

Anvil Brain

Let me start off by saying that I'm not going to apologize for rhyming/ Queer that rhythm has become novice and whimsical/ Can someone please check Dickinson's grave/ Is she rolling over/ Any way/ Design is not the punch/ It's the monster under the bed that counts

I measure out my life in multi-colored, exultant pills/ I hide my name under a sheath and place it on a spoon/ Let the heat feel alive/ It's the least that I can do/ And every day when I awake/ I awake with plastic in my veins/ There is a secret to find/ Perhaps the greatest one yet/ To stay alive but no longer have to in and exhale any breaths

But how do I accomplish this feat/ Spitting out some big words is no longer venerated/ Maybe I need a mansion on a lake/ No/ No/ No/ Two mansions on a lake/ A clothing line/ And a contentious sex tape/ But I do not have the greens/ And I retain the self confidence of an ant/ It was so easier back then/ To relinquish an astute life and receive claps from the audience/ Sylvia did it/ Virginia did it/ Shakespeare did it/ Allegedly/ The new period frowns upon it/ In fact/ The new period strangles it with a 75,000 dollar necklace that will be worn once/ Of course/ All I want is to write things down on a piece of paper/ And/ Put a bullet into my skull without it causing a discussion about serotonin/ And gun control/ In my dreams I have the masses clawing at my lifeless words/ But the humans don't care about the ink/ Unless of course it's my confession to being Jack the Ripper/ Then I'll get a book deal/ And fingers crossed a miniseries/ And so my planet mixes unwholesomely/ My language drools instead of harmonizes/ I want to talk about the age/ The media/ The Technology/ But the mention of these things has become pretentious/ Hipsters with trust funds can buy vinyl but/ It is ostentatious for me to pen verse/ Can someone tell T.S. that today a comedian told me/ The only thing easier to fake than an orgasm is poetry/ I laughed because it is funny/ Funny that my unit of language is false

My heart is first-class/ I have reason to keep it hush-hush/ I'm as dull as a drum/ I'm as red as her blush

I'm an accosted slug/ Pour salt on me/ Despoil my eyes for their apogee/ I enlist thin, healthier-appearing women/ To write words down that I'll never write again/ Beat succeeding beat like a financial savior/ I talk cruelly about myself to achieve power

Combat

Can you hear the polaroid snap/ Bleeding bruise to rag/ It's a scheme of twits/ Thick-rimmed glasses are now the totems of uncontrolled print/ What I loved is now obscurely-cultured nonsense that I mimic/ Coat sewed aloofly with a Vanderbilt degree/ Poles marked/ Rolling Stone tongue/ Smirking as they whizz on me

And still every one wonders why I wake each morning in an exploding rainbow of oblivion/ Where the colors eat my skin/ And I try to breathe/ But no sound breaks from my turquoise lips

Three Cheers

Well/ Doctor, Doctor/ Give me the news/ Why do I grieve over nothing at all/ Why do
the floors look big and then small

You're not forlorn/ Your brain is just out of jibe/ Take this dose/ And you'll be fine

My back against the linoleum floor/ Their eyes above me/ All of my friends take the pills
to fly/ I take them cause my brain keeps howling at me

Die

Gulp/ Gulp/ Gulp/ Gulp

First I'm an astronaut/ Then I'm a silhouette/ I'm solving crimes that analogy mental
transience/ Next I'm an entrepreneur/ Then I'm a cigarette/ Burning off the faces of my
family's debt/

While you all wait around/ I'll just shriek and yowl

Short girl/ Chunky girl/ Shaking/ Rough/ Sluggish Girl/ Designing with my swollen fists/
A hero to my ego's appeal/

This evening/ I want to be saved/ I'm naked and snorting sherbet in my sleep/ Yak
substance I will accept/ It's the bump in my account/ Grind at the hem of this fissure/ It is
independence I demand

Manly, Strong, Courageous, Warrior

Your parade has settled politely on my wrist. I rip the wound open and out butter flies. Along with balloons of pink and teal and blue. They float upwards but are blocked from freedom by the glass. I float into you.

I replace the acid tab and rest tactfully on your tongue. Your sleeveless shirt suffocates me when I sleep. Just call me your Cold War soldier. I fight you behind my erotic automaton. I sink my teeth into your shoulder.

One Night I'll Fail To Remember

I keep having the same dream. I'm lying in a pool of my own blood.
But instead of the blood being red and clot-y-
It's a ball pit multi-color of pixelated candy shaped fruits with a Valencia filter on it. I
shot myself in the face and it is aggravating.
But not aggravating because my face has been shot.
Aggravating because now-
A thirty-nine year old southern Christian conservative wearing a cowboy hat-
And a twenty-two year old bleeding heart liberal hipster with a tattoo of an empty picture
frame-
Are on the Internet fighting about gun control.

The Christian said something about me killing myself whether or not I had a gun.
But-
He should know that I can't swallow pills and I'm afraid of heights.

And then, as I'm still lying there in the multi-color ball pit blood-
A nine-year-old girl with a cell phone, a belly shirt, and a glob of eye shadow walks over
to me.
"Why do you read so many books?" she asks.

"So I can have a really big bookshelf, of course."

CHEAPEN, CHOP, CLIP

Slumber has turned to dust.
Being conscious is a must.

Isolated in your mind.
Isolate the calculating-
And the skein that it refined.

Affection has turned to dust.
Thrusting you against the bar is a must.

Isolated in your mind.
Thrust against the bar-
Devour it and grind.

You have finally graced us.
But-
You are trotting.

This evening I'll discover the sandman.

The awareness makes me quiver-
That-
Forevermore I'll be wide.

Fabler, you'll turn to dust.
You extract from the mug.
But-
Blame is a bonus you won't accept.

Keep believing that you'll strike.
Isolated in your mind.
(I pray I'll strike)
Isolate the monster in a box beneath your bed.

(My Weakness, Godspeed)
You have finally graced us.
But-
You are trotting.
(My Weakness, Godspeed)
The awareness makes me quiver-
That-
(My Weakness, Godspeed)
Forevermore I'll be wide.

Traveling light and, forevermore I'll be wide.
Traveling light and, forevermore I'll be wide.
Traveling light and, forevermore I'll be wide.
Traveling light and, forevermore I'll be wide.

Effortlessly let me under your sheets-
It aches my brain that I lust you heaps.
How would you like to be concealed by my fur?
Bring with you essence that is poor.
(I don't care)

We were fashioned to be cut off-
Endurance is a check and I have atrocious scars.
These days a damn martyr pens all my guilt.
The tempest is subsequent.
The tempest is subsequent.

You have finally graced us.
But-
You are trotting.

This evening I'll discover the sandman.

The awareness makes me quiver-
That-
Forevermore I'll be wide.

Traveling light and, forevermore I'll be wide.
Traveling light.

Effortlessly let me under your sheets-
It aches my brain that I lust you heaps.
How would you like to be concealed by my fur?
Bring with you essence that is poor.
(I don't care)

My Sublime, you're my preferred-
chiefly when you chirp.

Will you harness my halo?
Doesn't matter either way-
Till hell freezes over-
I'll be majesty.
The tempest is subsequent.
The tempest is subsequent.

3rd Times A Charm

I regard that I may relinquish life during this show.
Secluded by white walls and linoleum floors-
And a bed that swells.
Picturesque normals from pole to pole.
Unwonted days of yore.

I'll discover slumberland.
I'll discover union.
If not-
In repose you'll snooze with me.

Realizing I was to blame-
Comprehending that my span has no relation to-
Fervor with anyone.
(Picturesque normals from pole to pole)
Amazing bodies are here and there.

Syndromes are ubiquitous.
As of late everyone is ill and withering.
I try to look away but he has cut off both my eyelids.
You might be next.
This may already be my pirouette.

Perhaps my maneuvering was amiss?
My brain has always tried to swallow up my skin.
I writhe from buzzing.
I writhe from common shapes.
Life is scorching my shell.
(Regular is unnerving)
My veins will never doze.
My nerves will never have sympathy.
(Wicked is unnerving)

I will not just die from death-
I will treat my body with honor.
I will not just die from death-
I am giving my body a gift.

Boundless splendors victimize the withdrawn.
Ethereal luminescence.
Hell, I long to be well-made-
Just like the rest of them.

I desire to get better.

I need to get better.
I yearn to get better.
I fear I won't get well.

Yet I absolve you of your sins-
Despite your hands placed firmly around my throat.
The tablets and beasts obstruct my frame of reference-
Beneath ventilation.
Here they are-
The masses suited up for the business.
Whopping gravity won't stop this crowd.

Do I appear amusing?
Do I appear amusing?

And I'll still touch your lips-
Even as you waste me.
The tablets and the beasts can't handle my distorting carcass.
Bumps in the night zigzag.
They are far and wide.
But what I mind tonight will revise tomorrow.

Do I appear amusing?
Do I appear amusing?