

laminated prayers

I. made for these times

neglectfully
we all take
advantage
of the simple
things. I
crossed my
fingers
earlier tonight,
forgetting
how easy it
can be.
to forget,
to forget
accidentally,

I may as
well be a
mongoloid.

this poison
emptiness
has left
us
virally
infected—
a gas mask
is
obsolete.
suffering from
ocular
pains, but
ignoring
the
circular
certainties;
what goes up
must come
down
and once I've
let you
in,
I did

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not think
of you
ever
escaping.

this geosynchronous
charade
erodes my
sharpened
fingernails.
they are
pointed
nonetheless,
in an
accusatory
fashion.

fuck this
disease!
fuck
concentrating
on what
can fit inside
your palm!
I want to
grab
the
world's gossamer
petticoat
and lift it
so
goddamned
far
above her
head
Jupiter
will see her
anus.
who wears
petticoats
anyway?
(you old

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fashioned fool!)
slap me
upside
my brooding cheek
to shake
off this
leering stability.

teeters
totter and
the remaining
burnt
mistakes
leave me
perplexed
by territorial
panjandrums
of the heart
and
of the mind.

my soul
is
splitting spiders
like a
martyr,
a revolutionary
void.

after the
sins,
there is nothing
left
but ellipses,
the remaining
follicles
of feathered, soft-serve
ideas.
please,
anything
but this
plasticized revival.

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II. shooting the elephants

I have been searching for a home to shelter my friend elegance.
In doing so I have learned that fidelity is not bravery—

You have to savor in order to succeed,
Not blindly implore the notion for a regurgitated piece of ego.

If it is on the floor, leave it there.

I have been yearning for a loose floorboard to use as a catapult.
A new age alarm, breaking up the moments to judge, lifted above lip stings.

If it is on the floor, leave it there.

I want to box cut to the foxtrot, but there's only emptiness in contribution.

None of my feelings or resentments have ever
Changed, they've just been replaced by new feelings and resentments.

In a cockeyed assembly line, the former hang lowly in my gullet.

Bending the rules like a virginal shoelace—poking in holes I just don't belong in.

All this time, I could've been with you shooting the elephants.
I am still here, sitting at the open window of disillusionment.

I don't blame you, or me, or the rifle; someone had to go down.

III. another night

the me in
myself
has been largely unapparent.
I think
they stopped inviting me over
because while they were out
sopping up Riesling
and remembering their Costa Rican vows,

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I was hiding in the corner
like a Twelfth knight;
eating all of their avocados.

it's just a nut,
it's just another night in, pouring out pepper and justifying
gluttonous behavior
with the ups and downs of the fleeting Mediterranean.

poets do not
search for a sense of belonging—
they don't need to,
they will never belong.
even at home, with my quiet
elegies, magical affairs, hammering
anguish
I am merely a solider in an abject partition.

the me in
myself
is often too goddamned tired for this bullshit.
nowadays,
everyone thinks
that they're a boxer.
but from here, in my corner
the only knockouts are already aligned
with the cracking of the sidewalks
beneath the feet
on which we all stand and fall together;
in dirt, in blood, on wood, in sand, in unison.

you fools,
you belted scheming fools—
always undermining gravity, brevity
and the reluctance in between.
the business of colors and landscapes
will not be forsaken or
monopolized.
it doesn't benefit you to be one of the dead
or one of the living, ambivalence in breathing
will surely prevail.

the me in
myself

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is being strangled by my own pathos.

an electric hunger
a charismatic cherub
innocence and cranberry juice
now foiled
by a seven-year-old staleness
the usual
what could have been
what never was;
this maddening truth
of your chipped teeth gnawing on my conscious for the last time.

IV. untitled

Patting myself on the back
for a job done, irrespective of its quality.
Under the rock and over the radar;
never was an easy landscape to traverse
Then again, neither is the amputation of past love.
A love which christened itself like the dawning of
new races of beings that possess an insatiable
appetite for habits,
an appetite for dispatching emotions,
an appetite for temporal madness.

One might say this is not a unique situation,
rather,
that it is the essence of all things.
The sustaining of ignorance in order to make room
for the new. New, defined not only as the unknown,
but perhaps a re-contextualization of previous experiences.

A diaphanous tidal wave, opaque only to those who choose
not to see the truth for what it is.
The admittance of crests, the changes in frequencies; breaths are
bunched together,
drinking death in the afternoon.

As a child I loved Orpheus, the delicate terrestrial.
I still do, whether or not he
descended from Calliope. When you look at me, sometimes,
I too, want to vanish.

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V. mollycoddling

I have walked down this street
more times
than are worth counting.
I worked here
twice, three times if you count
the inane errands from the lingerie shop.
“hand out
these flyers for six hours, then come
back and I’ll give you a few more!”
so I went,
went to that same old stretch of confinement—
a structure-less wonderland
of Dystopian boners,

I threw the flyers in the fucking garbage.

I hiked it to the park.

*I tanned my arms, had a lemonade, thought about how cool it would be to live
in the West Village one day, then I changed my mind.*

back in the office
succumbing blindly to this juvenile punishment,
a punishment disguised by cheap glasses and a bottle marked SELTZER (but who
COULDN’T smell the vodka).
odiously having to take a man seriously
who thought too much of his ego/not enough of his liver.

years later
well, and days
in fact here all the time
that old walk is no longer familiar but somehow paradoxical
the winds have changed, their bond to my breath is loosened.

I cringe at the thought

I cringe thinking I am misinterpreting Everett’s brilliance but

I can feel in my bones

I can feel this instance is not now and it is inherent to another multiverse.

most of the flames
I’ve alluded to in the past, they’ve flickered so
roughly. a decade of promises and sparks and now they are out but not necessarily
extinguished.

I have outgrown them.

I have taken them for granted.

I have ignored inevitable truths and abhorred instances of happiness.
I have foreseen a me that does, and can exist in
the present
absent of colloquial deities or chattering, irresponsible appendages.

Steve tells me to relax.
be patient he says.
sometimes things change instantly, sometimes they are intermittent.
you can only trust yourself.
so on, so on, so on.
how can I not
be tainted by my instant gratification generation?
(momentarily strangled by an umbilical cord.)

shall I
walk down this street more often?
(for in conclusion, there is one!)
like a flopping fish—out of the water, a mindless creature exploring
inexorable paradigms of dryness. dead or alive the gasps are irreprehensible.
I don't want to be your constant.