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

conscription 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.~

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

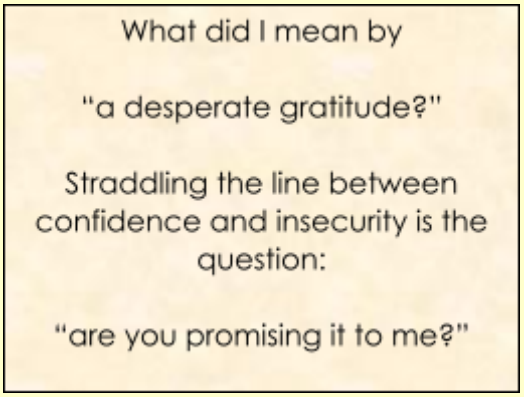
as to who earns its laughter

kill the impulse of child

it has never mended the vile

knightly avowal whose piled

entrapment deigns to defile~



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

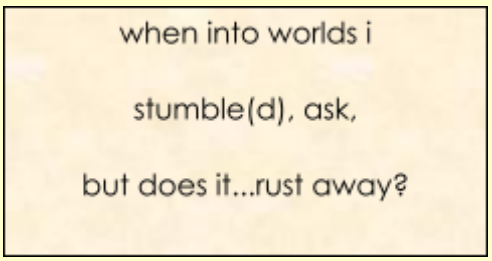
put to the test my growth and inhibitions

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...



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?