

words to consume

another quick beer run

tin and tinted fading blue,
bent cans of Bud Light lay sprawled on my balcony
after we slaughtered them tonight for our own honest cause

poor beer,
we didn't even show it the respect of savoring every last bubbling drop
i mean, fuck, half of it spilled on the godless sticky
pavement when Duffy's drunk ass tried his seventh shotgun

i don't know if the Native Americans got fucked up
but Jake's Cherokee Grandfather
would have been livid at our carelessness
i feel like the fucking devil after hearing
the way the guy speaks about killing and using a buffalo

so only half the
fizzing,
grainy,
sickly yellowed liquid medicine did its work to suppress
the only worry of college kids after 5 o'clock

cause for fuck's sake if i'm gonna show up to wine wednesday any kind of sober

shouted slurring, faithful Duffy
just loud enough over the balcony for Keenan, the resident homeless man,
to forget for the instant his hunt for pennies
and turn his knotty head of dreadlocks skyward towards our blaring apartment

after slaughtering the first drove, we
stumbled down to pick-up another 18-pack from the lonely gas station
where cars voracious for gas
whizzed thoughtlessly past us onto the pumps

by the glass door
stood Keenan
(though none of us had a clue he had a name)
as his smile struggled to peek through his ever-sinking lips
his misshapen, parched hands
lurching towards our hammered horde with a browning cup of styrofoam
hopeful for a soiled, needless nickel

i wish i could help him you know
as i thought to myself
if homeless people accepted credit cards, i'd probably be a more generous person

though when Keenan finally builds his fortune large enough
and sits grinning on the rough curb
cupping reverently one of those
sacred,
thinly frosted,
royal blue,
shiny slick aluminum cans, i know
he's gonna let it down like a goddamn Hopi Indian Chief

have you slipped into this valley yet during your stumbling life
– this valley,
a sunken, narrow crevice
that invites barely any view of the infinite world
into its thinned entrance

where
ubiquitous blanked blackness holds taut the thick air
and rocked cliffs echo back bruising, thundering thoughts
because the limp stillness drained all shimmers of your vigor

you dare not voice it, but a life within you mutters
“fuck”
but there is no anger
or sadness in this ghost of a word
as emotion has retreated
beyond your scrawny grasp
to the precipice miles high above

you flick away
the flecks of the dried, scraped remains of feelings
for feeling is being
and there is barely left in you

so now the only thing that languidly whispers inside you
is your mind, barren and yearning
yearning for the world it remembers it forgot
yearning for the dampened dark to subside
thirsting and
cursing your flirtation with despair

you used to walk
goddammit i used to walk too
we all walked once in a ceaseless garden
umbrellaed by the world
a tickle of glee in our stomach
piled pins of adventure snickering, pricking us forth

and you knew of no valley before (how could you)
until the cold, colorless cavity descended upon your dangling feet

so deeper you dive frantic to discover the forgot
as cursed, curved questions merely fish into the void
and you panic
and stagger
closing your hopeless eyes as your will wilts faintly away

your arms faded, chest hollow, throat too broken and blue
all simply follow in suit as you have become what you knew
death
pitiless, pathetic death
a nothing of flesh crusted into the cragged base
here
at the trough of this loveless pit

us drunken two,
lovely long old lovers curtained from sorrow
enter wobbling together
into a lavish crowded club on this moonless city night

we plunder forth into the mingling mob
yaking and laughing under bright celestial bulbs
toying and dancing in buildings of lasers and lights
spinning each other in gleeful play
aloof,
lost in a mist of delight

as those white droplets of solid chemicals
melted on the way down our slippery throats
dissolved and radiating in the pit of our spirit
with waves rolling,
crescendoing through the soft flesh of our vigorous limbs

our numb craniums sent soaring
like fireworks fizzling into a halo of nerves
behind our whirled, widening eyes

our smiling pink lips stretching
howling like skipping indians dancing under the endless sky of the plains
licking the electric melody
wispig sprightly through the night of the air

the lights are bubbling, flaring like spears the smoky crowded space
heads tilted, bodies twisting, chests wide open like landscapes
letting the spheres of booms and thundering bass beat into us
rock us and push us
like puppets thrown in boneless resignation
as we float into a consciousless plane

there,
we watched meaningless
rhythmed noise glide
into the regal minds of the surrounding boisterous party
 the nonsense bumbling in an ancient pattern
 galloping around the vibrant merry-go round
 of jubilant friends and lovers

billowy sounds skipped neatly around
reverberating in colorful tones,
smoothly weaving themselves though our ears
and unraveling into sweet strands within our ruby veins

we turn towards each other,
our fragile ribs full with a velvet growing glow
that's only searching for more of itself

invisible radiance
pluming deep within our bones
tickling,
giggling,
imploring us to share the One Immaculate Soul

joy sings from within
bodies dance as sweet and as loud from without
smugly soaking the roars that resound

flesh comes closer and closer
until pressed and wrapped through and around

mouths walking in waltz
fingers tangled in tango intense
and the rest is spinning

is spinning

is spinning

as hearts melt right through the flesh

now
there is no in and no out

there is no you or an i
no border for there's only between

there's not this there's not that
there's simply us all

pulsing

and

dancing

and

living

frozen in motion
a chaos pristine

this must be the Kingdom of Love