

## **a song by myself**

I'm a musician with talent who  
just never actually started.  
I love science but failed at memorizing my  
times tables in middle school.  
I tried to be an athlete and I even ran  
a few miles - but I got gassed. It wasn't  
my fault, I just didn't have it in me.

I'm a pretty good student but don't really  
get good grades and I don't  
even like school, I never remember what I learn.  
I eat healthy, fairly often. It pays off, I'm pretty sure.

You probably stopped reading, I  
almost stopped writing. The problem is  
I have no accompaniment. I want to scream  
and scream and shout and throw hate and say  
fuck the government, 'man'. Or I want  
to drink and drink and drool and say hey,  
Li Bi and Bukowski and Hemingway did it too.

But all I have is words on a blank canvas and words  
aren't art. They're what you half ass essays with  
and send to girls you think are pretty  
and skim through.

I'm only half of a lyricist because  
No one will sing my lines and  
I'm only half a poet because  
No one will read them.

## Selfophilic

I popped the lid off this beer and uttered the phrase  
I love you  
to myself; like one would whisper into an Ear  
they're trying to take to bed that night.

I swooned for it,  
knowing how desperate I am for that softness, compassion.  
I know the hopeful are easiest to manipulate. I fell for it, and I took a sip thinking  
damn, what a nice guy  
what sweet eyes, and a good heart I have, telling me something  
No one else can.

Clearing my throat, opening up, I say  
I hate you  
To myself; in the tone one may take when crying in front of their father or their desired lover  
For the first time, and I think  
damn, what a nice guy  
what an honest man, telling me what he harbors inside, telling me something  
I wouldn't expect to hear.

Another beer, another liquid kiss, another sweet array of thoughts and prayers  
expounded from lips to ears without a particle of air slipping from out the mouth.  
Coercion has taken place but by this time -  
it's too late, and lying naked and exposed under the heat  
of the dark room, I sit with my arms wrapped around my body  
my hands on my shoulders sticky with sweat  
my knees keeping close to my chest for warmth.  
The delusion is paramount, the honesty lacking.  
But, in this moment I believe what I say and I say it again and again;  
I love myself.

## Saturday Seventeen

I told myself I'd write one more.  
One final attempt to catalogue  
the feeling that comes with  
being alone on a Saturday night with only  
you and your  
dead poets for company.

I mean, you are in moderately good shape,  
no?  
I mean you are of moderate intelligence,  
right?  
I mean, you do know how women and men  
both  
seek pleasure in the company of the opposite  
and you are aware that, as a commodity  
there  
is it a price on your own head?

But you can't figure out that cost.  
You don't want to. You are living in  
Taiwan  
and the value of the dollar is much lower.

No girl wants you  
and the one that does, well she is either  
perfect  
or perfectly backwards and can't tell  
what is good for her.

What is good for her?

I am good, good enough for Good Morning  
America or  
Rachel Maddow why don't they  
broadcast my advice like they do of the  
stupid and immature?

I always knew my lack of humor would get  
me there.  
Well, not my lack of humor. I'm very funny.  
My lack of relatability more so.  
No, I'm very relatable.  
Well, maybe other people are

just fucking stupid.  
Maybe I'll teach them a thing or two and in  
the  
process,  
they'll fall for me.

## **I left my Love upon her request.**

I wake up and feel the weight  
of your arms on my chest,  
just like before.

I ignore in my daze  
how I should push them off,  
kick my legs out of bed.

Instead, I let them rest there  
on top of me crushing  
my newfound reality.

Could it be, that I want you here  
and you the same?  
Am I opening my eyes to the dream?

I let it be while I'm still not aware  
but, by the alarm's second snare,  
your weight is lifted.

## So what am I?

So what am I?  
What occupies  
me?

I put tumeric on my coffee  
because I envy it's capacity  
to heal  
to reduce inflammation.

I am stressed. I am wired  
and buzzed and tired.  
I'm the unappealing feeling of  
having wet hands  
with nothing to dry them.

Too many hours spent awake spent  
typing and looking and staring.  
When they say hey,  
hey, what compels you?  
Why are you doing,  
that?  
Why,  
I sigh because I don't know.  
I'm not thinking.  
This energy does not belong to me;

I bought it.  
My fingers move and produce my thoughts  
but my brain remains asleep,  
my back is slouched, and I angrily correct it  
Then relapse into indifference  
to these egg-sized aches.  
It doesn't change and I continue  
and it defines me.

Hey, they say,  
what are you?

A cat purring to sleep  
a mouse caught under its paw  
a dog, with a flea. Or maybe  
just an itch.  
A scab, you pick  
or gum you chew and spit out  
when it loses flavor.

We are not clockwork!  
We are not computers.

Human, hypocrite, infinity -  
Cast aside who you are  
because you are also me.