

## The Ocean

Shaking,  
vibrating,  
barely even here,  
bumping up  
to everyone else's  
peers  
as if we  
were anything  
different.

-WildFievel

## Ignorant Oppression

This whole time,  
I've been walking around  
on top of the world  
without even wondering  
how the grass feels.

-WildFievel

## Enjoy the Red Moon

I recognized that red moons  
are beautiful and few,  
never lasting long enough  
to appreciate the view.

I noticed your breastbone  
swan dive into your blouse  
open-armed,  
so charming,  
two lips parting  
on the path  
in the meadow  
over on the other side of town.

I sensed your stilettoed silhouette  
settle in the sun ray's  
gold shine  
open minded,  
diamonds lining  
custard colored contours  
slumbering on your shoulders  
too far from me.

I felt your tender thighs  
tremble next to mine  
in the bedroom  
by the red moon  
we'll be dead soon my dear.

I can tell you not to fear.

I can tell you just to feel.

Living in a red moon movie  
take all the beauty you can fill.

-WildFievel

**The Menu Listed Enchiladas in Orders of One or Three and he Girl Wanted Two... She  
Ordered the One**

I was told by my mother, "It's important to listen to your elders," which was quickly  
followed by, "now, put on something nice."  
whatever "nice" was.

I slunk back to my bedroom  
with the same droopy eyes  
and plastered on a catalog page  
over spiderman hanes.

I was told by classrooms that touching stoves would burn,  
staring at the sun would blind,  
and doing drugs would rot my brain.

However, they didn't notice that I'm one hell of a masochist.

I snuck to the janitor's closet after that class with a couple of capsules.

I was told by psychologists that talking to yourself is a bad sign  
even after all the times we've caught each other in the act.

I was told by my grandmother's funeral procession to open up my tears,  
to pour out my emotion...

...I chose to smile and laugh because that's what grandma and I did best.

I was told by a pastor that love belongs in monogamy  
between a man and a woman and nothing more.

There can't possibly be so much love  
in one person that it would split and spill into multiples  
and any group of people agreeing on open terms  
have to be stained with poison.

I was told by all that these conventions should be taken seriously.

From each tongue I saw that certain honesty gleaming,

that hopeful intent beaming,

but the funny thing is, none of these lessons were learned from mistakes.

So screw conventions

Fuck 'em

Fuck

Them

Violently rape them in a rusted dumpster

thigh high in soggy food scraps,

knuckles crushed around their baby hairs,

tracing their ribs with a chewed up plastic spoon,

scraping at the scabs,

eyes plucked upwards,

pawing with a sloppy jaw,

slowly sinking in through the skin.

I was told

that art

had to be beautiful.

-WildFievel

## The Wavelengths of Dubstep

You don't know what I do  
on the dance floor with those brightly colored bodies  
you don't see and  
I don't speak of.

On the dance floor with those brightly colored bodies  
I shake and scream but  
I don't speak of  
you at all.

I shake and scream and  
can't hear my thoughts on  
you at all.  
This makes me happy.

You can't hear my thoughts on  
this life I love  
that makes me happy  
because you don't.

This life I love  
you don't see and  
because you don't  
you don't know what I do.

-WildFievel