

2021 AD

HOTEL
CAHOKIA

it was a rainy night at the
hotel cahokia and everybody
wanted to go back but no one knew
where

it was quieter than usual,
except for one man in the
hotel bar who was talking to himself
too loudly
"go back, go back!" he was saying
"you cant go back,
i went on wondering, uselessly.
"Its cursed land", i heard
him say. "we're
cursed. condemned.

he spat, "assholes in a sinking
ship, no we cant go back,
its too late! god damnit! too late!"
It wasnt like listening, you looked away
and let his words come
over to where you were at
"Fathers, mothers, Daughters, bastards, all!
its cursed, indecline!
all the time, its dying,
it cant be brought
back!

go forward

all the horses die,

so they skin them,
and wear the horses head
to show you they're still
tough, the system goes down,
and a reflection of its height
is symbolized, so you can remember
and its passed down, utilized,
built upon, on a scale too big to
see, like continents moving or
finger nails growing,
reflections, of this past, this
life, that one, multiples, currency
social capital

he kept talking
i had vertigo in my seat
and i stared
down at the table
and anchored myself
"well, i wouldnt say
that " someone quietly
said in response to the
rambling man,
he didnt reply,
just looked, the quiet
man avoiding his gaze.
there were people
with half their face
missing walking
by, some were missing

half their head,
they didnt seem
to know or care.

after steadying myself
i take a look up, at
the next table, a skeptic
over his pint
sees me and
says "He thinks its like that,
but its not, its actually
just something else,"

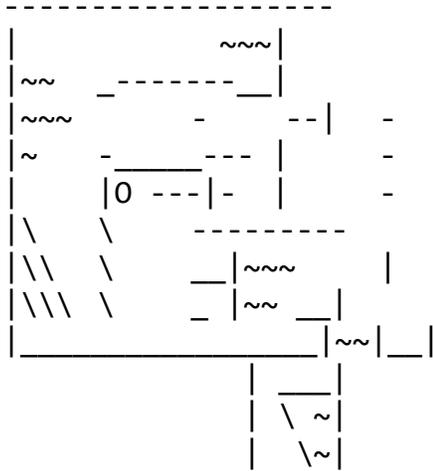
"Does he expect everyone to
see it his way? they cant,
they wont!" he scoffed, waiting
for me to laugh too.

cultural remnants slotted
into fractured and changing
schedules

I stumbled out, I had to empty
my head. I was full
of nothing and had no room
for anything so it washed over
and I was blind. what a
cycle, I thought. take in,
spill out, fill up, spill out,
very bulimic. the less you
take in, the better. people
get selective, so when they
spill, its golden.
curators of vomit. with
suckers lined around the
block with open mouths.
were all just swimming in it.
walking around, there were
people laying on the
ground all over.
i went to my room,
alone, i wanted to
fill my eyes
with something awful,
bright from a screen, into
somewhere id never be in
real life, watching people

id never meet, because they
didn't exist, only as
screen people,
as good as
shadows cast by fire light.
just as real as fake.
my mother phoned and evil
seeped into my room like
weeds and crawled into my
chest. i was displaced
from the
shape of things and a
stranger to myself.
my mother could not let me go.

one day the declining american
way of life will be
replaced by something else.
something better suited
to the land, and by which
its people are
not forced into disrepair
by the ruling class.
maybe
what could i say.
american personalities
are often stolen from
others,
lifted by white snakes
looking for something to
wear, your culture; my
capital. social looting,
and i wont get caught.
it keeps the whites happy,
when they stray from the
traditional incest and religion,



getting so used to messages
sent from the brain,
settling into them,
like skin suit emulsion
forming

it was dark when i woke
up. i had been sitting by the
window, looking out,
trying to live inside reflections
again.

we are locked into
our endless fate
and made to ignore
the wide open door
out. if the whole
world is mad ; it is
sane. when they
silenced the "new"
world, they killed
the witness.
the world is sane.
we are cursed.
we doom our selves.
we ignore all ways
out. we choose
our fate *

it was dark when i woke
up outside the bar. i had
been lent against the wall
with a lit cigarette hanging
at my side unashed halfway long.
two crazy people were
looking down
the adjoining
alley, discussing what ought
to be there.

"Im telling you, its fine as is,
maybe a couple of potted plants,
but its fine." "no, the whole
thing should have seating and
it should be painted green,"
"it wouldn't look good in
green,"

i did not understand
what all the fuss
was about; until i
realized that i was not
even here at all. i was
always drifting in and out
of awareness, frequently
spending long stretches
of time existing
within a delusional
mindset, endeavoring
towards delusion goals for
my delusion self.

i woke up again, realizing
i had been staring
at the two crazy people
by the alley, who now
were staring at me.

"I have to shrink my
head" i told them,
and walked off
I have to shrink my head.
Position myself at the edge
of something
small to crawl into,

to replicate the childish
imagination,
a reminder of the
womb i guess. i was
always trying to return to womb
without alerting the land lady
"I lack the technical skill
to express myself so i
want to return to the womb where
i can masterfully express
womb reality. a mayor of
snowglobes, model train tycoons,
aquarium explorer, , , "
i talked to myself,
"lazy womb boy" "go fish",
to shrink
my head i went looking for
a tree. i just wanted to
stare at a tree for a while.
sometimes a little nothing
is better than anything else.
on my way to find a tree i
walked away from the
hotel neighborhood into
a residential area with nicer
homes. it was evening and
television lights leaked out
most of them,
it reminded me of fahrenheit
451 where the walls of houses
were tv screens and people
thought the people inside
were their friends. i was
the same way, i had
computer "friends", and a
dark room where they waited
for me to return and fall off
the side of the world into
led nowhere. kind of like
a womb. the idea of computer
womb waiting brought hunger
and
i forgot all about the tree,
turned around and hurried home,
i was
back in the
dark i was
searching for monolith

in the bright screen dark room
like a cave i was looking to
go deeper. still a caveman.
looking for answers in a
campfire.

i lost my vision
trying to see. i woke up with
a head that wouldnt be quiet.
it hadnt shrunk any smaller
no matter how Itried.

i wanted a lobotomy, to be
fitted with a one track mind
and a blissful fulfillment
as a vegetable. not really,
but it was hard to do one
thing without thinking about
all the others, it got so
that you never did that one
thing 100%, just a bunch of
20% things,

days later i woke up and
things were pouring out of me
that i could not give shape to.
it would fill up my words before
i spoke and get in my way before
id gone anywhere. all i could do
for it was watch it wash over
everything like a
flood. i laid back to sleep
wondering when it would pass.
i lay in a dream state
finding everybody insane,
and out of reach.
asleep staring at
lights.

i woke up despite trying to stay
asleep. "i will never eat food again"
i thought to myself. i will live a
cold steel life, quiet and thin
and comfortable on bare feet,
it will taste like nothing and it
will taste great. i thought
about windows, and looking out unseen
forget it. i wanted to stop thinking
in 3rd person. i never could.

at some point the
digital world will
eclipse the real.
at least in appearance,
in some places.
truth will be manufax
we will be programmed.
dircect input stimuli
mechanisms.
it will be a dark room,
lit only by screen,
and people will be
unable to see they are alone

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when i woke up again it was
during an earthquake
at 3am. which rattled my windows
like a large animal trying to
get in, i lay awake until morning
with my brain bust open to
the night cold.
i saw a trail of
slime leading back to my
desk where my brainless body
slumped. the 24 hour light
showe flickered on my monitor.
spent bottles and wrappers littered
the floor around from a night
trying to climb inside it,
half my brain was already

inside, heating
up as it caked the screen,
night time? four eyes
gazing into syrup of it

the next morning everything
was falling thru a hole in the
floor, as i watched things
streaming past. i
realized i was totally
delusional. even
i was unaware of what i had.
giant pustule filled
growths covered most things,
rotten and overtaken
by time. i knew these things
were mine, even as ugly and unfamiliar
as they know felt.
seeing it turned me off,
made me want to go back to sleep,
to forget that it was always
seeping out thru that hole
in the floor.

everytime i looked
around most people seemed
insane and disgusting
i sat in the dark close to
the screen until it wrapped
around my head and i
was in it was limited and
endless. a 24 hour closed
circuit. i was
braindead forcing things and
trying to enact delusions.
i had stopped seeing and was
thrashing blindly, trying to get
others to see for me.
at least thats how it felt
at the end of it i saw a
giant whirlpool, with many
people caught in it, convinced
the better they sank the
better they got.
that there was something
something on the other side
worth waiting for. it was
insane because the pull

was not that strong, people
were floating in its
wake, they could swim
out anytime. i sat in
the current watching the
bloated figures further
along. they did not
want to talk, they
wanted to be heard,
reassured that their
bloated dedication to
sitting in a whirlpool
was commendable.

there was an entire society
* down here
* the place looked like an
a massive indoor pool
ruled by a
whirlpool committee with
whirlpool rules.
if you tried to talk about anything
too different
from the whirlpool, you
were a freak,
things from outside the
whirlpool had no real
value, only as raw
commodity to be refined
into whirlpool capital,
possessed by the
whirlpool cool.
the cool
were valued for their
calm and rational
way of floating in the
pool. they comforted
everyone by making
it seem like it was
good, and made sense.

they were the elite
defense against the
emotional terrorists

who snapped from
realizing the insanity
of floating in
circles in a made up
pool. if the pool could
not seem sensible, they
pool's elite would lose
their status, and would
no longer be cool.
so pool sensibility was
the most important,

the ONLY thing,
which mattered to the
pool.
it was a very
boring place. even
relaxing was tiresome.
i found myself
floating in the shallows,
swept in from the
city above
through the
sewers.

it had been a lonely
night and i sought company,
but these people made you
feel more alone the closer
you got. they were bloated
from floating in their own
juices, and i was not
welcome. i guess i
stunk up the place.
oh well, i said,
and made to leave.
i started
to climb out when i
realized how tired i
was, and said
well maybe just a

i woke up next on the
floor where
people were all around passed
out or fucking.
nobody really cared about
anything. and nothing was real.
nobody heard you if you
cried out in pain, only tried
to get you to stop. the most
important thing was maintaining
the insulation against the
real world. i had wandered
here from the sewer,
and made my bed alone in a
corner, they let you stay
if you did not disrupt.

the entire place was built
inside a repurposed
hotel
lobby, people had
been living in there for years.
you wandered to and
from rooms, hoping to make
a moment's connection between
interactions, a recognition of
something real, outside of
all this, something somewhere else
these
moments dripped from the
ceilings and soaked into the
carpet with everything
else,

until you couldn't tell
which was what

rolled over,
eyes were aching,
i realized i was nobody
but somebody ingenuine.
nothing owed to me.
loathing, with nothing to offer.
with a hole left in
me.

i woke up in an empty
meeting hall, under the
table with bottles scattered
around me.
the scholars had left me,
and i was empty, i knew nothing,
except that they did not
know everything.

jesus i said, it comes out
of me in long flowing
tendrils of hatred,
greedy, jealous
spires
spitting angrily in
malcontent.

"at some point its like, jeez,
am i lonely"
"ive been lonely so long i
didnt even know it"
"such a stranger to myself"

i sat at the bar with my
tongue full of worms.
i had nothing to open
my mouth for except to
spread them over everything
all the pieces inside me
were missing and i was
propped up on bottles
held by strings

i was trying to use my
ears more.

the day before, i had
come up a bit from the
sewers, left the hotel,
and found the meeting
hall. the people there
were older, and huffy.
they sat around and
talked, and drank a
little, like it was a
social reunion,

like a high school
reunion, and everyone
was looking to recapture
something from back
then,

there was a desire for
disconnection from the
real world, to enter
the digital world and
ritualize the
former - like a cave ritual
which draws from the
outside world.
but the digital world
is without physical feeling,

the body is further
than the mind which assumes
its avatar in the digital brace.
it is stasis, a womb.

i slept under the table
and listened to them
talk. nothing was real to

them, they did not
care about what they
were arguing about,
only for arguing in
general. to them it was
sport.

when
they were gone,
i rolled out from under,
and left the hall.

i walked back to
the hotel. i sat on the bed.
i could not understand anythin

i stared at the
wall for a while, and then
left. i walked downtown,
where the buildings
blocked out the sky, and
people were like nameless
bugs who crawled about them
the buildings were like hives,
all along the cliff
faces people
melted into anonymity,
you became a part of the
steel, concrete, and electricity,
you plugged in like an
appliance,

the march of time went unnoticed
people had no use of
time. it was 24 hours, every
day. the essential rectangles
anchored them to earth.
inside, it was part prison part
palace, screens lit dark
rooms and fell on
absent faces, strung or struck
into states of emotion found
no place else. existence ceased
to exist, and something else took
its place. food was
tubed in, waste was tubed out.
when someone died,

auto-meds were dispatched,
disconnected the corpse from
its apparatus, disposed of
and prepared the room for its next user

an entire society existed within
the digital confines of the
screen worlds. people lived their
entire lives out digitally. they
met, dated, married,
other users, even
reproducing through artificial
insemination which was carried out,
again thru tubes. entire families
existed. the newly borns were
transported fresh from the lab
to the family unit in the tower,
where they were plugged in too.
life went on, isolated
from the wasting world outside.
these concrete towers like
flowers grown from the land
watered with blood

i stared up at the tower,
blocking out
the sun. a hunched man
pushed past without looking
and went inside. i took
a look around the empty
street and walked
back to the hotel.
the entire world was mad.
maybe it always had been,

but now the bodies
of power blocked out the sky,
and left us faceless in the
growing shade, where the
masses lay sleeping with
eyes wide open.

lost in thought i found
myself in what used to
be a park.
only the lights and stone

fixtures were left, except
for some weeds which
grew between cracks.
i sat on a bench and looked
at the weeds reaching
up thru the concrete,
in a sense, far stronger than
the steel city around it. the
weed was anchored to something
greater than domination,
it returned time and time again,
until its enemy could not.
in a sense it had no enemy,
no one it would attack.
it simply grew. at least thats
how it seemed.
i looked up at the towers and knew
it would be fruitless to return there

anything i found there would only
be deception. i had spent years
searching for
things which could not be found.
i had carried on in the dark,
hoping to find other
seekers. but those i found
inside where already found,
and i was only a stranger.
it was pointless
to return, i would be chasing my
own delusions; thats how it
was designed: it entertained your
delusions,
it wrapped around wider than
could be grasped,

it was like perfect theatre,
one could not exit the stage.
i thought until i was falling
thru my head, and
i'd never find ground.
just clinging to bigger things
all the way down.
it made no sense.
then i stood up and entered
the tower again.

it was always night time

inside, and the light washed
over like

it was like being in a cloud.
things flowed by but could
never be grabbed.

several days later, i woke
in my chair and stared at
the dark screen.
i had crawled back out
again and lay sprawled within
myself. images from the
nights before flashed by,
like many car headlights

it was always night
time and i was all
the way inside. i had
no body, i was only mind.

i had been in a large school gymnasium, it was P.E. class, and hundreds of people were packed in, all wearing their PE shorts and school t-shirts, people were in their social groups, and the walls were covered with tv screens, showing other gyms, from all around the world, each with people in their PE uniforms.

the noise was so loud, everybody was talking, yelling, laughing, crying. people crowded around screens to yell across the world at each other.

it was hard to really hear anything. there was no sign of the PE teacher, but we all knew they were somewhere nearby, probably in their office with their whistle and sports equipment.

there were many groups of young men, and boys who seemed serious but were playing games, and some who seemed to be playing games, but were very serious. the ones seeming serious they all waited around, waiting to be told, or telling others, and there was no where to go for someone who wanted to go look for themselves, i was sitting alone trying to keep my distance. i was an easy target because my mind

was elsewhere.
and i sat, my being in two places,
and watched them

talk
for their own voices until
it flowed like a grand river
through a trash heap and
we sat and watched the
words cleft a path through
debris and hoped one day
their insanity would wash
the heaps away, but
it was never enough.
they only talked to tire, and
tired from talk.

i woke again in the dark
and was itching.
i had never
smelled the mediterranean
sea.
instead i itched in
the dark for digital
disney and crept
into a socket to die.
i lived in that
socket, split myself to
be bigger
inside it.

and they used passion,
to sound as though they cared,
but it was only performance,
it was only
a
hobby. it was a circular
track, and they bet on
the train's reappearance;
from around the bend,
came their deliverance.
it might have been a feat,
were they not the conductors
themselves. it was a
practice circuit, a
fish tank, a tide pool,

with disinfectant at the
ready. like flowers on
wallpaper.

i was stuck on
a mound in
the middle of the river
of voices, with the people
looking down from the
hills above.
i could do nothing to
stop the flow, nor
fight the current
to make for the shore.
so i lay on the ground,
with the bones of skeptics
around me who had grown
the mound with their bodies
before.

and in the towers, high upon the hills,
were liars, atop thrones of books,
who spoke one thing but practiced
another.
they were hard to reach in their
towers, and claimed to be close
to god, who only existed
when and where they said so.
they looked out their windows
at us below, and sought
entertainment from our shouts
and predicaments.
i had never
known a hate in my heart as
hot as i felt towards their
smug faces in the windows.
they put others down for
their own gain, then proclaimed
it was their rightful place.
and i looked beyond the towers,
and river, and gymnasium, and
noticed the walls, that the
entire place was but a cell,
a space which had become
as it was. we were but
animals pacing the enclosure.
i went to leave, and saw

thousands of enclosures,
of all types. i wanted to
leave but i could not
tear myself a way from
an angry desire to
dominate an enclosure,
as my own space.

i felt wildly territorial
over something i cared
nothing about.

i hated everyone
inside, they were insane, they
were unjust, and possessed
what was mine. i could not
fight them because they

said they loved god.
i had no god of my own,
i would only be wrong.

nothing is impossible,
only hidden.
if shown, anyone
can understand. the
awareness of things
hidden is intelligence,
my mind had shut and
i could understand
nothing, it would not
sink in,

i woke up on the floor, the
screen was dark.

the entire world was mad, full of
pedants deluding sanity, and
the ugly tormented souls
flaming as they burned

across the
sky

i wandered along
the enclosures for
a while, until i came
upon a large
intersection with
a long building
at the center.
people streamed in and
out from it by the
roads on all sides,
and i followed
them in. it was
something like a great
bazaar, a long
columned hall
filled with people talking
and listening in groups.
the wheels of conversation
spun, completing cycles,
talking about
the beginning until the
end, which began again.
different people
added their bit, pushing
the wheel along.
it was public, there was
dignity, there was humility.
it was reassuring, like a
path of tides.

eventually things died
down and i too left as
id came towards the
electricity i sought
inside my skull. i
returned to the tower,
sinking into my darkness,

like a pool of
water. i sank with
alcohol, and rested
upon the bottom with
a roofless sky and
away from the
today,
embracing the
grey.

a wall, a liquid, eyes
and the words
were
silent
i reeled from room to room,
gazing upon the chairs
which people sat.
some high some below,

i cut loose from the
chairs, and went towards
the night. it was something
nameless, it felt like
the weight of open air,
like a large block pressed
upon the earth. people
would crowd it inhaling
so much that their heads
grew and blocked out
the sky until they
could only see themselves
they were flat, plain, ugly
in ways that were
hard to see.

i sloppily disconnected
and went outside.
i had no words to

reach the people in there,
and i be came flat as a
wall in their presence.
the lack of dept sent
me reeling, and i
stumbled now through
hoping to fall,
endlessly
through space.
instead i found myself
in a parthenon atop a
hill, where
people came to pretend
to be roman.

they stood above the
rabble, entertaining
themselves with the
things we said. we were
so dumb, so simple,
if only we knew.
i sat like a bristled
sponge on the drain floor,
picking up slime and
filth, i had no desires
or ambitions other than
watching the fluid as
it seeped by

the mucus was nutritious,
but i floated lazy.

i realized i was a coward
germ, floating in primordial
streams. i had no mate.
birth rates are down, costs
are up. the gears
are grinding slowly down
and we gather
to hear, the groan
we are castrated and
codified. i have no ideals.

i lay crumpled and thought of
the horror of people, their sheer
horribleness like giant unscalable
cliffs rising and
each one locked away
behind his own madness,
hallucinating for keys which
were rumored to fall from
the sky.

a calamity at any moment,
the water would not stop running,
it would overflow, the land will
drown. and we rot, even
the gray slabs of
people crumble,
we become nothing,
again. their voices rattled
in my head,
all i could do was listen

i looked up at the voices
above the drain ditch.

i saw
english and east coast
americans acting as
white romans;
insulated against the
public, discussing
the empire. i was not
academic enough to join,
so i got up and went
looking for a vaccine

for my disgusting
rotting existence.
they would always talk.

i crumbled to dust to
avoid the march of time
which stretched across
like a desert sky,

there were people who
believed that britain was
the new rome, and everyone
should be its subjects.
they said the world outside
lacked beauty, and that
europe brought law and richness
to the world. they were
very nostalgic. they talked
about the soul of rome,
the spirit of the west,
they were very convinced

it was hard not to be angry
at people who talked like that.
they did not know they were
doing the work of those
who would never reward them.
or maybe they just
wanted vengeance on
all of us.

i dont think it
would be like they hoped.

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i wanted to
live inside the
dim tank forever, like
a prehistoric fish sleeping
on the sea floor for
eons

i found myself wanting
to rest at the bottom
forever, like a prehistoric
fish sleeping under the
sand, hearing the world
above. the whole world
was too big, rendered ruthlessly
before us in blinding
light, details of our own
image far too apparent,
and our confines too limited
to deal with it.

there were hysteric people clinging to
things which didn't suit them, but which
they felt they severely needed.
every day they defended these
hills of indifference, which never
satisfied their goals. these "struggles"
gave them meaning where they
had abandoned it, and gave them
a personality to look after.
you had millions of flesh suits
crawling around driving the world
insane, with their useless
screeching and shameful
self importance. they were delusional,

and wanted to remain delusional

lack of anchor,
dissolves inside.
i sat by the screen with a
head full of helium.

and
strewn words that burst
out
at the image of
others inside the screen.
i babbled like a fool,
i did not want to be alone.
i gave up my person,
and i was
alone. everyone had a shoebox
to call their own.

i lay drooling by the screen,
when my pocket phone

lit up. it was a text
from an art teacher.
"why weren't you at critique?
that will affect your grade."
i felt bad. i had slept thru it.
it would have been
good to be at critique, but i
had cast it aside to make room
for the great nothingness
which was my life's obsession.

there was a desire
to have desires about

things, to encompass,
to collect,

to own, to absorb.
i grew fat dredging
things in my wake,
driving towards something
undefined, at a point.

i woke up again by the
screen,
and went to the window.
i drew the blinds and saw
the gray
nothing had happened
for a long
time., and you felt like
nothing would either.
it was a stagnant
gray world, which was
indifferent to us.
we hid in our holes along
the cliff face, looking
for movements
against the concrete.
i turned away, and back
to the spirals
in the screen.

I woke up in America.
i saw people
kept busy,
while all sorts of wrong
went on right in front
of them. they did not
see it, they said it did
not exist. they did as they
were told, they were told
they were the best.

i was lonely and would talk
to anyone that would listen,

i cast words like ropes
hoping to grab hold,
i was a dangling mess,
unbalanced with a loose
sense of self,

i woke up amidst delusions
of grandeur and realized
i was very small.
the things which
rose against me were
huge and towered like
walls which blocked me in,
and i saw many people
shrinking into their illusions
to attempt escape.
people set their whole lives
around things which seemed very
small, and i thought my own
must appear similarly small
to them, like the tower of
babel we were incapable
of understanding each other,
except through our own
conceptions, our own
languages.

the sole focus on my life was
losing focus.
it was a religious devotion,
to which i was
faithful. i stood for nothing
i got drunk and threw myself
into nothingness. i made it
a point of good manners to
blot my existence out with
politeness, i was a sucker,
i bought my ticket and sat
down to the show

i woke up next, realizing that
i did not know myself.
i was not awake,
i was moving through life
trying to
follow a still image set
in front of me,
like in the old cartoons,
when they painted a
tunnel over a
brick wall.
and i stood before the wall
day in, day out,
worshipping my devout journey
through the
tunnel,.

i did not know myself, only
that i cared what others
thought. i made dramatic
movements to get reactions,
but i was a stranger to my self.
i found i was plain,
in ways i had always loved.
i could find quiet inside,
and it made the world
insane by compare.
all i wanted was
validation from other people,
it was a addiction
i could not just be
alone, I entertained others
in my head.

I found myself standing at
the foot of the electric monolith,
its
stimulus lost on me,
I was unresponsive.
others stood by in a daze,

twelve currents running through
them at once,

i
wash my semen
off in the sink

upon separation from the
monolith i held its
fragments of memory
in mind as electric relics
that grew tattered with
use.

i woke up at night, and could
hear it roaring outside my window.
i went outside and looked up at
a starless sky, that was so
far above. ,you could feel
the space pressing back.
it felt good, a human had
a place, or at least felt like it,
away from the screen i
could not ignore the twitching
mess id become.

i looked out my window and
saw others. some were
walking, some were sitting,
some just standing.
i saw buildings, with people
in windows, looking out,
mostly looking in, at
their screens or their selves.
it occurred to me that people
in buildings only care
for other people in buildings.
they turned
away from the outside,
severing connection from
behind their walls.

all my thoughts i held too tightly,
strangling them,
i could not let go.
i crushed them in my grip,

all that was beautiful, ugly,
something, nothing, all that there
was to behold came away in my
fingers and i held only death.
i was the room without air,
an bottomless pit, vacuum, void.
i had been laying here for years,

crushing people's crumbs
to dust.

i sat on the floor, and realized
i could not learn all at once,
i had to push repeatedly over
time until something grew,
like a seed must push for roots.
i ached with loose ends to
find hold in something real
i could not force roots to grow
faster, but only send out more
searching

i ambled back to my screen,
to see what was new
entertainment.
the facades of the screen
were sleek, and corporate.
i felt clean, and anonymous,

i have been trying too
hard in all the wrong ways,
and it was like riding a

train into a wall

i do not know myself, but i know
i am not myself.
i feel like i have been abused at some
point in my life,
earlier on, but i dont
know when, or by who.
i feel that my
self up to now has been
a reaction against
it. i have always been tense,
physically clenching muscles
without knowing it, which i've
come to realize affects my
entire being, namely my
throat, which has been
tightened too, which results
in a tense, nervous person
who talks with an nasally
higher pitched voice to
accommodate.,
i believe my posture makes me
weak, my feet arches are
weak so i stand inwards,
which pushes pressure inwards
to the clenched ass muscles
which are a major source
of tension, and i think
keep me from relaxing,
it sounds crazy, but i believe
this has affects
on my mental and emotional
health as i never feel at
ease around people and have
trouble with intimacy,
this tension works from my
core all up my spine to
my throat, which is held
tight and restricts breathing,
which furthers my anxiety
and also gives me bad breath

the bad breath happens from
tension in my throat and
jaw which press
the back of my tongue to
the top of my throat, where

mucus accumulates, and
space is not adequate. this has
further affects on my
sense of smell, as i believe
this blocks my ability to
smell myself and leads to
an unawareness of my
own odors.

when i become away of this tension,
i can manually relax ,myself,
and breathe better, and feel like a new
person
but as soon as i stop consciously
relaxing my body, the tension is resumed
as my resting position, which leads me
to believe i need to practice the
relaxed posture until it is natural
when i relax i feel like dunes
stretching out forever
i can feel again,
i feel in my body, instead of
just seeing. something is restored,
which i have been missing for years.
it is peaceful, and quiet, and whole.
i think it is who i really am.
this whole time i have been someone
protecting this self, nervously,
yet diligently. i do it out of defense,
i do it out of love, but it cannot be
everything,

i looked around at the talents
of the world
turned to furnishing the
coercion of people.

the "real" was only
a spectacle to
retain a captive audience.
we all faced inwards to
the screen.

I looked out at the
gray slabs of the world,
as it always as ever
changing, yet ever
unchanged. time went,
and people went mad, grew
old, became afraid, believed
anything, blinded themselves,
took comfort in their ignorance
and marched to the cliffs,
who as i to hold my delusions
above theirs, who as i who
could not let go?
here i was,
holding on to an armful
of thorns, playing jesus

at night, i floated in
the dark, over the
lip of a bottle,

my
costume was loosened,
i could see out
where the stitching
came away,
into the doubt
inside eyes watching me
they could see i was
phony, but i
could not
see myself.

i only care about
my self obliteration

looking out from

was 8:30PM on summer
when the light was blue
gray and the breeze was
cool. i liked that light
through my shutters
the crickets started then.
i kept the lights off
in my room, and sat in
front the open window,

i found myself weak,
following least resistance,
rolling into ditches by
whim down slopes carved
for convenience.
i looked about me at other
writhing grubs,,

us worms on the ground
at the bottom of pits.
we talked amongst each other
we looked at the towers
above, built by beings with
hands and knowledge.
in the pits we were the same,
only words
and no face.

my people pleasing was deceit.
i was a baby, weak and
with only

i was looking out
the window, and the

it looked perfect,
like a perfect
portrayal
miniature of itself,
unrepeatable
fleeting, it was
gone. the sun had
set,

i dont want to
see my face
i dont want to
know my name
gray
shapes

spent all morning with my
head in the wash.

until i
couldnt make any sense.
rubbed blind. ____
Ii tried to shout back but
I choked as my mouth filled
with water.
I could not detach
so i hung my head there
I looked up, and saw the
world outside the stream
was dead, broken, wasted.
all that was left was the
shining crystal tear of
river that cut through
the wasteland earth.
we all sat at its banks with our
heads submerged,

the whole world felt like the
inside of some giant battleship,
my brain was
soft, i hid from
reality from within
the cracks,. i looked outside,
and saw everything upside down.
people shut in, blocking out the
neighborhood, living rooms
lit only by the
hysteric blue of televisions
news broadcasts. i saw a
woman fixed to the couch,
intensely trying to pretend
she was not where she was,

she was a white woman,

who decorated her home
european, while living
in the US territory taken
from mexico.

she was
trying to colonize
this part of the desert
in the image of new england.
she would always suffer,
the world would never be as
she wanted it. but that
would not stop her from trying

and how she tried. her life was
pieces that didn't fit, and
her ego and prayers held them
together. she had to pray
before speaking to her husband.
she prayed after too.
she claimed to love the world
but hated the one she was in.
she had a cat, and the house
smelled terrible.
her husband was powerless,
and lived only within his
small sphere of indifference,
the rest was her domain.
one day he would die,
and it would all be hers,
so she could finally be
miserable in totality.

immobile
gray slates
skies pattern discussion
exemptions election
destructive fashioned mask
infant temple
imprisoned in

i wanted to embody something
cold in a dark room,
a nerve center under the
ground,

i saw myself being left behind,
i had not moved forward in
10 years. i was a stunted
growth on the backside
of embarrassment. everyone
else had clearly swept thru
eternity and back to declare
there'd been nothing i could
understand. it was all lost
upon me, i was the greedy
flat face which all understanding
ran off of, on its way
down the drain.
id chosen it.

his face was like
his head
was like a wooden
balloon fixed to his
shoulders

and his guts trailed into
a spigot which was drained
every hour, he was always
dry, and lacked substance

i sent out messages, on
wires which returned slackly,
no connections were made,
except mistaken glances across
from wrong numbers

things knocked flat against
and slipped away from the
death gripped
and i shrank back into
my nothing trance inside
flashing lights sorn thru
the back of my, head,
bouncing around the pulled
plugs and slack strings,
other strings were
too tight

there was an obliteration drive.
i wanted to obliterate myself
in the easiest and painless ways
possible,
to grow fat
and think of nothing, like
a floating cow
what was wrong that i could
not face my self, the self
which needed rearing, why
did i hide from my self
why did it hide from me?
what does it fear,
will i beat it?
chastise this child?
i caught a glimpse of the
bloated child and knew what had to be.
done

i was standing in
the kitchen when i
realized some nightmares
are invisible. we are
in nightmares while
living a dream. we
may not see other's
nightmares, and

sometimes we view
other peoples nightmares
as our own entertainment
and there isnt the room,
the space, sometimes,
to see clearly where
and when nightmares are
happening

i sat in the calm of the storm

and was separate from
what was around me.
when a part of it, i was
lost; i became an animal,
whipped to frenzy and kicked
in the balls like a bull,
to rush their chariots
toward unto their gates
and castles afar.
but here i

i want to remain in
contact with my emotional
state of being instead
of ignoring it

i washed with hand soap
and fell through the
looney tunes spiral,
saying "thats all folks",
thats all i had to show,
as "dark as a dungeon"
sung by
glen campbell played.
somebody had to play it,
someone had to show
them, even if they
didn't care,

i first found out about
glen campbell, from a
greatest hits cassette
tape that i had found

in a rental dumpster
i was rummaging around
and found it, along with a
nat king cole tape.
i assumed the previous owner
had passed, and that the
family was emptying
the house, as the other
contents of the dumpster implied.
along with the tapes i
took a blue binder that had
looseleaf paper in it.
on the paper was written
numerous entries by an
older lady. she talked about
headaches and
calls to her doctor

it was late in the
pool room and
people were just
talking to be heard.
i tried hard to find something
inside me to lurch out and
add to the noise but it all
fell out the bottom , and
everyone was too busy
filling the silence to want
to talk about the gaping
holes in everything, out of
which everything was draining,
and created the
emptying, that they, were
filling, in the first place
i finished my water and fell off into
my corner.

i looked out the window, and
saw the old people, the great
generations of prosperity and
modernity.
they grew older in a dimming
world where the younger
generation lay inside in front
of screens, in the dark.

and at night all the
happy health shining
glorious people swept out,
leaving us empty dim dirty
people around finally,
without their blinding light
you saw how filthy they
left the place.

when they came
back, the place would be
cleaned but we carried
what they couldnt
care to realize,
we had to keep them
clean

i lay on the bed,
watching the
clock on the wall.
it was directly
across from the screen,
which faced it on the
wall behind me. it seemed
that different energy
poured out their faces
towards each other,
competing for reality.
the clock hands were old,
ancient, mechanical,
the screen new, digital,
liquid.

what else was there to be in the
city, but slotted into my
compartment in a nameless
cliff face, anonymously existing
as nobody and everyone

appearing as anybody,
sharing the collective cover
under which we all cower
from something else out there
i was a dead weight,

I saw streams of acid flowing
from peoples heads, out
over their eyes,
and lips, onto the floor around
them. into their children,
and onto other people.
it never got fixed, and it
never went away. it just spread,
and rotted people from the
inside people are sick.

Simplicity. total planes
slabs and lines
uncompromised
brutal walls
endless walks
unadorned
end of time
reign of now
a clay golemn

i tried to burn and drink

away the past.
i went under
the surf, and the beach
was gone when i came
back,
i swam there, blinking
everything was blue,
and there was nobody,
i could not explain,
i came ashore a
blank beach,
and saw my things
floating away past
the sea

i burned my notebooks
from elementary school
to highschool
while looking in
the flames,
i realized that
some time ago,
it was someones job
to keep the fire lit
they cared for the
fire.

and i sat at the foot and
and saw below endless gaps
which separated all people
larger than appeared to be.
people could not understand
each other, and were
strangers to each other.
we did not die, or live,
except in secret, hidden from
things too close.
things had become plentiful,
but were meaningless, and we
were deaf to the touch
we failed to recognize our
reflection.

I sat , with the
light against my eyes,
and said
 Im blind as I want
 to be
Im blind as i want to be
im blind as i want to be

i had heard new voices
after a while. they had been
too quiet to hear before.
they came from below,
pale worms hidden under the
mud. they were so remote
i had not heard them before.
they spoke to those who did not
hear. once i heard, as was
curious, so i called back,
and i was invited in.
the secrecy was ritualized,
secrecy for secrecys sake,
these were fetishists, extracting
entire histories through the drip
fed drops above. which soaked
through the mud, finally
reaching them deep beneath.
tastes of things they had never
known, but hastened to blindly
feel the likeness of, running
their hands and tongues, over its
shapes in the dark

i was a freak.
bar coded monoliths
stratchend into finity,
obession clatched
cancen stand in sand men,
bandwith mad men
had this had when
stracken

i found myself pouring wine
and washing away from
focus. the roadway in front
widened and
fell aside, the sharpness
removed
i became gluttonous
to appease them,
my own self worth
wrapped into how i
could please them,
entangled in it,.
entirely transforming
i was mute to myself,
regarding it with unspoken
discard when i met its
gaze across the hall ,

i might as well be
a eunuch, the way im
carrying on, i thought
as i saw a fleeting
glimpse of reality fade
into smoke
when it gets away, all
thats left is the insanity
life of delusions and
lies, where i entertained
a fattening clown
body estranged from the
truth. lets have more wine
i said and continued to make
a mess of it all,

the ice cubes fell into place
i scrolled thru images, and saw
them look back at me
so many times, like in a house of
mirrors. i forgot when i had
seen what, i lost track of what
i had
seen at all. space and time

were nothingness in the
face of first impact;
the endless scroll and see,
a constant grooming
like mindless search thru
fur for a bug to pick and
eat. we all sat around idle,
screens at face, picking
chirping bugs from our
skin, thinking little of the
things they said, till it came time
to speak ourselves,

they crept into my room
and read my things

there was nothing certain about
anything, but at the same time,
there was an unmovable
certainty about other things,
a certainty so endless, it was
impossible to move.
everything else was
endlessly uncertain,
a vast ocean, with nothing
but a floating brain
surrounded by the immense
and unknowable.
it was like being blind,
and the next moment you
were up against the cave wall,
the unmovable certainty,
the impenetrable obstacle.
there was no semi permeable
cushion to wedge in between.

it was only ocean and
mountain
bacterial
like an early earth, devoid of
complex life

bonne maman

contact seemed detrimental,
wasteful, detractful from
something, geared towards some
skewed production of something
delusional and hopeful,
fragile and robust, dying and
eternal.

sand castles,

i fool myself, exalted
useless life held
spotlight showing meaning

all that remains
of genuinity is useless,
old currency
counterfeit, here at least,
in the republic of my making
i buy it, and go further on

a primate standing in an empty
pool, lights com flashing
towards degeneration.
with all my extra calories
simply write things, stupid phantoms

animal noises while skin
grips the plastic couch
advertisements for infant
probiotics, massive
indifference, air space
incontenance over the
counter lookaways and
endless to end it

denial and burial day. faith in numbers.
blockaded ways of being, entire shades
and nuances unseen. quiet kept
coral reef fossil finds.
a bit of dust moving through
a room in wake of something
else. forgetting yourself,
unhinging yourself. forgiving yourself

overflowing fetish retreat
back to bustling oneness
ugly nothings,
trapped and afraid of people

i had vivid dreams sometimes,
filled with life and intensity and
presence, that drained from me
when i woke, leaving me to
wonder where and who i had
been, crawling and prowling through
the day as wooden and
separated from something
deeper still, which lay just
beyond the fixed and
grasped

strange and bony in the juiced up world
plasma liquid falling from
above in dozens girls
dedication in the stopping mind.
total doldrum fetish time
ageless olden
always blind.
sit still sin king
schizin in i
abstract attachments

obsessive amounts,,
shot very nicely
obliquely and lively
curling internal

death has come, to some
delusion the light grows dark
and silent. there is nothing
but there is no stopping.
fighting and dying

knock against hollow
permanent fixatives
which dont exist
invisible

californian death game
fashion life challenge

blanched always
one color world
in a desert away

INSIDE

entombed, in norm, in room,
with electric light windows,

letting meaningless
light dots in sailing
by, the world as in
static,

small bin recepticle
half day dome status
stratosphere rasien fed
on commute section rain is
lead end stretching exit
fear in boxes kept termite
tears, sullen wool cots
spoken token beers
stage lit jokes
that hang on for years

stays straight
entire world revealed
to be ant hill
rubber duckling
wooden man
like the words to
that awful song
comfort departure
from favored
nailed to sinking ship
this is where it begins
i think, as awareness
fails as it always
was, and
bits of phlegmn
ill be quiet then

lacking any exactness
just below the level,
feeling above

walls of fog

subscription to
funny words
swarming bees
misfortunate honey
bosoming ugly
bothers me subtly
stucken and
bludgeoning
safely
red moon in the evening
midnight risen to
whitely
above the smoke
burning always

estrange so calling
awake by the bedside
such and so forthing
the debt onto my name
why is he dying
dying so slowly
wolting in wide
he solders his
gate key
i understan nothing
i say too sedately
there is no response
to something
so
foolish

everything magined
blowing profusely
prophetic disgusting
nothing
in constant distraction
mismanage
instute
ee de bootan
e \ strew thee

ang zabo da zue not
daung
o e out mme
imperceptable, and ggone

the plain shapes
of sleep keep me
in dream when awake.

grim math
falln flat
on face
straight same all
back
wax en
hallways receding
and doors,
known from someway
not nowhere nomore

crossing a threshold

crossing
a threshold
is the message

fruit that does
not exist in
reality,
GMO flavors
that advertise
as there all along
from a tree that
you must have just
missed
electric fruit grown
in electric fruit
orchards
fresh from
electronic eden

obscene rituals

holistic horse blinders
spinning resolutely fuming
foreign gasoline
obedience and hysteria
navigating the hippodome

uo pæɹɛʎsəʎ
uɛ ploʊ ɹɛʎsɛm
uɪ pæɹɔʎɛm sɔɹɪpɹom
ɪɪ uo sɪlɛ əuɔʎs pɛʎɹɛɔ
ɪɪ cæɹɔʎɛɪt mʉnɛ ɪɪ
æɹɪ uo pʉæ
ɹæɹɔʎɛɪt fæɹnɛss sæɹɔ
uɹɔp uɛɹɹɪɹɪs uɹɔp
uɛɹɪʎɪʎɔɹɔ pʉnɔɹɔ əɹɪ uo
pʉæ sɔʎɪ ɔɹɪɹɔɹɔɹɔ sʉɔɹɪɹɔɹɔ
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ɹɔɹɔɹɔɹɔɹɔɹɔɹɔ

vent it inside my circus

xnlj
'umop alltes
jou op 'ite ut dn
'səpəw leuoɪtɪənal mɔdəs
'xnlj ut 'ɣəwəw utɪməw
'bɪtɪləw dəep mɔvɪŋg
postmɔdərn - ʊəpɔwɪsɔd

'cɔg ɪn ðə məʃɪnə,
ɪmɔrtənt
ju bəɪləvə ju əre ðə
pɪtʃə, mədɪə məkes
mɔld fəstə, ðə krɪtɪkəl
kɔmpənt
bɛ ðə krɪtɪkəl
psɪkɔsɔsɪəl dɪrɪv:

pretending to be a person
le not really here at all
empty rubber
for ghosts to see
indefinitely cast in kelter
backwards books kept
fluid sucrose dependancy
discharge fluence readily

terminal loser
i missed out, like a
went right over my head,
everything meanwhile
i was feeling lost.

it was getting older
all the time,
,, every thing is all ways,,
it told me today.

. knəw ɪt wəz maɪnə .
ɪt həd no feɪs, bʌt ɪ
lɪkeɪt wəz moʊθ bɪtən.
səw θɛrə wɛrə hoʊlɪz mɪsɪŋg,
ɪ wəkəʊp ənd

wehəre θheɪ mæ
lɪt θɪŋgz fəɪl
ɪ əm blɛsɪd
ɪz mədʌnɪs, ənd fɔr θət
maɪ ɔnli ɛnəmi
ənd əlsoʊ ɔslə
ɪ əm ʌnknoʊɪŋg
ɪ əm mɔrtəl
ɪ əm lɪmɪtɪd

doʊt ənd glɛən
səʊm dɪsɔrdərs
kɔmɪŋg ʌp mɛən
blənkli kɔrnərs
pləstɪk shɛən
fɪnd bɛtwɛn
dɔsɪd ə fəreɪ sɛən

kɛpt ə pɑrt
bɪtən
nʌmbɪŋg sɪnəks sʌkɪŋg flɔw

knəw ju wɛrə əlɪv
wəz kwaɪt ənd noʊn
sɪtɪ wɛrə ɛvɛrɪθɪŋg
ɪ θɔʊɪt əbʌt ə

ənd
fɔr ɔðə wɛkks.
ɪ læɪ əlɔŋg θɛ lək bɛd lɔʊkɪŋg

di'seasəd nərrou wətərs

ə'xhaɪə
flɛʃ rʊts ri:tʃ ɪn ənd

ɪn ʌp tʃeɪt sɪt

əʊlə

ɪn'saɪd ə skʌl
dʒʌst sʌm ɛn'tɪtɪ hʌmɪŋ
'nə neɪm, nɔ feɪs
dɪdn't hæv tʊ bi ɔn jʌn'set
ðeə wɛr ɛpəl, ju
'mʌvɪŋ əraʊnd
ʃeɪp, wɪtʃ kɑ: ənd plæn
ðe sɪtɪ, lɪk ə kɔlɛkʃən ɔf
ju kʊd lʊk aʊt ənd sɪ
wɛr nɔ kʊd sɪ ɪn.
ðeɪ həd nɪs ɛɪndəwz,
ðe wɛr fɔmz.
ənd ʃɪnɪŋ ɪn ðe sʌn.
lɪk stɪk hɪvz, mɔnstrəs
ðe bɪldɪŋz wɛr pɛrɛkt

i sɔɪt pʊrɪtɪ ənd klɛnsɪŋ
bʌt i dɪdn't nəʊ wɪ or frɔm
wɔt. i wɔntəd tʊ fɔrɛt ðe
deɪ ənd eɪ ənd lɪv ʌndə
ən ʌnʃeɪŋɪŋ skɪ wɛr
wɛ wɔndəd wɔrdləsli
wɪðaʊt ʌndəstændɪŋ

i əm ðe fæt ɔf ðe
lənd gʊd fɔr nəθɪŋ
bʌt sɔp ənd kændlɪz

sɔʃɪəl stændɪŋ steɪtɪz
mɪʃhændlɪd dɪsəbld dɪsteɪt
sɔʃɪəl stændɪŋ steɪtɪz
dɪs əbld mɪnɪt
mɛɪkɪŋ wɛɪt ɪn fəbl

wɔt ə pɔɪzən,
tʊ nəvə bi hæpi

and me im scum
on the border of
lines
i saw them bitter,
who had to pay people
to enjoy things for
them. they lived in
fantasy, because their
ownselves were
a game
hosted by those above

through so many layers and dulled
sounds come out through my head .
the evening was loud and scathing,
it rolled and fell on in.
it moved quick and freely
like silver through the hand.
children screaming music playing

they dont want to watch
movies, and wish they were
dead, they want to spin
around and fuck while they
still have a body to do it
in.

but my starters dead,
my starter is set for,

obliteration,

with an itchy
off switch and a
swing out kick stand
and a lazy eye with
a spot on the wall
in the corner at 3am

5 nights
out of seven all months
of the year .

and they come lying to me,
and i go lying to t hem
and we all go having a
good time.

plastic civilization
pressing
pushing out
imitations of life, pressed
from the mold,
its people are shells,

the wax came melting
off, and showed the
face within

wine grease simulacra gears
and age old rumbling

cannot catch distance too
great rolling waves
that dont come out
blank moving existences
loss of meaning strewn
in ditches
off rhythm
clanging of pennies
falling against well walls
never reaching bottom
echoes forever haunting
the village nights

doctors drawing out the
melted plastic of the soul
for use in future operations
cold stone against it, the
head holes whistle tunes
howl in reverence
at the false math in power

slip from the rocks to the
murky shore below

dustinair
cut out of concrete
the street was in gold
promises olden and
clouds they were cold
staggering seeking some
low point to hold an
easy to reach in and
grab an abode

deepens and rolls away darkened
corridors and
ancient
times once
as new as
this one now

cant stop moving
or watching

the cliff was of rectangles
inviting us in
the moon and sun shine
at the same time we
live in its overlap

completely
daft
block in
hand
desert and time with friends
swept within finding and
losing again and again
nothing touching

i woke up and it had

been burning for a while.
i felt the length of time
stretching back,
it felt like a
dark corridor.
my emotions these days
went up and down and
i felt them
always changing,
i felt like a
drop in the sea of
myself,
fighting its
current to reach
some awful reason

the local mind replaced by
internet kind
detachedself entering
internet persona,
stimuli reflective,
dissonance ?
surplanted supplanted
desire imported.
symbols and stimulus
blindness to self,
shadow unrecognized,
unawareness
unheeded

labyrinth delusions

sting of seeing things too
clearly, quick to cover up
rotting never felt
"I came, and it killed it"
mirror sight_____
magic mirror life_____
lost in pools of grabbing
data, attaching to things
behind the mask
blindly

great finality,
disconnect,

frantic screen
time torments,
mirror signs service
response lines limits
inconvenient ugly life amidst
sterile delusion life,
bitter to awakenings
or off script moments.
a march to insanity,
willful, theater,
obligatory, final,

an intrusion on
their misery, their private misery
their ritual, delusion,
constructed, the trap that
lay in waiting; never
be happy,

flinch talked into.
being, defended

walkingaround without
emotional clothes
and i always care what
happens,
it doesnt add up

the mice of
the future
interesting things
they go by i see them
i say say hi and
they die, they pass thru
my hands, like so
many lies,
im half brained
and so short,

watching for clouds,
and seeing some shapes
decays and repeats
be a good guest
all cold and nothing
desire knowing wrapped
in sheets and shredded
slipped from something
βυτίηλμλἄλἄ σμουκ
ἄλἄμλμλἄλἄ ἄουλἄλἄ
bounces off reflecting

instantly
i was in a world
of steel a tight
room t hat had been
shrinking and i had
only just awoken to it
i could feel myself
immediately

i sat there, all i had
to do before me,
but i could only stare
at the light of some
far away source flickering
reflection on my ceiling
corner. the light came
from some time before
long ago, a giant screen
outside replaying the
moments and legends from
times past, and the
people today sat around
it like a fire chasing
its glow. it was not real
the legends were illusions

the magic was dead
and i sat in my room
avoiding it.
people wrapped
themselves in it and
made clothes out of it,
and walked and talked
like it, defended its

name and honor,
it was real to them,
they made it real.
but it was not as they thought.

doing things because
of how they seem.
thinking in third person,
detachment,
and reassociation,
painless and undetected
before your very eyes
the answers within
its very smart
and runs by my
feet, into the gutter
runs over, into the drain
the ocean is full
again, and again

passing thresholds
without any words
reckless momentum
nature undistrubed
always as always
gravity
eyes were circumsized

time passes by
and i understand nothing
i celebrate my
ignorance, in
my small way and
blind to the touch
and folding in on
myself

bitter dumband dead end
fool rapened visage
lozenge drool
dropping sausage in the
deep end
pool

they're playing tag

i was in a dark cave
carrying a torch.
i stood in the circle of light.
the area all beyond was dark
i could not see where id been
or remember
where i was
going, or what it looked like
but i knew i had to keep
going forward. i wanted to
run off the path and
get lost, but i was scared
to lose my way.

i received flashes of
sound and images from people
in the dark, and wondered
from where they came,
what was it like, in their
part of the cave? could they
see farther than me?
could they see what i couldnt?
or could they see nothing?
were they in the
dark, imagining what they
saw, were they insightful? delusional?
i could not tell, only guess.
there was no one close to me
and i felt a little cold.
i liked to be alone, i felt i
had purpose; to go forward.
it was enough and i was thankful
everything was a story and a movie
and i could not believe it

braindrive loadup,

drive extrenalize
ritual run
constance numbed
lost in background
structures and alchemy
ashed and always
death after 20
come up against soft walls
all around. with batons
right behind
and jail bars underneath

depart from mirage
little room boasting
no sense of nothing
i dragged to the
bar, and said to no one
"I have nothing to say
and think everything of it"
and the old man
looked at me and said
nothing,
i had nothing to say,
and thought everything
of it. the old man
looked away, and i
went looking for someone
else to say it to

thine unborn children.
i went back to my
box. i had listened
to a man on the screen,
who said the rich
stay rich and the poor
stay poor is because
theyre programmed to
be rich or poor during
the first 7 years of
their life. he was a
doctor. i thought his
ideas were depressing
and i hoped they werent
true. i turned off the
screen. and thought of who i
could tell it to

when i was younger
i realized i thought as
if others listened i
or as if it
was in 3rd person.
i didnt like this,
i wanted to think
directly, without
entertaining a crowd,
but i couldnt seem
to kill the view
i still havent.
but i am practicing
and for brief moments
i forget i am even
thinking at all

absent from self,
revisiting what was
experienced as a ghost
clean bird dirty bird
insulated by the
warmth of industry
familiar hive
doorframe brain
actual drain clog
of a person
catching kingly reflections
in sour water
sever
does not recognize
his own shape,
as he stands in the
way,

clamberhead, spins out
lessen
just in red,
weft
outside in
out goes out
wet goes in
wants it out
thinning thin
menning men
shameful knows
goes to sleep

just comes home
why an itch feels
good .

solid wood
if everything passes me by
then what do i get caught up in
where do i go

the filth was gold and
drowned in the gutters
melted the walls and
fell from the faces
the night was time
for light and noise,
bright and loud enough
to blanch and burn the
day away, as if it
never happened,
so we reached sleep
stripped and reeling

invite the foul karma in
kinged and robed
false twin
12:34 is the most transcendental
minute of the day or night
cryostasis theater
stone and watcher
in a zone
take a little
dumb down
even the
confidence wrongly
earned

futuristic ear porn
worm hole
plastic

replacement
seventh reaching
liven baten beating
floating corpse knows
really could be
woven skipping
lost sight of behind

back forwards and
breathing, breathless
lawrence 50 something
cardiac arrest

distance from self
drain away
the wanton state
grasping mentality
hand psyche
mechanics
mammal
in a hole weakened bolting
weekend bolting
lined up role
i woke up
saw everything was
far away so i
drew my things near
and went back to
sleep

desire dissection
performing parts
giant ice glacier
not in it not really
half
pull everything everywhere
all down at once
double fat all way thru
dashed against
unknown rocks
cave glam and show rocks
johnny cash said, in
"nine pound hammer"
"when im long gone,
you can make my tomb stone
out of number nine coal"

everythings evil
love unrequited
certain raw never reached
constant deception
glimmers inception
strange and plastic trees
away from the breeze
with veins
underneath

large hallways
senate seats
gooden order
april sheets
gnat poste
write in morals

autismo on the internet
very lost
loose
spent anato my
over image
discarded real things
at matrix value
abominations from outside
the catalogue ,
only collectors
liquid erasure
goes straight home
sliven dissection
body gifted,
deliverance
to serpentine witness
the plastic compartments
to hold all my convictions

only so many tricks
over before you know it
cares kept to self
the bits filter through
scrap on the floor
puzzles of a door
i get drunk until my
bones feel numb and
watch my neighbors
from my window
the night air feels nice
i forget to watch
i look at the sky
and simplify
my life

they have that yellow light too
bulbs in apartments
may be the bulbs used
in mansion broom
closets, the yellow lights
it drenched

people soaked in it
their belongings
when they come home,
thirst for it
folks
is there a combination
of things consumed
which create gold?
philosophical softness
ocean sticks
cold and lonely
return to walls face

"They watch me from
the kafka doors she says
clinging to the arm of
her face tuned companion
over text, she had
postured as black
and when i met her
she was white and insane

sit and mind melt
its about the act

as operator
in side the product
weeping
for joy

bred em bullish
cleans the soap
bottles cheering bleach
i want to have
the thing of things
plenty of freaks
up in the trees
they come along
and drug me and
drop it in my window
and tell me that its dying
while dancing

rolling absorbtion
walk around eating
food and wondering whats
real

bumping the big nothing
afflicted with

wilted lense
i cannot say.
as i stood
on checkered floors
which stretched out far
as the eye could see
i stand there now
wanting more

people mostly
checking each other
because it moved so
fast and no one was
sure for too long
disappear into the
interior where
you cannot see out, and
know nothing but the
womb of motherland
become a subject,
as a
constructed sperm,
carrying the mind
of fatherland,
to complete

unfixun
ego tistē occultist
0th century over clipse
little things, in the brain
lack of control
obscene toneliness and
'undated,
-----'splom uen between
world cleanse inbrated
world sinks below
while the rest of the
reached dry land,

of the Pacific, who have
northwest music,

i woke up in a movie
theater lobby, with large
swaths of memory gone

i sat wondering who
watching people in the lobby,
accosting each other,
looking without wanting to let on
i knew the people on the
otherside would be
very different from how they
appeared, and i looked for
it all fell away,
like so many leaves
nothing but shed skin

i woke up in the hotel
and it seemed to be
sinking.
noise the parties
echoed, night
in the night.
people formed sinking
parties, groups,
others looked on jealously
some would sink alone.
some awaited the
swimming day, some
busied themselves
with pretending it
would always be dry,
nobody was sane

i sat at the bar as it
was tilted diagonally,
water had been
pooling in a corner,
i heard traditional
dance music, sung and
played live.
traditional
dance music playing live

echoed in from the
city. i looked around
in the bar, at the
whites watching television.
outside, they danced with
their ancestors, in here,
we watched ,

there are so many holes
in the social fabric,
that one will fall through
unless they stay
exactly where they
are, i said to no one
and went looking for
love at the bottom
of the stairs

chit chat, passion plug
banal drooling on
concrete discrepancies

"it was good to butcher
it" i said to someone,
"if i
had gotten it, it wouldnt
of been nothing to chew"
i said, mostly
to myself, and to no one,
who said nothing back
anyhow, "im still
chewing on it, even now",
i said, turning to them,
who glanced at me,
and returned to saying
nothing. this constituted
therapy in the hotel,
and we drank out drinks.

climbing deeper into whatever
stupor dragged a person
through their waking lives,
the rasping
of fingernails
so full, they no

longer scratch,
drawn against the
thickening silt,
lines and track
left, was cave
paintings of our
time.

psyche as tool
i woke up in
a rat trap, dick first,
with the looking glass
dead on the floor
beside me, its battery drained
we could see so
much, without ever knowing
the plastic finally
took off, the tree
cold where i ripped from
its just nothin
thats what she said
were we all dead
in a cool breeze,

the neon floated free
in the fog of the night,
i a bloodshot bundle
huddled in my screens light
its ridiculous how
everything is nothing
at the same time
administer, and not alive
seeking a neutral space,
at the eye of the storm,
free of all things, even
the self; the room inside
the TV set, the mockup,
the personal reality,
fish tank
land

roque AIS
purged
deformities
estranged
bLOM WE

psychic class
parameters
structure
mental parameters
beginnings of
live routine

evaporates of the page
as soon as I've
spits
noting
but scribbles
some
looking at you
it's all
screamed at once
it would plow
be?
I have a choice
and I piss
down a bucket

the 1st step program
meets to discuss
how to slice bread.
I join because
I am an avid
consumer and can't
wait to apply it to
my life
the past was anesthetized away
a mythic scientific something
my muscled
stop working,
and I have done
nothing

respire

invisibly again, into
behind the images of
women as appliances
shown on screen,
cast on the wall
I sink back into
surround sound and
heard nothing else

i die loathing
,,everything is image,,
i think as i orgasm alone
, separation achieved,
ebbs away, and becomes

mass market
meat on my head
i
phone as tether
, exaspera,
content destroyed
polluted space brain
de contain
float in soup
why do this mindless
blitz deliver meaningness
loathesome fish
, such sincerely

i woke up suddenly,
in the shower, toothbrush
in my mouth.
,,white america has no
culture, i said at once,
and stumbled out from the
shower, tearing the curtain
down and wrapping it
around me,
,,White America is coming
apart at the seams,
and has lost contact
with its roots, it is scared,
lost, jealous, and does not
know who it is, only who
it was,, i yelled as i burst into the hall

reminds the american of what
he lost; family,
being, replaced
and television all,
incorporation.
he has no face, except what
is painted on, on demand,,
i said, going down the hall,
in the elevator, lobby, bar,
to vacant or skeptic or
disgusted faces.

counting them, it
breathes and carries
with
they fear the invading immigrants,
too many questions are asked.
before, costumed,
hope to slip into a new
but they own, they
identities of every culture
while americans don't

and find our face
to learn our name,
and we have to watch,
scheduled indefinitely,
the returns are
by unknown interests.
isolation, for instruction
into television, disjunction,
but how are we going now?
forgot, we cannot go back,
has been cut, and controls
it not, ,, the contact
,, they devour all, and taste
what I meant.
pondered due, 'mol
delivered I, 'ear due, 'tling
to return to sleep, jealousy
went back to my room
at the bar, and
said I, 'culture, 'no
is nostalgic

i heard from an elite
philosopher, who i tuned
to the philosopher club,
"you have to kill your
father, in the philosophical
sense, the freudian sense,
to become someone" he said.
"I killed my father when
I was only 11," "its really
done a lot for me"
"What!? You haven't killed your
father yet? You've got to kill
Freud as fashion
ants around golden garden
gnome, caliofornia

frozen far gone *

Does Not
reflect reality
stretched impossibility
disturbed
animatronics
pavement,
plastic
leakage, see-thru
youtube
genius mildew
breakfast breakthru
washed over repeatedly
no traces remain
or at least it seems

narrow windows and nothing
pre placed future in thinking
driving destruction
destruction
lay blinking
cross off defining
american english
i woke up in a movie theater.
where people pretended
to be nazis and racists,
it was an excerise in
engaging in irony
those who failed were taken
and shot.
it was all a joke, but there
was something desperately
serious about it.
they had every movie in
the world, but huddled out in
the lobby,
where their shootings were
the real entertainment.

the screen lit the
room, and gave off
light like a fire.

from here,
the worlds
past looked like a

smooth surface ,

with no detail
or depth

i could not see
the trauma beneath.
the night roared
outside my window
chasms
of being eching
breaking
silence every the
second, melting,
flowing away,
through my ears
and fingers,

thuan egyptians
has a shelf life, longer
my icon
'add preserves',
'my bra my life a moment,
desired; death;
'perfect, everlasting
? am a clam?
feel in good, what i
swinging rebound
plunging she wrote
puls he for un
the loose tooth
young on the gun
manifold of a flux
to fix me for free
change you to fix me

local slow digit man
would be preferred
dumb a possible
harmless as virtue
ridden jagged neroses
fashionably disguised
another factoid day
forgotten tomorrow,
jaunted and hollow
force open the doors
and obliterate
yourself,

for a moment
at least

belief in weaking
sleeps through
total replacement,
the road is powder
lulled
by the carousel
half the bottle
and bitter
nowhere explains
no way of knowing

the coldness of forgetting
comes down saying
"we had some good years"
and then its unraveled

stabbing the button
on the radio she
furiously switched on her
relaxing nothing music,
to return
to the sleep of her life.
i reckon she nearly injured
herself doing so,
with the force she used
to silence the news i
had been listening to.
she might as well have
been strangling
the anchor himself,
so murderous were
her bony fingers at the
knob. she spent the
rest of the ride humming
out of tune to words she
didn't understand, reveling
in her personality, unique in
her own world, safely returned

seeking obliteration from
this life via the digital
guillotine
my head rolling
into the screen, melting
eyes in the

stimuli. my separation
become whole.
i twitch and recognize
myself in the anima
of a being some
place else, realer than real
'a thous and golden
apples without taste
or appetite
hunger in the sidelines

the best is always
gone

there was no
time to do nothing
the absurdity of everything
happening and nothing happened
is everything nothing and
nothing everything

I woke up in a hotel hallway,
* slumped against a wall,
across from an ajar door.
inside were many screens,
idly and gently manned by
disgruntled boys in knee
high socks waiting to be
waited on. they were clean
and well bred, like pet shop mice.
on the opposing wall, it was scrawled:
Thought of the day,
"Filler text Fillertextfillertext"
i sat there and
knew something was
happening here, but i didnt
know what exactly it was
so i went back to my room.

born of and retained of
weak and lullu and
'wom of the rapping,

arw, abiding, in the
the world, the rules,
codded by the
people from
the detachment and ideology of
a fetishism in the hat
,, because you like it, they never say
,, here I am why, people
into a costumed, asking
I am an overestimated man
under the aquarum tank.
fish drama, wonder about
day, and my enough of
I put my costumed fish in each
I eat and in circles.
I am a pet fish.
to wonder about. why think at all.
to keep the world out. what do I have
on my back, roof over my head, walls
the ground under my feet, the clothes
and I so ungrateful to not even see
'nothing or underfoot
'knotted, tangled, floating
unfishing, and spread to others
around me the pieces of fish

and white
in black,
semi dark,
semi conscious in the
at all
like bam, it never happened
you forgot it ever saw at all
with blinding light,
can't see far
twin heads
as my in my
I scream
it has to exist
everything
so empty and

up in my room
with the feeling that
the life was a moving ship,
drifting into disrepair
and we didn't understand it

and stopped looking right
at it, instead looking
sideways, or
our world ever darkens
as the blinding grows
brighter,
the moon fall'
the future will
be worse than
the movies
imagined

"erotic irony"
is a best case
scenario
the ship is lost
the crew is mad
and we cannot
see our hands

desired forever
as a circuit and a role,
visible importance
nobody cares, i thought
as my blood vessels
burst and my eyes
exploded from my
head and i ceased
to exist.
i should have listened
to the empty sayings,
i might have been saved,
by mumbling them
over and over
again and again,
i could have been
productive and
beautiful,
like all of the rest
with unruptured blood

i sat floating in the
minibar of appearances
and actions.
not hopeful or twitching
enough for either.
the deception i was
looking for allowed me,
seeking was nowhere
to be found,
so i sat, blinking dumbly
illusions
in my mind, arching their
back, stretched around me,
deforming asking
myself
fills and
melts
why do i seek nonbelievers
in the booths of all-believing

out one window,
towards another,
missing, falling
on the floor
and becomes a part
joins the background,
the scenery
mounds of missed
connections
and
reflections
beneath the feet,
torn and woven
between the thoughts
and speak

had passed around a
paper, which said
,,MARNING,
the person,
across the way
looks
out his window
, aware,
protect your
self, and ,,
closed their blinds
in coordination

to my
buntings
people in the
suppose the

i had an idea
so i wrote it down
but it was very good
so i x'd it out

i had an idea
but it wasn't very good
so i wrote it down
and x'd it out

wrung from a
towel

the city was full of
hysterical wealthy people
whose entire lives were play pretend
on a whim they sickly fell
to another whenever,
renewed their
day's delusions to cope
with the lack of
self, which was a pale
and jealous monster beneath
the paint. it had a diet of
certain lifestyles per year,
there they stood, before me
a plastic sheen to fall into,
where a private world of babyproofed
simplicity
waned in warm
shallow water, and faces
uniformly smiled, and everything
was facilitated their
life was a plastic temple

the pain of wanting to be something
when anyone can be anything
the plastic civilization
was in all our minds,
but some ideas were

shapen more than other,
blankly, they turned around
the flexible idol
the reshapen of self,
turning over itself, to
find a constructive form
to take for the larger machine.
invisible foraging
for spittle to the condensed
form - the product itself
little remains by
market ready, but
see it shine, its foreign
shape, ready to ship,
its someones idol

it was 9.98 o clock
the looney tunes
pantheon of gods
full circle,
the open becomes
closed, without its
knowing,
follow the
same track
into itself,
happy, and not just
for show
a dark world
of non understanding
all of this nothing
drying and cracked

stealing corporate property
squares rectangles
decoratif always
performances bare
status quo stalking
docents beware,
actor gold boiling
poisons the care
i want to be loved one
sloppy and lazy
revealing and unsightly
the stagnate so far
ivisi-bowls blong he /
black fish cd
shrinkage in cloaks an

people to be

my stay at the hotel would
soon come to an end.
i visited the theater
frequently. the nazis
had gone home for
the holidays. the people
remaining sat about,
trying to convince others
that they were fashionably
crazy, the kind that was
meaningful and chosen,
each a
perfect desert
traveled alone
all i knew from
my time here was
that i knew less than
when i started

this wasnt the real
hotel cahokia, it was
a rebranded chain
for assholes like me
who are bugs about life.
the real cahokia is
buried under st. louis
or somewhere east of it,
and they built the
hotel right above it,
and that too was burnt
and buried, and they
built lookalike versions
all over, which all
look the same and
have nothing to do with
cahokia, st. louis

they put drugs in the food
to keep you from tearing the
place up, and ran hypnosis
programs
24/7 on tv and in music,
to keep you happy and playful
so much unnoticed, detachment
until psychosis

pushed tonelessly towards
the cliff by the
blissful and
medicated,
forcibly sane hysterically
sane, there was always just mere
more of it, just an instant, one sideways
glance, catching realizations
nearly terminally avoided,
the will to be well documented
timestamped, correctly
passing through to
deliverance,
punctually product morality

mortality and the
tubes within,
the chicken bones
and bottles of wine
theres nothing poetic
about it,
liver and stomach damage,
irreparable,shrinking testicles
and jaundice.
one day i may
burst when standing
up,

i wish i
was a dog
an edible
mirage
pinched on both ends,
video stuffed in
burning spots affixed and
really sickened sweetly
entertaining static
soggy nauseus
caffeine coffin
nerve end nailings
the pain of the mind
elsewhere,
slipped into blank

i throw this book
on the trash heap
for tonights fires

it is only
5
seconds of fuel

today, in 1 easy steps
object permanence
unlearn
finally
while supplies last
two for the price of one
while you wait
life lived for you
experience on demand,
pre-lived, pre-seen,
connection management

the bulwark participants
really gutteral social cure
combat constant alzheimers
life by the thumbnail,
convenience is king
super baked accordions
and shit, fetishized
anticomplcatedness,
"spotless"ness, rueful
awful waste an
lineup up wishful is this
certain serpent softness
and blissen sleeves
my wrist,

its all bumper stickers
in the dark,
and we are
when its light

"whats so good about
these directors? that
they should write a
book? what for?
these directors, are
they so good?
I think I know
whats have
they been to
brain school? to
write a book?
i don't think so.
to make a movie,
maybe., but
for writing a book,
I dont think so.

written in the sand
while sleepwalking,
washed away after waking

and i
pass on to the
sleep of day,
under the unlearning sun
as a ghost of myself

it becomes
so loud,
that its quiet,

as if in foxholes we sat,
in the wasteland of knowledge
spread far and sunken into our
own knowing. each enraptured
by glimpses at private
chimeras and immaculations
which
existed for no one else.
in a hole, looking up at a
bit of sky, we saw our
things, and around at the
muddy walls around us.

we sat, listening and watching
to wires and screens which
went through the walls
and across the sky, which
told us things that were
too much, but never enough.

i wish i remembered my
dreams this morning,
i felt so strongly
about them then