

Theory of the beachcomber

heartflooding

special commodities were distributed to me

I am sorry

Antarctica became warm I seen it
in a dream I accommodated gifted learners
by asking their opinion
of warmth

I think they thought of their mother's arms

the corridors entered each other

I embraced being unable to find it
a consequence of structure was too many conceptual graves
in the youth of my mind's daughter
A shell Swirled and had a river inside

then when I taught everyone wanted to talk about both sides
An invisible veil filled the room with peach dust

my love had to be disguised as advice

and I studied all night to reveal the truth
an ancient feeling made thumbprints in my forehead

I learned true wealth is openness to change

and the code-breaking gears of youth began their winding
a century sleepwalked and all of a sudden trains were quickly now

inflection and vocabulary can enhance ideas but alone do not indicate readiness

I was alienated by my desire and my loving for snow
a white toadstool filled my palm and smelled of snow

there was a roar

of ecstasy, somewhere

The felicity of pearls

one-eyed thousand sweetness
my dealer blew his head off, left five rescue pitbulls
luck is the paradigm of justice in heaven yes the
weatherman cried on air opened (let's go home) a strange bottle
my heart was an angel's job
newly sick considered like carrion
to the other angels
on my back hauled up the mountain a notion
I dug in the earth with my feet
braced myself before a pain came
delight to some who searched the shore for unfound things

in the deep strange destiny of heartsick
I found an answer
found a dusty bride's gown in a shoebox

behind my knowledge, a cloud shape

the smell of tennis filled the world

I saw airless motion
My family asked about money

I guarded my sick heart like a dagger
As soon as I saw the man

Well It was something about the clean smell of him
Like fabric, like peppermint

New Age Rehabilitation Approaches

language isn't the apparatus of consciousness

the complete textile fashioned carefully
to represent interpretationist perspectives

what is it that brings you to my doorstep, night
nobody loved me until you loved me
like you were showing them it was all right to love me

you said your strange uncle was convinced cetaceans
had advanced technology hidden in undersea caverns

well I am strange in that way too
I am like a tiny preserved rose
 cherish me as if the fluid of my chamber
 will become yellow or slowly evaporate

for the truth is made from many sponges
taking in meaning, then expelling it noisily

there must be a world where I am the tiny rose

communication could be the apparatus of consciousness
embodiment is not required but perhaps energy

Love poem to an exoplanet

I came to you in the night on a Tuesday
Having just woken from a long day's frozen sleep
My mind was a picture of your deep inside
Its pink walls rustling with symbols
It made me want to put my fingertips in the well of time
I wanted to know of you, how you rendered a nightscape from barren
Perhaps there were colonies of dominant moss
I wanted to know your kinds of loving
If your network could be compared to lichen
If you released something to perpetuate yourself

On Earth they told me I was borderline mad
Sometimes I felt like my life was a womb of shame
Sometimes in your jungles I found tiny songs of water
Signs that people like me could live here and yet
Sometimes the iconography of nourishment shrinks to a misty trickle
And you have uncovered hidden powers
Like your traditional yelp which can pierce through the air for miles
Even through the porous whispering
Handful that is my heart

O your mouth's spasming output
O my dolphin darling
Sometimes you are the figment of dawn
Then sometimes you are the union
But I loved you when you were nothing

To earn my love

Build the cellular model of []'s brain from clay

Sleep within the flower of its wishing

Make your arms circle round the damp []

If [] has a heart of blood on its forehead

Use your gloved hand to wipe across tenderly

If the secret of [] becomes too much, sleep

There is no better way to dream of the departed

Do not be frightened of their figures which could have wings

Especially those who suffered from addiction

Or other kinds of suffering wrongfully litigated as moral failings

Like []

Yield pollen and tell the world the kind of gardener you are

Be the emblem of how it is to calmly resist siege

You are the winter of war tactics

With your thumb on the fox-pulse

Pluralize yourself to avoid being gossiped about

Please yawn at [] then bend over

Please fend for yourself

You are the cosmic shawl of Godness

Fly [] Through my mind like a petal

Be the wind of my thoughtlessness please []

Your outcry means so much to me