

Growing up in 3 Stages

1.

When I was a boy
I would stare at the sky.

The stars formed boy bands
and called them constellations.
The planets danced
to the music,
singing songs of life and love,
heros and villains.

2.

Again
a star collapses,
leaving behind a different light
or taking it all as it goes.

I saw a supernova in the mirror
and I walked away,
with a fire burning
low and strong
in my heart.

3.

When I was a kid I would stare at the stars,
imagine the stories held
in those old flames,
the songs those constellations could sing.

My parents let me believe those stories were real.
Now I know they are
because I make them so.

Untitled

I have a firm commitment
to Condensation

Gather what matters
leave the rest

to rest

Condensation is Problem Solving

Complicated problems require
complicated answers

Make both simple, this
condescending condensation

Manifesto

I write to be free.

I write to find myself
and free myself
from who I think I am.
To see the person that oozes
from my fingertips
and onto paper.

Everyone denies that
writing
is the ultimate selfishness.

We reach into the cracks of our souls
and tear ourselves apart
and put our collage of identity on
poster boards with industrial strength glue sticks.

We are children,
flailing
and broken apart.
Screaming for attention.

And you have the audacity to call us artists.

Untitled

You walk among the roses
and admire the beauty
of what you don't understand

The roses in the sun have meaning
but they lack Significance.
It exists where you aren't looking:
in the nooks and crannies
under your feet,
under the weight of your sole.

Run your hands
along the darkened corners
and rough edges
of my artistic expression and

Reveal the you that exists
when no one's looking.

You need no invitation
to be

you.