

Dostoyevsky

Strands of time travel
in red threads of conspiracy
out from now to thousands
upon thousands of eventualities,
and my stomach cramps,
nauseous at the thought
of these other realities
we can't see. Yet
it is written:
Our days are numbered
(possibly itemized,
and maybe even bulleted).

I woke up panicked
and perspiring.
I had been dreaming
of Dostoyevsky.
I was a piano key,
black and white,
and sounding
the same note over
each time I was struck.

Relapse

every day is the same
as the day before, the day soon after.
it is the happenings that transform.
six months ago I couldn't get out of bed.
voices came and went; sleep went
more often than it came. And I remember
all of this not because I ever saw the sun
rise or set on any of those days but because
it is not <now.> the most beautiful flower
blooms in the field next to your house.
it is aflame, a star with earthly roots.
change is the only dawn.

**Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question
-e e cummings**

always ~~only~~ (is only) ~~always~~
the earnest eternal
beautiful change (which) may
answer back ~~again~~
that echo that
asks what is (asked ~~of it~~)
an emptiness more empty
even than the void of a heart
more vast than the (last
beautiful) expanse (of stars not known so
question answers that [answer] question[s])

I Want to Pick Out My Own Coffin

I wish I was warm inside
my mother's womb again.
And I could float through life
listening to the rhythm of ventricles and lungs.
Safe inside my placenta suit,
my eyes would be bulging, dark spots
beneath a film of skin (the softest, slimiest skin
covering my everything>little hands and toes with
the tiniest nails that squirm and wave wildly.
No thought would ever enter my prenatal mind.

But thoughts do come constantly piercing my brain
that was born. Uncontrolled
this thing in my chest goes on without asking.
Breathe in then breathe out,
and keep sucking up life.
I'll never be unborn again,
so I'll be alive until there's something else I'm in.

Klonopin Dreams

I have epiphanies,
instants of mental lightning,
like moments of lucidity

(flashes of brilliance and clarity)
and then nothing.
I have epiphanies

that (turn my eyes to kaleidoscopes) so I can see
how tiny puzzle pieces continuously form and reform to compose everything.
Moments of lucidity

twist (like light bulbs) in the sockets of reality
and (spot light the universe as it) opens its mouth to sing:
“I have epiphanies!”

They resonate in the consciousness like harmonies
resound in the ear of the mind of the heart.
Like moments of lucidity

life (washes over me),
wave upon heavy, drowning wave.
(I have epiphanies)
like moments of lucidity.