

**partytime!: 8/14/19**

the low drones of summertime  
Curl up at the base of my skull and move to colonize  
My cochlea- the bug zapper and the baseball  
Breaking the sound barrier,

The AC and the hornet's nest, the powertools and the kitchen sink,  
your excitement and the fast slow disco,

His hoots and hollers and her laughter and their shouts  
and your words and their words and his words and her words  
A tangled mass, a shuddering barrel of language  
In this room, in that room,

that static chases me.

## Sharp's Cave: 6/30/19

I forget that the world is wide open and green,  
And until I pull myself over that lichened lip  
I grab at dirt in the inbetween.

We sleep in halloween hall, huddled up in neoprene,  
When I wake up, my eyes blink uselessly at this eclipse,  
And I forget that the world is wide open and green.

No one hears our echoey din, our smug mouths are unseen  
My impossible muddy friends scurry along, but I trip-  
I grab at dirt in the inbetween.

Humans haven't changed since the pleistocene-  
a clay city rests underneath a ledge- our golems are just a blip  
here, and I forget that there's a whole *world* above, wide open and green,

I sit in the nothing for an hour while my friends hunt for a ravine,  
I turn off my o-light but keep my finger on the button, and listen to that steady drip.  
It's the only thing that is anything, until I start singing just to feel like I won't slip  
Into unbeing, and I grab at the dirt in the inbetween.

They return and we scramble upwards, and I can smell the living earth, rainy, clean.  
The tattered flag, the sundog! V. and I laugh recklessly and I unclip.  
Now I've grabbed at the dirt in the inbetween.  
How could I have forgotten that the world is wide open and green?

**5/3/19 (this one is a puzzle)**

**Home:**

The leaden bell hardly rings at all-  
it drips and warps in the summer heat  
and when you turn your porch light on  
it buzzes like a mean mayfly.

The whitewashed wood of the porch itself  
frames sunrise, stormclouds, city fog  
and as you sit in your tidy roxaboxen  
you feel adulthoods talons around your hairy ankles.

it turns out that being a human is hard sometimes,  
and heavy. You'd rather curl up on the slate,  
like the neighbor's cat, and let the earth and  
other people's hands carry the burden of your mammal form.

It turns out that long days are really, really long  
whether you spend them in a bungalow or deep  
under the earth or wandering around dupont circle, sundrunk &  
reeling, or on the bridge, while the basilica of the shrine glares back at  
you through the leaves.

When you have been treated like a child,  
your time is not your own. You snatch  
moments the way you grab and bundle up fistfuls  
of a tablecloth when the conversation isn't rude enough-  
you always must account for it. The bus was late,  
your bike broke down, you forgot how to drive.  
you shuffle stolen hours into transit for your parent's ears.

**Away:**

Talc and asbestos accumulate, in the dust under the radiator, between floors, until the day of a  
rite. In the middle of marble, a cube of outdoors remains, catching thunder. The Charles will  
tsunami itself against these walls, someday. You come, trundling down main street, holding  
lotto tickets. You are young, and new to freedom. Every time the olderandstranger ones leap,  
of course you leap. You look at your new world, a smear of colors, and you let yourself run  
amuck, you drag your fingers thru viscous air. Sure, undersides of things are scary, but it can't  
spoil the kindness of your big, bright friends. Your true house is warm and filthy. It is in no way  
optimal. It is in no way functional, and sometimes it is hard to function. You remember being  
needy, touch-starved, bored. You're so glad that you found this hell, that this rogue & glowing

hell found you. Your true house is full of garbled noise, the place you forgot all hundred digits of pi. The warmth and necessity of this place is indescribable- becoming a human isn't part of the data the grownups gather. They know neither the sadness and danger of isolation nor the elation of belonging, in ridiculousness and degeneracy, until time do you part.

1. Use the title of the first poem to find four words. (for instance, the letter A would correspond to the first word of the poem, The). Write them down as you find them.
2. WRITE THE FOUR WORDS LIKE THIS
3. Go through the letters in alphabetical order and number them in order (e.g. write a 1 under the 1st A, a 2 under the 2nd A, then look for B's, C's D's, and so on.)
4. In the 2nd poem, take the 1st and last letter of the first word of the first line.
5. Write those letters vertically (top to bottom) under the number one.
6. Repeat for the second line and the number two and so on.
7. A message should be spelled out horizontally in two lines.

**Travelling Zoo: 4/10/19 (most words/phrases are taken from tetazoo quoteboard)**

a country is not safe. a husband is not safe. 10 miles, west, texas-y, I don't do anything. In the dark, I am a child, I don't have a time machine and it isn't likely I'll figure it out.

I look normal. I just want to decapitate vegetables.

In that corner, out of windows, I want to live in a village. I want that now, Driving in rural Ohio, in Wyoming, in Moldova, I need that now, I need it. Got shocked by an electric fence,

I need a forest fire, I need a trashfire.

Did you hear that? I need a volunteer fire department. I need a new dimension. I need non-cartesian coordinates. I need 40 gay communists in a warehouse. I need Your body. I need the auditory equivalent of a lightbulb. And you can quote me on that.

Wait, just wait.

I feel like an opossum playing dead.

Wait, just wait.

**Boom!**

I live here.

I live here!

On the ceiling, in the fire, roof-and-tunnel, tree-climbing, tonight!  
Tonight! Tonight!

I live here,  
wearing clothing, not wearing clothing, a tall boy, a lesbian, an explorer, a ghost telling a joke. I am a capacitor.

I live here, in glounge, at the loading docks.

*Here* is not just a word. *Here* is so illegal. *Here* is enough. *Here* is a get-happy quick scheme. *Here* is interestingly colored smoke. *Here* is high on catnip. *Here* is an absolute nightmare.

I'm friends with four cats in a trenchcoat. I'm friends with the ghost of an IKEA instruction manual. My friends make me pancakes. My friends go to selev. My friends go to locksport. My friends are so old now. Why are we so young and so loud? Good sounds. Hisses of happiness.

I like the sound of people screaming. In Braintree, in Ashmont. Why am I so belligerent? Why am I safe? Why am I fine? Why am I joyous?

Hubris! Hubris!

Entropy is the enemy of the narrative.

I would love to be immortal, but unfortunately I haven't worked that out yet.

Regarding your life, your home: it's an experience, it has a dimmer switch, it ends in a sleep-deprived corpse party, a dollop of midnight,

Then time says

I'm coming in and shutting your window.

All that bloodflow, all that life, it wobbles,

It crumbles.

I feel like a Long Lost Child.

Where are you all? What's the fastest route home?

### **Car Poem: 11/5/18**

that buzzing concern fills the car, and we huddle our worries into ourselves. even i manage to swaddle my words up and breathe them out slowly against the cold-fogged safety glass (we'll see about THAT!). in the front seat, my friend (she's eighteen! and barely born!) soundlessly motions our (thankGODthankGODthankGOD) unerring driver left or right on unmarked roads. I watch trees flicker deadly across the night, across the reflection of my own warped face. I think it ought to be snowing- not that I would like it to snow. In my mind's eye, I can see the end- there's no blood, there's no bones. there's barely any shrapnel. and then we pull into nowhere- the car lights go on and in that brief moment, the four of us sit in our joy, at being alive, at being stupid.

### **Car Poem: let me tell you about my friends**

V.'s cupped cheek

B. didn't come, A. sits in their stead, drumming the rhythm on his leg

M.'s leather jacket, she says stars bounce right off of it.

Wasabi is pressed up against me her shoulders below mine her hair is long although she says she'll cut it short after winter break

For a moment, I feel so quiet

Like a camera.

**Quiet: 11/1/19**

He looked at my crumpled-up face and said  
“you will never hear god’s still, small voice”.  
So I avoid empiricism  
I scream it all out, enormously,

Coffee-creamers and sawdust in a five gallon bucket,  
I gobble up day old doughnuts and I listen to my friends howls of delight. I  
Listen to the hallcats mewl and I listen to the ice on the Charles creak under my holey rainboots.

I scream over any silence with  
my own laughter, air-raid sirens and shrieks in a dirty kitchen.

I open the window a crack so the curtains can unpool and become ghosts. I  
Listen to the beep of a truck at the loading docks backing up, and I roll over in bed to fall asleep.  
That air smells sweet. The trees multisection the sky. In the other parallel,  
Lights become a yellowy game of tetris.

But because of my bitten nails and scraped knees, because of the rooms of my  
Heart whose doors I shouldn’t have opened,  
I will never hear god’s still, small voice.  
I hear a pebble skipping against the water,

Plink,  
plink,  
plink,

(rip(rip(rip(rip(ripple)ple)ple)ple)ple)

## **Extremely Froshy Poems Written The September I was a Frosh**

### **Tetazooing: 9/19**

I HAVE REALIZED THE DREAMS OF MY CHILDHOOD SELF  
I WOULD COUNT TO UNZIP THE DAYS  
ON THEMSELVES< i would count to string qualia together, snatches  
Of air on the playground, running my clean hands on the carpet,

And now! The world as alive and vivid as always!  
And now! I can live in it among the living, and squeak and jump

My heart is ballooning. My heart is ballooning and buoying itself over these  
Hills.

I WOULDN'T GO TO NARNIA NOW EVEN IF I COULD  
I HAVE NOTHING TO ESCAPE FROM I HAVE NO

Quiet Boredom, I just have Loudness and Business and the JOY of being  
At capacity.

I AM NOT A DUCK paddling madly below the surface as i lie-glide along  
! I AM BIG AND FULL OF LOVE  
I BURN THINGS I SHOULD NOT BURN AND I CLIMB PLACES I SHOULD NOT CLIMB AND I  
LISTEN TO VIENNA TENG AT 4 AM

I AM SWADDLED AND SURROUNDED>  
I AM LOVED AND LOVELY  
I AM FINALLY FIXING AND

I DON'T KNOW WHO GAVE ME THE RIGHT.

### **How Did I Get Here?: 9/17**

Sitting in the back of that theater, choking on nothing,  
I didn't imagine how mundane it would be, to live it, and how

I see myself through a cinemascope,  
I am here now, and I was there then, a tilt-winged bird  
Scraping the edge of each frame, then feeling dwarfed, then feeling loved,

Then feeling normal. I have never wanted out, or wanted an out,

I've just been buoyed by the fullness and bigness of each Next, trusting  
That I will be given infinite permission to leave and leave and leave,

That I live in a house of wonders, that I can build more  
If I ever run out. And then, I pause, no longer in that sandbox behind the fence at St. Pauls, no longer  
surrounded and unfree and doted upon,

In the middle of a particularly large atrium- climbing along some catwalk  
And I ask myself,

How did I get here?

### **Saturday Laze: 9/15**

How else could I feel more at home than here,  
Sprawled out on a couch, as people

Putter around, throwing gliders down hallways and  
Soldering their homework together.

Things are quieter than usual. This lull is a blessing. The loud is a blessing. We  
Are here, and unified even in our silence and uncommunication,

Straining for competence through the mundane, bit by bit

Becoming impressive, becoming stellar,

Just as we sit around the kitchen table, sockfooted.

### **Novembering: 9/14**

Ball mills and birthday pancakes,  
Asbestos and hugs,

We're big people now, and you know what that means,  
We've transferred, and we're ready to come undone in front of each other

And to  
Not cower and not hide ourselves and to be big  
And orange and blue and purple,

We're big people now, and you know what that means,  
We write our own fictions at translate them to a blur  
Of brilliant reality,

We hold fire in our thrall, we can touch and be touched by humans  
Whenever we want, we string our futures up from anchors in the ceilings,

We open the windows and we SCREAM  
how great is it to be alive! How complicated is it to be alive!  
How difficult is it to be alive!

### **Synthetic Biocanyoneering: 9/13**

O, self of little faith,  
Make the leap and then leap again, o,

Broken self, dirty self, half-bludgeoned self, your

Limbs are longer & healing stronger than anyone wants you  
To believe. Your limitation is time and time alone,

So you maintain and iterate the existing, you floss between your teeth and wash  
Your hair as it becomes greasier from the impulse motion of resting your unresting hands  
On top of your semi-nonfunctional head.

O, self of great faith,  
Retreat, retreat, retreat. Prioritize  
Small goodnesses. O,  
Mundane self, clean self, empty self, your

Visual field is narrower and your bones are just marrow.

So you turn yourself towards the future, and in illness and brokenness,  
You plant lupines,

And shroud yourself in orange and yellow things,

Leave your window open so you can pretend life is crowding around you,  
Eager to visit and

Curl its bigness and spikiness around your fragility.

### **Tetazoo Glounge: 9/12**

Our lives have been terrariumized,  
And I'm worried that I'm becoming coldblooded

In that I need you, I need you, all, surrounding me in all your  
Human or inhuman warmth,

In that I need your protection and soft surfaces and dyed-and-conditioned hair  
In that I need your unflinching unjudgement, in that

I am now unable to not roll around on my back and screech along with you  
Because it has become necessary, and

When I withdraw, I will withdraw in earnest.

### **Flappers: 8/28**

These glorious kids, coming undone in front of everyone,  
Letting their long lacy things

Trail, dancing to the beat or sometimes off the beat,  
Tying up trees and rappelling down stairways,

Clowning down hallways on scooters  
Ringing out danger,

Ringing out justice,

Donating goodness to carpet and madness  
And tension to tile.

### **Becoming Bostonian: 8/19**

I like seeing the city splayed out like this,

All taut and energized, all alabaster  
And brick. Who gave me the right?

Who gave me the right to live as though my life is my own,  
As though my body is my own. How can I collapse myself to fit in this big and

Busy world? Can I become a cubic meter of human?  
Can I scruff my shoes against the pavement? Can I become this carabiner kid

Who nods and build and sneaks their way into the future, more messily than they would  
Like,

Who asks for respect from strangers, who asks for kindness from friends,

Who asks for nice things and apologizes upon  
Not receiving them?

I need a familiar, a daemon, to

Be mothlike and guide my guileless brain into the light.

### **Rooming: August 18<sup>th</sup>**

How will I take all of this un-niceness  
And make it precious? How will I home this wild &  
Rambling beast of a building?

I need money  
To buy area rugs and soapdishes and minifridges  
I need money  
To supplant and supplement  
Natural light.

I need a mop, to absolve this place of it's  
Debt of kindness to all of you.

I need a filter to isolate myself  
From your excitable air and I need zyrtec for clarity.

How will I make it here when I have  
To build a microcosm within a microcosm?

How will I build myself into a human who cuts and weaves,  
A human who sits still and does their work,

Yet a human consumed by a love that won't sit still.

**Procedurally generated limerick (from asuhl):**

In hell you are forced to smoke weed  
Out of things at incredible speed  
For more than a year  
(so no one can hear)  
Muppet Babies Theme, backward, half-speed