

All we were was drowning.

On a back porch or parking lot
shopping mall: the evening shots.

All we were was alcohol.

All we were was drowning.

Every single effort smelled of underwear or downing

Nyquil, or urine stains,
quiet-morning-after pains;
the effort was for lays in lanes,
days on days of caffeine daze.

what the Doctor ordered—but is the Doctor sane?
it's the same.

(It's the same! It's the same!)

and we are all The Same.

Blue Ribbons left upon the floor,
sheets wet with what mothers wore.

All we were was Tylenol.

All we were was drowning.

What was in an effort but a never-stop-the-pounding?

Parliaments and peonies,
lengths-of-length hung from the trees;
the effort was in pleasing pleas,
weeks and weeks of weakened knees.

what the Teacher asked for—what has the Teacher made?

Just a game!

(just a game...just a game.)

and it is all The Game.

The Master

“It’s funny how time passes.”

I keep getting older,
(two-month voices on my shoulder)
as people vote that a year is fast,
 but ten are faster.
With all this memory on our back,
who’s the horse and who’s the master?

As with weather patterns and the lengths of days,
we are left to wander in a haze
on our oft’ repeated ways,
on difference perceived but not received,
written and rewritten plays,
on what we often say,
 but never mean to say.

*As the weekend’s wearing thin,
I count the scars upon my skin.*

“It’s funny how time passes.”

Are days measured in the lengths of songs,
in stranger voices less strange than our own?
while wondering if we are what we are,
 or we are what we own,
if we eat what we become, become what we were,
if we are measured in lengths of us,
or in lengths of “him,”
(or lengths of “her”).

Oh America, is America in our veins like cells?
Is our brain’s pleasure our chromatic measure;
as well, is the metric of our minute
 the defeasible treasures
we’ll one day lay out on platters,
time become a dollar’s matter?

*And as the weekend has worn thin,
I count the scars along my skin.*

“It’s funny how time passes.”

Is there any single origin to this timely breeze,
 our neuroses? Perhaps once caused
by a Kronik sneeze, a Godly wheeze,
or perhaps all these are just the fees—
of being pleased, of liberty,
of being me instead of we—
of taking up a bit of land, naming it Of The Free.

And is the mind simply a disaster?
An object, something to be cast in plaster,
replicated, mass-produced,
 so Wright could put it in a mantelpiece,
and like an organic industry,
is a house of morality built of me?
out of me, becoming me,
so that I am but an effigy.

“It’s funny how time passes.”

*As the weekend wears me thin,
I count the scars within my skin,
 a whip’s mark in my DNA,
 this factory of yesterdays,
all the footsteps that have led
everywhere I’ve yet to tread.*

If ever faster runs the course,
am I a master, or the horse?

**‘The United Us,’ Or ‘What Once Was and Is Still
Something Beautiful and Simple’**

Such is us, the citizens of our monotony:
splendidly sordid, mundane like the rainbow,
opening our curtains—the world is our window!

We that cross our arms and smile, press gas pedals,
and sing when no one is listening—such is us,
tasting bitter thoughts within all this syrupy ice.

We that chew wheat, the skin of our land, and eye
the technicolor outlines that define our morals;
those capital caricatures on the screens...such is us.

Oh, yea, such is us that breathe smoke stacks
and commune with nature in stocks of weather,
swim in bottled water, and wire our memories.

We that stroll within our formulas of romance,
and with small strokes can make our children us,
oh, us that become what we once resisted being.

Such is us that we do not know ourselves,
but know others and define us by them.

Such is us that it takes more than mirrors
for us to see what’s now behind us.

Such is us that love is just some modicum
of what our fragile hearts are made of.