

Tourism

1. God is entropy
2. Senses aren't defined.

They disappear and
reappear at will.
Fungal sprouts
can see shockwaves.
The follicles can
smell glass
and describe it
as the kind of thing
that happens when
you purée bleach
and the Tin Man.

Pumpkins can hear
caviar after it's
been digested:
millions of
screaming—

3. Just take the goddamn picture, I don't care if we aren't photogenic

Cheese

Irritable Bowel Syndrome

Well, you know life isn't about the mulch,
creating islands of brown in seas of green.

And it's not about good jerky. Simply ask,
yourself, "Does it make a turd?" That's the goal.

And it's not about riding your bike unless it's uphill
unless you soil your new jeans in a life spent minimizing

struggle and frustration so you can casually
jerk yourself off on the couch. It's certainly not

about doilies and ornaments we hang about our limbs.
Why did we choose that obscure methodology

as the way to tell the difference between the rich,
the poor, and the poor in moral fiber. IBS

is a serious concern nowadays since we are
finding all the right ways to terraform

excrement. Fertilizer and compost baby. Look at all that shit.
But's not about the crops, nor about conquering

birds of the sky dropping steamy clumps on my windshield
or things that crawl on my kitchen floor. It's not even about

the ways we fill the earth and subdue it, unless its
landfills. We sit on stools, we roll our dung into

conversation pieces. And we don't want anymore. We're so full.
Eddie Murphy once said with gusto, "My colon is impacted."

So what's it about? Behold! The feces in the broth
of my alphabet soup! I think that should suffice.

The Fall

There was a time when I was a leaf. It was brief,
but it mattered, obviously, because it's here, so here it is.
Like the purple on a chow's tongue only some
people will think it's precious, my time as a leaf,
others' will think "Why the hell am I reading this garbage?"

I was one of those Bob Ross leaves,
not a lilac strike across the face
but a blurred green smeared together
with many others to highlight the black
hawthorn tree just after it's bloom fell.

The sun started to dangle a bit askew.
Summer slung yogurt from a crossbow
for which fall had no choice but to kick summer's ass.
The flannels won't stop after the music's spoken—
it was really bad music, but it ushered
in football pie and pumpkin sweaters.

My friends fell because the tree said so.
I am still trying to figure out why I didn't. Guess,
I just didn't have gravity in me. That's bullshit. I wasn't
scared of heights. I was afraid of not being
stubborn enough. Like I was a failure if I didn't make
everything extremely difficult. I wore a weight vest to church.

I could have sworn they made an orgy of their deaths.
They were so eager to turn colors and fall.
The tree ate the blanket made out of my friends
while I clung on tightly to that branch
thinking I could culminate in some sort of benchmark:
the standard for perseverance, a vessel of pure will.

And orange turned to slate, stalactites
covered the branches trying to freeze me out,
on some nights it almost worked.
If I had a gait, I would be stumbling
but walking on. A caricature of an
unwanted growth, it was no one's favor.

The closest other live leaf was in another hemisphere.
My latency clutched to your dormant tree
and held it's breath until spring.
Funny thing is, I actually did turn purple and

I looked more like a starfish than a leaf.

When spring finally came, I did
not know what it was, since it was foreign and warm
like reentering the uterus after walking as a man.
My friends came back, but these buds
didn't know me, I had no place in their memory.

I had fought the natural order and won,
I saw life's sickle, harvest and recycle.
Still I wonder why I played the squatter when
it only hurt, but I wouldn't change what I did,
but I wouldn't want to fetch a student either.

These new buds are still young. If I leave
now they will have no memory of me,
and my fabricated sonata.
It's probably for the best.
They will grow, they will live,
they will take, they will give,
they will win, they will flee,
they will dream what they dream,
they will chase what they love,
and I pray for their sake
for that to be enough.
They will leave together as it should be.

I think I'll let this warm gust
be my ambulance before these kids grow up.
I already thought the music was bad so
I sure as hell don't want to hear the next obscenity
they call a song, candy pop robot sex the lot of it.

We'll see if I can walk along this wind
and find a new avenue in the firmament
or bury me soundly in someone's gutter.
It's a roulette where I land, not sure where I prefer
but that undertow can entrench me latter.

As for now, I still have some time to float.

Mute

I bought a new album
Left my computer on mute
Clicked play
And just enjoyed the silence

And after it ended
I hit replay
But couldn't find it again