

## Itsy-Bitsy Eensy-Weensy Steps

(I've sort of divided these up semi-thematically. enjoy!)

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# 2009

## Individual

I am a unique complex chain-link  
 Of events; a sown seed sprouted,  
 stems shadowing the dead.  
 By Fortune's spin,  
 much treasure life.  
 "Individual." Empathize?  
 The apogee. Imagine God's double  
 he is me (he?) am extraordinary.

## A Poem To Express My Exhaustion

malapropism slurry  
 45 degree head neck breaks  
 horizontal vision laterally  
 my eyelid aches

(the other one's shut)

but i gotta finish studying  
 a megaton explosion sounds delicious right about now  
 what am i doing not just finishing?

self-inflicting -  
 CALL THE WARD, PA! HE'S GONE DUN AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AGAIN!  
 - self-proclaimed ascetic  
 solitary  
 pillow pacify peace parting

7/'09

## Overcoming Invectives

Two loathing incendiary solar eclipses align  
 and I tremble revoltingly as she savagely maligns  
 my oeuvres as torpidly as she sedentarily dines;  
 cleft couch prefixed TV - a freak behemoth swine -  
 oh, if only she officiously didn't repudiate my daily grind.  
 her eyes never rain at drought,  
 and i'm always willing to help out.  
 she dried up the entire town.  
 i wish i never let her down.  
 Mark laughed at me.  
 what did i do?  
 he's so mean.  
 i wish i had friends.  
 i like Rebecca.  
 she's the prettiest.  
 i wish i had friends.  
 school is boring.  
 the town dried up and so did I  
 she's found some other place to be nice.  
 for a night, she'll return to shower us  
 Then she'll run away just as fast  
 Despite her unceasing ardor I continue my stride,  
 Without trite unnerving, I am not beguiled.  
 Her aspersions unrelenting, I shrug and I smile;  
 your ancient inveighing is of a banal style.

2/'09

## Philegonus

Noon beams stream to waken  
 Philegonus from listless dream.  
 He arises to galled propensity -  
 upper lip furled - immanently taken  
 to cynicism. Incessant self-pity  
 on inability to heighten esteem,  
 because he repeats, "I am ugly,"  
 into the mirror every morn.  
 Even now, in reticence so smugly  
 disavows his face, forlorn.  
 But yours are the reflection and eyes,  
 despondently glaring;  
 this is your dream, you realize,  
 a monster's skin wearing.

Heralded through our attentive town,  
 Philegonus is prevalently known  
 as the macabre sadistic beast  
 we fantasize daily to drown;  
 however, he beguiles the least  
 expectant ones - skeptic prone -  
 solicitous, "His eyes so meek,  
 even the dogs bound, genial.  
 A mendable whelp, not some creep."  
 Lured, her demise unequivocal.  
 Given she lives, traumatic tearful  
 testimony: ruthlessly rapes,  
 viciously vilifies, loathsomely lustful,  
 and annoyingly alliterates.

Vermin/Ogre accepts as compliment  
 Philegonus, the abhorrent beast;  
 rejoiced his mother's suicide,  
 shuns both sisters - exiled - sent  
 to outskirts with father, blind;  
 only brother - by axe poll - deceased.  
 Publicly, disavows familial ties;  
 murdered two more, same technique.  
 Publicly, wears an affected guise  
 employed to protect and critique  
 all acquaintances, friends, passerbys  
 with turgid sententious brays;  
 vociferates, dilated feral eyes,

spittle flows; deliriously gay.

You amble his wont amble,  
 Philegonus' frame, to massive mirror.  
 Reflection, you entreat, "Please  
 renounce your ways, take a gamble;  
 you can change!" You fall on knees  
 and wail, weeping, "See clearer;  
 see life, love, beauty!" You awaken,  
 noon beams stream. Precipitate  
 your body. Reflection? Unmistaken.  
 Cod. Cad. The villain you hate.  
 "I am ugly," your morning mantra.  
 Estranged by will.  
 Remain in Forest, spoke to Zarathustra.  
 Interminably still.

4/'09

### **Sky Crawler**

crawling at this altitude  
 succession eludes

below, just blue  
 just? unjust? all, above  
 without detail,  
 flavorless misinterpretation  
 that continent is salt  
 that city is spice  
 that building a building, you know.

but sky crawler never left  
 companionless, unaware  
 just varying blurs (vision unimproved)  
 flavorless meaningless smears  
 snow snow blue blue speck unseen

~~~~~ but nothing to tilde!

but i'm a hypocrite: worrying about connotation

6/'09

## Pictures of Poets

pictures of poets  
 spoken word artists  
 double entendre,  
 or triple, quadruple - whatever the audience -  
 plays on your brain brush.  
 stroke stroke!

6/'09

## Distraction

the death of a horse  
 affected ubermensch even,  
 so what is guilt?  
 i, a godforsaken heathen?  
 do i weep, remorse?  
 you imagine hell, I wilt

with pain on unemployed  
 imagination, just fill  
 brain to brim in arcane  
 fears and psychosis willed  
 answers questions enjoyed  
 answered again by inane

i will die you will die  
 one day we'll all die

ignore it all, egoist  
 distract with aesthetic  
 solace in acceptance  
 by feigned peripatetics  
 distract with pretty tits  
 abandon common sense

amoeba plant DNA  
 baboon jump jump  
 AHREE AWHOO AWHOO  
 find more to hump  
 overstuffed crotch display  
 jump jump kangaroo

i will die you will die  
one day we'll all die

4/'09

## Benighted Bliss

"I," said Masiq, "are simul'crum of God;  
Means really good and smart-as smart enough  
To fool all fools all fools are dumb dumbs dumb  
enough to instigate my capricioun-  
Ness.

"Bring a sing-a-ding to tickle;  
Strumatetra simple, bicycle  
Drive to blished-out super highs  
To fritter me;" --- "unfrittered lives!  
Bliss!"

Cries godly Masiq, "But sycophant to  
Vindication years in skyey cackle;  
Perpetual cadgedyed imbibed joviation;  
Never wane supine crescent hoary elation  
Forbids - God for bid – your maspiration.  
Halo, life route! Circles delight. Shackle  
Forgotten - chant cri de cœur, cant: 'To  
Life, L'Chaim!' Till eradication  
Us."

forgive me, excuse me; an inquiry  
please: how rewarding, is it? truly?  
stumbling upon distraction? end  
lessly? then again, if your  
destination is  
heaven, why  
not  
live frivfritfoolflagrfatufabul  
ous

ly without qualms  
on true meaning?  
maybe you, but  
not i will be  
wholly  
remiss

"Now compuncted. Leave.  
Life latented. Grieve  
Grand. Never'd refine  
We. Matur'd, resign  
Life, answered fully --  
With or without us,  
There will be  
Progress. . ."

and so,  
i'll do without,  
thanks.

4/'09  
(revised 4/'11)

**Ambiguous Title But Really Important To Me**

aw, shucks; my girlfriend dumped me  
and i don't know how to play acoustic guitar  
so i think i'll write some poetry  
or a sad short story  
oh! maybeven a screenplay!  
just like Woody Allen  
to show everyone how mean she is  
it's always everyone elses fault when i get hurt.  
one of these days people will recognize me  
just like Bukowski  
poetry is so important to me  
because it's, like, this creative outlet  
and it's a love of empathy and sympathy  
that inspires me to write poetry  
but, only when it's directed at me  
because oh oh oh oh oh i'm lonely  
i lie! i'm tough! i don't give a F-WORD  
that stupid fucking girl.  
do i write for poetry?  
or do i write because my girl friend dumped me?  
are you laughing with or at me?  
i don't give a F-WORD, cuz i'm tough. and everyone sucks.  
learning and moving on is for stupid fucks  
like my ex girlfriend.  
daddy, pay attention to me!  
mommy, my oedipal complex is self evident  
i don't give a F-WORD cuz I got my TV  
i'm so inherently talented i don't need no more words  
or rhyme schemes or edumacation or any of that JAZZ, get it?  
i'm so above well crafted prose, i write below it.  
all that matters is contemporaneity, not just our epoch or "generation"  
but like, today. and experiencing empiricism best way to get smart.  
but i think i do need help with learning when to end.

3/'09

## Captives

Unappreciative, sally.

Fro and to,  
only barely  
eliciting  
a smile for a  
lunar eclipse

You're your own eclipser

POTential is a  
Douse ambivalence on productivity  
Remaining in homeostasis difficult, already  
Even tomorrow  
AAHH HA HA! howled Wanton king of dregs  
Maybe tomorrow  
SERVES as defense of innocent indolence.

who shadows ability in inactivity, despair lights it all  
(it's all contingent anyway right justification)

but only russets when eclipsed,  
and on your side of the planet  
among closeted marijuana stalks  
flowing fields of grape vine: vintage hemlock  
divine!

coffee and matrimony and sanctimony  
venerable vocation

a pitiful night is bereft without the shadow.

I reiterate, yes, yes, everything's fine

My addictions! and afflictions! are idiosyncratic advantages

!boons!boons!boons!b-

Reconsider: is your condition unique?

You are capable of beauty.

Mercuriality is immanent;

don't jolt.

Who is your hero?

POP THAT IMAGE AND REMEMBER THAT TIME

Well, your hero loves you.

Not only that, but you can be your hero too.

And accomplish something unique and helpful,

a true boon, something beautiful;

if mankind can become extinct tomorrow

I and You are free.

## No Deletes

NO DELETES

to ME

hthis just reads like wanna those  
poems, ya know? written in three seconds  
or less, about somehing ambiguous.

motes around my motes around my motes  
coronary daeddead canary

just trying juts flying

like, you know, hgigh

ocverreeadcting j acting?

boodeo plabts die

my plant's diyng.

red drie brown mess

trickle dry hardened peeling hard flaking

right below and to the right of my knuckles

i play drums and the hi hat hits me

and i BLEed, you see? you know?

but TO me it's an emblem

of a sentence too ehphemeral

reached its peak apgoee

and ontp[[a all that

hehe my skiull?

nah. nah. it's max banging

BITHRTH

haven't yet removed my fingers

CAAUUUSSEE nootthins like floating flooaaatttiinng

through the skkkkkiiiiiiiieeeeeeee

skiiiwhywhwywhywhwywhyyyyyyyy

why really spells itself phonemticaly

you know? that hw why sthe hwat the hwat

that's just rom from overpronunciating the WHY

hahaha, pronuncaiating? hahaha

pj

oh lamp of my trees

if only they gave light to me

oh why cristoabal carribee

an? historic occasion

half white half what?

half regret half denial

half unconcious media thought process

subliminal subconcious

## RACISM

still glued to the keybaod  
 my suddenly a spasm in my left hand just below the  
 oh ewhats the technical term? !  
 my wrist (nontechnical)! why "!"?

no DELTEEs  
 only regfrests  
 regress ? hweh  
 regrets! whasssa that?  
 ;) ti snayeesh? yo ocomprendo?  
 i'd rather be center of my motes.  
 MLAME LAME LAME LAME LAME  
 (liteerally) capavbilitty  
 tp to inititate a bloom  
 to break tha aneutroins

OKAY, if , perhaps, I attemmpt  
 true perfection, sititing straight,  
 damn! DAMN! no deletes, but no erroers either  
 CURSES! my fingers aren't - no - My fingers aren't  
 moving lkike I say. NO, it's not that.  
 I say, perhas

the line aboceabove i held t down the space key  
 interminabbly well, not really,  
 and you can't see, rt'was morese code  
 a secret message (YOU don't wanna read)  
 about  
 oh, fine. i didn't hold the dspace key at all

my postire my hair  
 ym whoes my feet hurt  
 they've been hurt  
 gotta take of my shoes!  
 (shaking head0)to  
 toko\\\\to  
 took off my shee  
 my shoes|||

yes, indeed, forreeyoo

5/'09

## I am Egotism

do not speak lest I inveigh  
vomit lip drips, quip, soiree,

- DICHOTOMY -

accept an humble abjuration  
wont imbibed errancy; stagnation.

"Woe-the!" cant, my cant,  
pretentious affectation sack.

- ACROSTICS, HIDING  
(MODESTY, HIDING)  
SUPERFICIAL IMBUING,  
SULLY SPUING.  
INCESSANT SMILING,  
DILATORY BEGUILING,  
(squandered). -

(pop song/guitar [key: c])

superior self-righteously  
baby, baby, baby  
palled idiosyncrasy  
davey, davey, davey  
pensively brood alone  
daily, daily, daily  
alienation prone  
crazy, crazy, crazy

"but you are right i'm wrong i'm sorry i apologize sincerely let's be friends"

2009

2/'09

## Only Natural

she glanced quickly over her shoulder and noticed him whispering into another's ear. her flushed face, surprised, turned back looking at nothing really. his intentions were sexual, and it hurt her because she exclusively thought about him intimately; she did not understand him. but she based her relationship on reciprocated care, without formal duty; and maybe now she understood he based his relationship on sex, therefore it is only natural for him to pursue another.

3/'09

## Car Drive

i can drive for hours  
 we did out up and down  
 anywhere beside nowhere  
 fields of golden flowers  
 anywhere out of town  
 we went everywhere  
 that old cat power cd  
 you were so beautiful  
 you were so beautiful

vacation is any day  
 and brimming, heady  
 speakers blaring out windows  
 free from the many say  
 drive on hours steady  
 so contemptibly long ago  
 you were so beautiful  
 you were so beautiful

a scratched cd skipped  
 it'd be self-aggrandizement to say i gave a shit  
 it cut me off what's it in such a hurry  
 maybe just less time to waste  
 some people like to make haste  
 some people love to worry  
 you were so beautiful  
 you were so beautiful

all i remember are your eyes  
physically, i mean. i still remember when you cried.  
i am such an asshole i am such a prick.  
i held your tiny face to pretend i meant i meant  
i probably just wanted to screw  
and hit the steeringwheel in jealous fits  
that old cat power cd  
you were so beautiful  
you were so beautiful

children aren't allowed driver's licenses  
but i was given a chance  
and crashed and burned and laughed and ran  
though i stopped smoking i still roll the windows down in heat  
as if anything means something  
i'm embarassed of what you must think but  
you were so beautiful  
you were so beautiful

9/'09

## Loneliness

"Is this love, love?" pop croons.  
 Friend's vacillation, rancor/swoon.  
 + Disparate treatise, views impugned.

\_\_\_\_\_ Nostalgia for more sacred moons.

## LONELINESS

Tiptoe to avoid any ado,  
 but contention imbued ---  
 brood.  
 Naked warm wasted afternoons.  
 Fro and to  
 on who's truly rude  
 - biased truth! -  
 we are not two,  
 we are not through.  
 Envy: "who else dost thou include  
 in your nude  
 escapades of lewd  
 dalliance with every smirking dude  
 in our country! You  
 woman of ill repute."  
 She never did do  
 anything. I tirelessly pursued  
 her affection, until I grew.  
 I should not have got that tattoo.  
 Still, assonances pale to getting screwed...

2/'09

## Elegy on Odes

a breath escaping  
 retreats in trachea  
 a hush, wide-eyed  
 "nuclear" and death.  
 fear fear fear fear

then, who knows, there will be no more sentences.

entertain me, distracting  
 buffo ragazzo on TV  
 what's proclivity, anyway?  
 forget psychology  
 forget ontology  
 forget philology  
 forget philosophy  
 fed up  
 fucked up

consciousness streams  
 dreams and isn't it impossible to truly  
 relay? idiosyncratic; but nothing's  
 a symbol. life isn't inherently full of meaning.  
 i prescribe it to simple things.  
 a story told by one is exclusive to that mind  
 and the situations invented or reimagined  
 are naught but justifications.

When I have fears  
 (Not just me - the whole populace too! Before we can. escape?)  
 I deluge my brain  
 Pot. That tricky hat. No rabbit.  
 Stimulants, Retardants, Indolence.  
 to nothingness we sink.

Will the nightingale remain in constant song?  
 Truth and beauty, wont, will not survive.  
 Paranoia. Clench. What constitutes a long  
 Time? What is life? or a cell alive?  
 My psyche empathizes with Earth's place;  
 Millenia of progenitor's have still  
 Reasserted success' subjectivity;  
 Avarice, Slavery, Genocide will  
 Capriciously torment; vendetta's pace  
 Only wanes in inactivity.

5/'09

## Divergence

i want to learn to play  
the piano. i want to cry  
with someone who will empathize.  
i want to run away

into nature; this isn't  
natural. what's wrong  
with the world is there is no song  
for this peasant.

i recant my decree.  
que sera affects  
me more than blunt defects.  
i hate simplicity?

weep storm capsize  
empathize but apathy  
glare at mr. gawking  
i'm not. you are.

it disturbs me  
that solipsist isn't in every  
dictionary.  
what about those poor schmucks?

----divergence----

maudlin nostalgic quivering  
on paranoia and drug addiction  
induced through sung depression  
so representative of our opulent epoch.

cynics vs ignorance  
(there's more of a dichotomy).  
don't forget the pedantry  
i left in the freezer for you!

the tube in my TV  
keeps trying to leave.  
what would the TV be  
without a screen?  
people only see the immaculate facade,  
not the crumbling cathedral falling on God.

the TV, useless - unable to function -  
don't bother recycling.

elliott smith's "strung out again,"  
contemporary society,  
david wallace.

3/'09

## **I Love You**

paint flying toward a pollock painting  
the ground  
hail  
fantasies of my blood on the walls  
I <3 U wound  
plea  
HOW CAN I SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU?  
suffused sound  
still  
enlightenment's a series of eureka's  
no question  
stupid  
and somehow remain ubiquitously loathed  
ripping mind lightning  
conceit  
hand v hand eye v eye body v itself  
imagine reflections  
pity  
one trip and tsunami tears tears  
ruins replaced  
but still  
daily struggling change of no change  
music swerves remain  
same  
etiquette FOOLLOW THE RULES fool  
whiskied epiglottis  
Kaspar

6/'09

## Nihilism

Delivery presents family:  
 Learned heed is virtuous extolled;  
 Ancestral law by homily  
 Is acquiescently bestowed.

Due course initiates interface  
 As first friendship does form;  
 Naturally, life's tableaux embrace,  
 Slavishness, ubiquitous worn.

Congenital need blooms apparent,  
 Sedulously hordes escort;  
 Dusk to dawn, incessant errant  
 Till is found convenient consort.

By dogma forged a lifetime truce  
 Lest in afterlife eternally sear;  
 Proctorial priests' doctrine diffuse  
 Societally, revamped every year

By ruling order; incumbent monarch  
 Molds the tenet and enforces law  
 as the plebs pliant ears prick to hark,  
 the monarch sways in his own sea of posterity,  
 of debt and poverty,  
 but his boat rocked (HIS boat) not by proclivity to practicality,  
 but by corporate endorsement.  
 So what does the corporation control?  
 What do they extol and what is the virtuous  
 life, say? Who molds it really? And where does it begin  
 does it begin benign life vacuous orders  
 daddy, i love you. best friend, i love you.  
 love love Eros spews coca cola  
 hold your brain (too permeable) fill with rigamarole  
 (challenge) death (challenge)  
 dying dying eschatology only on a supernatural plane  
 CUZ IN 2012 EVERYONE'S GONNA DIE, DUDE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
 my holy lord, professed, come down to save us  
 why accomplish anything challenge and challenge nothing  
 something something somethingology  
 but allready i'm boring me and you  
 mental capacity: \_\_\_\_ (fill in blank)

1/'09

## Inspiration

As twain men brood, disparate wonder,

Baptist John - disrupting the thought  
Of Secular Paul - nearly split sunder

By qualms on an answer sought,  
implored, "Then how does invention form,  
If not by omnipotence creation born?  
An ambiguous birth by tentative theory  
Digests uneasily; I like mystical whimsy."  
Paul, fore leaned, answered soft:  
"Brilliant design is not univocal gestalt;  
Many cry Eureka and by apple butted,  
But innovation is not an idea sudden.  
It churns and with your help or not  
Time precipitates change, and a stop  
Is impossible. Life evolves." But John,  
In myopic obstinacy, quelled not his qualm  
Or invocation, smiling and assuredly replied,  
"That's silly. For genius and creation is divine.  
By your testament things are achievable  
Only through energy and time. Inconceivable!"

1/'09

## Litter

Sated from trough, the buxom swine sways  
Intent on inertia, to its wont resting place.  
Mud gushes under; the swine rests its eyes,  
But metabolism completes and suddenly incites.  
"Oh, to stand, to exhort force and move,  
'Tis torture unbearable; I'd rather die, forsooth.  
A whole community's negligence may be uncouth,  
But I am just one, and that is the truth."

The swine shit where it lay, tainted its dwelling,  
Without conscience or qualms, drifted to rest;  
But six billion more, most incapable of quelling --  
The dung surpassed Babel -- drowned in their mess.

2/'09

## Megalomaniac

In awe of vale, torn by glacier,

Sodal leans over precipice.  
Inhales clean air, succumb by splendor  
And beauty. His body remiss

To the capricious twitches of left leg,  
a sight never seen, it sidles to beg.  
"Oh, Sodal, you twit. I want to see.  
You slighted the prime limb of your body.  
A step, a step, just another step more."  
One step too far. Sodal tumbles o'er.  
Flailing to giant pines, left leg exclaims,  
"I do not assert t'was the best claim,  
but I got my way, and got what I want."  
Sodal perished - crushed all but the fault.

3/'09

## Pain (or) A Diurnal Cycle (or) Immutability

Yawning windows stream the sun's rising  
 Beams inching over eyelids grousing;  
 The blackbird's chirping is the final locus  
 On the parabola to alpha conscious.  
 Right? A wont image, tired sunrises  
 Eaeraj fnf sdjn; uiopn zxqwu tkkises  
 How many gallons per minute in there?  
 Hurry up, shine your teeth, waxy hair  
 Impresses the masses, right?

What does your reflection say to you?  
 Handsome! Great smile! Top Class Beautiful!  
 hahaha, says to you? Voices scream to you?  
 And transmogrifies my finger into a loaded gun?  
 Pow, pow! Cow-boys and Indians. All over the sun.  
 Metamorphoses my neck into a second mouth  
 Gaping, great smiling, bleeding dripping down.  
 WHAT TO WEAR?

WHAT TO WEAR? WHAT TO WEAR? SO AND TOO MUCH CLOTHES IN THERE  
 and from where? Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.  
 Locking the door after fixing again your plastic coated hair.  
 Fix to my favorite morning jazz station; evinces a risible  
 Attitude and fingers into sticks crashing and clanging  
 All over the steering wheel. Dirty carpet's a bass pedal.  
 "And cigarette packs litter the floor," says the \_\_\_\_\_.  
 sexist.

Chirping esophagus begs the cup tilting  
 Caffeine jittering into heart palpitating;  
 The long line's stretching is the key  
 For the corporation's proliferation to profitability.  
 Right? A trite acceptance, tired sunrises  
 ghasi dhj fhpdaf; dnjaksfds jl vnjvrises  
 How many barrels per coffee bean brewed?  
 Brand name, Ethos water bottles, ignorance, dude  
 Or dudette; gotta be a pluralist, right?

What does the worker say to you?  
 Everything okay? Our special today? See you soon!  
 i am tired, says to you? Life's ambition in full bloom?  
 And reiterates the futility of a voice?  
 Ring, ding! Clock in & out. Without a choice.

Recapitulates my measly hourly wage  
 With your small purchase, five times that amount.  
 WHAT TO BUY?

WHAT TO BUY? WHAT TO BUY? SPEND UNTIL MY CARD'S DENIED  
 and for why? Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.  
 Depositing my check after signing again at an ATM, fortified.  
 Fix at my favorite neighborhood dealer's house; evinces a risible  
 Sedation and body turns warm shivering and shaking  
 All over the pleather couch. Dirty carpet's a hypnotic wave.  
 "And doesn't this look light to you," asks the \_\_\_\_\_.  
 consumer.

Sweeping appendages stretch sidewalk's shifting  
 Bodies ricocheting off comfort zones drifting;  
 The compact class deluging is the result  
 Of the state's most prudent budget cuts.  
 Right? A pliant public, tired sunrises  
 fdhij jdi hvjdd; qwon zchuo fsysises  
 How many tax rebates per largest contributors?  
 Offshore frauds, lost jobs, immune polluters  
 Making an easy buck, right?

What does the reporter say to you?  
 Celebrity dirt! Buy this skirt! That's it for the news!  
 censure then indicted, says to you? Advertiser's certitude?  
 And mountebanks interviewed for a true cure?  
 Click, click. Partisan prattle. Teach us, epicure.  
 Disquisition on Utilitarianism from Professor Verax:  
 Diverse stock and a business degree equals happy.  
 WHAT TO BELIEVE?

WHAT TO BELIEVE? WHAT TO BELIEVE? PUSH MY BRAIN THROUGH A SEIVE  
 and so naive. Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.  
 Gleaning my well-being after surmising again my government won't deceive.  
 Fix to my favorite congress member's cant; evinces a risible  
 Faith yet head fervently nods subscribing and preaching  
 All over the boozy debate. Dirty carpet's a vomit site.  
 "And I ain't indoctrinated, but welfare's gotta go," says the \_\_\_\_\_.  
 pundit.

Whispering waves lull both ears retiring  
 Voices grumbling on relational miring;  
 The interminable incantations entreating is the gist  
 Of the television's most audacious twist.  
 Right? An entertained audience, tired sunrises

ioqw nfdjsaio as; oisa vjfu mkqxises  
 How many laughs per calorie stored?  
 Sedentary, weary apathy, calloused torpor  
 erases my worries, right?

What does your body say to you?  
 Voracious appetite? Another bite? Hey, it's the right hue!  
 is this healthy, says to you? Does anyone have a clue?  
 And studies conducted by credible universities?  
 Ching, ching! Research grants. Mindless spirit ditties.  
 Equanimity settles every undulation  
 Rippling into baseless conspiracy theories.  
 WHAT TO DO?

WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO DO? RESIGN UNTIL I SCREAM ADIEU  
 and turn blue. Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.  
 Awakening my body after realizing again all of what's true.  
 Fix on my favorite reinforced combat boots; evinces a risible  
 camaraderie and an army armed storms singing and chanting  
 all over a mansion burning. Dirty carpets torn apart.  
 "And not only in American dreams does the proletariat succeed," says the boy sleeping.

10/'09  
 (revised 1/'12)

## On America

oh i wish i were a cowboy  
 cause all the cowboys roam free  
 euphemism: appropriation of their land  
 may they never touch our sand

how i wish i did destroy  
 the plundered pyramids of "equality"  
 emancipation proclamation: bigotry  
 still courses through my country (yippee)

oh how i greatly enjoy  
 the repercussions of susan b anthony  
 marriage without shackles? we separated  
 but her income's still deflated

the past is obscure, ephemeral  
 just watch public TV  
 history: PRETENTIOUS droll  
 i thank the christian god we're all free

oh i wish i were a riot cop  
 when students protested the streets  
 I'm Apathetic Evasive to the war of caprice  
 there are no real people in the middle east

how i wish the crop owner would stop  
 but he makes more profit off those imagries  
 corporation exploitation big box chain stores  
 the labor force is your whore

and how i'm glad we did drop  
 segregation. ain't that a feat?  
 Understaffed Unbalanced unfunded urban schools  
 white privilege sure does rule

(don't forget, less than 5% of the Fortune 500 CEOs are women or nonwhites)

progression? well-being? government?  
 Law of the lord: Consume then shalt thou prosper  
 Social Aesthetics SUVs interminable credit card debt  
 for the people, by the people, liberty

oh i wish i were born a rich white male

then i could do anything i like  
 God, Jesus, CEO, Doctor, Lawyer, Scientist, Ivy League, Superlative Character on TV,  
 Bureaucrat, Congress, President, War, Torture, Abuse, Private Agenda, General  
 Immunity  
 they'll do anything to keep a majority

how i wish stereotypes would fail  
 but then how would police know whom to strike?  
 Life Imprisonment Free Labor sounds reminiscent of something  
 oh yeah! it's prejudiced slavery!

and how i love that America's the best hail  
 because, after all, we ain't no Third Reich  
 11 million American Indians dead, 4 million African migrants, and the wars, the wars,  
 the wars across the seas  
 i could go on, but hark, complacency and the TV beckon me

3/'09

## **Waste**

around me all I see is waste  
 lonely bike peddling;  
 cigarette butts piling  
 hasty parking lot tromp;  
 32oz waxy cola cup

syrup still dripping  
 filter end burning  
 cardiac straining  
 no sapien worrying

green light:  
 torrent of wind gusts, a sound wave  
 motors revving past, smog blasts  
 have street side cafes ever been okay?

anachronistic tree in your street median

theists and an eternal afterlife  
 get me goaded  
 imagine your dead caper, fucker

1/'09

# 2008

## Yes No

Yes. No.  
 Explode. Explode.  
 Yes. No.  
 Superior, and Superiorer.

Euphmestic disparaging  
 Criticism foot in mouth  
 silence Nothing  
 Nothing to say! Failure  
 And why then why  
 Blank What  
 Yes, But.  
 Yes No.

Superior, Yes.  
 She me kiss.  
 No! No!  
 Uneasy slurs  
 sneaky swift glances  
 Silence. Something.

## Self-Improvement Induced Through Paranoia

A palpable presence came to my nose;  
 aiming through swarms,  
 the stares left me discomposed.  
 And without a mirror and this steady flow  
 I could not check my  
 pulsating nose.  
 With tact, I bended my head and polished the tip.  
 Swiftly, I blew into my handkerchief to dissolve this quip.  
 But my efforts in vain, the presence remained.  
 Was I going insane? The feeling still lurked  
 regardless of how much I scratched and I jerked.  
 Then doubt grew as I considered my strife.  
 Maybe every sneer is contingent on a turbulent moment in their lives.  
 There's nothing wrong, just ignore the haranguing,  
 the snickers and chitters, and nuns rhetorically praying.  
 Ahead a restroom sign flashed "sanctuary" for my head.  
 Just a quick respite to dispose of this dread.  
 I envisioned a mirror pristine, an easy solution  
 to quell this suffocating undeniable delusion.  
 Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!  
 (no longer could I use ignorance as justification).

I ambled on, reveling in the populace.  
 This street has grown so long,  
 and its wifi signals and modernist museums  
 and cathartic cathedrals and precipitously increasing swarm  
 are all so pretty. And who doesn't enjoy opulence  
 and dingy deliberation disintegrating drug decadence?  
 This shuffling is inherently dull  
 and this road ends somewhere where maybe everyone sings a happy song.  
 And I think everyone wants to sing along.  
 But the road there is long, and my thoughts are so bland  
 and maybe maps and atlases are efficient  
 but my superiority and pride must be self-sufficient,  
 otherwise I'm inferior -- how pathetic.  
 And I'm certain I am! Because by now my nose is writhing ostentatiously  
 and the crowd is screaming, "Get out of here, now!"  
 Even the dogs are barking and the crows are shitting  
 and my mind is reeling; so, I know my nose is gross.

Perhaps I should run, and shrug off this lazy stride.  
 In retrospect, they've been cursing all my life.  
 And Self-Reliance St. is lonely.



and maybe no presence exists  
 and maybe there is nothing I would find  
 and maybe it's occupied  
 and maybe I'm just too blind  
 and  
 and an old acquaintance of mine throws me aside  
 and shouts an obscenity in a suit and tie  
 and I smile.

I realize I have been using too many "ands."

I apologize.

I step inside

if only in spite.

Dust permeates the air  
 of the stale restroom.

Artificial light reveals  
 a congealed mass  
 of trifles I believed were boons.

Someone bolted Duchamp's Fountain to the wall,  
 pristine, unused, as well as the porcelain toilet and sink.

A path to the mirror obstructed by  
 aesthetic pretty, meaningful consumerist brands,  
 coquet winning witty, desire for more land,  
 infallible social prudence theory; well, I can be Dadaist too.

I'll use the toilet as a garbage can, forget the fish.

I'll do anything to curb this itch.

Alas, grime covers the mirror.

Now is not the time to secede.

After a lengthy period of diligent smearing and meticulous wiping  
 it is clear.

Without regretful qualms over the past,

I look forward to happiness and see this as progress.

10/08

## Meaning pt 1

i skim articulate articles,  
 an evocative cartoon,  
 and murder most foul  
 to discover,  
 as i wipe,  
 my shit has hardened.

that old brigade of hipsters,  
 costumed in erudite references to  
 literature and film  
 preceding  
 modernism and the 80's,  
 revere every  
 Goethe quoting genius.

dinner served with ornate wit.  
 each fist  
 clutching and pumping  
 each cock  
 douses the consummating dessert with satisfaction.

life means something now.

## Meaning Pt 2

A coy grin spread  
 as he read,  
 hoping the hidden cameras would catch his understanding  
 of the advanced comedy.  
 Really, he loves Tex Avery.  
 A scholar fueled by fear of ineptness in society.  
 She only reads a title of acclaim,  
 and heralds all else as lame.  
 Surrounded by the bunglingly garbed,  
 he especially relishes his ostentatious dress.  
 The artist looms over god.  
 Revering their creation,  
 then destroying with elation  
 Perfection is immanent and merely hiding.  
 I'll be the one to discover it.

**Untitled**

if i incessantly read,  
intent on discovering meaning -  
from classic tragedy  
to contemporary sleuth -  
the only doubt of truth  
is subjective denial  
of the recognition of accomplishment  
as futile,  
and learning my self worth.

and searching for meaning  
through experience in living -  
from young to aged  
to career to retirement  
to death and understanding -  
only lends to that old adage  
that prudence is fundamental  
to a life with a show.  
for bounding about  
to consume  
and live a presupposed  
life of full bloom,  
a wife as a chain  
and children as a weight  
who serve as justification  
to a man without ambition,

too frightened to leave life  
he remains thoughtless through the night.  
so intent on a grand scheme  
of beauty and eloquence  
and meaning found without  
trial or thought or

## LSD Rambling pt 1

My head feels weighed down by my ears,  
sound is loud and terrifying.  
I'm beginning to feel dissociative effects.  
My surroundings attempt to blend  
into some sort of two dimensional shape,  
and my discovery  
that it is three d  
is surprising to me.  
a clenching jaw, shut tight by crabs pincers,  
and my recent realization that all love is meaningless.  
my brain feels like it decided to take a swim  
in a sea not on this planet but somewhere scary  
or fun and exciting and different.  
i take plants for granted. so many sorts  
so many forms  
so many genus's  
so many to eat.  
and i've tasted a shroom  
and smoked salvia too  
but now my head is taking full bloom.  
our heads are bulbs  
ready to burst  
any sort of coherent representation of symbolism  
right now, has no meaning.  
my muscles feel at ease  
and tension is released  
yet, ironically  
and unexplainably  
a sense of rigor mortis  
is setting in  
and my jaw clenches tight  
and my fingers bunch in  
and my spine collapses onto itself  
as i'm realizing my senses for their true full wealth.  
unrestrainable i roll onto the floor  
and i haven't done this yet,  
but this suggestion seems perfect for the situation.  
a word is weird, and my fingers ginger janger jingle.  
my sense of touch is certainly brought out  
though there's no masturbatory impulse  
i'm touching me everywhere my skin is free  
and i roll on the couch unable to see  
that this is all some sort of silly effect that's effecting me.  
this is just in my brain and i'm too stupid to use it to understand and view

what is important to me and never important to you.  
 comprehension is beyond my comprehension.  
 and i don't know what i would do  
 if i were with you  
 maybe i should just relax  
 i'm too constricted  
 i've always been like a snake  
 curled around myself and ready to bite  
**THE UNICORNS SOUND SO CRAZY RIGHT NOW!!!**  
 it's only 4:38. it seems like this should be something someone does at a more  
 frightening time of the day.  
 everything is sort of scary. but scary because it's new because i never gave it any worth  
 and i'm taking everything for granted  
 like that muscle behind my right shoulder  
 i want to rub it right now, but i'm writing this bull shit baloney.  
 i can type and rub at the same time.  
 i look down and imagine i'm seeing something else entirely but it's nothing and there's  
 nothing to see once i look up and notice that the only change is me.  
 my walls, it seems, are just staring in disbelief. smirking at the boy they've seen grow  
 his first pubic hair and shave his first facial snare.  
**WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING INSIDE**, i type in caps, but really i've been wondering it  
 all along.  
 this is fun.  
 especially that it's happening to Chopin.  
**I REALIZE THE TRUTH:**  
 the truth is that i am the same as i was yesterday and the day before and a year before  
 and as i was at ten years old  
 the difference is what lies behind me; what i wrecked and pillaged and ruined.  
 didn't i say earlier my head was swimming at sea?  
 well, i can't see. i think it is. everything's gone and my head is fucking blitzed.  
 i incessantly rub behind my neck, which causes a feeling so divine it curls down my  
 spine and wraps so tight and i fall into some sort of happy curled balloon of a boy turned  
 a man but really that means nothing except that i've grown older, my age has passed,  
 and i really am the same man.  
 i was never less, a boy is just what we we call someone who hasn't aged as much.  
 and the colors are brilliant and now only now can i see  
 that that thing you call age is just being appreciative  
 of everything and everyone and every beauty nature has done  
 and we're all hear and we've created as much  
 so instead of pounding and cursing and screaming and traffic jams and bologna and  
 ham and bull shit in a can and whatever else you can find at your local wal-mart  
 let's just come together.

yeah.

and i guess that's the general feeling when you're tripping off this shit

my feet are the things that truly can't stop  
 i don't like my itunes visualizer and emanated a loud, "BECOME COOL!" to it. it hasn't  
 changed. but my brain has.  
 the only difference is there is no difference. i am the SAME THE SAME THE SAME  
 yesterday i could have been a boy and today is just a dream for the man that i'll grow  
 into who'll look back and sneer.

OH MY GOD THE SONG HAS CHANGED FROM CHOPIN TO SOMETHING  
 TERRIFYING!!!! this scary song by mister spook himself, conor o bright eyes.

hahaha

this is the most fun i've had in a long long while.

and i'm still not outside.

my ears are pricking up to tiny things i would have normally ignored. i think my mind is  
 just collapsing and isn't able to tell that this isn't some sort of false reality just what my  
 crazy lsd mind is forcing me to think. but i enjoy it and it's groovy.

i wonder what i'd be doing if someone were here right now.

i wish i could just jump into my visualizer and swim through the universe like nothing  
 because i feel like nothing and this is what my dreams are made of anyway.

my mouth is dry

and i can't tell if it's from having chapped lips or from my own personal desire to die.

but right now nothing flies and all i can hear are things inside of my mind and if i were to  
 run into someone maybe everything would come crashing down but things seem to be  
 breathing and i can define true meaning so really there's nothing to be scared of except  
 for me falling asleep and remembering dreaming. but right now i hate this music that's  
 playing, this Haydn, because of this lame ass visualizer. and yeah, also because Haydn  
 should learn how to play his fucking instrument.

that pretentious prick.

i hate colors

i hate the colors i see on the screen in front of meeee

and if they don't just change this instant i'll fucking scream.

you know what i've realized

not only that i'm not different from who i was yesterday,

but that the things i learn just help me be better for tomorrow

WOODS FAMILY CREEPS IS SCARING ME! (this song called sleep sleep sleep)

i can NOT go to sleep right now, my mind is crazy.

i wonder how people ever sleep. exhaustion hits, and it blocks out everything.

but isn't that just lame and a sign of defeat?

now, is it just me, or has everything for the last hour been rhyming?

i can't remember one song from the other and all of this typing seems like incoherent  
 self rambling

some sort of scary soliloquy and HOLY SHIT this music is frightening. it truly is.

i've been toying around with the idea of putting on some sort of thing to help me hear  
 and for the past few minutes the world and things have been pulsating.

as soon as i feel that my head is beginning to regain its control, i've only reached the top  
 of the coaster and i hear those final clicks signaling that i'm only going to begin to roll

and i'm rolling and this is just like an endless dream and it's so beautiful and how can anyone NOT want to be on LSD?  
 i need to go outside  
 oh yeah, and i need to get a drink..  
 my muscles are spasming.  
 my mind is reeling  
 and my skin is crawling  
 and things are bulging  
 and i'm being pulled around in some sort of scary sound.  
 for a moment i lose ground and everything disappears in a cascade under me  
 is there some sort of inside frightened me  
 that is taking all of this to escape some kind of significant true meaning  
 and i feel like i'm getting old just thinking about me

why do i think that i can do everything alone?  
 this isn't just some game. this is my life  
 but i dont think that in life i think that i can do everything alone  
 oh, i realize now what i was groaning about.  
 i had no idea this tiny thing would affect me  
 on this huge level.  
 and now that it is i'm blaming myself  
 rather than coming to grips.  
 so, this lesson can be taken as an experience for many things.  
 in life i won't be able to . . . .

i should begin to sink into my dreams once more  
 and fall all about the floor  
 and imagine my life as a pattern on the screen  
 slowly overtaking everything.  
 so is this all life boils down to, really?  
 trying to escape from the scary truth  
 this song is perfect, it's saying, "it's all right."  
**BUT FUCK IT IS NOT ALL RIGHT**  
**AND I THINK TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THIS STUPIDITY IS WHAT'S WRONG**  
**WITH HUMANITY**  
 i'm solely stupid.  
 i'm attempting to recognize myself as this tiny  
 tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny  
 tinnnnnnnnyyyyyyy speck in humanity.  
 we really are all just  
 fucking  
 animals

history and music and art and culture and intelligence and war and religion and  
philosophy  
that's all meaningless  
and so is literature,  
it's just that language is the only expedient or medium for me to be able to express  
myself. and isn't that just so fucking lucky for me? like, oh, if i had only picked up the  
guitar then my life would really be worth nothing at a time like this, but now that i'm  
hereeeeeeeeeee  
this image . . .  
i just can't stay with my thoughts for more than a moment because they are  
overwhelming and so are my senses and thought processesss and all of that shit.

when the fuck did fats waller come on? this is such good shit.  
anyone who doesn't listen to fats waller is a dumb ass bitch.  
that's right: A DUMB ASS BITCH!!!  
ohhh, i'm tripping and oh it feels good.  
i'm

what the fuck, the sun is setting. it's not down yet.  
it's 5:44. my jaw's still clenched.  
i'm the world's biggest idiot.  
but watching my hand moving around is so entertaining  
i keep tricking my mind thinking that i'm falling back into what i know is reality  
but then i quickly realize that that's baloney.  
that i'm still tripping out.  
the itunes visualizer is beginning to spread further than the screen it's enveloping.  
my mouth is dry and my jaw is clenching.  
and my heart is racing.  
but it's okay  
i'm such a child.  
i need to shave my face  
and i still haven't gone outside  
i'll do those sequentially.

i've just realized that all of my groanings were over nothing  
i was just scared  
and

so at first i was frightened and not understanding  
but now i understand what state i am in  
and am beginning to take it  
and  
explore

bye bye

10/13/2008 4-7pm

## LSD Rambling pt 2

regardless of everything i have been told as a child, i decided to attempt to rise up against it in some sort of unique rebellion against that terrifying figure we enjoy calling, authority.

the worst thing bout this is it truly is like a dream, and i can't help but indulge myself into believing that my own reality is the living dream of a mad man in

it all boils down to this: if i wanted to understand what acid was, why didn't i just watch an intelligent coherent documentary?

and now tht i'm hear, which can symbolize my place in life, what do i do when fced with uncertain truth.

well, i'm going to continue on my normal path. unfortunately this was a divergence, but only a tiny one in the vast space of my lifetime. i won't allow a mistake to grab hold. my largest regret is that i could have been doing smething better with my time. but the regret preceedin that is having anything to regret at all.

i have conquered LSD. i am a king, though unfortunately i can't stop the rhyiming. i know there's a term for it.

this is NOT a test of a man's worth.

there's nothing intelligent in my stupid rhymes.

my rhymes are as intelligent as a meth head, and that's what their rhymes are. i don't appreciate or love society for what it is, and i don't feel bad about mocking them for aggrandizing their own self worth. my meaningless life that i think i can build up by sinking deeper into a hole of self pity. it's pathetic. and i attempt feel pity for society and or whatever.

none of this matters. and a coherent story line isn't thought of in a moment and a beautiful work of art isn't a mistake or a chance. it's a work because it IS work. the artist works and works and works incessantly at his chosen vocation to attempt to bring some sort of reality into society.

i have to consider this, what makes me continue to do these things?

because of my lack of self worth

10/13-14/2008 11pm-2am

