




EARLY - WAYS

please let me
remember
in a beautiful
sort of way.



don't
close
your
eyes



-not for one moment.

though it will last for only a minute or
two,
when we look at the night-time together
there may be more than one moon.

recently, i've been describing myself
using words like "expendable" in my
head.

With each day, i grow more and more
lonely-

even when i
am with you.

i will take my brave, long steps into
the dark,

even if it will
be without you.

but how do you console yourself when you
are ██████████?

how, when-



A black and white photograph of a dense urban street scene. Tall buildings line the street, and a streetcar is visible in the distance. The image is high-contrast and grainy.

ah, sorry.

i got a bit ahead of myself.

let's stop
talking about that
(for now).

this is supposed to be a book.

a story book. maybe poetry.

but i'm not a poet-
i just write words.

of this i am sure, just like i am sure:

1. there is no such thing as good yearning.
2. my thoughts are not "beautiful"

people call me [redacted].
but also [redacted].

though the ink is barely dry,
and even though summer is almost over,

i will share
just two or three
(maybe four)
ways i have been called.

and at the end,

you can choose which one you like best.

this is the sort of way i enjoy doing
things.

i will give you your choices
and you will choose.

it's an easy and simple method.

there are no regrets attached,
no biases to be conscious of.

but i guess that only certain sorts of
people
go about making books about what they
think of their self.

(narcissistic indeed).

but such is the prose we write.

once the banquet is over,
it's over.

do you want to engage
in this dance?



if you do want to,
and you promise not to leave before it's
done.



may ■ have this dance?



ACT i



"A CHICKLET CROW"

i recall,
(from when i was younger),
finding a chicklet crow on the side of an
empty street.

its eyes were still closed.

it had not grown feathers.

it could not fly.

very clearly one could find there was no
nest, though even trying harder led to no
avail.

there was one thing it could do, though.



it could scream.

indecision is like swallowing syrup, but
deciding has a sweetness all of its own.

(and of the many poisons i have come to
love,
sugar was surely my first).

so, having patience like overworked
hospitals and addiction centres,

and now stumbling on the adrenaline rush
of a new and suddenly
very important choice,

i sat and began imbibing of another

Deci

sion*
(had)

i could see a murder on the
horizon.
watching from overcast skies.



decisions become more

dramatic when someone is watching you make them.



what does a preference towards selecting choices in a vacuum (or an empty park) imply about a person?



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things

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gain?



I don't think I should continue this one anymore

let's just move on

ACT ii

“STRAYS”



i love dogal



that probably came out of left field.
I just really like em.



i got my dog
when i was 16

thinking about it
now
a lot of things
happened when
i was sixteen

my dog is a good
dog

she listens well
and is very
affectionate
so i love her
very much

(but there are
new animals
in my life now)

this animal moves like new rhythms, as if
my heart is beating on the 2-and-4s as
opposed to only the 1s.

i have to take frequent breaks when we
play because my weak lungs can't handle
breath being stolen every time you look my
way with your predator eyes.

we met long ago, but really Met in July.


i know, in the back of my mind and in
front of my eyes, that you don't "love"
me.

but i would still send myself across every
border-
even to the far side of the sea-
because the you in me wants to be
well-received.

but we are both mindless and hungry. you
are like a stray eating my flesh.

i know i cannot sate your appetite.
but i hope that your spit and my blood mix
when they stain your lips.

so that when you hunt again
you will remember
my taste




as your teeth sink into
never
and better
lovers.

thinking of it
and to be honest
we don't know each other that well

i don't know
what keeps you up at night
what you cry over
or even if you like me or not


but i know you like it when we kiss gently
and i know that the barely-there groan in the back of your
throat exists when our lips touch
and i also know the weight of your collarbone on mine when
you hug me

is that enough
for it to be fair
when I say I like you?




use me to colour your lips, and maybe even
your cheeks.

it will be the first time in 2 years i
feel precious.



look me in the eyes for just a glance
longer.

it will be the first time in 2 years i
feel pretty.



ACT fin.



“NEW”



i think this thing is about done
i'm too lazy to bother with doing graphics anymore
it's just words lol

thank you for reading this
it means a lot that you wanted to
or not i don't know if you wanted to or not
but thanks anyway

i know this isn't very long
but when i first started working on it
i thought that it could be more of a creative thing

but i ended up getting a lot more of what i felt like it
i think that's good though
i think that if you care about something you'll put more
of yourself into it

it took a lot of effort but it hasn't been that long
i started working on "MAY-DAYS" at the end of July
it's the end of august

it was supposed to be a fictional narrator
i've always had a weird complex about the art/artist
connection

i didn't want to put my own feelings here
because if you thought that the writing was bad
then it would be like what i felt was bad

but i know that's not true
not the fact that you can't think my writing is bad
i do & really care about that but more you read it till
here anyway so i win ;

this was supposed to be a poetry book but this last act
is & really poetry
maybe that's poetry in its own way

thanks for reading again

i'll leave you with more poetry words

we are held up by many hands
none stronger than the other
even when it is cold
even in the dark of winter time
i will remember the warmth

end

