

Mad phasey spiritual cusp—

the billy goat yaps a lozenge overflow towards the somersaulting Marriott;
hail drowns like drum patterns off the pier.

Home is just in between these things.

A thin scent of brine chains them

into redundancy

I go

under whelming

isn't that nice

?

To have roots
under your boots

.

It makes standing feel good
in a flood

.

I hear

it's called a floor

when things stop sounding
like they used to

.

peppermint on the tear ducts and the sun is brighter now.

blurry ground curdles

against pointless prescriptions.

i've learned that choosing

healthier sides like

salad makes for a dull boy.

stability with barbecue sauce

and

cool ranch pressings

of finger

to brim

to hips

to tits

to lips

to silence

nothing tastes like it.

not even me.

Unsteady

the orphan Stones dance to oncoming traffic
 like leaves falling in backyards

—often unnoticed

they hitch rides in wheel wells when they get tired.

Eventually discarded

they begin their journey with edges entropic.

Rhythmic rotations weary the body with patterns unrelenting,

the only change is the rhythm,

though that too is often unnoticed.

Brief pauses give time for exhaustion

roughness made smooth

love made leisure

often

I notice

brief pauses like reprieves—

not as simile, but as affection that makes its claim on the basis of similarity;

a cycle of sameness destined to whittle unrecognizably the way blades do

when they sharpen each other.

Worn into a wheel

entirely,

the dislodged orphan slips free

unrecognizable to the rest.

Smooth and unlike, it dances faster,

eager to be unnoticed.

Because poetry is pretentious

I stopped feeling.

I'm sorry for overdramatising pre-tensions,
but the words are hard to write without a preface.

Because poetry is pretentious,
it makes the air a little thicker to hold the smell of my dirty laundry.

Inhale.

Hole marked undies and sweat stained tanks,

I organized them neatly on the lawn for efficiency.

By ignoring the neighbors who weren't there, I moved with such speed
from my home to a patch in front of an empty driveway.

Unbeknownst to me, it wasn't quite my time.

After missing class, I realized,

U-Haul business is good when renters are running late.

"No,

this isn't a yard sale."

By moving, I dodged eviction on my record, on my knees with a signature.

And to tell you the truth,

underneath the floorboards was rotting wood and mouse shit anyways—

but I still cried.

Because poetry is pretentious,

I'm embarrassed that I'm not embarrassed to tell you that.

I understand the technique through captivation of feelings,

feelings studied from warriors—

captivators of me.

They lay scattered under overwritten fields

where their bodies of work are the only things that remain.

But,

because poetry is pretentious,
 fewer pretend to read it
 fewer pretend to care
 fewer pretend to
 fewer. "Pretend
 fewer
 can hear."

It's just pages.

They repeat in sequence between hands,
 just a handful of feelings in sequence, but who really cares?
 How many son's have lost fathers?
 How many homes have been destroyed?
 How many lovers turned to strangers?
 How many brothers turned to boys?
 How much of my tongue can capture this?
 How much of my raw grieving is poetry?
 Reading from a page—
 composèd, I practice holding back,
 because poetry is pretentious, wanting, critical, and rough.

And because of such reasons

I neglected to mention that it has to be so cruel.

Elevated by status like antiquated nobility

poetry is:

perfect and flawed

distantly human

lawless and structured

It has to be

to paradoxically, phantasmically exist in between what has been written, and what that means.

The muppet hand contorts to make a smile.

Distractions irrelevant—my want is wanting

for will .
of re-adjustments

Practical applications

spite me and mine,
learning to somehow

re-learn things that never
Simple things

stay the same .
, like

sorry excuses for being away.
Really I have so much time.

Time like
a w/hole eclipsed
by hands holding me
Helping me
as they tell me
the time and tell me
to watch

for whom the bell rings

My autonomy has become
a product of repetition,

fighting for deviation from
choices on autopilot
solutions to problems

I can't remember—
unless the answer

is staring me right in the face.