

[time misleads you]

i'm no longer one

to stand, and seether

i am an island
of unpreened sureness

and i don't seek

to see me

anymore.

she sopped cold dirt
on hands and knees

as i spilled my fried nonsense,
over every inch she polished —

i mined out my mind

forging mountains

into molehills,

bereft not hopeless —

oh mother dearest, i run
to where sun is soft and

r
u
n
n
y

i came here for
the money, honey

my heavy
snakeskin steps

won't thunder

quietly

i savor sweet

minutiae

inbetween.

[above the storm]

— or simply in its eye?

waiting to be knocked again —

either way, i find

only so many riveting ways

to tease death —

at the randall children's unit

meanwhile;

polite observers stand

lips sealed / watching

scratched metal mirrors ; us duct taped dummies!

being wheeled up a lift

leaving gauze on

the floor of the cold shower

colorless

walls

— staff perched watching;

insert one cd at a time

scrape skin with sp lin

te r

i ng

spork —

despite all of the noise complaints,

i will never reach Nirvana.

[everyday] this smell spells out spilled milk
i never wiped it up and it soaked

into my hips, my calves, my polyurethane boots
couldn't be bothered— the day unseen

when i'd untie them, fling
them without written cause

they had shit on them anyways
and the smells add up after-all

everything tastes better in july
chugging trains jolt and rewind —

foam spills bittersweet onto
piss-stained soliloquies — too squeamish

to hold me — *an ounce of whiskey won't undo me;*
fear — i Fear!

requiem for a past that isn't changing,
all hope for redemption lends

a blank nod towards abstraction —
although my faith free falls through fiction,

self is unaffiliated.

[dearest] foe / oldest friend

what could i say to you,

that would be laminated —

sugar coated enough,

that *me*,

chicken am i

could say it

to your face?

...

lacking the subtlety to sneak,

— i obsess

over my own unholiness;

this baseline state of functioning —

overdue for Disaster,

bedevilment chides;

if you aren't conscious

of your decision-making,

your decisions are

making you.

[i stand, unmoored]

as the waves
wash me away,

and all
i can hear;

some godvoice,
no body's voice, really

whispering;
'it's ok/it's ok/it's ok, to be held'

*'sink deep, i'll cleanse
stay near, swallowed in'*

in her shore
i cling tight
to nothing

my smallness
holds no shame
in her whole,

and i don't think
i mind it,

anymore.

[you're drunk]
down interstate,
basing crack to crickets
in muddied abyss we beat — a loveseat symbiosis out of vision,
i'm unlearning how to put my lights out —
home is a feeling
i'll chase
in any weather — i inhale your aftershock
on cool white mornings
just like i swore i would undo —
five years downstream;
red flags chase white
rabbits on repeat —
nobody showed
me too
much kindness, everybody showed
me how to live,
when i saw you post abjection
it's as if i never met you,
when you touch me i go stone cold
it's all i ever wanted from you
yet somehow
nothing sits i still reach for
warmth
in the belly of the beast
for long —
before destructing; it implodes
excommunication lies.

[it's all downhill from here]

said the bearded bartender
passing back my new credentials

shepherd me to your booth,
still my soul flees skin
every time

you sit near me

after i fuck

everything up again,

or very nearly do,

every rush — confidence

followed by harsh-

betrayal — remembering

i appreciate the bag when it delivers,

but the build up always breaks me —

i wish i knew how

to be inspired

by the wonder

of the still

earth moving

but i don't

know if i could

surrender

this complacency

for constant-

willing-effort

when the peace of it

is so enticing

to lose myself into.

[bornanew] whore

of the goodwill —

they said i'd stab myself in the back,

but instead i shot myself in the foot

a hundred times —

who's counting?

sockless slides betray lost memories

rose city's full of bridges

but it's also full of dopeless hope fiends —

floods of us, even god lost track

witness heavenly messenger,

down-pavement, burnside fred meyers —

her pubes a dove's nest of

peace, and i wonder,

if i should even speak of this moment.

is the rain really angels crying?

or is the hail bullets — lost shots

from another domestic,

between god

and his underage girlfriend —

are there closed doors to

hide behind in heaven?

it's the [little words]
that you gasp for air to say
believe in heaven

sometimes i delay
processes that beg to sprint
for solidity

it's never too late
to get a fucking refill
bags die for rebirth

ever since i met you,
my skin doesn't fasten right
bad thoughts rush my mind

it isn't my fault
i don't know who i can blame
is shame of this ether?

anyway i try
the frame doesn't fit paintings
only photos will do

it's no damn wonder
i float in holy presence
not when you're present

inexplicable
the sensation of relief
not actualized

just a little more
that will surely do the trick
if we only meet

halfway inbetween
will you ever return here?
ten minutes my ass

5 am is rude
awakening geeked bastards —
the morning sun will soon rise

never trust a hoe
fear fear left alone
immediately

dissipates like air
rubbing between your fingers—
never there at all.