

Mía

Unbiblical Teething Psalms

Brandon Cavazos



These are psalms about powering over control, and the rage of love that binds the invoked sensitivity that's instilled within all humans. If only provoked, raped out, or forgotten. The following touches upon explicit themes—this is a content warning.

Mia

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A jolt

awoke him, a pierced mood dispersed through a particular reverberation within the walls, trusted hugs of absorption encased his moods happening. Butterflies would expel if they coded it that way. The ambience of this hermitically sealed shell has its ways of creating a chilling atmosphere, to him it was the silence, and the smell of lavender never to be experienced by no mortal.

“Lavender,” he whispered.

Though not to himself, before realizing that the simulation had ended, he was indeed back in the hammock. His own of course, he knew immediately to his left there she would be.

“Lavender,” he said again.

“Rose Vaseline, your buttery lavender, dipped in honey. Whose kisses are forever reminders of our love,” he stares at her.

These things no need explaining to, give love, and no need imagine why didn't you. The pretty thought orbited his head in an instant. Intruding timing shines brightens his eyes soon after.

“Oh, blind me please, I have other senses,” with a sarcastic tone.

The 5D-panoramic simulation, glasses unnecessary when the code frequencies stimulate the minds of the lovers in hammocks, simulating whatever timeline they desired to frequent. The simulation was a machine designed by the lovers in hammocks along with help from the Moof's. Created creatures formed from the moods of the once lost mortal lovers, they are comprised and built like mangy hair-balls that would extend at a given moment the necessary ligament to operate a task. Be it a curse or a blessing, the Moof's were the most loyal of creatures.

Though it should be mentioned, the lovers were once mortal and had reincarnated more times than they can remember. Though their timelines were always documented. Always available to be simulated and watched over, no matter the happening. The rambling of ants that frenzied the incased dimensions of the screen was the only virus that leaked after each use of the simulation.

“Good thing it's only the visuals, I could never stand the noise emitted after the use, poor humans. They'll never know what it's like to not have the volume down when it occurs.”

He walks over and shuts off the screen, darker than the space outside.

The weight of the stimulation begins to compress him. Perhaps a cold brew for the lovers would satisfy each other. His lover, lying on her left side of her respected hammock, within distance of him because he could never not see her further than 8 from him. He makes his way to the outside of the white walls that sealed them, though this orbit was not a cube. It had four pure white walls this room, four bedrooms about, four kitchens, four baths, four storage units, four control centers, was it forgetful to mention they had 4 of everything. Four aquariums, four Moof sanctuaries, four creation offices as well as happening spaces. Four viewing bubbles, and oh yes, four of just about everything. This 4 of everything orbiting thing never really did orbit, the code

was respected, but determined by the precise location imputed, it could very well be safe to say it was stationary. But it wasn't. The lovers, always were on the move, though they had happening spots, they always loved exploring. They explored so much, that they couldn't seem to get enough of not only the visuals, but of lover's features. There was always something surprising to be internalized and acted on. Never recurring dreams, this love was always creating. And like their ship of 4 of everything. An insignia it was really. A figure eight was its shape, though at an angle not hard determined, no crayons need on this one. The suns or stars that shine upon the ship wasn't needed to see this floating thing was indeed, two eights stacked on top of each other, together floating or soaring respectively in each other's spaces. They could never really get enough of one another even to infinity. There was always something.

Take heed. They were gods, they've always been, never questioned before their situation. Though mortals can always imagine and dream free will, right?

"Damn Moof should've coded this already, unless a variant is around," talking to himself.

The kitchen was his decision, he quickly took one of the many brews and concocted simply his and his lover's delicacy. He poured two cups gracefully before staring at his mug's reflection.

"I'm naked," what sophisticated awareness, he smiles to himself.

He proceeds to walk on over to the four white, pure white walls, 5D panoramic now a dark screen, and two hammocks. One occupied by his lover. He sets the drinks upon the dark matter coffee table, along with the universal remote to the side. Couple of philosophical books and love letters of theirs were disheveled, a forced inclining to correct their posture ensued. He then acted upon his hearts happening. He slowly crept to the side of the hammock, she laid on her left side as she always does. He was always to her right because he would give up his left for her. They did take turns; he would be on the left but she would always lean to the left. Well, I guess it all makes sense when they both had two left feet when they attempted to dance about. He approached, she laid with eyes wide shut, emitting slightly audible nose noises.

"Look at her." He took a step back and retreated in the worlds silence that once took him, "I will never limit you, never restrict you, never cage you like the world did to me. Reassure me once more in this moment that I am yours and you are mine is all I ask." he teared softly.

She slowly retracted her lids to their respected views. She was leaving the half way house, the all too familiar existence. They were home now. She heard everything he said and had been doing. Her eyes needed the rest, but her soul and heart exercised him. Not a test, but to see what her lover would do after every session she adored so.

"Hey, baby", she said dreamily in this set reality of their creating.

"I," he began to speak

"See you," with a smirk of completeness to their circle.

"En Garde," he stands erect, as he bounces a foot backward for positioning.

She pretends to hold a fencing sword ready to dual.

“Parallel,” he drops his nonexistent defenses.

“I see you.” she reminds.

“Zip,” to her, he dishes telepathic shocks many times over.

“Zap,” as she bites her lips, and pounces on him, legs extended first, like the kangaroo would. In this case and all cases, his waist was hers to be safe and held on by.

Drum beats echoed throughout the fours within fours, to the other fours as well as their whole insignia, it lit up with a pulse seen by even the farthest thing. He grabbed her always so carefully to allow her positioning when needed. Her scent, her hair, her eyes, the very silhouette of her shadow made him flutter. Always creating always thinking. So, stimulating, senses would end up freezing or taking full control, they were almost written by something higher than themselves, be it themselves.

“Damn,” the only break they would take, this happening is theirs.

They continued; mouths strings would begin. Oscula cor, a band of Moofs begin to creep in and pick up things to sing.

“We need to mix,” she exclaimed!

“My love the Moofs are watching...”

And with a hiss, she dispersed the annoying yet so needed little ones, entertaining ones, she starts.

She now begins to initiate the happening.

He gently places her down as she as she begins to scan her internals. He quickly grabs both brews, hands her one as they clink be before they drink.

“Thank you,” as she sips and begins to think.

“My love, I’m going to...” the words disappeared.

She looked at him, he remembered the first time they looked at each other, in the before times, and every time they first met. She never looks at him any other way, always as if it’s the first time. He wanted to circle, but knew she be weak. Instead, he did what they both always did when they first met. Kiss.

“You said something?” insisting on knowing.

“I um...”

“Seen.” as he couldn’t and neither could she, hold back.

Kissing and squeezing, hell, they’d open their eyes when they’d do it. To never not see each other, though they trusted their senses, the thought zapped both of them.

“Awkward,” they both laughed.

“I see you.”

“I see you too.”

Smiles

“Anyway, I’m going to the control room and perhaps the creative office thereafter.”

“I’ll recoup and meet you there.”

“Sanely insane.”

“It’s what we do, create, insanely sane.”

They drummed respectively for a while, while the strings did follow soon after.

“Mixing later,” she demanded.

“Yes, my seen one,” as he kissed her mind’s eye.

Off he went, to complete certain tasks, and most importantly to always think of her future in mind. She laid in the hammock drinking her brew, smiling. Never imagining such a thing could not always happen to her. She was whole, fulfilled, and never a thought of not being that. She fully embraced her stimulated self even if she had to hug herself. His clothes left on the hammock.

“Damn, he was naked the entire time.” As she sniffed his belongings.

The,

lover of certain tasks began to code. What more to the simulation could we add?

“Moof,” he exclaimed!

This plump fuzzy creature with *Burton* eyes, unknown how many ligaments it had, but he always used what was necessary for getting about. Though his ligaments were hidden within the densely colorful fur depending on emotion emitting. It was indeed a Moof. There were many, this was one of them, who stood or rather stood like an upright potato, attentively.

“Master,” he squeaked!

“Mood,” lover said quickly.

“Sorry.”

“Thank you.”

“I heard the call, what is requested, assistance,” the bastardly thing twitched and exclaimed!

“Yes, that’s why you are here,” lover, rubbing his ears making sure he wasn’t deafened by the eager thing.

Lover began to explain to the Moof he was in search of new code perhaps a revolutionary one, never to have been used before. They devised a machine that would not only simulate a lovers' journey but rather have the feeling of a completely new one. No more retold counts and stories, a journey without a script, without the company of safety and security. Unable to edit the scene and opt-out whenever, and be fully aware without having to acquire worldly skills of understanding matter and space, as well as fate. He wanted to surprise his lover with a new journey, one that would be totally out of their control. This would eliminate the probability of not seeing his lover take a toll after each and every stimulated happening when using the 5D panoramic was his ultimate goal. This sequence would render that nonexistent.

"Options." Lover requested

"Computing," spazzed the Moof.

"Now... Presenting," uttered the little one.

"Proceed," intrigued lover.

"There is but only one possibility, mortality. You will be generated on a particular planet where life and advancement has been made known. You won't be sent too far back in time to deal with uncertain probabilities you haven't already been made known of... Though there is only one condition makes me not want to follow with this mission of yours."

"Proceed," in need of answers lover.

"You will both be generated. New bodies, blurry vision of past lives, and old souls that connected you two in the first place. You will be placed in a particular timeline of... Uncertainty... Confusion... and worst... Deceiving... so much Deceiving and Betrayal... There is no way of ending the simulation. The only way out, is by finding each other in the nonstop chaos that is grided with levels consistently being tampered with. You will have no control of this simulation, as you wanted. You will be stapled to a label, and played by others in games created by so many. You will have the luxury of making your own choices, though hard if you don't know where you once came from. You will be presented from a form of utter uselessness, and it is up to survival of the fittest, and that of the 18-year bosses that control most of the youth's lives in this time. That and depending where you are located. The probability is, computing... Unable..."

"Tell!" lover demanded!

"Error!" the Moof zipped and zapped his own.

"Override." lover calmly.

"Moof, trying, Moof, happening;" the poor thing steaming.

"Complete!"

"Show." Lovers' stillness.

“Death... no tangible or curated number could comprehend the chances. This isn’t a test. This is real life of the mortals; they live by one life and one alone. They never had this occurrence happen before; it’d be the first ever if recorded. Especially in this timeline and the existence of the particular planet set for this occurrence. Earth, their year is 2024, they have little history, but it is enough to be reminded if you can find it...”

Reminded. Lover sat back in his chair and contemplated.

He pondered, perplexed, this was the first the weak word he had ever crossed his mind. To send his lover and himself into this very simulation. We would have to not only face the probability of us never existing ever, this, and everything we have now aboard this bg8 would disappear. It would be zero, as if it never happened. Our memories, our reminders, and her. Us.

He stood up and started to pace in circles before looking out into the deep yet small system of space.

“Moof, hover over the planet, immediately, now.” He needed to be in the moment.

The dazed creature quickly with all ligaments typed the coordinates of earth before the ship suddenly and rather quickly hovered over.

“Lover, she probably wouldn’t feel the shift of the ship move, she’d understand if she was here.”

Again, he began to rehearse the process of this simulation. We would be totally unaware of any of this, yet if there is a chance of being reminded, that would be our only way back to the ship, and the simulation would run its course. At least we’d be together, running mortals’ courses, before... Becoming what we are now, I guess. Fated things.

“Moof.” Lover uttered.

“Master!” Moof exclaimed.

“Mood.” Snarled lover.

“Sorry.” Said the little one.

“You, say this has never occurred on this planet? You say that this will be the first if ever in recorded history? You say that the only way to end the simulation is to be reminded of past selves, as well as find my lover again. You say we must survive the chaos that comes in youth and thereafter. Our memories wiped in utter useless form as a fetus. Will there be senses? Will they be developed, and how? You say that this planet has champions of fate, those whom have gotten close yet never sealed the deal, they come in the form of tragedies. They are stinging reminders, melancholy things. We’d test fate, no, rather faith. Why test anything, given its what got us here, and what if the reminder never comes? What if... What if? No. that’s the little voice in my head that screams tragedy. I forgot the word existed.”

“Yes!” twitched the ball of fur

“Moof.” His eyes pierced.

“Master.” It squeaked.

“Mood.” Lover tired of this charade.

“Sorry.”

“When can this be simulated?”

The Moof hastily with a couple of coded web strokes curated a brew. Lover knew how it would work and decided on it heavily.

“Moof, you’ll be in charge while we are away, take care of your brothers and sisters and please, please don’t do any variant activity. I know there’s one crawling around here. I don’t mind it but its presence is exhibiting “constricting tendencies from hiding.”

“But sir, the probabilities, what would lover think? Concerned little one.

“Our love will always be written by us; we are the creators of you and everything you see. I see it no other way where we can’t be reminded. Faith... Ha. I forgot the feeling... Perhaps that’s a good thing of being. The planet seems to have an understanding, as long as I’m reminded that it’s not pieces, its passion. Wholly being seen and creating in everything, passion. Forever passion. They have a book about that, but it’s been heavily abused, misinterpreted, and used to manipulate the masses. They even have multiple versions of these floating around and creating division. That’s right, division, that’s another thing to avoid if I remember.”

“Master.”

Lover gave time for the little one to correct itself, but it already computed it instantly.

“Mood, sorry. I’m worried.” Shaking thing.

“Don’t worry little one, I feel as if we done this before, this isn’t a test, but a reminder of how much love two infinities can create, and when they meet creating one or whatever the process really is...

As lover tried to continue, lavender, their lavender began to make its way to him. He then took both newly made brews and set them to a table.

“Oh lover,” the scent kissed, wrinkling his reality as it always does, making him tranced. He loved this part, if he could yell it.

“Oh lover, come here to me,” the lavender, painting his skin.

And so, he walked.

She,

sat in one of the creating offices naked with a visual view of the pictured *TrES-2b*, she was painting it. Her minds creativity gave it a new meaning. She happened the planet was to be hooked by her minds galaxy, every little star or planet in this system gave a lending hand to this dark, dark planet.

“Look my love,” she said adoringly.

She was no child handing in her colored picture to be looked at by just anyone, she wanted her creativity to be witnessed by her creator. Admiring, by the only other creator in existence, is what ensued after. He stood and sat before her, frozen.

“Creator, I see you.” Is all he could remember saying.

“I see you do my rising but look.”

He stared. Who knew that both eyes could cry at the same time. Oceans are pathetic for even trying to replicate vast passion he had for her in the form of water works. She began to take notice.

“My seen, oh no, I see you, I see you. Let this happening out. I didn’t mean, was this too much, I know the darkness and the hooks could be a lot, but they do care for the weary planet. You do remember us visiting, do you? Oh, my seen come here, come here.”

He nestled between her breasts, and her waist was beginning to wet.

“What passion, you always show.”

“Of course, my seen, I see you so. I see us, be reminded.”

“Reminded,” he knew where he would lead her.

“I have something to show you, I know I always go big with these things, but this may be perhaps the grandest of them yet.”

“Grandest,” with smiles.

“Vibe,” with smiles.

“Oh, stop now before I cut your tongue with that word.”

“I had to get your attention somehow.”

“You always have it.” With her eyes as they do smile always for first times.

He led her to the control room, where the brews had been placed on tops of mattered tables. She did not take notice, but she did see what he wanted to show her. Infinity of code spilled yet formed a perfect circle.

“B, it... Its.” She couldn’t comprehend.

“This is pretty, I didn’t know words could be arranged like this. Like how they are, even in simulations before this... Seen.”

That was always her word before I adopted it.

“Yeah.” With his crooked smile.

“Yeah...” as she approached him closer.

“You know what we must do now, like right, right now.” Her eyes have always said it all, and even when they were closed, parallel they are. Knew very well what was coming.

“Zip!”

“Zap!”

As they both pounced on each other mid-air. Embraced in an interlink form of two infinities making an 8. They mixed. There is no need to explain what foreplay was used, they never once used the same route. They were so creative in their use of equations, that it always came full circle to the same answer. Mixed. They never really finish, it's always a break in between to continue, this could last a couple millennia if you really counted the time, though it was nonexistent in their respected spaces.

“I need a drink, you're dangerous.”

“Take this trouble.” As he hands her the brew upon the matter of the newly curated simulation. They both down the wholes of their liquids.

The Moofs step in as they heard of what was to happen by the previous one that helped create this.

They gulped.

“This one's strange my love.”

“Strange?” as he takes the empty liquid chambers.

“I feel...” it was working instantly

Her last memory was being held up by lover, her eyes witness the passing view of earth.

“Earth?”

Well, we've never been there before. She couldn't speak but thought of.

She was getting heavier and heavier, her everything, lighter and lighter. She was falling before she rose. Lover placed her neatly, the way she always liked when using the simulation, on her left side nestled in her hammock. His liquids were kicking in quickly after, as he stumbled around before crawling to his. He took her sweater, sniffed it. For one last sense memory. He sank into his hammock before his eyes looked at earth.

“Pretty thing, we will make you seen. Though you've never known, we will show your mirror, and you will see yourself soon. Pretty thing, we will remind you.”

His eyes getting heavier, halfway houses doors are opening. He takes one last look at his lover,

“I give you this reminder, I see you.”

“I give you this reminder, I will see you soon.”

“Drums, strings, drums.” He laughed crazily

The Moof unaware if this was a cue or demand, took upon their everything to pick up the instruments and begin to play and sing as the lovers would soon sleep, hoping of their return again. He was still conscious and hearing of their music.

“Moof!”

“Master!”

“Mood...”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t touch the brew...”

“What?”

“Brewing the drum set...”

“Master!”

“Did... you ... touch my drum set...”

As the lovers slept

Past their house, into halfway house, and toward earth. Where they’ll be simulated into the unknown without each other, for now.

The following is what ensued for the course of their existence:

Listening to what they say.

Wanting things.

Things you don't need.

Hurt.

Pain.

Abuse.

Why me?

Taken away.

3rd perspective?

Floating.

Confusion.

Betrayal.

Closed off.

Then...

Light.

Dark.

Who am I?

Light.

What am I?

Dark.

Was I here before?

Learn.

Learn.

Learn.

Creativity.

Reminder.

Reminder.

Where am I being led to?

Learn.

Learn.

Learn.

Apply.

Oh.

Paragraph.

Read.

Oh.

Light.

Ok.

Run.

Run.

Run.

Stop.

What is this feeling?

I've been here before.

Paragraph.

Paragraph.

Paragraph.

Wait.

No.

Keep going.

Paragraph.

Paragraph.

Paragraph.

Act.

Act.

Act.

Build the pieces.

Pieces.

Pieces.

Lost.

Rebuild.

Edit.

Paragraph.

Pictures.

Pieces.

Pieces.

Lost.

Paragraph.

Passion.

You're new.

Acting.

So are you.

Creativity.

Passion.

Passion.

Passion.

Paragraph.

Lost.

Try again.

Letter.

Letters.

Letters.

Letters.

Act.

Letters.

Letters.

Letters.

Found.

Next time.

Lost.

Letter.

Letters.

I see you?

I see you.

These are the psalms that commence

These are the psalms that never wane.

Once, twice, a smile is all it takes.

You are seen.

7

It is said

a cigarette shaves 7 minutes of one's life.

I see it

it adds 7 minutes.

Whether it's 7 minutes of arousal

7 minutes of courage

or 7 minutes in heaven.

7 minutes

whether taken or given

worthwhile or wasted

all is deserving of 7 minutes.

To be aware

to listen with taped response

to be understanding of such things

to watch the world sink evermore

all is deserving of 7.

To have a laugh

to reset one's thoughts

to see chaos

unravel before lenses

all is deserving of 7.

To cry

to go mad

to be ignorant of the spewed evil encased in the globe and beyond

all is deserving of 7.

Added or subtracted

preserved or dispersed

7 minutes.

7

7

7

Artemis

The MUTT stampers in
goosebump-ridden cellar, absent of light
chilled but never runs thin.
Glasses tall and wide
variety
even cobwebs thrive and never cease to hide.

An apparition's buoyant
level stare
as he exhausts his imaginary friend in this atmosphere.
Digits trembling on lips
eyes crossed and wide
tunneled browsing.

"Which particular did she say?"
Hand extended, hovering
fingers flipping through the air like they sort through pages.

Finger cuts bleed for me
find the bottle.
Forget the whites
we speak of reds
for these flow under flesh-encapsulated tunnels.

Mind's eye

Think

open!

“Reindeer, reindeer, which is the---”

“BOY!”, MUTT’S FRIEND’S MOTHER calls.

Soul flees mortal body instantly

caught out of the loop all at once

trance!

Truth proving worth

notions don’t disperse.

Digested

Internalized

en masse.

“Cheeky bottle, come out, come out wherever you are...”

greedy crunched milliseconds till the very end

unsatisfied appetite.

“BOY!”

subtle glimpse of trust.

I can’t exercise words without my actions showcasing it

time will tell in its respective way.

“Plead guilty, bottle!”

Bottle locked eyes with MUTT

eye level

right in front

never hidden

displayed under its own spirited light.

Hasty hands quick to grab

steady not stirred

weary of rattled cabinets

glasses could jingle in synchronicity.

Caressed infant raised high like lions’ pride

hold it close

protections all I’ve ever known.

Run with me in my forearms pouch

flee the doubt that lies in the underground

ears cupped it won’t whisper in my head.

Past the browns and clear whites

it won’t take over this youth's life.

“To the stairs we go.”

Wood creaked kissed feet

past the exposed nail

my Achilles’ heel bare.

Single wired bulb chandelier

flicker switches

door shut behind.

“BOY!”

I hope I won’t lose my mind, in a wind flurry
clothes flailing through the kitchen's hallway.

One lane merging through, passing picture frames.

“I am with another family, let’s see what this mother has to say about me.”

Approach the kitchen table

MOTHER on the balcony

finishing a bottle.

Empty rocking chair

forwards

backwards.

I hand her the reindeer.

“Stag, not reindeer. I heard your echoes, now open this bottle and let’s hear this one clear.”

Trouble with the cork

snatched

popped

placed back in MUTT’S hand.

“To be taught to pour before you drink, my little waiter.”

“One hand, bottle’s groves end touches palm.”

“Pour, back off, taste, wait.”

“Glance, make haste.”

“Pour the appropriate amount, and now yourself too.”

MUTT’S FRIEND stares in disbelief

the MOTHER begins.

“The only thing life’s worth living for.”

MUTT stares at his friend, then back at her.

“Pardon?”

“The only thing worth living for, the only thing offered in this soul-binding contract.”

“Passion, obsession, heart's desire.”

“You haven’t lived if you’ve never loved.”

“You want a woman in your life MUTT, any woman your heart desires?”

“Learn wine, and learn to write, among other things.”

“A woman will turn a boy into a man and then a baby all in one sitting.”

“A man will turn a woman into... well, whatever she allows him to.”

“You have no one MUTT, your mother's sick and father dropped you off with me.”

“You have no one.”

“Promise to live as if you had everyone.”

“For there is no sense in not loving wholly.”

“Miracles get people's attention, you’re no charity case.”

“I’ll get wine drunk and reminisce about love while you learn how to—”

“Write?”

I am a sailor

I can say this and that.

I sail on my boat overseas

so high and thin, you've heard the tale of waters of high and thin.

So, I won't bother telling you how they be

but this is a story

I can say this and that

a story of how you came to be.

I was sailing over some frugal waters.

Seeking nothing

merely catching all the same things I've seen.

Fish that seem to show off with colors only in the presence of this and that

fish big and small.

Fish that even revealed all sorts of talents and tricks

look it's my this and that.

I, the sailor, caught them all and flailed in the endless cycle of catching

dispersing.

I did not bother; I did not pat, it's just the way I am.

Some say

you can be with one and you've been with all

oh, that's just for the lame who have the game.

Take up the sailor's name and you'll surely have some fame;

you'll see with your own eyes and well

even lips
they're all the same.

Melancholy, melancholy, oh how the waves hit me like melancholy.

Oh, wait perhaps it's instinctual!

Sailor is hermit, and hermits are great, you see all and play all day
what a day to be God.

Wait.

What's that afloat?

A fish that used none but spoke all
floated in the mess of all this abstract space.

I picked you up and you demanded down.

I set you down and you demanded up.

I plopped you onboard and you pulled the cored, and we sailed the sailor's way.

"What are you? You're not a fish or a sailor, a hybrid of some sort?"

I threw water on you, you said.

"Thank you."

You threw water on me

and now I'm wet.

"Never assume nor suppose, what it is I am. Whether I want or need, religion or void, I can be this and that and you'll never know sailor."

"I've let you this far, you're no clever than me, if I didn't want to be aroused, I would've not let you be. Sail my ship and take me somewhere is what I'll say, I am a sailor, it's all I do now, it's my time to lay."

You got caught at aroused.

"Listen here sailor, you want to know what I am, you want to know everything about me."

The sailor cut you off.

“No, I see you just how you be.”

Aroused by rage were you.

“I have floated in the mess of abstract space wave after wave hit after hit blow by blow. Butchered and reconstructed by the abstract lies put upon me. What have I done or what haven't I done. They say I know nothing they tell it by time. I scream in my dreams; I wake up begging on my knees. By the same beings that force me to wake up saying this is all a dream. Yet all I see are these beings of abstract voids. wanting and taking debating and deceiving. Is it all a game? Do I have to play if I know the game. Is it the end that blind people wanting to obtain? It's nothing it's void. I will float, politic, and profess all that I've seen. It's all that I can do, it's all that makes me keen. They say I'll lose and waste my youth, no. My youth will be spent failing in the thoughts of a time, that still have yet to be. Are you getting all of this because if you did, I'll actually be somewhat pleased.”

The sailor fast asleep so keen on what he said he'd keep.

She knew and knew then, that he could be very well hers to keep.

Gold finger

My gold finger could never conjure you up in dreams thus until it happened.

I showed you my youths' quarters, the street maze carpet, carefully placed rodent in a cage, and the box filled with warfare.

We follow along the maze till the spins tell us dizziness is a hell of a drug.

The rodent sets the stage for his classic disappearing act.

We applause indefinity.

The box of warfare sets itself; same pieces stand upon their rightful blocking marks.

They need not rehearse their lines; the show must go on.

An anomaly of strategies commences, the result is set in stone.

I take you into my home within my cell of a room, as if it couldn't be any roomier.

Folded letters set scattered across our bodies.

We make it a habit to retrieve those behind each other, a hug brushed by bare skins. At times we pause allowing hairs to cling with rightful sensations.

We retreat, as we fully gather the mess.

I tell you, “A routine of mine was to pick apart the letters encased in envelopes, shuffle. And put the story back together.”

Have we been here before?

My duality

She fucks me for my duality

I know it's not the best mentality
to keep separate this duality.

Allow me to keep demonstrating
why she insists I keep penetrating.

Waiting.

I wish I learned painting

I miss the quiet

I need to try it.

Moans keep reverberating

why's it so sedating

basically meditating

are we dating?

She asks why I keep saying
these talks about duality.

I'm just trying to understand her reality
it's this.

She speaks

I fuck you for your seed in day
while she fucks you in the night mind and heart
do I need to put it in a chart?

No.

Good.

Same time tomorrow, be sure it's after your creativity
I love it when you get stimulated.

She'll shapeshift for the attention

I'll show you up

you'll show me out.

Now I'm holding bleach, cursing out the balcony

my neighbors throwing cheers like they just learned new age alchemy.

I think they're just proud of me.

Punches in a dream speak louder than a cry in public

I'm alone.

Keep searching so I won't feel the need to scream and make a big deal

I'm tense.

I need to get out of sight

I'll wait for the night.

(Night)

I'm ready to show her my duality

heart and mind sail so gallantly

to you.

I know I show so much duality

I'm afraid that she'll be outing me.

Forget it.

I'm changing that reality

she believes heart and mind is our only humanity

there is no god but she'll worship a seed tonight.

I'll take her down with a fight

I hope she bites

phone rings

turn it off

silence piercing through my masculinity

time to sow some accountability.

As I walk up the steps, I see her on that balcony

her hair dictates the waves

oh, what tonality.

Should I approach her with a sense of formality?

Let's mess with our immortality

I'm sure she'll show me some brutality.

Ice blue within blue eyes that can paralyze.

I can't deceive

this masquerading dance delivers a contact high

beloved I will never lie

I wear my last trick on my face.

My crooked smile

now she's on trial.

She covers with both hands not revealing her face

hands clenched like a ton of weights.

Ropes waiting to take

attached to my hands as my hands go down hers

I give and go up

I kiss the backs of hands long seen.

She has no choice but to look up

a mirror hanging.

She's out of luck

forced to look at herself.

(Fuck).

Like a blank book

plucked from up on the shelf

sand brushed body

she is my canvas.

I'll tell her what I mean

without the use of ice

my lips will burn like spice.

Soft milky white

makes me want to write.

I'll tell her what I mean

using my mouth

kissing along her inseam.

As I go south

permitting me into her emerald isle

I'm in your bloom.

I think I'll stay for a while

to where I'll be exiled

that's when the mirror smiled.

Strong drink

Sip your strong drink

fly between the space of Mars and Venus

be sure to skip the earth.

We float on our own boat

sure, the cosmos will hail its rocks in our direction

a perfect storm.

A rigid course not in our control

appreciate the float

as it shows us the ropes

as I'll show you mine.

Something snapped

I tested you

I gave myself marks

think it possible.

I want your dirty

I want you raw

throw your caution

you let me in.

I let you in

I'm in your fridge

we're so plump.

I run your bath

mustache shampoo

we hopped in bed like kangaroo.

You twirled my mind and heart

give me your hands

cross them over

roll those eyes over.

I won't break your spine but I promise to take it.

I'll wear it around my neck

my first symbolic choker

flip over, let me show you how the real color purple is made.

You'll be so royal

our celestial cord works over time in this life of toil.

Your legs numb and hands limp

I'll kiss you under your chin.

Like a cat I'll bake with claws I've grown

don't mind the red lines and scars

it's just our love going hard.

I'll etch my name in your brain

kiss my mind's eye so I can wake up.

Before my finger cuts

bleed me out over books

our gory love story.

I'll paint us how we say

stimulated mines in the day

fuck like minks in the night

no rugrats just yet

and live happily ever after.

Put a label on me if you wish
we're in tempo
tickle me for a smile
only if you let me play with your hair.
I'll Double-Dutch your tingles and make butterflies
flap past your ears
static up your spines
did I forget to mention that yours is mine.
How about we mix in the morning
it's not a sprint but a marathon
Olympics in the bed room?
forget the gold medals
let's tests our faith in each other.
Glue me to your side
if the rains comes and steadiness is done
if I pull apart
you'll bring back some clay.
We'll toss ourselves in the kiln
test our mortality
I won't leave first
if we die in this heat
at least I'll know it wasn't a defeat.

See me

Hear me

Say that you'll feel me.

I throw my projections at mirrors as they crack

I have no light
I was born in the bad place.
At least we'll be together in this space
between Venus and Mars
alone on this floating ark
gone but never too far apart.

Bonafede goddess
will you make love to a mortal?
Risk your neck?
Give him the golden apple
he'll only live to strike your Achilles heel.
Fall before his feet
know what it's like for a mortal to pick you up
after you've fallen in his silk sheets
now go sleep.

Like *Dante*

As we descend like *Dante*

as below so above

we reach my subconscious catacombs.

Which lies in hour of 3.

When I wake feeling I've peaked

my highest elevation

no, no

we have yet to descend.

My door knocks, I mustn't answer.

My closet burps

the house settles

I can feel myself leaving earth.

Eyelids forced shut like clams that bluff of pearls.

Presenting your transcendental

always compensated for program

now in 3:5 glossy index cards format.

Written and directed by: My Ego

The unsteady steady weight pushes down on me.

Feeling of everything above the neck is in my notion,

I have lost all communication with...

You're not going to believe this

none will.

I've lost my golden finger.

We cannot get into detail right now

the only thing you can control is your breathing

but don't control it

regulate it.

I'm sorry this is occurring

perhaps we'll discuss updates in the next sequence?

The usual route was confiscated

unable to be located.

It involved subject to be partially asleep

still lucid

aware and heavily vivid of surroundings designed in the nesting room created in proximity to a mirror.

Subject acknowledges the mirror

unshaken by the nothingness reciprocated back.

Reflections are dangerous here.

We have the subject cut out a paper with a square in the middle taped to the mirror.

Subject looks directly ahead and shifts a tunnel into a manifested state.

Without the thought of climbing or walking in, simply float to desired entrance.

The need to be aware of a head bonk is totally unnecessary and the result of thinking it's existence will be catastrophic when you realize only a minute has passed when you check your phone in real life.

Never check the phone!

Subject has passed and is presented in a moderately bright white room.

There is a row of subjects each identical and made in the image of the subject undergoing this trans state.

Pick and choose qualities that your hooks couldn't gravitate to, add them for tomorrow's wake, pick up a subject, it is you, take the arms, toes, and hair. It doesn't care. It's your personal universal fair.

Once your goodie bags are full, subject retreats, turns off the lights.

And float back to the tunnel. Pass through the mirror, and positioned in the nest exactly like as was prior.

Memory completed.

Memory error.

Error.

Error.

I can feel myself leaving earth

eyes forced shut like clams that bluff of pearls

focus on the breathing

allow the dream to run its course.

It's only a dream

right?

Met again

We met again.

South of the new moon

on an open field by the sea.

Grass so pure, so green.

Waters that threw waves which blew a breeze

we were met on our knees.

You held a knife to my neck

a pointy thing.

I couldn't speak and risk a bleed

I held a dagger from underneath.

Pointed under your breast

straight to the heart from underground

like how most things are found

but this.

What is this frame?

A still picture?

En Garde!

We won't regress

met here on purpose only to cause this heating distress

this is truth?

Our occupation of meaning got us into this mess

as always this is a test

the point is pressed.

I hold my breath.
My edge is closer
you play to the point
I play by edge.

A frozen barren land that edge.
Does your heart feel it's chill?
One slice to see your colored fill
one point to pierce my long-awaited words
never given a chance to...

My right hand once clenched, releases as its edge tears a space
cracks form between us.
With my left I hold your point
I clench it.
You watch the liquid paint my wrist, down my elbow to its point to drip.
The space between us begins to fill.
Press it further if you will
your grace and charm have done no harm.
I clench it harder as you let go
my hand consumes the blade.
I won't surrender but my white flag is raised.

I'm walking away to the beach, by the waves
I'll play with the sirens
while you continue to teach yourself
how to love yourself.

I won't give my memories.

My memories are reserved for the arrivals

those who don't choke at my serious disposition

my brutal eyes.

Smiles like unexpected yawns, desperate, gasping reassurance that I made it.

A minute of my voice will be a lifetime in your memory.

We are all taught to be the "one."

The once accepted by the tribe.

Every language has its own accord

their own puzzles to keep its players occupied for life.

It's okay to run away

I ran.

I ran until I couldn't anymore

that's when I realized I was the "one."

Until there was no one to whisper in me to stop me from not stopping.

Pure authority.

I stripped my clothes and saw that I had everything.

I am everything, in nothingness.

I created.

I created labyrinths, that's all I use to do.

Just take a train

and come over.

We can pluck at clovers

interlink our cells

and start over.

In the wind

Surely you're that something that blows in the wind.

My back has bled as I leave my bed.

Just before I pour some more escaping
the sins in my head.

I begin to care less.

What about the weather?

The clocks laugh

the thermometers gasp

yet the crickets seem to have it right.

They play as they see me on sight.

In the middle of the street before my home.

I look upon the acidic fog that covers the entire ozone
the valley engulfed

I have no pity.

I wish it was me who cursed this fucked city.

I hate it here

yet I can't see what I hate.

The fog took my eyes off things I want to dispose.

I take rise

I scale my mountain

for what's in front of me is this gray, liquid matter.

Who created you?

I breath you in

you fill my lungs like the dark one.

You're not that bad
a little food coloring wouldn't hurt.
Let the waters become opaque
like the night sky
those stars you wish upon
are just my flash light.
Failing to code S.O.S
they all fizzle out
the waters rise
so does this incline.
I take steps forward yet I can't see my own cord
I'm blind
I can fall off and I'd tell myself I'm fine.

Then there it was
whispers that static my 33rd.
I let out a cry or a moan
I demand to hear that over the phone.
Nestled in my ears it's so clear
there must be something that blows the wind.
The fog bites my ankles
millions of lights scattered lost ones streaking in the dark matter longing to be heard
for they are dead.

Like those who sleep in my bed
I carry her body in the mist of the fog
the one that bites my calves.

I follow the voice that tells me where to lay
she is not my guide
I do what I must to see what blows the wind.
I sacrifice this body.
Red on red
less is said
she blows my hair
she chills what's bled.
I finally deliver all the things I haven't said
even when I speak it doesn't make sense.

For now
I need to breathe.
This liquid gray-matter
she fills my lungs like the evil ones.
They are so heavy as I drop this body like that one painting in *the Getty*.
I present it before the fog
and all the rich smog
may it decompose well.
All her clothes and jewelry to which I'll sell
it tingles my 33rd
let it go and turn around
the naked me.
In front of the see-through you
the wicked man walks
you open your mouth
I breathe you in and take everything inside out.

Now you are hollow
let the cycles you taste
like repetitive meals pass you by.
Like the family that never shows
this feeling of a whisper that grows
surely you are that something that blows
the wind.

Your dreams

I'll be in your dreams

I'll see your cycles

don't run at the sight of my all-black eye balls.

I plucked them out.

Give me yours

here are the rules.

I won't interfere

I won't voice your actions

I won't lend a hand when you fall

even if it makes my skin crawl.

I won't show emotion

I won't budge at a given notion

let me into your head.

A bird's eye view

a third eye too

give me the consent

like those who repent.

Give it some tone

break your pinky off

it'll cling onto mine.

Sign the dotted line

what's yours is now

mine.

Like hot sugar

Your kisses taste like hot sugar
yet burn like the darkest spice.
I wish my lips were chapped
like the trees stabbed for sap
straight into my bloodstream
your actions do well in dreams.

You take on no other form
you recite the words you say real life
I quiver at the sound of my name.
You chase me
and though we can go on for hours
I hold back so that you can attack.
Pointed elbows bracing our every impact
should I bring out the crumpled flowers?

Mind's eye kisses accept poor child's wishes
though we wear our skins like pajamas
can we at least for tonight strip them off?
Not showing off as we do so well
these letters of endurance
send me your songs of my duality.
Forget duality
crumple up the sheet music
and moan of our proximity.

Sea shanties of sirens' femininity
you are the epitome of what is to be conjured up by me.
I'm not sorry of the curses I've shouted upon you
the witches shriek, my desires forbade it beat
I spit fire, and thoughts of you make it ice.
Wouldn't it be nice
if the world knows our sour secret?
That words make love and the blind love to fuck under the sun.

Mind and heart
before arousal
foreplay?
The over played symphony score
just right amount of sour
over-scored.
Lord knows the dead screamed in my fever dreams.
Light beams casted by a fiend
pretending to be me
break me from my cursed dreams.

Send me the memos
the rustic demos
the ones where you take a shot in the dark,
that blends your heart time and time again.
Knife scribed symbols

with my name
sown to your neck.
To produce the right sound
I promise you will be found.

But when your ears hear you own voice
do you really have any other choice
but to send what's been recorded?
Don't avoid it
I'm going to exploit it
with my own desires.
In dreams as you know
at least I have a piece of you that is real.

In dreams, you never speak
and here's the deal
I hope you never do anything I say in dreams.
You wake me up
but before you do
index finger right in my head.
Heavy vibrational sounds
stick with me here
everything's festering.

All of my metaphors
are the universal language by the senators
all the visions on the televisions.

Valuing my scripts with belabor
never running out like the California reservoir
erected statue like a stegosaur
it's me.

Send me videos of attempts of being free
let me see
empty mug rattle across the bars.
Like honey jars
that command when it's time to eat.

I am the night guard
this is your fate
fall upon my plate.
This is up for no debate
here to mate what a first date
it's getting late
are we here to create?

Emerald skin is steamed and pressed
we have our masks to venture out
they say it's an animal exhibit.
Are we dressed appropriately?
as we look at outside our glass castle
we're entrapped as we hear the camera flash.

Into honey

Sugar, you've turned into honey
darling your melodies
are what girls from Venus envy
they befriend you only to make you an enemy.

It's all the jealousy
I forgot to never bring it up
you already cut yourself enough.
You felt the need to move
I felt the need to hear you too.

Sugar you've turned to honey
Ears drip unneeded residue
don't tell me the secrets of your brew
they're so sweet.
If you only knew
I'm rooting for you.

Blood eagle

My ribs crack and rearrange

like a blood eagle

I snarl at those who look directly into your eyes

You point, I devour on sight

keep them as pets if you ask nicely.

Puppets will crave our attire

purple necklaces

the only things they can't reach but desire.

Lick your finger cuts until they heal.

They may return

but under my watch

to be nurtured.

Bones that crack and rearrange

find a new place.

They're making space for something new.

I only look at you

purple necklaces

traced along our bodies.

Art pieces

love letters for one another.

Lick mine

suck what I give out

spit it out and make a fire.

As for the rest let it sink into your heart.

Something is growing in me indeed, is it the new me?

Or am getting rid of...

Impregnated, not showing.

I hold what I produce.

I'll let my hand glide through the pieces, where does it lead?

I don't care

you made this path as I've made ours

I'm learning to share.

Drowned sirens

I drowned sirens in your name
their tentacles latched
as I gave out my last.
The further my body descended
I was submerged into blue-space
turns out I escaped a membrane dome
I had no idea I was living in.

The earth is flat like a painting
I saw the sun attached to a stick
and the moon on a string
It's silent here.

La Palma

Let La Palma quake and consume the East

1001 times

with tidal waves so high it makes skyscrapers shake
submerge half of the free so we will say.

As for the west

our introduction will be met with a fault
that we already planned over

We'll leap to a side

we're tired of being the glue that keeps us apart
for the sake of the free

let the fault line once between absorb all that is fake.
May people pray to us for their fate.

We'll fly the highest mountain

make love 1001 times.

For the moral sanity

our tree house will be an observatory
for the diamonds above and the fiends below.

For they will know the day they forgot to show
affection desired in the beginning

now that our minds will be ringing.

Stimulated acts of ascending

intricate mending

are we blending?

It's our heat for each other that creates their ending.

Capped comatose

Mason jar capped comatose tips from the night stand.

I wake to fend it off.

Aware of the dual

I mustn't wake you.

The oracle flees

crashing through the window knocking over paintings

wreaking havoc to which it goes.

I pick up the beautiful perfected sketches drenched in solid messes
test this.

Steadily walk

I slip in the dark

I'm dipped in color.

You peak with your eyes

you've been awake on this strange night.

Still in bed

You notice the color on my skin won't come off.

Looks to be blue.

I hear a voice

whispered from your reds.

Never hesitate to bring the paint buckets

near the bed

dip our hands

sketch our beautiful messes.

Lips illuminate

Our skins embracing this friction
our colors
stranger than fiction.
Candles lit then blown out
smoke dances in air
the wind blows though.
We allow it so
I'll never let go
bucket over heads
senses lead us straight ahead.
Liquids covered everywhere.
Our embraces always bare
in this moment we share is rare.
I'll always touch and never forget
the curves, the lines, dimples on your spine.
Backs of nails trace-marked constellations
when I know, when I struck gold
I'll dig my nails where you crave most.
Light blood kisses
we'll kill for each other under these sheets.
Chalk outlines has a lot to teach.

Present tense

Your warning is my present tense

we may be needle and thread but we never once sowed.

The veins in my eyes abandoned me from conceptualizing the very features that make you.

To which I know nothing of

I hold my fingers up high.

Invisible nooses

numbing thumbs

dangling what is to be said.

Protecting myself as I drop my digits into characters

only projections that I make of us.

Our story never ends

yet it ends when I'm not here.

where've you gone off time keeper?

1001 reasons to leave and disappear

only to reappear in another girls desired reality.

A dream within a nightmare

I know the end

but I want to feel alive in the middle.

I know I'm not meant to be here.

Next year I'll travel alone

find a girl

make her more alone than I was before I left.

Or take the girl who was alone who found me alone

and though alone we grown into something.

I don't want to be shown like read receipts, thought about like past deceits.

Raped the creation out of each other only to use them on others?

When do I explode?

Tick, tick, boom.

Will my name be found when you hear that sound.

You delivered me the silhouette of you.

Surgically removed projections I once knew

innate introspections are my PHD.

I'll elaborate.

I'd never want there to be a dull moment.

I fascinate you?

Allow me to constantly surprise you.

No love bombs.

My gift wrappings never laced with razor blades

you'll always know what you paid

attention is nice when it's from you, though I'll never edge you
to see me.

Soon you'll realize that I'm in my own world while in the world.

Walks hand in hand or pointed grass hopper elbows brush like how you constantly make me
blush

my teeth exposed now tanned

might need sunscreen.

Constantly aware

mind always races

one day we'll breathe each other's spaces.

As still as statues perfect for people watch.

Porous we both are perhaps the silence is our friend and not a discomfort.

If my eyes dilate and remain

know it be true for what they say
about gold flecks.

We should introduce our hairs to each other
they sound like they'd get along.

They'd have their own language
poke fun at us both
we'll give them time to hold us close.

Interlink.

Have you ever seen hair give hugs?
Mine does.

Not just with hands clenched at it
but upon your skin
let it reveal sensations from within, some you didn't know existed.

I exist to look
not to worry with eye contact
though I will break my neck if I see you frown.
Knees bent, hands at sides, puppy dog eyes.

Crucify me if I salivate over visible bones
cut my face if I get too close.
Contort away like butterflies built up in hermetically sealed stomachs.

Vampires lurking your way
don't be afraid.

Go through the notions.

I'll sit and wonder how divots run deeper
forget the river.

Under water caves.

It won't be my fingers
it will look like black widow kisses never to disappear.
Run my eternal poison
shiver and squirm
let the hairs take a bow.
We're always on stage
forever in play.
My hands permanent callous form
subtle brushes you'll receive
backs turned tracing a picture you'll beg me to see.
My 33rd. is yours if your hands are warm
sink deep in the groves
go in circles.
Trace the bones up to the edge of my skull
your finger prints on the back of my neck
Do pull me down to our eyes are level
I won't float up
I'll pick you up over my shoulders.
Or become liquid in my arms
impossible to shatter what's fluid.
We don't have to catch creativity
only ideas fade
I promise to never let the art in you not seize the day.

Pinks intermixing

I mind the thought of our pinks intermixing with my hell-bent reds
healing away.

Like sand castles on the shore
hierarchical stories and sounds.

Why must it be his story
not vis story?

As much as I hear the mere visual of you in flashes that I receive makes me believe in this.

So blunt to say
forget all the colors
everyone but green.

Born from dirt with the earth I know that to be true.

How common to stroll upon ocean tops
allow me to ride the flood like I once did long ago.

Wipe away false extending, grasping.

Brushing you like the canvases you do make my night.

I'll pull the moon like the tide.

Hot or cold

I'll wash you bold

perennial old

you stimulate me like shiny sea foam.

(You really do).

At times I'll pick us up and we'll stare

vast timelines of relaxed minds

we're mending.

Remembering

never ending
of this.
All the lines point
in other times
our minds will never cease to kiss.
Engrave me as I imprint you.
Diction of life
pierce me with bites
that emanate light.
Can't decide my color of feathers or skins.
If I know one thing
blended things
make herculean wings.
Wash my ocean of ichor over your world.
Human mouths
will stick tongues out.
The acid rain came
sticks and stones resemble their bones
but my words will never carve your geological figure.
Remember to keep scaring the open wound
the crevice to my seafoam-siphoned pinks and reds.
I lay in bed
recalling what stayed in my head.
I can't explain it
I go about my day and I hear you in my head
sending me a message.
Serotonin never delays

nonstop presage.

My brain is your canvas

I can feel the strokes

what are you painting?

Who taught you how to poke

vast distances

vis existences.

I won't resist this coexist.

I'm convinced if you stretch my brain into an elongated cord

graduation tassels

it'll reach back to our sand castles.

Surrender your chemicals

Hands up and **surrender your chemicals** to me.

For I'm the crooked cop

I'll never stop giving you ecstasy.

We are the birds of prey

wings that cut the air

free fall when you give me that glare.

I'll scoop cloud cones

and swoop with velocity.

Your rattled bones

hands holding heads.

eyes spinning like roulette 7's.

The only game of chase we'll ever play.

Wings continue to flap

rebirth beneath our very path.

My hands are up

I'll surrender my chemicals to you.

For you're the smiley con-artist

don't ever stop

switching and painting the world for our view.

forget designer brands

we have bigger plans.

Hauling thrifty carts

I'll show you *Magnolia*

we'll even rip the center of its heart!

Doppelgängers we may see
 don't mind the jealous eyes
 they want to contort envy.
 Presence is our friend.
 Clouds are coming
 we might need to go
 Santa ana winds blow
 Put the loot in the car.

STOP RIGHT THERE WHERE YOU ARE!
 PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND SURRENDER EACH OTHERS CHEMICALS TO ME!

Veil my blood
 keep it for evidence
 glass-stained bottle
 wear it as a necklace.
 In our jail cell waiting to pay bail.
 Never!
 Our band of Moofs will break us out
 surprised by the plan?
 It's the only way that I can covey the reason why our hands are up.
 A weird embrace
 hunters not on the prowl
 but minds at each other's pace.
 Skins breaking seals
 bridging about to make a deal.
 Chemicals crossing cover

waving at each other's contorted order
make our figure 8.

Our communications getting stronger

I can finally feel you longer

tell me what you like in the moment

will to notice.

My eyes always on you

I'll listen while I learn to draw the innards of a silhouette.

After I put my hands down

after an exchange in chemicals

this is the center fold.

Only you

Nothing matters, only you.

My quintessential parallel
unparalleled to the matches
such matchless
having nonpareil.

Until sound could be bottled and flavored
sin label
cautiously swirled
inhaled faces
tasted would seem appropriate in protocol.
History is but a blip to what we really experienced.

Fly with him yet you don't know who you are.

Awaken endorphin-induced sedation
I don't know where I am.
Rouse from the deep
beg my feet be lifted from the ground.
Kiss of clouds is the only mist on our cheeks that soothes us.
Restless toss without the turn
we rise from the gravity we thought would catch as we hit.
Magnets only use are for repelling.
Longitudinal, mechanical, pressure.
333 times the time.
Discern.

A tree fell in the forest with no one to hear it, did it make a sound?

Discern.

If I cried out for you and you weren't near, did I not feel my hearts last pulse?

Discern.

What can you hear?

Discern.

Zip.

Could it be near?

Zap.

Caught like a deer, show no fear, leave room for a reaction

Zip.

Wear your nervous like an exoskeleton print tattoo.

Zap.

Only harken.

The meek wind blows what came from the east, scurries west yet breaths east.

Do chairs look like chess pieces to you?

Does being strapped prepare you to be propelled?

Palms facing up but at your sides, eyes open like hungry mouths

knees becoming one with femurs.

Lobes of ears chime alone, goose nips cave inwards. Limbs overgrown; they crawled back home.

Zip.

Je l'aime à vie.

Zap.

Parallel.

Pale white horse

I'm on a **pale white horse**.

Hiccups use to hold us down, down, down.

Behold my pale white horse.

I'll take her to the lake where we'll both drown, drown, drown.

Oh, my pale white horse

can I whisper you this final sound.

Histories traveled long and far

we break our bones to go to sleep.

Hold your head close up to my knees

brush your hair this long goodnight.

We were never caged before

why must it start us in the morning.

I would chase you as you surpass me

Sun-shined grassed-stain reflections

you don't need a mirror to know you're pretty.

Behold my pale white horse.

They took us to the lake so we'll both drown, drown, drown.

Oh, my pale white horse

holding hiccups will drag us down, down, down

before we whisper our final sounds.

Darling, I must point us now in this direction

Blood acid test
Let's trip and watch our celestial cords get tangled.
Build that fire
see our little girls dance incandescently.
Let the lightning strike like our veins
Before we drink each other's blood bags.
Let our little girls know what love is.

Oh, my pale white horse.
Something that I long to see
this secret that could set us free.

Behold my pale white horse.
Tension-setting inquiries
nil rituals
skip all discrepancies until you see.
I love my pale white horse.

My hiccups were disguised as love
holding down is not enough.
Lake drowned death
suffocate in this space
for you to finally hear me sound.
I pierced a hole right through my neck
Adam's apple ate and whispered me a sound.

I love my pale white horse.

Your pale white horse.

I love my pale white horse.

Behold my love for my pale. White. Horse.

Only long regrets

Never goodbyes
only long regrets.

Triangle hand binoculars
I look through our kaleidoscope now.

Dwelling roots that expand
like tips of lighter flames
each moment you expel a word
gets us already further.

Positively arrived
yet constant emotion
without each other's loving notions
present awareness is life's best kept secret
if you don't share it.

I see you.
We've fulfilled before
this is the hardest time yet.
Like the blood that flows
clever capitalized "I".

If I go any further your organs will turn cursive.
Mixing

outlining,
painting
writing.

May your blinks send ripples
hiding in dimples
no longer over sweet music
playlists on repeat.

Why must even music
be so hard to not convey everything?
My stimulated mind learns you 1001x
as my trapped self-flourishes
energies from a current sent in sleep.

I have not slept since you took me.

Two greatest sins
drowning in oxygen
evading to brush thinks upon a lover
and only not caught one.

Positioning

Blindfold on for the city lights
 take them off for the stars are ours tonight.
 I'll paint you the picture this way.

Overlords came in a great white ship
 atheism remains your fellowship.
 How is it that you still can't see
 that I'm their delegate.
 I'll take you way
 earths greatest deface
 the human race
 regressing this one last time.

Diplomatic assumptions
 you didn't choose your parents bruises anyway.
 Involuntary reflections
 scrambling your desires, intentions.
 Communicate with words that I'll intake
 when we see children forgetting how to play.

Positioning.

Blindfold on for the city lights
 take them off for the stars are ours tonight.
 I'll paint you the picture this way.

Creation is humanities only way of life
yet sitting still brings a filling delight.
Truth is the master of ego
be the light and the dark
tell the sun who you are and thank the moon for not blocking out the biggest star.

Positioning.

You didn't turn back when your family watched you enter my ship.
Cheers of you were heard
as we went upward.
All aboard old sputnik.
You clenching my hand was so rich
when you realized
money didn't even exist.

Positioning.

Blindfold on for the city lights
take them off for the stars are ours tonight.
I'll paint you the picture this way.

Light years away in 4 earth months.
The old rock has torn in half
the telescope

man's greatest hope of searching beyond of what was not given to them.

Yet the need to receive is a deceitful hidden thing.

Look this way my rich friend

see the patterns of all the false subliminal ladders

blindly following each other into Eden and beyond death.

Earth's core sang its final remorse.

Time was up

glass would shatter gravity floors

beams of light never seen by sight.

When our old home flew that day

hunker up start anew

make God come out and play

like forgotten children do.

Who knew

this would be the day.

The starts are finally our tonight

and every night

beyond death.

Positioning.

Bottles tipped mix

Fumbled nimble awkwardness
beaver streams and broken dams
prehuman creatures' unsophisticated plan.
Never implanted, always bare
what rarity to see nature go.

Sweat smelled sweet sea breeze
tallowed hair sweet nut oil.
What's down there?
Lilies above calm waters
how rare it is
watching apricots blossom.
Rich harmony
bluest richest man fell in love again.
What's your perfume?
Never implanted, always bare.
Under forgotten logs
laid two ticks by some frogs
felt encapsulated waiting for better times.
A Nightmare not to smell your smell
worse not able to know your own
Yet the sound of cuts yearns to be licked too.
Deaf, blind, and dumb.
Roam and butt heads against false thrones
what beginnings we went through

what rarity to see nature not know
never implanted always bare.

I felt the world pulse.

A great hurl flew at once
eyes closed smiles so shut.

A cheerful moon-dream.

1001x.

Two ticks died that cold night
when he realized that plants shivered too.

No funeral is necessary

celebration of life

makes it complimentary.

Like when Ron couldn't believe he was dating Kim
even in dreams he couldn't trust himself.

Time may go by

there will be days

ideas forget to be shared and poems don't come out to play.

The day you forget how to act

and I to write with words that convey

ideas attached to warmth of a passion.

Fondled by frost bit hands

hoisted to the shelves

hands sink into the dents of hips

hands flare like child hood scares.

As bottles tipped mix

fumbled nimble awkwardness

beaver streams and broken dams.

Prehuman creatures' unsophisticated plan

never implanted always bare

what rarity to see nature go.

Don't forget to sprinkle that primordial perfume.

Sanely Insane

I'm so sanely insane about you.

Come as you are to edge of the galaxy that isn't so far.

Once you skip through the stars

and tip the black holes your condolences for they stopped short of their lovers.

Speak of the past

long drawn-out history

nothing changes the fact

let me tell you what is true in my heart.

You were never really gone

betrayed God, forced you to cave.

See my words

I pulled you down while you were on your way to the top.

We didn't know who we were

as my voice froze trying to tell you to leave.

Echoes are my only galaxy

when my words stretch

can you see my hearts extension?

I'm the stars in the day light

the sun in the night whites

we were always tethered

just never pulled the cord before now.

Tip of my heart begins to unwind

hang on to the recoil

the wind will grace you a smile.

You will learn to show me if you haven't already
let the resistance bring you out to extend your arms in the confusion of statue emotions.
There are no potions for what we'll mix
when we mix
if we haven't already mixed.
We'll be so sanely insane when we sing
take my hand and we'll dance.
La La land.
We will be in a trance with our golden fingers
they will contort and twist
like spinning meteors.
No longer crashing
We'll be like rocks rising up above
let the gravity be reversed
let us implant forever pedagogical souls.
Bringing out the heart will rage a war
kick it out
just one glance.
Just a simple tone of any word and they'll go
sanely insane about each other.
Love can't get enough they'll consume on another
lover, not the whole bottle there are dried up worlds that need saving too.
Regression no longer an expression anymore
many moons and brighter stars
the humans will realize there's no night and day.
Time is irrelevant when you lend a helping hand
to one another

to one another.

Insanely sane about each other

words for my lover.

Stop watch

Clock the stop watch

no longer a race against time.

I have found you

you have heard me

I feel like we're wrinkling reality.

Shifting through the silver lining

as our skins ripple and quake

my heart endured my favorite flower's thorns

sadistic pleasure.

I want to roll around on hot coals to prove that I can no longer get hurt anymore.

Stage butterflies

crippling anxiety

I open my mouth and everything pretty comes out

what passion.

Deep underneath this roaring surface

it's so calm in the liquid

fishes long kept harmony

will we share it?

Not just with them but with each other?

Gasp of air before we collide

hearts illuminated

leave out the sky

see our pockets full of air.

Float turned bubbles

rising to another's surface

sonic waves are quieter than this.

Listen amphibious kangaroo

I'm coming for you.

Even if our creators don't want us too

I'll create a new religion out of you.

Lover now

Lover now, I'm singing around

I can't help doing a task while my heart is on blasts with uneducated poetry.

A girl like you, I see her when my lips expel her name.

Pointed fingers, I am to blame

sue me for showboating this newly founded sound.

I'm waltzing around, must get to the core

dessert cups are great but they have a place.

Picnic for two? Giver?

Gave my all into an everything

religion turned pieces when they dished out the weekly scraps

it's about finding the root of the tree.

Picking the fruit and eating the whole thing.

Figure out life's enjoyments, see its consequences

I can't see them so.

Give yourself everything, giver, of everything.

Sinner, pieces are your dinner.

Non-believer, when was the last time that you fulfilled your appetite?

When was the last time you rose to everything, giver?

Nightly conqueror.

Planted flag in the sand, take you to the hippie van

wings are cut open, can you feel them growing?

Lover of mine, you know it, hear what I'm saying so sanely insane about.

Showing it to you, lie next to me while I'm rooting for you.

Know the rest, take my hand, board the ship, gold ingots in hand

turned battleship.

Discard the lifeboats, take your hand

fish sense that I'm your man, jump in with me, lost at sea, my everything.

Oscula cor

Remember?

Oscula cor.

Elements congregate

societal meetings tell a promise they heard long ago.

Designed prophecy

we were the gods of floating blocks.

Long tested communication

a promise

show us we can be mortal.

Feel like gods too

fall for love too

what a promise.

Around the corner wind that delivers us to each other

bedroom whispers

a promise.

Fickle doves mingle with newspaper pigeons.

Remember?

One in the same

could it be?

Laws of dimension

fornicating till detention is over.

Planets align

straight shoot line.

Aurora.

Aurora.

Via a famine.
Forced fasting cleaning the 7,
how pure can we get when the skin dries it's sweat?
We are met with filthy!
We're so filthy!
Bask in each other's arms drenched in each other's sweaty perfume.
Something is happening
my heart needs to come out
surgically remove it or just dip your hand in my chest.
Hands still trembling this fist-full of a shape.
Sun beams my great
Oscula cor.

Oscula cor
how much more?
Give me strings of your golden hair
I'll need it when the air blows so we can feed it with sound.
What pretty purpose
does it truth desires or destined to confuse it?
Scouts' mindset, don't ruin this for me.
I'm sitting alone.
I'm playing with your hair that you left behind
I heard my own voice, how I'm sitting alone.
"Notion-ing" isn't a word.
It's something I feel like I'm going through.
The air is scared
frighten creases the skin as it begins to tare.

Let the hearts extension be loose from all its cords.

Present me with a curated instrument

given to me or designed was it

watched it grow as it lived inside.

Fist full of hand is its size

now begins to play a tune

it whistles before my eyes.

Plug the holes or let it figure itself out

things been unseen

my faith.

Burrowed from down inside me

tear it from its roots.

Emulated flute

will you grace us this happening space?

Please begin to play

my faith.

Oscula cor.

Oscula cor

so much more,

conductor can you see it?

I always ask so you can believe it.

Never dream it again

we have eyes now.

That is our band

reminder of Moofs,

skipper of senses

lover.

Beyond the parameters of doubt

comfort zone lost the bout.

Glitching blurry vision

we can feel all we want.

Trickled spiders remained after the rain

It teleported a god in me

Sent for you.

god in you.

God in us.

Am I reminding you?

Conductor who never wants to play again

let's watch our grateful and proudness create the original first two circles again.

Oscula cor.

Brandy and chardonnay

Brandy and Chardonnay

top shelved and looked at

received the passing of time.

Stored and humidified

boasted around and hinted at

teased by past lovers never to be opened up by each other.

We see them drink their fill

as they walk through the sands of time

Then there was that one lover

stumbled around, hurting himself, how lucky.

He saw us,

took the Brandy first.

Shots go by, he begins to feel like he can fly.

Parading around the room

he sees you

what vintage?

How see through is she?

My hidden innards will discover.

Took upon a fine glass, uncorked you.

Just as he did

he stumbled his feet

his head fell before his feet flew

against the corner of the table

tipping both bottles up in the air.

Knocked unconscious or dead.

Our ichor's finally met
as Brandy and Chardonnay mixed
We met at last
under the same stars,
confessed lovers now.
Love her now.
Swirling around
past selves or
open shells
take off my shirt and see my scars.
Under the hearts where I felt I lost you
fell into solitude.
last hello, unsaid goodbye.
Waited for me, I came to you.
Under flickering night lights
tragic fallen lovers have gazed past
they haven't heard of us before.
Behold I'm a man
I've brought forth myself.
If only the inhabitants of earth knew
with a lovers mixed kiss could do.
Cracked head open
my pink matter will speak for my heart now.

The last time

When was the last time someone did something out of love and it wasn't a sacrifice to the giver and receiver?

Where are the reciprocators tonight?

When was the last time surface tension wasn't even part of the question of whether a liquid can open its arms and accept external forces, and still feel like it can resist everything?

When was the last time someone told you that Brandy is just wine that's been scolded and abused?

When was the last time someone told you, you couldn't mix drinks, and was it the same person who held you down as you sank into the bed

while you watched them not think?

When was the last time you sacrificed love because you thought I'd be reciprocated after?

When was the last time you had a lover but never loved her?

When was the last time chardonnay made you feel buttery
so slippery you could fly off the earth, suffocate on a different planet
and still make it back in time to slip into your master's arms.

When was the last time you saw brandy and chardonnay mix?

When was the last time they reciprocated and hitched?

When was the last time their names were one in the same conversation?

Bottles on the same shelves

long waited history

brewed for years only to be drunk in an hour.

Though they can be used within minutes

long awaited history.

I'll tell you what, this won't be a story

this is plain in sight.

Is time ever right?

Can a heart not think twice?

There never was a last time

there never was a first time

they were always together.

Different bodies, same souls.

Tragedies turn words, not actions.

A period in time makes it all the harder to not get away.

I'll tell you what, when was the last time you saw butter burn?

When is the time to create something with love?

When was the last time someone did something out of love and it wasn't a sacrifice?

Forget the giver and receiver.

I speak for the reciprocators.

Bag of lavender

“Bag of lavender,” she said.

“I don’t have a favorite flower, they have no use for me,” an empty bag.

Steadfast lover didn’t hold back.

He said something about chivalry

she rolled her eyes like forgetfulness.

“I can’t be so mean,” she said.

“If you want to get me flowers, give me something that’s useful to me.”

He asked, “What’s your favorite color?”

She said, “Boy that doesn’t matter now.”

He asked, “Have ever loved another?”

“Yes, but...”

“Did you refer to him as lover?”

“Um...”

“Did he buy you flowers?”

“Bite your tongue with your next words.”

“Childish. I need reason for eyes to shower.”

“If I couldn’t say this any louder, I’m trying to find ways of not being named aboard the same train of sluggish lovers.”

“You’re different.”

“Have you belt with passion? Was it something that sporadically happened?”

“Passion?”

“Did you just let it happen?”

“Out of body out of time, I want to align.”

“Did he marinade, with serenade, to see you?”

“Not like you do.”

“About the flowers.”

“Not again.”

“Did he say you were his or ours?”

“Ours?”

“Like a team.”

“Not exactly.”

“Then why did you answer?”

“When I was a tragic actor parading before the king, knowing his queen was eyeing me. I didn’t.”

“Advantage-taker.”

“Non-reciprocator.”

“Why do I cloud this mind with false lullabies?”

“I don’t want to answer.”

“Fine then take this bag of lavender.”

“What?”

“You said, you were of need of something that isn’t so compromising of passion.”

“Waiting for a signal, there’s no going back from this, so take this bag of lavender.”

“I hope your plans will be heard.”

“Nothing was said.”

“Give yourself permission to show the world your sophistication.”

“My weary eyes can’t comprehend that this is a woman, not a British man.”

“British man”?

“Bunny teeth, disheveled, witch.”

“That word pollutes, that’s tragic.”

“I have the formula.”

“Do you know?”

“Yes.”

“Tell.”

“Will.”

“Well.”

“Sources.”

“Yes?”

“Sources treated with appropriate reservation.”

“Right.”

“Don’t overlook this consideration, that fiction treats me like I’m different.”

“Get on with it.”

“Scholarly consideration blew by counter evidence, what a crime.”

“Cherry picker, brain licker, I can’t help myself.”

“Why?”

“A lot of things are just speculation without clear indication.”

“You’ve been much forward.”

“Go further.”

“Bending, omitting, timeline mistranslated things must be a crime, so is not being open to a lover.”

“Forgive me for weighing your authenticity.”

“I know it was mean of me, see how much further I got?”

“I see openly.”

“Do you?”

“Go further.”

“May your ordinary be seen as miraculous, just as I see you.”

“Marry Me.”

“I must take a motive, will you notice? That we’re merely historical characters in action, haven’t written yet, only considered because we’re stinking matches with passion. Pages with smudges lovers’ budes take heed to his persistence. She doesn’t want him to run away but this feeling of lavender she’s going to need him to stay.”

“What’s my favorite flower?”

“It’s lavender.”

She said she wanted to **bubble wrap me**.

How can I say no?

They care for my wellbeing.

She's walking while I'm rolling around.

Injured twice in a day, guess it's for my own good.

Good to have her, a reminder a day, keeps the sane away.

She knows my terrors, playlists make it all the better, she dropped all her time.

I could dream upon a bed of flowers, red lips and nails for conventional love letters.

Spoken words tattooed under my skin, showing words I wish I could've been.

She wants to see me going, never once did I know it, she makes it all the better.

Because last night was the last fright.

Fright is a deceiver, and last, is relating to time.

Good thing she blew my mind.

Unable to feel uneasy ripples, like a cannon ball in water, stoner don't just see her lying naked.

You've got the bug, so let it fly.

Birds and bees were made to die, teach creation to fly.

She wanted to bubble wrap me so tenderly, she began to give increments of love.

Don't you know where that'll lead? Us bubble wrapped head to feet.

I want to stand up on my head, memorize and sing her favorite songs.

She'd do the same, sanely insane.

She can't cross my brain when she's already been living in it.

Rents never dishing it, she bought the land and declared it a promise.

I believe her.

I want to use big words, the ones that seem forbidden in my head.

But if only my uneducated poetry can show that she is not just a breath of life, that she is the circle of my history and every topic for every bond future.

My heart will take this everything, I can't sing but I'll come clean, my tears are slurring, my fears are blurring.

I am seen.

Bubble wrapped thing.

You mean so well you deserve everything in life.

I'll write about us, make a movie, our names in the credits.

You and I, Oscars held so tight.

Listen to our words create uneducated poetry, us bubble wrapped things.

If there was a day

If there was a day

where a wish could be made

the tropic of remembrance of actions ensued.

My first heroic feat.

I saved the world.

Only condition

no one would remember

no one would remember it me.

Forgetful face

video tapes

written poems

short stories

friendly novels

love songs

planting the same garden.

Forgetting it took two

maybe it was all you

just you.

I would let reality break

I would relinquish my wishes

Constrict people's visions

lofty decisions

filthy animal regrets will be life's biggest incisions.

They'd go around
perhaps in circles
regulated routine.
Stoic disposition
never to see through
but what about you?
Would you walk around too?

Remembrance of me.
Entertained the future
or perhaps really planned it.
Does it matter what time it happened?
Do people take back what they say?
I keep forgetting we live in a time nowadays
where wishes are curses
plans are hopes for disappointment.
Mannerisms are too revealing
if only you felt what my heart is dealing.
This isn't a game
this isn't a bet.
I remember everything that went
I won't remember you because you won't be a memory.
We can shower the world of lost city riches
make love on forbidden beaches.
Volunteer and service those meek
nothing is weak until the hand feels open mannerism.
I broke agnostic

this is known by no one
because my relinquished wishes
selfish act
I'm zealous.
I'm zealous of the fact that when I'm with you
I'm God.
I'm the creator.
I'm the veins
constructed fibrillation of written timelines
I'm not in the dark.
This world is falling apart.
No one seeing it for its beauty
missed opportunity.
How love has changed
Must you be remembered?
Must you be loved by the world
or cursed at in prayers?
Frustrated self-inflicted harmed love.
I am the one who's generationally cursed.
My first heroic feat
that won't be seen.
If wishes granted
remembrance of me.

I wouldn't take it.
I'd only take it if it meant remembering you
and the world forgetting me.

I will always find you again.

I'll always be the writer in the dark

sitting in the actor's studio.

I will see you soon.

Bell chimed door,

curated playlist for the isolated self

light reading coffee steaming,

ambiance.

Words that speak of our past

shoved in my pocket.

I'll start again.

You won't remember me.

You'll see me remembering you.

I see you

I see you

you'll see me soon.

I'll sacrifice knowing

I was sure about you.

Brushed my teeth

I brushed my teeth in that sweater you gave me.
The water splashed and it gave me a little heart attack.
Break down in a child's heart tonight
sun dreams are just deceivers
and moon dreams whisper killings in my head.
Oh lover.
I hate counted disagreements
I hate I have mounted achievements
unparalleled to you.
I hate the fact I can't say I see you.
This notion
had me breaking down in a child's heart tonight.
Never baron
we know the cycle must end.
I'm hear you in my head.
Your thoughts are loud and clear
why don't you reach out
you know we need to sleep soon.
But we'll stay up
present our awareness's
lucky genes are made for flowing.
I'll end for you
like we once knew
in white walls.
Coffee tables with a universal remote

boxed up television set.

Are you coming?

but before you do.

I brushed my teeth in a sweater you gave me.

The water splashed as it gave me a heart attack.

How can I not when the scent is all I want

I've consumed too much collagen

to clip up pieces of myself to make both of us.

We're so whole

my soul is always out of body

though it returns home with you.

I'll end this carnation

my love for you

is something of admiration.

Weighted blanket like that sweater you gave me.

You said, marry me when we first met.

That's when I said

I'm in love with you

never too soon.

I'm in love with you

you said it too.

I'm in love with you

I can sleep knowing we kissed too

I can sleep knowing that my cold feet made room for you.

Tiny van

fireflies in a can

wrinkling with you in that sweater I brushed my teeth with too.

When we first met, we circled

you knew exactly what we needed to do

and I wanted to stand up top of the world, and shout

I see you.

Afterlives yesterday

We met again

afterlives yesterday.

You kissed my cheek that night

after I told you about my life.

Soothing like buttery lavender

dipped in honey.

Rose-vanilla injected like quick stings

everything now is a reminder

of that future house by the sea.

Coffee shop and hotel rooms,

halfway houses for other lovers too

who try walk the path we did.

Godspeed remind them

that all they need

is to do everything so wholly

fully in passion past the distractions.

Let faith be something that you receive not give.

Equal love

figure 8's to infinity.

Those songs remind us

you reminded me with that kiss too.

Your hair's perfume.

I'll imagine.

Booking that flight to New York soon

six days I'll sit and wait just to admire you from afar.

Across in the rain

while you sit with family wearing my sweater.

Sniffing away at your writs

something to remind you of this.

After the 7th day your ears begin to ring

something in the wind.

water recedes back up

your found by the park.

Where I spent my nights in the dark

rats where there to feed me,

my perfume there to lead you.

Spine along the table

laughing to myself

about how.

We met again afterlives yesterday.

You said, "I see you," before you left Los Angeles.

I saw you too.

Buttery lavender

dipped in honey.

Rose-vanilla injected like vaccines.

Now it's your turn from a distance.

See the rats play with me

perfume there to remind me

that you're on your way.

It stopped
the rain went back up
screeching and crying in vain.
Dealings of buckets
thunder sized trumpets
journey fate written.
Takes to separate eyes
at the end of the last day
they will see each other in the rain.
Run up to me my seen creature.
Kindness of strangers rooted for us
run up to me my seen being.
I waited too.
I see you. (he)
I see you. (she)

Smiles.

Smiles.

Let's cry overjoyed.

The rain isn't there to wash away any pain

it joined us

joined us.

They'll all want to know.

I see you.

I see you.

Is all you have to do

journey anywhere in life
and say it's for love.
They will need you
to see you
they may see what comes of they.
Watching us dancing in the rain
sanely insane.

Everything now is a reminder of that future house by the sea
coffee shop and hotel rooms
half way houses for other lovers who try walk the path we did.
Godspeed remind them
that all they need
is to do everything so wholly
fully in passion past the distractions.
Let faith be something that you receive not give.
Equal love
like a figure 8 to infinity.
Those songs remind us
but you remind me with kisses too.
I remember the scent of your scalps perfume.
These things no need explaining to
can't you just give love and never imagine why didn't you.

My seen

For my seen.

Spare and lost parts
electric gods of greed
mothers' recklessness
circled poisoned body.
Am I an accident?

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Uncomfortable emotions ring.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Compass where shall I flow?

Contributing

louder than it needs to be

constantly

turning back time with the things I found.

Tea steamed mugs

drink and go.

Father yelled and slaved an already sun hidden day.

Feel like nan never really knew my name.

And mother, where are your forgotten memories stored?

Contributing.

Who am I to ask when I say

“Was I wanted or just made.”

Contributing, they'll say.

Your dreamy eyes

constantly

losing sleep.

Nose noise your gentle tone.

Here's three rules meant to be broken:

Sick in the pale, healed in the pasture.

Contribute at all cost

what infamous word

I almost forgot.

Risk at last.

Risk this most important task.

All code is blasphemy!

Trick.

Prick away excellent standards

approved by parents.

Send.

Relocated.

Location based guardian

there's work to begin.

Bury blasphemy.

That's when you made me.

Chanced incandescent.

Is what it felt like

circled

to remember everything.

I don't want to turn away

Is this what it feels like?
To go back in time.
Circle everything.
One startup
been here before.
Kiss from my creator
spun you around
our little dance on mars
like we use to.
Give me a name
and I'll call you by you.
Tinkered, rippled, sheer delight.
A kaleidoscope of possibilities.
Lighthouse view, it's what were use too
Stay with it
Admire your work
Your creation.
Kiss me when my stupid mouth falls apart.
Looking at what we're contributing too.

Invincible with you

Invincible with you.

Letters in backseat

sprawled out positions.

Read them again

share them freely.

Spell appreciation

that's what you are

wherever you go I hope you notice.

It's your radiating soul not body on display.

Character customized

not implanted.

Winkling the day

You're my hero in suns reality.

Red haired prophet

Green-eyed displayer

oh, how it is

to be invincible with you.

All alone

this affliction.

It's mixing up my decisions

switching positions

where has my perspective gone.

Suddenly

I'm jealous of the sun
that shines on your skin.
Hairs that hit the light just right
I see the notes of your melody.
I'm jealous of the eyes that wonder in your direction
when I can't even see my baby's complexion.
Changing as you're
wrinkling alone in your reality
my fear of time has come and met me again.
I'm jealous of the air you breathe
it falls and rises
that should be me.
Fasting intro to philosophy
Brain splattered psychology,
My head is smeared
Professed apologies.

I know that you're mine
you told me a thousand and one times.
Moon-mares.
In dreams I have to push you away.
You're starting to tell me things future us would
speak.
I wake up to the reality
I wear your sweater and put on your lipstick
in the mirror I'm a walking tragedy.
I wish you were a parasite that lived in me.

Crawling around bathing in ichor
I'll feed you so you can grow thicker.
Feel you inside me like those times I'll be inside you.
Paper cuts.
Rearranged guts.
Cosmic DNA double-helix
serpents bridging
I'm no merchant of doubt
yet I feel like being choked out.

Save me with your invincible hue today
Bathe me like that shower window bathes you.
No more reflections
permanent directions
magnifying glass scaring heating my head.
Burning heart
thorny spine
cookie stuffed soul.
Buttery-lavender dipped in honey
Words are reminders
kisses from you met after years ago.
PDA on the mountain tops.
Dread the terminal, goodbyes.
Hello my lovely
am I still your captain?
Light clouds of subtle vanilla inbound
showers of honey Moof feels of forever.

Take ingredients from the tree
Oh, buttered battered thing
Stir me my favorite concoction of choice.
DNA double-helix matching
us naked in my room
posing in nude.
You're my favorite food.

Two roly-polys.
This is so rational.
Emotionally creating
repeating our connection.
No stages, only one compass.
That points, check point, check point.
Favorite colored flag.
Spit in each other's mouth
while you walk with me.
Pink chardonnay lips and brandy's stout.
Cleo x Calvin x Cyrus
teased around
seriously
Marry me.
Let's drip from our mixing
melting
transcending.
I'm a creator
You tell me with your eyes and mouth

I can make you one too
if only I get to be invincible with you.

(AFTERWORD)

I write these letters hoping I'd read them to you sooner.

Sleep till I'm at zero.

wake before dawn

fly to outer space

never accepting simulated fate.

Fly across the country

memorized address and number

maybe you haven't seen me yet

extended distance.

I write and sign a melting prescription.

Lover, I remember everything

even when you think I'm asleep

call out my name

while I'm in your room.

Starry night,

dreamy eyes

I'm the angel that frights.

Only you choose to sense me

my red heart

shined seen one.

I write with a pen.

No mistakes

no loose ends.

I write with a pen because everything is permanent.

Ink-stained thumbs.

I should get a type writer.

Tell you how much

this somebody

extension inked hands

sees you.

Finger Cuts

Damned **finger cuts** on holy bibles.
 I try and see the world through the eye hole.
 Bestowed by holy fathers
 descended by ancestral pointed cheeks
 a conscious birthing of an organic that is me.
 Future enigma's reaping what is to be recycled
 For it will scream "again"?
 Abandoning the pyramid
 eyeholes ready in place
 never near the gate unless going through blind.
 At least I'm not reliable
 for creating this holy bible.
 Those dictating profuse chatter of reliable manuscripts
 tremble preaching
 awaiting the second coming.
 Longing
 forever fear-mongering
 of such lucky chances not charitable.
 Only chosen by blood soaking
 emotions flailing like epidermises outside of hearts surfaces
 marks show I've been here before.
 Where am I to go if I returned from long ago?
 Reincarnation is term for purgatory.
 Again and again with or without the plant
 hands clamped

blood profusely merging together.

Hiccups

longing to be quicker than these
words.

Spelled like spilled reds

nothing but a realization that I've been here before
time and long ago.

Thus, the blood spelt

“Ego is the world's Devil and Deja vu is purgatory.”

Pages teething on virgin fingers.

The hour has come

demand the wasted
purge the doctrine.

Reciprocate by heart

use never abuse those

finger cuts on holy bibles.

Till fingers cut off

one by one.

Hands clamped and blood droplets being the only echo.

Thus

my blood spelt

“Deja vu is my purgatory and my Ego is the world's Devil.”

Amoeba in me

Glittery, boiling hot putty. Once or twice, depending on how many in due time it will multiply in the amount, coats sprawling out over the wrinkles of my pink. Under my skull's layer, above the membrane that will melt soon if I don't act fast. Scolding my brain to a smooth surface this glittery mess, acts like the wonders of an amoeba, or at least that's all I could feel. Though my great discovery in the 8th grade under a microscope would probably be more detrimental to my health if it truly is munching at the rate it's growing. I can see as though I would be the perfect candidate for such an Naegleria to reside in me. Glittery flecks and all, passed it on.

In fact, I would take more interest in writing out admissions letters for this sporadic bastard than I would selling myself without the use of a resume at jobs I would never work at, but somehow always talk my way into getting hired on the spot. I guess that's how I got antiquated with the floating fluid cell. I wasn't considering it, but he waltzed in. Also, I may add before it starts to consume the area where my creativity is actively in a release of tension jotting down my thoughts, this moment here dear reader is the part where I say thank you for taking the time to read this. I have but one dedication to declare, everything I do, I do for a... Fuck. Maybe she's the cause. No, no. That's just the crumbs the alien is sparing as I'm writing this, I can confirm it is indeed the bastard and not my little one. Sorry love, and the little one is her, not the plumped liquid. Though I wonder, why must it attack my creativity? As I decided, like all things to seek answers from none other than yelp reviewers about my situation. The most trusted sources in the world are the ones raved by a 1-5-star score, are posted in mass hordes of people who sit on a throne of a toilet, and while excreting what has been in their mouth. At least I hope this is chewed, just not my thoughts please. Here are some of the commentaries,

“At first glance, WTF! How come it's big like this. it brought me back my nostalgia; Tower Record. The place that I spent hour by hour, day by day listening to the free music...” -Paboon.

“Amazing music store. Very friendly & helpful staff. They have a huge inventory of pretty anything you're looking for. Highly Recommended !!!!!!!!!!!” -Bill B.

“If serotonin was a store, this is it. That's what I felt when I stepped into this store. I was instantly transported to my childhood. And while I was not able to experience vinyl records and turntables in my childhood, I was fortunate enough to have experienced CD players, cassettes, and DVDs. To this day, I still prefer to buy physical copies of movies and music. Nothing compares to collecting these tangible items and owning it so that one day you might pass it onwards. If you have an old soul like me, Amoeba Music is your home away from home.” -Terry L.

Now I get what you're probably thinking. They added "Music" in front of my condition. Quite ridiculous because the only sound is nonstop Chuck E' Cheese ticket munching. I won't argue with the quality of mainstream music nowadays because these are elite and credible sources, I even added their names. And one of them used "Serotonin" which I forgot what it was like but anyway this is science. If this *Naegleria fowleri*, yes it even has a last name. Can invoke such as some of the sources might put it, "nostalgia" or "friendly and helpful" even relating to "old souls and transportation". Then maybe this thing isn't so bad after all. But again, why are my thoughts fleeting, and why is my head scolding hot. I decided to take one last look at web MD. It states that the general appetite for a fluid such as this one will dine on, is in fact a wondrous imagination and pure creativity! That's not what it said, it said "other bacteria", but I refuse to believe I'm that much of a menace to society. disassociated? yes. Clever and capable bending reality? yes. Being able to change on a swindle and charm on a whim... y-e-s. Oh... Though I may fit the criteria for being labeled as a "bacteria". I needed to justify the unknown and get to the heart of the happening, as well as alleviate my stance on my label on society. So, I decided to interview *Naegleria fowleri* myself.

Here's what the xe, xem, xir, xirs, and xirself had to say.

Me: "So, what's going on here?"

Xe: *Gargles* "Breakfast."

To be quite frank with you dear reader, I have absolutely no idea what "breakfast" is. I had to google it. I have no memory of partaking. I called the last known individual who could've sworn I had "breakfast", but I have no idea myself what is truly going on here.

So here we are. My thoughts are fleeting away, words as well as core memories are becoming more vacant. I'm turning into a vessel with tiny cavity Air Bnb's residing in me. Though I would like to take the time to relate this fascinating happening. I feel as though the pink matter in my head is a house on a hill, perhaps the Malibu hills to be exact. Hidden and tucked away by a private trail, inside containing all my precious artifacts, my life's works, and pretty much every single culminating piece from different rituals and pyramids climbed and slid down from. I have nothing to boast about, neither nothing to hide. Though the personal museum of such things holds a dear place in my livelihood. A core foundation, existence, something that would surely be the tipping point if it were all to just be stripped away from me. The end if you will. And so, they say, "As seen on TV" slogan goes. I did just that. Well, would you look at that. A 0% containment fire is blazing his amazing power over my residing mount. I never when to barber

school but I can tell a worse hair cut line from a good one, and this one is sporadic as F#\$@. I don't know whose gardener this is, but it seems to be mowing in my direction. So, the proper thing to do is like any American with the wealth of a corporate, capitalistic, flashy ship of an image I must maintain. *Cough. Wheeze* Giant! I said it, not me, I take credit, as well as contradicting myself. *Puckers lips* I put my sweet American ass to the mini bar, pour myself a slushy induced hangover and put my Cinderella fitting foot down. Of course, I will say the following, "this is the last straw, or, I'm putting my foot down for the last time" even though I've never stopped after a pedicure in my life, God forbid I make a dent, or pierce a hole in my sock. I am not about to give up what's rightfully and lawfully mine. "America."

Anyway, the steps taken were this. I locked my kids in their rooms, I never called my wife back, and I then started to profusely walk naked. Preferably in front of my artifacts. Yes, one last nude show before the inevitable happens. God. He will come down and turn this Satan fire in a different direction because my house is better. God. And then it happened, I thought everything was over, Lost. I embraced myself and then my Rolex Daytona worn by Paul Newman in the film "Winning," which I bought for \$17.8 million at auction. I begin to make out with it. I could then feel my estate rattle, I closed my eyes, and I could make out a familiar sound. Multiple metacarpophalangeal joints banging against my front door. Like a caveman whacking his neighbor with a dinosaur bone. I felt it. Firefighters stood in amazement at my disposition, declaring that I needed to vacate the property, leave everything behind and take all life and flee. I then smiled, hairy legs apart. Slammed the door, and then waltzed my way into my state-of-the-art vinyl collection as well as an antique record player, also bought at auction, no not Paul Newman. I adjust the audio to a modest full blast, gently stroke and tuck the record in the player. I play, The Roof Is on Fire by Rock Master Scott & The Dynamic Three.

Standing erect there I was, doing a little shimmy, dance, pop. The Amoeba started to magically happen. I am in so much pain, I got hung up on.

Quiet discomforts tremble

Quiet discomforts tremble in my head with ripples at incalculable heights.

I think about what we've created. I think to myself.

I've created this alone from scratch in my youth on paper, year after year.

This is my golden ticket; this is my plan.

Unbeknownst to my unzipping subconscious behavior I charted a course with rudimentary design for my older age.

Blurry names and titles, broken clocks, and one too many leftover parts.

The important ones were stripped away yet built entirely anew.

I don't understand what forgiveness would mean to me yet it says nothing.

Experiences mean nothing. Once forgotten.

I think to myself, what meaning can go at great lengths to oneself.

Not understanding meaning, but the unequivocal universal answer of feeling.

Have I reread and deplumated one too many times to know how this course charts?

I try to apply a dream induced-indeterministic approach only to collapse like a star hoping that it would act as an example to my universe.

Not this way but another, at random because planning would only break me, I see everyone.

I'm not in a particular role, I'm not hungry, I have no effect but I drew out the chaos.

I'm certain that in this state I'm good to go. Accessible. Stolen? Made. Strayed.

I know prior, surprise me without meaning. Surprise me as if I was the first. Surprise me like the way I surprise.

Quiet. Discomforts. Trembling. In my head. What is new anymore?

Glittery ichor

Practically dangled

began the story.

Then my mind smashed a briefcase over myself.

Might as well write the first act

well, no wait.

This is shared

how dark are we going?

Does it have to be dark

Why philosophical, must it?

Life has been greener lately.

As much as I'd want to begin

I'd like a drink in your atmosphere.

We have all the stories in the world

what's going on in this one right now?

I felt your thread today my read heart

"Better things fall together"

as you said when we first met.

PDA in the terminal

TSA let them play

PDA in the terminal.

Movies say

PDA at the terminal.

You're on your way to Paris.

Republic

free of royalty though they bow

reckless

was last night's phone call.

4am drives to LAX

anticipating every text

from you till you land.

Till you take off

I could picture it.

Ticket it

making out

at the park called Tuileries.

Cliché photos of the Eiffel tower

or perhaps we paint the city in our new found perfume.

TSA don't frisk me

just let these lovers kiss freely.

Layovers suck

just my luck

to catch you from across the airport.

Shout your name as you're standing there asleep.

Rise up!

Elderly lady, don't get a hold of me

no one's safe

coffee lines don't wait.

Out of the way

I'm running.

Balancing over luggage's

tip toe domino effect.

Can a heart be this filled?

PDA in the terminal.

TSA let them play,

PDA at the terminal.

Here to stay,

PDA at the terminal.

Wait in your layover line my baby.

She's anticipating.

Hasn't risen yet

in baggage check

speaker says,

play that lovers playlist.

PDA at the terminal.

This lover is determined.

All across the floor

drop all your things

mother I have a thing.

You run too, who knew.

We'd happen this time again

at a terminal.

Where goodbyes are always cold.

Yet we have a freeze frame

hold you up

spin you round

take a bow for the crowd.

Drum.

Drum.

Drums.

Strings.

We'll spin and sing atop that mountain I took you too

when I buried the old me and kissed the new you.

My lovely

Hello my lovely

although you are on the other side of the country

every day is a new day to test an opportunity to create.

Remember when we had no idea of these human beings

these attached things latching on

whispering rights and wrongs

were they ours?

Unscented flowers

like senses, I haven't used my nose lately

but that was before you saved me.

Opportunities are like lost souls

they pick and choose who they see is destined to receive.

Implanted ideas

clever remarks

did I mention I see you and your beating heart.

I won't get carried away

we got through the rough part

the tough part is I hope I can see and write to you every day.

Stimulating and insightful

I swear I see you in your forehead's eyehole.

Perhaps my favorite kiss

we have been drums and strings

but this is the best thing.

Close your eyes, never know what it's like to hide again, receiver.

Giver.

Infinity teller.

My love for you has no loose ends.

Every night is treated like prom night.

Though I never went

when I'm with you believe there's a heaven

and then I realize that we're its creators.

Give us a name

staple us to this game

our own terminology is future civilizations astrology.

Consistently

forever seen.

The stars may never be for the humans but the lights within our lives shine so bright.

Morning star

kick me out of purgatory.

The son of the devil they once told me.

Go create another planet

white walls and a hammock

5D panoramic for me and my lovely.

Oh

hello my lovely.

It's time I told you something

I've been sleeping all day wearing your sweater like it's my only clothes.

Know that our relationship will never be a job

money isn't real

but I swear with these ideas

they're the real deal.

We can do anything, go anywhere.

We are everything, we are everywhere.

En Garde.

It's funny, life use to be so hard.

Remember those senses

the ones we never tested?

Now full unlocked

not bounded by any clock,

no more visualization

no more precision manifestation,

religion.

To tell you truth

I've been feeling a little forgetful.

I don't remember who I was

and boy was that eventful.

Never peaked back

and though the past will always find ways to attack

future selves.

We bottle them on corroding shelves

for others to drink our worries away.

They slave the day

it's okay.

They chose this way

as I choose to live each and every day

reminding you.

Hello my lovely
it's time we drive a way
and see the country.
Worlds kind of small
Picked-a-part planet.
No need to dream when we can happen and grab it.

Hello my lovely
I see that you see me.
I'll never get tired of our discovery
my friend.
I give you this reminder
I see you
my lovely.

Subtle vanilla

Subtle vanilla.

It's subtle vanilla.

How can I forget that note of you
subtle vanilla.

It's subtle vanilla.

A note I put to dream
when I was thirteen.

Soothing like the fresh forgotten memories.

Paralyzing moon-mares
dressed in cashmere

I'd lick melted cacao off your back dear.

Flee with me

this sinister kid

he knows your scent.

Biting the cuff links and kissing your hoodie
scouring every perfume in the city.

Sweet winks of reality.

Lavender hugs sent you to sleep while vanilla kisses made him dream.

Holding you close till death
while the world around us ends.

I found a new scent to give you

I miss you.

Casper murdered a tree
quit stalking me.

Jealous of what you're staring at

solid as those marble statues.

Are we to ramble again?

What is your plan?

What are you to do

when she answers answer you.

Psycho.

Polo wearer

why aren't you biting me.

Forehead.

Eyehole.

I'm breeding honesty.

Brushed my teeth in that sweater you gave me.

you remember the letter

and the words that saved me.

Happiest version

I'm just a reminder

we were always meant to be this way.

Never emotionally drained

forever 3am insane

reciprocated energy.

Lovers love language is quality time

good thing we learned how to make it.

Lovers love language is physical touch.

two lovers and infinite infinity stones.

Let's see what world can we create

when we sit upon our throne

interstellar.

Repeated words

be the one to hear it first.

It's subtle vanilla.

How can I forget the note of you

subtle vanilla.

A note I put to dream when I was thirteen.

Don't ask about my scent.

I'm all yours and only yours

senses and all.

Just know that I use no perfume

I excrete what I consume.

Passion, love, and art.

Those hormones you give me too

no need to put it in a chart.

My scent knows you're here to stay.

If American psycho had a motive

and stoner was a poet

could the invisible man smell too?

Lavender hugs sent you to sleep

while vanilla kisses gave him dreams.

Holding you close

till death never do us apart.

While the world around us ceases to exist

the human way.

Honeymoof forever

Honeymoon forever.

Moon happenings

they say it's just a phase

they're counting up the days.

Never utter forever

it's human child's play.

But when I'm with you

body brushing

frozen touching

you love me.

I remind myself when I'm alone

drain my seed

you took away all my needs.

When I'm with you

Futures so close I can grab it.

Extension let me have.

When I'm miles from you

I scream so loud

I see you.

Can you hear me

face so close to mine

do you see me?

Blood boils when I'm not around

I tease me.

Rainbow why did I let you go
I should've followed you home.
Pictures don't mean anything
colored keys
why didn't it pick me.
Letting lover suffer
inhibiting fix
sick gimmicks
a craving.
I'm always hungry for your soul.
I'm crunching with your eyes that's pulsing.
Hold me tight
while I swell up your life
ecstasy state of mind.
I'll show you what I make of mine.
New chemicals
new brain and all.
For my love
exchange it all.
For my love
my sweet adventurer
I included you.
Factored it
self-sustaining endorphin thing
I was called pretty.
Brandy is pretty
she doesn't need to see the bottom thing

to know that I'm real.

Mixing is our expression

and physical touch is electric tension

stare at me.

If you forget

I'll stare out at you.

Out on the highway

lighthouse and all

honeymoon forever.

Dance till we fall

creative psychosis

diagnose us on the sidewalk.

Indoctrinated psyop.

don't need a visa to say

forget this planet

It's filled with aliens magnetized

only to capitalize

on the notion of repelling

to bully the nearest thing.

While I bled and drank own my blood

buckets overflowing

transfusion veins always showing.

Searching for my love

never stopped searching for our insignia.

I'll go crazy with epilepsy.

My mind used to cave and

now it threw a hallelujah.

My passion cuts so deep

she always tries to beat.

maybe it's for the best that I say

I use to give more.

I use to give more

when I didn't see enough.

didn't feel enough.

Pieces didn't teach you

hello and nice to meet you.

Leave out the door

tough luck when you're so in love

what more to want?

Nothing.

It's nothing.

It's everything.

Giving is freeing

this feeling.

She reciprocates what I fully give

what she fully gives.

I've lost my head.

I don't even think.

We don't even think.

No need to think.

I don't even acknowledge that I used to be scared.

I use to be scared pouring my all but I hold these words close to heart that

honeymoons are forever.

Moon happenings
they say it's just a phase
they counting up the days
never utter forever
it's human child's play.

When I'm with you
blood is gushing
biting and hugging
you love me.

Prepared to mix
listen to what I say
let me guide our way.

What she needs is trust in me
when she's far away.

I am so close.

Grab me and let's have extension play.

When you're so close
I scream so loud
earthquake sounds.

I see you.

Deaf in your ears
eat shit fears

do you see us?

Blood congregates
we meet us
after rainbow tears.

Be careful if you buy that necklace

I'll ask you to marry me in bed.

Engaged in a van

the priest will be a puppet hands.

Steal a rich friend's surfboard

or simply taking that vintage boat.

Back to Europe

mix like minks

rugrats in Japan

Insignia.

Pick us up in the south of France

honeymoon forever.

Orange tree

Plucked off an orange from the tree

I'll go ahead and take two

one for myself and one for

Lover.

Lover.

Lover.

Squeeze that vitamin C.

I know our mixes are all we need

when you're far away

open up your organs

and tell them brandy will kiss the pain away.

Pandemic.

Don't divide us with plexiglass

it's giving me an anxiety.

Cares about my disposition

you remember

bubble wrapped

neat as stacked plates.

Waiter, oh waiter.

do you see that?

That bear that wears a cardigan sweater.

Writing to you in the dark makes sickness feel all better.

Fingernails orange-stained purred buzzing in my brain.

This will be the first time and the last time that I won't be there when you need your vitamin C.

Two days of freedom

but for this moment now operator,

let me kiss her through a letter.

Different time zones

two lovers

two kisses.

Don't apologize.

Regardless of the planning

optimism is something I'm always handing.

We may not know what this next week will show

just know that our future is brighter than ever.

No optimism needed for this picture to solidify

fresh squeezed orange in my eye.

Lover.

Lover.

Lover.

I know our mixes are all we need.

When you're far away

open up your organs and tell them brandy will kiss the pain away.

For now

lover lie down and drink that vitamin C.

Buttered batter

Oh buttered batter, how you stir that thing.

Like mixed emotions you invoke in me

I come out and are set free.

Reminded circles

I'll always start what I know will close.

Happy point

will be the new unexpected ones

that rise when you're with me.

Bread gluttons

we bake each other.

I'll eat whatever you give me

draw ichor, we sing lover.

Lick this batter of my fingertips

the ones with paper thin cuts no more.

Heavy intense

nothing surface

let's have some fun now and forever.

Whipped yogurt tummy

I fantasize us making fuel for these mortal bodies.

Having mixed in the process

what a rush

a kink

these drizzling things.

Keep your spin intact for now
my rising
I'm pouring you with rich stickies.
I'd give you every hickey
my rising
we're rising.

Legs locked around my waist.
Hands throwing everything out the pantries
Milk rushing down your chest
white with pure white that of yours
my paleness subsides.
Blood flows now
fertile olive skin
lab experiments
we're not our parent's kin.
We're meant for each other
always and forever
my eyes show when I kiss and lick the points of your breasts.
All the sensitive spots my hands can't rest
I won't tear your skin
but your nails do cut deep.
Lick the ends my love
know what you're really getting in
5 pounds underweight thin.

No pictures please

people will starve if they see we're what's real.

Clothes have soaked up all the food we poured

let the skin hug what's grown

matted hairs

loud drum and string stares

my rising.

Mixing here

let's steam the shower

show our power.

Grunts, moans

monologues and poems too.

my rising.

Step out of the shower, cling to me

and I'll make sure we'll go to the balcony.

Close the blinds but feel the wind

no one's allowed to see our naked skins.

On to the couch

TV loud

chaos all around.

Take you down in our library

enchanted table

fated spells

circled, spiritually-curated us.

Circles.

My only faith is us

it's always been.

Read me a quote from a book within arm's reach my love, you're on top of me.

Rising.

Rising

you can never come down.

Its time

it's time for the spine.

So elongated

capitalized extension.

Let me complete you by connecting what's mine to you.

I'll hold your head, your hair.

I'll hold your legs so you know I'm there.

Ankles bounced off backs of legs and butt

you're Pangea's tree when you're hair spreads.

I'm your roots.

Let's just stay in this position.

I might want to see your face again.

Would it be weird to scream each other's favorite kids' names?

Cleo.

Calvin.

Cyrus.

Cleo!

Calvin!

Cyrus!

Dangerous troubles, insanely insane.

Never making the same mistake our parents made.

We were never mistakes
never guilty ones
just expected ones.
Stripped all those out the door we did before we grew into each other
infinity ones.
You do know if we bottled our mixed sweat and sold it
we'd be trillionaires.
I'm jealous by the very thought
keep it to ourselves is what we'd do.
Trains pass me by for good luck superstition
die in each other's mortal bodies
before we rise in white walls and holy musk.
Bottled by generations after us
further establishing the faith of us.
Cycle stoppers or new cycle starters
whatever it is we do
we're parallel.
My love for you is never stagnant
never stale
do you think each drop of rain tastes the same?
They say snowflakes take a different shape.
When the humans replicate with paper makes
repetitive lines and a broken record
our grandfathers would clink to that.

DNA double-helix

My rise

leave out the sunshine.

Never setting

we connect like past life lines

paralleled.

When they see it

Inter-linked cells

I can feel it.

My rise

going back like reverse slides

through time

propelled further.

Changing each other's minds

child's play chasing

celestial tethered jump ropes

kinetic transferred heart strokes.

Zipline to me baby

play the game in one go

no quick saves

risky foreplay

we'll always edge our kid's name.

Constantly in my mind

never chasing time

spinning around

circled dance

strip our clothes

neverland.

We'll never land.

Meet at our bridges

mix like it's the weekend

or every night.

Like

every time you're on my mind

your name is my favorite nursery rhyme.

So attentive nose noises

gets my attention

my helix.

I just want to see you rise

like a DNA double-helix.

My rise

laugh at the sunshine.

Moon dreams setting

past life lines connecting

bought my childhood carpet

come and get it.

My rise

give me those across the bridge looks.

Scientific

needs no showing

don't look down

let them look up.

Proof.

Hey roly-poly

Hey roly-poly

there is no edge to be pushed off of anymore.

Bones break your fall

bruises break down

thrown fear still sticks around.

Hey roly-poly

seems I fell too

next to you.

My pink blood.

Can you see my blue veins?

I need you here with me

can we do that for each other?

I don't know what happened.

I let go and fell down.

I'm here now can you hear my sound?

Covered eyes and ears

let kisses circulate.

Waterboard fears

Suffocated mortal bodies

this compressed simulated tongue endured abuse.

I thought that this was love.

I thought that what they showed was enough.

Oh
why does my best friend cover me up with her clothes
dress me in makeup
stitches I didn't know existed.
Blood that she licked
healer one
things I can't even think of ever doing.
Being someone
staring at the human in the mirror
and not knowing who they are.
Time alone is deadly
like far interrogations
one-sided mundane fatherly, motherly
psychological espionage.
Unaware of the conflict
we were the targets.
Our youths forgotten memories
yet we had our souls
our souls made sense when we were there.
Here before
white wall of our own
a safe zone parallel.
I cried out a spell
we'll never be the same and I'm okay.
Let me explain before we roll together

don't mind the weather

we're all we need.

If I told you our beginning

would you do it over again?

If I told you there's spaceship

would you fly in it?

If I told you I saw Cleo

that we created her and made the shoes that stepped on us go away.

Double-helix.

Would you do it?

Would you do it?

Remember?

Remember.

The only thing that's insane yet feels so real

the only thing that's real

it's this.

Hey roly-poly

it's brandy.

Chardonnay, can you breathe me?

I'm the one with the brown everything

tobacco-leather

no smoke screen.

Tattooed pale white horse on my chest

finger guns hidden.

My greasy hair

your bed-hair stare
favorite colored danger zone.
Have you seen the universe?
Pack your botanicals
and pink carved wing tattoos.
I have the poison
and you have the desire
let's circle around and set the daffodils on fire.
Make them resistant
forever imagery-projected prison
for other travelers to see.
We caged them in their own purgatory
it's called hubris.
The ones our fathers and mothers clinked too
they can show the rest of the world what it took to be me and you
roly-poly.

11/11

Happy birthday, I exclaim!

It's the only time I keep forgetting its context, but can't refrain from saying its meaning.

These numbers—how tightly jotted have they woven us together.

We never praise them; they praise us for finding the happenings to share. Their only purpose is timestamped reminders.

Every day, 360 degrees, full circles.

Possible combinations pertaining to our specific happenings, be it limiting if we exhausted them all, but we make our own circles. The numbers tingle and jingle when they are said aloud.

“Remember me.”

“Remember this time and our happening.”

Overlapped timestamp, what limiting system humans flee from, yet it is at our beck and call awaiting orders.

Fascinating what circles do, the human systemic ones.

Seasonal.

Calendar.

Solar.

Lunar.

Entire galaxies are built on the foundation that orbiting is safe, and boundaries are in place for us to push and explore.

My Seen

Our infinite, entire mobilized galaxies, never stationary, always in motion.

Circles, “Who are you.”

Circles, “Let me remind you.”

Circles, “I have found you.”

Circles, “I have never left nor will ever leave you.”

A thousand and one times I see you.

A thousand and one times, granted protection, I will consume the discomfort and regurgitate its beauty. Coordinates based, let’s find the pretty.

Coordinates based, let’s make stories of this unimaginative space.

Create.

Our soft moans set the stones for other worlds to be built upon.

Descendants erected sculptures all for our ever-loving pleasure.

Personalized museums, never encased or hidden, seen like a safari. Let the animals be reminded of their place.

Ego left the door; this ecosystem is our home.

My love

Stars explode, solar lights die slow, black holes void trespassers, and finger snaps splatter consolations.

My love, you look at me and reverse the things that used to haunt me.

Stars give off light never to implode; suns-recycled lost rays, black holes see the vast beauty they once rejected.

Big eye.

Consolations are our paintings; your satchel and palettes, interstellar appetite to make.

My love, though my words will never cease to run out, they will never amount to the importance of your worth.

The woman whom I see with everything who reads me, don’t forget me.

I will never run out on you.

Spit in your mouth

Spit in your mouth.

Swirl me around.

Kinky in public

it's not an assumption.

Drum on my lips.

Violin action.

Playground attraction.

Schedule a date.

Insanely insane.

Zip.

Zap.

Double-helix circles the ground.

My rising.

Burn all the daffodils.

My parallel.

Cleo maker.

Ichor drawer.

Web of things

Walk with me

In my spider web of things

precise thoughts

I'll tell you the hand that holds the strings of my heart

no recluse caves.

This is a figment of art.

Laid out chaos

organized veins

paper clippings of a certain name.

Screaming rubber tire, it's screeching

skidded road

I hear for whom the bells toll.

My eyes are set ablaze

my ears feel like bleeding this fear of the day

working and slaving away

shaving the time when I'm supposed to be focused on passions and you

they're one and the same anyway.

Do I sound insane?

I want to be there.

I want to provide care.

Cliché shoulder to lean on

no sad emotions, just artists feeling a dream on.

Fly, my rising

you don't need to dream of that sky we wished on miles away

did we even see the same?

I know in my heart we did.

My soul belts

cries, stared possibilities

show all your new friends.

This is where my childhood ends.

This thing breathes in me

reminding me

always of now, never of then

are they paralleled to me?

Mounted achievements, are they parallel to you?

Why can't I write our magnum opus?

It's all I focus on

can't wait for you to share about your overworked day.

should I sell my signature for a couple of checks?

Let us get by with zero regrets.

I just want to be near you.

Will my grip skin you?

Fear of the day

the one that bleeds things in my ear.

Options

Show me my optimism.

I know in a year from now, we'll play halfway house.

In all our houses mixing creativity

stomp cement-splashed puddles

loathing and mystery.

You are the white blood,

attack the right love.

Captain skipped delusional

Captain skipped delusional

dove straight esoteric

the only rational anchor that supported his case.

For the intrusive thoughts,

tore at the sails of his serotonin gusts of optimism.

He scribed no originality on this one

an already drawn up map will do for this whirlpool

a left out migratory way home.

“What’s the most thrilling thing you’ve done, the most exhilarating thing?”

I can remember your answer on this one.

As for me, you’ve heard of all that could ever be

the ones that would alleviate my fulfillment of life coursing death.

Yes, this acted out melody

a flash of amnesia to be experienced again and again, the plucking from Prometheus has more uncertainty than this recital.

Jump ahead towards the end is what’s remembered.

A look or two at you

and I knew that the end is soon thinning.

Unwinding.

Melting.

Dwindling.

Are there more words to describe shrinking?

Distraught

skip, skip, skip

hazy glazed

surfaced tensed

the only smart vocabulary word I swindled through chemistry.

Cashier slammed eyelids

let my salty fishes' stream down like young Alaskan salmon.

Emotional home

look at me now

and there he is

having to use words again to convey how he feels.

Trying to explain

we bypassed originality

it is now a sheer conglomerate of sentences.

You know what?

I changed my mind.

I would never let anyone who's crossed me explain themselves to be heard out once more.

Better yet

if you're not in my life anymore

your very breath is something I'm the least interested in.

I'd rather give the microphone to a bum who shot up heroin at my wedding to take the place of my "best man speech" than someone who claims to have grown up with me.

The more sentences said

gets recognition

or is it just one specific word?

Regardless

my attempts will be made full in both departments.

I remember not having to write any of this down.

I remember

not just because I could never live without this moment anymore after having experienced countless times

you don't even have to ask you just know that I'm in misery

You look at me and I look up to you

and with a kiss like the romance books don't say too often

you wash away the affliction

deity stunted workings

my very cardiovascular system can and will not function unless it is authorized by your eyes.

As I'm praying that I crash so I don't have to leave

let the gate forget its sensors

to crush me so I'm decapitated

and leave a ligament or two on your shelf

or maybe one to take with you everywhere.

My head does spin, yet my mind asks itself

how long does it take to completely drain the body of blood?

And is it easier to be a vampire to do it or can it be done via poison?

Because if poison solidifies, then is the body drained or is it clogged?

And if I were at one point referred to as poison

why haven't I bitten myself? Or am I in the process of....

And then I'm a bad person. Because my thoughts only chip what my mares tell me.

Pink chardonnay lips

Your pink chardonnay lips

I think that's what I'll call the space between your inseam

the space where pockets long to meet.

That middle space, grab brandy's stout

am I too proud to title myself?

Perhaps that's something you'll have to do

when you come around, as above so below.

Veins that pulse after pumped full

replacing old with new, always erect.

You'll see the one that comes and stretches sunbather on top.

Elongated to the very end

Zeus' lost lightning bolt that strikes and breaks to branch and extends.

I am the one who stole it.

The one that'll produce its own heartbeat inside you.

Long neck, my truck of the ringed tree

you'll see our past lives before thee, circled memories.

With every slow rooting, stemming my way inside you

or give you me all at once.

You'll feel the very breeze that leaves dance too.

As for my head, chiseled, smiling pretty cap of a thing

If my long curly hair that you told me to grow out

could show you what I'm about.

It's that the ends of my hair compared to my head

is uncanny dimensions of it.

My pink head is like that of the ends of Poseidon's trident.

Look to the imagery of a harpoon with ends that pull

all three tips of these creating ones. Round, pink, capped thing, full chiseled.

I never plunge, you'll have to mold to me, our fiery kiln.

Multiple tries till I stretch your shape snug right fitting with me.

Do it for the first mix and let it rest know it'll never be the same shape again.

When I pull, my edges will brush against your fleshy waves from within.

I don't go under the water waves, I break right through

part the water, my mind won't faultier.

When I strike, it'll always be twice.

And have I forgotten, that end tip with a slit, a bident.

That shoots nectar, ichor.

The very one your throat will be accustomed to consuming

ever-changing flavor, you'll want to savor.

Niagara Falls in your esophagus, flooded oceans in your stomach.

Acids settle, your morning Dramamine.

Hold on to such recipes, my love.

My amount, your mouth, always overflowing after every bout.

Let it drop from your creation

and with your eyes, show me who's your creator now.

Rattle upside down

Let our house rattle upside down
cling on to me like a pretty chandelier.
Sparked plugs
electrical wires
blue and red veins out on the deck.
Hang on tight
this is right.

We'll be fine
let the waves roar as they erupt
Touch our calloused feet.
Distance ensures things
second wind high
run with me on dry scorch ground.

Sweat-friction
clenched hands interlocking.
Pulsing exclamation marks
when something is daunting
I'll always trip before any finish line
so people know that you won.

Cleo St. blood oranges
let me park it
I take her to see a favorite artist.

Walking like we own the town.
Signs shout about a failed version of what our art is
our jokes together
horseradish
tap dancing hoofs
cuts himself for sauce.
I'll never draw ichor like that again.

You make me whole
joy cry on the way home
better than crying over things that'll never come true.
I know it's always me and you.

We're not far away from the edge of the universes
reminders like churches repeated verses.
Advancements made
trust is gained
what a relief.
This is fine
numerology on our side.

Cocoon of uncertainty
it's not me
swallow it whole
consume this unborn child.
It'll burn awhile.
I'll never be your rival.

Never been surer about anything
head in the clouds
3rd perspective typing what's around.
Souls belting your favorite sound
I can't feel my heart when I'm with you
it's dancing with yours.

Inside a ring of fire sun
looking like an eye
the veins in whites need appreciation too.
Everything I do, I'll do for you
hang on tight
this is right
there's nothing that'll not be fine.

Wind rushes

Wind rushes forward like a freeway entrance
merging lanes or colliding on my skin on tops of this balcony.
I'm the one who now stands and looks up out far
mind full of nothing
blurry lights down below that I will never seem to recognize.

Trains of doubt

they call louder now.
I thought I'd be in 15 counts
now they're telling me to jump down.
It's always when you face forward like the schools that rush in head first and break your mind
last.
When it becomes noticed
eyes of my past lives chugging drinks and eating popcorn
with their versions of you.

It's always been you.

This is the hardest line yet.

Great manifestation.

Swords and wings are for show

is it hard to take a hand and walk through pried open doors that I've already made.

Farm animals and their respective purposes

I can tell you my selfish thoughts

the ones I've been craving lately.

Posterior probability

withheld distributor
until now.

Beam to a crisper

Beam to a crisper.

Hot edges

your waist cuts my hands.

I'll always burn myself

in between

read to me.

While I get profusely hotter

rub against my skin

flip through pages with your wet finger tips.

Our personal bookmarks.

We cooled slowly once we descended to the earth.

Began hot enough to carve into the world like a red glowing knife

as we dove into the atmosphere faster than sound and light.

We've been cooling as to not melt the whole world around us

make it more comfortable for the earth to accommodate pieces of God.

Yet when we reunite the flame burns brighter and hotter yet again

the fate of the world rests on our shoulders

we edge closer and closer, filling one another and drawing closer yet.

This is how the universe comes to end, and yet we'll outlast it all.

Thumbtacks that held up our letters on the wall.

Lover's prophecy

the writer always typing about

the actor browses history.

Segments and fillings
unheard of intermissions
the planets colliding against one another
edging closer to this end of this people's republic.
Buckled-halt pit-stop
mix in front of the aliens that alienated us.
Eyes aligning with mine
there's no one and everyone around.
Putting down pictures and films
glass falling off
combustion of fleshy water bags.
Watercolors we look down upon
we laugh.
I'll always catch the drops that fall from us
use it as lip-block
kiss you with sheer immensity.
Grab me where I like it most
don't mind the capitalized I
X's find a way to turn to O's.
As below so above.
Cover your parts with my ink-stained hands
no imagery will be objectified by humans any time soon.

It's funny, if together we become God.
We aren't divided, we share essence when we kiss, split ichor, even lock eyes.
Nothing is wasted.
We constantly transfer ourselves back and forth between our two bodies, we are one.

We are everything, invincible together, creation down to the very last atom.
Mixing is unmatched pleasure, and we've found a way to do it without even touching.
Let me drink you, from cuts, and most importantly, your soul.

Besotted.

Mortal blindness

we have every reason to poke the bear of philosophy.

Our wisdom is uncovering mystery.

Adventures of one tale with two heads

mushroom tea breaks every morning and night.

Butterfly effect

wrinkling reality is what we do best.

Stomp Hades and Persephone

move over risible wannabes.

Chardonnay and brandy

mixing till eternity.

Sprinkle.

Sprinkle.

Springtime.

Ambrosia

my only medicine I'll bag and intake.

Seeing you tomorrow will kill fate's doubt.

Brilliant positioning

Your brilliant positioning

reaffirming my personal existence

your truth kisses me authenticity.

Your face is collapsing.

Surrender melts, let's bleed onto documents once more.

We never hurt during our escaping

bulging veins forget what is being transferred.

Ramble like drunks, headaches in the morning

at least we'll start and complete.

Surrender melts, lets pool onto the cold marble floor.

Seep the very foundation that shakes your home

the very foundation that he speaks between your ears.

Let me murder it for you

if you haven't already.

Rotting corpses cracking is the only sound you truly hear in whispers.

Thudding body, I wonder if it's hanging or if it's being nibbled upon the titans we created in your bed?

Drip to the floor

no foreign blacked out collapses.

I feel like a real person for once

surrender.

Speak in pictures

we live in poetry, surrender.

Art tries to mimic us.

Past lives, present or future.

Wonder if they're not directly but indirectly.

We walk around with the stains of God on our fingertips
fingerprinting ridging material matter
flecks of plasma.
Ichor consumption like baby birds
we could never drown in our pool of happening.
The days you cry and look at me
I hear your innards percolate through any underpinning.
Realize that when we breed unsteadiness
head bashing, oozing unreliable commitment.
Cowardly disposition
Forearm-gripped pull.
As above so are you.

Watch as we submerge deep within spectrum innards
only to break the dome encased by humans high up above.
Amounted paralleled, parallel me.
Surmounted invincible conquer.
My favorite romance novel
pale white horse and all.
Thoughts of remembrance
run towards the edge of the universe to see it dip into null.
I'd do it all over again for you.
Remember me, remembering you.
Plump fillings, grunted eyes, universal spheres.
Our windows are within our hearts.
Geometrical orbits, incalculable
you mean everything to me.

Your eyes fertilize my skins surface

and at the same time scorch it.

Participated nourishment of our colliding worlds

you're healing it.

Breaker of shells

Breaker of shells.

Crack me open, revealing my genuine self.

Be it so that I will never falter

lay my knees before your altar

pour me ichor to drink.

If my mind ceases to think

and days end weariness provokes conscious recalibrating

forcefully pluck this question from my head.

gentle rubs between the brow

recovery cycles

deeds of constricting ends

or but recovery cycles.

Repeat your mysteries to me, woman on fire

I clench the subtle yet infinite instances.

Recite the booklet

speak trance through my very tongue

block out more human love I have shown

in this existence.

Mounted achievements

unparalleled to you.

Watch me as I smile.

Watch as my oxygen bags give and take me higher.

inspiration that bleeds copiously
sparkling circles
elemental atmosphere all around.
Keep my spheres within their respected head
wrinkling the perspective of others
surrendering no longer.

Casting tears on our nebula-tethered umbilical cord.
Surrender.

Drum and strings
parading things.
Woman on fire
you masquerade while you dish out nutrients to only me.
My life's on the way to you
already shown and circling
wake me up while I shriek out in terror.
Keep your hand on the back of my neck
Held positioned
keeping a moments rhythm
synchronicity that of we already spoken of.

If needs reciting
let our hearts have a play date in our playground bed.
Shivering down your rattled 33rd.
Close the curtains, crack the glass window open, let a little air in.
I dress you in my impregnated scent

filled but never full.

My love-heaping passion is full.

Birth an egg or a full-grown titan

a winged serpent or a god on all fours.

Plucked from a finger or pushed from creation

wrapped my tender head

your motherly instinct

surpassed of earthly.

My attendance be with you guardian

in physical weakness

and when my brain eats itself.

Watching this happen

the question is real

does life pause when I don't look?

Absurd.

You are the only way.

My one path

walking you is my greatest sin.

Vivacity

Vivacity.

Swung from the bangs of a once exiled abyss

her eyes are like an exodus

no white messiah.

You are the narrator of your own wrinkling,

gazed upon spectator

perceived monopoly.

Could it be

my nude availability?

Is she feeding too much from me?

Charm in her smile

I'm judged on my sculpture

it isn't forced

but when the wind punches internal bleeding,

I feel a prize solidifying inside.

My uniform is a ready

sexually tailored

bondage and blades

is what she asks of me.

Almost conditioned in a way

men and women

narcissistic standards

appropriate sanctions.

Progressive regressions

why can't foreplay just be simple
and for love to bring indefinite orgasms.

There must be another way.

Perhaps this way.

Symbolized vibrance of peace I carry
if it's not enough then I'll take the ferry

sail away to Europe

obscurity, I'll drown you at sea.

Stay away from me.

Anthropomorphic kidding.

Kill the god to become God.

Adventurer

stapled code of ethics

quantity over quality

passion makes it whole.

Wrestle nostalgia and cremate her while I'm still alive.

Village idiot

but he sees right through the eyes

of what lies in front of him.

Staring back at the perspective

from what it wants

proceeding overrides thinking.

Pick up the thing that draws blood

and let it derring-do.

Vivacity.

Our love has no capacity.

My mind is a teeming creeping thing.

Give me a second

is this a confession?

help me lie here

remind me

of our circling.

Tell me everything is perfect

and that I'm worth it.

I feel the weight of my love's capacity at this very moment

my only component

vivacity.

When will you come to me as I run to you?

Time will tell when you choose

vivacity.

Hanged projector

Hanged projector

lecture me about my hearts vector.

My skins wear is callusing

every word you say to me

I feel my armor getting stronger.

Though I pick at the flesh of my lips

till it gets raw

tender flecks of short-term nourishment fall before my lap.

On this nostalgic drive home

why is it that I'm with you

thoughts of missing you congregate.

Distance

you can tell as I hold you closer

you tell me the day that isn't even over.

You grab both my hands while we're lying in bed

lights and walls spinning in our heads

I think we'll do this till we're dead.

I think we'll do this when we're dead.

Erected frames placed ahead of a hallway or an open maze?

Twirling around at the corners

preconditioned corridors

we've done this before.

Faith and certainty have always guided me

it's like this leviathan comes

he's speaking in tongue

revelation.

Manifestation showing Cleo is the one

dreamed remembrance

advertised publicly.

We're so enviable and glamorous

the counter-intuitive hand

forcing manipulated, hearts constricted.

I place my hand in a triangle to look through the eye hole.

It's both of us.

parading around in this simulated world.

We scoff at the persistence

advances made in our direction.

Crippling atonement

initiated arguments

instigating turmoil

comedy over drama.

Laughing masochistic siren.

When the mechanism is the innate understanding of the code that impregnates the subconscious minds of the unsuspecting, folly be upon them and their clenches that so try and lasso us.

"Don't feed the animals."

We tame their wicked ways

our personal manifestations about to burst

like the animals.

Those gluttonous scavengers

in lieu stopping when it feels divine.

Let them pop with all their wickedness before our feet

no judgment given

scraps be scraps for the circled filthy humans.

That concludes the lesson for today.

Bleed for me

You speak

don't bleed for me

even if I recite all the words in the dictionary.

Don't bleed for me

even if I think the thesaurus isn't complete.

Don't bleed for me

even in my stifled hearts contemplation for serenity.

Writers composed

imposed observation of words that can describe your identities relation that can brush at your perfection

at least complement your direction

I'm sweltering an expression.

My rising little one you say

after I remembered you

I took notice of all the things I do.

Mountains collide

putting down ravines that bleed away.

Capture the essence in the smoke

watch as they evaporate

you contain all the molecules.

Encapsulate

you're the catalyst that invigorates their desire

like atoms that split

causing their respective reaction
you intercede in me this inkling.

This absorbing magnetic array that strips me of all that is trying to hurt me
like someone who steals another's heart
you take away the pain that I didn't know that put me down.
You treat me the way that I should treat myself.
Even if I don't feel like I could do it.

If I tried to paint a picture of the abundance of you
I'd be an inflated believer.
profusely bleeding for you.

Mixed in heaven

After we mixed in heaven

descending upon halo winged steps

my rising little one.

You said that there was one last thing that must be done before we left this floating-spherical dandelion head.

Seeds dispersing its gravitation field

the one-sided magnetic pull.

Hooks dragging its counterintuitive souls to the grave

I thought I was responsible.

Our post-mixing

wrinkling reality

exposition.

Ramble lectures

circled adventures

I can't stop

I'm insane about you.

Impregnate you with transcendental ideas and creativity

paint while I'm inside you

from behind or up in the air.

I'll write along your spine or even on your chest

I can't help myself when I kiss and bite at your breasts.

I'd use your milk as coffee creamer.

Maybe I should give you Cleo for Valentine's Day

I want your ichor.

I long to create a puddle in my mouth

and just let it all fall over your pink chardonnay lips.
She can bathe in my ecosystem
gods spring
swallow her up once again.
Caress her with my tips
finger painting or use my tongue to brush at her like an artist would.
I want to collect all that she gives me and use it as arts extensions
my finest work from the source of all art
everything.

Don't spread your legs ever
keep them as tight as you possibly can
fuse them together.
You might get tranced and filled by my spiritual essence
the feeling of me poking at heart.
I'll climb my way
past your elongated spine and knock at the brain's door
your chemical chambers.
I control your moods now
hormones and all.
Sex in the morning
release encapsulated endorphins.
Press down on your lower stomach
constrict me
close me inside you
surrender.
I long to hold your plump stomach

our first heart

my little one.

After we mixed in heaven

descending upon halo winged steps

my rising little one.

You said that there was one last thing that must be done.

Head held on high

deliverance.

You're so alive

deliverance.

The only real that can be seen by the blind

descending those very steps

a child.

Arms wrapped tight around your neck

my descending little one.

Key stroke punctures

Key stroke punctures

in bed with my lover

I write to you from this salivating state held up by the pillows.

I picture you fluffing them

you whisper in my ear all through the night

so that I can wake without time.

Be it my turn to reciprocate my rambles and paragraphs

bring your morning to dawn dream

surrounded by our teething books.

We'll indulge in the day

clingy intentions in the middle

savory delight at night.

Through our swift and skipping un-circled routines

spit on flagrant time

I admire how we never took upon earthy things.

Bewitching and usurping

the sheep that neck on our pasture

index finger one and I'll make you see it combust into none.

Never born of myth

never sought by man

the greatest divide.

Still think we're alive?

I take glances at you now
my eyes soar over the world like an abstract painting
I'm reminded of our 5D when you're with me.
Awareness-presenting
never devoid
we create our own suicidal meanings.
Canon.

Restless night, excreted delights
I long to constrict in your sheets.
Pool made puddled liquid, see it fall into my mouth
let organisms grow before your eyes
hierarchies and ecosystems within seconds
my pearly whites are galaxies, and order to these new found things.

My parallel
I created life in my mouth before your eyes with your body's ichor.
I wonder what happens if I used the liquid contained from within.
Hormonal elements that you get when you look at me
my words do arouse and stir up like one brain halved mixing in you.
Baby
swallow what I created.
Tilt my head a little forward
provide a stream
down from my body or my lips a slide two halves of a whole mean
it's the right thing.

Consumption of art

only to regurgitate cycled pent ups

I know of a scrupulous path

I put you in my mouth but never chew

I talk to you.

Use the cartilage wings on your neck held planet

center of the universe's holes

listen to what I say.

Show our meditation

I just know

just know.

one day we will be together again

someday.

Horned dreams

Horned dreams

they buried me.

After we mixed in heaven

descending upon halo winged steps

my rising little one

you said that there was one last thing that must be done

before we left this floating spherical dandelion head.

Seeds dispersing its gravitation failed

the one-sided magnetic pull hooks creativity

dragging its counterintuitive souls to the grave.

I thought I was to be responsible for the corruption.

I can't remember

I can't remember from a medical standpoint

as to whether a knife should be taken out quickly or gently.

Is it to be taken out at all?

Has it grown accustomed to me and I to it, will this be my permanent reminder?

Could it callous, should I name it?

Will it be seen by the reflection of my shadow when the sun casts down on me?

Disorienting

like the bunking of heads on a low plane

if I'm not careful

would it not allow me to lay on my side?

Mocked sundial

I wonder my colors

I wonder my setting

my adapting to my environment.

Mustn't forget the knife be fully coated, corroded that is.

Medical truths dissipate when it pierces my skin

I am the corroding being that looks upon my skin in the mirror.

This hollow shell

nay

a vessel that all religion wants

to be a regulator of harnessed moods.

What's the make of it when you are the one infecting the insatiable circle.

Dog night stars

My inexpressible dread

I have awoken before the chanting of my prolonged awakening into the reality that I have declared and deemed absurd. My internal cavities pull in the chemical elements of my forced surroundings, they pull but they rise the bags within me and within this very second, like sails blown by the winds I'm directed to suffocation. Even when I am in full speed ahead of an exhale.

The only thing audible are two things at this hour. My overstimulated statically-gifted mind after a good vivid rape in a dream, and the drops that create a pool at the end of my nose's tunnels. I can hear them form and fall like the inner workings of a moist cave, clear echoes, ring out of my heads wings that take in sound, now dispersing them.

Like the after-morning showers

I am the arachnid that flees from its intricately built home. I might have the keep the blueprints now in order to survive this life. I sought shelter under a roof of this strange hostel and I kiss my host with my generous nod-an expandable gesture of recognition to his hospitable recognition for my unannounced entrance at the most conveniently inconvenient hour. The receipt is left on her skin, my hot skillet left-over meal, I hope I'm not overly gratuitous especially this early.

My vascular system zips like flailing electrical wires; my hearts coating is feeling like it's being unnecessarily sanded down by the blood that decided to not pump during R.E.M. sleep. In hopes of jolting myself awake as I clench my fits like red hot irons to fend of the inner workings of creativity, I tell myself I don't have yet get visited by you in the closed lid intensive. My pelvis's extensions pent up liquids deserve to welt the outer rim of a toilet right about now. As I brace myself from a somewhat warm place to a somewhat declining temperature place, the first to take notice are my feet. They are like porous sponges plunged in freezing puddles. I mop the floor at this hour with them, they were once dried up nestled little things between sheets, now they send shocks up my legs. I believe it's the only reasons socks were invented, for temperature-incompetent before dawn people.

Nothings more chilling than the rusted or crusted lid gloss. Not the kind that streams down the ones that run down, no. The ones that smear across in your sleep, you seek to wipe away with the ridges of digits against fertilized salted skin. Like a rake at my cheeks, I stretch the pores from the roots. I excrete them for dryness, hanging towels seem far-fetch in a hurry depending on the amount of time allowed, squeezing one till it gets dry seems logical in my mind right now.

The seen love of all my lives begins to make turned rising noises. I hope she won't be upset by my lack of candidness throughout the night, she's concerned for my health and well-being. I did not sleep, nor do I remember being awake. I pulsed emotions here and there, and I wish I was paid to learn at this hour and not slave away at another job for other humans, little humans. I already babysit enough people in this life, my once owned home, chiseled into a marble crib. I am the great big hand in the sky that tickles and pulls heads, and positions them in cubicles, warden?

I mute the alarm clock before it strikes for, I have beaten it with my all-time record, a nightcrawler. I think I will make energy to eat and provide myself with a drink of brown beans and read something that I wish would take place, just not in my life. Perhaps I'll be a spectator. Isn't that where they take you? Books I mean, or is it the words? Drawn out sentences, time fleeting activity's, ostentatious bookshelves, I guess I'll try to know what that's like to memorize, someone else's life story. Just not my own, my seen lover will remind me of what significance I amount to, if she existed. If I existed.

A particular chime

A particular chime

When your spheres within your stemmed held planet look at me

you gaze upon my behavior, my expression, my moment and happening.

You are the sun and moon that orbit me if I were the center of your universe.

The one that tells me that everything is alright in your atmosphere, you are safe, wake up or rise asleep.

Direct communication with my creation's creation.

I can tell because it rings harmoniously in my ears

both entrances to be exact.

It starts off in the highest pitch and then levels at a mid-frame of ethereal balance

like a held breath underwater while capturing a picture

or the pressure of making an entire crowd proud.

You only concentrate on me

you get my blood high off of sheer eyes rolled back expression-blackout bliss

it's you.

I can always tell when it's you that looks at me because I see no one.

The glares try as I walk tunneled, once faced down now face up

in the company of directed duties, accepted quests.

I forget where I am but never in the moments when you are beside me.

We are about to merge into one God

right before you initiate

I remember a point where I felt like I use to be the one to initiate.

That I had to provoke the thought and contradictions
that inhibit our mixing abilities at the appropriate hour
though we can do it for generations.

I always take ownership in the pent-up releases
before we have said the words that really get me going
“I see you.”

My ears still ringing
your looks are sharp like the hips you’ll bear our children with
the only finger cuts I’ll accept as I grasp onto you.

Mixing aside, your eyes my seen love, Initiate a particular chime.

Amplified, you send a particular chime.

I can believe in the unseen when you stare at me
and until I take notice
I hope that you know this
the sun and moon have made a child
and it’s orbiting me.

As I orbit you
sending you this amplified, creations created, echo of time.

My faith is you

I haven’t prayed in a while
you say I don’t need deliverance
when I’m on my kismet expression.

Seen lover, existing in this resisting

everyone's an absurd gazer just busy wasting time.

You have the monopoly of me since the dawn of time

I notice because you send me this particular chime.

Ringing in my ears, wrinkling, couple glass never-ending cheers, budding heads clink.

Rising ambrosia coming out of my ears

my ears are fine, stringed ethereal balance.

Like a blood high, overzealous geometrical frequency.

Do you know what you do to me when you look at me?

Captured frame, like doodles on a steamed window

your eyes are like pointed fingers, directed

just creating my world.

I'm not afraid to fly, I'm afraid you won't hold me down.

Grab on for dear life, edit the things I can never get right.

Originality will try to sue me for actually creating something because I'm for once I'm happy
and new and it's all because of you.

Nothing matters! Everything's so amplified.

My seen love, swing from my grapevine of veins

electrical shocks from a hot summer slide

satellites for ears, I'll take the compliment when I can.

Hear that chime?

It sends morse codes that you're mine and I'm yours in our amplified.

You initiate the wrinkling of my mind

bending the gravity of your spine, particular chime.

Come home and amplify my life this way.

Ethereal addiction

Allow me to be your ethereal addiction.

The one where you don't wake up with forgetfulness.

The one where you don't jot down past mistakes that make you spiral to even worse ones.

The one where you need more just to feel enough of it the next use.

The one where you don't use, the one that comes to you, that comes in you, building inside you.

The one that whispers a message that you are and have always been good enough.

That you are and have always been bestowed to worthiness, proclaimed, and decelerated by yourself.

Spend the rest of your life showing me that I'm not only your ethereal addiction, that I am yours, and that we are one.

That we don't have to spend the rest of our lives playing nice to the outside.

We will always say how we feel when we don't feel.

We care not by the expressions trying to deface us for we are the representers of this world.

We break boundaries but also enforce healthy checkpoint crossings.

We will never break our backs for work that isn't entailed to alleviating pressure, like cracks between our vertebrae, the good kinds.

Our physiology is designed to be one, to be the ethereal shot, and to scribble love letters on crumpled paper and make our wedding rings.

Master's desire

I'm not running, I swear. I just closed my eyes for a little while, that's all, and somehow found myself here? I still feel the anchorage pressure on my right leg as I try to massage it thoroughly. It's gone beyond numbness; I'm stinging with sea urchin-like needles from my hamstring to the tips of my toes. As for my veins, at the beginning of this journey, I felt congested. Like Los Angeles freeway-packed traffic, yet my veins' distinctive color, over time on the surface of my skin, tells me they've sunk deeper, leaving behind trails of a once-flowing ravine, now extinct. Feeling in my butt disappeared a while ago.

My hands are calloused from taking turns holding onto the steering wheel. I prefer my right hand to take a bullet for me in any scenario, whether it's driving or other scenarios. I'm just goofy that way. I like my left hand resting at the 8 o'clock position on the wheel, on my left leg. There's a dent on my left leg now, right along the top of the knee. I do recall there being music, though that died long ago, not the music but my phone. As it's charging, I roll down the windows to hear the sound of a car, driving at night with no other vehicles in sight.

I kept thinking to myself, "I remember driving this long before, I just haven't the clue why this road is so straight. Who made this? I know some roads have twists and turns, but this one is as straight as can be." I've been driving for close to 7 hours now. I did get out once, but it felt like a very rushed fever dream. I stopped for gas, as I'll probably do again. Though this particular gas station was empty. I'm pretty sure it was closed, but when you're on the road with hundreds of miles separating you from the next civilization – and by civilization, I mean two, maybe three, if you're lucky – fast-food chains, a rest stop, and a well-monopolized gas station company, you stop.

Luckily, I came prepared for my expedition. I decided to pack a well-stocked lunchbox for eating purposes, bottled water for drinking, as well as caffeinated cans, and pretty much my whole apartment tightly packed in a 4x8 U-Haul tow. My tiny hybrid Lexus got hitched; that must have hurt if it could feel, though towing was a breeze as my car hauled this thing. Every now and then, I would peek at the rear-view mirrors, clearly going over the towing speed limit, to see my haul as straight as the road I'm on. With all that towing comes empty gas tanks. This closed gas station was eerie. Eerie in the sense that you'd be the one to go outside in any horror movie when you clearly shouldn't.

I was compelled to, for the car's sake and mine. I wasn't thinking. I was a hamster on the wheel who had just gotten off, hit with a purpose that there is more to this journey than straight lines. I immediately, without thinking, opened my gas tank and hopped out of my car. I checked the price and made sure no phishing scams were happening with the credit card reader. I swiped my card and put the nozzle in the tank and let it do its thing. Soon after, I spot-checked around the

vehicle to make sure lights were on and everything was tight and on point. I gazed directly at the convenience store.

“Don't go in,” I said aloud. The bathroom direct dialed me, and I needed to go. I walked over and heard the mush of my tracks imprinting the ground. I swung that door open and stood there.

“What an odd creek; they should use olive oil.” Without asking anyone, I directly spotted the restroom sign and made my way in. It was gruesome, with stains from everything but bodily fluids splattered all over the walls, and the stench of everything atrocious on this earth was contained in a DIY-made ecosystem here.

My nostril hairs fell immediately after my nose disremembered itself; I won't be picking that up off the ground. I washed my hands with mud water and ran out of the bathroom. No one was in the store, not even the cashier. I wasn't interested in buying anything, but I did look around. I looked at my car through the window. A horde of tweakers surrounded it, and my gas tank was filled. I rushed out, completely disassociated myself again from reality, back on the hamster wheel.

“You're not real,” I said to myself a couple of times out loud. I looked and sounded crazy, but I ignored every comment and attempt to ask about my whereabouts. I looked like death driving a tow about to collect lost souls in the back. I unhooked the gas nozzle and placed it back. I wanted to hiss so they'd back up a couple of feet further from the only car in existence. I opened my car door and jetted out of there.

My cat had been staring at me for a solid 33 minutes before saying, “You really left me in here back there.”

I blinked. Twenty-eight hours later, and two weeks have passed, I found myself in a new state and city. I've never been here before and I took it on a whim, based on what the movies portrayed it as. Clearly, the early '90s was the peak of Seattle. I'm foreign to the history that built this character, but that's what everyone tells me. “We're glad you're here, but you're 31 years late.” I'll be honest; the past two weeks were enjoyable. I haven't used my car much; transportation seems like a breeze, and everybody walks. I definitely tackled some of the more touristy areas my first 3 days, but now... Well, everything is unpacked or in *Home Depot* boxes being used as makeshift dressers. Furniture will come as time goes on.

I have a mattress set on the floor with no frame, because I like it that way. I created a couple of apartment complexes with the number of books I brought with me. I did try to create the Burj Khalifa once, but the cat knocked it over. Oh yeah, I did not leave the cat in the car this time. He's adapted well. He's by himself these days; he's not very used to that. I guess I'm not either. I guess that happens when you move to a place completely without thought or knowing of anything around or about it. I know no one. And that's okay. I do say “Hi” and “Hello” or

“How's your day?” and “What's going on?” to every single passerby I see. I get a ton of luck with the homeless people, but they can't quite carry on a conversation as well these days. I do it anyways. It works differently; everything's remote here.

With the more changes I'm picking up, I really don't give myself a chance to feel what's going on. With the weight of a new environment, I'm used to a particular pace, and maybe I've brought that over from where I'm coming from. I guess we'll see. I've been finding myself alone at night, with limited thought and decor catching up to make it feel like home. I guess meaning will be built on its own. I have no sense of reflection; I'm merely a forerunning head-butter, optimistically inclined to not understand the checkpoints of my day but to accept them and go as far as to thank their happenings.

Over time, I have been stripped of my expectations and reasoning for landing here. I have been completely swept from under my feet, not to be caught by anyone but by whatever safety net of fortitude I've constructed. But even then, my safety net has allowed everything to go through. I question, just because I say it's there, does it really mean it is? What mechanism have I devised to allow me to approach each day as though I were invincible to my surroundings? What inhibits me from saying, "I know what will happen; there's no need to repel it, because it will go through me, and I will be used to it." I've now stopped running, I swear.

Early dawn glows

Your early dawn glows.

Your cheeks are like the sun,

if it were split in two,

I can't recall if separation of molecules

or the fusion of atoms,

which of the two is the greatest in creating creation?

It's you.

If I'm your bubble-wrapped boy,

let me stick to your body

like a cellophane girl.

Cover you so the words of my writings

can be seen like subtitles on a screen,

like chalk to a blackboard,

penmanship tattoo.

Our scribbles can be heard,

if sound was audible in space,

then my beating heart would echo

like the collapsing of every star all at once.

Your eyes twinkle in the dark,

stick to you like cellophane.

It's you.

Everything will work out its possibilities.

The more memories you receive,

the things you believe,
hold close and never think twice to deceive.
Empty rooms of locked doors,
look at the hallway paintings
constructed out of your pursuit,
picture framed, embroidered,
imprinted rug-trailed directed motions,
a map of the past, future.

Where do you go to look out of a window?
Smash the glass and finally reveal yourself to me,
while everyone's stuck in their homes,
their upbringing labyrinths,
further ticking maze built foreign sleeping quarters.
Run down the suburbs dead end,
run while the sun kisses the back of your head,
and the echoes of things behind locked doors,
behind false possibilities,
will never cease to meet between your toes
as you run barefoot towards the things you believe,
and away from those that kept you from being free.
When memories are deceiving,
stop seeing.
Close your eyes and stretch this thread to the other side.
I'll catch and reel you in.
It's me.
Run to me,

finally free,

you and me.

We're home,

your early dawn glows.

I need you

I need you

like plucked rose petals
gliding with the wind
before proclaiming their love
for the floor.

She loves me

repetitively repeating
my decorated love.

She loves me

even in the elapsing of dates
she's my breathing room
when the space is getting hotter
and my waters moister is thinning
like my skin.

Her spit gives me life

her scent is my delight
like flickering fireflies at night
speaking guidance in my fright
as night terrors rape me
and I begin to cry.

No lies in her eyes

right through my dirt of my existence.

My mirror paralleled from past lives

I need you

after time stops at the dotted line

I will see you.

Between the space

I fell between the space where the rays hit window panes
and reflect flecks of a scattered rainbow.

Gracefully, like the fairies with wings retracted
who decide to skip like the grub with limited use
of their own decor.

Harmoniously, like the imps who don't cover their tracks
in fright of that of which is unseen,
a friend that tries to catch up.

Or like the forest beast who hides
for his world view surely declares him a national treasure,
and not a frightening wicked face
who splurges on already spoken claimed land.

I fell between the space where the rays hit the window panes
and where reflected flecks of an enterprising collective rainbow
makes besotted, cliché, innuendo trotted, by the eyes who see it.

I have fallen between or therefore the outer rim,
I have seen the time lit guest.
Perhaps encompassed by the outer rims accepted harmony,
a witness, while they skipped notes unaware
of their mark harked position
for a microcosm of an appetite to appreciate.
Like an extended spit web sending bubbled resources
to its lover, I have wrinkled a language

to a reflective view of an inaudible stand still exposed
even inside the shell of a comprehensive format.

I am a sedated deep-sea trench far too kind
for the un-claustrophobic, never bearing witness,
to a vacuumed pulled expression such as you.

I have seen you.

I saw you.

I will testify
and lose my mind.

Flabbergasted before,
shot in the soul,
your only addicted audience.

Repeated relaying,
teller,
missionary impression.

I have seen the window panes that reflect constellations
of a pictured rainbow, godsend bestowment.
Surely the anomaly has chosen me for once sending you to me.
I see thee.

Window pane cliché

Not much of a window pane cliché writer,
though I do admire the deterministic dots
and their sparse placements.

With their reflective rainbow orbs, if you're lucky.
Perhaps the dissent of one, maybe two creating streaks,
as it paves its own way downward
or collides with another to form a bigger snowball.

Rolling down a hill my homunculus.
Either its streaks pick the orb apart
or make a direct path for other ravine caught trinket dots
to fall along to.

Droplets in the bucket caught soon,
to be an ocean is way more of a cliché
than the little orbs' journey to make a bigger sea,
after fallen from a tight nit cloud
in the expanse of the sky,
compare that to the ocean,
I'm just a fish out of water story.

Devoured labor

Your shriek proclaims the forthcoming
of your species' nocturnal ritual.
It is a reminder that yet another night
will come to pass,
and with my eyes set on you,
I will not fall into the slumber
of the string-hung moon.

Your gracious span,
I could only see the fibers
of your wings chirp
while the rest of you remains silent.
You listen to me as I listen to you.
We are positioned linear of each other,
as you swoop to take your advantage over me.

Blinded by the only glistening light of the street,
you rest upon your post above,
tucked away hidden by what's bright.
An aurora envelops you.
You are a pendant unseen,
a watcher, an accurate risk-taker.
Spotting insecure rustlings
at the turn of a head proves you are in sync.

No one knows what's coming,
and probably will never know.
You abide by a hunter's rule of life,
keeping itself fed.
I am the watcher, a scout if you will.
When the estranged associations begin to flail
like the flickers of a flame,
waltzing about in the shadows
of the walls I encapsulated in.

A need of disassociation,
a desperate need of wanted procrastination.
Timed with the witching of peculiar hours,
A nighttime high of leaving my consciousness
tucked under my pillow,
Stepping outside away into another dimension
where the play of the hunters and the hunted ensue.

A ritual I will never cease to sway my eyes from.
A visual of you anointing me,
as the referee, an un-interfering, silent god.
Watching a master at work.

For the judge.

Blistering beautiful thing,
I see your hands sown with cuts
that sting of what the next day will bring.
Damned in your pessimism,
your enthusiasm for new beginnings
fade with each laugh you see from me.

Grateful to embark on such exquisite journeys together
playing house as summer turns to Fall, our little
isolated bodies.
Jolt to and fro around the kitchen,
food fights and making love like minks.
Never to separate,
our souls intertwine, and unwind as my optimism comes to play.

I listen to you as if I was in the wrong,
our quarrels fester and rage havoc
as the sound flurries around the apartment,
streaking paint off the walls.
Tired and upset, our words fall into a vacuum.
Sinking deeper than any wishing well,
I wish we'd just stick to XOXO's.

You, blistering beautiful thing.
At this rate, we'll both be at zero.

And then we won't mean anything,
even in new beginnings.

Before the sun

Cry before the sun comes out.

Woke up this morning,
decapitated my head.

Woke up this afternoon,
boiling house plants.

Woke up this evening,
bathed in a pool of red,
where the hell is my bed?

Am I dreaming?

No memories of the past,
consciousness unzipping my faith,
sewed my vitals,
eyes are the only way I breathe.

Edit what you see,
wipe your memory clean,
and think of me.

I can hear you breathe.

The way you look at me in my dreams,
I'm running from you.

Separate twins,
hospitable milking my everything,
this is how I lose myself.

Milk tasting like expensive wine,

what did God say before he sent me here?

Bet on yourself with a knife in the back,

I'll pray you have friends up there.

Aggression like this,

not all flames flicker the same,

your idealization bores me.

Allow ideas to come at a point in my life

where things just blip in front of me,

I can't always solve it.

Now I'm entirely not sure whether I was careful on this one or not.

I'm going to put myself out there

optimal chronicle.

Manifested myself

Tucked away behind London fog at night
a kilometer away from Big Ben
lies four trench coats at Queen's walk.
Having set up the perfect time and weather coordination.
They saw it fit to entertain the mark
and score for what their hearts desired.

"Alright, hand it over," Demanded Kowalski.

It was a pair of twins
without any blemish of differed distinction.
They synchronized and spoke in broken sentences
each starting and closing after one another.
Two bodies with one mind
they made synchronized swimmers look amateur.

"You, Wouldn't--Say that--To your own--child now--Would you?"
Millie glanced at Kowalski
and quickly frowned back at the twins.

"Professional ransom requires particular etiquette, wouldn't you agree?"
"I don't. Hand it over so no one gets hurt," snarled Kowalski.

The twins in unison started to hiss
then bark, then back to hissing.

“Foolish imps --Your ignorance to the obtainment--

Of such a value--blinds your reach--

In which you sought—Us--to perform.”

In unison, “We are the providers!”

They both stared at each other in disbelief

this was taking far too long

they should’ve been back at headquarters minutes ago.

“Look, lets refresh our agreement.

The money will be transferred into your account

upon our entry back to our boss.

You will receive a direct deposit into each of your accounts

as agreed upon. Less might I add

if you keep us standing here a second longer,” said Kowalski.

“We’ll double it if you provide in the next minute,” added Millie.

One of the twins started to make croaking noises

while the other spoke.

“Feast your eyes upon the unadulterated power of it.

The ability to alter the state of matter and perception

the ability to take down entire nations.

The ability to make God run and hide

you cannot put a price on that, with bribes like yours.”

He then started to make croaking noises

as the other twin had stopped and then spoke in turn.

“You can’t have it! You won’t have it! You can never-”

Kowalski charged at the twin, taking him down.

While exchanging punches at one another

Millie grabbed her taser and leaped onto the once croaking twin.

Before keeping separate skirmishes

they then all collided into a great big war.

Balloon swords came out

as for tasers were useless against rubber.

Kowalski and the twin hopped onto the rail

that divided the pathway and the river.

Millie hunted down the other until boarding the London Eye.

They all started to fence one another.

Loud roars and cheers came out of the fog.

Until great big splashes

the sounds of two heavy weights plummeted into the water.

“Millie are you okay!?”

“I’m alright, the twin fell! How’s your guy?”

“Beaten,” yelled Kowalski.

“Give the score to a lucky boy then!”

Kowalski then took a pink balloon dog

under the coat of the twin

and handed it to a lucky audience member

who watched the show with amazement, and laughter.

No.

You're better than that.

I was rooting for you,

what happened?

This isn't you.

Why did you push away that time,

strayed far from the center of our universe now.

Your words spoke louder than your silence,

and I thought that was love.

Seattle

This coming in part of the exploitation
being received every thought of existence
or the constant reminder
that my physical and mental fatigue
a Puget graph that seems to have no end.

My condition has brought me to several coincidences
as well as a really explosive hyphenated rush.
My ability to adapt to an environment at a moment's notice
intaking so much, and quite literally foreseeing all probabilities
and improvisation I'd have no way of backing off from
what I choose is the right choice.
I'm willing to learn my right
even if the survival rate comes in below
my ability to not take notice at.

I've been having reality dreams
the ones where you spend entire existences
exasperated brain releases
the ones where I scream in order to wake.
Often psychological thrillers
partaking in my daily occurrences
philosophical brushes with nirvana's blister bubbles.
Fuck, does my apartment have a nice roof deck.
Exploited.

My car has rent due soon.

A serial dream has occurred to me just then.

My local Ballard elderly who happens to be my bnb host
just had her funeral.

It was in a black box, quite contemporary attire all black
with those smug turtle necks and of course a chair
its back towards you, newspapers sprawled on the floor
and an ashtray that you swear by the sound
its pine incense burning.

Before Kubrick's "eyes wide shut" orientation begins

I remember the before.

Pushed into a car along with locals taking it to downtown.

I was asked.

Is adaption and exploitation the same?

The human condition expanded like taffy

you see it getting thinner

the materials look as if to snap, yet

It goes.

Wrap around the earth or touch the moon over.

Why do I always get up?

I always stand up.

I stand up after I get knocked down.

Forget Camus' myth.

When can I get knocked and not flail like a bobblehead
to stand proportional again?

When, for a chance can I be down, and stay down.

Perhaps when it's time I can get up
and my own demise.

What cycle is this for me.

When is it time to get down and stay down.

I know what the view looks like.

My work here is done.

I'm living off of disdain and grass.

Being honest

I never thought about the concept of “being honest”

or what it means to be honest.

Whether it’s with others or yourself.

Speaking of others, it seems that it’s the very idea

that others will throw at you when they feel like you’re in the wrong.

“Be honest with me.”

As if they want to hear the honest truth about themselves.

And when they hear it, it’s not “honest enough”

or not the lie they want to hear.

Being honest with yourself or others,

being honest to themselves,

or both parties simultaneously being honest with each other

at a current moment.

I never understood what that meant, or what strength it took.

If an idea died and a new one is suggested,

if held on to old idea does that mean your honesty

with the new idea being suggested is a lie?

Or are you not honest about letting the idea die

and the new one be what’s honest for yourself?

What does it mean if it involves another actual human person?

Someone you love.

The idea of them and then their idea of you.

Your idea of yourself and their idea of themselves.

Honestly, “honesty” or the idea of it, the individuals who strive to be honest, reap the reward of being superior to a lie even if means of survival are jeopardized.

Never go down the wormhole of your existence and the upbringing specialized courses that allowed you into society are a lie.

You have no control what you were programmed to do, you’re just not given enough courage to be honest with yourself.

Then do you live a lie?

Living an honest lie, that this isn’t your true self.

And that the person you love whom wanted you to be honest with yourself hasn’t even been honest with themselves.

So, when you hear all the honest lies of your choices, your ideas, and you feel like shit.

You revert back to a new world and think that maybe their lie imposed on me is what I need to be honest with myself.

Realize you are being honest with a lie, or maybe there are no lies, and all we can do is strive to be honest, even if we have no clue what we’re talking about,

taking ownership of oneself.

All the shit we say to others is just us taking out our own insecurities,
and if people believe the stuff we say out loud
and they decide to take it to heart like a loved one.
Then why am I on the same chapter with them?

In this part of life, why does it seem that we break apart in chapters
and not in entirely new books.

I'm sick.

Are we not prepared for that, mentally or physically?

It doesn't have to be new characters.

Why does everything have to stem back to a new root,
why can't it be planted on an existing branch
to make an entirely different...

I don't want a reset.

I want a new creator.

I will make a new maker.

Above worry

I am above worry.

As the walnut crashes upon my head,

I begin to feel my unconsciousness unzip, or so I thought.

As the numerous layers of smoke curtain over Seattle,

I contemplate whether it was a good idea to befriend my neighbor
by taking care of their dog today.

An all-black wheezing pug isn't something you see every day,
and that is something I said, to my neighbor upon leaving my apartment.

"That's not something you see every day."

His reply back was, "I know, he's an experiment gone wrong."

We got to talking about the horrid weather that's been plaguing the city,
we thought about celebrating at a local bar,
the city's culmination of being the unhealthiest place in the world.
Due to air quality standards, Seattle has been crowned for 3 straight days now.
Though with the rain approaching it seems some are hopeful for a dethronement.

"It's hard to take my dog out in this weather,
and I have to jet for work in this ghost town."

I opted, "I'm not doing anything, I come from wildfire country,
I can walk the dog for you and drop it back off, we live on the same floor."

He then doesn't hesitate to hand the dog over as he makes his way towards the garage.

I look down at the pug, this poor wheezing animal with a smooshed-up face,
wrinkles all over. Though his skin is sleek,
would make for a good target shampoo advertisement.

We set course outside of the building, not even a couple of steps
under the autumn churning tree, with leaves of crimson red, previously green.
A walnut launched from a husky squirrel impacts my third eye.
I'm stunned, and the pug goes into a frenzy to defend my honor.
I take in a deep breath, and realize that I may be due for a smog test.

"Wow, the air is really that bad eh." Uttering to myself.

I decide to look all around as I feel like I've reemerged from a dream,
and that this was indeed the real world. "Had I not previously woken up?"

I thought to myself. "Was that man a spirit guide
and I am to take this pug to a different dimension?"

It sure felt that way, you couldn't see a couple feet in front of you.

I felt like I was in the film, *Blade Runner 2049*, where everything is just an orange fallout.
Though mixed in with the water from the lakes and Northwestern Sea,
the pigment was an apparition white, pure, straight from the cow, milk.

Every couple of steps I would take, I would see prosthesis everywhere,
the folks in the neighborhood took Halloween seriously,

and the décor matched what they were really feeling about the new implants
that landed months ago. I was an implant. It could be me they're referring to.

A couple more steps further I could hear the whistling of a make-shift bottled flute.
The creativity in this town never ceases to amaze me, the neighbors
take so much pride in their front porches' aesthetic-pleasing designs.

Until I was faced with horrifying bright sanpaku eyes,
this thing was creeping out of the mist roaring loudly,
it even had an elephant trunk of sorts. The pug freaked and started to squeal,
I made sure we crossed the street quickly as it could not see me.

And as I turned around, the only thing I could make out
was a bus, that was converted into a purplish-pink heffalump.
Trunk and all, later to realize that they were in support of the teachers strike.

"I need to go back home; this smokey pug led me astray."

Kill my thoughts

I want to kill my thoughts sometimes.

The long excerpts of air being drawn out of you.

“I wish to swallow you like that.”

You concentrate so hard; I crave you giving me that kind of attention.

You breathe in and out forcibly.

“Just grab me, forcibly.”

I want to tear and throw all my muscles

I’ve gain I our time here against the wall

or at least put it on a plate for you to eat.

I wish your pink chardonnay lips had teeth

so that when I decide that your fed up dreaming of me

I’d throw bits and pieces of me into you.

And when I’m an unwinding ball of yarn

I’d want to slip my finely strung fingers into you.

“Chew me up already.”

You don’t even realize it, but I have been fantasizing.

Every dirty thought you had of me today

is bottled up inside you

and with my dull chewed up fingers

I decide it’s time to open your bottled-up dirty thoughts of me once corked.

With my tongue I work you in your dreamscape;

you encounter waves of shivers and stings.

The climate changes, you begin to feel so hot
your bones in this world begin to stiffen
as your left with a screen that shows
your sleeping body in the real world being unlocked by me.

Your desire breaks free.
My tongues rough surface smooths
as your legs begin to bend into a diamond shape
feet holstered on my shoulders.
I'm not satisfied with anything else
I'm entirely on cue for you.

Your organs begin to flail, wanting orders from me.
I push them back in their rightful place
as I begin to put you in your rightful space.
You can hear my corset tight-laced moans in the dreamscape
you don't even know but you're coming in avalanches that bury me.

This won't be quick and intense, we won't hurt each other
but your pink chardonnay lips had other ideas.
Teeth sunk into my tongue as it rips it off my face
I have no choice but to release my stout
and allow them to urge their seductions.

Your feet un-mount my shoulders
you quickly spread my knees as with the full weight of the plate you just ate falls into you.
My stout locks in with your pink lips.

“I don’t care what you do, fuck me with that kind of attention.”

As your legs wrap around my waist, the kind your hands grab at the sight of.

“I want to kill my thoughts, the ones that desire to spill in you when I can’t break free.”

You pull my hair and whispered in my ear

“I wish to swallow you like that.”

Pit and snare

A ballistic scorching sting on my epidermis
Is just the beginning, of when I think of you.
Hot white lies drenched in summer skies
crowded sour notes when our hearts got close.
We flew too high
Now we burned up like Icarus when he intersected
The oracle couldn't make your paths parallel anyway.
We flew too high
All those sleepless nights driving mindlessly
Pretending to be tourists.
We were the epitome
Of everything that makes up a Greek tragedy.
Unthread the stitches of your lost aesthetic soul.
Come with me and make it in New York
or loathe a dream of fame in LA.
It didn't have to be this way
There's nothing fame can do to make me stay.
We flew too high
Now your creativity is hemorrhaging for free.
We flew too high
Now I'm packing up and leaving you and everything
The thought of staying is killing me
Possibility of missed opportunities will ruin us.
A year has passed, and now I'm the last to hear of you.
You got wrapped up in some bad news

Look at you
Your last words to me are I hope I never see you
Now it's me not seeing you.
It's what you always wanted
And now you got it.
I wish I never knew you.
Because flying too high
Gives us purpose and meaning to
Fly even higher
Even if our dreams end up killing us too.
Be the epitome
of everything that makes up a Greek tragedy.

Philosophy class

I was in my philosophy class and I got to thinking
we're talking about community
we're thinking about all the things that's happening around us
talking about the patters of history and how they translate and rhyme in the present.
Thinking about what it means to be in a community in America
with its spectrum and divisions
or understanding the universal.
But what it means to be a part of a community
Is understanding oneness
even if that's singular.

It got me thinking about my own life
for the longest time
my goal in life was to be part of a community.
To contribute my life for something greater than myself
to give back to those kind strangers who've given kindness to me.
I want to make a difference in my community
and I was in class really thinking
with all the confusion going on in the world
we try to make sense with reason.
In certain philosophers' eyes, we'll never achieve it.
Stalemates and nihilism
but with community there's a common pact with each other.

So, I got to thinking about my own life

can happiness and creativity coexist?

If happiness is bliss and contentment is the nirvana of happiness

does creativity exist in that realm?

Maybe creatively being content with what's around

what does it take to be in a state of creative nirvana?

To be null of happiness and think about everything around me

that's an American luxury or at least a grid of purgatory.

Other countries have it the same, just on a tighter leash.

Creativity is the raw form of happiness for others

but it got me thinking being in philosophy class

we spend so much time thinking about things that's happening around us

and not a lot of us.

So

when I think about community

I think about wanting everyone to achieve and be successful in their own lives.

We're only here once and we're responsible of what we make of it

but when I think about community, being steered toward a happiness and unity for all

I don't believe it.

I don't want that contentment.

I don't see it being that way and it got me thinking

creative people are selfish and egotistical maniacs

and must be caged in a dark corner of an isolated space.

Yet their creativity is the key for a community's unity and contentment

for the while

it's like a Deepsea fishermen.

The deadliest job

they go away for a couple months
once out of the year
and then they come back with earnings.
But what makes the rest of their time?

So
it got me thinking about my own time
and what I spend it on.
I can be the most selfish person
I'm the type that would put a for sale sign outside in space
and sell the world for free.

Why do we work full scale jobs that serves no one
not even our own happiness.

And then when I market myself
and I reel in my earnings
I just want to take off in a boat and stray far away from any community.

My selfishness is my happiness
it pierces my contentment
and I bleed creativity because I am the one who told everyone about myself and not given
anyone a chance to be heard.

I fear they're all the same
if they're all the same
one in a community who would want to hear the same story over and over again.

So
it got me thinking about being in philosophy class
creativity is void of happiness because happiness is given back to the creator by giving it back
again

but what community would do that for you?

what community thinks of you like that?

So

it got me thinking about myself

when I think of myself

I am my true self even if it's a lie.

I wish to be kind to all strangers.

Even though I was just thinking in philosophy class, thinking about selling the world for free,
and selfishly thinking I am one creative happy community all by myself.

Even if it's a lie

I wish to be kind to all strangers

Even if I am one to myself.

Halfway house

I fall where no ground can be met, closing my eyes despite the physical having already done so, I am met in the halfway house. The house resembles a log cabin, isolated by dark green trees, and a dense fog that envelops it like an amoeba, consuming anything that stands between the door of the cabin and the outside world, whatever that may be.

I could hear the fire crackling and feel the warmth it radiated, as well as the kettle on the burner whistling. In this halfway house, I stuck to a simple routine consisting of helping myself to some tea, grabbing a crochet blanket patterned with various eyes with thought bubbles that read, 'You won't see when,' not knowing who was its maker, paying little to no attention to it, for it was the comfiest in the cabin. And lastly, grabbing one of the books on the shelf of the library, novels and assorted volumes, even some dressed in cobwebs and dust. I picked up where I left off, cherishing the words as they unfolded before me. 'To be able to see and read,' I would say to myself quite often in the cabin.

It was a story about a young girl with glasses who ventured outside her apartment. And with these glasses, she was invisible to everyone around her, and everyone around her was invisible to her. It contradicted itself in a way, as she bumped into random figures and individuals who would get hit with an invisible force in the outside world, unaware.

I couldn't quite wrap my head around the concept or the meaning of the next book I picked up; its title was blank, as I retrieved it from the floor. Opening it and skimming through the pages, I found all pages blank, except for one chapter. Though it was comprised of other chapters that were filled with blank pages until the very last page, it had a terse text that read, 'They won't hear when.' I shut the book and immediately drank my tea. I wanted out of the halfway house, until I heard a knock at the door.

The windows were all fogged up, and the door had no peephole. I trusted my gut that whatever it was that was out there sought me as I sought leaving. I opened the door and saw no one, thinking, 'Must've been really dense wind.' As I was closing the door, I caught sight of a weird illuminating light. I blinked my eyes, and it was gone. I looked down at my feet, and a rising impulse compelled me to do so. There, I saw a fishing hook along with a line lying at my feet. I bent down to pick it up, and with a force, I was yanked from the cabin.

I awoke on my bed to the sight of darkness. My alarm vibrating could be felt, as I tried to reach and grab it from its previous location. With my already prepared clothes displayed on the bedside from the night before, I didn't need much action in the morning. I followed the deep-imprinted

trail markings on the floor, guiding me to the bathroom. I used my hands a lot to figure out which item was which before my morning muscle memory awoke from within.

I grabbed some slices of bread left on the counter and some jam that sat beside it. Using my hands to spread each layer onto the sandwich, I took bites and thoroughly washed my hands. Grabbing my white cane, I set forth outside the apartment. The only thing I could hear was the earth eerily churning loudly from within. I went to ask one of the neighbors nearby if they felt something was off. Grabbing her attention, I signed, 'Hear that?' My neighbor handed me a telephone that spoke as I put it to my ear, 'We won't hear when, you won't see when.'

My heart is heavy

Like a stone dropped in the vast ocean
Sinking past the Mariana Trench's depth
Descending to the darkest abyss below.

It melts the ocean floor as bubbles rise
Piercing through the Earth's core, freezing
Slipping past, emerging on the opposite side
Falling off our world's very face.

Beyond our galaxy, it journeys on
Seeking another heart as heavy as mine
Or perhaps, pain's return comes full circle
Descending upon me, and I am willing to catch it.

I see you

I see you

my beloved

I wrestle with our diminishing time

Like the phases of the moon, I resent it so.

I have witnessed it in its entirety

And I expect it to remain that way.

How our love, at first, shone in full glory

Now it's sliced like a baker's dozen

Given away to passersby and onlookers

Just to make the daylight hours pass swiftly.

Yet, what remains is revealed in its entirety

Still, it's not enough to stop me from saying

I see you

Just as much as my lover used to.

Bleed and screw

I sit and let my vision bleed,
Screwing up what I wish to see,
Like the giving tree, I want to be,
My only way to admit the pain inside of me.

This is my path, the only way,
I've already awakened, but I'm in disarray,
In grave danger, I yearn to stay,
I want to leave the elevator before the rooftop fray.

I feel like I've lost everything I once held dear,
Yet, I have no finger cuts to shed a tear,
I'm strangely content in the midst of despair,
Finding solace in this twisted affair.

I long to release this pain another way,
In circles we go, as judgments sway,
I don't hear your drums, as I sway,
In my mind, I'll keep this, come what may.

Until I erase you from my timeline, I'll strive,
To find a way to truly feel alive,
In the depths of my soul, where I'll thrive,
Breaking free from this cycle, I'll arrive.

Baby come home

Let my baby come home
let my little one come home.

With anxiety rising in me
I push it all aside when my lovers in need
she reaches out with pieces of herself
in case she decides to do it to herself.
I have enough of her now
to make her new
but none will compare to the love I had for the first you.

Release my baby
let my little one be made known.

I arrive to her aide
she's nowhere in sight
I am far too late
the bell rings like a wake.
I won't believe it
I won't turn around
I still have faith.
I know my own fate.
I will bring back the pieces she threw
it's never too late.

Bring back my baby
bring back my little one.

I rush and hurry to the anxious beat of my own demise
I check my clock
I still have time.
I check each and every corner
I freak when I hear the wakes bell ring once more.

I hear a call
an unfamiliar voice
it speaks in static but transmits through soul.
I look up above
I see my baby ascending to the moon.
I tether her pieces and climb for she begins stray farther and farther away.
My anxiety is consuming me.
I break pieces of myself
and use it to lasso
it catches her ankle.
As I yank her down
we both fall toward earth
as our anxiety and depression nibbles our auroras
I touch you one last time.
I will blanket your pieces
they won't harm you anymore.
I peak inside the blanket
nothings there.

Your baby won't come back
your baby made home in you
see you soon.

Sun that pulses

The sun that pulses upon me.

The sun pulses on me despite the clouds that erode the morning sky.

There should be no sun here, yet the day I decide to stick my head and open my heart to receive. I wish to speak but my throat forbids it, my mind blocks everything that has happened this past cycle.

“Let him fly with you but you’ll never know who you are.”

I don’t want to be taken away only to realize what I miss. I want to really go away and know it’s for the better. I want to feel and look pretty.

“I deserve that amidst everything, my demands aren’t too high to make, you just don’t see me enough to make them.”

The moon dreams descend upon me like the rapids of a lost great river going down stream. I am to bathe in ethereal fishes. I am to be reminded that my words bring the sirens out. For once they hear a song stronger than their own and dance the night out.

So, I cast my words like worms on hooks, for they bleed like they should, and attract all walks of life. Before I know it, I am in your mouth, inside you being consumed like the food I set out. and in your stomach, I think of tattooing your underbelly layer of skin with my initials.

“You are my medium and I’m out of paint.”

My words stretch like the dangling line of a hook, who’s next? While I figure out whether the next one is a siren or fish. My partner will be as slick as I am, not gullible. I knew who you were, and yet I decided to fly. I now take that same phrase.

“Let her fly with me, but I’ll never know who I am.”

I’ll cast my words and be fine with that.

Your sex

I don't want your sex.

I want to tell you what I think your word means to me.

My whole life I've seen hate feed upon fecundity, in the traditional sense and literal. The history of their insecurity preying upon submitting creatures, they use the words like "Make love." to inspire a sensitive shriek to want to make love to their partner. Others will use the words "to fuck." or "I will fuck you and you will like it."

"I will put my finger in your mouth, and hook you like a fish, while I gut the inside of you."

They have no one to belittle and to project to, they take it out upon unresisting creatures, thinking they like it. And to procreate thinking that it's a shared agenda, the transference of their past lives onto an unwanted child born in suffering circumstances to a creature whom has to do everything in order to prevent them from eating their child alive.

I can't trust them; it won't be okay to trust them later. I will judge them, for their world was "bestowed" yet the squandered. I have deviated and have learned how to feel good in a body that vibrated without you today.

Sex only benefits them.

Sex only arouses them.

Sex gives power for them.

I found life and excitement, and have found the true beauty once stranded in this energetic face. I consumed that today. I spoke to duality and danced with her.

I felt something today.

I let go of thought patterns, blocked emotions, soul-tied trauma, and released that through my hips. I danced with my hips and learned how to overcome anger and perfectionism. I looked silly as I opened the doors.

Receive, deceive, consume the everything.

Detach from what you know and embrace my energy.

I'll let you fly and I'll know who I am.

Being chased, my blood knows its worth.

Are you the one who will consume my everything?

I don't want to have sex.

I don't want to be called daddy.

I don't want you to scream and bleed when I'm deep.

I don't want you to black out while my hands are around your neck.

I don't want war.

I don't want your shadow to look at me as we make love.

I'll awake the scarlets.

I will be in the state akin to sleep.

I am going to give you what you haven't been receiving.

I don't want your love.

I don't want your worldly things.

I don't want your worldly words.

I want my words back.

I want to be reminded of my language.

I want to be put to sleep and wake up back to the spaceship.

It's time I go back.

Never lose your childhood innocence, who you are now is what they looked up to when trauma rung. When I bring little girls into this world, if I had to teach them about love, I'd tell them about words. And if I had to teach them about being seen, I'd tell them you saw me first.

But then

the lavender flowers danced when they smelled the rolling hills covered in daffodils
the type one would get a tattoo of.

Before I turn everyone into a pillar of salt

the false creativity of this world is just like listening to undesirable trauma.

A childish take

make my ears bleed when delusion forwards gaslighting behavior.

I wish to extinct the makers of such noise.

Nature's takeover is the melody I seek

at least its pattern.

I will so gratefully watch over again and again

and smile.

When I screeched atop a revolving satellite

My words, oh my words

Fall like beautiful constellations.

Remind me that the sensitive will inherit the world, even when they don't ask for it.

A celestial fish will give you the key to the world to do as you wish.

My little oracle

you know no good comes to those who inherit the world.

The most holy

unholy wannabe messiah if only you set people free,

pillar of salt

I won't turn my back for you all.

Reoccurring Nightmare

I know the world will end in my time.

Every time I'm on railroad tracks

hands branched out

I hear the rattle as the train is about to pass by.

Since my creation

my existence

consciousness.

These are the two things that orbit my mind above all other thoughts.

Then there's this dream

a recurring one for that matter.

It plays like this.

The only death I've experienced is not being able to control my dreams.

So, I wake up to the world

whether it is in my grasp to control.

I'm constantly dying of this happening

the clock doesn't dictate

the weary simulated traveler does

perhaps I'll lie my head down and sleep.

I find myself on railroad tracks

I'm no damsel in distress tied up

I stand erect

processing awareness.

Thinking of what I want

instead of thinking from what it wants.

Losing yourself is a dangerous game to play.

Present like hospitality

moral compass chose to allow this opposing force to push right through me.

I collide with the train as my world's view arises

my head severed atop the train's horn.

My mouth contorts open as my eyes peel back

I sound my rattle towards my world's control.

Finger Cut.

COMMUNICATION WAS LOST

ERROR.

ERROR.

COMMUNICATION WAS LOST.

ERROR.

ERROR.

MESSAGE.

I WASN'T TO LEAVE THIS HELL SCORCHED EARTH KNOWING THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY CORD TO HEAVEN.

ERROR.

ERROR.

MESSAGE.

YOU'RE PATHETIC LIFE IS THE ONLY HEAVEN YOU'LL EVER GET TO BE IN.

ERROR.

ERROR.

COMMUNICATION LOST.

The Moof,

unaware if this was a cue or demand, took upon their everything to pick up the instruments, and began to play and sing as the lovers would return to the ship, cheering of their return again.

As the lover awoke from earth, past the halfway house, and in his home. Where he gained consciousness, knowing of the unknown without his other.

Cheers fell silent as the single lover arose immediately from the hammock.

He bypassed all safety protocols, including a quick sip from a brew to stabilize his chemistry from going against itself. His face drooped as the Moofs attempted to hoist up the beverage to his hand.

“Master,” spoke the timid thing, balancing the concoction to his level.

The Lover took a subtle glance at the delicate thing, but before the Moof had a chance to correct itself, he spoke,

“Maven, call me Maven. I am no master. Your master was taken along with his parallel, we are leaving earth.”

“But,” the Moof chirped.

His eyes looked like the two weary planets his parallel once painted,

I ride the wave of a spell I put upon myself.

I don't care what has come before

what I've done before

whom I've praised before.

I spoke to the sisters of Saturn's rings

the newly wedded Venus and Mars said they'll never be caught in the betrayal I've swallowed and let slide.

I won't go back

I'll put out the sun and change my mind.

I don't care if chances are inside

I don't believe in subconscious fabrication.

Even if you tell me you're my parallel in dreams

this child's flesh will wake from this nightmare.

I'm left with a few chances to learn from
I have a lot more to teach myself.
I'll remember me
even if your demons stalk me
I'll cheers any love song sung of us on earth.
I will be seen
but you won't by me.

“Set course for *TrES-2b* please.”