

## Counting

Beyond the dilapidated skyline there is a horizon without borders

Stretching in all directions the sprawl of the metropolis with its pale haze of night and washed out light stands gazing at that which I cannot see

Count the cracks in the sidewalk skipping segment separations

It became a game for me to pass the time with

I saw no stars and so the breaking concrete became comfort

As it slowly shattered I knew too that our world was doing the same

So I set out to draw a landscape along each fracture of these streets

I'll fill a mile before I expire

Or so I'd like to think

It matters not though

Like I said the seams of our world have come unstitched and all the stuffing of our plush existence is leaking through them

I remember a strung out beggar

I remember the hanging of a stranger in high school

I remember the scenes that never should have been

Look at me now

Shuffling towards obscurity

## Indecision

My mind is deteriorating

waiting for the next burst

stand and sit then stand then sit

pace pace pace

I am pacing and keeping a steady pace

then I sit

bit by bit unraveling the mystery

odd occurrences and shifting currents

a missed call from debt  
the date is set  
embarking two days from today to a day not yet arrived at  
washing away the stains of too many unfinished thoughts remaining  
my desire is waning  
the encouragement helps  
it does  
but when I push I feel pulled  
compelled towards compulsory contradictions of cause and its effects  
and how affected or unaffected I feel  
nothing can make perfect sense  
defining it though proves difficult  
Move on and carry on  
I stood again  
now again I sit  
let's just give it some time  
one or two more hours  
never cower

## Again

let the can slip from hand and drift into the past  
lands foreign and frenetic  
as though figments of repentance  
I feel I may just leave this sentence  
but the lack of presence keeps me tethered  
to the keys that make the letters making words I thought I heard  
someone some time ago taught me and I learned  
that my voice is mightier than the fright of if you're leaving and never coming back  
A younger me would see fit to eliminate me  
these days I feel this would liberate me  
you berate me because you mistake me  
you took now I'm taking, no more faking  
I'm sick of feigning  
having to explain and  
try to rearrange or exchange  
the things I did for the things I thought  
Then I hid  
from me and you and every sense of truth

and then I stop  
refrain  
contain  
I can listen  
I am wrong again

## Paying Homage

in the grips  
in the throes  
in the bottle  
in deep and in the midst  
of a talking head temper tantrum  
telling me stop stop stop  
but don't ever quit  
turn the volume up and keep it down  
because this is an act of hubris  
and i don't know how long i have been here  
but i know that in the dark I can go zero to thirty quicker than zero to one  
did I ever take a moment  
no let me rephrase  
have you ever stolen a moment you knew was not yours?  
justly given in to the temptress of must?  
I have  
and not looked back  
said forget it and lacked  
the courage to pack up selfish overconfidence and cut some slack  
to those whose interest is your best heart  
I found truth once  
and then i let it go  
forever i let myself go

## Fly Five

delineating my life's work  
to work towards  
a more direct approach

the left-overs hang  
hungover at the overhang

peering down  
underpass traffic trembles steel  
blind above, blind behind  
mile marked  
six tenths to next  
ten more to go

count

adding distance in dollars  
monetary measurement of movement and momentum  
calculate the kinetic energy  
of ten Abraham Lincolns  
in a continental division equation  
and factor in  
the current exchange rate  
while applying a global mean  
based on amount  
and rate of consumption

six out of ten Abraham Lincolns agree  
that all ten  
may be able to do some good  
all ten unanimously decided  
they would never be able  
to start  
an airliners engines