

No. 1 Party Anthem

To Peter Coffin,

In honor of your Untitled

(Line after B. Nauman's The True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths)

I bet you look good on the dance floor,

Aren't I the reason you came for,

so what are you scared of?

One foot in reality,

One window to a speakeasy

Purple lights in the floor, we're all turned upside, down

Goes the four-eyed laughing boy into a diamond, pool

Glistening of bodies jiving, grinding, and, breakdancing

Poets and philosophers in the corner, hopelessly, romance

Language mix-up, under the sinusoidal snare drum sound, waves

Crash in the inner parts of your ear, the parts you can't hear, but we're, here

Moving in slow-motion and blooming in, broken

Glass reflects a red and blue radiance of reality, flickering onto the, clock

Timer goes off in the kitchen, where the, best

Friends have gone to entertain us while the cords, kick

Up legs as high as skyscrapers, and as deep as, oyster

Pearls hand-picked by the ocean enclosed by, maroon

Walls scarcely shield uncontrollable laughter.

Venom in the veins and backwash in the bottle

Try your best to keep it down while looking like a model

Have you been drinking, you don't look old enough to be?

Those silly boys in blue won't catch me and you

Slip out the window that you first climbed in to.

Pin the Tail on the Donkey and Musical Chairs

I see you coy shadow, like a puppy follows
Up the spiral stairs, through the white door, to his food bowl
And the blue spotted water bowl, you must be
Hungry. And awfully irritated. You smell like temptation
I wonder why, as we enquire an answer.

The sheets are flat but you read them
Sharply, you have an act of being
Off key and unbalanced. But you weigh
Yourself on one side and somehow I stabilize
The other, as we are Libras.

Satisfaction seems like a distant memory,
Passion is an urban myth on the shelf with
The lock ness monster and the American dream.
But you're not from this time, your
Soul is old, I can feel it in your kiss.

Or you work on Wall Street, counting
Numbers at your disposal, and sell
To the highest bidder when
Your interest rate nosedives into
A pool filled of beautiful women.

But for now I'll conjure wit and you'll
Conjure charm and we'll bake a cake fit for
Certain chaos. We'll call it an act of valor

For all the valedictorians that enter
The door and get lost in the labyrinth.

Sound and Color

I'm having this feeling,

that I've never had before.

There's gold in the ceiling,

and diamonds on the floor.

I'm expensive and contemptuous,

greedy, wanting more.

You're having a feeling,

it was a secret I presumed.

You ran it by the stars,

and reflected it off the moon.

You were too scared to share,

but it illuminated the room.

People call it love,

a fee for affection.

A virus filled my veins,

I call it an infection.

Banana Pancakes

The carless mop on
top of your head.
Summer grass patch
where I lay;
the rays penetrate
all the way to my
bones. And the warmth
overtakes me, till my mind
is in its own. The music overplays
it is my background;
singing the sweetest sounds I have ever
heard. And stroking the keys
till your lips are chapped.
The record still plays,
you never skip
a track.
The euphoric euphony
still rings on the mic;
as my eyes and ears fight
a hypnogogic state.
My feet find the way back
to a carpet floor,
where I find you reading equations,
out of a calculus book.

I thought I stopped writing about boys, then you broke my heart

I took this time to be transpired
And to warm my hands on the flame of this fire
That engulfed me late last night while I was sleeping
And you were working late into the evening

Although distance wise, we've been farther
I've not felt a distance that's larger
Than what there is now. Closed contained chaos,
Lives in my mind, and you had me in checkmate, but I play on

I blocked out your name, more of a memory
But when I am alone, it really speaks to me
And I hate what it whispers so fearlessly
It says don't forget me, I'll do whatever I can to stay in your conscious
And I'll be monstrous, gorgeous, honest, nonsense

How do I eloquently, enunciate?

Leave Me the Fuck Alone