

“Organic Compost”

One sunny afternoon, Charles found himself in a meadow, companions with grasshoppers, and probably a few spiders he chose not to think about too deeply. The long grass fanned him like palm branches, he closed his eyes and pretended he was Caesar. He opened his mouth to invisible grapes, at the same time a beautiful sparrow flew overhead, anxious to reach a mating call, and promptly shit in Charles' mouth, anxious to shed himself of some weight.

“New York, New York”

I don't have limits-  
and sometimes that makes sentences  
seem like they are for life-  
and sometimes that makes me  
fun at parties-  
and sometimes that makes me  
a good artist-  
almost as often as it makes me  
a bad one-

I really can't help but notice  
how often I'm using “makes me”  
passively. Like I really have no  
control over my TV screen  
decisions. Sometimes I  
watch you watching it.

I know this might be emotional  
for you, so there's a meatball  
sub in the fridge, right next to  
30 Rock re-runs with Mayhem  
before the beard. Shakespeare saw  
insight in comedy, I tend to  
be able to find tragedy  
in everything, I don't know  
what that makes me.

TM TM TM  
, ,

“You’re real! You’re real! You’re real!”  
he repeats on records, or  
should I say grainy  
iPhone (TM) recordings,  
in noise-cancelling headphones.

“Don’t put so many technology references;  
this shit will become dated quick.”  
He repeats at workshops, or  
should I say in text boxes  
on web-forums, like Blackboard (TM).

“If the devil won the supposed war for heaven  
wouldn’t he also call himself God?”  
He repeats at altars, or should  
I say mumbles quietly as he watches a sermon  
through his Macbook (TM).

“It’s just winter, everyone is sad in winter.”  
He repeats in conversations, or should I  
say text messages with  
his therapist. She says: “You just need  
a little sunlight, or should I say a UV lamp (TM).”

## I'm going to put the word Dadaism in the Title

Gamma rays are eating the atmosphere as my computer screen eats code and spits out the urban dictionary word of the day. As I learn a new synonym for "penis pump," I wonder absentmindedly about Shakespeare and before making a connection to the advent of words, focus a little too long on the poofy pants he's always wearing in my mind's eye. I sometimes wonder what Gandhi would think about yoga pants and why "Free Bird" played alongside "I Believe I Can Fly" in a nonironic way at this funeral I went to last month.

And why people die, when they are still busy being someone's husband, or father

And why the hell frosted tips came around in the 90s, and when they are coming back

And if Justin Timberlake is part of the illuminati

And if people will know I was joking about illuminati, but that I sometimes do believe conspiracies.

And if this is all just chaos,

And we are just created to grow up and die, or sometimes die before we grow up

Why do I care so much about who I eat breakfast with for the next 50 years?

And I wonder if Jesus liked the way sandals felt, or if they were the only things that were practical

And if geometrical shapes that occur in nature actually have different energies

And if my base chakra will ground me

And also if it will allow me to last longer in bed

And if I'm the only one that kind of gets turned on in a rainstorm

And if I'm not, if they will just eat breakfast with me sometimes.

## Your Face Will Get Stuck Like That: A Villanelle for College Hipsters

Smoking a cigarette on the numbered streets  
rings blow cancerous in the wind  
against the dingy windows covered in sheets.

The corner is filled with tricks and treats,  
and the empty promises of time well spent  
smoking weed on the numbered streets.

I think of measurement in feats and feet,  
as I write a bounced check for rent,  
in the shadow of the dingy windows covered in sheets.

Across the street lives an artist who is neat,  
next door a man in a tent,  
he's smoking crack on the numbered streets.

In the middle I sit and bleat,  
about the mind's creative covenant,  
throw bricks through dingy windows covered in sheets.

It sticks in my throat like a record on repeat  
When I say, "you'll drown in this current current."  
So I just smoke a cigarette on the numbered streets,  
blowing out dingy windows covered in sheets.