

Line breaks, rather than demarcating the cadence of rhythm of the language, identify the rupture in my thoughts. They tend to trail off as I realize how they are straying too far from what I'm trying to express.

## Old Youth

This seasonal method of loss,

of nostalgia

is as vacant as it is inviting.

its flattering pipe of discovery is

only mediated by the barren

conscripted of

vain suffering

By which/Through what

dialog can this address

the desire to put all of us to rest?

THE former mission was to surround

one's own expected answer with

subjected crises

in them to dwell

laugh and gain

a higher motive to praise

one's own lack of desire.

Now it remains vain,

benefits are naught but name

for that first wish has

lingered now, and

from us

our leave to doubt

all of the while

too deaf to shout~

## Friends

We're going to Death to shout.

you live with us

engaged and caged and

sent without the means to be  
alone in time  
cling on to me~

## Clarify

Make your background bitter  
for sweetness contains lies.  
sobriety is the name of faith  
triumphant in sad eyes~

## Naivete?

A melody of spite's mystery  
weathered by the fall  
remembers a fond malady  
sure to prove resolve.  
but since your debt returned to me

caustically dissolved  
a stinging light of fantasy  
hinted rain and left to sea.  
so I constrict my martyr wings  
and muster all the means  
to remain by the shore's delight  
a subject of some breeze~

## Fantastical

Some sarcastic call trips me  
into handing myself a confessional  
gem of vanity.  
Protect the process of centuries.  
Which has never been concrete.  
On the rocks bash mystery  
until they open from the side

Lending a hand to that aging,  
incessant caress  
Unwanted, but ends in beauty  
that carves into an angle: absurd  
Because what wants to "see anyway"  
the service of tears  
lethargic in their arrogance now  
and not the wrenching inept  
so contoured  
your or mine, but not our own  
I concede to them bitterly  
and hang myself meanwhile  
to jam a knuckle, joint, or ligament  
into the dirt  
to lose or loosen my seams  
for some incantation of freeze~

## (Speaking of Tears)

It is only through the pathetic  
self-abasement  
that is fulfilled in misty countenance  
that one is shunned from within  
shed of all doubt  
as the one who is without  
esteem, mercy, inspiration.  
A truthful salt  
of immanent fault  
reminds just you  
"there's more too!"  
A grasping claim (in freedom's name)  
condemns the same fate again  
serve another, for salvation  
it's not unfair, pretentious mother  
grind yourself into the sod

as it becomes your solemn God.~

it has never mended the vile

knightly avowal whose piled

entrapment deigns to defile~

## Social Butterfly (a rodent)

The grit of a spineless you

seduces my eyes anew

in terms of charm

speak no harm

until the lid cuts away

all the mesmerized of the day

this is the master

breed to bleed

or sit thereafter

while the duration

makes no mistake

as to who earns its laughter

kill the impulse of child

What did I mean by

"a desperate gratitude?"

Straddling the line between  
confidence and insecurity is the  
question:

"are you promising it to me?"

## Conversation

The breadth of the moment is always  
away,

surpassed by the path

in which my eyes trace,

chase the thought

once set in place

containing the mended wisdom

of sought possession

Let me fix upon the matter

coherence festered less

lest intrinsic mouths of Master

stain my shelter's lore~

## Preserved

Knots unending curl across this coast  
anew

in affect, their blisters blue

and forced from our moments of shine,

those pauses between blinks

with which we peppered our days

you know, though we couldn't have  
shared them all

as a rule, amended memory arrests

as do the nights in my chest

where pinpricks of gravel reside

remnants of time insist by

of course, off course, recourse,

I am coarse

but sentiment is no model crime

and I don't believe in a divine

fuck the forest of felled sublime

until, again, I realize my prints are  
sandstone

a sediment of all the last lines

the ones thieves began to leave behind

atop the rocks...~

## Twenty-Something

Jolting shivers dissipate in sequence

taking with them any doubt of my  
complex

unifying a sensation of self and

put to the test my growth and inhibitions

I stumble over the piles of folded  
thoughts

placed there by failures past

Upon further examination I find the spark  
to be of a peculiar mode...

when into worlds i  
stumble(d), ask,  
but does it...rust away?

## Untitled 2

I often wonder through the silence

how its pregnant precipice

averts my gaze

and whether my linguistic hammer

shatters and corrupts

or binds in embrace

my skip-step dance of churning  
awareness...

Prefer to snip the thread by which I am  
hanging by

immerse within the exit strategy of my  
own baggage

better that, than to reach again for my  
moral desserts.

crumble, and blow away

atop the persistent disappointment of  
mind and man

throw yourself away,

and as you dispose of the lies, you peel  
back the grip

no, there is no lover's digital embrace

that comes without stopping the lively  
sustenance

I remember this feeling...

from its gestational prick

through the eyes of midnight neglect

to its petrichor-ous ground-slicked

The I that is me

sees the fork in the road of my thoughts,

has no path not harrowed,

no embankment devoid of lurking  
deceit

draining the truth from a smile

eat the lies

and be sober

or drink the pleasure

and choke once more over

And her too

But the choice!

In working through

The odds and riding the line between

self-hatred and nobility

Choking water of sincerity is a

teaching vaccine

In the vein of an outmoded harsh figure

But I love myself! (times infinity!!!)

“Right?”~

## Whisper Dreams

Whisper Dreams fluster through

Infecting innocence with

The certainty of cynical inadequacy

Maybe I've traded health

For honesty

Poisoned myself

## Mistaken for Joy

Breaking apart the seconds

And falling in between

Inventing new names for

fake comfort,

wrapping a lens through  
my head and  
trapping myself there  
I must learn to ease into the cracks  
And live in the warm water there.  
But what of the aftershock  
Awareness and control that I've  
pursued as bliss?

## Hillside

Decadent riffs of the sunset  
Rise along the ways  
Of the old chant  
Whispering these slight  
Incantations of wisdom.  
Is there any interruption  
To the mending of future

Fabric we call life?...  
Intent on preserving the  
stale covering of  
failed fashions gone awry  
or reflexively conflating  
our whelms and inhibitions  
with a judicious moral piety?,  
these things aren't ever as they seem  
to offer up a pending precarity  
to our ever-fading hope?

I know that you know

## Final Caveat

Is it at all in my interest  
To write this now?  
Always beginning with a question  
As if to propel the

Process forward

Bouncing between the

Legs of --- substance in form

Self-referential musings

With a spontaneity of words

Rather, I should hoist up

The body of my predecessors

Carrying of my own thought-prowess

In graceful finesse

Without reverting to....

What?