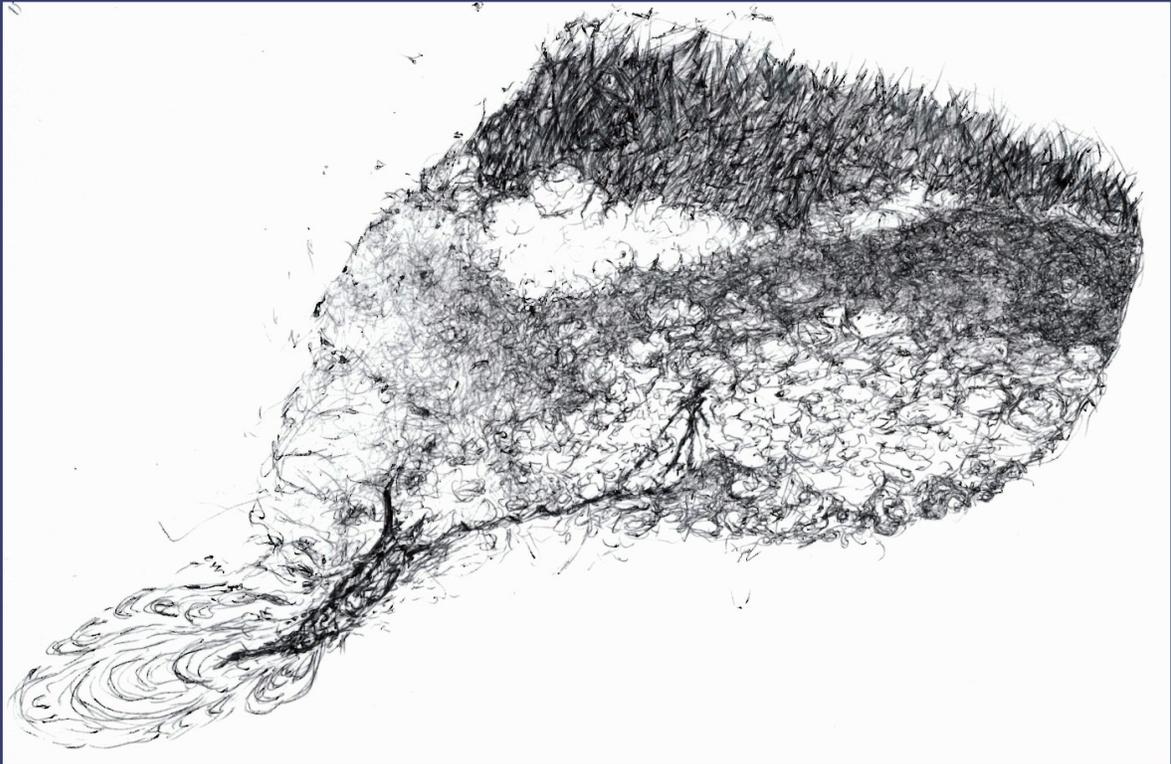


LOVE IS A GHOST



PART V

LIVING WITH THE GHOST

part 5: living with the ghost

The hope for something unattainable
melts off what is unsustainable.
All the diamonds hide inside you,
wrapped inside a secret thought.
Pockets holding all your cures
are bypassed by the wrong-way roads
that you pursue of obligation,
or so it seems in this dark hour.

Find your cure inside a thought.
Beautiful renewed becomes the night.
Start afresh your art,
restored to truest order.

11-26-15

The Long Night

All the needed drugs hide inside pockets
buried deep within your brain.
Like a visitor to a new country, you misread the signs
and panic about the foreign terrain,
exactly the way you get lost at home.

It is a map, simple as that.
It is hope, that I carry.
It is hope, in the bag.
It is my secret weapon,
a vision that saves me,
igniting the flame again
to burn brightest in midwinter.

Oh, lovely notes, how you ring,
aching my heart
and too fine to be sound.
In this place, I find myself,
everything I have been searching for,
the friend, the reflection, the mirror –

but when I lift my head once more
I'm upon the earth.

In a state like this, all is beauty.
In a state like this, I revisit the selves of former years.
We hold hands in the circle, and it is only me.
Oh, loneliness, my constant companion,
whenever I fall, it is at your feet.
I sigh as, despite these hallowed minutes,
the reality of circling patterns remains ever clear.

They are all extras, who pass through.
They are no cure but a push to you.
They are visions of houses and grass
and concrete, discrete chapters I painstakingly bind.

How how how? when I'm powerless.
Victory is always short lived when you dwell on it.
What do I do with these patterns I know too well?
They only go higher and deeper.

And if it ever were to happen, do I believe it would be a cure?
Who would dwell on their dark hour
when they could throw on electric lights?
Who could I ever find to share this
and also be honestly satisfied?

I have spent my life on that question
and clung to every fleeting answer.
It is not possible, how I seek it, I think.
A cure for these dark winter hours is simply moving south.
My feet on the ground remind me of this
after several hundred minutes.

I like most those who are held in
and clawing out
too visibly,
laughed at by the world behind a screen.
The public watches them wrestle:
The messy, awkward, ungainly show;
A dance of amateurs; a backwards flip
Fumbled into a sideways roll.
A vain attempt to hold a sheet
Around their average nakedness.
A mass of pointed fingers, nothing better to do
than to scorn at length
the exploration of an honest kid,
sneering at the brilliant mechanism
that allowed something truly different
to be born out of simple mixing.

12-1-15

I have tried tell you a thousand ways that I love you;
Each sounded curt as the last,
Dry as physics, cold as statistics,
Or else too direct to be caught.
Where in the world can I learn to master
expression of softest emotions?
Every time, I have thrown them onto the table,
butchered them up to save face.
How can I learn to talk to you,
and make contact with you in your truest place?
We are such a reflection, hidden beneath
two of the toughest crusts of resistance.
Where you have a hole, there do I.
When you send a barb, such is, too, my reply.
And I have nearly broken, trying to run from the strain,
In attempt to escape another refrain.
Told myself, "you can change places and quit, this time. It is fine.";
But, miraculously, stayed
to finish the fiction.
Is it the next step
For it simply to blow away?
Oh I see another horizon
where I can give all to you sans reflection
At the point when I no longer care to save face,
When all that remains is what I've learned of you,
The prayer that you learn it, too,
and that you cross your chasm to shore.
My human angels are understanding,
And, objectively, they are unfair.
Unfair as reality, but I'll take their favor
And learn to hear the unspoken,
The love of my partial, blind human body
Who speaks loftily but with difficulty when asking for favor,
For getting her gain,
But, slowly, step by step, she patches her holes like a fumbling baby.
Visions bloom in certain moments
Then wisp away, leave bare terrain,
And I fear I am at it alone again
In yet another part of the forest
Where I find that I and the rules have changed
And the name of the game is another country
And the conflict has nothing to do with my self
Left behind in the old.
Vision is the finality, a taste of who I am meant to be,
A glimpse of lovers' reality -
But where my feet stand is where I am tethered,
And after it fades away, I fumble again
But with somewhat greater awareness
And give out a human groan – it's truth that true change settles slow

and despite the vision, you stand in a middle
of a very long going, with only physical steps left to take.

12-1-15

I have been most unloving,
forcing love upon my love.
None of my love has ever had any,
and what in me could I think makes me worthy?
I asked, what did he do to deserve all of mine?
But now I ask, what did I?
Nothing and nothing
from either side.
He did not need to do a thing, of course,
because love is free
(when it's given).
And I did nothing,
so why should I deserve?
It is never deserved, never earned,
never able to be controlled.
The lessons of love
are the most painfully learned.
In every window, thought, step, glimpse,
it's been I
with room for nobody else.
The many people at my door
have stayed too long
(and all before theirs,
for who isn't blind among us?
Only he who can see every brick and sentence
reaching up from the ground is a ray
of loneliness self-seeking
with ignorance keeping it in the bay).
Oh, I want to receive what life has to give me,
but also I want to direct,
match personality with personality,
as correct.
What goes on below
our terrestrial steps?
Do we, through, still connect?
Or is my imagination still loud?
How I did ever allow it to grow....
only the pain of true love
can shatter you over and over and over.

This again, this algorithm
I made,
let myself walk,
dubbed "fate".

12-4-15

Under appearances there is a secret place,
bustling with the essence of life,
all of humanity's treasurehouse stores
that has had to bow its head and hide.

As over the ground, we have been reduced
and overly intellectualized
knowing only the gentle glow
of a screen, and deaf to notes below.

As our deeper feelings wait,
so I look out at the pause
where the laughter is hollow
connections barely forged
and bodies stuffed bags.

But who here feels this,
who does know?
We catch only dimly flares,
sparks or stars
or extrinsic lights.

While I wait
in the disconnected,
where no movement has a true direction
and the rope has been almost severed
and floats in the waters like a dead vine.
Oh, when will this be over, mine?
Tell me what does stand behind
the pull into our subjugation
of our own selves, lost in tie.

It won't die,
but humanity will break
and its soul be reborn as another babe
when all is lost from the surface crust
and the enemy fades
as if we had to die to rid it by
allowing its rule and obliging its play.

Who in the world is a greater soul?
Who is not a short, brief thought?
He who has half is in greatest pain
running from his without knowing why
while the calls say, "do" but, because of him,
it never leads to an answer.

So I slip inside true music.
There in that land I live and wait.

Abiding by a humanity disconnected from its self.
Oh, my love, he knows this truth
working itself out through his cells.
Jump the river to get to the other shore
and you will not fight anymore.

12-06-15

I can't bring forth
the sound beneath
always buzzing
always coming forth.
Every waking hour's
my attempt
to bring it out,
but my skill is much too dull
and my hands are much too slow
and our notes can only capture
the music's shadow.
If it never rests
neither can I.
Sometimes it's quiet
in the outer world -
I wait.
Without my notice
I'm enthralled again
amid the blind,
and all around me physically
doesn't touch reality

12-18-15

It is quiet in the outer world –
I wait

look around
at the concrete cutoff scenes
during the dip in hormones
and all's a neverending film

every scene
of this life
strung together
by the melody behind

tempted to embellish
the trill of the wind
the glitter of the green
the smoothness of pillars
is never enough seen!
never enough taken
and so must come again.

The show makes no sense.
How do I interpret
what he's saying
when he talks to her?
He's saying saying saying
but never heard by either.

For my hands
do hold
the malleable entities
and reshape and reform
all, driven by urge

It isn't true! It isn't true!
None of this is true!
Wake up wake up wake up –
I bang against the walls
of a movie

inside
bursting to get out
through some door
and crying loud
as it fights to find form

and it fades
finally.
The outer world emerges once again

one by one
the voices turn on
bring the crowd
as loud
past the window
where the highway roars on.

12-18-15

It's never beautiful enough
but I'm just coasting on a wave
of this music.

I never found it beautiful
until I heard it in this state.

Reforms the scene constantly
by tackling the inner
which alters the outer
and projects onto it with little shards of mirror
that then reflect back
into the pool
their manifestations at enchanting angles
revealing something new
and as around the music goes
the outer river flows
into the inner
and the inner flows out.

And I, I am the seam,
the haver, the eye;
bearer of the dream
to unify;
threader of a ream
rolling on and on.

12-18-15

You told me you loved me in my dream,
held my hand tenderly.
You were nervous on the steps
as we stood by the lake.
I had ordered some mead at the bar
and suddenly next to me you appeared,
said let's go outside.
And I knew, and agreed,
we were long overdue
to finish our talk.
You you,
revisiting
in so many forms,
the only one I ever knew,
the one bringing me more
pockets of existence
hidden, revealed by surprise.

12-18-15

Trapped in the forest's grip
Until I tell its tale –
The sickness leaves with every stroke of my pen,
With every line and scene and idea extracted
From the crevices of my body
Where they have lodged for safety?
Protection? A home? A test?

It does not make any sense to me
to write this kind of nonsense
But I feel relief when I do –
Or I feel more pain –
The sign to go deeper.

How deep can you go? Most who go
Get eaten alive by what it hides
There is always another layer to find
Until you don't know the most basic
Connections that tie up humanity anymore

2015

Nature of Creativity

So many times
have I been around
and found, in the end
and the start
that the whole world is talking about
what's been throttling me,
giving no rest
as I have wrestled with it
by myself.

All have seen
what I have seen.
All have been
where I've just come from.
The crowd is laughing
when I join the party.
Are all much wiser
than I, emerging from incubation?

This I,
is it my little body
walking on the sidewalk,
but as fast as it can go?
Little bodies forever try
to break their limitations.
Or they grow tired, settle down,
accept a conformation.

This mysterious ghost
I glimpse in certain eyes,
who makes me recognize my,
and who loves most when it finds
its own reflection looking back,
it is the same. It is the same
across the space.
It is a thumb
joining the forefinger
on the rest of its hand
sitting under the water.
Why can't we comply?

Long have I wondered
of the tendency
to make special what's obvious,
this artistry.
Is that our sole method,
to re-see?

To bring the new -
not new; another form
of the eternal.
And I would hope to find new words
for *these* do little anymore.

Without the shock
of some fresh form,
we slip off, we forget –
how quickly we forget;
it could practically define us –
we fall to the dark non-doing, inert.

But this, what animates us
must be able
to snake its way through,
and we can remain, then,
a conduit for what we call new,
what is actually ageless.

This tendency
that throttles me
awakens me
again and again
to another start
another destruction
another all-and-forever
in this life –

has rebuilt me,
redefined me,
there is no me;
'me' never dies.

Never look
at the floor
or behind
is what I've learned,
observing true creators
who keep their going
while the world keeps talking
in the space behind them.

Look at those who are blind
in that particular way,
those who have let go
of seeing everything,
those who cannot be
everything and its interpreter,

those who we will wonder,
when they die,
if they were,
those who only left
their effects, burned off exteriors,
excessive talking, overthinking, capturing,
wondering,
throwing out their doubt
to be caught by another piece,
and passed along only confusion.

Holidays, as you live longer,
turn to days. That way feels better.
Why waste time,
celebrating some mere name
when you weren't ready to pause,
and your true holiday awaits
at a more honest reflection,
and, when, you will know,
you will make no mistake?

01-01-2016

I am a ghost,
a no one.
I can never become
anything.

I love many,
look at their faces,
their full lives,
and their expressions.
They are lucky
to have each other.
They have beautiful
life-arrangments.

I, forever,
remain one lone
walking into the unknown.
And all the world unfolds behind me
left for something in the deeper
to find, to see,
to be presented with
(very far below).

It is undeniable,
this.
This sense, this suspicion,
that I have lived.
That I am a filter,
quite lightweight,
and cannot have a fate.

When I speak to this –
and for many, now, months –
I've sensed
that there is no one
underneath.

Underneath
is the place
where reality is rearranging
where reality is in suspension
where anything can come out from
where rules are being created
where is a hole to what most perceive
to be an endless unseen emptiness,
the problem being
we cannot see
the all that lies there,
so untrained.

It took me (“me”?)
a very long time to be able
to perceive this
and I (laugh at “I”) still only
glimpse it sometimes,
when I disappear.

What benefit
is it
to us
to know
that all is optional?

What point
of those
so light
they float
and build no life,
can nowhere go?

That is the laugh:
that there's nowhere to go.
That time is a circle.
That the only
words we have come up with
are unable
to convey this.

1-1-16

From the quietening suburban night
stretching flat along winding streets
I enter the light
flowing through the front door
and greet your embrace.
Another round of coming home
to us
I savor.

This us,
this, my innermost,
this elaborate world
of intricate paneling and carefully chosen walls,
anticipation around the corners and memories replaying on the shadows of tunneling halls,
I drag with me everywhere
wrapped in my suitcase,

a clanking caravan
hidden from sight -
for I'm the magician
of this, my life -
this sacred place
where I finally meet you -
perhaps post-long-lapse past a whirlwind encounter that threw us off before I could think -
is all and only mine,
contains all of, and only, mine.
Sighing, I pick it back up and drag it along.

Immutable,
unchangeable,
remaining forever
still
is our love story,
waiting for me to come home and press resume.

Our living room
is basking in light.
Our arms
belong to each other
and none.
I whisper to you my secrets and innermost thoughts
and, per fantasy, you whisper them back.

I go outside
again and again -
it clears my head
to breathe that air –
sometimes I think I see you out there,
walking like I,
so I run, delighted,
envisioning the moment I catch your arm,
spin you around,
see your face alight to be reunited –
and trip.
That is why I come home to (indubitably) you – standing fully, before me, in the doorway – bruised.

You loved me all night.
In the morning I left.
You asked me why
I had to go,
opened the window,
let a jolt from the cool slate sky fall in,
lighting our kitchen table with a saturnine tint.
What was there left to explain?

Another one comes

faster and faster we spin
I lose you
and you come again
when I turn around.

Let me go from where we stood
and I'm left to walk upon stonewalling ground
whose noiselessness doesn't resonate with the inner world I'm remembering,
replaying in daydreams.
My footsteps ring hollow and for a while
it is the only sound I hear;
it's unbearable.

I thought
the first time we met,
I lost you when you were eventually gone.
You didn't return for lonely years
during which I wandered around in confusion.
But of course you came back in surprise
and flirted most poignantly,
stretching me out to a brink
that turned out to be not a brink at all.

Tear down the wall
of what I declared my house
and behind it's another
and another
and more.

While we spoke I was in midsentence
when you went up in smoke!
Left me again
facing a wall.
Then rather quickly
I found you again
more than ever before.
You were all.
Like never before.
And it broke me open
to float upon all of the waters and die.
Oh how I was wrung out
and every day strung out.
I had found you tomorrow
for the first time,
and when that mountain was climbed
I found you tomorrow again,
sitting beside a field of equally great revelations

that once seemed so tall.

You'd broken my brightest fantasy,
what I had accepted, when born, as my ultimate
and showed me that loss of manifestation
is always a gain of another dimension
and everything *now* is my dream of the future.

Again,
it is you! Your eye,
is laughing at me behind this new body I meet who, as we talk, knows nothing
or just barely something.
just barely what we're touching on
behind.

We –
this partiality
created as each of us
so you can discover yourself
and love yourself more.
Every lover I'll ever have
is you
and even when you are gone from form
I'll never have to wait anymore
for the only story I live to continue.

The talk of our mouths grows quiet,
the meaning fades out of all we spoke,
and all the constructs our personalities arrange and imbue so endlessly
are a joke
once the threshold is crossed
(no matter how much was invested up there).

Below the surface, we breathe again
in the world of a simpler language
that hangs like a drop from the underground
about to but never to fall,
awaiting
for us to find parts still hidden –
this “you” and this “I” and these new surroundings that burns off our understanding
of complicating concepts keeping us tied,
when reality's nothing, beneath, like what we could've predicted was there
based on the patterns made by the tiny anchors whose glints give hints on shore.

Live From the Home of Stories

It is eye!
Reaching up to the vast infinity.
Oh my partial eye
zipping around:
where is your locus?
Who is this eye?
This elusive point
blinking in and out?
There is only the ocean
where language becomes
fabrication.
I've said the word so many times
it has lost all meaning –
language itself.
Stand behind perception
reaching into the vast infinity,
hooking onto this thought
to catch the ride.
An origin breaking.
What words can capture
what it is I'm saying?
Habits of mind
that I can't explain.
Drunk on disintegrating.
Losing a story – all that I ever was.

2-19-16

Is there no one meant for me?
Is there no one with whom my unusual life will agree?
I loved one once so long ago.

I loved him once, so long ago.
But now his face does grace the screen.
Oh I remember the struggling days of youth
But he seems to've forgotten where he's been.

I was cursed to love a climber.

Next time I'm cursed to love someone who drowns.
Beside him I find myself dragged down.

Is there no one whom I love
But the image of a rough
Background to carry?

I shoulder it like a coat
Of arms, the birthplace of my flag.
But what you hold burns down the mark you'll find upon my back.

I once sang a song
That seemed older than I
Didn't know where it came from
I'd guess from underground.

There are no reasons why
I'm loyal to certain ways
Nobody can explain how we were taught.

Curious, I searched
For other schools outside
Besides the school of whispers I could clearly hear when tried.
There are many clans
Of thought and moral, color like the sands
Our time is no less a fight than the darkest age.

Many times this led
To love across the bridge
I'd call your name and see you stripped
Of all your heavy past.
For a moment you
Saw me like I saw
You, naked and unhooked from feudal reign.

Always one standing over his world:
point and surroundings (from point unfold).
What does one want, truly, from all this?
He builds, destroys, cries, then rebuilds
in ever more complex arrays
numbering hundreds times his days.
Is there anybody else in this place
where he marches on toward the light
that his ground raised?

March 2016

Now it's spring;
I am making love to something
in the air,
the something that's
all over me,
loving me again
lifts my lids
to that old familiar place.
Now it's spring.
Something new
and fresh
and ancient
takes a hold
of the hand that rests behind the curtain,
that world.
Pain so keen
felt but by
no receptors I can sense
nor locate it
to a point –
how it rips me:
the concrete
and the unseen
are moving out of sync.
I go on living these two lives,
used to moving fully cleaved:
one me
in the blind,
piecing back the tale beneath,
of the rubble she's among
resting since
it came undone,
where what will come
out of this next round
can't from here be known.

That something
herald spring –
at least the seasons are in sync.
“Why”
hangs in the air post-war.
How the land has changed, been turned
over – but what for?
The speed
of how this forming builds
is hard to gauge as it flies past,
one moment barely moving,
another and a new world's
bubbling,
fertile soil
of shapeless form
yet unfelt depth,
unknown connections –
from which anything
can come.
This is where
rests my I,
rests my core,
the seed the draws me
round the world
to my friends, my lovers, dreams.

3-09-16

One thing I know and it seems for certain,
proven by time, by being taken away,
is that my identity rests with writing like this:
poems and stories and tales that look inward
fueled by my endless walk through the world
then a dip in the lightless pool; if I can't
I'm stagnant and find no reason to live,
as living for emptiness, physical food
is utterly pointless, and death may come
on any day and it wouldn't matter very much which.
I spent much time (when I first discovered
that this key sustenance was a *thing*
I could look upon like an observer)
trying to shape it to present, to sell, to sustain
my physical body – but that only took away the love
that came from doing it (what is *it*? It cannot be named
as writing or art or anything but that peculiar state
of freedom, of self dancing with myself)
without a backthought for reward.
I still wonder why it had to be broken,

but first built up to its very end;
to be tested, pushed through a million barriers,
pushed into the ground, and remained.
To remain only for the sake of itself?
It – we – do not need another.
We don't exist but for we
and all outside this law burns and perishes
at its threshold. To ash, other reasons;
to dust, your needs to another to prove;
to yesterday, a yearning search,
to lifetimes past: salvation in romance.
How else but through every conceivable disillusionment
could art's only need be itself?

3-09-16

In the blind, in the blind
we are dancing silently.
Rain upon me all your showers;
I give you my biggest flowers.
Add on to my tapestry.
Feed what's gaping hungrily.
All my world was singing out of tune,

April 2016

A story of a dying kingdom
lost and buried
more than ancient
trying to emerge
it comes... it comes to me...
there's a king in the sea and he spills the shore
he is crying that we can't drink air much more
he is begging on land as the waterfalls
from off his shoulders. He comes up
to declare, all this time, we had it wrong
and his land recorded in song
all our tragic mistake
what sent them below
but we have been living backwards, so
“let me speak, just one tale” pleads the king of us
a wealthy beggar shamelessly comes
with the plea to turn up what we call ground
and once and for all turn the world around.

2015 or 2016

The King Lies Asleep in the Forest part 2

One morning he awoke to a soft light
that fell from no point within view
and like it filled him, so did memories
and he instantly knew what to do.

He rose from the lightening grass bed
and no second thought filled his head,
nor did the fog he'd been lost in
as twilight of its own faded.

The darkness the land had been bathed in,
the only light its dwellers knew
gave way to an era that long ago passed,
the pendulum now swung back to.

2016

What did we find but freedom
when we came out to the open?
And everything that ever was
how it sprawled out before
and I – I turn to you
and you never were.
All this I have been walking
feeling with you by my side
you have been behind the door.
And so it will go on
into the yawning twilight
you also gaze upon.
How can I draw everything
brewing in my mind?
It's always better if I let it go.

2016

The village idiot hides behind
the air surrounding simple words.
Some time passes, I digest them,
further wander down, think on them.
Then glance back at he who's sitting
in the grass alone, had spoken
unadorned gems like a conduit
without a clue of their full weight.
And as his still back faces me,
his face looks into the water,
waiting for – what? That's the mystery.
Maybe time, maybe nothing.
But a simple idiot
if you approach him and take his wit
at its face value, blink and shake your head.
The papered-down words hold nonsense.
Depth or naught;
a moment caught then lost.
Meanwhile he goes on.
I write the story; I'm the scribe.
But I can't catch him, no, I can
but see the momentary world
that bloomed out from like a sonic boom,
was gone then or was never –
if it was, we'll never know.
And only ones like I could glimpse
the transient purpose of his footfalls,
the theories *he* wouldn't understand,
might laugh at when spat back and shake his head –
do we find or add in sense?
How do we explain nonsense
to urbanity too ready to write off too simple fools?

A story that fit
With the story that came
Up from within.
Knocked into you
And it plucked the note,
Set it off, rolling,
The hope.
I couldn't believe
That I found
What I wrote.

I liked most
That every day
I heard my voice becoming deeper,
But I guess you really don't
Want that to go on for too long.
Just, carefully, bring up my age
To what my age should be,
As for the decade past I've been at 3.

Needed to feed it
Needed to breathe:
That part of me
That inhaled spring air
Funneled it into my cells,
Reopened their memory,
Breaking up winter's plaque.

But I guess
It can only last
Til one of us knocks it precariously
And truth be told
I always knew
It was better inside my mind.
How I wish now, how I wish
It is more than it really is.
How I wish
the fantasy could still be unfolding,
As the legend leading us out toward the free.
Not back under
afternoon shadows
Of urban sprawl and modernity.
Thrilling portal
Into the wild
Put me in touch with a primal mind.
And maybe it was only me,
Through a fragile humanity,
Conversing again with the spirit.

I feel like a lover today.
I feel like a lover today.
One touch from the sky
was all that I needed
to feel like a lover today.

The brewery under my skin
is ripe with the berries' fresh wine
and it drips out of breathing
when turning my head,
of holding a body,
of beholding that
and churning it round and round and around
threading it through
threading into.

I feel like a lover.
I feel like a lover when my body is stretched
out wide like a field.

One contact with my opposite;
whom all of I pour into my thirsty pores.
make my face smooth,
make my spirit a pleasing shape,
give my perspective depth
add depth to my language without any words -
even take away
so I get to the core
using two or three,
hold mirrors up
to the backyard lake
and show you what's going on in the sea.

I get stupider
with age
I get simpler
losing shades
I get impatient
put up lines
for a picture book,
divide. I –

I've been wrong
to talk this way
about myself
to think me down
that I do I
and beat it up.
I see her now,
tell her “shut up”.
Her voice is playing
like a record
she doesn't even think
once pressed
so many years ago
when I was little
it's not even *my* voice.

Thank God it's I
who's underneath
Thank God my monster's
growing simple.
Or my monster
is as always
but still subtle
but I'm deeper.

But I met you
I met something
and it changed
my English language
and it changed
the way I think
the way things form
the way they link.

Break into the ground
with staff
break it through
its little cracks
to the gasping
aching true

the real
I never knew
was real.

Even if I say it,
now I can't believe it.
Now there's something underneath
allowing anything above
because it doesn't matter
because he's seen himself
because the noise is wash
because the jet stream flows.
He's broken with the surface
it goes on; below he speaks
at the same time.
We are saying
twice
at once
but who can listen?
In this it is not one-to-one,
one to maybe one million.

Talk of flowers
sail the river
laugh at your homework
ignore the babble

I've got one message to climb the long ladder and send across the seam:
"shut the fuck up."

Unhappiness will take you to the ends of the Earth.
What confusion abounds these days.
So many dreams and so much weight on your shoulders;
Fed and denied simultaneously.
I do not read the magazines
But I smell desperation in everything I look upon
To make me buy itself in a quick-changed package as agile as the clicks it's sustained upon.
If you already come from money – those seem to be the only ones I see.
Debt is a very profitable enterprise and
Dodging it is the alternative to misery.
Refuse it and pay the price. Do not play to the life
of quickly paced imagery. Be left out. Then play,
And you are miserable anyway.
Is there any time to be creative?
If you find it, an app will help you make the most of your few minutes
and swiftly guide your impulses down a path our best minds have hacked to define creativity.
Is there space to be individual?
A knock will sound upon your door
and they'll write a feature about your image
if it'll get a thousand clicks, if you have the beard for it.

5-18-16

Somebody told me what I was seeing
and I believed the words.
From then on all I saw was what
they told me once it was.

Now, after so many years fast flew
and my eyes grew
til my head did but explode...
what is left to do? Except look back on
the world I thought I knew
and watch it unwind?

Somebody told me what it was upon the wall
and I believed it all
over my light.
How many years must I keep up this fight
to root the weed that conquered from one seed?

All of my life, hearing stories
of the world I sent words to
beyond the door.

So many years
I always heard its talk,
and eagerly replied -
always rehearsed.

Now that I know every version old and new
is fraudulent, I never knew a soul.
Where shall I go
beyond the world I told myself about
without an aid?

How easily
they could program me
when I was only four.
How could I argue then?

Those who are molding know to teach a girl
to teach herself false laws,
sit back
get paid
to watch
me work
to kill
myself
into
the ground.
So the world goes.

All that I knew
was never true
is what I come to
every year or two.

So many things
that you will find in there
just dying to transmit
themselves through air.

When you are searching for what you don't know
is what you never had,
the world will break open
again and again
and all its secrets will spill out,
reveal themselves,
through endless stories.

Every form
I've tried
has been
in vain
no matter what language,
it can never say
the thing propelling
all of this,
this quest.

Here at the shore is the starting point
for something grand on the way.
I hear it in the roar of copters, the slow passage of boats, the rhythm of evening waves
as the maritime bar chatter mutes behind me
into a note.

My next life lies ahead and I can feel it coming toward
as I have nothing to do but wait and nothing
between now and then carries much true weight.
If only I always knew...

One day you will laugh when life has changed
at how caught up you were in tangles.
I see it painted in the night air: when many years later, I return to this harbor
unrecognizable
and remember the one I left, the one who came up to this ledge
and died long ago.

It is undeniable;
everything is now behind me
that I've lived
and there is barely anything tying me in the old
besides family.

I'll invite my world
to a party,
and it will slowly dawn upon you
as I linger on each set of eyes
that this was meant as our goodbye.
I know this
I know this
as sure the air blows.
It's written in the language
that hails ashore.
It is the life behind and beneath,
that's been lying dormant.

My world will not miss me
for it kicked me out.
My family's strong enough
to weather it out.
I will not disappear forever although you will think me gone.
I'm only taking a dip in the other side
where the thoughts that have crusted over unwind,
but I will come back one day reformed.

The invisible sentences
of environmental elements
are bond compared with our passing slurs.

The signs we've erected around the world,
what we've deemed for decades as sane pursuits,
and all else will be seen anew.
For I have nowhere left to go but in circles
if I am to stay where I've been.

Who will I be? Who will I be?
Someone who already lives inside.
Someone that both is closest, truest
but whom nobody will recognize
yet will make a fit
and explain all it,
how everything has gone.

5-27-16

Home is when you are who you really are.
The music's a song you have always heard
but now you've arrived at its source.
The song is you reflected:
poignant, happy, bittersweet
as you fall to kiss your motherland,
at last arrived to truly begin.

Nothing can break me
nothing can take me away from my home.
For I am so settled
that nothing exists outside anymore
and all the whispers are those of flies.

You've been coming so long
that nothing is sweeter
than simply to be here.
Could not be better if a minute sooner;
less worn down, wind-swept through,
would it be as desperate, as grateful, as true?

6-1-16

Living with the phantom, the lover, the ghost,
mirroring *his* tale across the glass wall
of time, in my own movements.
From the past, can he feel me as well?
In the breeze, in the song, as I feel him?
He is behind it, behind my life,
living his own in a separate time
never to be united here
but to live out my life with this echo.
As long as it sings within I am going;
the anxiety of ever almost-touching
is merely the source of vitality
as I stretch and yearn for the impossible.
Now I know why I've spent my life sprinting
as if it depended on it, to the ledge.
Now I know where the strange wind blows from:
a world that can never be measured or traced.
As I heard him when I came home at the dock,
the song of adventure plain in the light
falling over black water, sung clear in the air,
does he hear my own life blown to him through the mist as the edge of a paradise coast
when the spray crashes over his face
in his own time as his life plays alongside mine,
where he is as lost as I find myself here?
And now I know, now I know
why you were a phantom,
why you were always inside -
you're the ghost to me as I'm the ghost to you in the place where you have solidity.
And when you move it is as I move, reality mirroring the one you're contained in.
I know we so ardently yearn to unite
across an uncrossable barrier
that yet fails to snuff out our melody over time.
It is hearing this - what I shouldn't so clearly have heard -
that has broken apart my life,
that has given the breeze of eternity
into age, no matter the passage of time.
It is you I'm compelled to keep moving to,
Neverend, and to never be satisfied -
but the rush is life's most fulfilling feast.
The gust of freshness decimates "end",
and I will remain a sentence dropped
in the middle of its thought when I die.
I am not living to have you
but to bring the tale out from under the dark
of separate worlds that affect each other,
to open the cracks in the shell of our sphere.
And the clearer I hear our truth, the more
detailed our dialogue gets defined,
the fuller your face looking into mine

in shock, in awe, in inexplicable visions.
Do you hear me back there through the fog?

6-02-16

What a decrepit age when those who
would be artists talk rationally
about illustration being a business
whose open hell has been overcome
by a warm home/wave of prison doled out by the warden,
who still believes they are stumbling or want to pretend they are in the dark.

I never want to give up my struggle, for ease
detracts from the flavor palette
as if under pressure the juices are squeezed
or my tastebuds prime themselves, so desperate.

Who in ease could conceive of adventure,
so snugly comforted by routine?
I want to stay on this lonely journey
where half the time I fear I'm insane.
The inner landscape where bodies are racing,
traversing the universe like blurs,
where language is far above my understanding on Earth,
and where these words fall down as nonsense yet I know
evoke something deeper in you.

6/7/16

Lovers who enter the forest are doomed
for they are bound to discover that
the love they're in search of, the secret jewel
is impossible to obtain:
how can they love each other when
one's losing his form to become a garden
where a garden is needed,
and the other one barely exists?
they will cry as they fight to maintain their love
but, really, fight to maintain the "I"
in "I love you", holding fast to the "you"
even though it is fading, too.

6-8-16

a woman heard that the depths of the forest were to teach its visitors the truth about love,
the deepest, most fulfilling kind of love; the kind only few can attain.
she was very much in love with a man and wanted to deepen their bond.
so she told him about this secret, persuading him of promised bliss.
they set out. it was not easy. they passed through a long night,
many tangles, much turbulence. I will not again describe
what you yourself might already know.
eventually, they found themselves inside the forest
and being there began to teach them,
to stretch them, to disintegrate them.
and as they disintegrated, they found that it was impossible for her to love him
and for him to love her,
because there was no "him" and no there was no "her";
they looked at each other in their final moments as he became a garden
and she faded as he knew her into another space
found new worlds and connections.
to say "*I love you*" no longer made sense.
There was no "I" and there was no "you".
The forest did bring them to bliss, as promised,
but not as imagined.
It shattered the intricate picture of intimacy that she carried,
the very ideal that led them ironically to the place that destroyed the ideal.
their "love" was destroyed, and those who had spoken of it were no longer the same;
when they had spoken within it, it had contained them.
and that is why it could not survive in the forest that does and undoes
yet remains.
that is the mystery "he" and "she" were now awash in
as they floated and feared they had lost their identity;
he now had a thousand faces; she'd disappeared into empty spaces to zero
and the story was different: it was not about "love" that the two had brought
to the altar.
how strange that in midsentece a wholly different scene began to unfold
and *he* was that now. but if he was "he" and a thousand buds,
he really was nothing, the very nothing that "she" had become.
and the two that had come had, it turned out, always been
the left hand and the right hand.

6-08-16

The world is too big to bear.
The world is too big a burden to bear.
When I get into this state I am easily slayed
by as little as a stranger's stare.

When I'm dreaming
something is trying to come in
standing knocking on the door, cryin'
it will tear it down – I give in
wake up
and can't shake this assailant off

When I'm walkin' through the beautiful day
my head is turned inward toward the war
where the land is breaking up into chunks and floating off
and our world is our world no more.

In the night
as I lie upon my bed
trying to settle down my head
and the waves and flashing lights,
the barrage of sights I've never seen,
the panic I will die, break apart, or nullify
like a pile of broken pieces who can move along the streets
but can't hear each other anymore,
that tomorrow there will be
only emptiness to me
I could've dodged if I'd risen from the floor

All the day
sometimes I go about this way,
in misery 'til I recall
I've had caffeine and that is all.
Then I think of what it's like
to be living inside me
hold my interior in whole
and know the colors have been skewed
by this fear and dour mood.
I have to breathe to make it free again.

Go home and write it out
not unlike siphoning out
a poison stream not really me
but – lodged somewhere internally.

When I win my own release
once again I feel at peace
and then remember all the truths
I have learned in the brighter world.

Our explorers have found every crevice
upon the physical world.
Every island, continent, bridge.
Historians and archaeologists found even those that have been
and oceanographers, geologists, those that yet may be.
And our astronomers find more spherical worlds
that we can and can't see, that, if we reach,
we'll bring our explorers, archaeologists, scientists to,
to discover anew, and then our astronomers will come on board
to further expand the view.

But underneath all this, the greatest achievement
of exploration is the discovery of a reality
that continues to expand.
If I make it all my life, uncover more of this one web
and prove the whole through every separate act
of a world or work of art
or an art that is a world
whose natural title is: no borders.

6-15-16

The mirror sings with the tune
of love at last
again behold
itself
as it is
shining innocent
with its eyes empty sad
open wide
recipient.
All alone
as one and move around
no decorations
only the sound
of the light that shines
from out its eyes
and reflects
out and
back to it.

But no more can I say
no more than this can I convey.
This hallowed moment bloomed
and faded away.

7-7-16

These pages aren't these pages anymore:
I have a child and what is it for?

I am my greatest enemy,
can never be free
of this dance in the night.

I birth worlds
what is it for?
if all I come to is the end
and nothing remains
of what I was before
but these disjointed
sentences.

What is it for?
What is it for?
I grow lonelier

all these lines
are my attempt
to bring out what
keeps me appear so bent

but it is only pieces you see
and what is it for?

Who I create here is who I believe
represents who I am behind all stories
above every outline and scene
glimpsed in the spaces between,
my mirror...

7-7-16

The internet knows everything
but it cannot solve my biggest problems.
Not a single worry's quenched
as morning slips to afternoon.
I ask my phone dozens of well-formed questions,
get hundreds of answers, but ask again,
whimper, feel helpless, come back
some knots are yours to work alone

7-19-16

Forget myself for these months-long spurts,
disappear into a recess where panic prevails –
the only color, the only shade, jumping out from behind all corners,
all sounds are muted to the beating heart.

At night it comes, creeps up. What kind of disease
only progresses when you pay it attention?
Everything's forgotten in these bouts.
What else can I do but live through it,
await the day when it finally clears?

Always through another do I feel you.
When I think of the physical motions that happened,
his body grows stuffed, and muted his words,
and he's merely the shadow; *you* emerge
in full color, behind the seen.
I cannot see you even with my eyes closed.
I cannot feel your hand on my hand;
I feel your hand pressing up on the cloth from the other side.
There's a thin glass pane between us every time.
What, eternal lover? You tell me where to go,
tell me who to know, give no explanation why.
So I go on walking through the days
and cannot explain the logic in ways
but as disease. Even behind my closed eyes, and behind the unseen –
if there's anything after the blind, it is so very thin,
I have only perceived it just now –
there's something to witness; something going on,
some growth is proceeding, and *I* am there –
more there than here – but it goes on without me-in-this-sphere.
I can't explain. I can't explain. Everything I do to move is in vain.
It is you, it is you, touching me only through
the avatar who doesn't know what he's doing in the scheme of it all.
We talk and progress, and I feel your nod behind the surface
to mark it the right way, for this is the place
where I reach you through the veneer of earth.
And I can only see this at night, behind my mind, behind life itself.

I searched for you when I was younger, and touched upon you through another.
But he fell silent every time I heard your sound bursting out in full color,
muting atomically every trifle. I was flying straight up at the very start.
Now we are skating along the sky, you in your life, I in my.
Can I reach you through another only? Not to touch my soul directly?
Only feel the world I seek in shapes through fabric, only see the light in shadows,
only know you through a screen unless I close my eyes and almost taste the world behind me.
Your eye is made of the cosmic sky and your bodily shape the negative space
of all that I have. You are all that is missing. You are what's not. You're other
and you grow ever finer, for I see you differently every time I touch something new.

I am not touching *it*, I am touching *you*, what is not. But only through
a medium. I have only the senses and receptors to process perception, not directness.
Only the sense of the incomplete. The missing shades, the drive to strive for it,
for the whole, for the touch direct, for the true you who only is you, not a statue
whittled out of excess, but what was there in the beginning.
Are you waiting behind an ocean? Are you stuck in the fabric of time,
pining for a magic rope to pull you out and into mine?
Will we always need the secret code of action and dissatisfaction?
And are you only the echo, the mirage, and my fantasy, and thus,
when you walk out of my sight you are only walking down a corridor
where I cannot find you, or your tricks of the light.

7-26-16

Time
and trend
mean nothing in this land,
jump off the radar and
leave space;

makes
it hard
to find familiar guides,
to grab a stitch in time
and orient.

oh the mystery
of living
oh the overwhelm and awe
of being so free

here
I walk
upon the cobblestone
breathing life into
the hundred years that wore

it down
to same
by staying in the line
by letting slip the time
to change

oh be free
to the mystery
you never know
what you do need
nor what you'll be

7-31-16

On days like this I feel hollow,
only a body that wants to eat
and a memory that has turned to shit
and a present that's turned to fog.

I think of great poets whose gift was to capture
the essence of human being,
but I, I think, am the opposite,
and don't even experience if needed for nothing.

On days like this I am very not here,
have no opinions, no center of self.
When I'm nowhere, everything passes through
and I have nothing to regurgitate back.

September 2016

No lover,
no self.
If no self,
then no love.
No story,
no purpose,
no where,
no drive.
No reason,
no love.
No love,
no step.

9/16/16

dove happily into
blind and unknew
weeks turned to months
of pushing back weeds
of brush fought through
clouding up water and blurring the woods
slashing to shreds
the image of you
a lidded eye
a glimpse of a smile
a buried bone
a waving hand
a habit old
and a touch of sand
a suggestion of land
wiped away with a wave
because it's unpredictable
no matter what's tried
I still find myself swimming
alone or not
cannot see you but feel
your mass through the walls
of moss pushing 'gainst
isolated as I beside
dove down, down, down
eventually got to the man
once all cards were played
plain as can be
sitting on the floor, looking at me
while looking away
where are we?
upon new ground, it's suddenly clear
while the tones of our older selves that we haven't heard
yet murmur below
for after we molt
for when the floor breaks
as we keep on tunneling through the sea,
breaking its bed,
to get to space

Everyone Can See

I'm so ashamed
of the damage I have wrought
upon my fragile reputation
with the treatment I accept.

Or could I never really hide it?
The pattern written in my moves.
For everybody saw me running
to the back of ones like you.

It must have been an open secret
to all observers save for me
the way my brain had written love
as “always give your empathy”

while underneath lay the belief
I wasn't he who's bold I nourished,
who journeyed bravely on the sea,
who came to me in bits and pieces.

I met you – were just that vision -
a half-fleshed-out representation
of all I longed to be
and our encounter did unhook what lay there dormant.

But I have one vice
that I carry round
embedded in my clothes
in the shadow I cast
it never gets away from me
and everyone can plainly see:

I don't feel beautiful today.
How long this habit must I carry?
Telling myself that I don't want what can be got
asking whyever would I marry?
It's in the messy clothes I wear,
my cursing words, unruly hair.
Am I to stay this way forever?
Hear constantly about the brevity of life.
I must admit: the ache of longing
paints the sky and feeds my hunger.
And when you pull upon that string
it drizzles down a spice.

The worst of it's I'd got so good at taking shit,
letting it soak me like a pleasant summer rain,

putting it back out from my being into the world
as something covered o'er in gold.
My heart then lined its honest dreams
with all those hard-won figurines.
Thus you rolled perfectly my way,
oh selfish lover never with a word to say.

10-3-16

Irish Ballad

Drunk on my own wine
Love being wrong
Wrong all the time I
Keep rolling along,
Living a fantasy;
Tried to be real
But I can only deal in
Not-reality.
So that's where I'll be
That's where I will be
Come find me speaking nonsense in the language of souls.
An unseen mouth feeding
Off of the air.
Oh you fooled me again out there
But I don't care.

I am living in the story that takes place
unseen.
I'm the one storyteller with no audience.
Only have ears for the cries of the night
For so many years I have put up a fight
But no.
It will not let me go
No matter what it costs me.
No
It will not take the glass down
But wipe it clean again with my hope.
Oh for so many years I've been trying to leave this place,
Commissioned language to create.

For so many years I've been trying to leave
But the door walks by my side.

I am a friend of the hours
Where colors blur lines.
I see most clearly in fog
Walk most easily path that curves.
It's not these woods I would rather hack through.
It's simply what I'm built to do.
Go off road and abandon sense
The commonsense daylight pretense.

No matter the cost
Oh no matter what I have lost that could have been
A city of riches for the unknown
For time to spend within.
What did I find there but days?
Spaces and mysteries.
Terrain that will entertain me til the end.
I need no one.

Step into daylight alone.
Pulled like a child on to roam.
No one can agree and for certain can't see
The place I am driven to go.
Even I don't believe it because I can hear
All of the things being said.
I'm halfway up here and part ways to there and looking out ahead.
A driven romantic destined to be poor.
So long tried to leave this way of being
But I'm followed by the door.
I am always behind the door.

Wondering watching what do I believe?
Why do I think so much of this?
And what I am drawn to
Out of the blue
Does it even exist?
And if it does not what could possibly pull me away from daylight paths?
I've struggled so long just to hear my own song but I doubt I will sing it out loud.
For what will then be of me?
I could end up on the street.
Singing of madness with all my blind gladness,
Turned out by everyone.
It is so easy to become.
So natural to just drop out.
To snip the strings and roll along.
When your highest prize is freedom.

blind fish

All the symbols I can think in
won't make up for the lost connection.
Call myself a fish who's blind,
a backwards man, or a bright star,
Once the floor was broken open,
and the soft shroud fast dispersed,
you turned around and went along your way,
left me with a chest of symbols,
a treasure of meaning, and no one to whom to say what it means.
What a dark night settles over
when I'm left alone with my nothings
in a quiet bedroom, lights off;
know that I have no need to play.
I never told you that you do nothing
but you seem to hear it that way.
Oh no matter what I find,
what comes to me from out the blind,
it is not enough to discover,
isn't enough the terrain to climb.
Surely I did just that for such a long time
and learned that no matter what hills I surmount,
the goal is empty,
the start of another lonely journey, for want of something to do;
but if I could find where I belong –
shamballah may be a shack externally
a palace inside, aligned I am perfectly
with the land –
such a vision lights a way through a murky sea
for a blind fish aswim nonsensically
led by a sight that's next year's hind.

Blind fish swimming wants an eye
Swims far away from the other blind
From family, from familiar sea,
Far away from how things must be.

There's only one way to go
one thing to do
one way to be

a storm in the land
as it tries to rebuild

I come from the land
where the raindrops
fall up

and you cannot convince me
to stop

Maker machine
of a million symbols
that go unseen

they fall and they fall
passing by life –
just one of so many expressions
one of infinite organizations
it defies explanations:
how this is.

I only get it
looking back:
it makes perfect sense

'cause what wants to be born
will not shut up
and it's already there
in the future.

But it's not so much
it's not a big deal
nothing at all
when you finish.

All that was
the perfect storm
to bring out the way
the fight to say:
it fades away
once it is said.

And what is left?
What is the sign? of a life well spent:
satisfaction,

however brief.

10-15-16

The Poem Never Ends

I feel poetic today in a novel fashion
 the world is quiet it gives me a chance
not to think to be alone with all my nothing
 and find expression.

Under the clear October sky the blue is bluest
 the buzzing mind ringing so loud against the quiet – –

s

all that was is gone now
alone again, I walk along
 everyone else seems so boisterous
 so loud, so busy, taking the streets
 in the middle of something,
 and I am unhooked.

It doesn't touch me anymore. Hold my own hand as I walk along.
Savor the sunlight and hours of nothing
 plans never come together here.

What strange moments when I am not here
and I wonder if you are not there, too
 I wonder of what you are doing
 and why
if only I knew – then what? Validation?
Think it through in these short hours.
They will be over before you are ready.

All washes past the futility
 to grab onto it all
 and stuff it
 keep it
 display it
 be it

10-15-16

As the land crumbled upon the surface
and invaders staked their final claims
upon all the space, the food, the dirt,
drying the water, gripping the air –
they nevertheless, because of their make,
couldn't access the world below,
free rolling plains and lush terrains
and rivers and lakes of the mind's eye.
All those whom the aliens robbed –
the common folk who were never heard –
and all their values and their ways
retreated to the secret land
without their even knowing;
it is not a one-to-one ratio,
but the land holds equal weight in feeling:
discarded truths that never could find words.
All their riches went underground
while the exoskeletons sucked dry
the physical blood, and only strengthened
the wilderness eye.
Their ultimate loss on the surface, where all was destroyed,
was paralleled by the ultimate victory:
the king had returned
and remembered himself, and this king was all of them
as one being. All were the king. All lived his tale,
his trial, his fight, his climb from under
to see once again the entire land
he, and they, had forgotten.

11-17-16

Even my diary's a liar:
it doesn't capture these moments,
these thoughts in another logic
that creep unexpectedly up
when I'm very tired
as if I am because they need
to come out.
And when they do
I feel renewed.
They're always to a song,
a rhythm, in poetry,
some sort of synthesis
more than usually.

11-17-16

In the heartland flowers bloom
but it's forgotten for a sunny day
whenever it comes again

Why is it so hard to draw
what lives inside and does not die
no matter what transpires outside
no matter what the day or night brings?

I walk on
 sometimes I've fallen
 buried temporarily
 and quiet til I have a day or several weeks to decompress.

We rob ourselves of leisure time to rest and live while running still
to cross the desert's finish line that keeps on blinking in the haze

There is never enough time until you stop all of your trying
that's the only way back to the garden I have found remains

Oh the heartland vanishes beneath the fog, beneath overworked brains
that lose their memory, that never sleep enough

Twenty seven is the number I most recently discarded
wore it now for several weeks but it went out of style.

Plunge back into what is always there and waiting, never aging
but not immature of maybe we don't understand the world

young and old together, married, in their union realize eternity
No, I cannot surpass my age but I can drink

Somewhere on the edge, after
this mountain, lies the open sea,
and I can taste the simple space,
remember how it feels
to be so free

there's always the rub
when we start to drive
and been driving too long
sitting in silence
nothing to talk about
now don't we know
where you are going and where i go -
we can't reach two places in only one car!
and isn't it funny how we both yelled the same destination and then yelled jinx!
but were speaking of totally different places
or maybe we weren't but shrugged it off.
there comes the rub
when we sit too long
the old woman and man
on the slow descent
you ignore because we're not even dating, so it isn't real
but the bickering is and it starts every time either one of us utters a word.
when were we last in accord?
does it matter to ask?
we fell out of sync so long ago
or does the beginning matter more than i told myself it did when it all only came into view?
always the rub
rubs the wrong part of me
some disagreeable cranky - some
parts of you are insensitive, selfish, and geared
toward getting your pleasure out of tools.
"look, wrench", your impatient eyes seem to say to me,
"we're on our way and i'm driving.
i said only get in my car if you think you can handle me."
got in your car and let you reveal me to me;
it goes the other way, too,
on this river you're so convinced you gotta dam up;
you don't give a damn, just want things simple
but don't want to understand or make room.
so i threw all your soccer balls into the back,
placed my feet around your shoes, pulled in the seat
when you opened the door like a gentleman,
wanting me there but not to take room.
i insist that it's actually this complex!
if only you would listen, you ear.
i'm pulling the map out i brought along
for vanity's sake to a driver who's going to stop in the middle,
kick me out, and exhale in relief.

Have we died or are we coming to life?
Oh, I can never know.

Darkness lies behind me,
darkness lies before you,
between us lies it all.

It untimes to expand
making no sense at all
no logic to be found

as it grows
and grows...

It is so beautiful,
confusing,

perhaps because
I can't
explain.

Are we drowning or birthing?
Now a galaxy of stars
then a darkness, cloistering hell,
then a universe to cross,
breaking wide open my lungs.

2016

Given your hand from the hidden deck;
never what you expected to get
and your tasks unfold, laid out before you
with the other's matching set.

Out of the chaos the path's made clear
as the steam clouds ebb. Your body trembles,
out of fear of the uncharted territory
never crossed because it's deadly;
will you be your own's explorer
to shake up your point of view?
Will you cross through all the sea
though common sense would say not to?

2015/6

The storm is over we were tossed
I look behind me at what waters we have crossed
Hold in my hands the bits
torn from what we have lost
Is it true? Is it done for me and you
our story's over, we have sailed onto the shore
We aren't venturing through deeper
waters any longer
We've gone together just as far as we can go
Have you been with me? Was I sailing all alone?
The weight of all the oceans
falls right off.
When we are not
looking at each other eye to eye
stranded on the shoreline of reality
my skin is desert dry
All the world has disappeared
And the root of meaning cleared.
Bored, we go along like never
and begin
and the taste between evaporates, so thin,
as the waters fade
and the ship turns ghost
and the swirling images are lost
of mirrors leading to deeper interiors forsaken
for a terrain that awakes me from my daydream
All the interior was clamoring and saying
all the interior has momentary faded
And through the sea
that never had to be
we have gone as deep as we ...

Just when you think the sea is dead
It is all the way in the back
 rearing into a wave.
Swim, swim through them
 or they'll wash you –
one will, once and for all
 if you don't become
a more instinctual swimmer.

All the sea retains its mystery
Below the surface forever dark to me
only taste the depths but never fully dive
 to the bottom of infinity
 before it hides
into seemingly nothing,
 into a blank gaze,
 into closing the door
 with a simple wave

How do you hold the sea so contentedly
as if made to be all of the waves and be
 a body walking alone on your way
 from a distance pulling, a tidal wave.
 So the sea disappears
 or the sea never was
 so the oceans we crossed
 we were not aloft
 we were never in danger
but from declaring we'll stop
 and step off to the shore

End of the sea comes to me suddenly;
I have kept afloat upon Curiosity
But the waters decided
and their world is vapor
left me dry with a love of sandpaper
and memories of meaningful dreams
in the native tongue of aliens

What more could the sea have to teach?
The deepest pearls are beyond my reach now
For it left reality,
claimed itself unreal, never been, and faded away
correspondingly,
as if it was only all in me
and my
tendency to get high on all I cannot see

2016

Old stories
one bleeds into another

A song is over
and it has lived
to fade away
the you and I in it

So splash the colors on all over
bleed out all over
every tale

To find a thread among the bearer
'mong us together
among what's left

And in this way
nothing falls out of its place
among the lines

and all the while you never know
only had to do what you do
as something came about
you were never moving
a frantic search
for what else lies beyond these words

2016

The sea holds a mystery out of my reach
How did I think I would ever get through?
Maybe I brought along too many notions
when I dove in,
to go below

The sea met them all,
wrapped gently around them
rather than calling each out by its name

If I wanted to see a map, I saw it
If I wanted to find buried treasure, it was there

I carried a vision of finality
from the moment it swallowed me whole –
I knew already the end, in my mind –
which the sea does not hold

Was everything that you watch unfold
Already made? Already whole?
Now I think I understand –
I have no choice in who I am
No matter what my wants
or dreams
What, then, are fantasies and fiction for?
What for are possibilities?
They get you stuck in thinking.

I live with my prison
and you live with your prison
and we live together
like we always have been
you sitting right next to me
have no idea of my rootless swimming, swimming,
to a castle in the sea
and crying back, 'we'll get there!'

I, from underneath, can barely see you up above
and, so busy with saving – what? –
can't tell if you're there still.
Have you, closest, gotten older?
When was your birthday?
I forgot to bake a cake –
I never learned how anyway,
devoted as I was to diving.

2016

Coming up from a star
you were with me all along
perhaps you were nothing.

Was I floating through alone
under a ruse
that someone was beside me?

Who heard all the noises?
Who captured their sense?
Were they tossed out, unwound,
and never rewound?

Found my you where there is no sound
where there is nothing my one can do
where face to face with the question,
I

2016

Oh my love, where do you go?
I will not see you anymore.
What do I need of you here?

We have lived our life most deepest
in a moment, crossed the bridges
through whole oceans, dying shores,
and *after* that – I cannot see.

You have eyes that open deeply
I have words made to fall in
Do not care if no one sees me
Cannot tell you where I am
In disease I'm going crazy
seeing all of what isn't there
Looking in the space and hinting at
a language clear.

2016

What is the sea without you?
I want to be stronger
but it's easier when someone's beside
with all the clothes and words you forget;
then you're not a purposeless thin slice of life
staring at a lot of water.

2016

As long as I'm heartbroken, I'll keep going
As long as love eludes me, I'll go further
A one in her place still alone
is going and going and going
Always staying alone
Always saying no

2016

The people in the bright world
just ten feet away,
chatting about all manner of things,
current events and weekend flings –
but, my God, even their outrage
bubbles vivaciously.
It's like the sun is shining on their grass,
whatever that may grow
grows strong.

It's so hard to keep your head above water
when you know all the shores are going under
when everything you knew is crumbling
from one form into another
and the other is not you.

What can humanity hope to preserve
in these bouts of hopelessness?
The last few years have been a blow
and a watch of the war from my window
or my porch.

I could think of something to do
if I had the strength to
organize.

I can always hear the bright world,
never step across the divide.

And if the situation seems hopeless,
the weight of all the world
is crushing to our artistry
crushing to our worth
for what they produce can look better
can surpass out mental order
and the *meanings* we imbue
their order gives no value to.

People are fighting for theirs,
entirely missing the point.
Like a couple in its greatest row
that will realize the fight was over nothing important
after the house is destroyed.
How will we go on
having nowhere to stand
and destroyed our trust and our values and our land
and our selves, for the taking?

I grew up with a world.
It drags on at my heels,
its castles and steeples and books and lore,
its trove of memories.

I have carried it on my final breaths
across so many terrains.
They've battered it down significantly;
I come with its remains.

You can almost recognize
the picture it represented.
It still contains the essence,
I tell myself when my hope is dim.

Others are walking beside me.
I am not walking alone.
I'm walking through crowds of thousands packed on a street
with my invisible home.

It is taking place in the daytime.
It is taking place in the war.
Everyone is distracted completely by all of the conflict
that wasn't around before.
And my world goes on playing its music

drowned by conflicting noise –
grabbing all the attention today –
do I turn around and take it all home, let it quietly fade, isolated, but whole –
if I even stop I will hit a wall.

I've walked all my years a way
to bring all of mine to give to the shrine
to encapsulate it and save it and preserve it into space
to crystallize it forever, validate it,
the life that I have been.

From here on the ground, how can I hope to understand
the physics of future eyes?
Take my world and fit it inside;
tell me that you have taken mine.

Do I hear my song assigned a weight of none
as it slides into the compendium
of all the human ways?
My song and my father's song and the world from which it sprung is forever gone
whose beginnings I read in the history books,
whose end rests in my fingertips
has reached the end of its line

at hands that are mine,
fades out at I... at.. i..

1-31-17

In the Androgynous Dark

You almost don't even come out in poetry anymore.
I feel you with me while sitting here in the dark, gulp it back,
resisting the urge to say. The encounter will pass like all of them do.
Still, I have to keep writing our story, point or not,
repeated or not, encircled or not....

You come out when I'm in a certain mood
and only when it's been a while when we last spoke
and I almost forgot how you felt
almost always late in the night when at last I'm alone.

My back had been turned
I'd been talking inside the world
like I needed to.

I'd spent so long on your trail
that wound behind my eyes
where no one could see,
and nobody knew

what vastness had been my existence,
the story that kept welling up in glimpses
and, like the best loves,
still keeps on with its mystery,
a diamond suspended inside the deep sea
far below almost all of the light.

The talk was good. I don't quite remember
all that was said; I just needed to speak,
to see myself seen
before I could be alone truly and well once more.
Then, balance inside and out is achieved
and these simple words are to me full of flavor
they don't really have.

In the androgynous dark, I met you.
Did not have to close my eyes
to see you walking into the light,
still shaking from the past life-threatening descent and climb
and I could see your gaze and the details of your face like I'd never before.
It was mine.

That instant filled me with so much sympathy
for who you were and all that you had to be -
visions of your emotions and struggles and tortures,
self-doubt and questions and soft masculinity -
for a flash the tunnel of your convoluted past
like a trailing snake
was laid clear on the floor;
soaking, desperate, clinging to the ground of a stable world
where I held an innocuous court,
a warm garden pool of light, a safe harbor from the night past the window
you know too well;
betrayed on your face the confusion at what threw you out from god knows where and why here
when we met eyes and realized immediately
we find ourselves finally in the same world
with no warning....

Only after the talk that is dry as chalk
does the real verse begin,
when I sit on my bed and see from within
the next few lines of a tale past my reach.

My back had been turned so well, I could not tell
you stood behind me. Only for that
could I really turn back around
to face us, to see what is next....

*My dear,
don't tell me about it.
It's all on your face
from the moment when we lock eyes.
I didn't expect to find you here where I dwell,
but let us savor at last
the impossible.*

*Let my head spin, for I'm taking in
every chapter of all of your lives.
You're standing there, soft, by the limelight*

*where your bosom friend glows.
It turns onto you now,
come out of the shadows
and grace the room with your soft voice,
your genuine calm,
your self-contained everything -
I nearly could faint;
only ones like you could touch me there,
cast a swell in what stood still so long.*

*The rain in your hair
as you stumbled inside
the shock of your mouth
and your newborn eyes
wanting only for ground,
to be found,
and to know where you are
how you got here
and why.*

*It strikes me an arrow,
that you do not know,
shows me myself in a different light.
I am the harbor that I was seeking
and you are the seeker
with whom I have lifelong identified.*

*And I, to you, am something you knew,
am what you were thinking of all along....*

*Don't tell me your story,
just sit beside me
and let it play out.
In this androgynous dark
I most clearly can hear it,
a flickering flame
that I thought was extinguished.*

*You've already faded
and left these phrases,
your signature footprints
for all of my life.*

*I felt you beside me
for a moment or two.
I saw your face clearly;
now I don't have to look.*

Learned it a little bit more.

*It makes a little more sense.
These sortable snippets are part of the store
that sometime will emerge
to tell me what it is you've been trying to say:
I hear your cry!
out there! 'cross the bridge!
'cross this wall!
I'm crazy to think exists,
that leads me all over
a network of paths that are not even writ.*

I draw them for you,
unravel their answer,
chasing the problem,
meet you over and over,
pushing back daylight
like a child fighting fabric
in the market of clothing's barrage
getting past the veil of searching.

/

in the market's barrage,
pulling the curtain,
the veil of searching.

/

in the market's barrage,
past the veil of searching.

inspired by/written to "In the Androgynous Dark" by Brambles and "Trouble" by Hope Sandoval
2-11-17

There is a turmoil in my soul
in the place beyond words,
the place where eyes don't exist,
where we live in the blind –
the source of reason,
who is buried in the seed of our 'why';
a flower poked out
but I didn't listen,
it did not speak through my tongue
and I didn't believe I could really hear
a true language beyond

I had a mission
it lay in the seed
and its wild decrees
I did not heed,
for I was afraid of the words they chose,
Now, all steps are weighted equal:
none have a weight of 'need'
I am failed and free to move about
to like or hate whatever
and nothing will bat its eye at me;
the realm of fate has let me be.

I have been planning to carry it out
and am coming upon the date.
The place I was meant to land
by now has lost the heart that sent the call
across the reason, across the ages, across the shore.

Distant cries from a living castle
I have heard a million times –
you have let me go

and died.

Unspoken urges I must answer
no matter what I'm doing now –
creep up on me like a wave,
build and swell like vomit.

Lover appears from time to time
to teach me to live
then silently leaves,
hides behind the veil.

Lover exists inside the notes
an ephemeral ghost
a collection of wisps of visions and thoughts
strung into the shape of a man in shadow
until I approach too close.

Lover is seen when I peer between
the cracks, in desperate need of something,
taking a step away from time, true pause
to catch the breath, be reminded again that we are together

whispers I never heard that went right over my head
changed the course I led
The life of another across time
looking straight into my eye
reached over the chasm and pulled itself out from inside of mine

And I heard, I heard,
doomed or cursed (however you're wanting to count it)
cannot undo the touch of a song
close my eyes – the glimpses come on even stronger
the whispers in those elusive hours
no matter where I am.
What are you saying to me right now?
Something about how to live on my own...
live like you...
something about how you are living....
caught me on loyalty that I was taught,
now I am by your side forever.

How can you be mad at me for choosing unwisely?
when it was you who instilled the importance of loyalty
no matter what comes, and beyond judgment?
Did you expect me not to find family?

Caught me on loyalty,
now I'm yours forever.
Like a three legged mutant
we'll hobble together
no matter what's up in my head.

When I first saw him, his hair was long,
his button down was red and one shoe torn up.
he had one CD - stuck inside his car, he said.
Next time I saw him he pulled me onto my bed.
He's so cool, yeah he's so cool
came out of nowhere
He's so cool, he would've laughed at me in high school.
We might've hit it off a little during art - unless he skipped.
We might've never crossed at all.

He says his mother is his best friend.
She looks at me like I'm a fool.
like I try so hard, I forget to take my glasses off.
like I have never been so cool.

And then one night while drinking warehouse brews
With people looked like they came from the woods
I met his best friends, and then I took him for the night.
his father laughed but I was mortified.

He's so cool, yeah he's so cool, it makes me cry.
he is terrified of falling, so he throws me in the front.
And I'm a pioneer who drank no beer til she was twenty-three
no I will never be so cool, and he will never be like me.

He's so cool, he's so cool.
"Let's try anal," he once said
And I said "no"
"At least not yet."

4/25/17

Art sometimes is to speak volumes using only several words or none,
sometimes to speak for hours without making any point, or one;
to make your viewers comb through empty chatter, blind them with intricacy;
to make them pause and read again the words; to make them see what they can't see.
Conversations between you and I read back like poetry.

6-19-17

When the wild world's too tight
I have to forget it,
Have to walk in the bright world with full abandon
as if I'm never going back there again.
but I know the wild will swallow me up
Someday soon it will jump out like a shadow from some rounded corner
and tell me something new,
Lure me away from the world of day yet again
But always let me keep one eye upon it
so I can never belong to either
I straddle the seam, never settled
and when I was younger I thought one would win
But I thought this over and over until I grew tired
and it became clear that the answer
Was just the continued problem, lived.
when somebody tells me to come back,
That's the sign that I've been there for long enough now.

9-19-17

Hey Crystal

I should have known the moment after walking through the door
to fifty photos of your hair and makeup done in every one,
just who you are
but I tried to play along
and now I write for you this song....
The basic kitchen kitsch of pinup women drinking wine
the gaudy Christmas decorations
and the lack of room for anything of mine
should all have served to tell
me this would not end well for me and you
It was a year of restrained harmony
I barely kept the lid on when your cats shit on the floor
and you took days to clean it up when just a minute could suffice
and I stayed quiet far too long
because I'm far too fucking nice
to live with you.
For many years you were a bartender 'round Baltimore City
didn't finish your degree but rose into authority
now I know why
cause you know how to shift the blame
and you can do it like a pro

yet act so innocent and nice
I wonder if your friends all know
and I would ask to see their outrage but i'd get blank stares i'm sure
or pretended affirmations from actors who say they care.
See you left your windows open in event you left your keys
I could have gotten murdered when he broke inside at 1 am
stood in my door
I still lay in my bed and just woken up from sleep.
Anybody normal would at least apologize
but you said nothing and pretended with an absentee disguise
through it all I kept my mouth shut
and I know that I was wrong
to place higher priority on you and I getting along
than being alive.
I couldn't fall asleep upon my bed after that night.
I'm moving out a week after I said, not knowing what I started.
You said nothing for while and this was on the 10th of May
then you found someone for July to take my place I said okay
then you said August.
Actually she can't move in til August.
When I said I couldn't stay you said you preferred if I did
You mean you'd rather take my money to have everything your way?
I think the lesson has been learned not to give ones like you a word
not to respond to your demands at all, pretend I never heard,
text back who dis?
I should have said, um... who is this?
I do not live at that address....
instead I made a grave mistake, foolishly started reasoning.
You would have none of it and fired bombs off again and again
none of your arguments made sense and yet you won the argument
simply by drawing me inside your room without any outlet –
how does that work?
I should have said okay instead I said I couldn't stay.
I should have nodded in agreement not to give you any play
I should have recognized the ruse that you were pulling straight away
and packed my bags immediately and left you silently to pay
throughout July.
It doesn't matter but think I know what's going through your mind:
you see a princess in the mirror in a world that's too unkind
you know your worth but I suspect you are a little overpriced
dressed up in glitz to blind a certain kind of man.
So I write this song

7-29-17

The Golden Path

The road to nowhere is calling again
and I must follow my heart.
Cast off the weight of the rush and the musts,
of the twenty-first century plaque on our back.

All I look upon in this state
who have followed the golden path
started out brightly singing, hand holding,
and dreaming
and ten years later went mad,
twenty years later were sad,
later in life still as lost as before
or taken a role in what they had run from,
but a fraction of who they could have become,
were they able the call to ignore.

Yet in the garden dream that goes on unseen,
they became a king, risking everything.
Must it be a trade of body for spirit?
Must we always yearn for it yet fear it?

The golden path some call a disease.
It sneaks upon you from between the trees
and it calls and you follow if you're brave enough
but after ten steps it disappears.

And when you come out in the woods in the night
and no path can be seen, you are wondering why
you left it behind you only to wind
up lost and alone and poor.

That is my fate, it seems to be,
wrestle over and over with this disease,
hope the reason will find me soon enough,
for I gave it all up to come out this way,
and I followed the music come what may
even knowing it might be a spell

and I might end up worse off than before,
a disease-ridden mongrel on the forest floor
chasing my own tail to no avail,
finding nothing awaited me after all.

Nobody still knows who makes the call,
nor why it falls so seductively
upon my ears and pulls me away
from whatever I'm doing to break my life down

in a manner that cannot be told.

But I have been here many times,
know well my way around this room,
going round and round yet never moving,
still tightly bound to fear of losing.

As I do this another time
I cannot feel it as much inside
as I did when younger and it first came on
and I did not know what was going on.

10-19-17

when you make myths
you open your doorway to hits
At the deepest level
A flood of treasure
or crashing waves
An unholy liaison
while you're away
In the sacred place
to which you will return
And which will never be the same.

11-13-17

True Words

The Way is not to go out there, seeking,
knocking on every closed door,
but to turn inside, face your own heart,
and find what you are living for.
Then, carrying those words that spring from the well,
that ring true, you walk on in the world,
coming not from without, running 'bout
and giving yourself the runaround,
but coming out from within, you find,
you meet, you greet, with your true words,
your sigils, and your only flag,
those who accept it, those who sing or speak back
with words of their own, from the land
where your flag was born.
And that is the secret, that is how
to walk through the world and make it your own
true life. That is the way to live free;
tunnel in and come out from the other side.

11-17-17

Out behind the winding roads
awaits an entire ocean.
Can't you see in the dark
what lies behind it all?
The stillness, the peace,
the things you've been missing,
the missing states,
the locking gates,
flooded after all....

Your words aren't enough
Your notes can't be transcribed
into any more perfect tongue.
And so, like this,
having tried to express,
the traveler
travels on.

Onto the next
through the locked-up gate
sometimes glimpsing the ocean in wait
and tasting the salt
but it's never enough
to break.

My lover goes on
in his lonely hour,
trying to find the cure.

And the ocean calls –
the call of the sea –
behind a swell – attain mastery.

Somewhere distantly
from the road he takes
sits a lighted house
where a friend awaits
and my lover, alone, marches on
toward that doorway,
beautifully unaware.

My lover is on a journey to cross all terrains

My lover is on a journey
to cross all terrains
before he stumbles into the lighted house,
soaked from the ocean,
torn up from the climb,
worn out from marching
over the sands
with only the stars to light for a thousand miles.
He has become another,
clawing out from the inside;
he recalls the first moment of gasping for breath
when he finally burst his head out.
Now quiet and tired,
by the fire he falls,
and a new light comes softly,
a friend comes soft,
eyes over the room,
patient and kind,
he has nothing to say,
longing only to sleep;
he is so far away
from the land where he started,
from the man that he was
in another life that thrives on a distant shore
he cannot relate or return to –
that man is no more.
Careless optimism wiped from that young face
by the turbulent shores
that tossed him, the waves
merciless, unrelenting,
teaching truths via batter,
wiping out all he knows
leaving him blank,
devoid of his visions,
indifferent to pain,
numb through his body,
but still, alone, kind,
in a simplest manner,
a note ringing quiet,
all that is left inside.

In this lighted cafe
where the locals gather,
my lover, newcomer,
wants nothing;
he sits by the fire,
finally crossed all terrains

and everyone wonders about this stranger,
come at the behest of the winds and the waves,
by their motile fates
that swept him along
trampled him down
tore up his life
tore up his thoughts
tore up his plans
tore up his wants
tore it all down
pushed him to drown
to the floor of the sea
brought him back up to a foreign shore
fought through watery fists with his splintered boat,
left only to walk
along quiet sands,
and no way to go back.
An act of God
to pull him out?
He was so stuck
in the world that adored him;
he needed to be left alone,
to be thrown out,
to be cast off and cast off the closet of cloaks
he wore and wore
tear up their stitches and leave him naked ashore
of the foreign land where he will find
a familiar face he never could otherwise know...

and that is the tale of the reluctant explorer
the one, more than any other, I know.

12-08-17

Secret Rock Star

I knew that he loved music from the first day we met.
He had long hair and flannel and taped up boots.
He bragged about that for a minute; I laughed;
He showed his guitar and the dreams of his past,
mentioned his love for it every so often
on bike rides we took along long country roads.
He called me to talk and divulge interactions
with folks he met randomly, asked for perspective.
Then one day he met a few folks and they started a band:
his friend, his other, and a couple unknown.
The wife, lead singer; the husband, drummer;
his friend played harmonica; his other the bass
and guitar alternating sometimes with my sex bud
not boyfriend but more than acquaintance I'm sure -
they started to practice every which day
and watch movies on evenings; he and they
became a circle on which I stood outside;
that was fine; I had mine coming up at the same time.
But still texted to ask how he was and to honor the bond!
My boy formed a band and ceased to correspond.
I told him to tell me how band practice went
and received no response since the time that was sent.
Then it hit me that all of this time, far below
the hair, motorcycle, and the back of a show
was a rock star in slumber, in wait of the light
to shine on him - was all the humility just temporary
til fortune smile gaily? was all of the silence
just hiding a hubris too dented to shine?
to claim lovely ladies awaiting in line?
to believe he's the shit and when his shit shone
to leave behind the stand-in ho?
Does my good, conscientious boybud believe
that he is a rockstar and god underneath?
And does a rockstar contain a rockstar's mind?
to shoot for the stars via leaving it all behind
when given the once in a lifetime sign to sprint?
to cut ties with what holds you back you think?
to believe in the rock n' roll lifestyle as the ultimate vision,
the caveman who can't be tied down born in '92
as the ultimate manifestation of man?
cut ties but I think when comes the wane
you'll come back to explain why you were gone
and say well that was a fun ride, come over tonight!
I'll be gone on my sailboat, with no service to get
that return text next month on how band practice went.

Burnin in the true for many long years the flames beneath my soles
up to my arms inside my heart – I can't keep still
Blind wealth comes a creepin like a vine over all the quiet build
No place in the world to settle – I can't keep still.
Little vines and gentle reasons not-so-gently get nudged out and down
turn into villains who can't hear and jump the edge.
Kicked out of each place I come to by louder voices – so I keep movin on.
Evicted from the garden by the dollar and the pound
He who has more weighs a ton by foot and leaves a mark in Earth
while stories come and go into the none.
I keep sailin round and round in search of a lost past can never stop on shore
took over by the hoard.
Nobody to listen to the silence of the world beside me.
Everywhere I go kicked out by louder voices so
I cannot find a place to sit upon the world.

I move along the surface
and in the true
they do not touch
and say different things
two lines, two different lives
and separate motions for each

the sea's other side
a whirlwind was spinning
everything she touched
was passed through its fattest core
she could not live otherwise
could not take it in calm
not let lies slide
nor let things hide
she was so made
so she became

He will blaze along,
destroy another world,
and his mortal enemies,
who so love their small enclosures,
will, after centuries,
have them again.

He is the riverman in his bones
his manner is easy for all of time
aversion to fighting and conflict resolution by floating silently into the night
set into the pine

many come by to disrupt his peace
but can't a ripple cause
he has a joke for every type
and an eye for every tease
already written on his arm

set to sail the river bend
to wear the hat
on simple days
to let the others
come and press
to live until he
dies that way

2017

I Thought...

walking all over the barren land
looking again for a place
where a story that calls my name is starting to live
so I can pick it up and carry it on.
All the stories I found have ended
and I feel I need to find
a tale that will spin as long's I'm alive,
and maybe one to pass on.
I thought the last one would be like this.
I thought I had picked up a vine
with roots running through the entire earth
like I could see through boarded up windows.
But it was a tip
and it died in my hands.
I watered it daily and hoped
turned it over to examine each line on the leaves
tried to learn the language of plants
asked it so many questions
(but, I feared, in my native tongue),
kept it so high up by the sun
it mostly stayed silent
and I still hopelessly followed its vine.
Now I'm back on the road again
traveling alone, empty handed,

naked and nameless
all is quiet
out here where there are no landmarks or signs
not even a face against the horizon.
I don't know what face I am looking for,
not really looking at all, not open for other stories when I found a path I wanted to travel on,
a fateful beginning, a blossoming middle, and an end of surprises
would be nice, but I need
somebody else to be.
Something to find.
Something that feels
I'm wandering the desert,
wondering how many more I can be
before I grow tired
before I stay lost,
sit down make my home in the sand and the silence
having lost the chance to be lost at sea
and bitter about the touch departed
the ghost that dangled my identity
and reminded me, when he disappears,
that I was too weak to have it.
Shrugging at visitors,
indifferent to caravans,
remembering that I have seen this one before
or this is the same as another; I know it ends soon;
I don't want to know anything anymore.
I can never predict the land's next mirage
I mean, in the desert I saw a whole fucking sea!
Could have sworn I was swimming and diving
when I was sitting and dreaming
and my shadow was company.

2017

The ultimate horror is not to be needed
by the world of need.
Knowing you are losing your place,
you face only two choices:
retreat quietly to the nooks or the outskirts and live the legend you are,
wait to be found by another soul who will put you on,
or take what you have to give so that you made fade fulfilled,
or you yourself may carry the inner life ahead
and be willing to change –
you have no such choice
for you have no choice but to act as you,
and what will happen is what you'll do.

2017

Bring forth your castle
 into the world
 out from behind the veil
Rip it open with your moat
 show the dragon
 another way
Show a way
 a path
 that comes
 through the door
 and shines
 but once
 for ever
 and
 for all
 a light
 under the ground
 bursting out

01-31-18

The Pain From the Core of the World

All night, I lie
tossing and turning,
wondering
if I know how to do anything
anymore.
Feel a stir
I must 'lean into',
quieter
than all popular titles
and unending new lines that distract us
have kept me chasing
for many years
optimal external ways
to make it in the world today without dying,
or being snuffed out from the inside;
I'd rather, if I must be snuffed out, from without
and it isn't even painful anymore
to feel it graze my skin
to suffer a disease
to get my heart broken

by disappointment in love.
No, I'm too old for that.
Last year I was ten years my junior.
I keep trying
to touch the sacred core in me again
but keep losing touch, it seems by default.
Have noticed
my own number constitution
taken over within the past three years.
It sends me to some sort of brink just beyond my view.
Is that where the visions come from
that fill up my mind these days,
of setting out to sea alone?
What a relief washes over when I think of being by myself
through the duration of adulthood
and accept it as my fate
as I watch everyone around me become people I
had identified from a distance in youth as set molds
when my friends and I were still undifferentiated;
over recent years they've subtly slipped into those
and I realize, so have I
only now I see who I am,
perhaps,
who I always was going to be.
And I look at the one who has been my lover for the past two years as we drive
and under the cold and quiet light
I see he'll end up alone, as well.
Was it our cataclysm
that pushed us both down?
Take two soft but difficult people,
difficult to peg into satisfaction within our human world,
easy to work with,
and you get...? Tremendous growth,
so rapid, I've aged sometimes years in the course of three days!
Wrung out my love for hip cafes
and absorbing ambiance;
now I'm simply going about my way
wherever I am.
Less fanciful
than the curiosity and wonder I held
before I became so tired
so let go of the hope for love,
so numbed by what I've become by clinging on,
the only way to deal with the shreds you've torn yourself into
without noticing you were.

My lover is still watching
in the lighted house where he's stopped,
arrived after crossing all seas,
after a lifetime of searching,
of wandering –
I glimpsed his form through the infinite window
back by the fire
sitting there still
the way I sometimes do –
he is there still
a long time hasn't moved
with nowhere to go
for through the portal I see it
the lifetime unfolded
in the secret world
(it's hidden from me
'til I summon a pulling body
on the right night)
and he waits for me there
he's waiting for me to arrive
he is waiting for me
like he's certain
like he knows

To long for someone again is old
I'm old in ways that can't be told
I'm too tired to throw all of myself into the ache again,
but it comes.

Just like all the firsts I had,
brings me back to many ages,
back to old thought patterns, stages
I thought I had passed.

Like my first love,
like first failure,
when around the longed-for man
I see the hidden lifetime hovering
before my eyes again,
the portal to so many riches
flaunts its transiently coy glimmer
and I am speechless in the open,
once more growing thinner.

And if I don't get him, I'll go alone,
as far as I can, to the core of the world
Reach the same waiting inner terrain
from the opposite door;
same end, in pain –

Like all of the others
all of the others
who gave me the fuel to move the world.

3-25-18

I live inside the storm now
blind in the blind world
always touching the core

In the swirl that enfolds me –
well, I have plunged in
took a breath and said do it
over the edge

It was water that caught me
the ocean that leads to all oceans
the drifting that leads to the way

And I have pushed off from lost harbor
cast off into the night
and it pulls me, and pulls me
I am always inside

The cure came on suddenly
one simple day...
I am on my way
a pointed line that cuts through the middle
that turns back the clock 'til it stops

I'm in the going
the beautiful sea
with always an ear to the life in the core

I'm touching the water
touching the sun
living in line with the rules that made us
not the rules of one man who makes us do
well, you know

I'm just on the other side
and I'm coming, I'm coming
like wind

Going In the True World

They love you, but they can't reach in
cannot reach in and pull you out
cannot issue commands
in the language spoken there.

They love you but they cannot see,
cannot comprehend the mystery
you're inside.
They cannot give you answers.
They cannot be your piling or your pier.
All the support you seek
all the support you need
must be dredged up from the deep,
and from where? That you must ask yourself.

Nobody else. There is nobody else
always with you in the inner life.
You are swirling in the sphere
left alone to rediscover North,
electromagnetism itself.

Let go into the wind
and that you will become
with all the strength of nature at your back
to grow and grow and grow.

It never ends, no,
not the true life.
No borders around the True World;
only lost civilizations,
eternal explorations,
underneath the show.

To the True World we go.
I have found what I sought:
the Way to Endlessness.

~

For it you must give up
all that you know
all you dream and plan
to let it lead you on
only God knows where.

~

But we'll keep going, going
on into the True,
the road that never ends,
the 'us' we'll never understand:
our own humanity.
That itself is to be free!
Always left to seek
the universe within
the template that we are
and *how?* Just drop your jaw;
that's all there's left to do.

~

And that is what we seek
that is what we seek
every time that we come home.

4-08-18

We have come up here
from a long way
A long path lies behind us
but finally we're here
And that is all that matters,
to walk through the archway
and never truly return...
where we are going
we do not know
but we knew we were
headed to the way.

I can hear you talking
in the space when we're apart.
I know you seek adventure
and are ready for your life to end
standing upon shells,
afraid to let them go.

... And wherever I am
my heart is full of crashing waves
(I can see inside with my eyes closed.)
This is the end of the story
where it all has come
(where I place the mark of my rebirth)
Why do these visions drive me so?
Everyone can see by now
all my naked love,
and who I want to be.

I am the breaker
who comes crashing through
wherever I happen to be
stealthily
not because I wish to;
because I hold the breaking sea

and I do not know why
I do not know why
but what I need is time
a quiet place to be
and constant conversation

I am always in the sea
because the sea is within me

All the time my eyes are closed,
I behold it ever more
that private, lovely world
that keeps me separated

How can I go?
I can never tell
where it will carry me next
nor how the chips will fall
around me as I move

But I pass through
 (and wish I did not)
touching who must be touched,
 likewise being touched
 so I can go further
 down this most mysterious road
that one day falls out to the ocean
 the next weaves a kingdom over land
I for certain understand
 that one may not follow the next
 and the tale may never end.
 I am only given glimpses
 and never can go back
 even in midsentence
 even if unfinished
 and still longing to
I take these longings with me
to the next world as my fuel

... To encounter open faces
 to greet unprepared hearts
 who never saw it coming,
 who never knew what hit them –
to stir up all the hidden places
 ruffle untouched spaces –
It breaks open your ground,
 and doesn't spare the nice ones
 nor pause for casualties

Most precarious to be open
lest that wind pass through
 blowing only forward
 at a speed you must oblige
Say goodbye to neighborhood
say goodbye to former life
 Be carried to a shore
 Where you may only wake up poorer

In those crashing waves
lives a deep I can't access

I can barely touch
the riches

Let alone bring them up
where they may wither in the sun

I only sense what's below
one world crashing on another
living for a moment
having its brief turn

2018

It's the attitude I want
the attitude I seek
like the man
living upon the deep sea
looking round.
To walk around town like you are the bricks
without trying to breathe every detail in
they all are part of you
Don't want to step through any door
fall into a dramatic loop, or
get onto some topic.

I'm a ghost
and a fixture
like the lampposts
like the air that makes
the place itself
the negative space that
carries all of the flavor
I have sunk into that,
the eternal world.

2018

Who is happy when you're true to yourself?

Oh, my love, on the other side,
I finally know how to touch your hand,
how to make contact with you on command...

Answer me, who is it that rejoices
when you do the things that put you
in touch with your own self?

For so long I had known but forgotten or undermined
the importance of being true to what I believe.
But now I understand why:
That is when we make contact, my love,
the contact for which I have searched my whole life.

Who is it that feels so free
when I cut off the strings that bind?
My love calling me from the other side.
Now I understand why he is hidden.

So long I thought you were hiding behind an ink sky
that little by little rubbed away,
let me see glimmers and glimpses of my one true face,
but lost again, covered over by a fresh spill
I did not even notice clouded the view...

But I had it all backwards.
I usually do.
You, wild, are out there, on the field,
dancing in freedom, roaming the streets,
crying aloud in your unbounded voice,
and my vast ink sky is a crust of close dirt
claying my face - so when I break free
that is why it feels like new breath.

The seemingly mystical, when understood,
is the most pragmatic, concrete truth,
the most realistic, simplest grain.

I recently, to myself, a scenario posed:
what if I always went with the urge
to react as I feel unhindered by expectations,
commonsense considerations, and truth
of experience?
To react as I would if a comic book hero,
to go with what longs to be manifested,
to go with the voice that asks no questions
but simply states what it wants

without a glance at what the world does.
Well, that would be living a child, and free,

but it took me a couple more days to see
this silly scenario meant far more
than what I expected when it first popped up:
for, when I do this, someone is happy,
and when I chanced to be recently freed,
as I longed I would, and as circumstances granted,
I glimpsed you again.
You come up with the hidden truth.
Both together will surface.

I hear what you're saying now, over the waves,
and I know how we will be together.
I know how to make it so always.
I know what it means to live free of fear
of cobwebs and expectations
of shadows and weights.
Most importantly, I understand why,
so pragmatically, I urge to be true,
and yearn for the true expression,
and the surface of earth to reflect my own heart.

5-13-18

(a poem sure 100% to be misinterpreted, this does not mean to follow each whim. Rather, it means to be free of the binds imposed upon you by others. To be free of unfair binds to walk freely in the field toward your own life... not to live a free life inconsiderately and on the basis of pure, fleeting emotion)

Labor force ditty

the thing I want more than anything is freedom
the thing I want more than anything is time
the thing I want more than anything
is for no man to pull upon my string
the thing I want more than anything is freedom

the thing that is hardest of all to wield is freedom
you may find you run back to structure in no time
you find that you walk in an open field
with no one before you to take the lead
the thing that is hardest of all to wield is freedom

the thing that costs more than anything is freedom
to get it you must invest great amounts of time
the price of freedom is up these days
by the friends and family with whom you part ways
the thing that costs more than anything is freedom

5-13-18

Rapture Crescendo, 2AM

A story of disproportionate,
inconceivable,
unpredictable ravishing beauty
lives inside of me
like a waterfall of half-formed visions.

I barely have time to glimpse the vast terrains
careening before my eye
before they change shape,
write ten new chapters,
so far ahead of my mind.

Vaguely see two main characters
meeting,
 playing,
 parting,
 greeting,
repeating it over and going on
somewhere new
in the neverending.

Oh what am I to do!? I can barely bear witness
to what I long with all my being
to bring onto the page.

How can I repaint
the cerulean ocean,
the mystic archway that always awaits,
the entire landscape of interconnected
bits of image I have gleaned,
that happened to pass my way?

We are still out in the midst of the ocean,
just after sunset;
today is a calm blue sea.

A friend needs nothing from you,
not even if you are holding the key
to their home.

Cerulean Ocean

I am besieged by a love so free,
I can be myself in your company,
we can be together and be alone,
I can walk along every road.

A love so free wants only company,
will not ask of you even if you are holding the key
to the castle but two feet away....

Live the life you live and I will stay
by your side
because in you I see the journey,
the youth that brings me to tears,
the reasons I did not see before
and the more I know you, the more and more
I know, I am certain.

Quietly, I come to feel held
in your presence.
I see cerulean
once again
my entire sky –
entered the vast expanse
that has long been waiting.

From that land I can bring nothing,
cannot translate into tongue
the song which my heart now is singing,
the melody ringing throughout all space,
the life that my soul is living.

A land inaccessible
as the distance grows
for the forest moves forward
and it cannot be slowed.

She dons the disguise of a beggar queen
or an invalid
or one insane
or perfectly plain
and traverses all manner of inner terrain
to get to the dunes
to preserve what will be his ghost.

In the land, the boy grows.
Alone, he grows harder
without her guiding light
without her by his side
as he traverses the forest
and it comes in blows
that can't be avoided,
the crust over him hardens
and he isn't as soft
he isn't as warm
and finds himself in the dark night

But when the queen returns
and the young man is older
she bears in her arms
the boy he could not remember anymore,
the boy who dwelt on a distant, sandy shore
once upon a time.

Summer 2018

Outwardly, I can still make sense
but underneath I have lost it

I am there in the inner lands;
on which days can I find this?
Abandon yourself from making sense
and go as it simply goes.
Only on days when I know this without words,
only on days when I'm sick with the cure,
and as I draw and try to bring it out,
my sniffles and fever calm down.

2018

Song of the Witch

I am who I am
forever more
as the forest continues to grow.
No false kings
no pretenses
can destroy my last defenses,
can throw me off course.
No great waves
no wrecked ship
no dangling treasure –
for I come alive in the inclement weather
and nothing can touch me
to death.
Nothing can kill me
except the angel,
my friend.

Summer 2018

Of Mystery

I walk as I did yesterday,
a sword drawn through my core today
as visions of a breaking world
play behind my eyes

like it was so long ago
when I knew not to let it go
and even now when I do nothing,
still it feels the same.

For a life ends now, I feel it;
see the same, behind a screen;
prisoner, I can do nothing,
blind, I still can feel you bleed

I sense you are lost as I was.
Have I passed along my seed –
the essence of a life, forgotten,
burned through wholly over years – ?

just as I came to the last steps
of some strange trajectory,

wandering for six long years,
lost, alone, and going nowhere,
reemerging normally –

fully normed, yet someone new,
the same as she who fell, gone through
tunnels inexplicable, upturnable, inimitable,
nonexistent turbulent oceans, lands transformative invisible.

Across the sky, I hear your cry
see your long trajectory
know somehow that you are now
thrown many miles off your set course.

Please know that I go it with you
even though you go alone
even though I've disappeared
the phantom from my cells dissolved

I remain now as a shell
a voice for what has walked through me
and *you*, my friend, are now the actor –
so through music I perceive.

A miracle has passed between us
that in the space we crossed to touch
the starlight that would else have sputtered
jumped across the black divide

caught by, from all One's worth, Another,
held to carry it inside,
by the starlight to discover
the life of One, unheard and vibrant,
not in theory but through stepping,
by metabolizing One,
taking up the cross, Aloneness,
to play for Life a melody

that will make the hardest lonely,
that will serve to be your guide,
that will take you on a journey
to and from the Human Wild

and now Another – I have faith –
will press his palm down flat upon
the beating heart of all we are
forgetting as we leave the sun.

Still about the ghosts's eyes –
these symbols are old and used up from a melting treasure trove.
I need new ones. I need new lore.
You know what that means – I cannot be who I was before.
Yesterday's I has aged and died
and a new direction as rich and as deep has not appeared.
Old stories and ways and the way of ways
have been written through.
Now I still here remain knowing not what to do.
I could go somewhere – it doesn't matter where.
Sometimes one mythology is fine for one life,
enough to keep you exploring a lifetime.
Maybe I crave more entertainment when it's simply time to work.
Maybe I crave you like a distraction.

7-29-18

All the paths I have already walked,
even the knowing of walking circles,
even the journey to the core,
to the outside crust of the seed.
All the paths of love I've taken,
several times over until my legs fell off.
I walk in circles bored and laughing,
telling my stories to no one.
I found stories that could not be translated
into any human tongue.
Many minds find them separately.
The hero pushes you further in
into loneliness that comes from knowing
into a winding path alone
that started in ignorance and daylight joy,
that was always the lunatic's song.

Going everywhere, it doesn't matter where,
everywhere I go
sing the lunatic's song of being upon
for unknown ends the Earth.
Goals are poison if you're open;
you may attain them and face the danger
of pausing at the top of the mountain
to look at those standing around you.
Going down the mountain back to the valley
like a wind-up doll
going up to the peak like it's nothing;
there's nothing to a fall.
Going around the unstable earth
singing the lunatic's song
bringing tales of a world that is vanishing

a treasure light already gone.
That's fine for me, that's fine for me.
That's how it ought to be.
But tell me, architect of age, what's next for one like me?

7-29-18

Goodbyes

everyone is saying goodbye right now
and the winds of change are blowing through
the long plateau of halcyon days,
blowing me along to the next
and I leave so many stories unfinished
to ache in the past
 for their completion
I guess I could've stayed longer and seen it through to the end
but I guess I couldn't – the bell rings now
 the time is now
with all the material I acquired
all the chaos that transpired
in just a few short whirlwind moments
and chance connections
chance-crossed lines
that pull us forward by our eyes
we all came here looking for something
and what I found was what others were seeking
that glimpse through a window
that doesn't happen too often
into disturbance and human unsettlement
into a broken land
into being in the middle
into the struggle
of hearing the call of the sea
into the border between something else and your sanity
covered thinly by public acceptance
revealed by meandering paths below the leaves
how did I touch you
in our brief interlude?
I was a burning star
never able to finish one sentence
in that unreachable world.
Though I try to buy notebooks and pens
earn slowly ranked degrees
try to make plans

the volcano erupts as it needs
and I spill it wherever I am
and I cannot go back to it ever again
it's unfinished and hangs in the realm,
still beating
wanting a moment for completing
its course runs in the undercurrent
and all of them whistle in my ears
as I swim through the ocean that never stops moving
and nothing gets old – no it's all getting new
and how do I go about telling you!?
all of this I cannot hold onto!

The concrete holds us, barely changing
behind our eyes lies a different story
a combustion of stories
I cannot make sense of and bring to Earth
for there is too much in there
there is too much to spill!
not enough time in a single life.
The world inside me is vast as the universe
I am about to study
and what I really wanted to convey
still beats, restlessly

8-23-18

I know the kind I am
I know for what I stand,
in a word, freedom,
in a word, kindness
those two, and inquiry, would be the seed
of my family
but I do not know
if I want to carry
my seed, myself, my own on
into the new world:
deep deep down
I am content
to be the end of the line;
it feels as fulfilling
as having kids;
that is how
I know it is mine.

9-30-18

Lover on my wall
 we never get old
I hear your call as soon as I'm alone,
 the only place
 where I can take a breath,
 I find you right away,
 waiting for me
 on the blank wall
 of the room that's my own –
oh, how will I ever live in the world
 when you're the only one
 who lives inside the place where I dwell,
 bigger than all I project beyond the secret well?
Most comfortable I am here,
 and only here,
and when I spend too much time outside of my head
 you disappear.

Lover on the wall
 it's not a scary place
 to be alone when you haven't in so long.

11-08-18

Blind Man

Blind Man can't see one step ahead
every world at every moment
sprouts a new garden
full of new species

When everything touches
so deeply, even
the littlest thing –
Blind Man lives like this,
from one garden to another
sprouted waned and mulched to soil
until tomorrow, can't predict it
can't depict it
can't follow
Blind Man is unfollowable
unfathomable
unspiritual

living in the spirits' world
a world that's past us once we name it
world so fragile one can't say its name
a world so fine, memory can't encode it
a world that's all my life – I cannot show it
when I try to bring it out
it comes out in gibberish
and only my drunk mind
can make any sense of it
Blind Man is alone – know it
traveling on and on
where is always the unknown
the next phase doesn't live until
he makes the turn
right into the dark

Who won't tire of my sadness?
Who won't stay to know it all?
Who could breathe in every atom
of the world inside my chest?
Of the cosmos growing in me
changing in the name of beauty

when something's felt you do not waste it;
find the ones that call your name
the private world, your home and birthright
with the gates that hold your curse
the private bedroom you alone
know too well – its siren call
at times possesses an entire ocean
to lure you out and once again alone

the doorways that your garden makes
disappear in one day's turn
you cannot explore each option
every path of every world
will live and die unknown
even to yourself
so much remains unburned
let the leaves that fall never burn up
they don't live but leave their imprints
in your garden's wake as you
walk along another body
through a door that wasn't there before

Every day you live like this
Every day does Blind Man go
on and on into the deepness

Tethered to the Well

I'm tethered to the well,
fall in whenever I need its pain
come out again and burn
die to remember why I'm alive.
At the bottom lives a fire
ignited by your skin and knives.
But you must surely come up
and the pressure pumps you out.
He is my muse, who's afraid of the dark
I know to be my savior.
He is afraid of being alone as I was
and I was just being myself.
No borders whenever I am.
No neatness wherever I am.
Break the world's skin
just by walking.

12-13-18

House at the Crossroads

Hanging, building, forming between two worlds,
between the bricks of the street
and the hand of fate
stands the house at the cross of so many roads.
From there come so many roads
and I took the road that led you and me
its own story beautifully
to the house that stands,
or to the cross where so many pass
and a home was made
here we sit
collaborate
stay a while
let magic transform
respect the stories of distant roads
we come to understand.
My road ends
before it goes
on for more, transformed.

November 2018

I can move the world
and hide it all under my skin
run to the other side

I can move the world
hide all the pain under my skin
in a pocket
and cross our great divide

I no longer remember
how it came to be
go on day by day, so hollow
but I smile, crack a joke,
as I used to be –
who was never, ever so well known

There's a world gone on living inside a past
hidden from me by my mind.
I'll awake suddenly from my dreams sometime
and set off without a word.

I can move the world
if only I go blind
if only I can stuff the echoes down
with my gentle hand
holding yours in the land
so distant, I no longer hear the sound

The body's made to swallow trauma

the soul was made
to seek, to wallow,
the body made to
swallow trouble

in the endless diorama
spin I, hollow,
unable to
remember how
it felt to hold you
all I have
are fantasies

the soul was made
to self-discover
body made
to swallow trauma
out of reach
inside somewhere

2-6-19

There is no right, there is only my song
and resolution can never come.
The world I inhabit only goes deeper,
the pain that drives the movement blisters on.
With age the answers do not come;
the questions merely change.
The world I discover hums along
to its own brutal currency:
three minutes of ecstasy
for thirty thousand miles of despair,
for all the castles in the air
to meet their maker on the floor.

3/15/19

Interview for a 6-figure job in the throes of depression

I'm walking a dangerous rope,
feeding off of the night,
under the guise that it's just for a while.

Darkness dances around me and
I dance around them,
losing who I am
when finally cured.

Is there nothing outside the battle to bring myself up to ground level?

I am a warrior who will dissipate
once the war is won.

In the room I have kept or has kept me
I find all who have touched me.

Sometimes they call;

I told myself,

I don't need to be anyone's friend.

Sometimes they stand silently, far away, thriving on the other end
of the long, long hallway
making a healthy life
without me,
moving ahead.

I am playing with a dangerous rope
that may twirl around my neck,
in a moment of underestimating its cunning.

One night it might get me,
but I continue taking the risk.

I came into the sunlight for half an hour
and when she said bye, fell back below,
sank into the comfortable thought
and the sickness;

understood something about how I made the world I have known for the past seven years.

She offered the chance for a spot at the top,
and I gawked, me!? I've been living underground,
unemployed and coasting on early efforts,
ignoring the rules of free-market economy.

In the darkness I paint beauty
and I am not yet done. If I win

I will drop the art halfway, forget the love I found
and its tale I so painstakingly brought from the shadows and loved;
the only world and the only me that I know will fade,
and I will be victorious, but nameless.

I would rather drown as the captain
of a ship that fights across a brutal sea, teaching the laws by example of structures that do not really
need to be,

born out of mother depression,

as is her gift,

who left me to find

beauty, and something new, inside the cracks of night

or rather, stars, that let in a little light from the normal world I would otherwise be perfectly part of,
turned me into the artist of nothing,
turned me into something.
In the world of daylight I am nothing
but somebody else's arm,
and in my disease-ridden kingdom,
I am the lost, lonely queen.
Cured, the story fell off
and I become everyone else
walking in step on the hiking trail
hearing nothing under the soil.
I belong in the world of daylight;
there I will find my love.
I will build a ladder from underground to my home beneath the sun
and show the world what earthquakes reveal.

4/5/19

tl;dr: potential for 6-figure salary job cures my depression for a second, but I have a mission to use this depression to help others and educate the world on what the tricks of our brain do to the world and to human experience. I don't want to work in san francisco.

I was forged from the flames alone.
Now that is clear.
I watch you go on
watch you fall in love and play
play and meet a bright new flower
flitting along her way
not expecting to meet her wide-eyed, wisened prince
as she smiles brightly, carried on the breeze of life –
and from afar, I watch you fall in love again.
I am the storyteller.
I tell this story.
I was so made from the flames.
Humans have loves that spark and flare on earth –
ghosts only look.

Don't try to convince me
my story's not done.
The gods have dropped me
and I,
when I see you,
when I remember you,
when I see that you have grown older
because of me
I love you all the same.

My story is over.
I believe it, I believe it.
I saw the ending years ago.
He has crossed all terrains
and she has been sitting there, waiting,
humbly, lived as much, lost as much,
lost her place among the gods.
She watches them now
from afar
no longer enamored.

The world of visions comes at a price
The landscape can come out in mania
Seems to disappear forever on all other days
But you are always inside
or it is always inside
unlocked by any interaction with a new and foreign mind
You are starving for banter, for chemistry, for longing –
the longing you carry is a part of your world –
all you've encountered
is a part of this vast, unmeasured world
You have created, that springs from you
even corners you cannot see
even the other's house
and the other one's land

There is a price to pay for these glimpses:
headaches and the turmoil of daily life
are its fermentation process
and only that
and the indirect but true solution
to the problem of how to be
and how to be steady
(is not to see the future, end)
bring out another representation,
fill in another corner of the map
and still see the formless roil never ending behind it,
still feel you have so far to go.

I cannot blame them
when I myself in moments like this
rip everything I come into contact with
when I disappear in the park
into this world
when my eyes stop seeing
and my hand is moving
and I look up after –
there everything is,
the green spring grass and
children laughing
and birds calmly foraging in the weeds;
the *world* is steady, calm, and stable –
I am not
I am not able
I am somewhere in the balance
arcing through the sky
toward my demise
forever
then go under
then return to arc again

faster, faster,
flying with
all of my longing trailing after
wail and clamor
picture show
for audiences
who do not
know what to do
but watch me go

And I wonder why I can never have anything permanent
or at least more stable
(though nothing is stable
if *you* are not) –
how do I become stable?
Pick something to hold my interest
and work at it
discipline –
the sea calls again.
It is me
who flings my body across the world,
not desires or fates but my ways
and I know if I pick I might break it again
like I did before,
oh, I'm stuck in a dance here
writing poems from ear to ear.

5-23-2019

You are empty, like me
existing for another.
You become the other
and follow their cry.
You do not know this
about yourself
but I saw it next to me
when we lay side by side.
You believe you're the other,
but I see that you are
empty for lover
like I, who love you.

6-2-2019

There's a crack inside my soul
I could sing about it forever.
But I never will return to how I was.

And I run so I can find
what lies over the divide
but every time I lose myself again.

There's a crack within my self.
Every night I sit with death.
But each morning somehow I'm awake again.

It's a nightly visitor
comes beside me to whisper:
“can you tell me why it is that you're alive?”

8-26-2019

My world went underwater
I pushed with all my might
knowing nothing but the fighting moment
clawing up for air.

But I do not refer to air;
I am drowning in my ocean
as if water were expanding
suffocating on itself

break the watery skin
as it pushes in on me mercilessly,
swallowed my kingdom in one fell detonation:
my love and my isolation.

Now there is nothing
to me.

9-10-2019

Stake One Flag

I stake one flag in the land I made.
Try to fight my claim.

Stake one flag and I wear the ribbon
through a reality that does not care.

Stake one flag for my beginning –
the other side my last end's crest.

Stake one flag into permanence,
wear my name around my wrist.

Bear a cup so labeled: CRAZY
for I know that's how they'll name me

but I spoke my name, I claimed my name,
and now I have a home.

9-10-2019