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couldn't you believe that chaos could ensue and **break** everything that we have known and wipe it all clean____. perhaps this is *too ideal* of an actuality when peace is at bay and used incorrectly. it's not so bad and we can make do. it's not all going to change for you. i won't change for you. who am i changing to? i've taken myself too seriously for the lack of actual support i receive. this includes a strong sense of justice and wicked belief in the power of the unfortunate rebirth of *not going to occur. i love you* but it seems too sweet, that balance could retain and the rules would die and go out of play *but now i am the game.*

i want you
to see
everything
i've seen
and have two sets, two souls
till november
a white beret in december
taking a flight far away joining your own, mountains move
only so slightly quaking to quiver; hands outstretched from an
eye, an oval
i'd reach out for you in chaos

(abyss)

“we need people like johnny,” i tell you in the heat of it,
sitting in the van gogh bar, with ceilings like stairs. we’re
fighting but it’s not it, everything is silent around us and the
intensity of the conversation seems like a dance and
everyone could hear but no one was there and the lighter
clicks

meet me at my usual spot?
run around past knife clock hands, through the back;
hiding in my hoodie. *i’ll be there in a hurry, you don’t have
to worry /* running into you is a dream
we duck by and through trying to get to you,
the veracity of which knocks us on our feet and leaves us
struggling to breathe
I love to laugh with you

looks could kill if they came in a beret

to look to the moon

to see you

smile

to look to the moon and realize

*pacing myself excludes being at peace with my velocity, the earth
won't retain me, i will move further than imagined; imagine me, shape,
reform, the sea lion dances on the whale, it gives birth ashore. salt and
smoke in a mouth, almost as heavy as the world in my pocket. i walk a
mile radius of base, will they be coming for me? the toaster pops and
i flinch; two rings. he fires the basket, torqued and spiraled, beer spilt.
how much to achieve sobriety when a brain can get you high? nascent
pinpricks, they say, but now it's glass in my hand. believe in me, belief
in we, living at home, my dog's tears red.*

*can i be quiet? is it intelligence? what are words when there is no sound?
can i be still and shake? can i be quiet and scream? how to let go seems
momentary and forever is presently. mediating between, (sway) sway (in) out
breath as feeling
breathing is being
i haven't seen any clouds, just blue
the scent of the wind a root*