

andrew guillen

I drown in a sea of iron shackles that make me deaf to your cries of rescue, and make me mute to your holiday sirens that ballad about when we will be together again. I refuse to analyze these progress reports stating that my rubric of unfaithful mediocrity is not so up to par. Our date night is only an eye wink away and here I am still sitting with clammy hands waiting for your cheerleader glance towards this nerdy varsity prom loser who did math on meth. One more pop of your gum and I'll force my lips on yours. Pardon me for a moment will you; I need to freshen up my wrists with two or three more slits to gracefully usher this anxiety flow faster out of my system. You dare ask anyone how long it takes to detox off disquiet and discomposing blood cells? Sliding to the ground infatuated with the violet red ambits of euphoria playing freeze tag down my arm and hearing your pounding fists screaming if I'm okay (I'm not.) but your distraught concern's no longer permitted membership on this frequency that I now call a black gospel temple. Show me books and lecture me with past times to take my mind off this wind that's harassing me about my futile pilgrimage I began to a mecca that I've only heard rumors about. My dear, pay no attention to the pieces of my honor I'm trying to pick up stomped on by heels worn by serpents that traded with this pilgrim his virginity for their company. Forgive me that my blood wasn't hot enough to boil the skin off my face that looked upon so many witches who cast their spells and hung my validation over their cauldrons heated by an ember slapped with winter's cruel embrace. Handcuff me to a titan's collar and follow me to my quick, deep descent into the forever of the Atlantic, but before my impact, share with me one last kiss as my skull splits and spills out drugs to remind me how much I hated you and how physically inattentive you were to the fruits of your womb, and how, together, we wrote our last mass of death to a symphony of skeletons who could care less about you divorce case's meth-driven pointless safari hunt of younger company and self-justified web of lies. Watch me make mud with the salt in your tears shed from the times you watched me inside others' beds while you planned our next getaway, hoping the calming coasts that neighbor the harbors across the sun would wipe our slates clean, making our plan to assassinate each other a bitter walk down a boulevard where the venues scream of infidel ownership destined for our eyes but made public cause of my stubborn decree that what we fight is what we share. Am I too blind to see this journey im making take me back to a time when my actions smothered you in locks and chains and kept you from me. Take your seat at that bar and leave me to quiver in the breeze that keep me company by corners where tigers feed and people piss. No need for your concerned looks and tasteful lingo you chatter with vanity-drunk hipsters you call friends. With my head buried in my groin I contemplate another blood sample, so save your syringes and have my blade just let me check if the poison's reached my veins yet! The day will be mine when suburban nights fill my day and arrive to my castle prepared with oils and mirth, and the scent of dried roses remind me of your unending deliberate chokeholds, forcing yourself on me draining me of nectar I was harvesting for someone that just wasn't you. Sorry that the velocity of my second wind was to fast for feet,

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you being in a race you had no right to be in, so let me shed light on your black slutty fissure and blind with truths so harsh you'll be stuck in therapy for years. The difference is I made a latter from the abyss I called my home, so keep busy, cause the turmoil has only begun.

Is it too soon to shout that Im free from these chains that bound me to an ambivalence that knew no cause to settle for an answer that gave me even the smallest chance to crawl back into your arms. Steady love, no need for you to pretend youre eager to leave your bed when you hear the jingle of your man's poison bottles. And how it makes me fringe around your walls when he's inside your bed and intoxicating your carriage of peace and dusty rubble castle you once called youth. I guess its seems right to be on your toes anticipating this inpatient relapse that tips scale between another term of structured recovery and a second cycle of gloomy tours that consume you whole and spit you out as a pile of bones with a polka-dot skirt and pink bow waiting to be taken to the prom with me. A hint of mint was in the air when I compared your cold heart to the frost of the mountains I dreamt of and to my surprise the familiar overweight fury-drunk man calls me to medicate on expired medicine that remedied nothing but the re-opening wounds that he poured salt on. Watching sunrays peep through his dusty frames, in his head he panics, "I'm losing you, losing you" and the seeds planted inside him from long ago prohibit any father-figure shadows this small lad try to seek cool providence in, so here he stands bloody, trying his best not suffocate on Satan's canteen, hoping that these mud-bathing nights will soon come to an end. Would you be content with my stepping back away from rejuvenation to spend another wind-filled rocky mountain night in your arms? I regret to say I fancy the anti-conduciveness these hands craft when the warmth from your eyes meet mine and this shiny armor melts when you allow these lips to kiss away your cluttered pain, and would one more stanza trip up beasts the roam your soul in search of ounces of worth you kept hidden. What's the point of our rendezvous if we mean to stay apart for a century, with no intentions of looking back. Do I dare count the minutes again till I see you with an upside down smile. I hate myself for looking forward to your melancholy, buying another ticket to board your trenches and hunt down the birds in the sky who carry your panoramic prognosis. Are my words not wet enough to combat bubblegum poets who make taverns out of light and lies call themselves prophets of our day to only watch them rape the weak and purchase corporate violence and spend on young men who become drafted to fight in a war against themselves. Too blind to see the civil conflict, our states of emotion divorce from the adultery we dabble with others minds that convince us we seek treasures in beaches patrolled be pirates of system we call order.

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