

Manic in Nature

How nice of the birds, the bugs, and the breeze
The cars, the people, the trees
To come together in harmonious echo
And create a symphony so soft and mellow.
Changing rhythms, so beautifully with ease
Don't worry, dark thoughts, you'll soon be set free
To evaporate gracefully, completely dissolving.
Moving and gliding, delightfully combining
With parts of the world I had never experienced audibly.
Left with no traces of the spaces I've found myself in.

Exciting New Friend

You remind me of someone mean,
Someone violent,
Something dead,
Something silent.
Different colors in your smile
Followed me home that day.
Feelings moved and morphed quietly
Into creatures I never saw exist in such a way.
I know that you're crazy
You speak in fun rhymes
And rhythms run rampant across your face.
Fluid and intense now,
You lay scattered on the carpet
Burning your dizzying incense, and scents,
Well they pour into my head like gloom
Finding its way on a seemingly sunny day.
You wear silver today and you speak of the past.
I am stationary and unable to grasp still, and swelling fast
From the broken logic of your fucked up past.
I slither past your silver body, carpet burning,
And my stomach's churning
Only to discover, you've left your body somewhere out there.
You are nowhere now, existing only in sound.

Underwater

I fell asleep underwater for a while
Enjoyed the quiet sounds of my own breathing.
World around me coughing and heaving
Panting and seeming ever so chaotic
Amongst the desire for death and clarity.
One hand touches the mosaic of human feeling
Array of noise, light, and soft-spoken voice
Beating patterns through my landscape
Watching me out there foraging among the greenery.
Nothing seems too far away yet it's in a separate place
Separate from my own birth and death
Like an alien standing in light, shy but gleaming.
Seeming to understand the vague entirety of my every thought
Intentionally sought
From each day's mangled emotion
And sickening devotion
To this world of disorder and disarray
And the others that parallel and lay awake
Putting words in my head, attempting to place me somewhere or lead me astray.
Paralleled in this mental disturbance
My physical body at its deathly peak.
No looking up or possible coherent way to speak.
Moving under silent dark layers of vibrant motion
Cycling half awake.
Drinking the deadly potion while I'm sitting across from me
Asking honest questions, but the answers remain suspended.
I live in this bodysuit of see - through pain
Unearthly disdain making remarks to cause shame.
With both hands stuck in the shower drain
I'm Reaching for vices or hollow devices
To transport these asthmatic sensations away from my brain.

Sick and Full of Shit

Common sense surfaced
No actual context
Inside the contents of your wordy mess.
Senseless and endless
Nothing ever so clean and grotesque
Crawling like black and shiny insects
While you pick your fingernails into a bloody mess.
Evoking a sense of abstract satisfaction
Finality surfaces through the totality of the meanings you've conjured
All awakened from your slippery logic that sleeps knowingly
While you lie awake in your hospital bed
Counting the numbers on the stars
Watch your feelings and misunderstandings overtake you
In a cruel controlled embrace
Your paranoia can hold strong
But the consumption of knowledge
From the brain dead philosophers
Has made you sicker than ever
You're torched alive in a hollow fire
Secretly conspired
Transpiring quickly and spreading through your swollen veins
Spirit inside of me: come out
It's time for your weekly escapade.
Prey upon my fleeting emotions
I'm only content when I'm silenced.
But they cannot know I host you
Demonic and ominous, godly and oppressing
Come back now, quick, I demand you hide
Because I'm just not quite ready to commit suicide.

Spinning into Nowhere

It's dark in here
No one can keep me alive
Limbs still hovering
Around a lifeless body
Still dragging along, willfully pining
To peel off the lining
And see who is driving this force of destruction
If no one's surrounding
This psychotic grounding
Then I must be housing this deathly corruption
Violently crying, I am desperately trying
To pull it out of my stomach and carry it to level ground
But here, they are viciously clawing at me
My dark blood is clotting
And black noise seeps below
Treetops are watering
Raindrops are falling so white and taunting
I cannot stay elevated, I would much rather go.
The people up here stand at a distance, observing me with this
Dark, tumultuous, and chaotic existence
I want to stay sedated, stay blinded from the outside
Sudden downward spiral, I am in a trance
Confusion cycle, can't feel my hands
Sensations gone, Sensations peak
Grey, sultry sky, appearing dull and bleak.
Scattered with abstract findings
Sentimentally binding them
To the forces that pull my body apart
Habitually dying, whilst paranoia's contriving more secret plans
And I'm daring to stare them down and reach blindly inside
To search for the itching sound whom I can hopefully keep alive
So carefully, so contrived, he never died.
He makes amusing distractions, a temporary blur
Where the darkness dances, and I prance carelessly
Spinning and drowning again, unaware and merrily.

