

The lurking-ist variable

desire is the intersection of dissatisfaction with the status quo and the possibility of (w)ri(gh)ting that
that hasn't been said,
yet the intentional three left turns doesn't lead you quite back to where you started.

forward or still is the relevant binary.

the question I ask,
between love and lusty encounters—
does the future lie?
is such a distinction even real?

perhaps in spite of best intentions,
life's nihilistic tendencies – from dust and to dust and from dust –
mean blanks spaces and the most internal of voids.

sometimes though comes,
a *tour de force*,
an enigamorous serendipity.
and in fact,
the imaginary false dichotomy is disalluded.
we are likewise free,
yet interdependent;
evenly enveloped despite an inability to merge completely.
a delusion collectively ours about such an infinitely possible matrix continues another 24.

it isn't a war if the men engaged are on the same side—
likewise, why do we choose to indulge our deepest masochist impulses at the hands of those we desire
with the totality of our volition?

maybe because passion or even sentimentality is a gesture with an ascetic quality—
and subsequently, one comes to understand the opposite of love is not pain and suffering, but
indifference.

Appleton during an Ice Storm

The train makes its usual howl,
always alerting citizens of a two way street between depravity and greatness –
if one merely chooses to leave on the right track.

The devil is here,
I can hear the tritones.

But just to remind people,
God steps in –
not subtly mind you (trees and electrical lines down)

Do you wanna know how I know?
Because in the frosty white light,
everyone saw his tears,
each surface on, omnipresent.

He weeps for the fallen and to give a reminder to the living
(through rare physical phenomena or magic, I can't really tell anymore),
that the way out is there.

The train comes and goes;
there is still hope that comes from a single change of a note.
The interval of do-fi changes to do-so.

No Title

They say love is a losing game
But I can't relate.
They say you're the beast that can't be tamed
I say it makes no difference either way—
I'm the same
We're both to blame.

Nights spent in sheets of fine satin
The topic of singy songs and rhapsodies
It's so fantastic
In these moments,
I've come to realize I'm fatally romantic

In the game of love
You have to choose
Hedge your bets
Win or lose

When I decide
I consider how
When I'm with you
All my blues
Fade away
Nights of fiery red passion
Us faded and together we lay
Just one night at a time
We'll take it day by day
Just know, at least for now, I'm here to stay

Our family and friends say it won't last forever
You'll move on, I'll find something better
Stay current on the game and remain clever
Always on the lookout for stormy weather
But what we have is something
Something maybe infinity
Beyond next year, honestly, most likely never

If/when that day will come
Such pain there will be in saying
There is great beauty in our dysfunction
But I never think you'll be the one.

Today though and tomorrow,
We'll forget about serious.
And try not to, in preemptive haste,
Ruin a good thing before it's done

My Favorite G2V

I was in my thoughts today
Living my life
While the sun shone down on me.
Everyday
somewhere out there
It's an experience we all hold tandemly.

Some like it hot
And to the sandy shores of coastal Maryland they go—
A refuge to cool off

Not always in the same spot
For some, it's the dark before the dawn.

How could this be?
I wonder in glee
That one thing exists in certainty
Life gets me down
Do I really care? – *no!*
Always in open air
I let the sun shine down on me

Shine down on me
Calm, collected and happy
Shine on me
Like nothing can get at me

Under such brilliance
I am so free
One of my favorite activities

Shine down on me
A true *joie de vivre*
Living my life in the sunshine

How could this be
I wonder in awe
how one thing exists in apparent certainty
A big yellow ball of energy
Use it as you will
The closest thing we have to the transcendental,
An existing emblem of eternity

Yet & Still: An addict's triptych

I wish we didn't have to be strangers.
Strangers with nostalgic illusions,
Illusions of days past.

Nonetheless,
We are no more.
Somehow, even less than what we called nothing.
No more than an extended period of undress,
Emotionless.

Still, I am frustrated.

Frustrated that someone perhaps more intriguing, more alike, more something that I can't quite pin,
Now on my decidedly temporary side of the bed,
His head to fit on my formed pillow,
A new master of your secrets and desires

Your essence,
like the seafoam mint of a sea wave,
exists as the slightest contrast from a plain pane of broad grey horizon.
Just enough distinction to satisfy one's most perceptive mind
yet, not always easily apparent and certainly transient as they come.

Likewise, it seems in my misinterpretation of your misrepresentation,
I am only left with pieces of your upset and un-satisfaction.
The rational mind,
cold and unforgiving,
comes to interrupt my most magnificent conception of your deemed awkward.

In hindsight I consider,
perhaps I was maybe too complicit in the peeling away of each subsequent string of our attachment;
Yet, left for one such strand of silk noir,
there was no way to compromise our way back to what was empty, unconnected, and unaffected.
How could we even take such an attempt seriously?

In the end,
you demanded my surrender.
To ensure my understanding you said "we are not quite all right",
us - together - flawed.
My emotions were sunk and still I remain unsettled.
Such natural sweet for me now saccharine.

Though it's too late and we move on,
I would want you to know it wasn't about jealousy -
more cashing in on the friendly benefit of respect.

As I manage my regret,
the question I'm left with is: did it really matter as much as it seemed to in my head?

Still, I would have given away the last capital of my pride to know only your elusive sense of intimacy
for days, months, even years indeterminate –
but you say it's a foreign currency for which you have no use.
Time is up for wicked games.

I may be sorry I lost my calm, cool, and subsequently not rejected,
still I cannot help but think you are selfish for what you've done.

from a true gem,
I sought after,
that sauntered through my dreams after only one lusty encounter;
from my heartbreaker (if no other title can be bestowed);
in knowing some of your outside,
and at our best withdrawing within,
what could I expect?

You have a beautiful body-mind self,
it's no surprise you would accept nothing but someone else.

In time,
maybe we will forget each other beyond a name—
certainly, you before I as these things often work.

Yet,
what else is there to be said?

Still,
with no reservations I wish you well.
That you find truth in court and romance—
whatever it is that satisfies, deeply, all of you.

Most-ly deserving, beautiful

you.