

Poem 1

Start from Zero

It is that time, to question or find a god of choice

But what are words anymore, or this voice?

We look with hesitation, watching the screen

Then return to our walk, talk and everyday

While the walls of silence build over now abandoned freeways

Children bury their own, bury their innocence alone

The fire of home burns the sky,

Tears dried, by frequent goodbyes

Aid the hope for sleep

Bulldozers the nations soul to keep

Helicopters the alarm to wake

If I left, another number for headlines sake

Pick, scavenge, scourer horizon and home

Just need a blanket for sleep, son died, no time to speak....rebuild

Philippines: Lest We Forget

Poem 2

Finding “Place”

To: *The Regressive*

Part 1

Towards thee...

Timeless you became, merchant

Now a bargain beggar

Running..thump, THUMP, thump, THUMP

My breath loses itself in the frost

While this body fumbles down the assembly line

Learning to serve two masters:

Lusting for the open door,

and shivering in its wake.

Constant, calculated...MADNESS

I wrote....to get it out

You said:

“YEAH MY DAD DIED”... now where?

Now wherenowheresomewhereanywhere

But. here.

This must be the place

Place.

I crawled to it

No.

I walked, then run

Back, forth, back, forth

Backforthbackforthbackforthbackforthbackforth

I

NEEDED

THIS

Part 2

Say what you mean...

Parched breathing in the shallow waters

Of a grave dug by hands crusted with dirt

Moving

Brushing

Clawing

Scraping

Married the ground

Then pushed into dark containers,

Unwanted stowaways on merchant vessels

Headed in directions unknown

To paths not led

And faces waiting to be formed.

Break

I killed my darlings

For U

U, Yu, You, You, YOU

Till I was a tourist

Sightseer of all of the same things

Tripped up, ensnared...

Break

Till I was on the road

With a pocket full of danger

Sharp scowls on a clammy summer night

Phone vibrating through my veins

Desperate attempts to stop the somber swish

Of a chrome leash fashioned by the devil.

Part 3

And it speaks without sound...

This seed in the cortex,

Grew branches wrapped around my brain

Vines tangled in the messages that were

Fed by the blind

And raised by a growing suspicion

I went

NO

I ran

I Took a roads led by Kerouac, Burroughs, and Ginsberg

For publicized purposes (of course)

Wanton, wordless, wanderer

I hated _____

I grew questions in a jar, nurturing them for a proper time

A time to **break** because of the pressure

Part 4

The Unfathomable "I"

Hear the voice

But have I not come too far?

Hear the voice

But what have I learned from nothing?

Here, the voice

I forgot it, and it wasn't hard.

Third Wall

I was found in the dust before I am returned to it.

Poem 3:

Amour

Sweat slopped down the side of the threads
Thread that was weaved by the hands of mothers
Who kept their children nailed to the floor
Thread purchased by the reluctant hands of fathers
Who shunned the call of the creatures outside
Thread shelved by the mothers born
From the sins of the fathers.

Walls retained the dam before
The late nights came to collect
Collected your sons and daughters
In roadside reveries and late night misery.

Arms pushed against creaking sides of the square prison
Nails scratching through the blistering cement
Breath intermittently shoved through exclamatory phrases.

I am:...God, Jesus, Lord
Called upon from the mountain of shoulders
And the curvature of spines
While the metronome of a pulsating fever
Kept the eastern and western church intertwined.

She cried aloud

To the fluorescent buzz of full disclosure

Pain, now the joy of the hour

(Or minute. Time failed to account anymore)

He was the orator.

Writing his name in pinkish red, down the side of her hips.

Distance was now a landmark on a lost highway.

Her lips filled to the brim

Legs moved by the ticking clocks

While sweat pooled on the thread

And dirt sprinkled on the grave of anatomy.

Just a little longer

Then to return to triumph

Then to return to infamy

To return as one.

The waves crested

The tide went out

Crested

Pulled

Crested

Pulled

The glottal sound of his release gnashed at the night air

Where did you go summer night's dream?

The shaky unfastening of childhood

The sweet nothings quieting the ear

Grasping

Grabbing

Fumbling

Fruition

Now apathetic solitude.

Name?

Let's keep it simple

Dreams?

I forgot

Number?

Speech builds walls

I need this

I need this

Ineedthis

I NEED THIS

Thread now thrown to the floor

Sopped in the wash of midnight melancholy

Holding the crushed chests of mothers before.

Postlude

I came to the circus

Saw the fair

And left empty handed.