

Appreciation Deficiency

When I talk to people and they are impressed with what I do,
appreciation manifests in front of me as food.

I see the appreciation, eating salty and savory meaty soup that spills over my hands
and down my elbows. I smear it around my lips to my chin, up my cheeks and across the bridge
of my nose. I shove it into my nostrils and snort it deeper in. I sneeze it out and all the chunky bits and
syrupy sauce become airborne.

It instantly vaporizes and a murky haze floats, engulf my thoughts and
goals/motivation. I inhale the sweet gas and know this can sustain me.

So when I talk to people I want to steer attention to something I think people will like.

I don't want to take up all the time and focus for a selfish need for fulfillment.
People wouldn't like selfishness or

do I just feel like I don't deserve to get what I like so I hold back and
feel guilty and feel like I'm boasting?

Good thing that last compromise was not a deal-breaker

My favorite part of my day was the little kiss u gave me on my shoulder that woke me up. I miss you while I sit right next to you. You like for us to enjoy each other by sitting in silence while the devices in our hands discharge a delicate blue glare to gnaw at our faces, blocking our view of each other. I grow suspicious about your care for me. If I could craft this moment, I would allow our arms to touch and let our flesh melt into another—touch our chests together and share the same breath, but we can just sit here

if that is what you want.

Compromise compromise comrise prize rize

How much do I have to change to make us work, how much do I have to compromise in order to allow the relationship to breathe? Is this too much change, do you like it more like that, do I like it more like that?

It's great when u show ur affection but I want to carry it around like a scarf; but I don't expect it whenever I want it anymore. I remember when it was almost reversed: u whispered how much deeper your affection was toward me than I had for you, I gave the relationship a buffer to keep the affection from busting prematurely, I watched as I strangled the moments for me to care for you as they rose.

You told me you don't like affection so I left you downstairs on the couch and went into my room. I found a shapeless mass on my desk.

I have to use it to get my need to touch and appreciate you out:

I kneed the mass. I slap the mass. I roll the mass. I sniffed it, listened to it, I took a lil piece off to see how it tasted.

When I was done,

it looked and sounded like this poem.

The gap between texts from your Ex

U know she has her phone on her, right?

Come on Now

She answered almost immediately for a yes/no ? but now a ? about us hanging out comes, she's m.i.a.

Maybe she's talking to that other guy she told me about, fucking John.

She's probably telling him how thirsty I am, but she's doesn't want to be mean to you so she never tells you.

OR

Probably Matthias, he's a mutual friend. I can see them showing each other texts of bothersomely needy guys.

What if we made that list?

Fallen from the rank of being her main source of affection and support!

calm down.

Now we still want her affection and time and attention but she doesn't want that from us.

Just when she says she miss us, once a week.

But outside of this small window of her longing for us, she continually Resurface in the ocean on our unconscious regardless of how many times we try to submerge it down with hollow weights of mental restraint to not think of her

OR

imagining replacing her.

So,

I want you to text me already.

Parabolic Lover

I hear about “my” gals’ lovers before me.
They spare me the touches and caresses but tell me of their old private jokes.

When a past lover’s name sludges out,
I try to ignore the name and *thoughts of my insignificance and her being touched and*
pay attention to the story.

These stories don’t sting like act of Tyrobe violating my Destiny in their family bed
Dimitiri making his hands bruise my Kelly’s skin and self esteem

I listen and let their pasts swirl inside of me. Knowing I have the urge to let my hands extend into the past and help in some way. But the best to be done is a promise to not be like those old lovers and show the gal that’s not how to treat a partner.

The emotional and physical energy we have for one another wrings out of our bodies
and pools to create a creature bound to us--we call it our relationship.

In the space between each individual gal and myself, there floats a parabolic string that connects us regardless of our physical or emotional distance. At the crest of the parabola lives the god that is our relationship.

Emotional energy collects in the body, and the strings are highways for the energy to the gods, who holds all the feelings and actions from everyone connected.

A different tethered god exists between each gal and me. Each god has a specific temperament and sends me certain signals to affect my thoughts and actions. Some signals have lost their potency, others are sing to me when I want rid of them. In a couple cases, the signal is another language. Regardless of how my conscious attention reads it, my unconscious is a signal storage house. It uses its records to give knowledge and guide me.

The stings don’t know time so they make you feel in mysterious and confusing ways. Energy meant for one string finds its way into another, ending with me being disappointed in Kelly when there’s old business with Amy I’m actually trying to fix.

Thinking back to the stories of the gals’ past lovers and their gods, I fear I can be another story for them to tell a future lover. I might be Amy’s Dimitri or Kelly’s Tyrobe. The gods from my past relationships may be quietly hurting the gal on the other end without either one of us knowing. I look toward older gods and see, only with the knowledge from newer gods, how ugly and decrepit they have become, and for some, how they have always been.

Thinking my relationships only lived in the past was a mistake: those gods are still tethered on a line across my collar bone sapping and sending energy which sculpts my unconscious.

Productivity's End

I don't know.

And I'm a person that likes explaining and figuring out stuff or that's the role I tell myself I embody.

Networking, working out, meditation, trying to find someone to have a decent conversation with, writing poetry.

Decisions are overrated.

I don't want to deal with emotional wellbeing and predicting outcomes in distant futures, which are both frantically held together by self-delusion.

Return me to a consciousness where I just DO.

let me be

the content pile of ashes you two-handily scoop into.

With a wide mouth, exhale thru me and let me fly.

Fill the spectral world for a brief instant and slowly
diffuse outward—letting small specks of me
carelessly float alongside other aimless particles.

As a sum of particles, we create a different purpose. Maybe the innate pressure to fulfill the purpose won't be so daunting now.