

Dissection of Sentiment in a Mind Divided

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Casting Away Upward

Why are some things more beautiful than others?

is it the way we perceive things?

Is it preference that shapes beauty into an abstract being that forces us to become prejudice?

do I prefer the leafless tree because it connects with the
underlying, deep seeded, idea that I think I'm a barren entity?

is it as identifying fractions of myself within
objects?

Am I a narcissist?

Am I so morbidly self centered that I reduce
nature into manipulated image of myself that I find beautiful?

is nothing definitive?

are we all universal look-a-likes that embody and
visualize earth and everything it contains as insignificant
matter that only exists because we animate life through
the mental process of the cortex?

am I one of those misfortunate, fortunate, people
that has the privilege of not being blissfully
ignorant?

will the raven come rapping at my
window, assisting with my hanging,
squawking "nevermore, nevermore"

sometimes I walk to my car when the sky is black, I stand under the
street lamps and stare at the rainbow colored halos that buzz around the
light bulb and wonder if I'm the only one who acknowledges the
existence of hallowed crown?

am I the only one who sees the tree
branches attempting to slither away from
away from the center of its core—
willing casting away upward?

I don't know; I'll just rip myself into
pieces and call myself literary apostrophe.

Throw up

so delicious
are these
 words hurled
upon whitespace
 filling consciousness
 with doting
sounds that
 float in
 exiting breath
like spewing
 cosmic ninja
stars pinning
blood pumping
 organ against
 a plain
 eggshell wall
strumming euphonious
 bane paint
 with Trite's
empyreal brush.

Whatever

have you ever had that moment where your phone is sitting on the table and you're just sitting there, not doing a single thing nor thinking of single thought, just staring at the object in front of you because that's all you can do, and then you see the screen light up because you just got a text message and you exhale and avoid reading because once you read it you HAVE to type a response—and ironically the only reason you're sitting at the table starrng at a bottle of fucking Tapatio is because you feel bored, isolated, disconnected?

i suppose we don't reply because even if the message is good intentioned, when we read the words on the screen you can also read the emotions and lack of them latched to every single syllable as you pronounce the words, clinging onto the pronunciation of every letter that is the faded, fake, frivolous sound of their voice and the current status of the relationship you have with that person and the fact that you just don't have the spine, the energy, or the will to confront it, the strength to respond with a faded, fake, frivolous expression.

“What are you Thinking about?”

that question is always mocking me.
i assume its because i don't say much
and my eyes say less
and my body reads less
and i'm trying for more.

“nothing,” i[t] responds.

always responding with vague nothings.
i like that word. vague.
sounds like a hollow shell on my tongue.

i'm sure they think i'm thinking
of something and i kinda wish i was,
that'd be more interesting.

frankly it befuddles me to admit
that there is space for vacancy.
to concede i'm not full of concerns
folded like half sheets.

maybe they should ask me how i'm feeling.

my mind like to feel feeling feel each other instead.

Take No Notice

they stand still, dangling their heads in mid air,
as if bent over by curiosity, catching the eyes of
bystanders as they plant their roots and
intertwine their bodies under a dim lit sun

their arms lightly touch along the spines of one
another, grabbing second glances as they kiss
gently from tip to tip—shifting earths
gravitational grip—slipping sensual aromas into
timid crowds, stealing attention

they caress with their fingers anyone who draws
nearer and nearer, collecting corroded
notions—creating, blending, coalescing, fusing
carnal spirits—for those who fail to ignore what
lurks before them; they seize splitting minutes of
the mind divided

and

across

from

them

is

a

shy melancholy rose, softhearted,
cordial, dancing alone.