

in search of a

a poem adopting the images found in a prayer and dying in the process:

Sometimes tasteless
Architects have buildings built
In places as tasteless.
They sit there, real.

If god is put in this poem,
This poem will die.
She will sit there faceless.
I can't touch her.

Someone to visit;

Someone to visit;
at least, every once in a while.
When I walk, sometimes I walk to the cemetery.
It sits less than a mile from my apartment and when I go outside
I can see it
higher than myself
from across a small valley. It is made of hills,
a grass facade,
and the people who go there. Think about what it is to sit in a marble niche;
or in a vessel
; nothing but my ground remains

below me
as I walk over them. It doesn't feel
like it seems it should; not a sweet burning like a fireplace. It doesn't
look right either, to be inside
and watch the other go up in flames. And it smells
like sweat
; or not sweat, but a mixture
of burnt carbon (like all things)
and the muscle
being torn of its bonds
to itself. And it doesn't feel like it seems
it should;
it hurts.

When I ride my bike
sometimes
I ride to the cemetery; I lie there
for a while; the
body gets more stiff
and sore than you might imagine. And cold
as it may be, I don't feel
the wind, but I close my eyes and I can hear
a blue noise as though it is
the wind, but it sounds closer than it could be
if it were, so I assume
it is my tinnitus
, which is lasting too long
and I never really planned to have it,
but I knew I would.

And when I am Kennedy
sometimes I ride; I once
met the cemetery on one of these.
It felt quick and unstable and
not so symbolic for me
, but for others; I was a figure
but mostly a brain
that was powerful. So when it hit me
there, it didn't feel so much
like I tend to remember it:
a numb blow, a punch
to the stomach
; no, it was more like
a hot metal—so much
that it reminded me
I was cold—and it
twists through me:
shattering my temple;
breaking my skull;
spraying my power.

I am hidden now.
You can't find
me, but I will
tell you if
you are
warm.
History
has a
way
of
hid
ing
what
is
real
ly
th
e
re
,
like it really should.

in search of a muse

I can't afford to
go out to the mountains;
if I do, I will also need to
place myself under them
at the end.
Maybe I will
find something there.
My postmodern crisis
is littered
with cat videos
and broken by Bart
Simpson with: slingshots; skateboards
; a flat representation of something,
created by people who were once like Bart;
and a saw that he uses
to grind at my throat and ruin me
after I was once there,
then my statue was there,
and my memory is there,
but without my head I am useless.
And Garfield stands next
to me, winking from a frame
, flat on the Sunday Funnies.
A cat doesn't fit right
on paper. He doesn't.
He is alone. He knows all
of this and he tells me it.
He tells me I am living
in a frame. Not one that starts
(birth) and ends (an end)
; a frame that is harder
for me, although easy
when I tell it to Garfield.

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If you happen to be reading this poem I hope you can find yourself in it.

for Mike Judge

Mike Judge met me.
He took the second
It takes to double
Take when you think you've
Seen someone who's seen
Something you've done.

Mike Judge met me,
Might've meant something
Of it but mostly
Meant that he'd seen
Something I'd done.

I wonder if he saw himself in it.

Mike Judge met me
Somewhere between:
The things he would do if
He thought it was for me
And the
Things he would do if
He thought he was alone.

I wonder if he saw himself in it.

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February 14, 2014

for K.A.

Who are you
to be so
universal
that I might see you?
I might hear you
in the sounds I make like

this

one, because I've placed you in it.

You are mine. Mine
enough that I am capable
of pulling parts of you out
and putting
them where I want
them:

here,

as they are; as I've put them.

You are like
their god,
but you are
mine. Mine
and you are
better:
cooler
and
sexier. And you are
mine.

You are a
god
in that you are formless (
like this seems
) and clumsy (
like this is
.)

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I do this
so that I can
hold you.
I hold you
with me when I
go around because you are
there because you are
universal.
And it's odd that I can find you when
I project myself
towards you
and find myself
near you, physically, four-hundred
miles north — in San Francisco
— from where
I was.

You are there and I am here,

but mostly
you are

here.

I've put you here.

I hope they can see you.