

MEMORIES IN SUPER-EIGHT



Grey timing caught side tracked

In a ditch spilling lime juice

On the wound you've been told

Not to scratch too soon.

Encased in a cast

Suffocates probable answers

Into mindless drivel

Caving and drooling with riddles

Dropped in the boiling point

Where the fumes start

Is your breath worsens the mess

Of pain in the caves of your chest

Encroaching upon a curse

You'll never forget



## SUPERSTITIOUS SKILLS



Slow heat boils potatoes  
Too small to efficiently weigh  
Using those unique senses  
Of measurement  
Your mother falsely taught you  
  
For those were the days

## REACTIVE OPPRESSIVES



Genuine days were all the rage

As past scrutiny mutinied

When they were just a day away

From reaching the bay

Holed up as empty souls

Contemplate several ways

To berate their captors

With dreams of one day

Being the master who laughs

As waves come crashing

Muting the sound

Of a torturer's lashings

Secures an everlasting passion

By whipping that tailors

Mutiny's new wave of fashion

## CURIOUS NOSTALGIA



At least the bathrooms  
In this building  
Are old and smelly.

Seeping  
Some of kind of  
Remaining authenticity  
Or meaning  
That was never there  
In the first place.

But I suppose  
It had to take  
Meaning's place  
As further meaninglessness  
Dug it's heels  
Into the ground  
As pristinely dehumanized  
Coffee grinds  
Littered the sleek hallway  
Made of fake marble  
But too shiny to grovel about.

He stood up  
Took in one more scent  
Of imperfection's genuine qualities  
Then walked out of the old bathroom.