

To Be Beyond Description: Five Poems

To Shine Just Like A Metaphor

I want to shine just like a Metaphor:

“the thing itself”
and something MORE.

I want burn like an aching *symbol*—
Just SO

It's been such a *while*
While I felt this WAY

I've try to become one every day
To transform *myself*
So I may CHANGE

Some say I'm out of touch with
reality huh

but what's that? don't worry about me—

I know you agree
you want something more from TROPES

And Haven't you ever
Lusted
for More than HOPE

wanted to gleam like a diamond before you SHINE it
buried like a secret only for the splendor of the *darkness*

Let me try to be a simple clause
Dashboard between us like conjunction

I want to function the way a verb
does

I want to be dramatic irony,

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knowing exactly what waits for me in the bedroom before
sleep

I want our dreams to be the rising ACTION
I want the chorus to help me make my Point if it has to

the envelope to me should hold a
letter
And begin with love and
recklessness

I want to rise up like an exclamation (!)
And love so hard
I lose track of my sentences
Have to parse modifiers like sweet lemons
and sugar the tone of the conversation

Some days I drink whiskey like Syrup and swallow syllables of
Ice

And that's just it
That's what would be nice

To be the morning light beyond the door
A bridge, a hinge, a wind, a floor

The thing itself
and something more.

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Because To Be Beyond Description

When I see astrological bodies exploited I Cringe
like when I read the word *Perseids*
and can't help but think *Mercedes Benz*, *Janis Joplin*
the unpronounceable quality of *Mercy*
straining against random, heightened Diction
Words dressed up like *Wax-cold dead*
Stiffs propped up in styrofoam Beds
words feigning to flower something,
Bud towards what they can never be—
and That's the trouble, SEE:
Nothing can ever be what it truly IS
It can't even be what it once WAS
and it wasn't THEN, So *fuck* nostalgia, what I say
When someone mentions a moth's Name
I think of *months* & because when I see the word *husk*
I want to barf I know because in fact what is a man but
a thing that wants to be Contained
why do words matter at all Except
as some representation of un-emptiness
which is the very thing it is not in the first place.
And where does the anger come from and how do I extinguish it
that makes me want to say *there is no god and the evidence is against him*
just as there is no such thing as a *real actual word*
that can wholly name a thing—just the feeling, a Ghost,
I want to scream or *curse* but what a *laugh*
couldn't have said it any better myself.
And when the fiery tires go screaming down I tend to say
Ah, just a Citybus. Just another Citytrain
a million tons all wailing us along
Just a flock of Birds sailing across the sky *no meaning there*
Just another sidewalk Overgrown, beckoning to me
Just another thing I was sure I knew
earth is a continuum, like dreams.

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(Ghazal 2) “Everyone has a bit of a Junky in them”

Whatsoever forwords tried and failed tolay,
save what's-and-however's in the bad mescalindays

Sweetbreath, you were in me, you were Spice and you were Lemon-
Gasoline, you were a rhapsody I could notamphetamine

the Dreams I wasnot worthy of were not appeased by wars for oils
cracked skin eyes dim distant smell of something boiling on the Range

Wherefore did you out for Scheme while I why'ed and skipped the Bay
your Love was like an impossible wave engulfing, surroundingme

And some years in the afterstorm I am haunted by gale whoreflailing
forward movement is nothing, standing still is the real awfulthing

the truewar was against my own tormented renegadewithin
that same impossible distancedeparating me from the way cocaine

make you hatemyself and made you hate myfriends
while maryjane swallowed me in 3D as I passed out at the Organ

in the churchhouse of the worshipospace I Prayed
in the house of drinking of gamblingdebts of unwieldy drunks and Bets

in the cathedrals of loneliness out on the street I strobedout, Hungry
for a home for a procedure for a way out of the echoingechoing

If wheresoeverwhat forward there was a way to know god
I might burn up in a firestorm wonderingwhy I thought myselfable

Your Love—it penetrates me, slaughters the thin wall of the vessel
Shoots me full of horrible dreams I delight and squirm in

I swimdown into the under world beneath me from time to time
Looking for the whatplan youneed something to get youby too

But I know you don't dream quite as high as I do.

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Depression Song

I have been perpetrator of a vast depression,
proliferator of majestic sadness

The pallid demeanor I wake up in makes the window ledge illegible
tangible daylight bright as midnight makes another hour heave its substance hungerless

The sustenance of contentment relies on a grammar of ceremony
having to perform it like an oeuvre in the chamber of a seashell, suffering

In this way abandoned in the flowers I drift outside of myself
in the waking sand-slow roll of hours, altogether master of caving in.

Time, and also perhaps this thing of being
are complicit in some secret being kept from me, remorseless.

The condescension of a smile makes a sneer seem welcoming
the present is a velvet, a corner closing in—

By trying to keep walking, the pavement is made into threads
which comfort me—and then the thought:

In the loss of form there is the remote possibility of otherness
a movement forward, beyond: careless, profane, graceless.

To lift a music from obstruction
you must be taught by no one, prepared by nothing.

To reprise it again the middle of a segment
is to know well where the heart is.

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When I dream of another life

I find myself experiencing a distinct feeling
of waking after a long dream
I sit up quick, thinking

*what the hell have I done
where in god's name have I been
what kind of things was I replacing
water and air with, opening my blood
and letting fire drift in*

all it takes is an ember to light the whole forest
and most of me is liquid, but still that doesn't stop
the distinct feeling in me from burning:

I don't deserve to be tired of the artifice
my boredom, I know, is a sacrilege
I've never wanted something less
than to be truly thin and substanceless
in most things when I needed to
I found half ways half-proficient
my dwindling thought so often is

*I should have been off playing rock music
I should have lived life as a cartoonist
or else become a rich, wanted bandit,
given up booze and found Jesus
other been someone sexy, polemical, notorious*

Yet here I am

I am thinking of a way to escape
to run far past the skyscrapers
beyond the mountain peaks
before the sudden realization
gravity

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I am who I am
I've made my mistakes
in fact I have made them continuously

it's awful to admit
I'm as predictable as anything
what day it will rain
how long an hour is