

Oracle Against Your Will

My smile stretches across the land
Let it flood your mind and reach for my hand
Yours is a phantom pain
Mine is a general disdain
Comments and accusations of who's to blame
From my vantage point it all looks the same

I'll speak for the meek
From down below, it's my wisdom they seek
You can bang on the roof and hate the noise
But the landlord and the tenants are under my employ
Silence yourselves and turn the other cheek
But hate thy neighbor and vilify the weak
Touch your chest and feel the stone
I need you to feel like you're forever alone

Allusions to the Greek
With an education incomplete
But my ideas are so contemporary
Making sense is arbitrary
Hear the mob banging at your door
Fear the possibility of their scorn
See the truth flashing on the screen
Raise your hands and learn the new routine
Don't worry about what this entails
Sanctimony is always short on details

I'll be the oracle against your will
Wait for my words and know them well
Just learn to love it and take a big sip
I'll wipe the remainder from your quivering lips
And leave you with the idea of a kiss
Cause my remiss bliss slips into your abyss

Vagrant Vibes

I'm at a coffee shop ordering a glass of water
Might as well wear a sign that says, "Here's another economic squatter!"
But after living so much dagger-eyed shame
Stepping heavy with no weight to my frame
And spent enough time hating others and myself
Till there's nothing left to blame
My meek mantle must be claimed

So look me in the face instead of the tattered clothes
On my back
Ignore the bags
Containing my life and extending from each eye
Gravitate to the exposed, infected soars
On these stick thighs
Tense up and act like I'm high
When I'm really down low
And if I wanna take a drag and look in this crystal ball
To see something that ain't these walls
And social crawl
Spaces
Then let me melt on the pavement
And become another silent statement
On an invisible wall of hushed tones
And broken bones

Any attempt to reminisce and I laugh
The past's appeal doesn't last
Because it moves to the present too fast
And the future just promises another day of concrete defeat
Thinking about all I'll never eat
Hot noodles in bone broth
And lobster meat
Decadently soft
Looking down from my fantastical loft
In the sky
Before crashing down to this sty
Clumped into a herd of tumors society vilifies
That grow and bleed with each misspent taxpayer dollar
Creating an expensive lot of broke folk
Stuffed down the throat of this city till it chokes

I don't even exist
Never did
So sure, kid
Appropriate our essence to something declarative
Constraining all reality to your narrative
Fill it to the brim with drama and lyricism
So it can fuel all inactive narcissism
Wear your opinions like a badge of pseudo-rebellious pride
Boiling down my figurative, romanticized life
Down to
Vapid
Vagrant
Vibes

Quiet Desperation

Bob loathes the milquetoast nature of his name
Three letters
Like a sound uttered with no consequence

Much like Otis, his conversations are mostly small
Talk of weather
Talk of occupations
Talk of current events

Much like Dave, he eyes the clock every day
The seconds feel like hours
But the days are a blur
And the years slip by till only a few moments remain

Much like Steve, after hours can only be so much
Eyes glazing over something mindless
Mouth chewing something cheaply engaging
Body aching a little more than yesterday

Much like Eric, he doesn't look in the mirror for long
It's never an encouraging sight
And there's not much to do
You can only comb a few hairs so many ways

Much like Kevin, his masturbation is no longer a hobby
There's intricacy in the fantasy
The emotions stir more than the eroticism
Now, anything less than is unreal

Much like Cameron, he sees children with a heavy heart
Their joy in nothing is too far removed from his modernity
He will not even know that as a parent
He will not even mourn that loss with a partner

Much like Derek, he's not sure how to change
There's so many choices
But few of them are his to make
The shelf life of possibilities are nearing their dates

Much like Devin, he's looking for that perfect quote that will make everything clear
The right combination of words

Coming from the smartest man
Then he'll know

Much like Fred, he shouldn't be so serious
Most people are actually pretty happy
He's in the minority
Just look at the statistics

Much like Markus, he's never known real pain
He's littered with privilege
He's a lucky son of a bitch
We don't even need to ask

Much like Vlad, he blends in perfectly with the crowd
Indistinguishable from the other plodding legs
They lead nowhere interesting
And will die without many knowing

Bob will be different
We are the background to his life
We are all waiting on him

Lost In God's Country

This is God's country
Says the kind, aging couple
In a humble home
Coated by auburn hues
The surrounding tufts of grass and straw
Gently caress
And for a moment, it's easy to believe
Them
Silence and wild winds
Breathe *you* in
Endless stretches of forestry
Fatten the eyes
They get lost in
The pined emeralds and golden hills

But when you've arrived at the end
Of unpaved roads
Through unkempt thorns
Flanked by watching eyes
And snarling, defensive jaws
The mood of the land changes
As trees howl like disturbed guardians
Knowing what they obscure

The silence
And isolation
No longer comfort

This is truly God's country
Cause he might be the only one
To see
Or seek
Should the wrong twig snap

Bargain Bin of Dreams

Flipping through the bargain bin
Of people's dreams
Distillations of themselves
Personified by notes
If allowed to speak
By the grace of a needle
Conveyed through
Each face
And illustration
On these tattered vinyl sleeves
The desperation and passion to be
Something more
Can still be felt

Little did they know
Their souls would be tossed into tattered boxes
With one dollar price tags
Haphazardly applied
While the important works hover over
Displayed with aesthetic pride
In immaculate packaging
That people need assistance to retrieve
And pay full price for
But I only have a couple bucks
So I'll spend my time
With these lovely, talented "failures"
Maybe one day
I can be so lucky
To have people spend
So little
On me
And still have a good time