

Whoever You Are

I'm thinking about you. I don't know what else to say.

It's to no one in particular. Just a poem.

I love you. Whoever you are. Listening to the moon.

I love you. Whoever you are. Just listening to the moon with no one in particular who I'm talking to.

I just think, we'd make a great couple. Just thinking about how I used to feel. And I'm sure how you used to feel.

God that seems like so long ago. Just maybe five years. If that or a little more.

Do you remember how much we used to feel when we were younger?

Do you really remember? Whoever you are?

The effects of the alcohol we used to drink together, underrated.

The hellholes we've lived in and been through overrated.

Thinking about those fire pits, where it's felt like we've both broken each others legs, but just out of crawling distance.

Man I miss you.

Whoever you are. I don't remember.

But wow, I really miss you.

Whoever you are. Wherever you are.

It's like you're an unmistakable image. The person who I used to be.

What the fuck were we living for?

I'd rather us died with each other at 22.

In each other arms.

Or maybe I'm not even still alive. Maybe I've always existed.

Existed here, there, or anywhere.

Maybe we've always existed for each other.

All the time.

I have a plane to catch tomorrow.

But who cares.

I'm already drunk.

Finally drunk.

It's been too long, my friend.

My eternal friend.

Whoever you are.

Where you are.

God Knows Who Keeps Changing

The best thing about the weekend

Is the drink

Not the sad Kind that always we end up talking about

But the one

That brings out the real me

The real you

Whoever that is.

AND WE

can we write poetry with our tongues

Two male vices in different bodies

And god knows what you are

It always keeps changing

These times

Between 2:30 and 6 AM

Are always the best

When the world doesn't seem to matter
Because we're eternally 22

And dead.

GoodBye

I wrote a whole book for you

In a second
In my head

That lasted 20 years

And here I am

40

Stuck in some sideways body, freelancing beer drinking to try to make a difference in the globe

Where you are.

God only knows

Where you are.

And who I'm talking to you

You bitch. My bitch.

And the long standing sea that wets the sand that fills me with a kind of East Coast beauty

Only two men would understand in whatever female body you have makes no
difference to me, two men in women form

I love you eternally

Even though you break my heart ever day

And everytime we talk. You think you're better than me.

But I'm not capable to make music. I'm too stuck in Indian country.

You bastard don't even think for a second I don't mean this. The spirits talk to me. More
than you could ever know.

You stole the poetry from my throat. And the alcohol from my beer. So when I drink I feel as
much as cranberry juice would give. me.

The romantic side of me dead.

Floating along in a river of anger. That I have long since abandoned. And it's decayed lichen
driften down the pleas I have forgotten about. Wishing to God I didn't have to give you the
time. To forget about your ass.

Bye.

Always

January

What month is this?

This is the month of pain

Of fear

like a wood dragon, the one that sits on my wall

Where my lungs have long dried out

And my kidneys sit on the wall

Staring at me

Waiting for me to make a move

And friends long dead past

The only ones you could speak to about these things

The three days a year we get drunk

And wait for the moon to rise, under the bitter cold Denver nights

Like some goddamned beat bastard, reincarnated as a sad joke of its own
misunderstanding of who God actually is

Laughing and laughing and laughing at the sun, which they rarely ever see

Who is that friend

Where are they, one of two drinking buddies you've ever had

Where is that friend now?

Bastardaized under the weight of your own religion

Bastardized under the hatred the sun brings

Hatred like falling glass, like eyes too many, like thoughts too have had but Cherokee
desert dreams, a mirage on your own consciousness until you too forget what mother earth
has brought you

Your own feelings lying nothing but your groins of your own selfishness

Who the fuck knows though

Who the fuck knows where they've been, you'll never read this. No one ever truly reads.

No one ever truly reads.

Under the white walls of a miniature masoleum, tarter plastic and alabaster stucco surrounding a rich pension fund that you're too young to understand

Let us walk along the Denver streets, brazen Broadway and drive to Colorado Springs where we can finally lie dead together

Until the financial crisis of our minds wakes us up and we change

Change eternally for this is only a snapshot in time

One that we can not take with us
No matter how hard we try my friend

No matter what.

We will stay together.

In hatred or in lust

In love or in dryness

We will always be together.
Always.

Spouse

Where there is enough

I have lost

A stolen home off Cascade. Somewhere in some town off the highway. Of some remote midwestern state.

My juices dripping. Thinking about what we never had.

Don't you dare come back to me.

Except in my thoughts alone. Where my home is only my spouse will let me know. But we are over.

I'm not used to living this long

Every past life I've had I've barely lived past 20.

Now that I'm 28. I couldn't care less about feeling nothing.

I feel everything.

There's no bond quite like

The bond between two drinking buddies

And taking what makes me a gender

And removing all aspects of my consciousness.

My drinking buddy. My outer space friend.