

That One Time Doubleday, Doran & Company...

I love the idea that,
in 1928 or 9,
Kipling's publisher thought
"we should choose this design"
for a symbol on the cover
that was not yet come to infamy
from that place the land of Rhine.
And when the nazis came to power,
shortly after then,
with all the people running
or hiding, by their ken,
they looked upon that symbol,
turned it upside down or what,
and displayed it for their set
with all the world to see
inducing mass hysteria in the offices of Doubleday
'cause hence more a symbol of peace,
the swastika was not.

Humorous Title to Follow

yeah i like a couple of songs from Journey
“Any Way You Want It” and that other one

...

it’s got the ‘80s synth intro and it’s super rad
be-no be-no be-no be-no bo bo

“Somewhere Over the Rainbow”
it’s about finding your love for Eiliannerie
and there’s a part when she talks about
not giving up on her

i’m wrong
it’s “The Greatest Love of All”
and the lead singer George Michaels
invented a famous dance for the video
that Vincent Pracé repped hard
be-no be-no be-no be-no bo bo

the mellifluous tones of the last refrain
blend with the enthralling suggestion that we
loosen up our moulded buttons
but it could be that i’m mixing up
the boy George with the girl Natalia Imbrugalia
be-no be-no be-no be-no bo bo

except i’m euphemistically split
since she might not have joined that band until the late ‘70s
and would have been a baby, baby
“breakin’ our chains downtown”
“cuz i want to go there”
“the promises, girl”
“i sort of hear you calling my name”
such an example of hair-metal
is “Don’t You Want Me”
that the anfractuous nature of synth
is permeating our hearts as well
as the band’s
which we can see in their newest hit

“Wake Me Up Inside”

be-no be-no be-no be-no bo bo

that’s totally Journey

...

100%

...

i nailed it

be-no be-no be-no be-no bo bo

da da dun dun da

Turning Point

I just realized that my fantasies are not plans of action that may happen if I try really hard.

I always preferred when I would engage in fantasy to imagine something in the same vein as my desire but also what would be likely to happen. I often get into arguments with the women in my fantasies. We separate because “it just can’t work, *oh!*”—that kind of thing.

The woman I want to fantasize about is married, I just found out. But I want to think about her, for a bit, for this one free moment with no consequence.

So true fantasy prevails. This is at least partly because of my adherence to realism, since if she were to walk through that door right now, I would not have the chance to feel our knowing embrace of years past, to smell that familiar smell, nor to kiss her earlobe. I would be met with cautious disdain.

But we had good times, didn’t we? Let us go back to that, just for a moment. She walks in, we see each other, there’s that moment of recognition, surprise, shock; we see each other and we *know* that we’ve been wrong all these years and we should be together, just once more, just for a little while, just until we can’t be together anymore. We can go to my place, or her place, or the stairwell for goodness sake. We’ll be safe anywhere, now. We can go to Paris and kiss in the rain while everybody speaks perfect English, like in the movies, and we can speak better French than they can, too, so I guess it’s all for the better of their egos, really. And what about those five children we didn’t have? We could start now. “Lincoln” was one of the names you picked out? We’ll start with Lincoln. I’m fine with that name now that we’re in a fantasy. It’s great.

And that feeling permeates the iris of my mind’s eye, so that I’m lost in place while I’m typing this and the kid right in front of me has to wonder whether I’m paying attention to her.

Not really.

Authority

I know that it doesn't matter, and I certainly wouldn't change the fact that my dad wasn't around, and if I could change anything it would be to take "him" out of the equation, but I see how all these different art pieces about fathers affects me and I wonder what it would be like to have had a "typical" relationship with my father. Plague said it (maybe indirectly) led to his personality being irreverent, how he dislikes authority figures, how he's not like other people in his community. He said he always didn't feel like he deserved anything good and that even if something good was being given away for free, like pretzels or something, he would wait until everyone else enjoyed theirs and then, even then, kind of just say "nevermind" to it. I've done that many times. It's amazing how many times a situation like that can come up and how even as an adult it can happen and you can sit there wondering why nobody wants to be the first to go up to get the thing, or whatever, and that I'd rather walk away from the situation entirely than be in any position other than last and how often that kind of behavior applies to other things, other parts of our daily lives. But that's depersonalizing. I mean how often it affects my daily life.

I work to be seen as good enough
to be treated as human
like the way I try to earn my place in the house
like when I tried to earn my place at work
like on any job application
saying I will work to deserve the position
the schools
it's that kind of behavior that keeps me
from something cousin to success

So, I ask the question I never wanted to ask: If I talked to my father right now, what would I want from him? The first thing that comes to mind is the only one I ever let myself think, which is for him to fuck off. I might ask why he would expend so much energy to make the people around him miserable, to watch him try to answer me, to solve that riddle. I guess I'd want him to die, to kill him myself. I'd want him to answer for his crimes against truth and justice and me and my mom. Then I have to ask whether he could save himself. Could he save himself if he told me he loved me, was proud of me somehow? Even if we took the matter of truth off the table, if he truly meant it, I would not trust him and his words would offend me. Would it save him? I've killed in my dreams.

the victims were always monsters of men
pursuing me through the night
destructive and dangerous forces
terrorizing the people we passed
keeping pace all the time
across streets cities continents

until I had nowhere to run
and I poured my heart
into wishing them dead

I wonder if the problems I have are a manifestation of that struggle. One moment, strangling my father, his life in my hands, that moment lasting seconds to years, existing always in the back of my mind, deciding whether he lives or dies, knowing he would deserve it, and that his life isn't important anyway. And neither is mine, but life is precious. Even monsters who deserve to die can make a difference in the world. Giving up that piece of myself may not be worth it. Not for him.

it is a literal feeling of struggle
and it provokes in me such anger
that I become saddened once again
since I am just another monster

Piece of Pieces (with a Head)

A massive marble head
lying on the floor
eyes turned up, lifeless, smiling
surrounded by art
in pieces

one man in a polychrome puddle
 among the polytypic structures
drowning in the living, warping colors
engulfed in a sea of synesthetic tortures

another man on a horse in an orchard,
 a Sancho Panza among the harvest
leaving behind a life once wanted,
 of unmet, stolen promise
the horizon retreating, searching for Don
 incarnate

a canvas of birds,
 checkered in white
sticking to a palette
 of experienced pigment plight
molested in their virginal throes
 as all babes are subject
 to predators' delight

feet on a flat orange cat,
 toes smothering, searching
eyes wandering in hopes to find
 a soft spot, a hard patch,
 purring?
the cat brought to heel,
 finally, terrifyingly,
 hurting

one woman dancing under the stars
 and another in the rain,

with fish
pups and fish floating throughout in awe
looking for scraps and gifts
the suns' mirror balls of light
in rhythmic twitch

an intimate embrace,
bent
lovers curled around each other,
not fractured,
nor frayed,
just stretched
making peace with their pieces internal,
nothing else left

two nude women divided
on a canvas each,
a canvas shared between,
one the more entitled
birds birds birds attack their artistic sensibilities,
the talents on the left elided

wolves in the desert,
or in a fishbowl?
pondering life and spirits in hold
weighed down by their two-dimensional
pastel hell so dull

an elder sign of flags of chaos,
the old gods in disarray in
desperate, unwieldy woes
war-torn, discordant, atomic havoc
consumed their homes
distemporal, explosive, unsettlingly
agitated from repose

sunshine encasing a rainbow swathed mountain range
according to one side
a second canvas reveals it's

on a platter in the sky
hurtling toward or dropping forthwith,
suspended there the colors collide

a flock of birds,
the finished products
they are the canvas
flying in a pattern described
as “oblong modest”
each its own rain-
bow, each gone through the fire
and emerged composite

a colossal foam head,
encumbering the space around,
shaped with hot wire rather than by
chiseling implement sound
laying on the floor
eyes wide, lifeless,
lips curled up,
in screaming silent crisis
surrounded by art
fragmented and small,
the lessons not pondered
effusive with gall
ready to be wrapped up,
carted out by burly men,
an entire life now finished
desperate for purgatorial zen