

Action over words

We keep the ball rolling. After centuries and centuries on the longest downslope. Momentum is everything so what does that tell you about the current state of rotation? Running us all over as ant hills. Maybe now I understand what being an insect is like in a house in the city. Abdomens and thorax. Antennae and head. Like pepper flakes and cumin on stagnant curry. A timeline is supposed to tell the history and not let it repeat. But the hands on the clock are grandfathers and their grip is strangling. Holding onto our throats like stress balls. Broken watches. Illusive space. But we keep chugging along to shanties and diddies. Singing the swan song into diminishing returns. Feel and forget. Feel and falsely compensate. Feel and then keep rolling because that's all we ever do.

Identity Theft

I go back to the age old question; where the hell am I? In a directionless void, I always seem to end up in the place I don't want to be. Doing exactly what I said I wouldn't. What kind of path is this? Am I on a globe or a map? On latitudes of mania or longitudes of thoughts of getting better? But that's all they ever are, aren't they? They say it's the thought that counts, but that doesn't tell the whole truth. In fact, the thought is what lures me to deprecation. Lures me into lairs where I chain myself to the venomous tugs and heaves. So does that mean I should stop thinking? As if having an idea is the dangerous part. But it isn't. It's just me. Failing to know the answers. Curving back like question marks.

Historical Repetition

The past comes to life, comes to reemerge in the smolders of a world where not much has shifted in society and what we are able to do and get away with. Henry VIII's lost love letters to Anne Boleyn. A bomb in the mail. A culper ring of pulled strings behind the scenes of amenities. Espionage down the rivers. Intercepted papyrus and paid off settlements. Offerings to accommodate power. Accommodations or sacrifices? Sacrifices or volunteerism? Volunteerism or pressured normality? We are our ancestors and they are us. We are developed accents not dropped ones and we are learning from them, but sweeping it all under the doormat to a house that never felt like home.

Wasting Time

I have wasted too much of my time on hiding the narratives I did not want to tell myself. On lies I convinced myself were gospel. Selling the truth to others as a bargain for them to believe it. The money pouring out of me as if I were a tree, but I'm not. At most I am a penny for my thoughts, and my thoughts are futile. In the midst of what it wants and what it needs, it thinks it knows best. Pinning down desire with doubtful deviancy and letting necessity leave down Sesame Lane. Account thinning. Paper shortage. Not given enough credit for the fight against, but I have shown my cards too soon and fell for my own bluff. Stolen amounts, but it is my fault for being gullible. For being desperate for a taste of attention in a way that I am not uncomfortable with. For some reason, when it comes in the form of paper viewing, I am much more inclined to accept the transaction. Even when it is non-refundable. Even when it is too good to be true. Even when livelihoods are on the line and reputation can be directionless or see-through. I have wasted too much of my time being clinically aroused by the flaws in my system. By the malware I can't seem to stop downloading.