

|| hellion, seeking silence

THE ELECTRIC CITY AT A DISTANCE

I can see the entire Bay Bridge
Feeding
An iridescent neural pathway into the twinkling and
grandiloquent mother brain
The San Francisco skyline.

Well, I don't see it now...
But, I see what I saw
An afterimage imposed on irradiated irises
The damage from having dared to look myself (no, my *self*)
 straight in the eye
Mirror neurons burnt
Just a pixel graveyard from a too-persistent image limned
on phosphorescent grids.

A ghost, my vesper
This lodestar, my scar
Returning like the small white orb to the 00 pocket on a
faulty roulette wheel.

For the view from this window
The unethical and elite would cut more than just checks

For the view it casts retrograde
For the inbound insight uninterred

... They might pay far more, still.

Hellion, Seeking Silence

The Best Lies We Tell Are to Ourselves

I am the notion of "exception" having collapsed lamely into itself
Having lapsed as 440Hz layers lapse and overtones cease to craft a timbre
An osmium lump in my throat the moment I'm to snarl sable sedition

A mute witness to my own pilfered pelf
Having let splat the scream once poised to cast the cant in amber
I was a god once, you know, before a halogen halo killed the shadow of my intuition

Half-light and translucence became me
Before I became naked, silenced in stark light

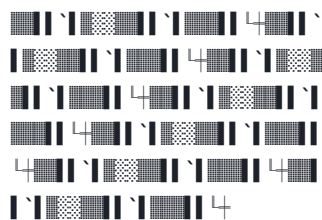
Identity is little more than larceny

But it's hard to let loose libel with locked lips
And it's difficult to steal without collusion with the dark

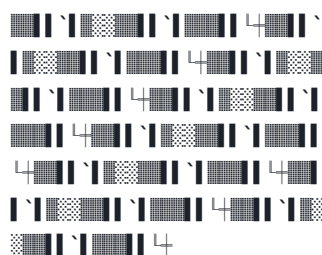
ASTRÆA

Lost in the grey threshold of earth and sea
Rings adorn her færie fingers, she waits for me
To adorn her iridescent aura with pet names and
Spoils from a fool's fiefdom of vampires and peace
The textures of papers and mediums, dyes and light
Shy from her composite of pure porcelain and might
And nicotine intoxication envies her ichor fluid magic hips
While phyla of flora genuflect in her fey midst
Without a second thought of transcendent nightshade calling
Her attention beckons archangels in splendor of ink night
With her gaze she can summon the solstice tides
To do her bidding, to cleanse us of dross
And to remind us of our latent loss
Moonrise and sunlight, all redolent verdant vectors dance
To herald her harbinger signal broadcast from will-o'-the-wisp lamps
A visage fixed upon no one yet seeing all
Clavicles delineate sacred sagacity from hastened heat, folly, and fall
The life-force of a legion, the manoeuvres of a doll

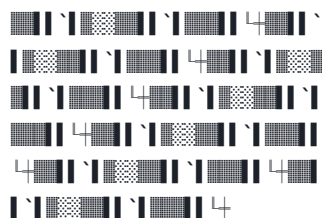
HONNE / TATEMAE • 本音 / 建前



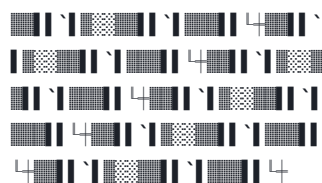
Why can't I do this alone
Stagnant cesspool



All is dim
Porphyria and rot



You don't know what I feel
God doesn't know
I will take this to my
fucking grave, I swear



No



I can feel myself tremble

You are the vesper by which I calibrate my vector
And under your ægis I cannot lose myself
No way leads astray
When I follow the light you emit
When I place my faith in your well-told truth

So long as there are seas to fare
My seafaring remains both intrepid and fearless
Because through you I know purpose
Through you I derive meaning
And through you I can relinquish thought if I so desire

So, you must no doubt trust
That I am stalwart in my confidence
And certain in my trajectory
And that no dam shall obstruct my current
And that no nimbus shall dull my light

Don't infer that my twitches betray my calm
Never worry about the downturned corners of my mouth
There is no reason to infer that I am reeling
Even as the world around me whirls
Into an entropic Pollock canvas

This life is what I have chosen
And I have chosen it deliberately
In the face of conventional wisdom
In defiance of the maxims of the many
And I know what I'm doing, I assure you

These drinks, they free me
These debts, they enable me
This rhetoric, it empowers me
And your consternation means little
And, in fact, nothing really means anything

Everything is fine
I am stalwart in my confidence
Even as the world around me whirls
Everything is fine

Be who you we say!

Be yourself!

Try harder!

Stop!

We worry about you!

Stop!

There's a Name for Mirages in Peripheral Vision

In a bind together groping
Such audacious schemes and gameplans
Underneath the hallowed moonrise
Symbiotic psyches wailing
In a bind together hoping

Alley-oop to conquer candor
In reverse and borne of brio
Of ebullience bursting starward
Luminescent, drunk, and daring
Heretofore to master malice

Benediction bellows booster
Overhead contorting ravens
Undermine our sanest sorrows
Underneath protruding dream-pyres
Malediction blasting morrow