

So It Turns Out I'm Crazy

After All

Poetry by

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The Meaning in Life

The meaning in life is found in strife, the deeper, the better, you'll see,

The sweetness, the lightness, of fruit so ripe, in the tumult of pale pointless seas.

Where darkness, and fearing, uncertainty spar, in a dancing parade of despair;

The meaning in life is not found in the quitting, but in unfounded willing to care.

A trivial venture, adventure must be, for no holy endeavor stands strong,

Against a logical wisdom to denounce what is free, the laughter and loving of song.

Be wary, dear traveler, of Earth-life and trial, not to lose what you had from the start:

The knowledge that beauty is not cherished forever, in the mind, as it is in the heart.

You Were Not for Me to Keep

You were not for me to keep
Or to hold nightly while I sleep
Or to love dearly deep inside
Or to confess to, or confide in

No, you were not for me to know
On levels deep as German snow
You were not a cave in which I'd crawl
When I had no one else at all

Caught up in now, here, today,
This week, this month, this generation
Endlessly avoiding facts of endless change that will contractually harbor minds Without hindsight that believe sleep was made by night

Jealous pictures of complaining prostitution
For those who actually have a choice in the matter,
A series of continual reevaluation for entertained,
And completely still minds uncomfortably fiending
On the indigestible words that stimulate
Every sensory intake valve
Without any attempt to stomach the
Pages of reality, eating up any and every
Apparent whole,
Binging
To suffocate

The inevitable
Stomachache
That granted itself
Inescapable on the days of every first birthday...

You were not for me to know, or keep or hold or love, or
worship or hate or banish from a heartland, which I have
no kingly control of:
An unseen, unconsidered
Punching bag, and audience of
The never-ending film
Which is my life;
I stumble confused in
Unremitting quake zones and
Lightning storms of randomness
Putting together
The puzzle pieces of a lost dream for continuity
A hope implanted by evolution for
Normalcy
And purpose,
Biologically beating off, and through the confused
Wasteland which is the conscious adaptation to the
Robotic organism of nature; a visual cortex
Implanted into the mind of the mole,
A line of monkeys the
Last receiving a
Soul.

A headache nauseates any
& all desire to continue raping Will

And leaving it
Utterly insecure in the face of death
Insecure in the face of death;
Naked in the face of truth
Unafraid in the face of night
Un-tense in the face of fear;
Un-complex in the face of man
Indistinguishable in the face
Of a human being
Colorless, raceless, lacking a past and purpose to create
one...

You were not for me to keep
Or to hold nightly while I sleep

Sometimes You Felt Like More than a Symbol.

Sometimes you felt like more than a symbol.
Right now, I'm not sure, if I'm hoping you were.
I can imagine a life without you, past you.
Right now, I'm not sure, if that's what I'd prefer.

Sometimes you felt like more than a symbol.
But I'm not sure you ever felt real.
Erratic lights dancing in a flickering hope,
Trying our best to understand what we feel.

Sometimes you felt like more than a symbol
A symbol that I could make sense, in this world
You reminded me of me, but you're not me, you're you.
I realized this slowly, as my symbol unfurled.

A Poem I Wait to Receive

A poem I wait to receive
But as we know
To get
We give

And thus
Alas
You read these words
In the future
I wrote in the past

That is
Of course, the past
To you,
For I assume
You read them
Then
But as I write
I can't be sure
That you will read
The future
When
A waste
Perhaps
Is why I may

Be doubting that
This I should send

Of all I've wrote
And suppose you'll read
Someday,
Oft in my mind, pretend

And I can't help but smirk
At myself
At the effort I use
Not to say how I feel

Because everything's kind
In a dream, in the mind
So we seek not to wake
And discover
What's real.

Okay so I probably shouldn't

Okay so I probably shouldn't
Write any more fucking poetry
About you
But I'm high on amphetamine
And can't stop thinking of
Why I feel like shit
And what I want
And you
Are the answer to both.

The Ostensible Future

The ostensible future peers imaginatively around the
corner,
I believe in its appearance
Yet realize
Its performance is hitherto unknown

And so it strikes me
Through some mysterious pointedness,
A firmness in momentary fixation
Inspiringly so:
Write this down, you must!
Must I? Questions the anthology
Must you? Wonders the flitting of other desires, desires
romantic and frilly and faint

You must.

You must because Robert Curd never set
foot
on the moon.

You must because not doing so is committing a rudeness
to the messenger

The rust on the chains of the bicycles
Outside in the misted shed
In front
of

the car..

Is currently undergoing a battle with grease
& WD40

and the fact that fact stacks
and the fact that
fat cats
exist.

Probably
Means there is a certain probability
that guarantees certainty;

Both existing
and
stating that every microcosm is a macrocosm to another
cause

So buckle up.
Put off what you were going to do
Write this the fuck down.
Because you have no right not to do so.
And you're a good write
As well as a good read.

Until We Fall Madly

The sad absurdity of lust and desire
All encompassed by a set of blood
Bones and organs
Swirl furiously and frustrated
By the obnoxious hopefulness of rationale
Pleading with its only political tie
That to live in suspension of passion
Is to die immediately a coward
And so our hearts ache
Until we fall madly.

The Problem with Love at First Sight

The problem with love at first sight is that love has little to do with seeing, Love is blind. Love recognizes not beauty, not grace, not sweetness or charm. Love recognizes Love.

Unfortunately we oft mistake love for passion, for the desire that feeds it, and for the obsession that so frequently ensues. Love is not a drug; but romance can be. Love is not a drug, but fulfillment can be. When we fall in *love at first sight*, our minds are hoping that the sweet, gentle, beautiful beings before us are maybe the love we know we need. So like hungry animals we scavenge the land of fellow beings and beg them to be lovers. But lovers are often lessons that teach us what love isn't, where love isn't; and "isn't" really hurts, when all we wanted was "is.

The problem with love is that people think its power is perfect. But love isn't purely sweet; love is a sunburn.

Love is sacrifice. Love is saying goodbye for good.

Your sweet pink lips are perfect

They're purely sweet.

I'm obsessed with them, with you.

And my passion drives me.

But I'm achy, and unfulfilled, and

Those lips elude me whenever

I am not kissing them.

The romantic in me refuses to

Say goodbye for good.

"What's so *good* about that?"

“What’s good about that, is those
Lips not kissing, but smiling,
Not needing, but teaching.
What’s good about that is
that I can breathe,”

Love inhaled,
“Those lips are with me,
For good,
Because we’ve said goodbye.”
My eyes no longer see her,
And for once I know
I love.

Tell You Goodbye

And you, so hurt, so trying to be
So kind and sweet, and with your love free
And needing so often and desperately
To be certain that no one will hurt you again

Oh you so tried, and proven and high
Your worth, each time, success when you try
And all will be sad on the day that you die
Oh all will be sad when you die

Oh we, can't be, together for our
Pure light's contained, inside hearts with scars
That in repair, are walled up and barred
Oh, our hearts are walled up and barred

Available, emotionally,
The crying boy did state he must be
In the front, row of, this new century
Maybe he'll inspire me

For you, so hurt, so done it before
Known love, known pain,
Know when someone falls
Before, your feet, but you make them crawl
In darkness with both seeking hands on the wall

Oh you, who dares, to see where I am

To bring me hope, and foil my plan
I'm finding there's not much I can stand
There's really not much I can stand

Send me a poem that you wrote for me
Show me that I am not fucking crazy
And, if I am, so is humanity
And if I am so is humanity

Oh all the names, that come on my phone
Oh all the minds, imagining homes
Oh all of the unanswered unknowns
Oh, all the unread poems
Oh all the unread poems

Don't make me show, you all that I am
Don't turn, my fragile lions to lambs
When we, are both, done with our exams
When we are both done with exams

Oh me, so hurt, so trying to be
So kind and sweet, and with my love free
And needing so often and desperately
To be certain that no one again can hurt me
Oh me, so blind, so reaching and white -ness bleaching,
and blocking my sight
I ache so, for something at night
I ache that someday I can know it's all right

Oh me, so tried, so proven and high
My worth each time, success when I try
I want only darling to tell you goodbye
I just want to tell you goodbye.

Goodbye is what I'm used to
Goodbye is what I know
Goodbye is
Decided by
The wave
Of a hand

Goodbye is quite useful
When someone wants to go
Goodbye is nice
For those who'd rather
Not face what
They don't understand

So It Turns Out I'm Crazy After All

So it turns out I'm crazy after all
I'm mad, and madly in love I fall
I'm completely fucking off the wall
But I won't apologize

It turns out I'm entirely insane
There's isn't saneness in my brain
I ride on wild pleasure-pain
And yet I won't apologize

I can't be sorry for who I am,
Albeit doesn't fit the plan
I've fallen down the rabbit hole
I've lost my mind but found my soul

And your face oft escapes my mind
The image illusive and unkind
But being just so hard to find
Makes it worth looking for

I may protect my troubled heart
I may deny it's torn apart
I loved you madly from the start
And I won't apologize

Because I may see things unreal
I may not feel how normal feels
But I'm not sure if there's anything...
Wrong,
With,
That

And I may make you what you're not
Angelic visions lost in thought
Blinding beauty without limit
A light so fast it can't be caught

You're not who I believed you were
I know this, yet, I do declare
That your heart still is beating near
Beating human, beating bare

And we may not connect so soon
Romantic melting in a swoon
But still there might be born a tune
For this I won't apologize

Perhaps our eyes should not have met
Perhaps our lips were a mistake
If you had known that I was crazy
Was I a risk again you'd take?

My heart was broken when I saw you
And it healed in hellish hope
And it's suffered quite insanely
Though it does it's best to cope

So I bid you on fare travels
Holy stranger, demon friend
Freedom rider, dark insider
'Til we madly meet again.

It May Be, Love

Perhaps I'll never hold your hand
As we walk down the street
Perhaps I'll never kiss your lips
At when we come to greet

Perhaps I'll never get to tell you
Of the love I feel
Perhaps I'll soon convince myself
That none of it was real

Perhaps I'll stop imagining
A life in which we lie
Beside another easily
Beneath a starry sky

Perhaps I will not get to lose
Myself to you for good
But at this moment, if you wished
My dear, do know, I would

Perhaps our paths will split and we
Through separation find
These paths fail yet to meet again
In courses that unwind

Perhaps the letters that I write
Inside my head will fail

To meet you and into your heart
Perhaps they'll never sail

Perhaps my grip on fate is true:
Wind flowing on it's own
And I cannot insist on the
Direction it be blown

Perhaps I will not get to lose
Myself to you for good
I wish only this quiet love
In rhyme be understood

For wanting is a fickle flame
That flickers in the night
And often what we find we want
Is shallow, dim and trite
And two souls come together can,
For lieu of reason be:
A mixed up match of mirrors
Begging selves mysteriously

And I cannot ensure that I,
Or you, or we, will end...
Together as It may be, Love
My death doth not pretend
And so my lamentations spread
Beyond this future tide
I love you momentarily
And wait as time decides

And though, how so, I wish to end
This poem with some phrase
That may convince you of my worth
I fear that helpless praise

Does fail, indeed, from her to me,
And now from me to you
To do exactly opposite
What it intends to do

That only the impossible
Is love worth nurturing

And so I may not lend your eyes
This poem 'til I know
Backwards a direction that
You're unlikely to go

For hearts although touched deeply by
a love, fear crazily
That only the impossible
Is love worth nurturing

And so I may not lend your eyes
This poem 'til I know
Backwards a direction that
You're unlikely to go

Oh fool do I commoditize
Your image in my mind
And therefore miss the reasons
My heart earlier did find?

In this I'm lost, and so I must
Return to life alone
I'll wait, as fate reveals the fair
Directions it has blown.
Oh fool do I commoditize
Your image in my mind
And therefore miss the reasons
My heart earlier did find?

In this I'm lost, and so I must
Return to life alone
I'll wait, as fate reveals the fair
Directions it has blown.

My heart broke when I saw you.

My heart broke when I saw you.
Split down the middle it spasmed and bled insanely
Startled, I inquired, and it told me not to look your way
again.
Being the fool I am, I looked deep into your eyes and my
heart split into four
Alarmed, I inquired and it told me never to touch you
Being the fool I am, I kissed you and felt nothing
My heart had died moments prior, a protest through
suicide.

I realized later, that it refused to be destroyed by you. It
knew full well its fate, and like the monk Thich Quang Duc
it doused itself in gasoline and burned.

When I kissed you my heart had already beaten its last
beat, so I felt no pain, nor any joy.

And then I lay in your bed completely alone, devoid of all
feeling.

When you came in you laid your head on my chest. Your
warm cheek and soft hands gentle in a way you hadn't
displayed before.
For the first time you seemed pure.

Out of the ashes and earth of my body,
One drop of blood still turning and trembling in the
aftermath of my suicidal heart
Felt the warm pull of your liquid eyes

In one still moment,
An optimistic drop of blood rallied together the cold
pieces of my heart, and let them listen to the quiet
humming of your body.

My heart beat once more,
For even my heart, wise and keen,
Can make mistakes

So I sit, fragile and fraught with ruin
Living in a shadowy hope
That my heart will be redeemed for its bravery
Or that I will die soon, and lie cold without even one
Optimistic drop of blood.

Left Behind

And like that I was left
Behind.
Leave behind, something.
Leave something behind.
Art.
A piece of yourself. Leave it behind.
Leave your face. The print of the face
You wore, while there.
Leave it for good, too. Leave it because
You don't need it.
You don't need her.
You need the memory of last night,
The part
Not with her in it,
But with
Affection.
The part with feeling okay,
With feeling still.

I'm left behind. Again, with nothing more
Than words and hums
And a happy heart beaten memory,
An "I wish I'd kissed her," whispering
An "I'd do anything, climb anything, fight and kill
Anyone to feel, for One more fucking
Moment, That I wasn't alone in this world,"
Feeling, Lingerin'.

And it was articulated so perfectly to me:
The Desire with a capital "D,"
The "I know it's not you, it's me"
It's me; it's somewhere deep inside
I really am lacking, just lacking lacking lacking.
I try to fill the void, excuse the cliché language here, but
The future keeps telling lies, letting me down
And, the past never seems to stick around and,
The present moment is so demanding and,
It demands I lose myself to it, so I laugh
And stomp on pumpkins and
Hop off curbs with my thin rode-bike tires and
Smoke a hand-rolled cigarette and nap and masturbate
and listen to Coop on the phone and eat two plates of
turkey dinner with two glasses of water with ice and
check my phone seven times to see if you texted me, and
then, if not, if something popped up that need my
attention and,
Then I write it down and feel better
And try so hard to tell you whatever
You want to hear,
Something that will make you think you need me so you'll
be near,
Cause I
Need /
Want /

Have: “so much to be grateful for” and that’s me talking,
too, not her or the internet or a panel of Ph. D’s who’ve
figured out what people need, this is me,
Telling me, that I need/ want/ have:
So much to be grateful for

And yet I ask for so much more,
Seek a headache and hangover
Seek a heart and hand
I don’t know what for

Reductio ad abyme
“Reduce to abyss”

Maybe it doesn’t take very long
For people to decide
What I strip down to

Between my jokes and pokes and deepest most
interestingest thoughts
And proclamations and disappointments and checking for
bad-breaths and
Self-righteous better than somebody else’s and using
what power I have
not to grow up at all and,
making sure people know just how right I am, and,
Thinking constantly how better I am than, the only ones
willing to hold my hand, and,

Pitying the poor crying girl who cries for the same
reasons I do.

And literally wishing for a moment I could have left
behind
The memory of you.

But that’d probably be too hard to do,

You’re on a long list of lost hopes

But the hang-on *please* hang-on! *PLEASE!* inside of me
Also has you written down on the list of new hopes
But that’s the voice inside of me that listens to Chinese
horoscopes
And flips cups and coins in dirty places
And decides how to arrange the words in poems about
heart-races.

My Heart Races

My heart races
'Cause nothing's special
'Cause I'm not sure which of
Two people I am
Cause I'm constantly tired
And uncomfortable with the
Concept of Love
'Cause I fear that you're not sure
Which of two people you are
And I don't trust one of 'em
And I don't trust that the one I do
Trust
Will stick around.
'Cause I can never tell which of mine
Will stick around
(At any given time)
So my heart slows down
As I write and explain
How my lack of assurance
Is causing me pain
And how hard it is
To separate
My thoughts from my brain
My brain from my body
My steps from my paces...
My heart from its races

Drop of Water

I'm in love with the drop of water, at the top of the
waterfall
Transcending beauty, separating, from the music of it all
Tremendous magnitude of wholeness, nearby
accompanying my drop
As it makes its graceful journey, to the bottom from the
top

Oh beloved drop of water, flowing freely with your friends
Soaring soundly down with duty, a loving lightness that
transcends
Oh to twinkle bright with color, oh to fashion high
supreme
Oh to wonder often deeply, what the journey even means

And to tremble in cool breezes, and to dissipate at night
And to fall to sightless stillness, silent echoes of your flight

You are born again with morning; you are born again
through time
Fleeting moments of your journey, each of beauty and of
rhyme

I'm in love with the drop of water, at the top of the
waterfall
How it held me through my trembling, how it helped me
through it all
And I knew it not so early, tales of the river leading here
Only greet me light like flurries, graceful, sparkling yet
unclear

And oh swiftly, yes, yet slowly, yes, yet endlessly I hoped
It would live downwards forever, prayed it never have
eloped
Prayed my beauty was eternal, for in union I was lost
Dedicated to a unit, unprepared to pay the cost

Dusk fell

And the drop of water rejoined the whole from which it
came
Purely and simply back to water, which provided life the
same

I fell in love with a drop of water

And I watched its life begin
And I loved its graceful falling
And its heart that loves and sins
And when mine at close was broken, collapsed in lieu of
beauty known
I begin to feel that never could this broken heart be sewn

And there swollen, and there paralyzed in my maxim of
despair
I ached endlessly that water, just a drop, fall through the
air
It was the moment thence succeeding, as I sat there frozen
still

A drop of water streamed before my eyes, at the edge of
my windowsill

And I realized my drop of water, though far away and lost
in time

Was one of endless fleeting moments, each of beauty and
of rhyme

A rain of history and knowing, a rain more gentle and
more sweet

Than I myself could hope to harness, pattered softly like a
beat

And this beat so soft and steady, humbleness shone soft
supreme

Gave me answer to my wonderings, what this journey
even means

For I loved a drop of water, born and died at a waterfall
And this beauty that I loved, I still love endlessly in all.

I Try to Be

I try to be
So god damned clever
To let you know,
I care

I try to look
So god damned good
To show you, that
I do

I try and smell
I can as best
And say as cool
As things I could
And prove that
Though
I'm cool alone
I'd care for you
If too you would

'Cause I'm feeling blue
I'm green with envy
I'm red with hope
I'm black with fear

I'm white with smiles
I'm glad you sent me

I'm grey with trying
To know you, dear

And though you steer
Right on to me
And though you kiss
Like a dog full of love

We may be near
The end of this session
And I am unsure
What I am made of

Heart Filled to the Brim

My heart is filled to the brim
Each morning when I rise
When I think of all the beings
That share life beneath the skies

All the feelings each within them
That delight and dim their time
That inspire, but near kill them
All existing in the mind

I get full of each ones beauty
I get high from life itself
I rest wildly and fully
On a high up golden shelf

But at noon when winds do quicken
And my sweat does darkly cool
And my heart is sore with fullness
I fall swiftly from my stool

And I glide with melancholy
Down the shelf from book to book
And my eyes now closed and heavy
Haven't one desire to look

And I find myself thence broken
At the bottom of the lake
Wondering how on earth I'm drowning
Which wrong turn, lord, did I take?

On this eve near suffocated
On my last exhausted breath
I float up to the still lake surface
Having just escaped my death

And quite shocked and scared and sullen
A soft current pulls me slow
And in reeds I lay unlighted
In the shallows soft and low

And in blue and misty nightfall
I sleep to the sounds of hymn
But when I rise in the golden morning
I find my heart filled to the brim

And Perhaps the Great Surprise

And perhaps the great surprise is that life really is what we make it out to be; that we love the projection of love that we create. That in our hearts exists purity and ideals. That we see in moments of ecstasy unbroken pieces, and their goodness needs no illumination through doubt...But of course they do. Of course without darkness light holds no virtue. Without the pain of wanting, getting means not.

And the petty tit-for-tat reciprocity

In the endless editions of our attempted communication,
that

Make us all feel great

And want to hold one another

Although it be that

Time is some sort of necessity here

In this equation of development

And it grows us and then dries us dead

Nurtures us

And puts us to sleep

But I hear, that it's always quite gentle

Once we stop our screaming and crying

And forgive the format:

That when we're tucked in and tired

And finally our bodies are unable to resist

Our undue ends...

We flow so gracefully

Into our familiar unknown

That our only shame

Is in needing to stir, again.

That's it.

Oh insane life
You fuck me
"You really should"
"You're talking to the wrong guy about snakes."

You take my dreams, you demand I pursue them; you're not a fan of snakes.

You correct me. You laugh; you compliment me. No one knows me.

You destroy me, while I sit in perfect health, supposedly.

You care nothing about me. You speak in generalities. You know I'm nearly worthless, like yourself.

You moan; you adore me. You attempt comedy. You attempt to be sane. You attempt to clear your head.

I am congratulated. I admit confusion, and demand response, and receive none.

I loathe you. I hate, despise, resent, and need you. Hardly, appreciate your off-key singing, singing my songs: my loathsome songs.

I need to be you, become you, adhere to your robotic understanding.

Fuck you. *Fuck* you. That's it.

I Love You.

When I say: "I love you"

I stop, right before I say it, and I ask myself if I really mean it.

Right before I say it, I answer the question and I think about my answer.

I think about my answer because when I say, "I love you..." I mean it.

I mean it because right before I say it I think "I don't have to say it if I don't want to" I've never felt the pressure to say it to anyone when I didn't mean and I think I may be very lucky and very lonely in that statistic... *but* I think: "I don't *have* to say it...but if I never see this person again, if this is the last time I get to say something to them, what can I say that is true? What can I say to them that is one honest thing that would surpass every god damned other thing we've said to each other? And I say

"I love you."

I love you, Mom. I love you, Dad. I love you...too.

I especially like that last one because it shows that we're on the same page. It shows me we haven't forgotten. It shows me that we haven't let our egos get ahead of our hearts, our heads bigger

than our intuition, yeah, that intuition that lets you know what's actually important, on our short journey's on this little blue and green planet circulating diligently through what we have come to know as outer space,

It shows me we are in touch with our inner space. It shows me we are better than the alternative. Because love is really always the best thing to have in your heart. Not many can argue with that. Maybe a doctor, a doctor who would tell you blood cells are better to have in your heart than love but I might respond to such a doctor that a heart isn't worth keeping filled with blood cells if it doesn't have love too- I hope I don't sound like some strange love-enthused preacher

But I'm a philosophical type, and I've been wondering about the meaning of life for a little while now...

And before you claim cliché I won't say that the meaning of life has anything to do with love.

For me, meaning is nothing but the lack-thereof, the shadow who's been defined as the absence of light...

About that fight we had, in the car on the way to the airport... my heart beat with bitterness and grief and I'd never felt more offended in my life I can't believe this is how we ended this trip, I can't believe you would actually do that to me, I can't believe you would actually say *that* to me, I can't believe- I can't- I have to go now... I love you.

If It's True

If it's true
What you say
(And I don't doubt it
Is),
About suddenly feeling
The need to part
From those
Who've you drawn
Close

Then I say,
Bravo!
What a wonderful way
To keep
From being hurt
Again

To pull away,
For no reason
You can see
But deep down
You may know
That things were getting
Heavy

And the bonds
Were getting thick
And it seemed that

Maybe
You'd really found someone
Who'd stick
Around,
For good,
Like maybe they should
Who knows
It doesn't matter.

But it does,
Maybe it shouldn't?
Who cares.

You've found a way
To keep from being let down
Again

I don't know when you were hurt
So badly
Left so
Undeservingly
And
Scared,
Scarred

But you realized
Early
That

Love can leave
And that it doesn't pay
To believe it can't

It doesn't pay
To have faith
In that,

That thing, you know
You Want,
You Need

Because we have no reason
To build up our walls
When only joys
Have come

We have no need
To harbor fears
And hold back tears
And run

It's only when
We've drank too much
We see that booze
Can hurt us
Only when we've
Done too much,
Fallen off,

Been let down,

Seen the truth
Behind the smiles
Heard the weeping
Of the clowns

We decide that it's
The perfect time,
Most sensibly
To gather stone

To build our walls when
We've come too close,
To shut the doors
And breathe alone

For only things outside of us
Have tried to make us hurt
Only things we've welcomed in
Can make us feel like dirt

Maybe I am just a big asshole
It makes sense
To imagine
Because what is anyone really,
But a big asshole

We all can hurt,
We all can leave

We all hide something
Up our sleeves

Some hide scars
Upon their wrists
Some hide all their fears

Some hide weapons
Clenched in fists,
Some hide thirty years

I don't know
What I hide
From myself,
Or from you
Could I pledge to be there?
For all time, I've no clue.

Could I take in the days?
One by one
Air by sun

Could I promise you darling?
That never I'd run?

I can't make any promises
I can't believe in the day
I can't tell you I'm ever

Sincere
When I pray

But I've loved the way
You've existed
In my presence
Every moment
That I've seen it

And perhaps that's not
So rare
And perhaps it is...
And perhaps it's not even true
But as I write this
I do believe it is,
It's true,
I've loved every moment
Every thought
Every laugh
Every curious look

If it's true what you say
About turning away
Well,
I'll gladly march on
Until I do face the day.

Dancing

You pointed out to me
The irony
In how often I said “absolutely”
When I don’t believe (ostensibly)
In absolutes

You pointed out to me,
How nervous I didn’t realize I get
When I’m around you

After you were gone I realized
How many lies I told you
That I didn’t think were lies
Because when you were there
And your face was looking at mine
What I said didn’t matter
I just tried to get through each
Suffocating moment

Each suffocating breath filled with the
Air you’d just exhaled
Every sigh strangled me

As I wondered

What it meant
Where you’d been
All those years
Before we met
Or rather, before I met you
Because I don’t think we ever met

I met you, made you. Made you out to be all the things
That you still are, in flux, in my mind’s creation
You dance, twelve hours a night
Through my head.
I’ve spent more time with you, alone
Than we have, together

I miss you all the time
Because I fear you’re not real
And when I do see you, you prove my fears wrong
You exist and smell and speak and sing and you are
Real
Until I’m alone again with you,
Dancing

All We Can Do Is Carry Each Other

All we can do is carry each other
For we're here together, united we suffer
We offer not answers, but presence

All we can do is carry each other
Not with our hands, but with our eyes
Not with our words, but with our prayers

And to think, because a bridge was
burned,
That bridges can't be built, again

Til death do us part
Til pride do the same
Til bitterness and envy
Pour this love down the drain

Why am I so ashamed
To believe what I do?
To believe that there's something
So special in you

To think that my empty
Is akin to your shine
To regard every kiss shared
Between us, divine

I am aching and holy
Or dull and depressed
Wondering how to conduct
This strange life before rest

Why do I fear so deeply,
That I lack what I need,
That I'm desperately
Seeking, but can never be freed?

Let me breathe
Let me think
Let me breathe
Set me free

I love you
I love you
Why can't I just
Love me?

Endlessly pontificate

Endlessly pontificate

An endless love

I fail to feel

Pontificate

The beauty of

A world I don't

Believe is real

Pontificate

A Selflessness

In attempts to satisfy

Myself

Pontificate

A nobleman

Who humbles on

The highest shelf

Pontificate

A hate of hate

A love of love

In God we trust

Pontificate

A choice to make

A heart to drink from

Yes, you must.

Pontificate

A love for all

All while I wallow

In disgust

Pontificate

An understanding

Patience while,

I live by lust

Pontificate

To all with ears

That I am wise

Beyond my years

Pontificate

To those so dear

That I am brave

And feel no fear

Pontificate
Transparency
While through my teeth
I lie and lie

Pontificate
The glory of
This wondrous life
And pray to die

Pontificate
The value of
These maxims and
Of my ideals

Pontificate
(While plotting death)
To forgive He
Who only steals

And so it's clear
That what I say
May not be like
The things I do

But hate me not,
For I have learned
To say sincerely:
I love you.

Fucking, Feeling.

Fuck.

That pit in your stomach
Don't even know what
Manic fucking
Falling off the edge
Fucking,
Feeling.
Fuck.

That graspin' at everything near me
For some sort of
Reaction to maybe
Let me know I'm
Here
That I'm capable of
Moments
That I'm capable of
Not fucking
Falling
Deeper
Into this
Fucking,
Feeling

Fuck.
That I'm sorry
That you're not

No one should be
I am. I am fucking sorry;
For wanting you
For wanting you to fit
For wanting you to be
BE
Not BE, but do,
Do what I need
Fill the script I wrote
A long time ago

You're fucking up your audition
But I'm desperate for a foil character
A femme fatale
A female hero
I'm sorry I never told you
What the script was
I was afraid if you read it
You'd realize I wrote it
In attempts to avoid
That fucking
Empty, lonely
Nothing, lacking
Self-loathing
Reaching
Grasping
Fucking,
Feeling.

Fuck.

The Right Words

And it seemed I'd completely forgotten how I got there, to that chair and table, by the windows to the woman with bulging eyes. When was it again, that I was no one? When I listened to colors and sounds and advertisements? The eyes with a perfect, unnatural glaze. Eyes that wavered constantly while fixated in perfect stillness on the words she read from the blaring, voiceless computer screen. How did I fall in love with her? When did I realize I hadn't?

Absorbed in the fixtures of time and immediacy she senses endless stimuli whilst failing to sense herself deteriorate. Failing to feel herself dissipate into the mist of mass media, of a marred meridian. I forgot how I got there, so I tried to remember.

I see in one small imaginary picture, a blonde haired boy with a yellow shirt and smile beaming to infinity. That wasn't how I got there. — I look and I see a fourteen-year-old with greased hair and a mind blazing with the fascinations of marijuana, and the endless confusion of how he could bear so much responsibility in a world with so few people. I look and I see two children at a concert in northeast Maine fiending for food and for fullness and not expecting to be disappointed.

I realize how I must have got here, though I still cannot remember. I got here when I expected to find the right words. I got here when I tried to make it on time. I got here when I expected her to like my music, when I expected her to stay in bed a couple minutes longer.

And her eyes take it all in. They see, every sight, that they seek. And her weariness will be cured with amphetamine...and her heart will be cured with adrenaline... and her fingers will be held in a number of hands...

The windows disappeared with the table and chairs, and with closed eyes I stopped looking for the right words.

Individual Moment

And at that individual moment I realized I may be too drunk for the conversation and I realized that it may be in my best interest to retreat into my chair. So I crossed my legs and asked my hypnotized mind what I'd memorized and so I reached for my phone. There in my phone could be solace, even if there was no solace. So I searched for solace and reached for my phone. I found none but I was glad that it was there because although it offered no substance, it did offer the possibility, and it gave me an excuse for a minute to believe that I wasn't alone in my chair and that I didn't have bad breath and that I didn't suddenly hate myself for failing to make these women fall in love with me. But maybe they did and even if they did I wouldn't be interested because I don't go for women like this but I wouldn't mind some cheap sex even though I swore myself off of it, but that was temporary and I only did it because I was afraid I'd never get the kinds I was looking for and that was fine with me.

And so she said that she better go to bed and she didn't look at me. And I saw her shirt and then she looked at me, and I was alone with a woman only a man could love, and I wasn't a man yet. And she pulled out her phone and feigned interest and searched for substance and wished that I was a man and wished that she were a girl instead of the wine-mother she'd grown into. And we both sat in a room completely alone, falsely believing there was solace in a technology that abandoned us the day we opened it up on Christmas morning and then Seth barged into the room drunkenly with some food and so our eyes opened and we forgot how lonely we were until we were reminded by calories and self esteem that we would fail in our success and die in our lives.

Magic Pixie Dream Girl

Well I guess this is the natural and necessary
Course of things. If I'd had you it would have
Broken every principle-insight I've devised so far
to cope with my obsession

So perhaps now I can start digesting this lesson.
I hope it's specific and not something to
do with the indifference of the universe.

Symbols and soliloquy- my guiding lights that
Always nourish and encourage my misery
and obsession with Desire.

None of these thoughts are new- but you
were, so it felt different. My magic pixie
dream girl. My first and last.

A Moment of Hard Rain

A Moment of Hard Rain

Psychic tension

Long legs & a short dress

A cigarette smoked standing up

A fail, an "F," and a compliment,

Considering a lie,

Avoiding a line

Weighing the benefits of

Bloody hands/packed with

Gravel and dust.

"Are you really, or was that a

Deflection?"

A moment of hard rain,

Psychic tension.

Notes, notes, notes!

Notes, notes, notes!
Left alone
In my head again!
Just me, old familiar I,
The vaguest memories
That try to

This sense of –
Riley
Who, oh so
Unclearly
Floats above
In
Clouds, I can see
Him if I squint, or
Get the right angle
Sometimes, I can't
Not see, that
Shape-Face in the clouds,
But the shifting nature
Disheartens my belief
In the uniqueness
Of that cloud-heart-mind
Person, my
Real heart
Hurts, but
Why?

I've been trying
To ask that
Floating memory person
In the sky, there,
I've been trying to ask
Inwardly, sometimes I
Only refer to flashbacks
Sound images of that room,
The yard, the steps?
Who heard us? Me?
Not sure that would explain
How I feel today
–But of course it would!
?
I'm feeling very self-conscious
Are you listening to these thoughts?
What have you figured out? Maybe
It's accurate...Can you tell me?
Well, maybe I'm boring
No, no,
Well, so,
Sigh, Hi.

“Words that convey it. But the problem here is
that it doesn't look like words can convey it.”
Well that makes sense. For– now –

The Depth

The depth
In her lips
Pouting, to
Resent, the way
This feels, too deeply,
And too often
Laughing-
Suddenly-deeply
The depth
In her smile,
Tight, to resist, how
Much-
Madness/Movement
Magic, is in
Her chest- her
Belly
Aches - too deeply
And too often
Churning,
Contemplative-Yearning
The strange dance

That love and hate
Have every evening
While refusing
She sleep
Even when
The depth
In her eyes
Is hidden
By tired lids

Structural The Functional Property Problem

Ow, ow, ow!
Damn that painful memory,
How it reflects my cruelty,
Or, selfishness, or
I'm not sure.
Why do I remember with
Self-reproach?
Are all things not genuine?
Did the speed not simply
Enhance the speed, and
Magnitude, of how strangely,
Empty, needy, hungry,
I was/ am...
I can't say I'm sorry
I think I'd rather hate
Even indifference feels forgiving
I can't admit fault.
That would admit I have faults..
If I do that, then I'm worse..
I need to be better, best,
Great.
I had a great day, great time, a
great experience. A great life!
'Cause I'm a great person–
a great guy – a great gal!

A great lover, great husband,
Great buddy, a great pal!

A great father, great mother,
We're great parents– a
Great pair!
I'm damn great– don't you
See that?
A great person– with great hair.
I exist
(un)deniably
(in) favor
(of) wonder–
ing
what
will happen
next.
"This is just a little rant of my own."

Oh We, Insatiable.

Oh we, insatiable.
Always wanting more
Unfulfilled by the colors of sunset
We ask that sunrise settle score

Oh we, impossible.
In rarest life we live
Randomness embodied
Wondering what we wish to give

Oh we, indescribable.
Vagaries abound
Attempting to make sense of all
This madness we surround

Oh we, insatiable.
In constant need of love
Of concepts we've created...
Eyes watch from above

Oh we, humanity.
Important, self-proclaimed
Venture in endless agency
Our passions never tamed

Oh we, lovers all alone.
Sit softly in our chairs
Secretly admiring
The fire of our cares

Oh we, insanity.
Battling furiously with our minds
Trying to fit our hurried hearts inside
These systems that we find

Oh we, insatiable.
Wanting for one thing,
Wanting for one promise
Life could never hope to bring.

Oh we, undeniable.
Arbitrary poets try
To love the love that lies inside
And paint it on the sky.