Genre Undefined

I hear you are writing a new album that mixes the sounds of leaves crunching under gregarious feet, the sound of water rushing under footbridges, and the worst mechanical cacophonies you could make with human hands. You wanted to see at what point the nature noises were stamped out. You wanted to see how long until you turned away in revulsion. When the sounds were overtaken completely? Or before?

My Shortest Poem

There is a gift-shop at Walden pond.

Your Face Will Get Stuck Like That

Smoking a cigarette on the numbered streets rings blow cancerous in the wind against the dingy windows covered in sheets.

The corner is filled with tricks and treats, and the empty promises of time well spent smoking weed on the numbered streets.

I think of measurement in feats and feet, as I write a bounced check for rent, in the shadow of the dingy windows covered in sheets.

Across the street lives an artist who is neat, next door a man in a tent, he's smoking crack on the numbered streets.

In the middle I sit and bleat, about the mind's creative covenant, and throw a brick through the dingy windows covered in sheets.

It sticks in my throat like a record on repeat When I say, "you'll drown in this current current." So I just smoke a cigarette on the numbered streets, blowing out dingy windows covered in sheets.

"Be Cool" - Mick Jagger

Paint our faces masquerade honor holistic dance rituals.

Rightfootleftfoot Gunshotstabwound Rightfootleftfoot

Tap our feet to the beat, nod our head to the rhythm beat my friends with a bat.

"Peace, Love, Harmony"

San Franciscan monks eat magic mushrooms. Touch

each other. Start a forest fire. Kick each other.

in the fucking face.

Almost Real

I saw a sea shell that looked like a urinal cake. A cave like a beer can with the top popped off. A sunny instagram post of a sunny instagram coast. And I know it's all emulating something, something, something.