

Gone

why are some of us close

and some of us far

I guess if Earth

is a circle

without start or end

who's to know

why do some talk

and others think

some prefer to fly

others to be guided by labyrinths

fairies fly because they believe

the wright brothers have bravery

some can see

the paintings of words

others the infinity of numbers

some flip back and forth

some people are coming

some people are going

There's a TV in my Leg

in the hospital bed I hallucinated
clear shape shifting orb-like
depictions of ancient farmers
in the village or
a net cast about me
that I pushed with finger
laughing as I watched
it bounce

I saw the ghosts
pass through
but I was scared
so my
angel hid me

I saw patterns and fairies
gigantic sunflowers spinning

negative spirits
can influence
but not master
yes, that's it
it must be a
purely psychological phenomenon
ego ID melting into one another
I mean the conscious and
its counter – part

two universes

bumping into one another

maybe lack of sleep

or the bugs I saw on my pants because

I haven't changed them for days

gotta do that when

I get home

we talked theology with aliens

for the record, they don't know either

Curses

my sponsor doesn't
believe in curses
I do

I don't think
she used an enchantment
she cursed me

visions of her fucking other men
every waking hour

that sucks
and it hurts
everytime I fucking look at it

she's on top
I'm on the bottom
she's my number 1
I'm her zero

these visions were no joke
not a matter of positive thinking
or some attempt to feel better about myself
they were energetic channels
freed up
montages of the reality
I would soon unfold
like stepping up to a cliff
enamoured by depths of mountains

realizing I'm nothing

but in time

I came to jack off to the thought

now renewed into a visionary sexual butterfly

Porn

I tried to watch porn
but there's only one pussy
on this Earth for me
and that's like
finding a four leaf clover