

Black

Tuesday, January 12, 2016 9:03 PM

This is black anvil
hammer smashing,
back breaking,
pill swallowing,
finger cracking good.

This is snake eyes in your closest mate
and in your high school principal.

This is freedom!
Let the bells ring, ring,
and victory will emerge as a new idea
with its fist raised in the air
yelling
"Sincerely, the Breakfast Club!"
"Beowulf!"
"Braveheart!"
"Broke - back mountain lovers!"

Lend me your eyes and ears,
and I will explain to you what it means to smile in my shoes.

Sometimes, you write best while loaded up on cough medicine
and
sometimes, you sleep less, too.

But by God, you cannot tell me that these are not the best nights.
These are the nights when you realize that you've always used better words when talking to yourself,
and shorter sentences when talking with others.

The detail is in the design, baby.
You must look past the numbers and see me for what I really am,
and what I really am is
confused.

Tell me what you see in me.
Tell me you don't see a mirror showing you what you want to see.
Am I just some transistor radio you carry to hear the words of anyone but me?
No...

I will not stand for this-
I will not stand for you.

I will stand for myself,
since "myself"
is the only one that will stand for me.

Just because you cannot see the danger in

the stars
doesn't mean that it's not there.

The universe is collapsing all around us
and we are a few billion years late for the show.

This is the light at the end of the tunnel.

This is what it means to write white
with a black mind.

To Be Human

Monday, December 7, 2015 4:28 PM

We are the hand of Adam,
reaching for a god that is looking the opposite direction.

We, the congregation of rebel children adults
with college degrees and jobs as
gas station clerks,
whores,
and bartenders.

We are the Dorito cheese hands of five finger discounts
pecking away at the crumbs of the modern man
scared of what would happen if we were never caught.

We dip our toes in the same water that you swim in.
We cry out to a heaven that we do not believe in because we are scared that it might actually be real.
We do not beg on the streets,
but rather in the arms of ourselves
and only to ourselves.

We do not let anyone see us suffer,
for suffrage is only an idea thought up by those that are deemed "better" than us.

We do solemnly swear that these truths are not to be held self-evident.
We are not equal as seen through the eyes
of an all hating god.
We must be equal in our own eyes,
we must be our own gods.

We are the muckrakers
and the fat cats
of this unfair paradox.
We run the companies,
yet work in the sweatshops.
The economy is ours,
still we vomit due to the paranoia of not having enough money.

We are the people you see drunk in the streets.

We are the people who stand for ourselves
and embrace individualism as a whole.
We are the people.

We are the ones holding shotguns with shells full of words,
but lacking the guts to take the gun off safety.

We are the ones with lungs filling with water
almost to the top of the lake,
but with weeds tethered to our ankles.

When we do break free,
when we do muster up the courage to release our words onto the sky,
know that it will not be in vain.

We are lost in the wonders of the universe
lost in each others' entwined fingers
lost in the way trees bend in the wind
lost in the fact that we are here because two other people made us,
and four other people made them.

We have been created from the image of the universe.

We started off smaller than the size of a period.
Now look at us.
We have created wonders with words,
with paint and markers,
with chisels and stone,
with metal and metal.

We have come so far from a period.
We have one heart and ten fingers.
We have one brain and two eyes.
We have life, love, and happiness;
but only if we choose to.

We are so much more than a period.
We are equal to a planet.
We have been broken, and reassembled.
We have been created from the same materials as stars.

We are strong,
we are weak.
We are humans.
We are we,
we are us.

And we're okay with that.

Honesty V

Saturday, February 27, 2016 7:53 PM

it seems that the best memories
happen though closed eyes
and locked doors
under blankets and with heads
rested on pillows you find yourself
you find out what you really think of
yourself and the magic starts to happen

Pictures this:

A dark room, no lights at all. You have a thought about space actually being deep deep ocean. It would make sense, right? I mean, you can't breathe, there's no sound, it's super cold, and that's where rain comes from. Maybe there's just more ocean above us.

A lightbulb starts up in one corner of the room. It's small, barely flickering, but it's there and you can see it in the darkness.

You have another thought, a memory of the Fourth of July when you were twelve. You and your cousin were dancing back and forth across the field, collapsing on the ground just like soldiers who had been shot every time a firework exploded in the air.

Another lightbulb, a little bit brighter than the last comes up.

You smile, and think about all the times you burnt your hands as a kid trying to replace a lightbulb that just burnt out.

More lights appear, each one brighter than the last.

You remember fires in the woods, the summer spent sleeping on your friend's floor, family trips and spot lighting in the canyon, late nights and early mornings at Denny's, when you got an inch thick icicle broken on you head, sitting in church with grandma, that kid's birthday where you were the only one to show up, the red face you wore when you bought condoms for the first time, the weird beanie you used to wear in sixth grade... you looked so cool.

By the dozens, these lights pop up like the Huns out of snow.

You can recall every little thing.

The first time you rode a bike and crashed it into your aunt's car, your face slid down it like you were in a cartoon.

That one time when you decided you could swim and your dad rescued you from the pool, he became a hero that day.

When you poisoned your friend's neighbor's chickens with some weird mix of something.

Remembering all the good times, the bad times, letting them merge together.

You can recall your first breakup as well as your first kiss, and you realize that they are all good things.

I can see your teeth, how they used to look, like God's ribcage was pressed into your face. All I can ever do is smile about it.

These memories appear behind the locked doors of your mind, through your closed eyes. Because they are yours. You let these things become the definition of bliss. Let these drag you away when you feel down. Remember that no matter how bad things had seemed at the time, you made it through it. You have made it through all of your "I can't do this anymore" thoughts.

You are stronger than you think, and it's truly beautiful.

The room doesn't look so dark now, as each lightbulb displays your memories like little projectors on the inside of your skull. These lights are for you to look at, to experience. They are yours. You are allowed to view them whenever you feel like it. Whether you're sad, happy, or completely depressed.

You've made it so far already, and you're going to make to make it home eventually. Don't rush it, you've got this.

This is it

Sunday, March 27, 2016 12:21 AM

I.

We used to be happy.

II.

Back when we were young.
When we high-fived like gun shots,
hugged like slamming doors,
kissed like atomic bombs.

III.

We stalked each other
from the shadow of the dancefloor
wanting to reach out for one another,
but our fingers were caught in the sleeves
of our own dark and striped sweaters.

IV.

The people would clap for us when we walked in
our footsteps like a marching army
with these gun shots clapping in our ears
reminding us of when we were young
and our parents packed smokes
and blew cigarettes around themselves that lingered
in their clothes and in our hugs.

V.

Our love fell down on everyone around us
like fresh rain water or big pink grapefruits from trees.
They are glorified at their existence as well as ours
we remind them how to live,
but we still can't figure it out ourselves.

VI.

I'm sorry that I have to make you feel bad
to make myself feel good about me.
I thought I could do it right
but you proved me wrong.

VII.

We used to be happy.

Pretending to Have My Clothes On

Tuesday, January 19, 2016 10:04 PM

I'm saying to my grandma
I bet you a dollar I can give you
the best foot massage you ever had
how 'bout a quarter
she says
how 'bout no you cheap bastard
soda tastes best through my dad's straw
maybe it's the cigarettes
maybe it's his goatee
the soda always tastes sweeter and colder
through my dad's straw
when I blow my nose
I can count all the black strands in them
the boogies
I only feel sick when they're not there
I like you
I like you a whole lot
you make my heart skip
flip
beat
I could write a list of good ones about you
and I would have to flip the page over
college ruled
don't get me started on the lights
I've got five hundred of 'em
and they surround my room
to keep me company
they are all kinds of colors
purple red blue green yellow
they can make all of the paintings dance
they can act like little stars
but
they're dead now
they don't hardly work
they don't hardly dance no more
and sometimes I like to take pictures
of anything and everything
I pretend to be a photographer
and sometimes I talk my friends out of suicide
I tell them that they're worth the world
because they are
I like to pretend to be a counselor
and sometimes I like to jot down these words
I like to say them to myself
until I can get myself to smile
I pretend to be a poet
I get lost sometimes
in these words

like I'm hiking in the woods blindfolded
sometimes I ramble on
sometimes I feel like I'm white water rafting
and I really am fucking up these words
not in the bad sense
but in the sense that
I don't pretend to be a poet
God-dammit mother-fucker
I am a poet
except I'm scared that I'll never discover
Holy.
If I do find it
you will encounter me
shirtless
bearing machine guns as arms
I like to pretend to be a man
strip me of this
what It takes to be a man
and you will see only my naked self.