

now

hang me out to fly, eagle eye. still at peace  
rhyme conceitedly to signify a sign of the beast  
that plagues me daily. truthfully i've tried to compete. but  
lost in bitter fashion every time i retreat  
into life as we know it - sex, money and people  
sum of all equals, chainlink tying a leash  
Maya Angelou / anxieties / failure to launch  
take me across the bridge we built dividing our species  
prices are cheap, riding Jeeps towards any buyer's receipt  
favorite noises: doors locking / sighs of relief  
like, i made it here  
another day, another disservice  
trying to be the sum of a person, via  
signs, signals. empty vessel, guttural, worthless  
happiest with fire water, bottles of purpose  
why is it so? i've come so far. followed the plan  
maybe it's out of my hands. anonymous footstep into sand  
benches where we laughed until we doubled over, never sober  
tempted always, drug aroma. separated, never closer  
not a story, not a fact, not a description  
my writing process overstates an honest commitment  
to regression when nobody is listening. that's the key  
freedom like religious hope, a cycle we broke  
my father is my hero but he might never know,  
frozen since a child in every moment we've spoken  
running low on plot-holes for a meaningful toast  
so i drink to forego. or to forge, iron hottest  
when criticizing cultural bondage. fuck what a joke  
i savor every second that consumption is king  
channeling my grandmother every cup that i drink  
what a shame. ever sorry to myself in the morning  
tried your best / fell victim to the devil's recording  
feel like shit, short-winded, low and upset  
home of regret. Cartoon Network / Nickelodeon / dead  
throat & neck cobra venom momentary collapse  
dope connection gold penny buried in taxes  
very relaxed, capricorn / aquarius patchwork  
hide behind our self-esteem and various passwords  
notre damn, holy mackerel it's a hole in the wall

we compromise in blood, it feels like nobody's fault  
social evolve, mind total recall. lethal as fuck  
hunger to love you simply but i'm thinking too much  
so it can't compute. voltage spilling amplitude  
desolate and destitute, barefoot on the avenue  
half stupid, bulletproof. ineffective influenza  
captain kirk / planeteer / legends of the hidden temple  
let me in, let me enter, nothing is open  
something-in-the-AM and we're drunk as the pope  
white robes like camouflage in narrowing streets  
crucified by loved ones, then i truly believed  
all it takes / tragedy / circumstance, it's known  
to crumble anything you've built into stones. ashes & bone  
sanford and sons. pass the remote, Zack overdosed  
and my passion dissolved. broken record crackling slowly  
panicking mostly when it's time for a change  
snort another line, we've primed each other for praise  
stuck in decline. under pressure like a government shapeshift  
look up in the sky and I see nothing but spaceships  
GLC and Ginuwine and Django unchained  
there's safety in numbers, but also safety in anger  
defensive resentful, charcoal stencil paper papyrus  
programming my reality with makeshift devices  
faulty as shit. hardly legit, coughing up words  
nobody even bothers to pretend to unearth it  
which is actually for best if I could earnestly state  
in perfect cadence, word sacred, never for granted  
braindead romantic, hopeless from basement to attic  
a lot on my conscience / yet to unpack it  
ready attack, 3-2-1 countdown to December  
when I can sit at home and drown in your memories  
sour senses. repressive, my nefarious pixie  
sleep next to Cabernet while married to whiskey  
arrogant, tipsy, stare at me wistfully. shit.  
she builds walls. i carry them with me  
relationships distant i'm a phantom at sea  
building self externally. foundational weak  
lusting out for selfish for a couple of weeks  
turn to couple months and now it's already deep  
stuck inside the binds built conversationally  
bedsheets stained deceitfulness, label me restless

fidelity my failure relentless. save me a seat  
fountain ink olde english cursive drafting a guestlist  
it's a matter of perspective. are you ratchet or reckless  
Facebook ultimatums socializing our bandwidth  
nothing like the comfort in sustaining a friendship  
something says i should end it  
i'm inclined to listen  
stop fucking around and make a decision

thank you kindly