Don't get satisfied, it'll just make you dissatisfied.

Everyone wants to be dead. Not thirsting. They want to not want anything. Not thirsting.

But I want to want more more. Everything. Boostin up my engine, sip a bit of jet fuel. Mine.

Where can I get some dynamite. Smash the dam. Where can I get the spring-loaded-thought-apparatus.

Just have a little understanding for the one with The thirst. He's only become too immobile.

But anywhere *you* wanna wander, my friends Oughtta suit you rightly, cause you there ain't ya?

If you wanna want no longer, just drink up that Spot like a tall glass - taller, taller, endlessly tall.

And you'll be forever drinking, not wanting. See I'm not *exactly* thirsty because I'm drinking.

Whoever taught you to satiate your desires To kill them, to cut them off at the root.

For Emily

Who wants to escape their boring life The spells and holds of the mortal shell

Who wants to become someone else Anyone but this one

Who likes it here, wants to stay
Who doesn't know what freedom would be

A piece of fate in my garden Up wildflower, scruples for you or anything

A prisoner wants to escape only I've known no prison, just a flower

It is good to feel or grow

My eyes touch it, my ears touch it, my nose

Who gets trapped in sensations, too much Who wants to be numb

Instead let it come, sweet baby, let it come It's nada but a red hot perpetual ecstasy

For Becca

Ah, what a trenchant

slope I mount

What a deep grief stricken trough

of

beautiful tragedies below

What a spectacular farce upon

the ceiling of heaven

What a yellow

moon

in the envelope

of my heart

Ah, what a word to speak

What a glinting string of pearls

I break

What a poignant bodily symptom to cure

Absolute

What a phony holy wrapper to peel back from

the wistful gaze of

childhood dreams here now forever

Anxiety

There is a high contrast in this scene There are distilling drops of chaos all over their faces

There are things happening independently with violence, Demanding more independence, distributing my center there

There are eyes that are vacuums There are words that are dead

There is chatter that is falling brittle on the ground There is a shut elevator with no buttons

There is a child eating ice cream -- fat and sloppy There is a mother radiating email'd rage

There are workmenworkwomen heaving discouragement Overflowing trash bin, slamming fucking metal

Here is a naked ruthless true reality Here are dispersed diamonds, buried and surfaced

Here comes the echo
Of the past moving towards

Here my body vibrates Here my arms are writhing

Here is heard here Hear

Here the ear is the organ of fear Quiet here

Here I am gone Here is there too much, it hurts

Night writing

There's a dent in my bed, In which I lay at night Sinking down is comfortable

To sleep on one side, facing a lamp All thoughts look the same And ears ring when late

sweet dreams arivin soon, sleep dreams, too sleepy write sloppy

big dreams could crush a waking life but my dreams of her, my crush, get right through January, to me, the sleeping winter man. dreams point me to the spring alright

"stop writing so late at night laying in bed, scalp propped upon the wall"

but perpendicular to here where I lay stands a decal of a bulb two dimensional lines symbolizing bulbs of light, or ideas

and I'll wake up tomorrow baseball sun on windshield sky stars resisting the streaming orange fan of morning

dawn tucks her knees to her breasts my eyelids are softly burning veils the bodily fluid lingers in my face, the serpents of my pupils prepare to eat, constricting

swing one, two legs over the ledge what was that dream?