

LOVE  
IS A  
GHOST

PART IV

NO SELF



## part 4: no self

### Say No to Fate

A noble cause if the elimination of violence.  
A lesson you also will learn  
is the blindness you have amid the building  
of your circumstances.  
Like indifferent Tetris, like imperfectly matched music  
playing dissonant riffs in the background  
the pieces fall quick and haphazardly,  
rushing into conformation,  
since life cannot bear to hang nowhere.  
I am, too, an accident,  
spinning to catch a swirling world  
chasing itself but looking like  
Part Seven is after Part Eleven,  
though both are tethered to Big Zero.  
You might wake up discontent  
with the remnants of the quake –  
how they happened to arrange –  
but that is where you stand.

No, it's not okay, no I cannot accept that accident  
is my determiner of fate,  
you say,  
scrambling fast to rearrange it,  
frantically, before it's locked hard into place,  
before the lava cools.  
You find you cannot move a boulder.  
Time, in this case, moves against you  
as the world's new fate is sealed, decided,  
and its face once more rewritten.  
Calling upon all the force you can muster,  
you rip up the ground and break the chains,  
upturning the settled conformation;  
as a side effect, it cries

and then begins to fight.  
The whole bloody world hears it wailing! –  
it doesn't stifle itself for politeness –

and as you break what the world decided  
the struggle in one little corner tugs  
on every other part;  
they rise,  
they ask you why,  
they say, “you have a stable life”;  
they say, “nobody can decide –  
even the blessed are accidental.”  
You reply, “not me,”  
and move against convenient wisdom,  
bring the city crashing  
– they think that you are crazy.

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amid the rubble life is blank  
how long there can you hang  
suspended in the formless nowhere  
living beings by definition  
must always be moving somewhere  
they cannot there rest  
what happens in this formless gray  
I am not disposed to say  
see another poem  
but don't dare look away

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A flower pokes from the ground next season,  
one in a neat row that lines a house  
with a weathered fence and lived in garden;  
so peaceful it seems perpetual,  
or at least untouched for many years –  
but appeared in the neighborhood yesterday.  
The people that live there are perfectly nice and calm,  
rational, reasonable, honest, and sane,  
the salt of the earth, one could say,  
bumbling humbly about each day,  
caring consistently for their garden,  
revolving their tales 'round beloved pets.  
They'll invite you to dinner to take it easy  
without bothering anyone else  
inside their humming heaven on Earth,  
indistinguishable from next door's.

“Fate One met its end”; the word gets out  
to every plain and corner.  
“Just a different pattern where the city stood before.”  
“What happened to the city?” ask the slower ones  
bit sluggishly, who were following the series,  
to see if A and B would date,

and if C would get promoted,  
become the ultimate big, fat C.  
These questions are now irrelevant.  
“Where are A, B, and C?” ask the toddlers confusedly  
as they pass by a pretty, peaceful garden  
around a humble, inconspicuous home,  
admiring its bay windows, the way  
they were so harmoniously arranged  
to let the sunlight ripple down.

A poem about magic and a different way of seeing the world, where the world is constantly rearranging  
without people noticing – for instance a house appearing where a city stood – but not in time – it's out  
of time – time is a circle spinning on itself. The world is also broken into bits that are personified.  
Those bits of world watch the whole world, walk the world, observe the world, but also only react to it.  
They are the legion of fate, of happenstance. The people, the ones who are victims to circumstance,  
they are the ultimately vulnerable ones who are the actors for this show. They are they affected. They –  
a few of them – force the changes to happen, and those changes are always extremely uncomfortable  
and evil seeming as they disturb the peace.

## Fear

I ignore it and it comes hurtling back.  
Afraid am I to be its consort.  
Now, slowly, I sit with it,  
that which has no name.  
... I have called it that before,  
and then it made me smile,  
but now the fact that I don't know...  
what finishes this line,  
it has no name either.

We learn to call it fear.  
Several months ago, I said, "pick apart the emotion,"  
but I did not dare,  
or I meant, do it in theory.

Why is it so hard for me to state  
that fear is sitting next to me?  
If I can't even pet our parrot,  
how am I to overcome this?

It follows me, follows me, everywhere,  
unbelievably persistently.  
Something gripped my heart:  
utmost negativity.  
"Change or die," they've said.  
Now I understand.

What is the fear?  
The fear of death  
the fear of something precious lost  
the one who's driven by it  
has the same fear as I do,  
but him I will call evil  
(purely for his action  
which is purely lack of self-reflection)  
the fear of loss of all control  
and subsequent irreversible damage  
to a favorable arrangement  
clung to tightly,  
I did not even see,  
having taken for granted  
my age, my health, ability,  
the things I cherish, can't set free,  
the adjectives that define me,  
standing their last ground.  
It's not human, what is going on.  
Fear of the supernatural,

a realm we cannot touch  
or touch by accident to harm  
but which can touch us  
with intelligence  
at whim,  
leaving us utterly helpless to predict  
or stop the worst from coming to.  
What am I to do now,  
but sit here with this truth  
that cannot one inch move?  
Or does not know how to?  
Or is too still to learn?  
Like a researcher  
of matters of the heart,  
places untouchable,  
I will pick apart  
each forgotten corner.  
You, jealousy, in me  
that can't be reasoned with,  
I cannot see how  
I could ever call you friend.  
I'm just trying to be honest  
(and to not read this again).  
There – that is the fear;  
the one who turns away  
the one who puts a wall  
the one who's blocking out,  
who always changes face  
and is not any form.

It occurs to me  
just how wise JKR must be  
to write so much of fear –  
she must have faced it on her own.  
She at first wrote from her heart.  
The first three books are purely heart  
cloaked within a fantasy,  
the last four, mostly art.

12-05-14

Afraid it will happen  
happen to me  
that I will be  
one of the few  
it happens to  
and I walk through  
the daily rhythm  
holding its hand.  
Don't stand behind me  
where I cannot see you  
and you remain a mystery.  
I want to see your formless face.  
Stand by my side  
and let me know you,  
hand me the poison dart  
that all run from  
so I can know  
its suddenness  
its silver body  
invisible presence  
capacity  
to wholly break my life apart  
and send me running.  
Let me watch it crumble  
let me watch me run  
and let me watch me let you drive me,  
my misguiding light.  
I have run *by* you, *from* you,  
*to* you, without knowing;  
you had faced me clothed;  
now you pounce on me stark naked.  
I will paint your faceless face  
I will feel around your form  
I will know you through the bone –  
while I write of you like this  
tell me where it is you go.

12-05-14

Even though I'm back, in quiet moments  
I do a double take at the life forming up around  
again, in an awesome slow motion unfolding play.  
While I'm blind, eyes closed, it is going smoothly  
but in the pause it is nothing again.

Dreamlike again.

Am I living again? Why am I living?

I will always remember  
the moment time stopped  
and spun on itself moving nowhere

I was anywhere, nowhere  
and nothing, not I  
but a hollow – just hollow –  
immaterial filter  
no face and no fate.

At the top of this paper I wrote the date  
but when I glance back from the going  
pause from the onward  
throw my head back to the nothing  
the something that pivots,  
it inserts a new beat  
and reminds me of nothing –  
that melody is origami of silence  
and a true song has neither end nor beginning,  
is a segment of line,  
a window peered into, true through a filter: the ear  
what I am trying to say is –  
when I glance back, miss a step,  
pause a second, catch an extra breath,  
there is the gateway,  
always right next.

12-17-2014

## Love After Love

Sublimate sublimate  
into every art.  
I can't wait  
but I lie  
to myself  
it start.  
In through all  
motion stills  
seen through all the windowsills.  
Makes no sense.  
I don't care.  
Love after love's arc  
is done.  
What is love?  
Attraction.  
Now at most an abstraction.  
Go away –  
appetite  
out the window cross from you.  
You confined  
by a she?  
Makes my stomach so queasy.  
Never am  
innocent;  
malcontent clawing banshee.  
It is love  
after love.  
All the same it does to me.

1-05-15

and the ways that don't make any sense  
and the ways that make perfect sense  
will meld.  
Have a head with a million eyes.  
Don't be afraid of senselessness  
for the one who can come completely undone  
is the same who sees the outside world clearly.  
Two broken halves? Oversimplified –  
that's not how it really is.  
A million eyes, patterns like days  
are transient, not to be held.  
You are ever anyone, are in a room  
or a frame of mind  
or a pair of eyes to frame things,  
encode them into memory.  
What are we but memory?  
What is memory?

1/6/15

### It's What Makes Us Meet

That you were young and innocent  
but felt yourself long worldly,  
and eager for a – any – mate,  
that I had long been lonely  
(and you as well). That I had grown  
so tired of the runaround  
and fallen, after giving up at last, upon the ground.  
Not that we were cut from matching cloth  
or had spent years walking on opposite sides  
of one mirror, though that's the thought that infects me,  
for in the others – pretty others – thousands others –  
walking sim'larly, I do not see the same illusion;  
I see only them.  
It's a fog that skews my brain,  
and makes it wish for lies,  
and I know I am never seeing your face, eternal stranger,  
shadow lover, we face forward, match each other eye-to-eye.  
Seen full frontal. No partial eclipse. The ocean's all laid out before me  
plain. And a mirage  
I can do nothing of.

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The streets are deadly quiet while a simple downbeat echoes from my pocket.  
Twilight or sunlight from the middle of day falls onto the concrete.  
A man passes by with that scruffy hair I admire for no real reason.  
It doesn't mean much of anything. I'm sure he's an interesting person  
with a varied fate and much perspective that only continues to grow.  
The music plays on as he passes. I smile from the light of the streetlamp  
as it falls inside and slips out of sight into the black sidewalk cracks,  
creating the negative spaces humanity's paid too little attention.

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A storm's in my brain when I write like this.  
Part 1, part 2, part 3 –  
doesn't mean anything to me  
any after. It only matters then,  
when it's going and spinning, begging to be alive  
for a minute,  
never saying, “ sometime I will die.”

If we need a lesson or a conclusion to sum this storm up neatly:  
every story and action is sprinting toward its own annihilation.

1-10-15

### The Oldest Bit of Soul

And why shouldn't life be what you want it to be?  
I would've thought by now I'd've stopped suffering  
by my very hand. But the oldest bit of human soul  
is alone – so how can it have any another enemy?  
The oldest human soul's the one who knows that it does not exist,  
the last we come to when all is wiped away,  
when all paths have been formed and walked, and all stories played,  
when the new walking goes on in images  
and it steps aside anyway.  
It looks in the mirror  
and sees the oldest bit of soul's eyes staring back,  
worn down lined face so sad, and lonely, waiting for... itself?  
It has no lover, no other hand besides its own to clasp.  
They are not the oldest bit of soul who do not know this.

1-10-15

We were erased from the history books  
after the earthquake.  
It rearranged the plates and brought me to where  
time stands spinning.  
Every moment spins at once.  
I saw our tale end to beginning,  
never moving anywhere.  
Spinning on itself,  
the end and start hung side by side,  
both living.

Did fate step out to discuss itself  
and write out a new life?  
I look at our old photograph now  
and cannot feel the place where our link resided  
with its vast unspoken riches  
I would fail to find one word for.  
The deepest chamber I reached and couldn't touch again once it closed  
is a barren plain  
a naïve wind blows over.  
Where a civilization flourished,  
an early terrain sleeps under the elements.  
The old is not even buried underneath.  
Time, the construct, played a trick,  
erased itself before our minds  
and brought our kernels to beginning,  
pulling over our eyes a contiguous background screen  
so we don't see the scar or stitches.  
The anesthesia worked.

It's only with you, I notice,  
that I remember you in my intellect,  
but cannot find your landmarks  
on the map of my emotions.  
Truly, we only met once or twice in the real place.  
Clearly, I still write of the encounter.  
But in the safe and in the files  
I cannot find you.  
But all other chapters in the history book are there.  
What does it mean?  
You were the only one I had ever met  
and now I never met you.  
It makes me wonder and resurrects the fear,  
from my investigative obstinate thumb still prying the thin black crevice  
into the secretive core  
where the rules of reality are made  
above our heads,  
behind our eyes,  
and while we sleep,

the fear that grapples with the questions,  
who were you? and who was I? who were we for each other?  
for the world? where are they now? and it suspects the answer...  
Who is in this body now? What *happened* when the earth broke open?  
And who is this one just like me I met the very next morning?

1/20/15

Oh great minds of history,  
open yourselves up to me  
in the fight against form  
I most vividly feel the constraints.  
Old form wants to morph to new  
find hidden other to retell the tale.  
Great minds, teach me to have the courage  
to break down into simplistic lines,  
throw out the habits of a school,  
to commit to wading in borderless senselessness 'til  
it comes together into a new, more sublime union,  
however long that takes,  
whatever flames from thrown out names.

1/27/15

## Poem 1

My mind goes on forever.  
Angels and demons were created inside  
as faces of the nothing  
that continues to seek new faces.  
But the creation of creation,  
the formation of ideas,  
the elusive, baffling “how”  
is what I'm after.

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## Poem 2

A permeable mind hears everything,  
has its ear to all ears and is friends with all parts.  
The rumors mumbled underground,  
that we are evolving,  
are messages sent to itself,  
flowers from a secret admirer,  
that admirer being you.

What we're leaning toward seems like a pulling wave  
but we – you – I are – am  
charting the course,  
deciding what we pretend's been decided,  
hiding that process inside of the lie.  
Laugh at the inability of the Thing to admit  
its truest want to itself,  
turning around instead and spinning this whole vast universe,  
the very act of existence  
as an excuse to let itself come to it,  
as if all along that was some greater plan.  
And what is it? The Grand? Its Truth?  
(Truth is truth only for itself).  
It – the conclusion – could simply be  
an orange rose  
chosen over the red,  
or a coffee with extra sugar and cream,  
or the extra hour to stay in bed  
guilt free while your neighbors go to work.  
Therein lies the cosmic joke:  
it starts at the simplest unbroken element,  
what you see when you don't think about it,  
and flings out to the ends of eternity,  
spirals into the tiniest divisions,  
all-encompassing space,  
finds the universe inside the electron's path

and ultimately claims there is nothing at all.  
It comes back to the simple human man  
on the street unable to decide to go left or right,  
and the middle he's stuck in, the laugh and the bone he needs  
to help him get through. The end and the start are all there  
at once, he sees like divinity (he's even concocted divinity!  
inside his own mind), but like a boomerang, all revelation  
and high elation lead back  
to the place where you are  
(if you want the uncomfortably obvious answer,  
bored at last of running yourself around circles).

1/29/15

The things I intend to write or draw  
are never what result  
from my attempt.  
It makes me think  
that I am a prisoner  
of my mechanisms.  
What is prison here?  
A shade of no control.  
But if you can control the manifestation  
does that feel like true creation?  
I have grown to love too much  
passively watching what will be  
and only realized recently  
that mine must come from 'me'.  
But oh I am a filter  
with no agenda  
that only gets in the way of what happens  
and causes *itself* more misery –  
the eternal is unaffected.  
Only when drunk does the honesty  
ring so clear.  
Only when I have had some beer  
can I confess what mess is in me  
and that I crave help.  
But nobody has the answers!  
They only have *theirs*.  
No one has answers for me!  
God created cruel irony –  
and I'm getting sober,  
seeing my tendency to sum this poem up  
with a neat conclusion –  
I can't do it.  
There I did it.  
There, I did it again.  
I can't not do it.

2015

## See the Gold

when all my mind's in molecules  
see an ocean in my brain  
harbor lights at the four seas' ends alight lagoons long buried

when I fall over myself every other day  
your face – 'your' anyone's –  
comes up in golden waves

is it the chemistry that hangs between, or is it only me?  
I've been walking along fate's road  
but the road was made inside.  
At the summit I overviewed it and it perfectly aligned  
but the language of symbols was made by my own mind,  
a completely forming land.

Reach the end and all my brain's lit up  
Retell the story over 'til each inch means something more.  
Like this you see the gold in every molecule

it's lit up, it's lit up  
all my mind  
an ocean wave

but it fades, but it fades  
when all known to itself

and when the mind's at last encompassed  
every story did unfold  
there was one story overplaying  
close your eyes and see the gold

when it's over you're outside  
life goes on inside the world  
all the world that you created  
spins beside it lit in gold,  
one fading out into the other,  
coming back to re-unfold

I know you, don't know you,  
my own hand; a stranger;  
best friend and a foreigner  
I cannot meet.  
We talk forever  
at once though  
but never. Looking straight at you,  
see you, so lined up that the beam  
never touches the edges.  
An earthquake is not felt if cleaves completely.  
I know you, will never know you

january 2015

And if my mind believes that you  
are right behind me, wanting me,  
it's true  
at least to my body.  
And if my mind sees the woman singing,  
swaying next to me  
as one who's so in spirit free,  
instead of speculating some grotesque insanity,  
the world is so much brighter,  
just like on TV.  
My life is a TV show  
and I know just how it will go;  
for I am its director; everyone else is an actor  
or an avatar.  
(We come up against a snag when their limbs  
won't bend to my desired path.)

2/2/15

It's good to be thirteen,  
idly watching the smoke curling up from behind a window  
of the School of Public Health  
and smiling simply at the early notes of spring  
inside the bright sky crowning 28 degrees.

It's good to be thirteen,  
not one step smoother at attraction;  
the cart jumps off the rails and dances,  
which means I'm standing in the hallway,  
coming up with some next sentence,  
but failing to, walking away.

Yes, it's good I've not come anywhere,  
not taken a single step in life  
from the moment I was born;  
I'm pretty sure back then, in fact, I knew much more  
how to have a relationship,  
or at least was closer to the way I really am  
without aside interpretations –  
much like how it feels  
being mentally thirteen again,  
like nothing's ever happened.

2/4/15

If you don't know which way to go,  
if you are sick of your old way,  
or even just the point you're at,  
find a new path in the brain.

Just walk away, just walk away,  
it is so simple – don't resign  
yourself to “fate” –  
your mind created fate,  
just like it manufactures God.

02-04-15

I was sitting in the garden  
for no reason  
(sad from long being alone)  
when you approached the spot from nowhere  
sat beside me  
we talked freely  
without embarrassment  
and stated what we felt.  
There were no barriers.

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I was sitting in the garden for no reason  
when you approached me out of nowhere  
sat beside me on your own  
after the times that I've run after  
knowing no longer how to,  
which state brought me to fall  
and give up in my garden.  
There were no barriers this time  
and finally I asked myself, "that's it?"  
and shouted, "this can be!"

02-04-15

### God's Gonna Keep Me Dorky

God's gonna keep me on the line  
God's gonna keep me writhing and waiting  
the day that I feel nothing.  
"God" is a borrowed word in my tongue,  
in this case a pillow for something unknown  
to which I'm okay with saying, "stay in the dark."

God's gonna keep my dorky  
God's gonna keep me on the path  
that makes me fumble every step  
before an almighty audience;  
the most terrestrial of paths,  
for the simplest human attainment -  
no hallowed enlightening notes,  
just a Saturday night alone  
reading another book about all the mysteries plaguing our outer and inner worlds.

02-04-15

I create a thousand worlds every day  
but I'm not their slave, no I'm not their slave.  
If a world goes on for long you know  
you're stuck on a train, riding a train  
that circles around in a repetitive loop;  
the scenery changes, then stays the same.  
A million versions; endless lenses  
that you can pull out from your brain.  
I am a ghost in these thousands of worlds  
unfolding and crumpling back up.  
There –  
never was –  
a bursting life  
a flower opened  
then nothing  
no sun.  
A different biology  
doesn't know sun –  
it has just begun  
while another is ending.  
This is how human spirits meet.  
One finished the story;  
another's beginning,  
so young.  
Don't you judge by the face –  
true age is unseen;  
a thousand year sage in a child of nineteen;  
a man in his prime  
locked up in a being  
who is dying;  
the world in a toddler's eyes;  
those dying are perpetual toddlers inside;  
only their carbons mark time.

When I finish the story I've nothing to do  
so I pass on all of my knowledge to you.  
You're a child of mine or a newly hatched egg  
for I see how naively you see;  
you began.  
Pass the hot potato  
and off you go,  
from perfect zero to crying one.  
Ages will pass until you come back  
around from beneath the soul's night's descent  
where your idealism undergoes revision,  
is broken, unformed, you're a killer, feel horrors;  
who are you? Do you even know  
anymore? It has all been broken in night  
and you've never imagined being so lost

or so far from home you forget that we met.

But along the surface we look identical.  
Behind me lies life I no longer remember  
(under this tiny outdated pipetter,  
this low paying tech job and well reserved character),  
three lives at least,  
lived in a rush,  
a frantically spiraling inward wheel  
to the crunch  
the unforming  
the earthquake's undoing  
cleaves through the core  
'til one's no longer sure  
what a core is  
how it differs  
from surface crust.  
“outside” - “inside” -  
are meaningless;  
for language itself has cracked.

02-10-15

nonsense song

I have no preferences  
I have no paths  
but all possible

All of these images  
come up from under  
under my skull  
in response to the fear  
that existence might grow dull

As long as I am breathing  
it will go on  
or so I suspect –  
any time I've entered the night  
I have come back  
to do it again

Go nowhere  
I am just standing here spinning in place  
hanging in outer space

In the black fold  
never begun  
I repeat the words  
that are outdated molds  
for molds that the undertow world  
knows have already broken down

And the music keeps coming out  
Am I anyone? Am I someone?  
Language is useless  
as are the roads  
that are spinning and spinning

The moving without any rules  
I make it weird  
and I make it fun  
I am one  
enter the world  
of one  
and you are that too

And I  
can no longer feel it  
when I get high  
outside or inside?  
Survival – that makes you numb  
By practice  
you are redone  
you are moving between  
the seen and unseen

2-11-15

### When the Mirror Breaks

I am weaving a tapestry covered in polka dots  
each one its own story that goes on spinning.  
In one tale I see you but it's through the mirror  
of desire  
of a fantasy.

The ones you love are brighter mirrors  
filled with an ocean-wide library.  
Every story alive in side them. Like the Lock Ness monster  
their heads all come up from under the sea.

When the mirror breaks

our love has ended.  
I look at your eyes  
and see a stranger  
that I never knew  
when yesterday what grand adventure  
we did share.  
But when it breaks it's you  
standing before me in a sweater -  
yesterday the one my brother  
bought the day he realized he's no longer younger  
today on your chest a heap of threads.

Could I ever know you if you are a lover?  
You're a face reflecting back a thousand masks  
trading one each chapter for another  
when underneath it's never you.  
But it's not you – it's magic I construe.

It's easier to live when you don't know this.  
Then you can in peace remain as two,  
never really you; and, to you, never I – I assume  
you walk among mirrors, too.

We touch each other through the pane of glass.  
When the mirror breaks you see who stands behind it –  
a radiant heat making lump of flesh  
and you face the truth that you don't need *his*  
it's sobering to see you never meet  
for in my stories I tell stories of the mirrors  
and in your stories you think my stories insane.  
To you my building blocks are fabrication,  
or “worthless” by an economist's name.  
Don't spin me pretty false interpretations.  
You'd never. You can't even say my name.  
Behind the table I put up a mirror  
across my mind screen we walk through the plain  
a smile that transfers what we feel directly  
continuing along to the horizon  
exchanging all the things we love the same  
reflecting to each other tinted mirrors  
whose chipped distortion makes a brilliant light  
and that light filters across a brilliant scene  
and once again a universe hangs between  
but when the mirror breaks it's never been  
all meaning another mental sham.  
Another one – now what am I to do  
now that I see you for who you are  
without the story draped across your indifferent shoulders.  
Should've kept your facade.

## The School of Intuition

Distantly I've heard of  
many ways to be  
that focus on extending  
logic's capabilities,  
but I'm a student in  
the school of intuition  
and when I lift a rule book  
I quickly go astray,  
deep down another way.  
Though it is impetuous  
the way I disobey,  
and though I seem undisciplined  
because I run away,  
in the end I'm laughing:  
no matter where I run  
I'm still inside the building,  
separated by *its* walls  
(not by *foreign* Kingdom helices)  
necessarily illusory,  
these beautiful constraints.  
In the school of intuition  
self-certainty's the key.  
Perhaps I am its student  
because there I am weak.  
The vaulted ceiling vanished  
and seemed to disappear,  
but it's a trick, the air,  
for I have left nowhere;  
our classrooms look afar,  
traversing split directions,  
but I hear them down the hall  
within the castle walls,  
colluding over textbooks  
and expanding what they know,  
engineering air  
into waves of sound,  
a broken-rhythm'd drone,  
hanging between tone.  
Today in class I tried  
to follow someone's lines,  
to learn his mental pattern,  
imprint it on my mind.  
But the school of intuition  
teaches only mine  
and when I toss the rulebook,  
that's by its design.  
Fast my hand forgot it

and drifted back to old,  
from *that* lone point discovered  
ways it had not told.  
Now I must enlighten  
the scientists at school  
of the language I uncovered  
without a guide or rule.  
To them it sounds like nonsense,  
childish dabbling,  
systemless expressions  
that don't mean anything.  
The system being uncovered  
is half hidden by dirt,  
inadequate exploring,  
too premature a world,  
but underneath is perfect,  
already fully formed  
but not yet understood,  
hidden in the fold.  
My intuition points me  
to such negative space,  
where what awaits in blankness  
its moment to become.

2/16/15

When I hit those realizations  
that for the past month I was high,  
come out at last into the sun and the melting snow of the physical world,  
I can only ask myself, "why?"  
What's the point of the seductive fog?  
My mind is so susceptible  
to its own chemistry,  
its melting pot of concoctions  
made automatically  
and blindly.  
It's a drunken sailor  
unrealistic about the sea.  
It's astonishing how imperceptibly I slip into one or another fantasy,  
one train of thought that chugs on 'til it runs out of steam.  
I renounce the insanity, plead to the cold hard afternoon light  
that doesn't lie.  
Breathe, get ready to scratch off my list for the day, motivated  
and say, "I'll never pursue art again,"  
for only myself does its artifice slay.  
But it happens again on its own.  
Without thought my hand goes  
and makes those lines once more.  
They don't mean anything.  
It's only when you try to define it and sell it  
that you lose yourself – and everything.

2/22/15

## Gifts of Shadows

Every life that happened before  
is spinning inside your eyes once more.  
Your face before me is a cataclysm  
where all my points converge.  
Torn between to hold and always to let go  
I hear the song again, but it is a distant echo.  
Having heard it once I cannot hear it new again.  
All these gifts I am re-given are shadows – I smile contentedly,  
sit back, awash inside the mystery  
of self-perfected destiny – my greatest work of art  
to put the song on and live every single life in one moment  
passing by as shadows of color with a detached vibrancy  
I admire their love but know I can't hold  
and whatever will be – sinking into the ocean  
of dream to emerge as a different name  
but in essence the same  
experience.  
The same tale.  
The unraveling of stories is part of the tale as well.  
And so you fade; you – I ran into you  
in the world, passing through, mirror,  
who I was years before, son of my soul.  
Affection's a strange mystery and underneath in the deep, who are we?  
Crumble away the bricks up rip the streets  
and can you, too, see what remains?  
Nonsense that makes perfect sense  
when we stand face to face,  
naked, exposed, and hugging  
for all these embarrassing failures, I want to embrace.  
And we are two points of perception floating  
inside the vastness of space.

2/28/15  
- to To Make a Portrait

## Freedom's the Land

Freedom is repeating every story and every mistake you made at once.  
The same old poems, faces, fates come out of me,  
issuing from mine to the outside and falling onto the concrete  
leaf after leaf, a repeating form, like a chorus round upon round, overlapping,  
diverging, canceling the message itself.  
Freedom's the land where your eccentricities fling out unabashedly,  
the state where you do not judge yourself for repeating the one flawed tale,  
for being the same flawed unfixable one who never will change,  
freedom is where you do not stop how you do it keep loving being true.  
I have come to freedom through the last interaction with you,  
and I don't ask "why" anymore.  
I believe I cannot know what you see and the mind link and your reaction behind the sky  
is a fantasy in the farthest recess of the universe  
in my mind I can barely access or hear that distant corner  
where aliens live.  
Oh, do I love you? Are we in together? Have I met you again for the dozenth time  
out in space, my beloved passenger, my lonely traveler,  
my child and mirror  
and my protector?  
The universal note is playing within my brain again.  
It had remained, now I know, but unheard, from the first time heard many years ago.  
I wait – will I soon be out there again in your arms' embrace?  
My lover, we've lived this life so many times while I've been on Earth  
that I know it like my fingerprint  
and laugh at the familiarity,  
revisiting every lovely scene as I fly above perception –  
inside the garden, alive in the chamber, the sea of stars where I was swimming,  
getting lost alone in the forest's isolation  
and finding myself again when it fades.  
I am everywhere at once, switching the scenes like cards,  
the landscapes that melt and emerge – always there –  
no form will ever disappear  
for all evolution, the atom to mind, life to non-life  
is a secret loop: life melding into the hostility of lifeless space  
and rediscovering life.

Freedom is knowing that every life is a tiny experiment like trillions like it  
knowing that there is no right way to be and to value your personality  
as missing an element – a dash of sugar, a stripe of pink, a few more degrees  
of warmth – well it's only a change in degree. Somewhere lives another  
who's always colder. There always is someone  
a little bit warmer. Encounter a fiery bombastic emphatic speaker,  
encounter a chilly collected master hapless inside the realm of heat  
like the fire cannot see through its smoke to the infinite reach.  
Is either less beautiful, just like the earthly green?  
Where to be? Where to be? How should I alter  
my composition to please thee? You don't like my hesitant candor  
or weirdness or cool demeanor or random phrases – I cannot change.  
I will not change. I have better things to change, like direction.

3/2/15

### ramblings

Who am I?  
Beneath the scarf,  
I go home to please my husband.  
He pleasures me inside with fingers  
that trace my anatomy's secret pathways  
I can't help but sigh and cry to when sensations  
cut through like electric knives,  
like nothing could strike any deeper,  
in this faceless biology.

I go to work  
play into with replies  
aimed right and spoken softly but with might.  
We laugh about the balance  
of the necessary evil we gulp down,  
the unsolvable halfway world  
inside whose compromises we (don't) thrive.  
My face fits into the photo.  
Remove it step into my life.  
I fit myself into the template like I'm water –  
I mostly am.  
Suck out the details – leave the outline.  
Slip yourself into what I called mine.  
No one will feel  
a difference.

Life makes more mistakes than inorganics whose mutations  
create colors within diamonds.  
What do our mutations create inside us?  
Maladjusted breakage from the norm.

What was wrong this morning?  
I woke up the world was gone.  
World's coming undone.  
I live inside my little world  
that is falling apart.  
Everything is everything else  
no barriers  
every song flows into every song.  
Inside the bus  
I see their heads,  
the air between us empty  
but beneath a little universe.  
I'm crazy  
I walk waves  
I am atop the waves this morning.  
Nothing is staying in place.  
All the knives are facing me.  
And I take the strain so seriously.  
a living nobody can see.

This morning the world dropped out  
folded into itself  
and I am pixels  
held together by an idea.  
What if the idea is nothing  
like every idea that ever existed?

Woke up don't wanna acknowledge  
the implicit things all around us.  
Why does everything sound good like this?  
There's music in my head. Don't judge  
don't judge don't judge your doing.  
Words fail  
utterly  
to string my sense  
this nonsense is for coping  
with my failure,  
knowing who I am.  
Oh such a day  
comes all too often.  
I have nothing real to say  
but saying is compulsion –  
my mind needs to keep saying  
stream of wording flows in brain

my hand a valve, release.  
Breathe. Discuss the state of universe  
keep talking but I panic. Now the  
talking is as critical as breathing  
which did not come easily  
as taking this too seriously.

3/3/15

Why is my enemy so great?  
He swells to fit the shape  
of any thought, and in that instant  
he turns my world pitch dark  
so I am staring into every possible outcome  
I can do nothing about.  
Underneath his weight, the other world hides  
inside the pulling pitch of the sarangi's song,  
which reveals both faces. Why  
does the *negative* persistently emerge,  
as if afraid of all the beautiful that could be mine instead?  
My enemy is vast. He is the universe's size  
and can stuff himself into a micro thought,  
deceive me into believing he is vanquished and gone.  
But he is merely resting. He is always waiting  
for the siren's song to call him out and like an octopus  
to tentacle into each pocket through my imagination  
in an instant. My sole enemy is living in my self,  
or the space my self can call itself (which is itself unknown).  
I feel him as a presence, as a weight, third arm, reluctant pet (is he of any use  
besides his function as propeller? A propeller, yes – to what?)  
Outside so silently my enemy and I walk on an empty plain  
dotted with realities brewing inside each lonely brain  
their enemies and heroes and convictions and deceptions,  
flung onto the barren ground to validate perceptions.

3-11-15

## I Am Broken Down

The fake love that I know,  
I have to get it out  
from inside every organ  
in oozing cortisol.  
Nobody can see.  
And nobody can know.  
How can my hand go  
when I am broken down?  
Any way is senseless  
and any sign's a laugh.  
I'm pulled on by the string  
that pulls out my design.  
What material makes "me"  
hangs gaseous in the air  
forming and unforming  
in equilibrium.  
Does anybody know?  
Does the inner world perceive?  
Is it laughing crying ringing,  
rejoicing underneath?  
What all along it wanted,  
was is the success  
of the rope bridge flung across,  
caught by the other hand?  
What am I even saying....  
What nonsense out is coming?  
Where can I possibly be going  
when I am broken down?  
At the mercy of the cloud,  
the command of how it go  
without the pushing of my want.  
I sit inside the boat  
and I am drifting, like a hook wrought in my back  
has hung my being upon the air,  
and like my hands hang at my sides,  
palms open, like my helpless eyes  
can only watch everything pass  
through the trigger network web  
of loose connections declaring they're "myself".

3-16-15

The distance and the chasm both sprawl out before.  
We stand across on distant ledges,  
the wind a-swirl inside the crevice world-length wide between us.  
So I feel inside my private world, when I'm alone  
to let such images brew from the chaos of before  
when I could not see anything and only was inside.

How can I convey what I'm perceiving?  
We are waving to each other from far shores  
and if I blink, it is one place,  
and if again, I'm only one.  
And you are no one separate, that I have ever met.  
The story is unwriting, like it never will exist.  
It doesn't have to be; it both is and isn't.  
You're both you and I  
and when I close my eyes, behind them,  
they reopen that same instant, looking from the other shore.

3-24-15

## Nature is Balanced

Nature is balanced in the way that the man with the  
mayor's smile collects his winnings from easily picked –  
even willingly tossed – fruits of others  
any fool could collect (but didn't); he packaged them into an easily consumable view  
and I, who  
make everything into a complex system to find the truth, read his interview  
and scorn the cop-outs I *myself* would never do  
at the cost of staying unknown and anonymous,  
that which I want,  
at least in part,  
except for the envious unrecognized artist who writhes inside me  
and starves for attention,  
beside its equally thin twin: romantic misconnection,  
laying himself flat onto the table without a plate,  
just the steak – no subtle side with which to slide into the meat  
or frivolous seasonings those who need  
their illusions grab at to soften reality.  
Eat without intro or outro, I say  
as I offer it up in the hopes it will go,  
then run back to my room to meditate out the window  
or scorn another successful deceiver  
and in their cries of “coldhearted” become a believer  
by reinforcement.  
Nature is balanced: the fruits up high are the sweetest  
but few will taste them. If only they weren't sentient  
it would be fine. If only they weren't fully formed people.  
Nature is balanced the way that my patterns  
dig the same hole and I, misguided, followed nobody's advice  
and immediately signs popped up everywhere that I should've.  
Nature is balanced. The kiss  
that I witnessed this morning  
made my heart ache,  
but I *thought* about it. I got jealous.  
I did not know what else to do. I was helpless.  
I went to work to work with machines  
but I wrote this poem instead.

3-25-15

All of life has led me on a step by step  
inexorable march straight into the robe  
of my opposite,  
and how smooth it slips over the high ideals that brought me  
to the plot twist: their destruction,  
at the end of their crusade toward validation.  
The vision cannot be hardened;  
it dies in the clearing  
where only reality lives,  
a mirage  
the moment I reach to hold it  
that leaves me here  
and at this point  
I can no longer tell the difference  
between myself and my opposite.  
The journey's end was to *become* what I thought I was fighting against,  
the other side.  
And the moment that I realize this I'm back to mine  
as at the beginning,  
like I've never moved  
while at my back I am as I am at the end  
(inside this interior fantasy  
unfolding for only me).

3-26-15

Damn you, Jason,  
keeping me here so that you can grow older.  
I could be out there, but I am of Earth  
again, in another scene,  
and now that I've set the ball rolling, enmeshed  
until *you* come out from the other end.  
Yes, you are the last,  
the bottom.  
We're rewriting fate  
on the planet,  
changing Earth's play last minute.  
Your mind is quite strong, but that's not completeness.  
That's half the pie, and it's dangerous,  
and seeing you digging the hole so insidious  
for its rational self-justification  
makes me cry.  
I have tripped over my desire  
as it was laid out on the ground before me,  
fully aware what insanity  
I followed.

Next week  
when I have a reunion  
with the first one I discovered,  
we will debrief on our inner stories  
hanging in the past,  
completed,  
spinning with the endless wheel  
while eating dinner by the harbor  
at the end of a mundane workday,  
talking at first of our outer lives.

You are a muse for the new poetry  
I write.  
The world has only a handful of people  
whom I ever will meet.

In this unfolding I will do nothing  
but be  
a presence for you.  
I am for you.  
On Earth, the more you love,  
the more you are pushed away.  
I have done it, too.  
The typical forms can be a representation of the inner state  
but too often we chase the form,  
the end,  
before our lives are ready,  
from the deep fear that they might never be,  
that we might not possess what's ahead of us.

3-27-15

### For Brief Moments, Life Becomes a Symphony

The song by Macy Gray came on  
unexpectedly inside Royal Farms  
and I sang along inside the store,  
free as the man she made it for.  
This morning after night by you  
though just as friends, though for a few  
short hours mostly wrapped in silent  
pauses walking down the street  
with somebody else stuffed between us  
absorbing the unready impact –  
how do I do this again

when I was broken so before  
tryin' to love someone else,  
throwin' down my all  
upon the floor. The song so lovely in the store  
existence 'came a symphony for a few lit up moments  
and the air danced; I spun in the storm.  
I replay the song now to get as high, scramble to write the experience without rhyme  
breaking the rules of poetry frantically to be in that moment all the time –  
but it's futile,  
it's shadow.

This morning I'm surrounded by familiar minds  
and everyone else whom I meet becomes similar,  
becomes a friend.

Inside I hold you  
close think of your happiness and growth.  
Is it a sane perception to believe that all I have inside's for you?  
I'll never say this – maybe this  
is what will make it disappear.  
But all my fear and worry  
has turned to I don't care  
how this will go tomorrow  
for I love you now  
and You are now my I,  
Jason Bishai,  
and I, afraid to write your name,  
even to myself  
like I am five.

Love makes music sound amazing.  
What's breeding misunderstanding?  
At once as one and notwithstanding  
pendulum, across the shore  
never understanding anymore  
who we are and why  
looking fast up to the sky  
and at the ocean of the world  
one world, two – tell, who are you.  
Are you myself inside another body?  
When I blink my eyes  
I see you clear  
and when I open  
“you” will disappear  
like a dream I had once  
fading in and out of life.

This gift of music  
makes me ramble  
all the bramble  
of the notes are webbing

in my brain  
creating perfect moments  
when life becomes a symphony  
then fades into concreteness  
'til another glimmer.

3-28-15

Am I making any sense?  
The world has only one.  
No one else exists in these passing faces.  
They are not people.  
They are not even alien.  
They are dead.  
They are below.  
I see you everywhere now  
blindly, in the air.  
I feel you in the air I breathe.  
I feel you when I close my eyes  
without the slightest difference  
between those body states.  
You have swallowed me whole.  
I met you through a physical body  
and he has a face.  
He has a role.  
I cannot remember his name  
but I hear its true sound.  
You are between he and I  
and you are everything.  
You are us.  
Gouge out my eyes with this blindness  
this invisible light  
unbearably blinding:  
the intention of light.  
The creation of ideas.  
The creation of creation.  
The heart of it all  
is what I'm thinking about.  
And now I see that he has come to the end  
as well  
and stands on the ledge,  
over the blankness,  
over the silence  
sprawled out before  
forever,  
waiting.

3-29-15

The story with no ending  
is our ongoing pretending,  
our relentless carve of life  
into a sculpture  
that is something.  
Our true self is but a filter  
and each filament it catches  
is arranged upon a pattern  
to create what we call art  
or to reinforce our reason  
but to feed our heart some sense.  
For if our hearts were barren  
we, the people, would be wooden.  
Would we even be called people?  
We would be dead if we couldn't  
rearrange reality  
into our brightest fantasy;  
our brains lend lifeless rocks a brightness  
as they pass across the screen  
Who's the target audience?  
For this film we are director  
and we're showing off our movie  
to ourselves renamed "spectator",  
each an individual  
alive for self-congratulation,  
the most accurate predation  
that defines humanity.

3-29-15

The story has no ending  
and the wheel's forever spinning  
I'm inside the spinning wheel  
progressing nowhere and I'm laughing  
know the universe has only several  
elements: light, sound, and laughter  
altogether making planet-  
ary life upon the rock  
and making everything we know,  
encoding the only true fact:  
that all existence is a joke  
whose punchline is ourselves  
not knowing.  
Light, sound, laughter make the whole  
of wondrous manifestations  
that can describe humanity  
specifically – not animals –  
for animals will never create irony  
and see that way  
only people screw the world  
by seeing it as something else.

3-29-15

Two stars spin around each other  
churning the surrounding space  
into Time. They hover  
while the cosmos anticipates collision.  
Hanging in the time emulsion  
I'm secured into existence,  
held inside this calmest point.  
Threaded down to Earth; there "she"ll remain,  
contracted into one last story.  
I have met myself  
and he fades in and out.  
I have met my opposite  
she and I duke it out.  
Truly I need her more now than him.  
I know that I will never die  
as long's this story stays alive.  
This twin star tale could take forever,  
for existence now can rest  
since it has come into its being,  
what is the important thing  
and not the resolution.  
Now on Earth no more I'll rush.  
By the grace of a mutual glimpse  
time remains forever still.

\*\*\*

Tonight I feel all the old fears  
the old sensations and fearful thoughts,  
I feel the old heartbreak and the longing  
but it does not touch me at all.  
I only feel it from a distance.  
My new roommate grinds my gears  
but she doesn't really bother me.  
My least favorite kind of being.  
There's glass paneling sitting tween.  
Now my heart can no more break.  
Now my mind can no more panic  
even if those fervent thoughts attack it,  
even when I get rejected.

Contract Extension:  
70 years more life on Earth,  
where you can now wander freely  
as all paths are open at every point  
and every moment is new.

Thank You for your work.  
The spinning twin stars are beautiful  
and will inspire for eons to come.  
The galaxy is very happy  
and was very much in need.

I heard it was a painful labor,  
that the pushes were massive,  
and the sighs rocked your whole poor body,  
but you've gained immortality through the story  
that had to play through your little being.  
You cured the disease.  
Take this note to the doctor when you go today;  
terrestrially, you're going with a clean slate.

And don't forget to check the sky at night  
for the two new distant stars.  
Tell all you know,  
though all who look up will see them, either way.

And thank the men that helped you on,  
for they're stargazers, too.

I know you were trying to solve the problem  
(the letter read gently), but don't you see?  
The purpose was not to resolve it –  
not to come to a final conclusion –  
but to immortalize the story.

3-31-15

## Cosmic Rays

The greatest work is done through our beings as if we were portals.  
When processes like this occur, "you" are extended into the cosmos  
and when they finish all you know and attained  
has crystallized in outer space  
as another beautiful star;  
on Earth, the personality remains.  
Quiet Earth (in its naked state),  
peopled by noise like a bustling market.  
The Earth swarms with personalities  
an endless feast of color and texture.  
If you are buried underground,  
in the cavern of your layered self,  
in wonderment over how many levels there are  
and when you will hit the core,  
when you resurface '  
(after your newly wild eyes recalmed)  
and breathe that fine fresh air  
you will see, weaving in and among the earthly trees,  
others with your personality (equally programmed machines)

4-2-15

When we meet  
we are in a haze.  
It seems clear  
and the words come out  
but I don't remember  
anything but your laughter.  
The darkness helps  
dissolve it,  
turns it upon its head  
so I don't know  
what was happening.  
Was I looking at you?  
Were you looking at me?  
You were sitting across  
and I swear I could see  
but now the memory lives underground.  
And this morning the world  
is made of concrete and rock.  
Others and I talk  
but it doesn't go down.  
It stays on the surface,  
even the laughter.

The ego is funny;  
it hooks onto very particular things  
you said  
and I see it right now  
in the way I stored the night  
and hold it, observe it, relive it,  
try to understand  
both you and myself:  
should I want it?  
What do you want?  
What are you feeling?  
I have the world  
but is it all  
or eighty percent  
and you have the rest;  
where's the divide,  
and how will the balance sway over time?

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Two shells reflecting each other as perfect mirrors  
open their cores and reveal different innards.  
When shells stand hole to hole  
it is never what either expected  
but the well seems to cut through the world,  
allowing for endless exploration  
bouncing all the way down into every manifestation  
positioned to cut through your cells,  
not merely skim the surface.  
This is the way I inscribe history on my side of the wall,  
unaware of what's written upon the other side of the same.  
Through you I play the story,  
though the face I see maybe merely a projection  
of the actual thing forever hidden,  
never reached nor touched  
though it stands right at my back  
and is inside my very self,  
my every cell, my every holding – I feel held  
and though I cannot see, it changes me,  
opens myself to you  
and perhaps to nothing.  
This is a lynchpin for a waterfall  
that breaks apart the dam  
and keeps it flowing,  
once removed.

Charmed moments sing when I awake to this:  
walking through the forest of perpetual discovery  
any seen thing is worth a thousand explanations  
connected to a universe of threaded revelations  
“what” – I cannot say  
my wretched striving to convey  
the life of beauty trails along in vain  
after these notes.

Come upon the forest sitting in  
weaving lost through endless pathways' wind  
come upon the woodland's edge next blink  
the edge along the ring where you perceive  
to have escaped – or just fell deeper in?  
Skim your feet along the waters that begin  
I found it in your face as it is painted in my brain  
oh you your eyes the ocean – now I see  
with my whole heart the unending invisibility  
melting and reforming all the world where I exist  
into something else: perpetually what could be

my best flowered words fall one on one upon the gate  
and I can come no closer in my grounded earthly state  
fall into a person whose flesh is a facade  
covering a portal into total rearrangement  
peering close reveals him a beehive of hollow cells  
the intersect of lines that cross to form the shape of “eyes”,  
a most magnetic spiral that excites its complement  
in the other (un)human who looks through it at it  
(what is “human” if not what we know? Form indivisible  
seen closer, a portal, mere hollow,  
concentric tubes whose core remains elusive  
while it's telescoping on and on and in and in)  
through this door I call “another” all of mine falls in  
released for a swim that feels it could be endless  
in the imaginary ocean (it discovered or created?)

the knight lifts his head from the river  
the sleeper awakes in the air  
walking beneath the bridge to work –  
oh how the concrete world continues moving!  
as if nothing is going on  
inside the world of one

(I can see it now:  
“life” broken into moments,  
most darkness, some lit behold themselves like stranded stars  
slowly growing connection, one by one,  
suffering when new light fades into oblivion

but inevitably reemerging from space's fold –  
adding one by one until at critical mass  
each lone realized it was part of One  
and strove from that point to uncover all space  
where's hidden in blankness and “not” all “is”  
and One is all color and form that can be  
each filament, photon, and wave you perceive  
is unfinished and will be 'til all is revealed  
our existence a mix of “is not – but could be”  
and “is – but could be not”:  
trillions of details bound together by space  
to be crossed

in the portal of you, who is gone,  
a new light is turning my world inside out  
never know anymore if I'm upward or down  
or outside looking in or inside looking out  
this inversion of truth into other truth is such a human pursuit...  
life's a series of moments being strung  
word by word into verses nonlinearly  
until enough came to be and the truth was reached  
that life is continuous poetry –  
existence one playing symphony  
we only sometimes press play  
at random within our brain.  
Turn the switch on inside for the holiday lights  
strung by each you residing in its lonely cell  
surrounded by bored and inactive neurons  
or stars burning so bright by comparison all's dark  
when you find you everywhere – you're one again  
but the part one is tethered to daily walks on  
encountering strangers and potholes  
the city government one doesn't vote for won't fix –  
if I *could* stop I *would* but I'll rest the pen  
the nonsense will pick up later again.

4-09-15

The urge of my life is to turn every moment a poem,  
weave or behold a symphony out of what might be nothing.

My attachments on earth are few;  
family, you, and nothing else.  
Behind when I almost close my eyes  
I am in the stars  
and everything is fine  
nothing touches me inside  
for all is fine.  
The people of earth in this room are alien,  
moving in half graces  
crude animal faces desiring food comfort sex  
sex to me comes in a glance  
across the room while I lean back  
in my chair content  
and the play of earth is passing by.

If I were not attached to you I would be let go of  
but I am trying not to remain attached  
to you to let you run free  
my child my love my soul my face  
my secret held inside of me  
I pretend I am nothing  
these poems suck dick  
but I write this drivel anyway  
suddenly I cannot stop saying  
what has no meaning except  
that concocted by every observing brain  
we are alien  
upon the earth  
if I had one wish I would wish to be drunk  
all the time  
to be in this state in outer space  
or maybe I'll get addicted to being high  
while drawing I get there and hum  
a tune that helps me move  
with a symphony  
then it drops  
we are all we could be  
but we are not  
most stop at a half point between  
and stay safe  
wearing trendy clothes  
butts skirts and faces  
do nothing for me but pass by  
how my sex will come to me if I couldn't care?  
No one exists for me on this planet  
but lubricant if I can't have it

empty people  
full on ego  
trip along to outer space  
spew out all fearless nonsense  
buy a drink and drink it more  
until you pass out in your bed til morn  
and fade from existence  
you've already faded from the world (beer drunk)  
you're the reason for my continued existence  
watch me from far away chug this beer  
watch me surreally sense I'm not here  
or I am you or since you left I have felt the rift  
of superimposed wave forms  
I say this onward and on in the neverending  
song going day after day  
and I don't want to look anymore  
I'm just making a poem of life and that's all  
I can do  
hanging in the brew  
of creation, existence, and all that continues.

4-10-15

Abell Ave – or – Tired at Twenty-Five

The quiet street has many worlds on it.  
Some doors shut, behind which they watch TV  
with their dog and their wine calmly;  
across the street's a boisterous party.  
When they open the door I hear people noises,  
from the porch where I think of the stars I don't see.  
Down on Earth there's a little parade of concen-  
trated agendas (mostly towards sex):  
junkies look upstairs and down for their emotional fix,  
I judge from my distance  
(where I haven't had sex in too long).

I met you away from the party  
and it's good to not need anyone  
of the crowd.  
It makes me breathe easy that we can stay in  
while the runaround goes on around.  
*What are they searching for?* I'm happy to, with pity, ask  
as I once felt the pull of my missing out,  
believing there's something in the porch light,  
yearning to be a part of the talk on the stoop,  
but not anymore.  
There are only people across the shore,  
by now I know.  
The only excuse for continued curious hope  
is being under the age of thirty.  
I think that's why around then most people calm down,  
fin'lly admitting there's nothing to be found  
in the runaround  
and woe unto your isolation  
if you learn that too soon for your age.

Faces and names are all that change  
folks on the street all come and go  
seen for a night and never again, not to know.  
But you are always here, a staple, a pillar,  
walking your dog alone.  
You remind me of what I want away from the party:  
I need to make my home.

If I could convey one percent of the beauty unlocked at 3AM,  
a dot of the ink of all I've experienced,  
I would be satisfied.  
But when The Lord is Out of Control  
makes familiar brainwaves at this time,  
I want nothing more than to convey how lovely it is,  
and the world behind it of shapes I perceive but can't see physically.  
I fondly recall the first moment that morning when I turned on the song  
and life became a symphony.  
That was when I realized  
how it is  
and how it ought to be  
are connected by a switch.  
You could call the switch 'love';  
I'm not sure it'd be right,  
but it's the word I find now.  
What's most mystical about the symphony?  
Likely that you know it's your own brain creating it,  
so it can't be true;  
your next blink could undo it  
and the city would revert to being an unlinked pile of blocks.  
Is it not heartbreaking  
that not one walking through the streets would suffer  
when the music is shut off?  
They wouldn't hear it, anyway.  
It stays locked up in its place.  
It stays locked up in your brain  
as you are helpless to convey  
exactly how it is:  
the beauty of the mind striving toward its synthesis.  
The time of 3AM is experienced alone  
and inexpressibly leaves you  
helpless to grasp it even for yourself in whole,  
but your heart beats with the notes,  
and if it could do more  
to pay homage, it would.

4-12-15

## Growing New Eyes is a Painful Process

Growing new eyes is a painful process.  
First: the face is broken down.  
The crusted accustomed to surface has long  
been hiding a liquid goo in place of flesh.  
Once the stale top's cracked, the bucket slop  
is stirred. The nose mixes into the mouth. The eyes dissolve  
back into fibers, cells, and plans.  
Never more ever a bucket of shit –  
how could this be you!?

The new eyes bubble up to the surface.  
From their view, things are not seen  
as what they are, but how they were conceived  
as the once-overwhelming pops recede.  
No more seeing each object like a child beholding rhinestones  
    The tree so lovely in itself, naively,  
    brownstone details of this city  
    cease to awe. You now are tired of your brain getting ignited,  
    you've already marveled at each molecule before,  
    and it is always a brief thought.  
    Old eye-led life a minefield made  
    of bubble wrap. A hundred combustion  
    reactions bursting in your heart each second.  
    Such was going for a walk.

(And that was fun, but brain is no longer enamored  
with its own drugs).

*Things* fade back into a plane; an overlay of human nature is instead perceived  
immediately, as shapes and colors by themselves will never captivate again.

The thrill of bam! dies permanent;  
life's bam! bam! bam! at every corner.  
With your new eyes, you will not run  
to each one, but steady carry on;  
it's called "the heart has learned to think."

Let me say one last thing  
before I am swallowed whole  
by the closing Earth –  
you, my self, I came to find you.  
I am your other half.  
I had only a message.  
You didn't believe me at first –  
do you now, as the world collapses in this final moment?  
Don't despair that you have lost me  
the moment you've finally seen  
that I am you –  
I only needed to pass along  
this losing truth;  
now that you have heard it,  
you can rejoin and carry on  
but remember what your star-crossed visitor once said  
and the world she came from.  
That world was meant to die all along;  
it was on its way out from the moment I showed it –  
it only had to speak itself before being snuffed  
by inexorable changing tides of the earthquake that rocked you –  
you, a simple one  
drifting over those fresh waves  
on a virginal terrain,  
an ocean-farer come from land,  
a pioneer of the new clan.  
You will rejoin them and carry on.  
I only had to see your face,  
and show you mine –  
I couldn't die without us seeing eye to eye just once,  
and now that I've completed, I sink out, fade with goodbye.

4-19-15

The story: a girl receives messages her entire life from a fantastical girl who doesn't exist, at least according to all the people in her life. These messages are knocks on a door from the other side, and the girl follows them, often to her own failure/destitution/impracticality, for she throws her life away for this nothing. When they finally meet, the girl, a princess, tells her about the life and world that was promised. The girl is sad to learn that the world is dying, but the princess claims that all she really wanted was to pass on this truth; her world was dying all along. When she saw it, it was already fated to die. Meanwhile, the outer world suffers a huge earthquake. This also destroys the princess' world, and all the truth in it. This is just when the girl realizes that the princess is her, and tries to save her, but cannot. The princess tells her she just wanted to pass on this world which was hidden, and nothing more. Now she fades out, and the girl will go on. The girl floats on a raft over a new world, covered by a flood. This is a metaphor for what faces the millennial generation, namely the order of the old world getting destroyed and replaced with a new, still unstable way of living that requires new rules (the ocean). The princess and her world represents all that millennials have inherited from the past, which dies.

Desiring is an ugly thing.  
I hold the tendency in my palm  
like dough, examine the element  
I know brought ruin to my life.  
To hold the thing in whole and see –  
what else here can be done but turn  
it round beneath the microscope,  
observed under each kind of light,  
*in vivo*, from the side?  
The shame I felt not from desire  
but the act of it – to desire another,  
to fit him into my fantasy  
so that I may be content  
(justified by: your own fantasy is mine).  
He is *another!* A stranger I do not know as another  
but only as a crystalline mirror  
whose light led me to my own destruction,  
whose light led me into the unforgiving clearing  
where no such idleness can reside,  
where only reality can withstand  
the uncompromising shakes of the land.

4-30-15

## Inexpressible

What wants to be said, I cannot say,  
cannot draw, cannot create.  
A mirror is held up before my heart now  
every hour or every day,  
delivering shocks of light that make  
the baby inside wrestle with its space.  
It cannot be if it's not restless.  
Now I know all that pours forth –  
in music, words, or art – is nonsense.  
Why do I despise my own?  
If I loved it, it could feed me.  
If I loved my own humanity  
I would not be sitting here miserably  
inscribing down my chosen sadness.  
The mirror held before my heart  
highlights every reaction,  
underscored by want.  
That is at the core of every action,  
and this propels my tomorrow's decisions  
to try and act kinder  
to not reflect  
to think of topics –  
but I knock against  
my dirtiness  
and what *he* would do  
makes me stop at every step.  
Figure it out – why I was born  
a lover of fantasy  
and haven't sworn off  
of the tendency.  
It's the chemistry  
of my brain's preferred roads  
and ways to be.  
But how do I show Inexpressible –  
what's revealed in the mirror's glances.  
I couldn't put to paper the lurid details  
of how things are actually seen.

## Silence in the Inner World

Behind the shell is quiet.  
I am waiting for the inner world to make a sound.  
There's a respite from clashing now.  
Nothing is fighting.  
I can hear it on the wind.  
It is not I who thinks these words;  
they're thought to me (dissociatively).  
My mind cannot associate,  
make crosses o'er the river,  
or connect from one to one.  
Behind my eyes is a blank page.  
I have not a word to say.  
All I ever say is just  
to hold a mirror sharply so  
that those around me stumble  
into their sharply etched reflections.  
In *their* interactions their anger's validated rather than questioned.  
Old comfortable reactions proceed smoothly in their brains.  
I have often wondered why I'm alone, without other people of common aims.  
Now I suspect it's to be here, to do  
*something* for a time.  
To show  
to expose  
to hold up a mirror  
like everyone holds one up for me  
and I try to accept the things I see  
until I disappear.  
Everyone thinks I'm a mystery.  
Everyone sees what they want to see.  
The seer at all times is flawed because  
the point of perception is partial.

5/18/15

I will be in this loneliness forever  
waiting for you  
without the desire.  
I can no more strive for it –  
all that I am has burned off  
in the fire  
and behind my idle thoughts  
I behold a gaping yawn.  
This is the place I have come to.  
All my inhibition  
all of my ambition  
all the trifles of egoism

even saying this is mine  
melt into the fold  
of the eternal sea  
as if they all are fine.

Again again again –  
let me now describe  
how proceeds the road  
I've taken many times.  
Set off when I was young  
to you on the other side.  
All my life became to touch you –  
and I did.  
The moment that we met  
by a glance into my deepest  
flung right out into space  
where I remained so held  
was the pivot of my life.  
But I came back down to Earth,  
left to walk alone in silence  
as you became unreachable,  
so much so I could not even  
recall the very moment.

I came to you again  
pure by accident  
through the other that I met.  
I came out to the place  
having found another face  
whose glance clean wiped the stain  
of your first version's embrace.  
But it once more dissolved,  
yet another lovely form,  
and left me with reality,  
on the street, alone,  
wandering lost in the animal kingdom.

Time and time again  
I've reached the place in glimpses  
come back again to pine,  
always driven by desire  
to find you and be held  
to find you and unite  
on every level.  
It has been a painful back and forth!  
The idea has been burned –  
of “you” –  
away.

And it happened one last time –  
I know it was the last  
because the fantasy is pieces  
and can't put itself together  
by the uncompromising meld  
it's formed with reality –  
the Master of All.

The place exists –  
I have come to it –  
but one thing changed:  
formerly I came there to wait  
pulsing with the ache  
that spoke of our impending reunion  
and always in this fantasy  
were two.  
The resolution  
has always been the aim  
but in the final iteration  
everything exploded.  
There is nowhere to come back from.  
There is nowhere to return.  
All the roads have ended.  
All have stopped nowhere.  
I am both in space  
and upon the Earth –  
they've become the same  
dissolving their distinction.  
I can no more cry  
can't feel the desire  
can't go out to find you –  
there's nowhere to go.  
Oh my mouth is gaping  
wide to make the call  
but cannot make a sound,  
and this will be forever.

5-18-15

From both sides  
does the chase come and go  
I both giving and receiving  
instantaneously  
as if in an unbreakable flow  
I marvel at  
but now merely in calm.  
From both sides  
does the river flow  
and I can't understand.

5-21-15

## 10<sup>th</sup> Escape

When I am like this  
back to reality  
after being soothed by the fantasy  
all night

song buds pop up frantically

I am only in search of a tenth escape

What new place can I throw myself into?

Every movement flung out  
is trying to fight this moment  
where I'm stuck  
in my own shit  
brought here by a lack of foresight  
as if the concrete rules did not apply to me.

I want to only solve *real* problems!

Impulses drift along the sea  
fading in and out without consequence -  
now that's what I call attention!

I need constant entertainment  
until I calm down  
I need to run home  
and write a new song  
to feel better  
but still I will be no one  
I'll be poor  
and lone  
and the world will keep going on  
by the unvarying rules I choose to ignore  
spinning unceasingly around the indifferent sun  
as ever before  
despite our blindness.  
Where to throw my eyes  
but into the blinding light and go blind?

Like I already am  
like I was before  
even while pummeling with my whole being like a meteor  
intending to shower the quiet world  
with the fantasy this little bubble gathered in the endless sea of our consciousness where nobody really  
*is*  
was cultivating so quietly without will  
responding to the right array of light  
falling upon the spot  
where disparate impulses gathered and organized  
like the lifeless elements formed the first microbes  
created life  
*something*  
more permanent than themselves and their slow beats  
emanating throughout spaciousness.

Across the sea drift thoughts, desires  
and sink back into nothing.

There remains the mystery of the writer.  
Who is she to stand aside  
while her whole self has always been blind,  
believing it was a statue  
of water  
made on the sea  
and the release of tension to let itself come undone  
comes out in misty sprays of laughter  
ongoing waves of no one  
lifeless water unordered carbon  
explained by quantum physics  
as nothing  
at the core  
but a possibility.  
It was actualized before  
but why does it have to remain  
if it could sink into the nothing and drift  
as it really is?

(Then why this anxiety?  
Why this wondering?  
Why this little stubborn thread of thought  
this bit of ego can't dissolve

it needs itself  
the self  
and how to evaluate the self?  
Is it ten microbes  
Or one?  
Is it a person?  
Is it a cat?  
Does the tree it sees its own face in  
count also?  
It's echoing its self back  
and they're forever playing perfect ping pong  
like the endless well and I.

If the whole we think we are has broken down  
then how to circumscribe the notion calling itself "I"?  
What space does it take up?  
Now we are back at infinity  
going from "we created everything virtually"  
to "who are *we*?")

Read hope in the formless sea:  
here all can come undone  
including the poisonous tendency  
to criticize our egoism with egoism  
and any other tightly wound spiral of habit  
that adds to the tension of our artificial.

It's inevitable  
we fade  
and it's true  
we never have to arrive from shore  
because our perception of shore  
is made from the sea  
our own Solaris  
equally misunderstood  
your Solaris  
my Solaris  
our Solaris  
it's a synonym.  
Did Stanislaw Lem even realize  
what he was truly saying?

Terrifying  
when we see  
that we are nothing  
and to be  
requires effort  
constantly  
to keep our army of little whirring mechanics in sync  
around an aim.

What is mine  
has no more aim  
its old aim was erected out of compulsion  
and my self merely got out of the way  
to do what it bid  
by its need to get through.  
But there was never an intentional I  
that came from something I felt was mine.  
I wouldn't know what to make that.  
I do not have a purpose to be here  
having done what needed to happen  
but I am *still* here  
kept alive by a last comically thwarted desire  
that pumps my blood around and around  
that reminds me of my body by the friction  
that it causes  
between indifferent lifeless reality  
and the final most beautiful fantasy  
of the ultimate sacred peak expression a group of driven impulses could orchestrate  
for all the other collective impulse groups both big and small  
and if we all should organize into an expression of self  
would existence flip  
and become self-sustaining?  
What then?

It's an odd, freeing burden to sense yourself at the hidden frontier of an infinite micro world.

5-22-15

### The Never

sitting here  
under the influence

watching what goes on inside –

there is no match with the plastic table  
the conversation  
about the movie  
the laughter  
and faces

I am forever inside the never  
the encounter will not end  
found each time I go out in search of it out of me  
walking along the street  
trying to catch it as concrete

and when I grasp  
it puffs to air  
that fades and leaves  
ongoing laughter  
the conversation in the room  
that has naught to do  
with where my eyes are focused now

like a coat  
turned inside out  
in one swift move  
am I or my whole world.  
what I would call my true existence  
takes place invisibly  
between the notes  
and underneath  
having nothing tied to written history

check my credit card statements  
check my habits  
check my food  
and paycheck  
check my phrases  
said in passing

they have nothing to do with the never  
that is my only life  
a constant meditation  
toward what cannot be reached  
more fully every time

and I again am in the never  
as nothing changes in the scene  
my body keeps on moving  
divorced from the chamber

that sees into everything true

can it ever be tied  
or united  
as my ultimate:  
union between the vision of closed  
inwardly turned eyes  
and the path of feet  
how steps proceed  
according to deep  
echoed rhythm outside from what is in

and how  
how how how  
I bang my head against everything  
trying to solve this one last problem  
break the barrier  
of longing  
that creates the miles between  
with a simple snap  
a single thread  
always the last to remain  
when everything else has accepted  
the shadows below the indifferent sun

(written to first time I heard first 6 min of Glassworks)

5-23-15

Like a sailor or an astronaut,  
I have searched for the problems.  
They lie like monuments along the terrain,  
sending out waves or rays  
but to trace the source is the task.

The source is sly.  
I've found many sources in my  
otherwise empty black cosmos.  
One more I have found tonight  
tied so slyly to many others.  
And I say: if I didn't love negativity  
if the saddest songs didn't ring true with me  
how changed my life would be.  
But I do love negativity.

The planet whose gravity I succumb to,  
the planet who's everywhere –  
how to break the grip of it  
how to change without changing the sphere?

Maybe I stay here too long.  
Maybe circumstance should come undone.  
Maybe I should be gone  
so that you are out of my sight.

5-24-15

I am only seeking my self validation.  
Can a person be as the impulses feel in me?  
Though they go against convention.  
I did it  
and I'm still alive  
so I am.  
I am  
the way that I am  
and I have just proven that it can be  
so add another star to the infirmary  
of a galaxy's creation.

Add another thread to biology  
a new pattern within cognition  
a new road in the human brain.  
It's human still. Another connection  
of the old material rehashed  
reframing perception another way

tying together a and b  
who'd seemed unrelated previously.

5-26-15

I'm a weird girl  
Doing it over  
Distracted  
In the same trap  
Too young for my age  
Too wrapped up  
Held in  
Forced out  
In offending bursts  
No one knows  
Or have better balance of parts  
One light  
On it  
Not all  
Like I  
Until  
I break  
And fall  
Beneath indifference  
Reflected  
What I put out in the first place  
Just say it  
No matter  
Not worth  
Misery  
In your one life  
Not worth  
Taking it  
Seriously  
If it fails  
You can move  
Or can try  
Or arrange it so that you don't see him  
Could you?  
Pass by once  
And it's  
All over again  
Next to you  
Forced to be here  
And that is the helplessness trap  
The condition  
Of being kept in fear  
In a box  
What is going  
On?

You  
you are closed off  
to your close people.  
You're so young.  
When will you learn  
to turn to others  
to help explain your problems?  
I look at you  
like looking at myself  
five years ago.  
I do not know who you are  
to me.  
One day a friend  
one day a son  
always a sustenance;  
in all the counted days together  
everyone.

6-1-15

Every moment is a scene  
across the screen  
of faceless death,

disconnected spouts of  
arbitrary start and end  
shown in the silence.

Increasing quiet moments  
bring about anxiety in the still.  
What is there left to do  
but experiment with the mind?  
(It's easier than cultivating a discipline.)

And when I have this concentration,  
I have endless ability  
and unable to sit still  
I can go anywhere  
but don't want to run  
to the blurry horizon I know  
is best in my visions  
and daydreams had from the ninth floor;  
*those* are the treasured moments, if I'm to be honest.  
There's always work to be done on shore.

Some days are perfect  
for sinking into the sleep of your habits,  
knowing that nothing lasts;  
another day

you will be so wide awake  
from the fog you only notice  
held you when it fades from the clearing  
where you are.  
Too long standing in the empty clearing  
is a torture;  
thus the screen.  
Entertain me with the variety pack  
of all the states that can be had.

This pernicious attitude of young age;  
how soon will it get old?  
What is there to do on Earth  
but cater to who we all are  
and the facts of what it means to be human,  
slightly different for every kind:  
one being wants her drama wherever she goes,  
even at work.  
Another being wants mainly to fit in  
and validate what he loves and hates  
by another.  
Another is miserable, thinking he's cool,  
looking into the future  
at where he will be:  
on the sunny shore  
by the balmy sea  
(where the *best* land at twenty-three,  
and he is already twenty-four!)  
Yet another grasps at her dream  
in every other body regardless  
of how inconvenient the joining  
for their lives,  
wants to live inside something like TV,  
connecting each streetgoer with each other  
to prove a made-up symphony  
played on a faceless ocean.

Where to go? Where to go?  
Oh these empty states.  
Everybody's chasing Vipassana  
these days.  
It is but a moment.  
I will laugh at  
how soon they forget.

Words are here  
to fill a silence creeping over like a wave  
but never crashing down,  
which I find hard to bear.

It's lonely in the land without you  
even though I know you're there  
as much as my own body.

The sound of sirens and the sight of curious strangers' faces is all I hear  
and see in the concrete shadow land where you're unaware you're not by me.

Behind the screen that shows me this  
all feels right.

I have done my work in the place.

Be sensitive to the deepest calls  
and no matter where you are, at that core level you'll feel right  
and the surface levels do not matter.

Let me say, do I prefer the battered homely failing frame encasing the satisfied core  
to a vibrant glossy surface pulsating with an untraceable pain  
that most who are victim to it think comes from outside.

6-3-15

Reality is uncompromising.  
No matter how far you run  
the line always pulls you back in  
and shatters the fiction you were building.  
Many times you think (so convinced) you're done,  
have arrived at some conclusion,  
but the only conclusion remaining by now  
is: it goes on and on and on.

Even after you reach the stars,  
even after everything shatters,  
even after you climb a mountain range  
and meet your lovers,  
even after the games play out,  
even after you make your goal,  
even after you chase it down,  
and into smoke watch the beauty blow –  
you still remain.  
And you must have somewhere left to go  
some other way of life to be  
left after all the paths were lit  
up inside your brain chemistry  
at once and faded and you hardened  
to the mystery,  
finally befriending the Master of All:

stark naked reality.

6-3-15

There's a great clashing between two wills  
Two ways of truth are killing each other.  
I have written mine, sent it into the world  
and you say just the words that are exactly what I'm getting at  
but from the other side.  
One must be annihilated.  
One makes the other one worthless.  
One can't exist at the end of this battle  
One must fall worthless upon the floor  
of the ground they are fighting for.  
In your unconscious attack which somehow you knew  
you make my very point flaccid.  
But you are only killing your own self.  
Enemy, to lose to me is sweet for both of us.  
If you win we both suffer.  
If I win we both win.  
Let go of you and be the loser  
(as you would call yourself).

6-4-15

All it has shown me is there is nothing out there, no escape,  
and all I can get from the world I'd call mine is a mirage that will necessarily be destroyed when the  
illusion stops being played.  
Walking along day to day I merely define everyone and everything by what they are.  
Who are you and who am I – we're types,  
partially blind helping partially blind  
while totally blind are speaking of love between each other but love sees all and embraces,  
love does not wish or imagine or fantasize,  
love remains when all your facades fall apart and it seems there is nothing to you,  
nothing left, and you cannot hide from the vision that all you have been is what you've pretended to be.

6-4-15

## Frozen Lake

The forest –

alive, burgeoning  
bright teal dew-wet leaves rustling  
around your eyes  
it is wet with thickset trunks in mist  
obscuring the distance  
with mystery

the forest lies under  
deceptively stoic ground  
in a black mica soil,  
night-like

below the highways  
criss-crossing infinite ways  
webbing a bland overlay  
of interminable distances  
circling  
diverging  
nowhere in homologous shades of gray

loud and discordant;  
its voices and babble  
hollow beings grabbing  
and grappling with fear  
donning sunglasses  
racing their neighbors  
racing themselves  
away from here

– underneath  
in the wet teal forest  
beats  
your own  
a mystery  
forever explorable

fallen in-  
to the quiet  
each inch rings with sympathetic strings  
of new melody  
rediscover music  
beside an ancient castle by  
a still lake  
forever awaiting  
your eternal return –

~ The Inner and Outer Worlds ~

is my next play  
trumpet music scores  
the battle

night and light  
dark and day  
knight and knight  
of life, decay

living knight fights frozen knight  
cataclysm swirl of black on white  
in final clashing  
battle  
everybody cheers  
from the stadium of either world

along the seam of in and out  
the battle rages  
for the self

and who will win  
can't be foretold

their arms are locked

and all has paused

\*\*\*

an earthquake strikes  
from the pressure  
cracking the outer world  
reaching into the inner  
and all is broken  
all destroyed  
the knights dissolve in ashed imagination

...it was imagination  
this whole existence...

all is broken  
along earth's surface

all is vaporized  
of the forest

neither ever was....

“...my young disciple,  
I'll tell you a story  
of ancient origin  
the kernel of its truth comes down to:  
One dropped out of the surface and fell  
into the forest  
and came alive,  
discovered notes –  
made melody –  
saw new colors –  
took his increased sensitivity  
back up to the surface.

Have you heard of this ancient still place?  
The seat of creativity  
that never moves  
but is home to movement  
constant, as is of true life  
a crystalline construction  
shining like a prism  
in the sun  
but never frozen,  
thus a source  
of bountiful –  
and how!  
there *is* no manner to convey  
the state  
of every moment's  
changing  
of the beauty of the lake  
rippling with the source of color  
creating more  
by the light  
cast through this place –  
made not of water!

The world he left is frozen  
and silent  
but not with the silence of being near Silence;  
here you are closest to the Silence;  
there you can barely hear it  
over the noise  
though nothing ever moves  
in the surface land  
where everyone rushes  
ever to  
the circumference.”

... a messenger comes to the Crossroads  
where Another is standing,  
waiting,  
(that's what they do).  
He delivers;

“Sad day  
sad state,”  
shaking his head.

“Care to update us on affairs?”

“It was already a long time ago,”  
the messenger says, glancing backwards  
into the past  
over his shoulder;  
the Other looks down the long gray tunnel  
with him.

“I am here  
(where is here?)  
(never mind).  
What happened was:  
time passed.  
We scattered  
to corners  
where others stand  
carrying our memories  
of the land.

Far in the past now  
our former life  
all we had  
that remains  
now a legend  
told by the nomads of a lovely existence  
who scattered apart  
in search of  
another receptive inner world.”

“What happened to the home that was yours?”

“The lake froze over  
The forest is paused –  
didn't you hear?”

“Has the battle ended?”

“No – the heart has stopped  
mid beat  
nothing is moving  
not a thought  
not an intention  
not a want.”

Another listened  
as he could,  
in his remote manner,  
solemnly.

The messenger went on:  
“The lake is frozen  
the forest is covered  
from trunk to root  
across the fertile soil  
in a sheet of sparkling ice  
the leaves that rustle in the wind of life  
have left the branches naked.  
What was once  
our mystery  
is not  
the secret land of wealth  
accessible to those above.  
We do not know what they will do  
when they fall through  
into a shallow one-foot pothole  
stopping there.”

I was someone  
she dissolved  
from a mountain  
to a naught  
first she built up  
like a cyclone  
then she did it  
then in torrents  
she fell back  
into the ocean  
'coming flat  
and come undone  
she is no one  
mannequin  
facelessness  
not even being.  
Inside my hollow  
self is only  
what is done  
an action one  
another then  
I fight against  
the impulses  
of how it feels  
in reaction  
to all these steps.  
There's facelessness  
there's what is done  
and nothing else.  
The cycle spun  
forever at the  
same time done  
and just begun  
forever living  
is the story  
that I was  
the fantasy  
that swirled inside  
until I gave  
up everything  
that I could get  
for it to come  
out play in full  
and when it reached  
its fullness it  
was crystallized  
and then there was  
no more to be  
achieved.

And when  
it saw its crystal  
mirror it  
exploded  
vaporized  
and what was left  
was all the ocean  
where's no form  
where's primordial  
life  
and non-life.  
On the seam  
between the two  
the two are one  
for the membrane's  
a paper screen  
one atom thick  
might be a trick;  
two holding hands  
of east and west  
diverging di-  
rections that come  
together in the end  
(always we think  
about the end  
we almost hear  
the final note  
that rings of it).

6-14-15

Most of my struggles come  
from an incomplete understanding  
of myself,  
specifically,  
myself as humanity.

“Everyone dreams in their own way”  
“But the problem may come when you see  
that you're dreaming and want to aspire  
to live in reality.”

So you come to believe that it *is* that  
and your mind starts forcing its view  
imposing another life atop  
concrete and animal laws.

But that can last only so long.  
The cold sun always breaks through  
and shines its light onto our wrinkles  
and all we blur in mood lighting  
cast in the realm of seduction  
(every time you are seduced  
be sure to remind yourself  
you are under some illusion  
you can't see).

I've always wanted to say  
with too much strong-held pride  
that I do not need any dreaming –  
without casting my dreams aside.  
Watching every actor  
get comforted by their beliefs  
of themselves in whatever light is most pleasant  
within the unearthly dreams  
they inhabit,

I have always sneered at that,  
looked instead at the hard sun  
(always a very forced turning)  
and claimed I do not need one  
of my own.  
But this morning I'm comforted by  
(after feeling so much like shit)  
the same exact IV  
trickling into my bloodstream  
and triggering numbing relief  
with an opiate balm.

(No matter what, I am fighting,  
following,  
working through an algorithm  
and it only takes a knock  
from another mind to make me see

that there is another view  
and I could've dropped the shit  
or not even entered the level  
or – if processed differently – quit.)

A little more of humanity  
is every day revealed  
and a little closer to earth  
come my feet  
as I am one  
and my head comes to recognize  
its own pride  
and defeat.

The knot of me  
is a failure  
wishing to be the alpha  
and hating all those who are able  
who were thrust into it with ease.  
The more I'm revealed before myself  
the less I want to see.  
Rather would I turn off the sun  
and take the opiate I need.

6-17-15

### The Bells of War

I hear loud the clamor of war  
in every word and every laugh.  
In every motion of passing bodies,  
war's in the air between.  
It isn't calm where it doesn't rub quite right.  
I'm moving angled, you move right.  
The air flows treacherous, for  
all of movement is but war.

Every face in contact passed  
could kill me if a button's pressed.  
This must be instinct while you're walking in the sun.  
I'd say it's safer, in a way, in the dark.  
Then, the collective relaxes.

If you're out of step with rhythm, the drum,  
best keep the band at bay.  
Each knock tolls sharper the bells  
of warfare in the air.  
The melody of wartime bells is all I hear  
and all that's spoken.

Who said we can't understand the many, many languages?  
They're one: to kill I kill kill you you all  
spit sneer and snarl.  
The bells of civil war  
civilized war  
battale du joir  
all hours smally fought and never rested.  
Sleep and you are bested,  
tested every time you step and speak too slow.

The thing most maddening is  
what is spoken over truth  
of what it is that's happening.  
Profound connection to the universe?!  
The universe's killing me!  
Killing me! Killing me!!  
Everything flings vomit full of hate  
while screaming "go away!"  
Rejection  
an ousting  
from everywhere ever.  
I sever the tie to the place and run  
and stay  
and I do not come out to fight the war.  
I learn so I won't have to anymore  
and can stay on top instead  
on the ninth floor where it is quiet and calm.

The battling instincts inside my presence  
are simple impulses  
mammoth auras  
of vague archetypes:  
the urge for love  
with its hope  
stretching out of its pool like a slender arm with graceful fingers and an open palm

beneath the bells of war  
heard far too late  
the clashing  
ringing  
cacophonously  
through the silence and peace  
and steady calm.  
Motion is war.  
Speaking is war.  
Looking is war.  
Talking is war.  
Every molecule is at war  
with every molecule  
in this bath.  
How to ignore every micro wrath I ever feel  
hitting every inch of my surface and sometimes striking in?  
Tell me where is the love in this?  
Where's the love they speak of  
these civilized cretins?  
Those millionaire distants  
holed up smartly?  
These unemployed hipsters  
surviving by art  
like the Real World,  
ignoring the real world,  
creating their own  
without foresight to flourish but by temporary emotion  
and uncontrolled impulse for glory and comforts  
sensations and ease and laziness  
masked by the thrift store party dress?  
By the alcoholics who cope to never fight with what dulls; now  
I understand the mind  
and the other mind  
and the other mind  
and the motivation behind  
that must (for peace's sake!) be satisfied  
lest they eat you alive  
in respect to the first demand:  
protect yourself,  
for "no good deed..."  
is too true

in the ongoing war of agendas  
where everyone's threatened  
where the insecure  
will fight it loudest subconsciously  
while crying fashionably for the end of war.

6-23-15

## Joy

Joy is eternal  
and underneath,  
behind all the faces  
all the forces  
breaking you down  
in the universe's process  
of trying to destroy you  
you are built.

This moment of joy  
that's fully clear-sighted,  
an impossible crystal,  
has no strong emotion  
but wonder at life,  
all it can be, as it is  
with its refusal to oblige one's glass-bound dream.

Joy connects the disparate pieces  
tying them into sense  
out of senselessness.  
There was a mystery  
to the symphony sometimes appearing  
that now was (obviously) breaking free.  
Joy's the conductor

the ghost and magician  
the impulse unseen  
the reason for this,  
a reason that, like our own reasons,  
needs no explanation.  
He waves his hands  
and worlds are created.  
They break down  
into fuzz without mold.  
It's the same we can do  
with our lives –  
hold the material,  
stand in the middle,  
retry.  
It only takes acclimation  
to failure  
which when we are young feels new  
because no one could tell us beforehand:  
we had been living a dream life avoiding it,  
and it always was waiting,  
among the true,  
until we were ready.

Joy binds together  
all that we hate  
and separate  
with love,  
and not in a flowery, faraway sense,  
but in clear-eyed, hard-grounded, indifferent life,  
the same of mundane today  
on our cold still planet  
where sound vibrations  
ring clear in thin air –  
like the rim of a glass,  
untouched but available,  
in wait on the floor of a dark open room –  
in the midst of a still  
infinitely colder  
emptiness stretching  
beyond and beyond  
sometimes punctured by alternate points of perception,  
like people who putter  
about in their yards,  
in their heads,  
hardly ever exchanging a world.

Here we are,  
we who do not need to be,  
we who are  
the eternal mystery.

7-03-15

Holding a world on the tip of my hand  
nobody can see  
made of an unaccepted perspective  
(with which some will agree)  
to Earth's current frame that can't don  
what I, a member of Earth, put forth.  
Tell me, how was this so arranged?  
I exist but remain unheard  
drowned by a din of trendy aesthetic.  
My land is beauty  
my land is peace  
my land is to love  
and to follow  
the nature of things  
in spite of the surface rules  
enforced by our long-accepted kings:  
Gravity and Indifferent Wind,  
to whose reign we have long adjusted  
with conquest of limited terrain  
feasting upon a banquet of fallen spirits  
snuffing to swords softer impulses  
and now our swords have grown more subtle  
to be kind words atop a hollow,  
to be a framework for separation  
of natural love and the human station  
for the survival of our bodies –  
but I fight mightily for the survival  
of a long forgotten way  
that's falling  
in the war my love keeps fighting.

7-04-15

How is one part of myself  
looking out the bus window at nighttime  
writing this  
when next to me lies a book  
another part will pick up in a minute?  
Answering two separate calls  
two lives  
as two thousand fifteen and our highest hopes compel.  
Is it the first time in history  
we have wanted everything

and found it was hard to come by?

Now artificial minds are smarter  
almost.

Humanity - the notion - dissolves  
but our emotional selves stay babies.

"Is there anyone out there over the age of four  
and without a personality disorder  
or a guitar?"

I should say I'm looking for,  
the part of me that wishes we had time.

The part that left the book has paused.

The part that wrote a book is crushed.

The part that works a dead end job is exhausted.

The one trying to quit confused.

And it's a shame that I hate meetings!

My team calls the strong arm in too often

rather than seeking a resolution,

rather than one of them stepping down

for they all make good points

but the manager, he would have to be a manager,

make some cuts

and promises:

"We'll get back to you, heart, in a few years -  
hold your breath."

Somewhere there's a well

just when you need it.

When you need to be chipper,

that you are

because that's what casts the safety net of a personable demeanor.

A few years prior I would've scoffed at the inauthenticity

and spoken my mind.

Well I really authentically need to survive

and I can't leech off another being

in conscience.

My family's definition of that word is so stringent;

there are no hidden lines where

what you say means nothing and the hand rubs the erogenous zones and egos the right way

and moves its body to light's play.

No, we are stoic

per history.

It's painful to admit you're a fragment - only - of humanity

and crossed

with between each polar shore an ocean of major shifts

but for so long didn't know who you are

and the knocks into foreign beings

stir your heart counterclockwise

when clockwise is what was needed

Complain and complain and complain.

Dissect the burden in a negative way.

Don't pay attention or give it the time of day.  
Pick a name  
and be defeated, I hate to say.  
No, I will never.  
I would rather  
grow the world's most egregious ego  
than stop being no one,  
uncategorizable:  
Not Russian not Jewish not Catholic Polish  
not writer or artist  
and not a professional  
no one  
no one  
no one  
no living stereotype  
is my name  
no matter my age.  
It is the hardest  
for everyone  
has become  
a hippie  
a doctor  
a dancer  
an artist  
a songwriter  
programmer  
and all of these groups  
hate each other  
for highlighting  
all of the routes that each never took  
or lent an ear to  
because, truly, all are true in their way.  
All have something you should hear to say.  
But you don't have time in 2015  
and if you stand in between  
you won't move.  
Thus the war,  
the war of ways  
fought upon earth  
but, most concerning, in myself,  
inside my psyche.

7-07-15

I have been guilty of thinking myself  
above humanity  
with no need  
to be part of a story.  
But if I accepted  
my insignificance  
and subjection to chance  
then I would understand  
the need  
to create a fiction  
of meaning  
out of my day to day and everybody's day to day  
and think more of how our fictions cross.  
To understand anyone  
read their book.  
Some are fragments,  
loose phrases spoken in reaction  
to passing phases  
of the phenomena  
we are daily subjected to  
and naught more.  
The ultimate question remains in our ears:  
why Earth?  
We maybe have found the nature of In.  
We maybe have found the eternal moment.  
Yet still we find ourselves here.

07-17-15

## A Moment

Let me recapture a miniscule moment:  
everything that was high –  
I told myself it was so.

And everything closer to ground –  
bobbing my head to these earthly tunes,  
this raging, grainy guitar  
with these bodies that stand in this field  
on the planet Earth among Earth's own trees,  
but, mostly, with coarser emotions  
than those come across more rarely in stratosphere,  
that go down smoother,  
wreak less havoc on body  
for their quicker digestion –  
I told myself it was that, too.

...and it slipped in  
and slipped right out...

Both are a dream, tunes themselves,  
entering sound out of mute and back to  
across the fuzz screen  
buzzing nothing when hung between stations.  
And our whole life is a tuning  
of that machine  
to stations that feed us  
what forms our antennas can recognize.

How much out there in all of creation flies by us  
because we are partially made by nature  
and can only perceive certain types of formations?  
Even on Earth we do not have omniscience!  
How many animals best us in radiance?  
How can we know how *they* perceive?  
There may be whole casts of mind floating by around  
that are totally foreign  
and so seem like nothing –  
all of this air for these lower beings!  
There are so many ways to perceive, that  
human history could be overturned  
and restructured as a whole other story with the flip of a single switch  
in a moment of fortuitous chance and right circumstance that reveals something new.  
For all of our truths led us to other truths,  
and this they continue to do, our discoveries.  
What *would* our gray fuzz do if it *could* construe  
something out of all available?  
Maybe there is no blank space, and the endless bombardment

again looks like fuzz – all that which makes sense –  
when taken in whole from farther away.

Circles and circles!  
cut down to choices  
from all that is possible  
to perceive anything.

Maybe the emptiness we reach at the fringes of space  
with so much relief  
is our own  
in escaping ourselves  
to breathe in a realm our beings cannot flourish in.

Pierce human thinking –  
with awe you may see  
there is no core to the mechanism  
where we hoped to find standing something unique.  
But we are process on process repeated near infinitely  
and have made other processes that stand naked and reveal the degree  
to which we are nothing but they –  
and who feels the awe overwhelming that moment  
of stark realization  
as crumble our notions  
of the long held-to cast of humanity?

All that's defined what it means to be human –  
our acts

- of war
- our sex
- the way we prepare and enjoy our meals
- and music and beauty and all supposedly useless ornamental things
- and, for those, our strivings

the tapestry weaving humanity  
to present to existence and cry, “this we are!”  
But against what screen?  
Upon what stage?  
From whence the material for shaping emerged?

7-11-15

Your English words ring clear in my ears  
and mine in yours.  
Let's talk about what we watched on TV.  
Distantly, an atom hears  
this passing phase,  
light years and light years ago.  
A distant corner of the mind.  
That's where I'm hiding now

That mysterious floating "I"  
on Earth identified as an electron  
but we think that we and everything  
are trillions.  
Well, we are.  
We are an ocean, then...

Tell me what is space.  
It is one mind  
spanning everywhere  
and awareness floats from one space to the next,  
crossing galaxies  
without expending time.

From so, so far away  
across a quiet  
up on high  
the passing scenes of Earth across the body I'm connected to  
sound like murmur voices  
all languages identical  
movements miniscule  
no matter where or why or how.

From here it is more simple  
to understand the Earth.  
My body did not for a long time....

I saw a man as I walked from the park  
on my way to the doctor's,  
a move every cell in my body opposed,  
but I don't listen to the army anymore.  
He lay on a bench.  
He was long and white,  
thin,  
leather pants strapping him in  
in the midst of July  
and decades my or my father's senior,  
I heard him cry:  
"I'm free! Damn it I'm free!"  
Then growl like an animal

and writhe from whatever he imbibed or assailed him  
when already behind me  
as I tried to catch the look in his eye  
without meeting his eye,  
walking from my interview  
for another government job,  
still young  
but not so I don't learn  
there's no freedom on Earth  
and to be born  
is to be born into slavery.  
Death is the only freedom,  
and that freedom we're all assured.  
Life's what's temporary....

Restructure redefine redo  
everything you are  
to know that *it* cannot be destroyed.  
No matter what, you have something to play with.  
No matter what, you have a chance  
at rebirth.

One mind,  
reaching everywhere  
spanning all distances without the expenditure  
of time.  
This mind is tied to Earth  
and also sees it from the distant  
point of a star cluster nebula  
in the unformed regions of space  
where dwell profound silence and simple thought  
(what is thought?)  
without human encumberment.  
To this point don't now look small  
quiet miniscule  
and muted  
dreamlike.

Life's a video game.  
Press restart on your part  
of the mind whenever you want.  
What on Earth did we do before this genius idea  
of dying to try again!?

Who has time to think about love  
when they have to go to work?  
When they have to take masters classes to stay at the crest  
or drop the game and instead complain  
that the world isn't fair and left them behind  
and go smoke a joint play the video kind instead  
pushing back as far as it will go the nag of rejected ambitions  
while their counterparts or life they did not live  
fights the invisible war and accumulates battle scars and results of constant stress?  
Who has time for love the thing we often are told of  
is the pinnacle of human ways  
as older generations harp that love is a verb  
and I would love to love but there are  
24 hours in the day  
and who is going to love if no one survived to give their love away?  
And who can think of love if they were first born into a lower station  
of a world system not one bit eliminated  
despite what we want to say  
and all that assails them daily before love even has its chance to creep over  
(because love often comes slow)  
is serving people complaining of their graduate programs  
20 hours of every day  
in their ears as they drive the bus that carts the asses producing identical shit  
(doubled even by their mouths);  
hell, I for sure would want to tip it  
over that bridge every single day  
and feel no qualm that there was any great loss to the world -  
from the babbling identical rich elite  
or me - but one - who, unlike they, have long known my drop among the ocean.  
Who has time to find the ocean inside a single drop?  
Love runs parallel to our circumstances  
but when it strikes we are tempted to integrate it.  
For me, personally, this has proved one after another exercise in futility.  
So who has time or the means or - still - would we be lacking some ability?

7-14-15

Here I am again, across the green church,  
my favorite, like this time last year.  
But now the flavor is not what it was,  
even in this glorious weather.  
I am not as excited and it's not as new.  
You cannot hold on to a faded image,  
the shell of what you used to do.  
Retrace your steps; they will not bring you back.  
Nothing can. Only the new  
might contain what you found in the old.  
So here I am once more, in the scenery  
but it is not that place at all.  
Tomorrow I'm moving on to another city  
already.  
Walking in the park by night will be different  
if I even do it this iteration.  
I may return in the same location  
but no longer in such isolation.  
More nights will be spent around the city,  
elsewhere, I can already see,  
even if I move back here;  
over the fulcrum where your life spins,  
you don't have much control.  
If you have changed,  
everything else has changed as well.

7-15-15

Neonates  
on our first day  
you and I  
talking over a hobby.  
We arrive  
in the night  
as strangers  
obscured, the path behind each of us.  
Through these flowery words,  
hours of light jokes,  
dissection of films,  
casually admiring varying viewpoints  
(as we don't have to have them)  
we cannot tell  
who we are  
or why we are here.  
Keep these up  
for longer we'll think  
we're here for identical reasons.

From cloudy gray marble  
we tend to form perfect mirrors.  
As time goes over  
it is revealed  
as our beliefs diverge.  
Maybe we came undifferentiated.  
Maybe we met at a crossroads  
and these hopeful mirrors  
that proved to be skewed  
when we tried to force clarity  
out of what just isn't true  
separates us  
along splitting roads.  
At the cross  
at the bar  
we are never who we are  
in the meeting of minds.  
Our hope ignores  
the parting of beings  
we were all along  
obscured by the nights of philosophy  
where it's easy to turn everything  
into an abstraction.  
People with lower IQs  
tend to know this from the beginning,  
as they are rooted less so  
in the air -  
more in what is here,  
how it actually works  
and so are not surprised when their intellectual friends  
discover simple truths  
the world was laughing at all this time  
while they were wrapped in philosophy.  
We are so  
naive  
when we meet  
in the corner  
away from it all  
thinking we can escape a world  
that we drag with us wherever we go.  
It slips under the cracks  
and joins us for beer,  
waiting,  
sleeping,  
lurking  
'til our minds run out of drugs  
to keep us high on the magic  
of superficial unity.

Make me unmake me.  
A longing's enough  
to create a whole life.  
One impulse on ground in confusion  
instantaneous blur of ignition and flame  
unavailable for comprehension  
while changing its meaning, decision, version  
with each lick flecking the oxygen.  
Unforming reforming  
a million worlds in this nebula,  
never deciding, the cacophony finally dying  
leaving a single conclusion no world could've guessed:  
a rocket speeding  
into the universe.

Moment of ignition,  
oh what are you  
to set my ship free?  
One light of the match is enough to set it roaming  
the whole vast universe once again.  
These past few months  
unformed and reformed was I  
'til the burning slowed.  
Now I'm in possession of a whole long life  
I cannot call mine.  
For I do not want one or need one.

My life is for you,  
Another,  
even if you are gone  
or asleep to the truth  
which I hold:  
the center is not a brain  
a mission a scientist a writer an artist.  
At the center sits no desired path;  
it is only the echo of you.

7-20-15

Make me unmake me.  
Change me unchange me.  
Who I was temporarily  
I no longer am.  
She's a shadow. She's a lesson.  
She's a gathering of sand  
flying over deserts,  
fleeting in the grand scheme of her self-perception.

Make me out of wet clay  
crumble me apart.  
Clear the curtain backdrop  
of a faceless gathering,  
a mere storm cloud,  
Calypso,  
a nobody whom nobody  
knows how she will go.  
One year ago  
this same form flew a different flag.

All that's "right" is right right now.  
Knots are only meant to be  
seen, experienced, but never solved.  
The solution is dissolving.  
The answer lies in distance.  
Dreamlike pass the faces  
as she slips out from a scene  
into another after blankly wandering  
amid nothing and no agenda  
nothing to be doing,  
waiting for a cue.

Made me it's unmaking me.  
Do not be surprised  
if next year you ask "do I know you?"  
I feel that I am changing  
always rearranging  
but it may all be internal;  
for they say, "you're still so you."  
It's the mechanism hidden  
underneath a certain humor,  
underneath a way of acting,  
underneath a taken role.  
One day it works like clockwork,  
recites its precise rules.  
Last year it worked like artwork  
singing spiritual truths.  
The framework rearranges  
while the surface remains smooth  
seeing the happening,  
on it constantly remaking,  
and always awed by change.

My last few fantasies of our life together were especially nice  
as I lay in bed,  
smiling alone, laughing at what you said,  
quipping a perfect response out loud.

The last few sand grains  
have already crossed the etched on line of no return.  
I still fight with my claws sunk into the fabric  
when it is long absurd.

My attachment remains to a shadow  
belonged to a flower  
that cropped up in a concrete yard  
and died as suddenly,  
seeing it stood alone.

7-22-15

I want to build an homage to him  
so I step as he steps and I think as he thinks  
and defend him, sayin it's right.  
Where in this am I? Where did I go?  
By reflecting his face to him I negate  
the differences between us,  
unwittingly, I fear, killing just that which would draw him near.  
It is love  
with no place in a human affair,  
in marriage, in family, in fight between sexes.  
I get off when we agree; but most would want some friction.  
Why was I so made  
to destroy myself.  
Every time I meet you I'm someone new  
broken down to fit the image you come this time to me through.  
But I wouldn't have to do anything  
save for being selfish  
and fearless in my pursuits  
rather than commonsensical,  
like my more whimsical friends tend to do.  
This degree isn't right for me.  
This degree won't make me happy.  
It interests me with its theory  
but doesn't fit what I am  
and so will be another uphill climb

ending the same way it ended last time  
when I fled the place without reason or rhyme,  
afraid to pursue what's mine.  
Because who can think of mine in this  
changing economy restructuring  
except for those who follow their bliss  
or who never were told, were never exposed.  
Nobody does the thing they love.  
99 'cent settle down for comfort  
and after the hardship and stress you must handle alone,  
I must say, it's not a bad plan.  
Because being a writer's a risky deal.  
You either sell out or write for yourself  
and if you're as true as you can ultimately be -  
reaching impossibly far into the stratosphere  
where nobody has been that before  
and you brave it -  
you may not sell enough for a meal  
and what good's a banquet when you cannot eat?

7-23-15

In the last days, it was insanity  
me spinning around you, you spinning around me  
every echo mirroring your words  
your eyes bright  
round and aglow  
my every step was first your thought  
your every thought in my head also  
the things I do I know when  
I do them you do too  
in your private sphere  
I cannot cross to  
never touching  
across the aching mirror  
trembling from the matched vibrations  
of two distinct ongoing lives  
that beg to be united  
an intention of mine  
sits right with you  
if we add we'll multiply  
what we produce  
by the law that sum of parts  
is less than its new whole

7-24-15

Trapped beneath the gruel again,  
you cannot win your love.  
Rubbing faces every day -  
We're in the wrong arrangement.  
You don't put a mom and child inside  
an office and tell them to be impersonal;  
put the bond away during the day for the sake the company and your pay.  
No it doesn't work like that  
Robots should work  
And folk should pursue  
What they love to do  
For the greater good of the world  
Having conquered their basic problems  
Or help conquer basic problems where they still are  
Or solve the new ones emerging,  
Concentrate on the future of where we are going,  
For look around - we have changed  
Completely  
For better or worse  
And we cannot live the same without sacrificing  
Humanity for a lifelessness and overexpression of animalistic tendency  
Like the distant past.  
Expand  
Into the future we go  
To other places  
To different ways to do  
To a better framework for *all*  
acknowledged needs, now that we are so close  
To understanding humanity.

7-28-15

This sleeping language so little heard  
in daylight over motions  
yet calls out with its tinny tune,  
sounding the kernel of mystery,  
the hint of something never seen.  
Only the brave dare to plunge in....

The stiller you stay by the pond  
the deeper you wander in and away  
the clearer and more cohesive the notes  
until they are strung into a song.  
The moment it emerges in its fully flowered form,  
you come to know your heart  
as the eternal mystery.  
Does it strike you as it strikes me?  
Inside you resides a being  
who's living by a language  
unique to all the world,  
ignoring every rule of it,  
not one bit needed by its bodies or its plans or its trajectory.  
Stranger, stranger Heart,  
forgive me; I behold  
your other's language  
bow along  
to the rules that form your world,  
terrain I've understood today is foreign  
I had traveled overseas,  
awoke upon another planet,  
misinterpreted its culture  
with my mind.

Low tones ring like the newest bells  
I have never heard  
From a distant home  
That speaks a language I had not known  
That called out to me my life long.

Follow it  
Follow it  
Until you hear the song  
From the notes  
That creep in through your speed  
Ing motions  
Moving to get somewhere  
This actor residing inside don't care for  
He is there  
He is there  
Him you never know  
Singing how it should go  
With words that can't be understood  
By the world at large or another aching heart

His world is wide  
His world cries loud  
To be heard  
Over the noisy din  
And only the brave will  
Only the brave plunge in  
To the eye of the storm  
And see the eternal mystery  
Is not their mind  
At  
All  
But the foreign tongue  
Lisping love songs  
From the chamber of instruments  
We do not yet know  
Out here  
On the blue green and white sphere  
Getting colder and colder  
And faster and drier  
The longer we spin  
Nowhere.

Oh save us alien  
With the ways in  
Side  
of  
you.

My call goes on forever  
not bounding back towards me like it did before,  
searching for that single mirror  
inside the universe. All that space  
must contain it somewhere....

I will never come home again  
in this life.  
Everything is broken open;  
every note pours out another world  
I had not beheld before.  
And like it comes, it goes.  
Its disappearance into the fold  
is true for good.  
When something comes back out  
it is always new.  
Like a song, not a note can ever be identical to what we heard before.  
Even in minutest details it is something else,  
whether in the space or with the listener himself,  
for time is, too, a factor.

Vector for my heart,  
I've long since sped on  
and am not where I was months before  
when we stood face to face and overlaid identically.  
I will never return to such same home  
in this same life,  
but instead will find the world  
with all its variations  
all its different eyes  
sparkling in its dying organisms.

How to qualify or convey the inner experience?  
It is impossible. It cannot be done.  
The only knowledge to content me  
is that there was nothing I could do,  
as I *did* throw out my heart.  
And you will never hear it as I meant it.  
And I do not know why  
I heard and saw it as I did.

My call goes on forever  
a ray out into space  
from a widened gaping hole.  
It cannot come back to me.

You,  
my You  
in this life,  
it pains me to see you  
moving so far away,  
living so far away  
you are only an echo,  
but always an echo.

You  
are playing in shadows  
with different characters  
behind your Kabuki screen.  
I hear their voices  
and hear your love  
separately, and distantly.  
Worse,  
I hear you fight, and break,  
begin to hope again....

You  
my You,  
tell me why  
you cannot come to terms with me.  
I no longer do anything  
but fling out what is my  
spinning spark producing machine  
in front of everyone  
without regarding you.

My You,  
you have so far -  
I have chosen the one to cross  
not a part but *all* the world that can be,  
the ultimate challenge and  
the ultimate willingly taken pain  
for the ultimate test of human love to see  
if it's what it claims to be,  
like one becomes a parent consciously.  
Oh why  
is my You  
an explorer  
he does not yet know he is  
and might never be;  
a reluctant explorer who could  
go about his life saying "there's no need  
to cross  
each state of existence  
to only end up where you are",

(and that's true)  
so he climbs  
the ladder  
of the many  
standing loudly and brightly beckoning hands to grasp the bars,  
be tricked  
into the crowd  
riding the horizontal escalator.

You  
I have placed before the question,  
"Why go against the entire grain?  
It makes no sense  
when I could have an easy life,  
take any one of a million,  
and bask in my ninety-five;  
I'd even be okay  
loving an eighty-eight.  
But to strive  
for a pinnacle  
just for a challenge  
that, no less,  
makes me move across the entire world  
when instead I could stay and have it okay?  
Well that's insane!"

You,  
my You,  
will you cross to me?  
You will find exactly who  
you see today  
passing your way,  
bringing out some inner tension  
you've left unexamined  
and cannot realize is just that very call.  
But when you do  
after you've crossed  
all there is to cross  
your eyes will be new  
and you will do  
all that never would've come from who you are.

You  
will one day find  
archives of all that I have written  
will drop your cast  
and think of nothing  
but the racing

to the past  
to reach a lost civilization.

8-04-15

It makes me fine  
it makes me still  
beside you all my cells do quiver  
as we dangle on the edge  
around a pane of glass  
where on the other side's  
a life we almost lead  
but just do not  
living identically across  
the crystal that makes us for us so visible.

Is it the conflict?  
Is it the pain  
of going against my own grain?  
Or is that squeezed from the fruit made ripe  
by the day spent by your side  
if I did not would my fine points dull?

It makes me fine  
it makes me tremble  
it makes me sensitive to every molecule  
of thought that brushes across my skin  
just one and I perceive when it goes in  
that one there – I can map them  
along my self  
another point pricking from the air  
where that man is waving and at his face  
I see fall into another story  
some are so short  
others go on for miles  
that couple have very similar faces...  
*that* couple walks holding hands  
and *I* have to not react.  
Is it not the time? Is it simply that?  
What to do what to do  
with desire?  
I have run around its track  
fallen in been its victim pushed it expelled it  
and come around back and back.  
What more can I do?  
I wait  
and wait  
hanging

living every state blowing through.  
How many inimitable scenes will you grant me  
out from the writing endless story?  
It will go on forever  
and I won't write close to it all.

8-07-15

blink and regain your presence

double take - you are here

where were you last second?

every moment - another life

the space between blinks  
houses a you in blank  
why do you fear the blank when  
most of the time you are nothing  
only when you remember  
to be somebody, you are

I lived several lives today

every life is tied around a scene

I blink and the world reforms

most of the time it is sleeping

creation is sleeping  
so why do I fear  
my death?  
I only do when I stand so near  
its companionate archway  
recall that I am  
from whence I had just come  
gazed into the world outside  
and now for a tiny moment  
I realize the world is mine  
spilling out from my heart  
a pinprick in a light

a tiny arranging mold  
laughable is the fight  
laugh forever  
at your fights  
making up your life  
a life of daily struggles.

Put it away  
drift on  
to the tow  
of the shore  
of the soul  
oh there is no shore to be had  
there is space and serenity  
there is remembrance and forgetting.

It is a very strange sense  
to remember yourself  
over and over a hundred times in a day  
reconstructing the memory  
of your self  
the strangeness is found in the empty space  
where "you" is a joke  
and all sentences  
aimed to say  
"you" are "such"  
place a divide  
in vain that the gales  
blow easily down

8-10-15

Existence is malleable always  
and this morning I move slow.  
Last week I could not stay steady  
along the surface (I did below).  
I drift I drift I drift  
through the sea of memory  
forgetting awakening relapsing into being.  
The gate that always stands there  
through it I might always fall  
and if I end up out here  
I have no idea how.  
Long term memory shot.  
Conflicts have turned into states.  
I'm living a series of them.  
Outwardly, varying moods.  
But I drift and drift today  
a day to breathe deep and slow and sink.  
What will come out of the nameless swirl?  
I fear a life can't; only pieces.  
Under the flowing senses  
of all my internal receptors  
fluctuating like a light show  
I practice remaining alive.  
Oh how hard to let go  
but I have to let all go.  
Always a base of anxiety.  
Always interpretation  
no matter how close you get to the blank.  
There always has to be something.  
There always has to be noise.  
It all is very superfluous.  
Too hard cut these words.  
They're callous cold and curt  
dividing infinity up into chunks  
chopping out the finer shades to fit our best resolution  
our only perception.  
From so far away our perception -  
a ham sandwich photo taker  
hammy hands grasping at silk and traces of stardust too far away.  
Slow. It is slow inside me.  
Away this state will go.  
Maybe in an hour.  
Maybe after i drink this coffee.

I can't fly with my fantasies  
anymore  
Every time I think of you I snap  
back  
The dream life flourishes at my side  
in its stream of lovely expressions we could have  
The life I so long clung onto  
is crumbling into a fade  
I hear its echo  
In the distance  
Its cohesive story breaking  
now remaining smaller pieces  
that will soon be artifacts  
And where will *I* be  
when it's finished  
for *I* was  
in the power  
of my want  
I was inside the story  
living at my side  
And now that I don't want a story  
will I be left with no story?  
I have come upon the station:  
there's nowhere for me to go.

*This way*  
it is quietest inside me  
Not in stillness of the senses  
nor in stillness of the mind  
not in the blissful relaxation  
but which stillness is so still  
it can't be sensed  
and when it happens  
it's like blinking back awake  
and shaking off your head  
getting back to work  
a new you.

I have come up to the end  
again.

I live a story of transient flavors,  
Intricate as a winery  
Irreplicable between every season  
And unable to be recaptured.  
Expressed and in flower as they are drunk down,  
Their only chance to be known  
Their only chance to come alive - through the storm of your senses and your mind.  
You are machinery for latent chemistry  
To pay homage to universal laws.  
Your gift for retrospective makes you feel distinctly human.  
And as you watch the eras on the water or in the lab or upon the screen,  
At different rates, you see humans are changing far too fast.  
I long, I long, with romantic earnest,  
To write each moment down,  
To paint the page with the colors of sky I cannot quite see  
As an homage to the inspiration evoked inside the machine by those which my partial eyes do.  
It is impossible to convey the beauty of passing states  
And how they change from one to the next with imperceptible grace.  
Every moment that I wake up again,  
I retrace the patterns taken within my brain,  
I must recall you - and you take your effect again.  
The muse will never know its place inside an incommunicable story,  
Living as it does its life separately, a real other human  
Never grasped by the beholder.  
How is it true that I have no manner to place my very life outside my expressions  
Which are so poorly aligned with the restless unseen ferment that guides them?  
And how can it be that most of my life will pass by, clouds contained in a vessel, and disappear, only  
existing when there is someone existing to see  
Its show and that someone is only one  
And that one cannot grasp even one percent of all that's beheld and is constantly overwhelmed by the  
aching beauty of passage of such subtle states as no painting can mimic in soft emotions and so one  
tries to break the human language and forms to reconform into more representative strokes for  
conveying what lies behind the mind and until they do resemble nonsense but *almost* something  
solidifying out from the brew?

8-14-15

## Transcendental Mannequins

Come into it with me at the end of our days  
Our stories are over  
Our skins touch at last

I'm no one  
You're no one  
In this empty play  
Where's the game?  
Oh where's the game?  
It ended yesterday  
Just when I wanted it the most

I'm everyone  
You're everyone  
As we begin unfolding  
A world is born and lost  
Another one will come

Don't fret when it evaporates as if it never was  
Tomorrow you will find it  
But I'll be someone else  
And you'll be someone else  
And we will reenact the tale again in some new variation

Donning other costumes  
Stroll among a hall of tunnels  
That seem to be eternal  
Yet we know only appeared  
And before we can exhale our breaths will disappear again

Taste another story through my template  
I through yours  
A shadow mirror serving to distort and entertain  
I am done  
And you are done  
What is left to do?  
Build and tear down systems for the rest of our days

What remains of structures that before we took this whiff of us seemed static, still as statues?  
Finite free material for infinite ways

## Theory

A single word evokes a feeling  
recolors this static room  
briefly ignites a world  
like a bloom  
springing out of blinding black soil

wires cross  
call to each other  
from shores  
throw their lines across oceans  
shout hurrah when caught  
zipline straight, abandoning,  
to unexplored land

speak "India"; there flashes  
instantly a life  
available at the tips of my fingers  
meanwhile I remain  
seated at this table  
still inside my brain  
and not a droplet changed

flashes feeding inspiration  
not merely for entertainment  
redefine existence  
and uncover what can be

if everybody's partial  
each embodied entity  
lives it out in isolation  
as expressed Aldous Huxley  
who was himself no visionary  
but stepped into such a world -  
and a visionary feeler  
who for all their gifts of color  
lacked his grounded view of fact -  
but touched a mind-too-foreign's sands

then by throwing out what's in us  
so each other we may study  
and assimilate new "poison"  
(which, the word, we did invent)  
would, then, bit by little bit  
empty spaces in each one  
become fleshed out with new perspective  
and new *ways* to wave hello  
and would each single mind get closer

to being fully formed from partial  
though complete seems impossible  
holes could close and become fewer  
(and the benefit, for skeptics,  
is that which excites creatives:  
there's more space for entertainment  
more material for stages  
exponentially more linkages  
and breakage from the sages  
becomes ours so we're not left  
repeating words that pioneers  
have decades past already said)  
and through our slow-grown understanding  
could we - though we never meet -  
rather *be* ourselves the other  
and the *other* become *me*  
and if this carries to its ending  
would not mind become complete  
our sea of partial partially  
blind entities who're interacting  
on an accidentally  
evolving sphere become a universe  
of universes sitting  
separately that are identical  
side-by-side superimposed  
until the other's me

8-17-15

All I have is my imagination  
A seam between the worlds outside and in  
I walk long tightrope oh so carefully  
But inevitably I always fall in

Holding up a mirror to each window  
Never does one other one reflect  
I am bound to live inside both stories  
But neither one can ever be correct

Oh underneath the concrete there's a chorus  
Singing of what sunshine cannot hear  
A melody painting reality as convincing  
But indifferent winds won't lend it an ear

I met you on a day when I was nothing  
You faced me standing on a distant shore  
Across a sea uncrossable of

This does not slow down the underworld tale  
The development of new mythology.

8-21-15

Everything horrible that can be  
I have found in myself  
and if I accept it in myself  
I accept it in humanity.  
It isn't mine alone. I touch  
it, part of nature given all of us  
wrapped in the code, unlocked  
by light.

But today I can't look into any eyes  
can't sense anything beyond my skin  
I close my eyes and sit alone  
wondering when it will pass  
and noting that I have been here before.  
Oh does it ever end? Or is this who I am?  
I wonder most how they can pass  
along the street, so wrapped in what is happening  
inside their lives  
while I care only for the clash inside me, all I see.

8-26-15

A million times I was high  
I never noticed  
In the moment  
It was just a subtle state  
Where every feeling was another shade  
And the framework was rearranged  
And I saw other parts of the world.

A million times I was high  
And boy am I glad to be down on the ground  
And know it is over (for now)  
It sharpens your mind  
To waver between the difference  
I see the mind that was there before  
Without my notice subtly it'll take over  
And send me into another world  
For hours or days or weeks or months or years

A session is broken into cycles  
Dips and rises  
Dips come at your relief  
But while you're still in the system  
You don't *quite* land  
And the rises, they may be peaks  
Or they may be circles of deeper hell  
You are locked inside your perspective  
It always is something  
Because you always still are  
And if you were nothing  
You would be free.

8-31-15

The little hell inside me  
That goes with me everywhere -  
Every day's another chance  
To know its algorithm.  
Does it ever go away?  
Can the structure be defeated?  
Is *my* hell so much larger  
Or the only one who came in his own clothing to the party?  
Does he need a voice be given?  
I can see the steps repeating  
As I do again the dance  
Now thankful for the chance to practice.  
Practice makes perfect technique  
For taming my monsters on their leashes  
Born to the role of dog walker

(One turns around and barks to me).  
And I have seen their faces so many times  
They have grown old and familiar  
Nevertheless remain forces  
And tints it's still hard to see past  
Though I know they are only that  
But I need a clear mind to reach my clear mind!  
Otherwise the only fix is respite,  
To wait til they get distracted or quiet  
And one of the sneakier ones beats me up  
For forgetting that obvious bit of common sense again.  
From late this morning a view with a dozen escapes,  
All of which I have already walked.  
Life doesn't pause because you're missing something,  
At least, all the other dimensions don't care.  
And that's why, from a great distance, the call "it'll just happen" comes  
But it do doesn't want to be rung clear  
Through the little halls  
Where over and over you get to know yourself  
And it never ends.  
No, there is no end to the shit that bubbles up  
To the negativity which is tied to you so strongly  
To your tendency to look at and describe it this way  
Until it is all written down and abates  
To the infantility seeming stronger than when you were a baby.  
Look at all that is facing you:  
Your inability to face reality  
(*Why so strong in you?*)  
Fear at taking a name  
Conviction that everyone is dangling a sword above your neck  
And the universe is coming to its end  
If you don't save it  
But one little move and you'll be the one who set it off  
And that is the crux of it:  
You look at *you* instead of looking at the world  
That will go on.  
You automatically think that the problem lies with you  
And that is the problem.  
Everyone else is an angel,  
But, consequently, quietly resented  
Because you didn't place the weights into their proper places  
And this base makes you so miserable  
No wonder it feels you can't take it  
And no wonder you wonder why everything went to shit  
While on your shoulders.  
You don't know they're not paying you enough  
To fuck the whole thing up.

I feel like  
Throwing myself onto the shore  
Breaking apart into thousands of parts  
And rearranging them all. If  
In their new conformations I believe  
So differently of the world, then who was I?  
If she is lost where did she go?  
And who is the new one?  
Can some costume be dug back out from backstage  
If it was more comfortable?  
And why did I delve in so deep as if  
Nothing could harm the brave who dare  
To bring back to daylight what they have seen  
Unconcerned how it leaves their mark on them.  
Now washed upon the shore, the soft sands  
I find in the seam of my own divide  
(Pick your scenery. Any can be)  
I can't say who I am anymore.  
Cooler weather feels like a treasure  
Upon my skin for the first time ever.  
But I remember days like this  
When I was new in last year's September  
But not as new as I am now.  
*I* was new but had continued from the summer.  
Today this I is up in the air.  
Somebody feels it like a baby.  
On one side my body is dying.  
On the other I'm coming out of the dark again.  
This happens once a week at least of late  
That I disappear into someplace in my head  
Where the tapes roll loud  
And scenes of the past come back  
More vibrant than ever before  
And I face a different pile of shit every day.  
Crying at fall weather; panicking over a possible tumor; dipping into the pool where I'm fully alone  
For I am the only one in this body  
And I am the only one with access  
To the indescribable drama playing out in there that I see directly clearly with my mind's eye but cannot  
bring into the atmosphere for the doctors or family who would think I am crazy as I often worry  
myself.

09-11-15

I got a gun  
and an infallible compass.  
They were in a little box down in my pocket.  
I had forgotten.

I got a potent positivity pill  
I had no other choice but to find.  
I got a cheerleader who laughs at my panic,  
loud-voiced to ground my feet with heavy-weight boots  
that thud on the floor  
over the roar of a rampaging mind.

I'm alone  
setting out for a future,  
defeated and slumped after World War One,  
wanting nothing but to sleep for the rest of my life beside my love  
in our garden's sun.

In a now historical era  
I set out into wilderness, young,  
naïve with a dream of my one.  
And I found him  
wrapped in his castle,  
and guarding the door  
gleaming beautifully under the sun  
I used to light all of the visions that kept me goin'!

How I stretched out my hand....

How I tried all I knew....

How I lunged to catch all of the falling debris from a crumbling wall  
guarding nothing.

In the senseless stone pile I discovered –  
inside a clearing like the clearing I'd dreamed –  
a long-nourished ending that seems to have always  
from birth been stuck to my skin.

In the clearing I found not my treasure  
but the tools for a long forest life  
in search of no castle, but walking,  
led by no vision as guide.

From deep in my gut I had to pull out the medicine  
for the aching organ above.  
There is no cure you'll find out there  
in any advice you read  
or in what you see.

No there is no cure in the fantasy.

What do I do now without one?  
There is nothing more that I need.  
A life made of clouds I'd long lived  
has dissipated  
and left me gone.  
I have woven the tale again and again;  
I'll remain here that long.

*Why? Why?* I can ask myself a million times  
and never know  
until sometime when this is five years ago  
and the past is clear  
and I comprehend *why*;  
no matter how smart, today I am blind.

09-30-15

Quiet for weeks now;  
Autumn passes  
over in spare winds not even  
monophonic; *that* would be  
a new symphonic  
whole not *really* present  
'mong the leaves  
against my window  
where weakened sunlight  
washes over in golden neutralities.

Beside my chair  
swirl memories  
on the floor in a plastic container;  
I caught them from all around the air  
but they'd calmed enough to fit in there.

Echoes of inner worlds behind me  
still play on;  
shadows humming faint the melody  
of transmutation done.  
Peer into the tunnel; tinny tunes  
pipe up, the vestiges of endless too bright moons

that swung and swung  
between way out there and nowhere  
until your body knew no more.

“Here we are – oh, here we are – no,  
here I am,”  
said to the mirror –  
no more Mirror,  
thing that's living and unformed,  
but just a mirror,  
just a still and silent glass,  
exactly what it was sold as,  
resting silent on the wall.

Afraid am I  
that this here road I'm staring down  
is that of riches past now faded past return,  
for I'm too old now not to know  
you never know  
just what you've stepped onto.  
Could be a turn returns tomorrow  
old wealth's sum in some form new  
Or, just as well, it's the beginning of a road  
that goes and goes  
along a straight trajectory  
for stretches of flat scenery  
that see no end  
and erase venues to return.  
Who are *you*? is asked again  
at who is there without his burn.

This, the unexpected fork  
waiting calmly in the midst  
of your full blown festivity,  
might turn out an unwelcome truth:  
this, the crest – the moment  
you are celebrating hitting stride  
inside the new and vibrant life that fell upon you suddenly  
is – stark – the end  
and once again your plans dissolve  
and all you knew is temporary.  
You step back, are wary  
and resigned  
in the place where it still pains you  
in the place where you're still not yet you  
an innermost uncertainty that means  
there still is more  
to break and be.

No matter how high you become,  
you cannot overcome  
an ignorance of yet one more ground floor,  
of “how it goes”, the board upon which pieces move,  
upon which even Queens must turn –  
regardless of how primed for certain ends –  
bends not even prophets see.

10-13-15

TL;DR: no matter how awesome you are you're still subject to the whims of blind chance.

In the underworld  
I'm forever in love  
already waving bye to you  
again.

We met again  
parted again.  
Off you went  
on your own way.

Deep beneath the happening,  
all the happenshifts, below  
I'm still  
below a stretching freeform sky  
and you've gone far already  
as I am smiling  
at our parting.

I knew it's bound  
to be this way.  
Lovers parted in the ocean  
walking separately  
when come out onto land again.

Pass me in the hall  
you shyly look away.  
Two unwitting bodies  
and one imagination

drinking from a straw  
dipped in another world  
where neither you nor I are solid, stable.  
But which we may watch like a movie  
through the view into a window;  
and the beautiful landscape  
of a desert ocean crowned  
stretched along the blurred horizon  
underneath the ink blue shroud  
is a world that's never moving.  
It is spinning on itself  
but isn't frozen  
unlike ours,  
rushing rushing on  
to what can only be more none  
or another stretch of highway  
built for our escapes  
or to another city built to link our pockets  
to another stranger's snare.

In the place beneath the world  
at the play I'm anchored to  
we're so separated now,  
I no longer see you  
as you journey to discover  
endless ancient mysteries  
to bring them back to place  
into our starved modernities.  
*I* turn my back upon  
the spot where I was standing  
and write the tale again  
as I now see was always meant to be  
my role  
and naught - none of the wanting -  
more.

Here we go again.  
Here we are again.  
When will we repeat this?  
The one who anchors asks.  
The one who anchors laughs,  
knowing who she is at last.

10-13-15  
(to *Daphnia*)

Behind the surface  
music constantly is playing.  
Below our talking  
(My talk is measured now,  
Let out by a valve)  
The story constantly is building.  
The storm is brewing  
And it spans across the cosmos,  
Reaching all manifestations  
And connecting them in whole.  
Underneath our surface,  
Where plays your warrior's pursuit,  
I'm the chronicler of eras  
And reformer of the sculpture,  
Breaking down the arms,  
Realigning heads,  
Finding new relationships,  
Using other trends  
To hold ever more mirrors,  
In hopes to catch the fleeting truth.  
While you're on your trajectory,  
Captaining a ship  
From star to star to emptiness  
And taking it all in,  
Your face affixed upon the galaxy,  
Turned from my scribbling hand  
And muted sounds  
I'm at your side  
My back pressed up against your back  
That pushes 'long my in-held world;  
You're a god in the mythology  
Structuring my land  
But in the land where we are joined  
Just our circumferences brush.

10-13-15

I'm in love with the destroyer of the world  
With the harbinger of change  
at the forefront of the wave.  
As he soars I document  
every conflict strain and blow  
delivered underneath the skins  
while every body is asleep  
by his silent clever scepter  
to preserve for all existence  
the unraveled legacy  
of age upon age upon age.  
He moves, wide eyed, and unaware,  
waking to more as he grows.  
All billows out behind his steps,  
and I, lone, follow, catching breath,  
preserve the trinket at his toes  
before his mind incinerates.

10-14-15

### On Loneliness

You call it "God" because you cannot resolve  
this purely human problem.  
And its resolution often depends upon luck, not you.  
Too often.

Flowery words and theories that span existence  
spring into form from minds  
that cannot find a cure for the plague  
of yet another lonely winter.  
There must be some explanation,  
they say, concentrate, furrow their brows,  
and set about to explain the world  
from the atom to all  
from the subatomic  
finding new ways it is all connected,  
escaping into the visions laying in store  
and claiming they understand God -  
but they must always return to carry on.

In how many tales do they stand at the pivot,  
the choice, but return to the body which had been their own?  
When we are born we are tied  
and can only lean our heads out the infinite window  
no matter what seems to be happening here.  
In the moment of learning you forget you always are who you are;  
you are simply stretching out.

Come back to teach your theory  
to us still mired,  
though we may understand  
and nod in clear comprehension  
of another most elegant model  
and how it is tied to all others.

Then all in the room go home, well fed,  
ruminate about it in bed,  
fall asleep,  
wake again to do very human and animal tasks  
in eight hours.

Break through the glass roof again and again.  
How many times must it awe you for you to understand  
there is still nothing in it?  
God? God is pure entertainment,  
the way that you seek it.

I've spent years on that subtle call  
only to find it was coming within,  
to find it was of my origin  
and I had forgotten,  
so far we've been walked  
along complexing patterns and shadows.  
Only to find it was my own mind  
and when I hear it a thousandth time  
well after I have already died  
it can't be called God or any even greater design.  
I'm still left with the runaround everyone around me also is running  
separate together;  
stifles my cries,  
giggles at all my artistic rearrangements  
of plain old endless human loneliness  
and its gnaw.

In the Quiet Night the Change Comes

It is in the quiet night –  
the boring one  
when you sit without entertainment,  
about to break out of your skull  
watching yourself make another round –

It is that quiet intermediate night –  
when vast theoretical worlds fade  
back into laughter  
and nothing has changed  
after a lifetime -  
that the change comes.

How can you say what the change is?  
You have done nothing between the moments,  
yet it is real, albeit so subtle,  
there are no words to describe what it is.  
You are going the circle another time,  
all old reactions repeating,  
facing another lonely winter  
you grudgingly see your more cheerful neighbors  
have been weathering decades and on.

10-16-15

No, it is not a rebirth.  
It is nothing spiritual.  
It is only a dropping  
Of some things unnecessary.  
It is not the final answer  
Of black or white;  
It is, that was not the question  
Glaring at you.  
It is, you were living a story  
So strong that it chained.  
It is, you were playing one particular game,  
Adding too many rules.  
It is, how can you ever see it  
Unless you take it apart from you?  
How can you comprehend the land  
When your feet rely upon it?  
It is such basic assumptions  
That you can no longer see,  
They have infected so thoroughly.  
It is the frantic tendency  
To go about naming all you encounter,  
Then turn to yourself and cry,  
"But what is your name!?"  
It is, you have forgotten to pause this process  
In its inception.  
It has been too long going on....  
It has been too strong, your mind  
Standing as the gatekeeper  
For all from the world  
Trying to get inside.

All of the old things must break down. All of them, all of them, all of the poisonous tendencies that keep me from enjoying my life. I have been in the darkness for such a long time.  
Let it go, let it go, but my heart grips too tightly all that passes inside. It always has, for fear of losing, for fear of ever being alone.  
So many thoughts have misguided me. Such a strange filter has accrued. It has led me to misinterpret the things I care about the most.  
All of it, all of it must break down, and I am broken down.  
How long will it take until I no longer walk around with a sad face?  
I have been kept so low from a teenage knock. I have been tied into others' agendas. Everyone needs their meat to eat and I give them my own.  
How long will I be kept so low?  
How to train myself to let it go?  
How to loosen grips of the claw that comes bursting out of my heart at a certain few?  
How to not berate myself for what I tend to do.

11-03-15

Is there a we? The only we is the collective swarming inside of me.  
When they quiet down and come together, they become a lonely I.

11-4-15

My window to the world is my own heart. In there I'll find all the bitterness, all the hatred and horrible possible deeds we could do,  
And I'll understand them.

Who could love a bitter heart like mine?

Will the world ever discover the hate in my heart  
When my tone is so soft and kind?

This is what I strike when I look within,  
Then look without at all the kind, smiling faces around me.

My heart is a window into your own soul.

11-05-15

I'll never be lost  
I'll never be lost again  
In the cold, dead winter.  
The world holds a secret: the seeming dead is, in reality, the most beautiful time,  
For it is never easier to touch the stillness below  
Than when the outside world is quiet.  
In the barren night that falls suddenly  
You are frantic, scrambling for slipping trinkets,  
The flowers, the long days, the ease of spring  
And abundant company.  
System shock turns even music bland  
And you think the right path is to fight against the tendency to fall into the unbearable silence that is  
threatening to engulf your room.  
So you give someone a call, or watch a video, or attempt to draw but it is too forced,  
Yet something in you cannot let you consume the quick sugar happily.  
When you feel yourself falling, fall.  
Sink into the pull. Loosen resistance.  
Your resistance is what keeps you so barren.  
It is simple hibernation trying to have its say!  
It is never easier to reach the underworld than by simply giving yourself away to the winter,  
To the loneliness that frightens you;  
Past this veil there is something more,  
But first you must pass through.  
To renew the world, touch the core.  
To touch the core, slow down your breath,  
Quiet your expectations, forget the seasons.

11-5-15

I didn't want this eternal flame.  
I was content with permanent rest.  
Searching was I for that union,  
longing to lose, not to gain, a name.

Far from me,  
you are far away,  
my love.  
From here I can't say you'll return in this lifetime.

When I'll want to,  
I'll reach in, recall you  
and glimpse to the other side  
all the things I'll never touch.

I feel you  
through the window  
living your maligned perspectives,  
flying along on your stubborn beliefs  
until  
you stop  
with time  
on the fringe of the grand ellipsis.

I will feel that stretching moment  
of a deepest cosmic silence –  
and then I'll hear you coming back.

But it is hard to live alone,  
it's hard to spend your life alone  
with a partner keeping stoic  
to the undertow.

Who can answer for you?  
Who will clear the mystery up:  
all the idiosyncrasies of your particular world of one?