

1 Instability

This shell harbors one full cast in desperate need of a crew.
Playing each role in stride ignoring the characters' names on the side.
The antagonist just is the protagonist,
and her plucky sidekick, too.
Don't look carefully, and you can believe it's a ruse.
Besides, the choreography's wrong, and the jester's an agonist.

This identity is merely an illusion.
Every act just a comedic melodramatic allusion.
If you peer closely, no you still don't see who's next.
Who will I be this week?
A sweetheart, an asshole, a lover, or a God?
At any point which can even be said is me?

There is no coherent story, only noise
that you put together hoping for consistency,
but at the end of the day it's nonsense and with
some luck the mish mash of feeling has you some joys.

On a knee, have a seat and please stand up.
We have things to do, whoever we happen to be.
Maybe we'll kiss the world, show some love.
Probably just another stain on the sin cup.
Can you hold me responsible? The previous tenant made this
mess. Well, I suppose you can.

2 Remix

Rerererererereremix.
Another iteration. New. Again.
Again let's go again let's go again.
Remix. Repeat. Remix. Repeat. Again.
Let's go again let's go again let's go.
It's all been done. Do it again. Once more.
All-American suicide. Revive.
Sell me your toes. One dollar each. Regrow.
I know you slip. I heard from Dante you
will burn, too. Can you feel the fire burning?
There is a spectre haunting this house and
I wonder who it could be. Maybe that
old ghost of Communism is back. Or is

God back? Maybe a broken family.
Let us begin again. Once more. Again.
I'll tell you over and over. Again.
One more All-American suicide.
Perhaps the whole world will sing too. Somebody
once told me to ask what I know for sure,
but I was not sure I knew what he asked.
Try all you want to make me understand.
All that you can do is remix the words.
I'm not sure you know anyway what you mean.
Sound and fury signifies nothing. But we
make do with what we have and what we are
nothing. Negate the being and remix.
Repent. Reiterate and then repent.
Go collect all the gems and free the slaves.
If you can summon your heart's desire.
The nothingness that is me is no thing
that is you is the other is just Hell
so to Hell with the other people! Leave
me be alone. Forget the meaningless
despair, though. Just rock and roll all nite or
love it when you one-two step please don't stop.
Hide tragedy. Say never again,
Just once more for our justice so they say,
now never again except now we get
a turn for our revenge. Retribution.
But there's no crime without a victim so
I guess you're fine. Recapitulate and
decapitate. Remix the words and you'll
get something new. Reiterate the moves
and you can have some meaning. But feel the
respect for nothingness.

3 Lament to Leibniz

In the best of all possible worlds
 where everything is in harmony
And my very concept entailing my world
 and myself entailed in everyone else
I seek my preestablished fate
 unrolling god's story in agony

If I'd not stumbled the world'd be worse
 and if I'd not fallen much the same
So in some world where I'd not agonize
 a balance'd be disrupted
But is the best possible world the best for me
 or is my joy contrary to the good's destiny

While the world could not be any better
 my lack of faith demands an impossible world
For some impossible world could be better yet
 and what kind of god can't surmount that
What kind of god cannot turn the non-contingent
 into the contingent--why does non-contingency
 entail necessary falsity
And then why is a better world unchained by agony
 necessarily non-being?

Logic chains us to this agony in the
 best possible terrible world
And agony begets a sick sense of glory
 this I find so opportune.

4 Not Feeling Today

I cannot feel a goddamn thing besides
my fucking tingling legs and tingling heart.

My body is numb, deadened from abuse
inspired by the years of the abuse.

I cough up new fluids every day. But hey,
they let me know I'm still

alive. Cough cough up all the stuff in my
lungs but hope the

stuff deeper down stays down because I lost
the mop.

I cannot feel a goddamn thing, besides.

5 The End of This Chapter

I'm packing up my bags because it's time
to go. Thanks for the ride, I had a time.
Will we again cross paths? I cannot know.
Like shooting stars in the night sky we may.

Time has been here before, destined from the
start to see the end straight from the heart. We've
been at these roads before the winds breeze through
my hair tip my hat to stop the train and

straight out of the heart these words live. I tell
you to stay back and don't get hit by the
train blazing into the future like a
nomad into the sky burning a trail

in the hearts of many let us trade scars.
What was so long ago but this cannot
end. Our delusions revealed so clearly now.
The train's nearing, get off the tracks to live.

Written by the Author in the spiel of

time bound by the ink of His pen live all
you can, live all you can. Fade away, no.
Do not fade ever, please, the dust you're not.

The dust is not settled and a storm is
brewing, and the train is in need of some
renovation. You cannot come with on
into the distant horizon, please, no.

The twilight falls again and we meet the
end of this chapter.

6 Love Inscribed

Through seas of expired blood
The dimmest light reveals life
In the realm of dead shadows

By this night's fateful call
Through death's invitation
To a far away land

Love inscribed, engraved by heart
A terrible, bloody scar
In a dirty bathroom stall

Metal key with a ring
Will not unlock the pain
Love is the lock itself

Burning flesh on fingertips
The fire in my soul unleashed
Save the world from the terror

Stabbing pain like a key
Stabbing pain like this hate
Pierce flesh and soul alike

Drink all the blood on their hands
Let another day be done
I'm the love-inscribed one

7 Six in Line

Hey man, fuck you, too
I have six in line to screw
That's more than you do

8 Wet

Dance with me in the rain so we can
forget our pain for today and
we'll let the deluge pay our tribute
to the dark lord that compels us
to mark our broken selves in the
dark of night or maybe just in a dim
secluded room hiding from the light
so no one can see our doom impending
before us by our own hands covered
in sins of lust after dark desires and
fruits of hellfire forged in a furnace of
pain and fear of a world's evil that
shan't wain and descending into
an abyss free from pain forevermore

9 to die

to die
it seems
is okay
just close
your eyes
with me
hold hands
and dive
into abyss
drink wine
pass out
fade away
no pain
no suffering
just drift

the wind
it carries
all dust
to dust
all ashes
to ashes
all lights
must fade
all lives
must wane
just give
you're all
you need
to die

10 Night Train

On this night I hear again an engine's rumble in the distance.
A whistle shatters the silence, calling me to behold.
I go out to watch the boxcars,
the logos, the graffiti, the locomotion.
As I nearer the train, the trembling of the wheels
against metal becoming deafening,
as it comes around the bend, light shatters the darkness.
The track is revealed, but my eyes are blinded.
The track seems to stretch
endlessly into the distance, the train
so far away.
So I step onto the track and stare into
the light,
and it shatters me.

11 Month Three

And everything fades and keeps fading and will keep fading and this never ends.
It just sinks another level lower. Just another bruise I find in the morning
that Heaven doesn't know where it came from because there's no light left.
There's an unending darkness confronting me at every sign of a return. This
is only month three and it's only getting worse and I have another stomach ache.
The nausea stopped being existential about half an hour ago because now it's just
vomit. But after I purge it'll all be better for a few minutes. I promise you in
those few minutes we can start all over again. I'll try again and we'll see where
things go. This time it'll be better. This time, I promise, we'll all be

fine. And we're not fine, no. And everything fades. It hasn't faded yet. I can see the streams through the streams. Sweating and freezing and shaking and hiding and everyone's out to catch me now. A pariah, I have stolen the robes of. I'll tell you this isn't me, and these aren't my robes. You'll tell me this is, and I guess you'll be right. The room won't stay still, and I guess neither will I as I cover the outside with the in.

12 Infatuation

Self-laceration, ethanol intoxication, anaerobic metabolization
Hypertense salination, just anything will do for this fixation
Glucose, fructose, dextrose, sucrose, maltose, prompting salivation
Protein and oxygen, sustaining this incarnation
Glass of water, take a nap, fawn and fall from tantalization
Another bout of inhibition: aid via inebriation
A deeper form of auto-asphyxiation
followed by disappointing auto-defenstration
Abstraction escaping concretization
Chilling for preservation
No reverence for life's station
Liberty enacted radically usurping destination
Broken intonation for a melancholy audiation
Visualization of nothing beyond imagination
Barred depression, anxiety, no coming to realization
Depths of disenchantment leave no space for persuasion
Cyclically revolving diurnal and nocturnal peregrination
Evisceration of fantastical illusory forthcoming salvation
Coming to idealize only inevitable nihilation

13 The World Cannot Stay Big

The world was so wide, so great, and so real
you could reach right out and touch it. You could
feel rain, taste sweet, admire the greatness.
Perhaps all good things must fall into
oblivion. Annihilation
forever inevitable, so
take one shot so the world gets a
bit smaller. Take one more as dreams
become the better half of
life. So small becomes the world.
Walls close in. The ends of
the Earth come into view.
Then catatonia
sets in with brief gasps
in between. The songs
fade in and out
and the world gets
so small. Repeat
those words. One
last time. Just
one, always.
Until

14 Cherry Vodka

Sweet cherry vodka I cannot rid myself of thee
Everytime I get away I crawl back to you in agony
I just need one more drink, another sip tonight
And then I promise I can go make things right

From childhood I learned to love your sweet embrace
I thought one day I'd leave you but I fear that's not the case
So pour me another glass, dear, you've always been so faithful
Everyone else deceived me, how could I have been so hateful?

Kiss me again, no, fuck me against the wall
Let me feel your sweet lips caress my body, doll
Honey, I want to feel you deep inside me
Yes, of course I will get on my knees

15 In Hell

Torture all-encompassing
As fires reach from below
Beasts dwell here
feasting on boiling flesh

The monkey plays his horn
to the tune of burning blood
Weeds grow and thrive
in the skulls of the damned

War crimes define the scene
Screaming is the only sound
In Hell.
Where beasts and dragons reign

Clamp the neck
Hang the body
upside down
in Hell

16 I Hurt You

I hurt you.
You hurt me.
Humanity's a fucked up family.
If you want to have meaningful
relationships in life,
you will have to endure great pain.

17 Kill Yourself: A Limerick

Your life is a big waste of time
Containing no reason nor rhyme
So please kill yourself
For all of our health
Or I'll cook you into a slime

18 Drowning

I've fallen deep and down spiralling out of control
No longer can I defend the mind the morals my home my land
Your sweet infection has claimed my mind my soul and thrown it
Into chaos disconnected from all reality and for this world a misfit

But a misfit's just what I was I am I want for
I want little more than to escape slavery to the world its whore
Slapped around beaten and scarred for daring to breathe to strive
For freedom you see through the façade I'm like a clear pool but dive

Full of desire too anxious to escape splashing into the open air
The exposure burns its flesh and it's battered back down
Meanness and horror dwell deep inside where now I've fallen
Unable to see the light above only praying one day to hear my calling

To rise above these demons that caress me so intimately
Fill me with dark love someone save me pull me from the sea
Again I will fly burst through the clouds but not tonight
Drown sink asphyxiate in this emotion and some day I live

19 Bloom

In silence we lie.
And to think I didn't know
how fleeting was our goodbye.

In you I see a bright glow.
You bring about such desire.
Such desire I hitherto did not know.

So much in you I admire,
your wit, your charm, your drive for adventure.
You bleed the lines of admiration and desire.

There'd been days that I'd conjecture
your subtle movements were in fact hints.
Were we to had have gone forth would have been quite the adventure.

While my heart and eyes wander, none like you have been around since.
Only in absence via distance could or did I ever find myself away.

Still, sipping from this chalice I contemplate new hints.

Here I write to you on a midsummer's day,
and if I could be with you
I'd wash the whole season away.

For what time we have left there is so much to do.
In a dream so much to confide,
but enough about me; isn't this one about you?

20 A Ruse, A Muse

These lines bleed, those words screech
Even looking inside blind, each line a bind
Engine of Destruction, Goddess of Corruption
Power with no handle, burning the brightest candle
Fading to a wraith, in need of a grain of faith
A complete smash-up, a thousandth mash-up
A thousand steps down, a completely soaked crown
Just disappear, please reappear
One thing led to another, find cover
Prayers for transduction, proclivity for induction
Five lessons learned, all too concerned
A wreck scene photo op, encountered a suspected cop
Contortion is a hobby, contusions in the lobby
No desire out, two ways about
Half-empty boxes, devilish foxes
Contrived synthesis, matters of (co)incidence
Complete deconstruction, mystical production