longing trailing after
wail and clamor
picture show
for audiences
who do not
know what to do
but watch me go

And I wonder why I can never have anything permanent
or at least more stable
(though nothing is stable
if *you* are not) –
how do I become stable?
Pick something to hold my interest
and work at it
discipline –
the sea calls again.
It is me
who flings my body across the world,
not desires or fates but my ways
and I know if I pick I might break it again
like I did before,
oh, I'm stuck in a dance here
writing poems from ear to ear.

5-23-2019

You are empty, like me
existing for another.
You become the other
and follow their cry.
You do not know this
about yourself
but I saw it next to me
when we lay side by side.
You believe you're the other,
but I see that you are
empty for lover
like I, who love you.

6-2-2019

There's a crack inside my soul
I could sing about it forever.
But I never will return to how I was.

And I run so I can find
what lies over the divide
but every time I lose myself again.

There's a crack within my self.
Every night I sit with death.
But each morning somehow I'm awake again.

It's a nightly visitor
comes beside me to whisper:
“can you tell me why it is that you're alive?”

8-26-2019

My world went underwater
I pushed with all my might
knowing nothing but the fighting moment
clawing up for air.

But I do not refer to air;
I am drowning in my ocean
as if water were expanding
suffocating on itself

break the watery skin
as it pushes in on me mercilessly,
swallowed my kingdom in one fell detonation:
my love and my isolation.

Now there is nothing
to me.

9-10-2019

different people

Some people dream the world
some people discover
some people build the world
and some tear it down
some people archive
and some people skew
for faithful believers,
in what they are told.
Some people see the world
some people behold.
Some people free the world.
some do what they're told.

No place is home.
I look, but don't see.
Nowhere can I be
on the earth or the water.
I'm hanging in air
and only can write.
If I find you again
and we should unite,
together we could
find a place somewhere
your touch will cure me
it will be easier
to live together
alone I will be

moving eternally

all over the land

all over the sea

in search of the home that I found once in you.

5/15/2019

A World of Trust

I know you can't see through yet.
Behind my daily laughter, it isn't a joke.
There's a long way to go into the interior,
into the inner,
but dear, that's the reason.

If you believe something's behind the curtain –
but I know that you don't –
and that is the secret:
if it isn't it, then there is no point
to any of this.

If I settle, I may as well
do nothing at all.

Not a day now can pass without hearing the world
crying with every knife-trodden step outside
watching what has been lost,
I realize clarity is only beginning

a daily succession of yesterday's lights,
Reminds me of why I am singing.
And you and I, what we are bringing
is made when we are alone.

Stuck with the poet
stuck with the know-it-all
stuck with a crust of aged anxiety,
contemporary.

It's not the truth. It's not reality.

And that waiting world is a world of trust
forgotten,
resurfaced,
lost
time and time over
throughout the ages,
we meet accidentally,
in the darkness again,
bodies bumping unnecessarily
but so necessarily,

and melt off the crusts all over again
to get to the core,
unaware, but still beating
eternal,

a dream,
lost
again

The war for the world rages along the seam.
You and I watch. And wait. And we know – none of this has to be.

4/26/2020