

Letters to an Imaginary Friend

solidad decosta



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Trigger warnings: abuse, death, institutionalization.

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Until all are free.

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The New Wandering

No longer seeking performative
redemption, the next godforsaken

gig in some godforsaken place
in the hopes of finding someone

that Moloch forgot and God
never cared for to begin with.

Meanwhile the longing,
the writing of notes,

the quivering and the night
sweats and the morning.

A life held together by rubber
bands and paper clips. Our land

mass is subsumed by our body mass
falling into the sea. Plastics have

betrayed us, consumption has stabbed
us in the back. Pugnacious flame wars,

leading to trolling. Scorched earth empires
consuming your computer screen. Sestinas

breaking free of form. Villanelles singing
angry punk songs, thrashing out a chord.

Djembe rebelling against intergenerational
overseers. Despair, a bus stop to hell-

like suburbs. Drones dropping illusion,
illusion begetting more despair. All praise

to nanotechnology, correcting your synapses
before you write that vitriolic post,

backed up by minions of micromanaged
junior intellectuals competing for a slot

on Pundit Idol, erased of all inferences
of past wrongs, a world scrubbed clean

of Jim Crow and Iraq and mimetic suffering.
In the future, pray for civilization careening

down a better path of destruction, just like
the video questioning progress inferred

somewhere up in the whistles but didn't have
the courage or funding or lack thereof to overtly

challenge everything, so chalk one up for executive
producers everywhere. Social media will save all

our problems, just ask some faceless billionaire
and his town and his city and his planet and his hulk-

like hair, starving millions with a click of a pen,
blowing up the rabble just like on TV, the midnight

hour, The Avengers. Virtual Baldwin dances
with Virtual Tupac, with Virtual Emojis,

the appropriation of wolves. Everywhere is our
new Oceania. You'll hate me when I'm gone.

The morning after the storms, sunlight

An earthquake in Chile, a dramatized
tsunami on cable. I miss my mother,

and my father, and my uncle, and two
of my cousins, and all my grandparents.

I only got to meet one great-grandparent,
and she was quite old. I think the trees

carry their spirits, which is why using them
as transmitters is evil, or deeply misguided.

“Why are you always trying
to sell me cars and toothpaste
and guns?” says Artist X

In discipline Y, safe and secure,
somewhat long in the tooth,
still respected, if not revered.

Sufficiently advanced improvisation,
indistinguishable from composition.

I should write a novel in base 8.
de Blasio dropped the groundhog.

Watched Big Sur today,
realized how much I empathize
with being a big drunken

ball of pain, not to mention
the ocean and getting lost
for real like forever

Here we have a large titanium building,
its contents nothing but personal data.

Underneath, where the information
is stored. In the air, where it travels.

In the trees, where it is transmitted.
Soon: birds, insects, microbes.

The trucks clang down Highway 1,
waking up students and passers-by,

the occasional people up in the hills,
cats, dogs, spiders and so on, foraging

through the intellectual debris, finding
their place after the bombs fell everywhere.

In private moments, who will
you talk to, when the echo

of so many collective
experiences in the wires,

pressed into data, floats
all around us? Ghosts.

I remember all of you –
lovers, family, friends,

friends of family, co-workers,
acquaintances, people from
the neighborhood, online and off.

(It's a blur sometimes – I collect
memories like an aging white
grandfather collects stamps.)

A breath, then letting go of decades past.
A flood of emotions rises, then falls.

Transition. Bad lovers, good lovers,
good bad lovers and all points between.

The betrayal of all things. The sting
of work's whip. Childhood. Servitude.

A suburban prison. Birth.
Memory, flash, void.

All is dwindling to nothing

I will not forget you

Crepuscular

I wander up to my elbows
then rest, just in time

for the next dash
of civilizations
to start up again.

Meanwhile, there's food
and spring. Mayday. Revolt,
Stravinsky, multitude, read

Hardt and Negri's new book,
write sestinas from it.

I should change my name,
that'll fuck people up right good.

Mixed-race urban hippie
black force multiplier.

Intersexed, gender transitioned
femme dyke. Recovering twink

wannabe anarcha-socialist,
nature-loving collectivist-

industrialist. Tech-head
intergenerational unionist.

INFP and ENTJ personalities
inside a hybridized body –

the first one for everyday life,
the other for threats and conflict.

Memento

Wandering through a forest.
A deer eating my food.

Kicked out of the supermarket.
Long walks on arid boulevards.

Salesmen debate the futility
of not embracing death.

(I almost hit him with my bicycle.)

If Gordon Gecko did brunch
He'd kick over tables, yelling

Enough with the mimosas
Who are we going to kill

I was younger when the reality
of my given situation hit me

“I don't want to be Madonna”

and the truth of the world

Motherflood

Mammon didn't serve you,
Capital had its conquest,

A blackened tongue, pain
in the limbs, aphasia –

“The food tastes like furniture,”

Doctors, more doctors,
bills and a final letting go.

“Computer brain

remembers everything” and I still

think of you –

Post-umbilical blues

The pain of remembering how
both of them died – only a short

while from here – is too much
to live with at times,

and yet, I'm still here. (Dammit.)

Such thoughts scare me.

They make me want
to holler and shout

with the wind, surf, plains,

mountains, hippies, migrants,

the scattering of black and brown peoples
left after many conquests

in this fecund opening –

The morning of remembering,
where the lost artifacts went

south for the winter, stayed
the summer, then forgot

springtime and rose up,
nearly 10 years ago,

then fell, and slowly
recovered while

the fires burned.

South bay, circa 1976

Color is fixed, mutable
and contextual. Authority
asserts itself at random,

at will. Every accusation
is a threat. Education moulds
in power's service. Physical

refuge is not always an option.
Mental escape, in contrast,
is always available. Intrigue

is cover for a vast venality –
sex is often used, a weapons

scandal. (People carry knives.)
Remember always to breathe.

Multitudes at the checkout line,
brimming with contradictions.

Shimmering tempest, desiccant fog.

A eulogy for queen firebrand.

Never live in Portland

Monsters of the cold, rising rents
and hipsters. Mere slogans invade

poetry, watch as they crawl up the page
before they are turned to advertising.

I want to die sometimes.
Illation is a crowning heart.

Girlboy: A liminal semi(auto)biographical did(act)icism

2/4*1

The definitive account of Farmer

The ersatz autobiography,
a final period. Her life a
radically invasive procedure
with a pick-like instrument confined,
patient, isolating portions of the cortex
from the rest of the brain. She developed
a simple hooked instrument,
was quickly embraced
and forgotten

A small hammer, it broke
through the orbital bone,
moved sideways to sever
the neural tissue of 50,000
estimated Americans

Coincide with the period,
a novelesque, likely speculative
account of events. He on the other
hand, produces no documents –
the book is woefully inadequate
in terms of citing evidence,
there's no existing data reflecting
insulin or hydrotherapy or mother

87 boxes, some 107 linear feet
a laudatory biography engorged
from the institutional,
at the hands of the reckless
and sinister

Pernicious atheism throughout
the city for leading youth

Precocious, curious, intellectually
acute and questioning. a century
later, a snooty review cavalierly
dismissed the essay, forgotten,
dismayed and so on – soon,
there will be retaliation

rising to defend
the integrity of the film

Pecking, orders, the foul failures

Alleged research into the brain
The brain a holding canister

The sniping continues to this day
This day, we remember the dodo

Subject herself to the mores
The mores of the misbegotten

A keen sense of irony
Irony is Beelzebub's paw

Denounced from pulpits
Pulpits and unwitting

A century later, a sarcastic review
cavalierly dismissed the essay

Precocious, curious, intellectually
acute and questioning

[ILLUSTRATION OMITTED]
[ILLUSTRATION OMITTED]
[ILLUSTRATION OMITTED]

By Frances Farmer – West Seattle High School
Seattle, Washington – First Prize, Familiar Essay Division

s'eh did this s'eh did that

Drowned h'erself in a pool, as in Sunset Boulevard.

Shot h'erself in the heart, as in countless mysteries.

Met someone from h'er distant past – after a complex night, he left h'er body behind the place where secrets are stored.

Went for it! Yay team! As s'he trekked off into the mountains and wasn't found until next Spring.

Pissed on an electric fence while grabbing a cattle prod and praying to sweet Jesus.

Stood up to the school bully and got run over by his truck.

Made sure all the markers, glue and other assorted flammables were in just the right place before s'he lit the match.

Walked on water, but was devoured by sharks.

Climbed into the back of the van with the eager intellectual comrade who kept muttered “no one would ever know” to himself, chuckling gently after each time he said it.

Only heard “I could bitch you on all fours” before s'he hit the ground.

Was punched (faggot) in the head (faggot) until everything (faggot) started to spin.

Was struck by the local James Dean while riding a bicycle.

Walked into the shop as h'er parents were detained for the 9th hour.

Fell asleep wondering if the errant genes and misplaced chromosomes were going to finally have their way with h'er, which they did.

Dreamt of alien experiments, which were merely a reflection of what really happened to h'er father when he was in the army, including being injected with substances that led to a wave of infants being born without arms, legs, heads or torsos.

Made cockroach stew, which s'he forgot about in the back of the fridge and then ate six months later.

Cheerfully went along with the girl-who-kept-trying-to-flip-people-over-her-back-out-there-on-the-parking-lot-pavement's wishes.

Discovered the skeleton bones out in the woods, next to the cabin that smelled of rusty smoke.

Climbed a tree, then jumped over to the roof, while singing Bill Withers at the top of h'er lungs, while h'er friends looked up at the sky free of planes for a day.

Blew Jim Jones' demon cock to see what would happen.

Played "I know you are – but what am I?" with the most embittered cop s'he could find.

Slept in the controversial yet legendary park the night the helicopters came.

Remained in the house in question when the swat team showed up.

Walked on the shaky, termite-infested boards covering the rotting water trestle on the steep side of the mountain after everybody else had ran back home.

Stared into the water, then fell.

Slept on the roof, then turned over.

Cried in h'er crib for two hours, then the pillow hit h'er face.

Was held overnight for a misdemeanor and mouthed off to inmates and staff.

Punched a Texas Ranger after s'he was clocked driving 30 miles per hour in a school zone.

Slept in the emptiest dumpster s'he could find, which was next to the house being remodeled.

After someone rescued h'er from inside the abandoned refrigerator, crawled inside a cement mixer.

Left h'er epipen at home for the third day in a row.

Didn't go to the doctor, didn't see the shrink, and walked out of the hospital when the nurse refused to give h'er directions.

Slept with both the righteously angry farmer's daughter and the comely cousin of the (formerly) murderous milkman, both of whom insisted repeatedly that their kin could be cured, if only they would listen for once in their cotton-pickin' lives, just after the two men met each other in a bar, having forsaken their promise in the eyes of both God and man that they would never touch a drink again as long as they lived, expressly because of their kin's wicked ways, before grabbing a cab back to the suburbs to go home and sulk a bit.

Hid all the machetes during the height of the genocide, then got discovered.

Hid all the (people in question) during the (famine/tragedy/war/unfortunate incident) that is (now safely put behind us) and then was informed upon by a (family member/friend/provocateur/disillusioned ex-resistance member) because the war is never over, now is it.

Held the nail inside h'er teeth, and then swallowed hard when h'er overly friendly neighbor with the squeaky dog slapped h'er on the back for all the good work s'he had done.

Ignored the pains in h'er side, the ancestral and guiding voices in h'er head and the concerns of friends, family and h'er favorite cat, who kept trying to sit in h'er lap, then ran away.

Mr. Studio's remaindered biography, \$0.95

Anxious to please, a power-ridden
demon, pampered like a potentate.

Secure in his position, he stumbled his way
around sex, and was perpetually confronted,
but didn't change. If anything, he grew worse

with power, drank heavily, grew large,
and cursed the sky for being dark brown,

a reminder of his 1/64th, constantly
paraded as a defensive shield

rather than a reckoning, an ablution
of the sins of the waning majority,
in a single, imperfect body.

His past caught up with him,
a crimson chariot of accusations
and vehement denials.

He left for Nixonland,
where all the despots flee

when the going gets tough
and the tough refuse to change.

Clara had peculiarities,

a child of trash,
an obvious state

Quandary and concern
Locked in my cell –

the buildings? Firetraps.

The staff, therefore –
Pulled her from her perch.

Trembled in awe –

Escape –

Forest. Freefall. Fecundate. Fearless. Fickle. Fallopian. Feed. French.
Flip. Freakish. Falsity. Friendly. Feral. Ferocious.
Frankincense. Firmness. Freshly. Frickin.
Ferrous. Fractious. Flight.
Foal. Fusillade.
Foster. Flank.
Fast. Furnish.
Flesh. Fossil.
Forget. Fryer.
Future. Flemish.
Frost. Foray. Fascinating. Floppy.
Frustration. Fricassee. Flirtatious.
Fretting. Fatuous. Flash. Flicker.
Flatten. Frustrate.
Fob. Finnish.
Frat. Flicker.
Fern. Federal.
Fop. Fresno.
Fly. Factual.
Frighten. Foe.

and the roller coaster, it embraced Clara forever

$$2^7 \cdot 3$$

Frances Farmer, who is and isn't that Frances Farmer, known to the small world sh'e inhabited sometimes as s'eh, and sometimes to Mr. Studio as "Frances", lived well past the confines of Christianity and Islam and whatever happened h'er way, and tripped over a spike on the way to the garbage dump that doubled as h'er own personal grocery store. The spike was named "Clara", after s'eh's great-great-grandmother, and sometimes inhabited physical space in a way that was well-intentioned, if not exactly well-timed.

sh'e grabbed h'er foot in pain, then realized that sh'e hadn't been punctured. Sh'e moved on, limping a bit from the pull in h'er ankle.

When sh'e arrived at the dump, the vultures of h'er mind encircled h'er head. In fact, there were no vultures, but it made things more bearable when sh'e conjured them. (It's possible there wasn't a dump either, imagination and folklore being equal.)

s'eh wasn't starving – there were plenty of berries to be had, and if sh'e was enterprising, sh'e'd occasionally find a rabbit to skin, although it was increasingly difficult to find enough kindling to start a fire with.

sh'e walked across the barren landscape, and came home. s'eh was rubbing h'er knee, but was otherwise fine, as in Mr. Studio would ask h'er how sh'e was, and sh'e would say simply, "Fine."

Mr. Studio kept telling h'er to tear down the remnants of the roller coaster, but s'he wouldn't do it. sh'e listened to the wind whip up through the ride's twists and turns. sh'e even got the engine going one time, and managed to ride it a few times before Mr. Studio put at end to all that.

That was a long time ago, though. sh'e is all grown up now.

An alternate origin story: sh'e was asleep that Mr. Studio found h'er. The rumor has it that sh'e had dozed off in one of the dozens of abandoned roller coaster cars littering the landscape.

In fact, sh'e woke up in Mr. Studio's arms one day and never left. Perhaps s'he one eighth decided to end it all, thought better of it, and woke up again.

Mr. Studio's face is nothing like a movie star's face. It's a popsicle, or perhaps a slice of pie.

s'eh on the other hand, looks like a time-weathered bicycle kissed by dissident rain.

Frances slept with Clara, a spike and a s'eh for the ages. Two wires, attached, inserted, a prayer, a longing, a coupling and release. An errant form dissolving into mist, breath, time and circumstance. Iron particles. Magnesium, hydroxide, H₂O. Remembering, then forgetting, then remembering. All numbers are one now, just as they are — a hybrid of metal and tentacles, eyes and suction cups, a wig sometimes, and a racetrack that goes to nowhere, together.

Here's the screenplay you requested change only one thing well several things what? well all the things what? this is a metaphor for catholicism now that has nothing to do with being queer or trans (...) we may have funding from a leading camera manufacturer (... ..) the non-existent check is in the non-existent mail because after all this is 2014 and we are a nation of laws, still, perhaps (...)

Arm, Leg, Leg, Arm, Head.

Arm, Leg, Leg, Arm, Head.

Arm, Leg, Leg, Arm, Head.

What are you doing?

Shhh. I'm finding myself. Arm, Leg, Leg, Arm, Head.

Stop that.

Why?

Because it makes no sense. No sense whatsoever.

//

What are you doing?

Praying.

To what?

Myself.

You? You're praying to yourself?

Shhh.

OK then. See if I care.

It's how I keep reminding myself that I'm alive.

If you don't like it, wander somewhere else.

//

Who taught you that?

No one.

Are you Muslim?

No.

Are you a 5 Percenter?

No.

Are you Christian?

No.

You made it up, then?

Not exactly. I found it on a piece of paper.

Paper? Where?

Here, look.

Yes, well, this will make a very nice fire. Thank you.

No!

Ow! Stop hitting me. Here's your paper, you crazy asshole.

Thank you.

(...)

(...)

I'm praying. Go away.

Fine then. I will.

With that he went away to return and come back and return and go away and come back

Arm, leg, leg, arm, head.

Arm, leg, leg, arm, head.

Arm, leg, leg, arm, head.

One time, s'eh made soup – the kind you put good intentions into.

Mr. Studio asked h'er, "So, do you put the road to hell in there as well? It's all Beethoven from here, baby. All the way."

Beethoven, guns and revolutions. You and me. He'd grab s'eh. A brutal act.

Sh'e'd pray in kind, gentle kindness, the knife sticking out of his barrel chest.

There was another time – one where Mr. Studio was entirely different.

“Good morning, Frances,” he’d say, “would you like some tea?”

One may wonder why s’eh didn’t correct him and say h’er proper name (s’eh) but it was because Sh’e was able to keep h’er Frances in check in this world, one where Mr. Studio knew his place in the place of things – one where plains were called mesas and Nahuatl was still spoken, but silently, and he would attempt to lord over all of them, badly — a discarded Columbus, made of sinew and garbage, a djinn of discarded fire, worthless.

Sh’e prayed a lot in this world, h’er arms and legs forming into a more cohesive framing of h’er own personal world, one where s’he was a 7 most of the time, but never a 6. (Secretly, sh’e wondered what it would be like to be an 8.) H’er life seemed run by numbers – the trip to the dump was a 49 (7 x 7), the long winters were 62, the former number of h’er now-defunct bus line.

Sometimes s’he heard the chimes in the wind. Sometimes s’he heard the birds as they were mating. Sometimes sh’e didn’t blow up the world, and the world didn’t blow up h’er. H, E, R, A, it would cry, and on some days, L-L...A. The heartbeat of time in a restive wind.

In this world, Mr. Studio brought s’eh the morning paper (five years old, something about catastrophe, but s’he liked to read it anyway). Sh’e didn’t remember anymore when sh’e learned how to read, or for that matter, when things blew up. All s’he knew was that sh’e was alone with h’er man, Mr. Studio. Who was never a man, perhaps just a figment of h’er imagination, but after all, sh’e was lonely and gave up h’er teddy bear at 16. He was a truly decent sort, and life was good underneath the shelter of the asphalt-uprooting trees and such — this is what he would tell himself, between the drinks and the swears and the abuse. (He would’ve been right at home in Oregon.)

Sh’e imagined that sh’e found a baby in one of the roller coaster cars one time, but it was only a thick slab of wood covered by a rotting blanket. Sh’e rubbed h’er belly until it turned red for weeks after that.

Mr. Studio would pimp s'eh out to someone, if only there was someone to pimp h'er out to. Many were the nights where Mr. Studio kept s'eh up – with his memories, his awkward attempts at masturbation, the horror of knowing the only thing left was this decrepit spectacle of a dead amusement park. He'd shout shadows at s'eh, which typically was followed by h'er rolling over and going back to sleep. It was always about the horror with him.

“I'm sleeping,” sh'e'd say, or “Leave me alone.”

“I know,” and he'd start to cry.

The tears would fall, plants would melt. From Palestine to San Francisco, waves of gentrification would take over the world, and that would be it.

No more Mr. Studio, no more s'eh.

But it was not to be.

s'eh picked up h'er mind, and decided to leave. Mr. Studio managed to get the upper hand, and that was that. No more running away for s'eh. Not while Mr. Studio was alive at least.

Damn him. If only I had a piece of sharp green glass to insert into his left eye.

Then, the tides shifted.

“OK. Happy dreaming.”

“Thanks. Go.”

And with that, s'eh walked to the next town and was never seen by Mr. Studio again.

An alternate ending:

"You know, I've had about enough of this. You're not even Muslim. Crazy bitch."

Mr. Studio started off to walk to the next town, ignoring the boisterous shouts of praise that s'eh voiced in his direction.

Was he going out to get a paper? Perhaps. although newspapers didn't really exist anymore. Was he fed up with s'eh, who he never once in his life called Frances? As with all things, they eventually meet the dark side of the cycle (nature, you know). Between the two of them, they contained all the letters of the alphabet, several Tarot decks and at least seventeen systems of astrology, of which at least five deeply contradicted each other at a fundamental level. Unfortunately, he never held witness to that, although it was no mystery at all to s'eh. Having given up on the mystery in s'eh's eyes, all he knew was that he was woken out of sleep.

He walked until the snow came and never saw her again.

2.16.18

27-19-42-16-8-0.

Divide, and dive.

Numbers

47 There it is again

49 There I ride again

27 Bus that I took escape

29 Year of my oblivion

7 “I think Satan is good”

9 The falling apart looming

-17 Where am I?

-19 I am here

-37 Past life I think

-39 No, I know

-end for now locked gate

or so I think and I don't have the juice to

Autistic continent

A refrigerator's modulation
The angry vibrating dryer

My bones become one
with steel, plastic and aluminum

Hissing in my right ear
The unpleasantries of traffic

A heel that threatens
to untether from the earth
as I float into space

My body is presently
47 miles wide

Trans(literation)

Translation for the street illiterate academy who just loves it when I'm obscure and calls me confessional when I sound too much like Ginsberg, Plath or Hemingway: I have a hard time talking about the pain at the bottom of my spine that exists between the cracks of nothing and everything and by the way I never sound like Hemingway

Translation for the no name wisps of opium smoke that read Vice like gospel and sing minstrel songs in their historically accurate blackface and suspiciously perfect trucker hats: I never really got over you, the place, the wars or the loss of dumpstered fabric that wove us together without my knowing until it was too late – and no matter what you say, I was is and always will be a woman until things drop into the ocean just like you did – and by the way, you smell offensive

and breed like angry rabbits and no matter what happens all of the this that you begat is still flat as beer for the snails and “Goodbye” – don't forget I have enough hatred for you to last a lifetime and a tomorrow and a tear and a fuck you too forever no matter how well you hide your hooded sheets behind the retrogrades of fashion

Highway noise fails to grow on me

Made my way past
the Hobbesian campfires

to this Gods-For-Fucking-Saken place,

for a queer babe I have been

and will remain to be,

dammit! I want to escape, again,
my perineal downfall,

for as my selfMuse says,
it is only when a place,

just like everyplace,

else eventually does,

that freedom becomes possible,

the fires stoke themselves down

to comfortably hot,

and the road to liberation –

A staggering life, post 9/11
(or, this late 2004 Roman holiday)

with alcohol bottles, legos,
the memory of pummeled
futures breaking open “some
times, I want the revolution
right now” chaos-swathed,
nearing 2 AM Bethlehem
with the truckers on strike
and hotels in imaginary
flames, the café satellite
stalker plays “crossed ocean
I for gold heart of and
old getting I” before back
flips to Tracy Chapman
become broken morning
stretch yawns walking
past the stretch where my
legs no longer travel fugue
pressed trumping chance
with the looming bedtime
diffuse falling forgotten
voice behind apartment zero

//

an illusion
dreams-numbers
placement tyranny

//

break	mercury's	feet	
burst full	the moon		
question	mars' loyalty		
Juarez	Venus		
bully pulpit	Jupiter		
stiff	Saturn		
usurp	Uranus		
bust	Neptune's	nickel bag	
freeze	Pluto		
then the	imaginary	planets	who cares
where is	earth	call me	hello?

//

never desired
you, your prob
lemmings with
raccoons or the
weather or racism

//

Islam isn't big
enough for me
but I am for it

//

tracking mark tattoo
for FBCIA
and mystery

//

much of what
we call

“God”

is astrology mixed
with superstition
something conjuncting something
a spiderless web
that blesses the fly

//

silence

//

neighbors over heard:

O
I'm sorry
Yes
she said
You
Are

//

boycott Christmas
bomb the Nazarene
Pull outa the Second Coming

//

why do I even keep
imagining these cheese
burger genie things
as if wishes were
malignant plentiful
and freedom grew
on potato trees

//

astrology. I discovered
it in the back yard
a thought falling
up from sky
the ditch where
I tried to bury
the bodies
you subsumed
both internal
and other
it all failed eventually
I took the planets
home with me
they stayed
you left
alls well
stand by (e)

//

this is	die is
how we	how we
now this	die now

//

Van Ness
is a corporate
taco stand

//

check out
DJ Krush
listen to
uno dos bueno
Spanish tapes
masturbate
to Punk'd
find room
for ephemera
wander the hills
dream of money
trace the path
made by pennies
in the road
buy vegan pizzas
suffer sleep
endure being scratched
by the cat feel
for myself sorry
rest rest eyes
yet again

//

letting go
of names, places,
credos, dogmas

and the weather

//

derived my derive
perceived my pugnaciousness
swallowed sand

//

pleasure measured
in leather sexitude
electricity in the garage
cups of falling dirt

//

finality banality
talking with you drunk
about culture cigarettes
the callous nature of artists
reflecting their perception
of their precious art
yet yes finally maybe

2005 is here (or)

Celebrity

Oh
to be
for
bidden
yet
famously
obscure

//

Do hippies
ever get
tired of playing
“Friend of
the devil?”

I wonder

Overcome/overcame/over (c)

These defecate three bloodmen inside the wrecked train of my Liminal

Outside, the earth boiled
and thoughts turned to steam

A truck was driving down the street and ran into a sidecar that careened into a tall, tall building that fell silent for 497 days and danced with the twin tower'd ghost and made love to the moon and fell upward and plunged sideways and seesawed until it fell again and isn't Oakland beautiful?

Yes it is I replied and fell into a cannonball dream and snorted back an earthworm and pretended the sky was pink and the water was grey (which it is) and fell and fell and fell.

Then you picked me up. That was our first time out. And the rest was weather.

Wednesday waking dream, March 2016

I fall into father's footsteps – global conspiracies – Da Free Jonestown – People's Whatever – The mushroom cloud of all purple sneakers in the closed room, waiting for deliverance, salvation –

I am acid chocolate in
your buttermilk mouth

why do I keep
arguing with
white people
until I start
to mirror
their own
stereotypes
coming off as if
all black folks
including my
mixed-race self
are the same
(continental divides,
be damned) but in
an allegedly good way,
a by-product of a
liberal mind
as if I'm trying
to understand
myself through
what I am not
with the best
of intentions
and failing

as if

I was my own
brown-skinned
set aside under fire
from a firebrand sieg
heil administration

then bargained out of
existence by a color
challenged, rudderless,
faceless centra-right-light left

as if

preaching an underlying
black unity to counter
stereotyped assumptions
of pan-disaporic
uppityness in the face
of white cracker know
it all bubba blather
was a remarkably useful
way to spend my time

deeply cut grooves into

self upon

self

upon

(...)

Checkerboard choo-choo train

childhood kitchen meat tables
menacing drunken semaphores
longing and despair
white pimp-like fathers
full of smooth jazz empties
victimized mothers I'm
plotting im/ploding im

Mr. Sandman, bring me some negativity

my mother
survived
being swung
by her hair
when she
was eight
and eight
brothers
who tied her
up in the attic
so what is
my problem?

I wonder
how on earth
I live in
my skin
sometimes

In that floating moment

Parsing the hearing test
as a form of play

Stacking the rocks alone
Reading the books alone

EEGs and Rorschachitude
Pattern-matching and gender conformity

“Whadda matta, no speaka de English?”
While being shook by the collar

(Stumbling from the drugs
they gave me)

Kicked in the head
Doused with perfume

Entreatment with fists

(Time folds itself)

Nearly strangled
and so on

Author, performer, producer, musician solidaridad decosta once slept with the collected works of William Carlos Williams (Volume I) to get over her father complex. Her work has appeared in Mirage, Shampoo, Fireweed, and the San Francisco Bay Guardian Online. A recipient of the 2008 kari edwards scholarship at Naropa's Summer Writing Program, when she is not writing sestinas about rioting with foam rubber bricks or writing odes to zombies, she bangs out Brechtian piano improvisations. She is rumored to sleep four hours in five minutes.