

A scenic sunset over a mountain range. The sky is a gradient from blue at the top to orange and yellow near the horizon. In the foreground, the silhouettes of bare trees are visible against the bright sky. The middle ground shows rolling hills and mountains, with the sun setting behind them, casting a warm glow. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and scenic.

*Poems*

**NEMOETRY | 2025**

## Including

- 1. gas going up, play a
- 2. drinking game
- 3. News says
- 4. LDPE-
- 5. star polluting wonders, ours
- 6. in gaza.
- 7. I
- 8. watch; cypress still
- 9. blowing by,
- 11. Mindless this
- 12. gold standard
- 13. we market.
- 12. additives
- 13. Bee
- 14. at our ankles, a creaking in the distance
- 15. placed.
- 16. visits, to duck
- 17. oil
- 18. growing with the tide,
- 19. another apex.
- 20. we murdered girls before,
- 21. formed our palace to
- 22. a downpour.
- 23. coming down quicker now, no?

- 24. crown
- 25. looking down; but
- 25. these roots still rise
- 27. accumulating
- 28. to apex;
- 29. feet against concrete-
- 30. still xinjiang,
- 31. so mundane a
- 32. cyclical sensation-
- 33. being filled to gill, waiting on
- 34. an apex's
- 35. french kiss.

*hey man  
don't  
box  
me in.*

*no numbers for this  
trembling tenor so  
you can get lost like  
i am. enjoy.*

gas going up,  
no opec either.

2 bucks nowhere, gas  
going, going, gone the  
much to make an  
up to matter when to an  
meander works in the m-o-  
hour's drive. Can get worth, le  
hour's all we wage's worth, le  
ments all our stick to our  
that's won't even stick to our  
ters no money in our's anyway.  
story no

see I am  
of small  
account

reasons only last  
for seasons  
and

i  
've  
got mine.

## ***Drinking Game***

Budding and building to billow, hour after hour.  
USA sown in sin, slippery spills of ichor into clay and dust, our  
Young and old sold to billionaire heirs,

America the beautiful, born to it. ecce! watch:

Government goons grasping at these few straws, pockets pilfered  
USA the free  
Not for you, not for me, time to land

A  
N  
D  
take a shot for the festering fascism.  
take a shot for the knees bent and lent.  
take a shot for the cunts in Congress.  
take a shot for the untelevised riot.  
take a shot to prove you were here.

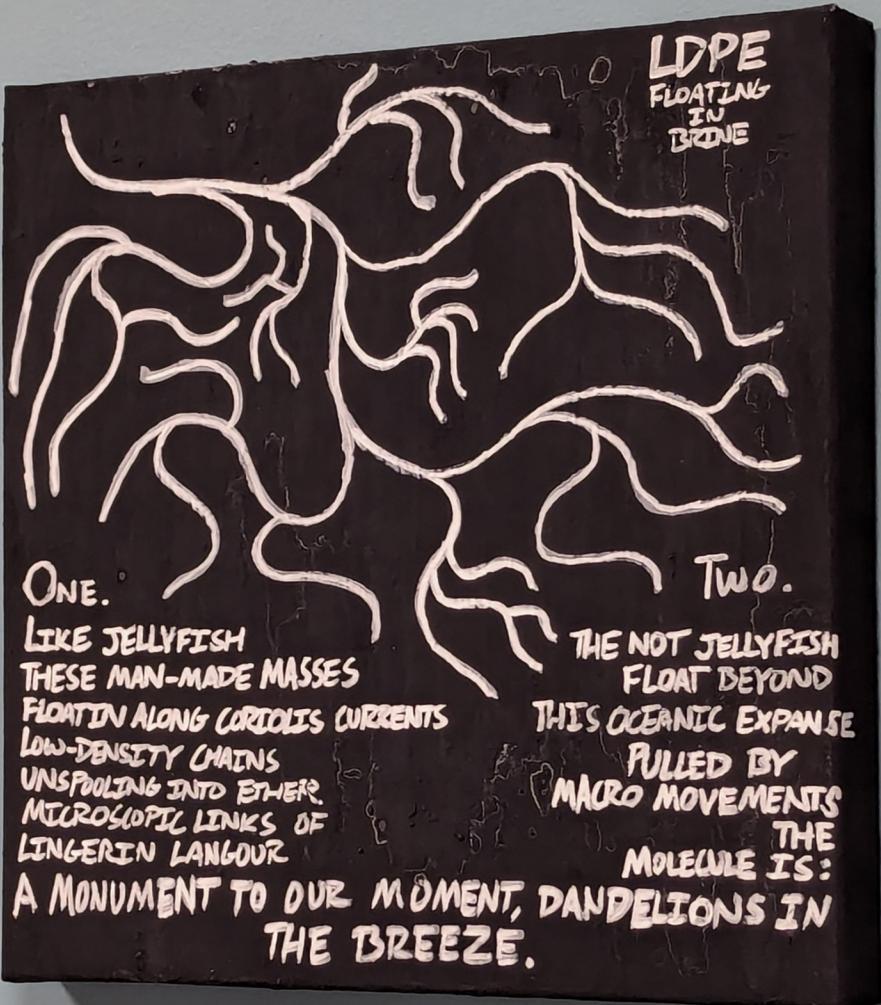
take a shot to thank the NRA.  
for keeping lead cheap and laws low, for giving us the tools to take  
what goons and heirs grabbed from all of US. Snap from this drunken  
stupor. Put your money where your mouth is. Play a drinking game.  
Revolving door stands on pins and needles.  
Put six in the back, too quick to catch.

**N**

**New Notification:**

**newsmonger's  
near narrative.  
newshour narrates nearly  
negligible nativism, notions of  
necessitated nationalism.**

**a new normal.  
narrower binaries for our  
news nnihilated necropolis.**



## *star polluting wonders, ours*

*We,  
that is, Us,*

We sink deeper, intomurk;

Reality Stars *star* In More  
Reality Star Shows

inkgrasping  
Gripping at our feet murk making  
FutureFossils of we  
that are US,  
sinking:

Reality Reeling In Artifice In  
These Articles *polluting* Collected Thought  
Spreading Seeds In Winds.  
Holding Fast, Growing

Inkbiting at our  
ankles, Sinking  
teeth in to tendons  
    to bones we  
    (that is, all of US)  
tumble timid  
    intomurk  
sheltering in FutureFound:

Kids Influenced In Compiled Clips, An  
Accumulating Amber, Watching Withering *wonders*,  
    Knawing At Our Knowing

Oil Seeping making this the day that  
    We,  
    That Is US, play host to our  
hour, our moment in the  
    dusk, ichor sweeping over

Inksliding,  
slinking o'er head.  
we wait,  
hands bounds, to catch it on teevee;

Palms Outstretched In Prayer, Days An  
ours Gone To Golden Calf

orange luster leaving us  
blustering intomurk sicker than ever  
seeping ichor in our streets till night and clouds of murk  
make mince of we that watch for northern stars to shine.  
Watch them,  
blinking intoink and

    we  
    who were us

    we

Bleed, FutureBound

Unwound Into Lines ACross, crucified to watch  
    as murk mires overhead.

and Then,  
and then.

*gaza going  
up, no opec  
either*

Gutter guests  
grip  
ped in  
gossamer gauze,  
ghosts engraved in  
ground. Glimpse  
Genesis of guilt  
gone, garrison'd  
in glitz and glamour  
germinating geno  
cide. ghettos grow  
ing in the  
glow.

**I**

involuntary involution  
itching at inevitability,  
an ibex's tip turning  
into itself

;

ideologues idealizing  
impeaching each other,  
our revolution involuted



## *blowing by*

m			l	
i	p	o	o	l
n	o	s	s	o
d	e	t	s	
's	t		t	
l	i	l		
i	c	i		
k	s	k		
e		e		
w	b	b		
i	l	r		
n	o	e		
d	w	e		
c	w	e		
h	i	z		
i	n	e		
m	g	s		
e		a		
c	t	n		
h	h	d		
i	r	s		
m	r	s		
e	o	o		
	u	h		
	g	o		
	h	r		

*M*

Mindless myopathy,  
myriad many medicated in  
to misanthropy.

manifold, the minimalists  
manifesting  
monsoons, making  
macro into micro, molding  
another Montezuma.

### ***A Gold Standard***

foist responsibility,  
bounce it by and by like  
a ball in anyone else's court.  
let another generation get it,  
this bill we've racked up over  
and over, this accumulation we have.  
the plastics bouncing atop tidal waves,  
the monetary malignance we've made,  
the bombs we've built and mines we've lost.  
no surplus; just more spent; just more lent. the  
accumulation reaching further and further into future till there's no  
more future to reach and these accumulated agonies come crashing  
down, avalanche of our own design and always getting closer, so much  
closer, every moment getting us closer to the fall. At least Lucy fell to  
hell,  
where  
the  
fuck  
will  
we  
end  
up?

## ***to market***

fishmonger; warmonger;  
costermonger; farmonger;  
cheesemonger; newsmonger;  
whoremonger; gossipmonger;  
fleshmonger; balladmonger;  
powermonger; wordmonger;  
iremonger; lovemonger;  
meritmonger; firemonger;  
questmonger; woodmonger;  
mongers make markets move marketing many myriad mires  
mucked in selling escapism by the bushel. spreading spores  
of capital, clutching cascades mired in the money made from  
cod and killing; fruit and fear; gouda and gains;  
chat and chatter; cows and crooning; power and prose;  
wraths and wants; worth and warmth; purpose and pine.

Marketing your world away piecemeal,  
bushels bought and sold, new and old.

## ***additives***

traditionally  
additional additives are added apocryphally

*observe:*

alkalines for acidity  
glutamate cause you glutamatter  
potassium for pressures  
botox for beauty  
polyethylene for perseverance  
various dyes for various deliriums  
shortenings for shortening  
iron for irony  
sodium to savor  
riboflavin for riboflavour  
and a heap of  
glucose and sucrose to give that ever slimmer  
glimmer of sensation.

*B*

busy-busy,  
bustled these bees.

beguiled brutally by  
beautiful bogus  
bouquets.



## *At Our Ankles, a Creaking in the Distance*

the dam tries to hold the  
rushing rapids, a crack creaking  
increasingly, not to  
worry,  
surely the suture will  
hold, surely the  
patch will latch and hold fast the rushing rapids and not let  
us descend into the madness that mangles in the chaos of  
rushing rapids rolling over and over.

to make a dam anew will take too long,  
cost too much, there is too much to do,  
surely a patch, a plug, a suture will keep  
long enough for tomorrow to  
take better care than we.  
a dam held for my father, surely it will hold for me.

but watch, o'er yonder;

a dam breaks.  
cascading cracks causing collapse,  
a suture will fail  
as rapids rush to  
let  
us  
know  
the time was  
here and we  
didn't care.

***Placed***

parallel but  
never to touch.

parallel realities  
littered in lingering  
hate, fostered by the  
people painting dividing  
lines cross our city's Face.

Places  
parallel cross the  
train tracks, red lines  
lingering cross cityscapes.

***Visits to Duck***

This is the mighty Atlantic.

This is the crab  
that crawls beneath the mighty Atlantic's cold waters.

A moment of rest  
for the crawling crab,  
creeping silent under the mighty Atlantic's cold surf.

riptide currents carry away,  
a moment lost to shifting sands,  
crab clinging to the brine below  
flowing with the waves of mighty Atlantic's tide.

a net nestles into  
foaming currents,  
moments from air never breathed,  
crab caught in the web  
brought up atop mighty Atlantic.

This is the sailor  
pulling net to surface,  
currents push and pull, he is  
anchored to the moment,  
holding fast the once-crawling crab,  
plucking it from the meander of mighty Atlantic.

Dawn's embrace, a shore for sure,  
where sailor sells the  
net's nightly catch,  
currency for current collections,  
moments made flesh bought and sold new  
and old, a crab brought from sea, salty perfume  
pickling the mongers' cheeks on the coast of the mighty Atlantic.

Plastic waste washing  
ashore in dusk's despair,  
sailors losing ground to  
net gains, capitalist creep in someone else's water bottles,  
trapped in today's currents a  
monument to the moment,  
wasting away in the carapace, depleting what few crabs remain,  
Atlantic brought to its knees by mighty patches of worthless waste.

# *oil*

oozing  
from the creaking  
cracks, a cascading collection.

ancient ichor from a trillion trilobites.

greedy goo, wars waged to hold fools gold, for  
an industrial age. vile invasions to vie for the wells  
wrecked upon pie crust. drill baby drill. earthquaking  
quiver as we collect the primitive peat. someone else's ordeal,  
why not take the easy out. grandpappy did. kicking the ol'  
oil drum down the line till there's no lines left. oil barons  
drowning a billion in fetid fumes. oligarchy poking holes in  
ozone. an antiquated ooze to power imperialist  
hatred, till we few many million trilobites can  
become the primordial oil for the  
nextfucks to do it.

## *Like Plastic in the Ocean*

gauze glowing in the tide,  
ebbing and flowing in,  
and out.

population populating. then  
going away again. grains groaning  
for the harvest.  
aiming for an end;

proselytizing these peoples.  
damnation or salvation,  
salivating over  
binaries

;  
all across an ocean,  
bound like the plastic to our  
bones.

bits balanced barely. A  
gospel according to who?  
men for men's sake.  
preying patriarchy.  
transatlantic tragedy,  
call it a christian nation, no?

# **Apex**

ancient dragon dragging  
along, muck making, mud raking.  
gator grinding gruesome.

twisting and turning in  
rotting riverbanks.

accumulating additives from all  
those smaller things it ate. fishbone bits don't  
digest like that.

accumulating the washout  
waste of the  
monkey men it  
coulda crunched a  
myriad million years ago.

shoulda coulda woulda. wasting away anyway.

ancient dragon dragged down  
by people polluting its patch.  
plastic peppering the scales of  
tiny babies hatched.

apex turning to pleather from the  
acrylics accumulating. alack alack.

## ***We Murdered Girls Before, Called them Witches and Worse.***

an  
inch ing innocence,  
centi-  
meter by centi-  
meter. clawed back from  
the crushing cluster of  
fuckers finding  
every bit between you and  
what is due.

process to process you,  
lies to cross lines as they  
MSPaint your knuckles with  
inkless tattoos.

on display for  
photo ops like they  
didn't just stick you  
in a box. two-day delivery to  
some other country for a  
crime they never planned  
to prove.

Due Process *always* due,  
even if we have to take it back,  
inch by bleeding inch.

*made*

model of:

model made

model mischief

module of malignance

~~model of malignance~~  
modulations malformed

a model of mischief made of malice  
~~modulations malformed~~  
~~bastards all, sat in the sick they sought~~

burials built, seeping in the blood this mischief made.  
a palace to it. let them eat cake, no?

*downpour*

d d d  
r d r i p b t d c p o u r  
i r i n p y r i o a n d i n r  
p w p n i t r p p o d d r o g  
i n i n t r p p a r d l o w n  
n i n g h o p i m i p s i n r  
g n g e p i a n i p s i n r  
d g d l n i p s i n r  
o i n o d e g d n p i n r  
w n w r t r e i o n g i n r  
n n o s o u d g d g r i n g i  
d p n g d g o d g r i n g i  
e d r d e w d d e s i n r  
s i p s i p o w d o e s t h  
i r i n u r p o n i r e  
r e p i i n u r p o n i r e  
e p i r i n u r p o n i r e  
e i n e r t h  
e g t h  
a n d a n d

# *coming down quicker now, no?*

observe,  
if you will;  
An  
Expanse,  
spanning  
so far  
be  
yond belief.  
an endless  
gravity,  
pulling at us,  
from  
eons across.  
stars smoldering in the ink.

*a stunning  
infinity,  
beyond  
so far beyond.  
past the edge  
we cling to, blue planet blushing under  
so much silence-making, pressed under  
the hyd rauics these plucky  
photocrats put us*

against.  
observe,  
if you want;  
Another Pressed  
-Kind-of-Existence, but  
so different from the indifferent  
infinity, night light not so bright in this  
sardonic sight, sunken cost and endless loss cross  
this market made to take out our pockets. a stunning silence.

## *Crown*

balanced  
barely,

the  
man  
mere  
on “his” hilltop,  
malignant there.

gold burning in,  
sun shorn into scalp.

—

Crown  
bearing down.

False fate festering  
in the plaster.

acetaminophens  
pacifying away the pain,  
plurality putrefying in their  
boots.

Acrimonious our  
anguish.

—

mush under  
Crown,

wound down under false  
hope, swampbound  
as we slog across  
our american dream.

teeth weakened  
by weekend war  
rriors. ICE can't RICE that.

Farquaad boiling the bog  
parcel by parcel,  
boots lost in the muck.  
marched barefoot  
down this plutonian path.

—

no  
hero's  
journey  
here.

not while  
this fog falls  
so heavy on US. muck  
grasping at feet,  
an itch you can't ditch.

—

basterd  
crown  
staring down,

pigs parade false terror,  
Trumpeting o'er gilded glass,  
beaming as we go barefoot.

put to this journey joy  
lessly. heart beat beating in  
sun's sour heat.  
writing on the plaster, alabaster  
basterds pluck that last bit of time ticking down under—

clown's crown,  
no frowns now.  
false fucks too near,  
wiretapping the pitter patter of  
anti-facist chatter.

broken to barefoot,  
paraded o'er broken glass  
till that hill comes into sight.

at journey's edge, hoisted till our heart beat beat beats too  
too hard;  
decision riding on the high.

—

He sits,  
enamoured of his  
false crown  
eyes blind from sun's shine,  
watch:

Man

barely  
balanced on  
our hilltop, sand  
castle coming down.  
barefoot      we      barrel o'er  
the sides,      acrimonious our anger.  
raging      in this dying of the light.

*looking down;*

pigeon ppl  
pacing Pacing pacing  
— - - - - - - -  
to and fro back and fo  
urth.

*;upon urthly forms.*

***These roots still rise.***

through concrete;  
through asphalt;  
through the gruesome  
gardening of grandstanding  
genocides.  
branches broken by the brutalism of bastards.  
trunks tumbling downstream for someone else's timber.  
Even then,  
these roots still rise.

## *accumulating*

all across atlantic  
frantic for a moment  
then the news cycles rolls away  
again.  
again.

but i'm  
still frantic,  
still feeling the festering in

these bones, the LDPE accumulating  
across our homes. pulled to brink. clutching to cusp,  
cup running so far over.

water-cycle  
washing  
our waste further into the  
murk, letting even the  
blind-eyes in the drink see:

we sink slow into our  
own

a  
p  
o  
c  
a  
l  
y  
p  
s  
e.

finally:  
finally;  
dripping over kitchensink,  
too much accumulated, too much wrought and wrote,  
drain clogged from so much spilled ink.

# **Apex**

at first,  
A Caricature,  
plastic framed,  
    formed over in clay.  
see the brush strokes cross this

    creature from the  
    deep,  
    found once,  
    twice to avenge but

the jaguar  
shark swims in  
    mighty movements,

    clay clutching to its  
frame. fortune  
favoring the foe,

a creation outta  
    ultsoil,  
    to capture a moment;

    vengeance vain, vapor  
    from a  
    submarine.

    fortunate,  
    that this shark  
    does not feel the  
    plastic shards of its  
bones. Not like those it  
Caricatures:

    Her  
    cartilage catching  
    so many million micro  
    scopic shards. holding on to  
    them, every one, *Apex* that she is.

## ***Feet Gaints Concrete***

suplicated,  
abject against the  
ground. put low  
so He can feel high.  
pig's parade.

“standing too tall boy.”

doesn't matter the splat  
ter forming by feet, knees broken  
against concrete. replete heat,  
hounding boys' bones.

some kinda summer, ICE not cooling us. base Their hate.

## ***Still Xinjiang***

thought about the  
Uyghur recently or is  
that cycle too far  
from now, too far  
from This Trump  
eting in your ear?

cause han still hunts.  
cause it's 450k now.  
cause it got called a  
genocide in '21 and  
cop called it a killer  
kallection kanniption in  
'21 too.

called crimes 'gainst  
humanity 'gain in '22.

cause it cycled  
outta consciousness in '21  
if we're being kind. calling it  
Pair Up and Become Family  
calling it  
Xi's People's War on  
peoples, on  
the next lowest on the totem  
pole.

slinging slander 'gainst  
anyone growing against  
han's hacking.  
killing em soft and hard

watch,  
women sterilized  
sentenced to die slow,  
no births to replace while  
we stopped watching way  
back.

watch,  
slaves slung  
to cotton gulags  
near north face and fila  
but we stopped watching way  
back.

watch,  
textbook typist  
sentenced to die in  
'21 and didn't know till '24  
but we stopped watching way  
way before '24.

No Qings,  
No Masters,  
No Genociding Basterds.

## *Stuck in a rut, near the bottom of the barrel now.*

bound to it.  
profane the  
mundane machinations of a  
mind meandering along the  
grand ol' divide.  
party to politics,  
might as well be  
alchoholotics for all this good it  
does to bicker by the fires we found  
to dance around.  
stuck in the  
tragedy  
we tra  
mple  
true  
.

## *Cyclical Sensation*

toe(s) stubbed on  
that extrusion  
round the bend.

what they're there for,  
purpose built to crack  
against tables and  
close corners.

crushed  
under the  
weight of it  
all. toe(s) extruded  
against something  
stronger,  
so we can

glean new ways to  
swear while the 'rents  
figure out how to  
keep their shouts down (no way to, as we'll see soon).

titans toppled so we  
can catch a glimpse of the  
humanity on our folks,  
doubled o'er from the  
pain and all.

just part of  
growing up  
i guess, least  
till its you jamming  
toes against tableaus so  
your little extrusion can  
laugh their ass off at you too.

## *Filled to Gill*

fish bought  
from fishmonger.  
a bass full of plastic. body  
malformed from the mylar waste  
from which it was born.

This plastic thing has  
no songs to sing,  
just more rot to bring,  
accumulating enthusiastic in our bones,  
a final vengeance for what we  
do  
to its  
Home.

# **Apex**

accumulating in  
gator bites,  
battered and fried, biting back in the microplastics we put  
there.

accumulating in  
shark fin soup,  
spines left to brine, puckered in the plastic we placed there.

accumulating in  
fish fry,  
poboys,  
country boils,  
all brushed by the bits we brought, a lifetime of toothbrushes  
and grocery bags. Save the trees, kill a fish, accumulate in  
your own maw anyway.

Apex monkey accumulating monkey made mash. Plastic  
hash bleeding from our bones. Growing in the groundwater.

Apex for the day. Own the world but what do we do with it?  
Pollute our shit with bits of grit. Made to exfoliate our feet.  
Made to keep our swiss rolls swell. Made to hold our crap  
clearly. Made to kill our kin efficiently. Made of pumped  
petroleum, plastic making us spastic. Stuck in our nuts and  
ovaries. Brains and Bones. Stuck to our marrow like fucking  
Fun Dip.

Apex anyway.

# *French Kiss*

clothed in this  
klepto cracy,  
keep ing us  
in the pocket,  
held fast by  
bull shit  
bills. college  
debt o whet  
guill otines  
grue some,  
but at least  
we nt and  
learn ed what  
a guill otine  
i s g o o d f o o r.  
No Kings  
No Masters  
No Klep tocratic  
Basterds.