

a strange night

part 1 (10:10pm):

there was a guitar riff,
there was yelling;
i am alone in another room,
i hear people having fun with each other;
i wonder, what are they doing?

part 2 (10:20pm):

i was awake,
shaking and paranoid,
sleep was elusive.
poor choices were haunting me,
monsters in the dreams of children.

part 3 (10:25pm):

there were knives behind my eyelids
as i thought about what i am doing here,
as i wanted to believe everything was okay.
somehow, i thought,
i am going to make a difference
in this sea of misunderstandings,
injustices, and disconnects,
on this place we temporarily inhabit
until I become it,
once again.

the man with beautiful eyes everyone ignored

it's time to move, time to mobilize, to get out of this city.
too safe, too complacent, i want a murder capital.
i want to make left turns down foreign streets,
to see the blood of people who probably did not deserve to die.

drug enthusiasts, i want to run with them.
i want to look into their hollow, worn out pupils
and find what is hidden beneath,
what others have ignored.

these displaced people here don't feel real;
once, one did, he was old.
his beard was large and stained,
yellowed from smoke and rain.
his eyebrows were bushy,
the skin on his face leathery as a diamondback
slithering in arizona sand.

through the brows, two beautiful blue pools
i could almost see my reflection in them.
he remembered conflict,
and his pools became misty
as the early morning mountains.

i sat for a while, listened,
as the sun failed to make either of us happy.
i offered a couple of smokes,
he thanked me.
he finished the story,
i know there was more.

maybe someday again,
i will be the lucky one
to cross paths,
look into those blue pools,
and we can share
misty feelings,
with each other.

does anyone in my life (near my age) know what they are doing?

a phone conversation with my friend
and a book i read today,
both made the space behind my eyes
feel like a fishing line with a ball weight.
they could swell up but i didn't let them;
she is sad, she is heartbroken,
she isn't having the time she thought.
i am sad, i am heartbroken,
i am not having the time i thought.

air flew in through the window,
as i spoke to her over long distance.
connections we could not see,
she went to find herself across the country
i don't know if it's working out,
i sure hope so.

when your escape turns on you

it entered the hole in my center
it ate me up, i was startled immediately.
it took over my head and, at full capacity,
it sat and waited.
on the outside, i was waiting for the end
it felt like it would never come,
i stood up.

walking down the hall
with the creaky wood floor,
the crystal lights,
i knocked a fractal,
it tumbled down the stairs;
glass shattered and i didn't bother to clean it.

back in my room, in my bed;
i contorted my body into a fetus.
shaking and shaking,
the sheets were moist from sweat.
i managed to stand up long enough to reach the door.
the garbage can was to the left, i grabbed it.
in a race against time, i hurled myself back on the bed,
with the can.

i was gone.
death was there.
nothing i felt was real.
that is what i thought,
i was not dead,
however.

strangers

their faces were covered,
i would never know their identity.
it was raining.
half, more than half, almost a whole
bottle in my system.
i was smoking
the clouds kept weeping.
it was spring,
this didn't feel like it.
distant sounds
of a movie no one cared about played
they just wanted sex,
or rather,
one of them did.
they didn't sing,
or dance,
they cuddled,
and had boners
and semi wet pussies.
my feet,
dirty and scratched, bloody,
no one cared.

i went inside,
the movie was louder now.
moldy shit in a pan on the stove
and i was trying to make dinner.
"how can you enjoy a meal in this environment?"
i thought
"how can you taste the food with mold nearby?"
i asked
i didn't have the answers,
i made the food,
and ate it anyway.