

## A Concise History of Consciousness

“Is is is” is  
A grammatically correct sentence  
In the form of  
A self-answering  
question

### A List of Reminders

Things labeled as poison are often poison

Believe everything you read on the internet

Every battle is to the death

Every death is staged

Every stage is susceptible to fires

Speak in a godly register

Never forget: humans are the enemy

Always wash wools in cool water

Your first memory is the oldest story you've been telling yourself

Running comes before walking and after crawling

Miracles can happen and so can you!

All exclamation points exist parenthetically

The thing you fear has venomous fangs and no body

The thing you fear isn't real

The thing-in-itself isn't

The term 'inside voices' is propaganda created by sensitive walls

Walls don't have but are ears

Every year is the year of our lord but this year is the most

Empathy is inherently psychopathic

Solipsism and panpsychism are the exact same thing

The overuse of the verb 'to be' corrupts impressionable minds

The passive voice has always been actively harmful

Life is hardest when lived on easy-mode

'Caterwauling' is a term derived from the drowning of cats

Dying is objectively the funniest thing

Benny & The Jets is the greatest band of all time

Sometimes in chess one has to castle artificially

'I love you' is the 13th most common lie

'No worries' is the 7th

When all is said and done no one will be around to make note of it

Rabbits often eat their young

You're a champ pal, keep on truckin'

Document the movement of the birds

Don't ever let reason get in the way of a good decision

Most truths are temporary

Make sure to cancel all unnecessary subscriptions

Thank someone at least once a day, it doesn't matter who

You aren't you

Prussian blue is the blue of blueprints

## The Love Affair

I caught her breakdancing in stilettos  
She swore it was on a sound basis  
That it strengthened out her ankles  
And more importantly her sense  
Of taste

When the boombox died  
The dust bunnies came to mourn  
Pausing from feeding on the paint chips  
In the walls  
(Multicolored as they were)

Suddenly I began supporting wild claims

About the rules of forestry  
And its relation to the extinction  
Of pocketbooks and ground squirrels  
Forgetting myself  
In the finishing dance

## Discovery in Translation Across This, Our Globe

This is a record  
Of the disintegration  
We held between us  
Even when in Kyoto  
When the rain was ours and  
The only statistical anomaly  
Was what we called ourselves  
Until the bonds began to say

it's a record  
shattered  
a hug between us  
even when i am in Helsinki  
When the rain is ours  
single statistical outlier  
What's your \_ name  
Until the stocks start to talk

That's a record.  
shriveled up  
hug between us  
Although I am in Belfast  
when the rain is ours  
A statistical chart  
What is your name

even the stock talks

This is a record.  
come down  
a hug between us  
although in Alexandria  
if it is our monsoon  
statistical chart  
what's her name?  
though stocks talk

This is a paper.  
Relax  
Let's hug each other's monks  
Although in Algiers.  
It's our summer  
Statistical table  
What's the name?  
Even their ships

This is paper.  
Take a break  
Let's kiss a saint  
Even in the Vatican.  
This is our summer.  
Statistical graph  
What is her name?  
Even his ship.

It has a booklet.  
quiet  
holy kiss  
and Borneo  
This our summer.  
digital board  
What is the girl's name?  
So is your boat.

Advertisements available

It was silent

A holy kiss  
and Sumatra

This is our passion

Digital Tablet

What is the name of the shirt?

Even your boat

There is advertising.

He was silent.

A holy kiss  
and Andorra

We are waiting for it

Digital table

What is the name of the dress?

Like your plane

It is obvious.

There are many

A holy kiss  
and Seoul

We expect it to stay

Digital sheet

What is the name of the system?

I love you plane

Of course.

lots of

holy kiss  
and Addis Ababa

We hope to stay

Digital paper

What is the reason?

I love valerian

on the other hand,

many things

holy kiss  
and Fiji  
We believe  
leaf  
What is its purpose?  
I love you Valeria

but before that,  
Very Good  
holy kiss  
Milk product  
We think so.  
Oh shit  
What is the discount?  
Valerie I love you

At first.  
feelings  
holy kiss  
dairy  
we think so  
It's for you  
a big fall  
I love you

Again  
Oh  
almost a kiss  
Milk production  
we want  
Judge  
It's a big question.  
i love you

Hello  
well  
I read  
Breast protection

We must  
of inquiry  
Maybe not.  
i love you

peace  
is good  
i read it  
Chest protection  
we fit  
I will ask you  
it is not given to the wicked  
I love you

And it will stop  
very well  
I will learn  
protect the chest  
we had something  
I asked you  
Not for the faint of heart  
i love you

wait  
Don't forget  
i want to learn  
Chest wall  
There is something  
i asked you  
no answer  
I love you

stand up  
do not forget  
you want to know  
chest  
thin  
I hear



The answer is  
you make me happy

To write  
However, I have not forgotten  
You know  
in the chest  
Build a medium  
I asked  
This is the answer.  
congratulations

I am writing a letter  
But I forgot.  
look  
in the heart  
Create an environment  
I started  
Here is the answer.  
Hello

147 (If Fifteen Was Twenty)

*after Le Radeau de la Méduse*

It doesn't help to know the details  
Even in these microcosmos the second law triumphs

Hope can only transfix those whose teeth have sunk as deep into flesh as the ship's  
wreck  
The ship now a makeshift bundle of haunted half-corpses and non-decisions

They call cannibalism the custom of the sea

Though the waves cast all lots before you ever can know you've already drawn your own

And how can the sea pose for a portrait? In its textures of tumult and restless hungers?

Perhaps the painter paints with a Medusa brush, perhaps

Temporality is only temporary and if asked nicely tragedy will sit still  
For the sake of art

And its patrons, as you know  
History isn't kind to those who die on its bad side

What might be the length of a white shark  
Stretches well into the crests of this ceaseless surf

A man named neither Joseph nor the father clutches his dead son  
Naked as the white flag being waved at the peach black heavens

And amid the tenebrous dreck of madness, cracked bitumen and grit:  
A pupil-wide window opens, not for all  
To see.