

LOVE IS A GHOST



PART III

TO THE OTHER WORLD

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.

12/10/11

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.

01/08/12

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 firey 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 daylight 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 dear-
ly 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, happ'ly, 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 happ'ly 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 maligned 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.

3-18-12

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.

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.

08/05/12

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.

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 go – 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 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'voted 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.

...Create visions out of nothing, theatrics that revolve around beauty
And blend together the senses in bits and pieces you say are divine.
Beautiful stories from chapter to chapter, your life pure art
For the sake of lying.

Lovefool, lovefool, oh how you rule,
Creating these beautiful visions and epic stories
Set in the other world, so that I can lie to myself
About the one I sit in.
Pull out tough truths like stubborn roots
Purge yourself – you'll feel better
Though you lost your cherished love-letter
To the all-consuming fire
That burns away everything but the diamond.

Dear Duncan, I know you are bad for me, will not set me free
Though initially I felt the entire world hovered between
The feet of space growing smaller and smaller.
I give you my all though in turn you are cold
And wait patiently for our love to unfold,
Living in visions inside my head
While on the train waiting on the ledge.
There's always a tight knot in my gut of mistrust towards you
That knows you are playing and only taking me for a fool.
In every coupling one is the blind and the other is more soberly clear-sighted
And reasons coldly with scrutiny while the former lives in their dreams
And visions of what they believe could be, and I feel in our case the former is me....

Shafi, I have been far too patient with your egocentric melodramatic shit.
You need medication. But sometimes when you send your sad face my way
For attention I break thinking I am a horrible person for rejecting your personal love
And forget the tight grip in the armchair of you I sank into
That lovingly refused to let me go, and out of the same demanded love
In return, name calling then baking sweets,
Portending anger, then crying, "we're friends!".
You were a wellspring – well, what does that mean?
All of my wellsprings have happened because of me,
Because I am so good at alchemy – turning shit into gold
Lined with silver and gleaning the sun from just one little sliver
Of light in a dirty, neglected room and, sighing, allowing the beast to consume
Buckets and buckets of precious resources. It has run its course
In the concourse none won but I got tired and grew undone
And let you encroach with your sad face before the next one begun –
There will be no next one because I will laugh and be insincere
And a call with you saying what you want to hear.
You've a special place in my heart as my first
But honestly I was always trying to break away.

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 *someone* 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 *had* turned out.
Dyes her headful of gray, blonde
Powers 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 *their* 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.

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.

02/14/14

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 perfectly
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.

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.

8/13/14

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.

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.