

# Dissection of Sentiment in a Mind Divided

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## Casting Away Upward

Why are some things more beautiful than others?

is it the way we perceive things?

Is it preference that shapes beauty into an abstract being that forces us to become prejudice?

do I prefer the leafless tree because it connects with the  
underlying, deep seeded, idea that I think I'm a barren entity?

is it as simple as identifying fractions of myself  
within objects?

Am I a narcissist?

Am I so morbidly self centered that I reduce  
nature into a manipulated image of myself that I find beautiful?

is nothing definitive?

are we all universal look-a-likes that embody and  
visualize earth and everything it contains as insignificant  
matter that only exists because we animate life through  
the mental process of the cortex?

am I one of those misfortunate, fortunate, people  
that has the privilege of not being blissfully  
ignorant?

will the raven come rapping at my  
window, assisting with my hanging,  
squawking "nevermore, nevermore"

sometimes I walk to my car when the sky is black, I stand under the  
street lamps and stare at the rainbow colored halos that buzz around the  
light bulb and wonder if I'm the only one who acknowledges the  
existence of the hallowed crown?

am I the only one who sees the tree  
branches attempting to slither away from  
the center of its core—  
willingly casting away upward?

I don't know; I'll just rip myself into  
pieces and call myself literary apostrophe.

Throw up

so           delicious  
are       these  
  words           hurled  
upon       whitespace  
  filling       consciousness  
  with       doting  
sounds     that  
  float           in  
  exiting       breath  
like    spewing  
  cosmic       ninja  
stars   pinning  
blood   pumping  
  organ       against  
  a            plain  
  eggshell     wall  
strumming   euphonious  
  bane        paint  
  with        Trite's  
empyreal    brush.

Whatever

have you ever had that moment where your phone is sitting on the table and you're just sitting there, not doing a single thing nor thinking of single thought, just staring at the object in front of you because that's all you can do, and then you see the screen light up because you just got a text message and you exhale and avoid reading because once you read it you HAVE to type a response—and ironically the only reason you're sitting at the table starrng at a bottle of fucking Tapatio is because you feel bored, isolated, disconnected?

i suppose we don't reply because even if the message is good intentioned, when we read the words on the screen you can also read the emotions and lack of them latched to every single syllable as you pronounce the words, clinging onto the pronunciation of every letter that is the faded, fake, frivolous sound of their voice and the current status of the relationship you have with that person and the fact that you just don't have the spine, the energy, or the will to confront it, the strength to respond with a faded, fake, frivolous expression.

“What are you Thinking about?”

that question is always mocking me.  
i assume its because i don't say much  
and my eyes say less  
and my body reads less  
and i'm trying for more.

“nothing,” i[t] responds.

always responding with vague nothings.  
i like that word. vague.  
sounds like a hollow shell on my tongue.

i'm sure they think i'm thinking  
of something and i kinda wish i was,  
that'd be more interesting.

frankly it befuddles me to admit  
that there is space for vacancy.  
to concede i'm not full of concerns  
folded like half sheets.

maybe they should ask me how i'm feeling.

my mind likes to feel feelings feel each other  
instead.

## Take No Notice

they stand still, dangling their heads in mid air,  
as if bent over by curiosity, catching the eyes of  
bystanders as they plant their roots and  
intertwine their bodies under a dim lit sun

their arms lightly touch along the spines of one  
another, grabbing second glances as they kiss  
gently from tip to tip—shifting earths  
gravitational grip—slipping sensual aromas into  
timid crowds, stealing attention

they caress with their fingers anyone who draws  
nearer and nearer, collecting corroded  
notions—creating, blending, coalescing, fusing  
carnal spirits—for those who fail to ignore what  
lurks before them; they seize splitting minutes of  
the mind divided

and

across

from

them

is

a

shy melancholy rose, softhearted,  
cordial, dancing alone.