

All The Chairs in This Apartment Are Breaking

The Blankets Are Chains

I drink till I am sober
and simply
watch
the night
unravel

There are worse things
than easy living
but they all escape
my mind
right about
now

The sprouts my woman
planted
are dead
she never
watered them
I did
but I finally couldn't care
any longer

There are worse things
than comfortable love
but they all escape
my mind
right about
now

I watch the morning rise
through bloodshot eyes
and think
"I must really take a break
tonight"
and then the afternoon
bores
me
into my usual
madness

There are worse things
than laying on a couch
but they all escape
my mind
right about
now

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The Meeting

Can't lose it this time, he thought.
Can't just let the others walk all over me.
I'm a nice guy.
I really am.
What about that time I?
And who could forget when I?
And who would even dare try and sweep under the rug when I?
and then the meeting started.
and it ended.
and apparently.
he was the only one who remembered.
and even he.
apparently.
didn't give that much of a shit.
his whole life was like that.
and then he walked out.
bought a taco and a beer,
and sat in Washington SQ. Park.
and nobody else there
gave a shit
or remembered
either.
Bed was looking better in his mind.
Girlfriend was too.
The others will figure it out better
than if I had butted in
and besides I don't
realllly care.
SO, what's the loss?
nothing! It's better I didn't speak
who cares about this whole
deal anyway!
The birds are beautiful
the day is fine
and the air is more
breathable than usual!
victories everywhere!
he felt elated
rejuvenated
entranced
and focused.
He went home.
watched a movie that had been suggested
fell asleep halfway through
and dreamed of his
girlfriend coming home and
molesting him with the lust
of a youthful slut in heat.

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she came home
talked into his face for 2 hours
without taking her eyes
off her phone
and then felt tired.
they both went to bed.
he turned off all the lights.
locked the door.
fed the cat his pill.
and drank the last beer.
then he went to bed,
and she was snoring.
He cried a miserable cry
inside the deepest
well of his heart
and the chasm
of his mind.
Biting the pillow he thought
of the meeting
and realized he was a gutless fool!
TOMORROW!
TOMORROW HE WOULD
CALL THEM! HE WOULD MEET THEM!
HE WOULD SAY NO! NO! NO!
I AM WORTHY OF NOTE!
DAMN YOU ALL AND YOUR SOFT BELLIES
AND MINDS!
And intoxicated in his rapture he passed out
on his stomach
with his arms
all crossed and crushed.
5 minutes later
his girlfriend got carefully up
and went to the shower.
She pulled the mini vibrator off the shower edge
and let the water boil steam
she had the best orgasm she had had
in 3 weeks.
She thought only of cum and being raped.
She thought of wars and beheaded men.
She cried through her cum
and thought of the worst men
filling her with rage and veins.
then she toweled off,
walked into the bedroom
and laid down again.
The cats watched all of this
and cared
not.

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My Amigos

The smell of the food trucks
blackened chicken
sizzling steak
hissing vegetables
enraged hot sauce
and white sauce
and dirt cheap
vegetable oil
crackling into the night
like a league of angry cats
on top of a
bubble wrap mountain

I am miserably aware of my happiness
or no.
Perhaps I am just very good
at manufacturing future happiness
with the ingredients
of present despair

That might be it.

But of course, I am quite strange
and do not seek happiness
it is merely one of many
hostels
on the way
to the mountain
on the way
to the shaman
on the long line
to the first fire
man
ever
tasted

That might be it.

3 dollar tacos.
2 dollar beers.
and books where
writers
starve.
and I sit.

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beating my nose
into the screen
and fat
on
waste.

The food trucks might be
the only friend I really have
and they are 5 floors down
and two blocks away

closer than anyone I know

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The Powers That Be

The beginning of Spring
has been colder than ever
this must be a sign
from the Gods.
If it isn't, I still take it as one.

I guess I am religious in that way
as the next fool.
Although I hate gatherings
and most people
and almost every so-called religion
SO.
I guess I am... Spiritual.

That isn't much better either.
I hate labels and the like
and so, I am quite lonely
and that is OK
until it isn't
and well,
the night smells like
McDonalds
and there isn't one for
miles

That either says a lot about:

Religion
Spirituality
My Mind
or
McDonalds

But unfortunately
I think
it is
the
latter

Stronger than all

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Simple Math

Another
bottle
done
I smile
It tasted like
the most victorious
defeat
Another