

sex&narcissism

sex. sex & narcissism. oh, sweet narcissism, you glisten&shine in my eyes
a goddamned golden supernova
a goddamned blazing [megalomania]maniacal surge skidding crashing
exhilaration running yourself into the ground. demolition
sparks flew

oh, but babydoll, that's just yo' humility talkin':

megalomania

i fought piranhas. i charged headlong to my doom, i was your savior. i,
i, I

-suffer from an Icarus complex

-no, a messiah complex,

-can only go down from here, motherfucker, down
sex?

drive it, shove it down into your eyes.

drown in humiliation [no, hun, humiliTY] in scorching self-hatred &
laugh & revel in the glory, my glory, my absolutely arrogant retribution
for the evil, for the wound. goldenjoyblackanger.

it's like the blues. sexy, rupturous, badass, & pain pain in pain, so pure
so raunchy; so cacophonous & eloquent; unstable & self-sufficient. fuckin
bipolar.

...i got the blues.

you maulseverfuckkillwhipbeatrape a people--nothing, nothing. nothing but
pain becomes the weapon, becomes the beauty, metamorphoses into joy. *wade
in the water*

you listenin darling, tell em!

some people--you can see their whole life in their eyes.

i fought piranhas.

i was a refugee, a runaway, a violent child born of the criminally insane,
son of god, son of satan, promising, a stranger to myself, attracted to
myself, imprisoned, free, always free, drugged, delusional, enlightened,
sexy, barren, grey, shining, atoughmotherfucker, expelled from paradise,
expelled again, alone, in love, in lust, high, triumphant, failed.

the Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde of beauty.

i got the ugliest beauty in the world.

but, chile, thas where it come from, the blues, the *soul*

[& dammit, narcissism's *sexy!*] honey, that ain't narcissism, thas *you*

Maraschino Cheri

"love, love in a trashcan" sang the jukebox
ever so charmingly we stared an instant too
long & her gaze snapped shut, like barrettes
were in her hair, redder than the grenadine
in her shirley temple sloshed decadently as
she stirred in my heart an obscenity found its
way to my mouth longed for her cherry-red...
popped my bubblegum & i tried to coolly smile
spread across her face too intense was the
feeling to be contained in her sweating glass
was a delicate paper parasol that was pink
like her polka-dot bow & arrow of cupid shot
me harder than ever before i knew it her hand
was up my dress which was fray-ended with a
kiss

Dissolution, the Great Equalizer

I was calling it an ineffable sadness, but I heard that it was called "poetic despair."

...Depressive slump works, too.

They descend erratically, the spells,

like a staggering drunk, completely unstable and untrustworthy.

And completely sickening. If his fix is alcohol, mine apparently
is dauntless, zealous, unmitigated self-sabotage.

Makes your head swoon and reel.

[But it's more fun to participate in the pain than to let it slap you around!]

And then it lifts, remarkably, miraculously, and unreasonably.

And I am painfully aware that I am at the mercy of the same

cosmic force that governs every single
other
member
of humanity, alike. No different.

Pain is worn so beautifully on other people.

Oh, if only we were all other people. Then wouldn't we be such
glamorous little baby dolls.

Poetic despair. It must have been said about other people. I think
mine has something to do with my misanthropy.

My disgust at Valentine's day,
at weapons of mass destruction,
at Christians oozing with self-righteousness,
and above all else, at this sexual, alcoholic, drug-binging, hedonistic nihilism
that neither class, nor location, nor time
does escape.

Depravity, The Great Equalizer.

Godless

The beauty swarms me, surrounds me, almost infiltrates me, overwhelms me...
but somehow i cannot grasp it, it cannot grasp me, and we remain two entities;
separate,
alone,
individual...

drifting&swirling into eternity.

but such nature is... the natural, the inherent, the original... pristine&pure.
innocent&inexpressible. fragile&fleeting.
unspeakably beautiful, but dying.
only the void is eternal perhaps because it is anything. but. its. lonely. self.
and as such my nature defies and cries out against the inevitable, impenetrable,
inescapable. [self.]
it pleas.

unable to absorb, only to observe

unable to recreate, only to remember
unable to join, just to lie in tangency with [another]

tangent, but not intersecting, not intertwining: instead, meeting, touching fingertips to hip, mouth to mouth, surface to surface... only for one instant, at one infinitesimal point&place, and passing on, ever the unadulterated, untarnished, incorrupt, immaculate self

because god forbid, if our beings were to interlock, intermingle, truly penetrate&become one another, our soul-shuddering loneliness&instinct to find GOD, THE ULTIMATE, THE ONE would... perhaps, appease, may it fucking rest in peace...

unrevelation, spiritual captivity: the sole preservation of truth (because it remains untouched&unexposed&untainted)

(so is it all imagined? what lies outside this flesh?)

i want to be stained. i want to be broken. i want to be not me.

yet, is even god alone? is that what i'm destined in that final blessed day to join?

fall, defy, secede, succumb.... anything to not die alone. but how?

who the fuck knows?

not the goddamned poiSIN apple.

but if wanting companionship so much, so *bad*, is so godawful...

make me the void. make me never have been. (perhaps that's what that sad angel wanted, how he defied creation)

& join me.