

“Parallel To White”

by

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Thanks to all who've been there to share the conversation.

With a couple of exceptions, these poems are arranged in the order they were written.

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Labor Day

Concrete marshes,
a time to seek out another revelation;
blue signals and a sorted semblance of waving.

Soft and upright isolation
gliding sea lions around corners,
red mortar circles across my heart.

The anglewood curves
and seems to be caught on the light
that pervades all touching glimpses.

Shards settled lie flat on the ground,
and so do I.

Sand

I was born buried in sand,
alongside a ladle.
Carving an upwards arc
all the land did fall on me.
Using a downwards arc,
I create my own sinkhole.

It was before I took my first step
that I grasped the ideal shape of my life's journey.

Once

Str**O**ng tidings
Never select a loving
bran**C**h to
hang th**E**mselves.

I str**U**ck a weight
in order to **P**repare one
fl**O**ating object to be ;
Nice of life

to **A**lways

re**T**urn us as weightless
noth**I**ng - who
looks at **M**atter and sees
Existence?

Balanced Sound

Knick Tock Knack Tick
Block Dink Sock Clink
Zig Frack Zag Frick
Dum Drill Dee Fill

On & Off

for once it was /// sprinkles go off
said that our /// behind trees when
randomness /// fights start
was but a /// between
mess yet /// the wind and the
smart walking /// leaves who whistle
diffuses it /// against each
to be happy and /// other for friction
no longer cognizant /// as a goal
of disorganization /// flipping
I glowed /// wonderful
flashing left & right /// grounded talk
when the circus /// into smoke
came to town /// and mist over
and brought /// our
a spotlight watch /// dialogue wire

That It Was When You No Longer Knew

that
it
was
when
return you
oh no
longer longer
to me knew
pale nothing regret
smiles
and
never

cries
tearing
waves indifference
into floating
the away
ground forever

Coup

I took a walk outside
with my bare feet
to discern
compassionate ground
from deceit.

My sole hopes my
sentimental shoe
has not rubbed off
and caused truth's coup.

At Different Times

To be

bound
together

by fits
of anguish
and grief

sooner
or later.

Some comfort is this,

the deferred unity of all who live.

It's knowledge that
the greatest alienation lies in the second,
while there is no alienation in eternity.

Tender

My tender is
small breaths entwined
under wings around us.
It's wrapped in teardrops
that overflow into each other,
It's headed towards a formless center that's
spread all over the land,
It is nursed from within.

Nothing new is forever
until that moment.

Light flashes,
our tender slides
and falls into puddles
that are glanced into by
passers by.
The bubbles above look our way while we
revel back in spectator from the
other side of the rain drops.

We are undergoing a lucid writing
of our shared dreams.
We travel inside
and get outside,
with still eyes the motion we grasp
and skin tingle, molten.

Dripping into moments
and walking through dark blots,
your air is all around me - apparently.
Eyes close with a sway to the gentle
calling you by verse.

Small hearts soon cover my chest with
close whispers that forget inner tangles.
I write as I hear you
and as I look towards the senses you imbue.

Can it all be so small and vacant,
this laying and smoothing of clouds under our path?

Somewhere later I notice a ring around my neck,
a reminder of this time.
Nothing but pure strokes of hair and
fingers straight from the river.
A shiver intake of stimuli
massaged by our glow,
by this place
that is always changing
within us.

I forget my long luck
and that could be all.

Is this real?

D

The situation of D -
the control to believe in everything relative.

He of character D -
the transaction where one does not determine relation.

The
advantage of the piece of D -
in the relative constraintment/constreñimiento with
everything.

He of basket D:
updated.

The sensitivity of D
does not surround the dirties,
for how many
consider embrouillement through rhythm?

An interchange
of D,

on relative allegro
structure.

Infinitely D -

because this material is certain.

Twilight Rivers

The twilight rivers -
after a drowning second,
all I can feel is renewal.

Blue-Green To Orange-Red

Crimson sun
swells of chlorine

Cinnamon ashes
squinting turquoise

Stale air
vultures staining their teeth

Pool glow
sticks of vermilion and coral

I lock down my ears between colors
while a pocket full of legumes
hiccup my blues and tickle my times.

Qi

A night after kicking the sand:
the echo of a thousand individual grains behind me,
all falling one by one in a line of their own choosing.

Such echoes have solidified themselves
to become a formidable chant that
supports my being like a shadow.

In the past I was caught on the eye of my creations,
aimlessly wandering while towering circles entwined me.
But on tamed time - even against another sun rake -
my new army forwards blossoming nights that
cultivate a tree-lined avenue in everything I see.

Indel

I have the new necessity
to deeply share a section of my mind
containing those who indel,
those already indelled,
they who wish indellity,
and any other defined indellishments
which I fill and drain daily.
The function of this action
is designed
to gain an imposed type of genius.

Just A Conduit

I had to dump my insides out
to know where everything was
and where it would all land.

As it turns out, I know nothing.
I came back after death and
rewatched everything I did
without recalling any of the experiences.

I didn't recognize who I was,
but I did notice one thing -

On the inside,
my potential was exactly the same
as anyone else who's ever lived.

On the outside,
my expressions aimed to be the means of
mediating life's eternal breath.

Therefore, at my most focused,
individuality was unnecessary.
I was the shape of the sky.

Those times when I wouldn't notice myself
staring back from the mirror -
those were the most perfect moments.

Touching The Apparition

a
heavy shower containing the dust of her
does not polish the probability
of her warm inevitability, or
her stern invisibility.

Open & Close

Behind our eyes we expose
all that we want and give.

The crosspiece of me and you
was when we took two pens
and inked the following text on each other's eyelids:

"In the event of sustenance, one occurs completely and goes exclusively
but this moment still opens and closes."

A Natural Step

A fine surprise -
Isolated integration
that disturbs the bedding of inside,
and creates a system of lighting outside.

Cleaned from above it is perfectly law,
punctually meeting the hour as well as other's honor.

Treble Walking

Walking,
I feel relief again and again.

There's no bass in my feet or my walk –
it's all light treble.
The bass is in the snap, rhythm, and murk of outside.

As we harmonize,
I'm blending fortune
into naught.

Fear

Fear, a replica of danger
that needs to be
outside your skin,
in order to impose on your world.

It itches you to
let it go,

not only to
color your emotions with exaggerations,
but also to
make room for new internal demons.

Fear, without implosion?

It will one by one
quell
all your willful spots,
stake out
every weak point,
and blur

constantly.

everything

Night Cultivation

The smoke that leads to now arrives,
I wake up and tame it all.
Moontime shoots bolts of blood inside me -
it stalemates my stray longings comfortably.

When this dimming light brings love
flashing in and out, everything
sings on a sweep of energy,
soaks in a hollow ness, and gracefully
allows settling embers to fall.

I lay back in enrichment:

My confidence may swirl but it always arrives at the end with a hammer.

Below Waves

Meditation is tapping into waves,
the mind sinks lower and lower: wave after wave.
During descent light zips across your eyes
and the rhythm of your still body is unshakable.

Clearing

I sit with my hands in an open position;
I'm getting used to the experience
of gently touching nothing.

If life is all projections then its essence
feels like these hands stretched against air.

At one point I make a fist: I'm still holding nothing,
but now I have my own personal piece of it.

I aspire to sketch a circle around my spirit
with this newly clenched air on my palms.

To focalize this spherical energy while
excavating a clearing in my heart -
this is the eternal quest I walk.

Overnight Experts, Suffocation

We are of the peripheral disposition
that this whole asthma of intelligence
can soon pass through our lungs
and move in front of our eyes.

Language Sound Self All

Language

I left language to the noises around me. In me.
I leave it alone until time touches, activates, and moves it through the environment.

Sound

Sounds I hear take form from an outline of my unconscious thoughts.
Again, I attempt to hear myself for the first time, hoping that these engagements with space will become more enabling.

Self

I've poured in [slowly] to a standing still.
After infusing my thoughts by resting with them, I took time to arrange my heart. I restarted.

All

Each part of me has their own time to reflect on themselves, none of these parts immediately know what they are.

Feel Like Silence

I feel like silence,
I feel like that thickest,
most indefinable barrier of sound.
There's a feeling that I cut so easily,
I feel this delicate that morphs
drastic measures on slightest tap.
And with this tap I yearn to touch life
like I touch silence.

Going out
where silence becomes
organized bits of sound: blood intoxication!
After such florid & unorthodox impacts,
I may feel like a whisper after all.
For the silent fury of the night brings an anchor,
a calm diffusion to the preceding era,
a promise that these feelings will end up
flattened by sunrise.

I return
and
I feel like silence, yes, I do.

Our Earthness

The almond
is exactly the color of earth's skin.

Each morning,
the ground encases repressed reservoirs which
stare into the most
sumptuous bits of our being.

Running into your living sound
this chest of smothered ground,
and when you grasp your words around it
they are a sun dried fan (of olive brown).

This ground sits below your red lagoon while
frazzled branches of oak and
mines of interrupting power
swim by in equal residence and honor.

This weathered land is so under the self,
so latent with dispassionate concordance
that its gifts are slower and slower to notice.
It takes a reverse eye to see the subtle ties,
to see the ground as a mountaintop guide.

A view from this mountaintop is scintillating BRIGHT.
The grandeur opens astral plains with creased rays of light,
The breath glimpses heavenly inner spots at such cataclysmic
heights,
The width foresees dynamics with howling SHOTS of wind so so
ripe.

But such illumination is never fully projected;
it disintegrates when given any form outside introspection.
Selfishly it guards your personal treasure
like an almond on the ground of leisure,*
too sacred to ever be measured.

We remain eternally, the color of earth's skin.

**If you give an almond (with all the powers of human and planetary skin
inherent in its color) plenty of free time it will never know a limit.*

Run On Or Effort

1) a hundred demons said that violent art smokes a crying onion out of my
eye.

2) who knew that its fragrance and let go-ness was trained to bring squeaks
that rally around a small bead across my forehead and turn it into a red
sore?

3) the exerted energy from my face squeaks out and I lather myself in the
air that has been stripped while my palms triple and my thumbs break ways
with thunderclaps roughly exquisite.

4) I know my balance is off for this moment is like a thick soup I am
floating in between my own being and a feeling cramped by sooted travel
and postured light.

5) now standing tall in my face were those ill comfortable nights: one hour
one resistance one elegance.

magneamento!
the sensitivity within one walks!

6) the possibly of an hour that does not order has brought forth queries such
as "is the energy nonrelevant or is it an induced current?"

7)

the taste a boy gives the morning,
how much of it is effort?

My Intercepted Creation

It had been burned
on the average highway tumble,
my intercepted creation.
'Twas a fixture that inhaled parcels of raw silk
equal to fine wine and a pair of clouds.

The ignited smoke in this situation
changed the duration, of my intercepted creation.
Those who laid below this energy,
sandwiched between helmets of the gram
and a watery scheme of colors,
looked at these transmission zones
as a free change.

Infatuation's End

You knew it was that way for a long time even when Saturday happened
under the trees. For a time it went around, attuned to your signs, but now it
pales in light of another simple sum that is within reach.

The world hopes to develop. We are reminded of our toll and strife. The
way this grinded on the skin so hard and inked itself into a set of chain
clanks. Tied one hand behind the back of a pile of snow. What goes on
from that moment on?

One Stone To Another

Body therapy: we are disappearing,
and swarms tremble to assault.
We melt past liquid into stone.

Sweat equity
and sweet alicia lie under the stone,
where the axe shall harm it not.

"Ah, but do not forget love!"
There are so many stones still to make.
Look, another bride has made up her mind.
Let's kill her.

Walking Tour

a feeling in notion a peeling in motion.
sharp camera shots of the heart
for walking tour, walking,
walking around the corner
tangible not tangible,
touch me.
i can not swallow and digest this as such
(it is amorphous, it is part of me,)
but at the end of the heart's mile
a torn pump from the left corridor
told me that i would hold on to you,
but for one blink of an eye. i did.

Stomach Worm

That igualmente cut me
in so diverse a way.
Oh stomach give me permission for ascent
during her adorned digestion.
'Twill be an infection
that changes both of us dearly,
and it comes with a demand: no separation possible.

Underneath

This air around us is always sacred.

Ultimately,
we lay below someone's old fractured bones
that have been released into time's ever-present sigh.

It's fruitless to aim on being
underneath someone's new glance and to
refine looks from an older glance when
with every breath we take,
we are present in everyone who has ever lived.

Alikeness

We demand the facts
of the followed world, to govern them in a shower of wind and
blue sky that never we have touched, i.e. the same thing we are.

Lush Transforms

We're wide open,
and we feel different.
We are there,
in the perfect.

Knowledge and experience hope to balance love,
and balance alters each side of any coin drop.
The internals may hinge on needles and routine,
but at evenness they have a humor to just be.

This is a diverse and paradoxical life,
where one must be in the moment
but not in the space of "I".
In the moment there is a beautiful morphing,
in the "I" there is an unquenchable chameleon.

He can enter now,
He who very longitudinally works a kiss to be,
and is corresponded by a desire which fills buckets
(the ones you place in front of me.)
Cover him in bare paint and clean dye,
flush out the shade and have it all move with me.

The probability of this person now is mine.
And in the future, mine.
It's no regret to know that the entirety of us
is behind what has happened here.

And behind what happened:
the nourishing wall, two crushes of a screw,
scars at contact/defects on color,
topographic skin while a wall whistles - panic is thrown!

I point with respect to all that I am, and all that I can become.

In spite of the great pitch of time between us,
this joining was a worthwhile effort
with a taste you must be able to observe
on your new shoulder.

Dry Exhaustion

When he is empty,
and the excess of dust
attacks his last law,
his infrastructure could exceed.
His abundant self would become prey,
and his abundant data would ripen for the plucking.

He does not measure the time or anything constant,
and his interests he finds empty to be in.
Why touch the wealth under a full vacuum of black?

It takes a lot of him out walking closer
to triangles and tingles.
It is tough to find the right shade of depth to play in.

He is a jet stream fallout victim,
and this propellant in the atmosphere did
not wake up to a budget like that.
Such force pushes the tides of soufflement,
oscillates wind and wave,
and alters the lateral address of intelligence.

He feels like the forgotten idiot who is
beginning to travel sulky,
and the nature of wastefulness
reaches each second harshly.

He knows eventually his heart will win this attack.
He will eat long after it is over,
with his vascular edges buffered in layers,
and his mind a cleared magenta cloud over the sea.
But until then the void does not say anything to him.

Tracing

Each day the insatiable
begin to draw in the dark,
they draw shadows that
trace up and down their spine.
They shade themselves within lifelines
that are myriads of colors.

This life is painting a framed picture
that's displayed at the end of your body.
Often this picture has an overabundance of color,
and a lack of sharp detail.

Backwards Game

The feelers are pressed up together,
unable to comprehend the thinker's words.
Removed thinkers are on a podium
describing the things a feeler feels.
What a backwards game for people to share.

Blemish

Taking in the topography of skin,
I see a blemish on these stretching limbs.
It imagines pigment as thin layers of plaster,
as colors sprouting from seeds of laughter.

I look at sentiments no longer hidden,
for this blemish sheds
all sensibilities to internal debt.
It lowers for prickality of invention
and marvels upon sea's dimensionen,
free from regret.

Holding my hands high
to understand their pendulum slide
our blemish arrives
at many sorts of activation, with
loops and loops of determinate patience.

To find stray batches in love
with old nickels of joy,
To gulp disturbing andantes
that spring has joined:
This the blemish seeks
in order to fade away before our feet.

What My Mother Said

"You're just like Shakespeare -
you're very quiet and you have a gong."

Left

I am the one in ten,
staying here to complete the sentence after its read.

I am the one in ten,
opening a single window in typhoon seasoned red.

I am the one in ten
standing aside zero, remaining a valuable facethead.

I am a one that makes ten:
cut me no slack as I am kissed, softly on the back.

Two Bits

Globe spins, lots of winds, wind it up, spun around, discus turns, leaves
hand, towards another, air travels, travels fair, air slices, without care,
breeze bumps, tickles life, fidgets bodies, clap clap heart, heart think thunk,
think cart in line, lines long, long steaming, many exits, many anys, any
body, any thing, spins, twin things, sings, eyes ring, ringing blue sky, sky
bathing, blue baths, batter stirred, moist air, upon skin, upon clothes, closed
up, it sees, it knows, how are we, we are betrothed.

With

No bites.

Darts in the mouth.

At the catchiest place on the tip of the tongue,

gender snaps in eradication:

listen to why I love you.

Zooming

*A baker is definitely a caller is definitely a seeker is definitely interested in definition, in dictionaries, in context.

*A runner is definitely an endurer is definitely a pacifier is definitely a swallower is mostly like you, at a time like that.

*Quartets are fortunate ones are dilated tools are inflated needlepoints are luckier than luck shaped as a hot air balloon.

*Bouquets are consummate ties are feathers in suits are caps of fresh hair with impressions embroidered in earth's stare (did you stare too?)

*Logic is always tragic is always redeeming is always weighing on ways to go what to show how to grow.

*Science is scheming is always peeling and believing the stepping stones we're cleaning, all this in preparation to reach a feeling.

*Nothing is nothing is nothing is actually something is actually everything is definitely all there is (our existence filled with eternal fizz.)

*Void is nude is now is never known is never-ending verbs is definitely, always, silence.

Anthem

I'm wandering around looking for seeds,
only the best ones are the ones I need.

I search high and I search low,

I don't care which place I go.

I gather them all up in a sack
and dump them into the sky unpacked.

This is a piece of me

I give back to you,

and afterwards

we start anew.

Should I Exist

I exist because I surround myself with opposites.
Those who are in tune cancel me out.

So here I am stuck with "I",
when I'd rather blend into nude

Nude abruptness.

To White

All day,
all night,
I feel -
parallel
to white.

Bookends

I traveled only to end up with the same thoughts
I traveled only to end up with the same thoughts

Somewhere fiction is attained and revealed to have trekked into the
weekend dust behind us.

I traveled only to end up with the same thoughts.
Coming back was worth it.

Life & Tea

Living, in the lifecycle of tea.

I grow from the earth
a single bud amongst millions of tea leaves.
I seep aside others and enjoin
within this liquid bounty developing.
Together we are one distinct flavor,
unable to be separated into
the millions of parts we once were.

Our current form is imbibed
in the same way we drink life and all it has to offer.
We pour our resources into the earth,
and then fully expect to be dissolved into it.

Ah the spectacle of contemplation
succeeding a glass of tea -
it's the sensation of
emigrating from this existence
to the cavity of another body.
A dive face first into the unknown.
From here comes the experience of
leaving the unborn state, and
heading towards a new being.

Arrival

I want to eat water,
and taste clearly.

I want to swallow transparency,
and have it fill me.

I want to permeate void,
and shape it to my being.

No one will know what sacrifices I've made to get here,
to sing with nowhere, to arrive at nothing.
This will be my secret.

I can only arrive here alone
with my feet firmly pressed on the path.

Yet after reaching myself,
I will meet you on my own accord
as fresh pages and forged steel,
as empty trunks stemming tall trees,
as a single vase that was once clay.

Let me meet you on my own accord,
let me meet you like that.

Direction

In the soft bludgeons of air,
there's a glimpse of my limits.
There is redemption in my strain.

I'm pushing
to feel myself bump against life,
to have its ventilation scratch
hard edges and brittle cracks
into my skin.

From this I determine the direction of the wind,
and I use it as a compass.
I'm longing to determine my exact location,
in reference to the equator.

Where am I right now?
Where does this moment rest
upon the longitude and latitude of my heart?
What is the meaning of this space
in relation to everything else?
Clarity, balance -
am I still on their path,
or have I strayed?

It's all up to natural now.