

In the Dead of Night

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When all the people come most alive, their brains
at least.

The asphalt turns
Blue, sky somewhere
between purple and black,
an amethyst.

All the sleepers grown tired of love
in their beds
rolled away

From their partner,
Turned over,
Too easy,

Another

egg
cracked
rotten

Everything eats away— at itself.

That's why former Gods would eat their children;
and the current One left us for Dead.

The Youth, Damned kids in their bed:
pissing, whimpering, tumbling not yet grown— tired of
love, but terrified by it. Questioning it.

The insomniacs never learned
you can sleep
with your eyes
open.

Everyone does
Day to day

Instead they stew,
Brood,
not exactly
Wide awake
Of course,
but their anxiety is the greatest rooster,
always calling

Is it dawn yet?

Convinced something must be wrong. Wrong
with the world. Wrong with me. Wrong with you.

Former gods ate their offspring,

Now,
We make them and forget
We had them,
but for awhile, quite awhile even
They're everything— in the dead of night

Instead of thinking, take a walk through it,
submerge yourself
in the blue
asphalt
Immerse yourself
in the shimmer
of the amethyst

The streets sleep better than anyone:
beaten,
sloping,
steady.

Everything eats
away
at itself.

This is a list poem.

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All things start out as lists.
All good things left unfinished are lists

You and I were first a list of names.
Picked by random, by popularity, by the namesake of heritage.
Every pen is a shovel,
I can't dig out of this on my own.
Still plucking away, every point a hole or puncture.

Soil softens the wood,
Still growing without rings to mark my interest or age,
Another list not listed, but blisters punctuate thoughts in a brain.

Bullet points bullet holes,
Thinking thinking thinking
Boxes are meant to be broken,
Everyone wants freedom to be unconstrained
Drawing glyphs for lightning struck.

Shattering tasks paper grades itself.
On what's left empty
On what isn't checked off, unfulfilled.

All things end without lists.
Not wanting to get up, a kiss to send us,
To remember what Love was,
List your emotions, obscure your feelings,
Describe no one.

Write a blank check.
You're worth it.
All good things

CO-DEPENDENCE

My co-dependence gets up early everyday awaking neighbors, friends, & family. An exhortation fitted in neutral swaths of light screaming red,

“The Brits are coming! The British are coming!”

Bar your windows, eat your breakfast, sleep when you're dead.

My co-dependent brain thinks a lot about suicide, knowing the running joke cosmic:

no one will survive.

Every widowed relationship I procure panacea after nightfall. A lack of vision provides clarity for consensus for closure; a crucible.

Mental illness doesn't need a friend, self generation takes care of it. Scrawling on the bedpost: The Writing is On The Wall: Too On The Nose: Snorting the Stardust, taking the pill, diving in, sleeping...well.

Amphetamines have a consciousness. You wouldn't think it, but that's because it's already ahead of you. Playing Chess like Checkers, trying to keep it simple, every black hole a circle, every red dot a regret, repudiated self: denial.

Checkmate.

I'd call you on the phone, but voicemails are now untenable. Text is preferred, more easily ignored without guilt of being reminded of your humanity. Misread without the context of real connection.

Blissfully aware of what your world abounds. Sharing, over-sharing, nothing but optimism with exclamatory zeal and a fervor for cartoon faces to cover: masking self: please smile.

All thumbs up are now sarcastic.

All hearts are now broken.

All teary-eyedness is now disingenuous.

All anger is authentic, Pure, the good shit. In neutral swaths of light screaming silent as the tyrants herd vaccinations into children like devices smart or otherwise.

There's utopia somewhere in here.

There's heaven in blue bodies.

There's communion in the cosmic co-dependence lizard brain congenial as perennial plants go unobserved.

Quietly breathing underground as blue light blankets over all the world: smothering.

Up early everyday: praying posthumous ensnares freezing: shaking hands with Holiness as falling trees signify the wiping out of History.

There's utopia here.