

## AMONG THE GALAXIES

Vague recollections emerge  
like mosaic art—  
colorful but impressions.

Mountains hear me & from it,  
so do the clouds, blending in space  
like the cosmovision's sublating energy.

*If I come from herer, who must I be?*  
I repeat to myself, eternally  
frustratingly unbelonging, at ease.

## FROM WITHIN, THE LIMIT IS INFINITE

No one asked me, but I felt disquiet to give an answer. As if the cultural chaos that I was couldn't just *be*. I was Like that dude, having an ice cream soaking on speaking, to himself, but far more oscillating. I felt like the alien in that movie: talking as destruction. No one asked me, but I felt disquiet to give an answer. *I'm not this, I'm this*. I said. What did I know? I spoke with an animalistic desire. That known author wasn't lying, even if I've only read him in maryland— we'll never surrender suffering, destruction & chaos *be* the root of it all.

## LINES ON NOSTALGIA, OR THAT FOOL

On my 23rd birthday, I bought  
myself a unisex red scarf. It  
didn't give me any sense  
of pulsating completeness,  
maybe more of a vibrancy  
to my face

(as if I were a 1440 witch  
strapped to a burning cross,  
grinning to the crowd).

& despite my libra moon  
exterior, my sun of scorpio  
stripped it from its plead for balance

(the scarf was too  
large, anyways,  
for the bitterness).

& I'd since switched the archaic  
for a new fetish of spirituality.

## **NOCTURNAL THOUGHTS OF EXTRANESS**

They all want to fly to mars, but  
everyday I find I've escaped  
my soil, to excavate slowly  
an alien aridness, I now call my tongue  
and if I had five hearts like a worm, would I love more,  
or bring myself to the surface of the soil, to die  
a romantic death betwixt the rain.