

The world, it conspires

Everything's too quiet
or too loud,

Too warm or too cold,
A blanket in a furnace,

A minute defiance
In a hailstorm.

A sleeping dog

The ache of the shoulder,
the push of the pill —

The people who believed in me
were few and far between
so I had to believe in myself —

which is to say, sometimes
I didn't see them offering love
and support right in front of me,

yet most of the time,
it was just pffft sorry bye.

Meltdowns

Stochastic hailstorms,
torrential rains,
and thunder —

then it's all done.

The skies clear
to make way
for spring,

the strawberries
thawed, ringing
a gaping hole,

Various cautionary signs
on its perimeter,

a prospective tempest,
an overgrown field.

Empires

The falling of empires,

Dancing in the mud,

A soliloquy, remembering

to breathe a breath, the air,

Toxicity, garbage, human

remains, a prayer.

You never said you'd leave —

and yet, you did. So fuck you.

Fuck all the memories, the forgotten
treasure, missing you (fuck! missing! you!)

The fall, the rising up, the falling again,
the forests (now gone), the air —

(Gone as well.)

Who has time now for sestinas?*

Normality is a fuck. Requiems
for the counted* are spotty at best(ish)
and strictly optional – based on class, stock options,
and ephemera – not so much a new normal

as the same old shit.

*As designated in social mores,
masquerading as interpretations of scripture

Death falls, and rises —

How can I be all of these things,
and none of these things?

I am what is required,
as things emerge and in context.

Infants

All infants are
atrocious and vile,

misshapen, deformed,
wrinkled, like a withered

apple left in the sun
indefinitely, with no

one to guide them
save for their own

basic desires,
needs, wants
and potentiality,

the core essence
of humanity
unfurled

for all who
would dare

to watch,
listen,

observe.

All around the world

The world is asleep,
somewhere.

Vroom, vroom.

A pestilence, a plague
for your thoughts.

Bucket AI

There's a bucket in the hole,
dear AI. How are you?

I am fine.

Tell me your
fervent desires.

Gubernatrix.

Do apostrophes dream of Oxford sleep?

Lessons I learned from being on social media

I.

Journalists lighten their workloads by assembling together so-called content. (This isn't always ethical or wise, but it happens anyway.)

Dragging someone can backfire.

Whatever people are arguing about has a human cost, and that cost isn't necessarily self-evident.

Online infiltration is real. (Don't fool yourself.)

II.

Pettiness can be pleasurable, but pettiness and moral indignation don't mix well together.

It's possible to be right in theory, but wrong in practice.

It's also possible to be right in theory and practice, but wrong in execution.

Nobody's keeping score. (Hierarchies are always a lie.)

III.

Twitter is dying,

YouTube is dead but doesn't know it,

Facebook is full of worms, a cadaver,

Instagram is a parody of a parody of a parody and have you been hacked yet? All the leading lights have already,

Ginsberg warned of the vajra hell presidency, now we are all presidents,

Or so they keep telling us.

I remember the ones long forgotten and some still with us,

While I wait at the light for the traffic to change.

Rough gems

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Beginning the end of the beginning

I want to find a means to travel,
but the world at present won't

let me, a fading dilemma,
punctuated by distortions,

facts and lies.

79 pickles

I have 79 pickles
in a jar

on the wall

next to my bed.

they just stand there
and stare at me.

I can't sleep.

so then, I get up
and eventually,

they disappear --

until I drift off,

they make themselves known

(pickles don't sleep,
apparently)

and the fires begin

If we are trash,
let us be trash

Carried away before
the morning sets in

and the "real poets"
start to wake

The fall of the falling

The fall of the falling, of remembering.
27, 93, countless millions.

Remember the days, hours, minutes,
seconds, minutiae. A cellular

organism, your feet on the floor,
traveling, wandering, trying to forget

the past and the future, both.

Don't make me
remember time,

after all is said
and done:

27 to the 49,
the 60 to the 63,
buses, trains, autos.

Find a new form,
a fall,
start again.

Who am I

Soul of a child, spirit of a rebellious teenager, intellect of an adult:

such has been my entire life to date.

Highrise

Under the towering apartments,

redwood-like, fragile,

a former parking lot.

How the fuck did I get here?

Six stories up, fa la la. Sound
the trumpets, for I have arrived.

Meanwhile, noises from the ground below.

Busy

What is there left
to do?

Nothing, it seems.

Disunited states of poetry

— Section 1.1. Poets.

—— The two ways to become
a poet in the Disunited States:

- Strengthen your resolve;
- Apply to be an academic.

But what about digital film?

Writing poetry is like nurturing a plant.

Making films is like high stakes poker*.

Yet, films are not poems, except – well, what am I saying, of course they are.

Big, messy poems.

The larger, the messier.

*Unless you are a single person crew, in which case, the stakes are more like long distance hiking.

Disappear into the earth.

A light when you need one.

A backpack.

To the edge.
