

# be a HUMAN & other poems

By Nathan Porceng

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... To steal an old colloquial, throw-back expression from the late 30's—'Back when I was banging.' And, no-doubt, long before Nathan may have been born: Porceng is the 'living-end.' '[His] reflection is a ghost / a civilian apparition'. Wait, that's not for us—he could have said it, I just must have lucked into sussing-him-out as I surfed for his turf. I can't help thinking, if his works went untold, his stories, either whispered or unshared, would be a loss un-tolled. 'Be a Human' reads like a longer mantra than most, but worth committing to, for those with a thrust for string theory and stored memories. (I'm old enough to know who a Guam is, and Odia references (I mistakenly believe), to an ancient Sanskrit language that dates back to when I was delivering newspapers.) –I just wish trauma could cease to exist for the sake of one's future. I know for a fact, my past was a waste of time and a great weight off my mind. I've grown fat since, and I now know that a waist is a terrible thing to mind...But don't wait for me to finish with a lack of finesse, read Nate, "pissing in [his] pond" soiling himself and poisoning the .... Well, I just hope his writing and your reading will unite rather than untie (unscramble the boggled letters for yourself). Living North of the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel, I can't resist this last quote: "myhair Quebecois / brown as my ..." If I knew "Quebecois" was a colour, maybe that might stop our beloved Providence—with all its provenance—from attempting to separated from a country with so-much-less culture...I thought they were fleur-de-lis blue...I am not even remotely political... (I don't even know the true/official colors of each of the opposing Parties (sans a minority)... Except, I suspect, one of them is Green...(Spacing is poet's oen.)*

## **Be a Human**

Fill your days with

Woodland walks

Mammoth fights

And picking shit.

Break a bit.

Bind a stone to stick.

Paint in smear

And trace your hand.

Fuck for the taste of babies.

## **Guambodia**

Today it's the voids,

the space between atoms,

watch snores,

piss drawers,

and quiet.

Topside

calls home,

crossing the Pacific,

cursing the service

granular.

Away,

shipwreck snorkels,

beers at the laundry,

exchange loiters,

and aimless.

Downloads and imports,  
logging and waiting,  
quiet,  
granular,  
aimless.

Today it's the voids,

the space between atoms,

the shutdown reactor,

the time on our hands.

## **I piss in a pond**

and play with my hair.

my piss is brown

my hair Quebecois

brown as my piss

my hair from my father

I'm thirsty, polluting

his hair from his mother

this pond is polluted

waving hair

the bubbles look like

Canada.

## Seinfeld

*“Do you ever wonder about who’s inside the cars you see?*

*Where they’re going?”*

No.

Not all cars.

Not all drivers.

I reserve my contemplation

for those pulling U-Hauls or boats.

The ones that are really going places.

**THE POET SPEAKS...***2020 brought out all the writers, only for them to disappear in 2021. Nothing “for the sake of” is worth reading. Forced creation is a waste of everyone’s time. One of these poems was written on a nuclear submarine, one in a public restroom, and two on a couch. I hope you find them necessary.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Nathan Porceng is a Washington-based poet, songwriter, and submariner. As part of the band Bridge Out, he won first place at the 2014 Northeastern Songwriter Festival in Brookfield, CT. He firmly believes Joe Strummer gave us all the tools we need to save the world.