

“Parallel To White”

by

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Made in Boston

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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 knew the ideal shape of my life's journey.

Once

Str**O**ng tidings
Never
bran**C**h
th**E**mselves out.

I catap**U**lterd
to **P**repare myself
for fl**O**ating.
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

cries
tearing
waves
into
ground
indifference
floating
away
forever

Coup

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

Truth has been overthrown.

At Different Times

To be

bound
together

by fits
of anguish
and grief

sooner
or later.

Tender

a

writing

of

eyes

breath

lucid

a

a

close

shiver

spread

pupil

a

a

massaged

a

heart

tender

sway

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Twilight Rivers

The twilight rivers—
ephemera draining
itself of color

Blue-Green To Orange-Red

Crimson sun,
ultramarine.

Cinnamon ash,
glowing pool.

Forest fire,
turquoise sky.

Vermilion art,
coral reef.

Qi

Listening to sand fall
grain by grain
each one falling
as time keeps passing
through my shadow

Indel

A History Of Thoughts:

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An Abridged History Of Thoughts:

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elInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInD
InDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelInDelI
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Just A Conduit

Those times when I don't notice
the person on the other side of the mirror–
those were the most perfect moments.

Touching The Apparition

a
heavy shower containing the dust of frogs
does not tell us the probability
of their green inevitability, or
their pale invisibility.

Open & Close

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 extended sleep, I will dissolve completely. I will dream
another existence. I have closed myself to open up a lock."

A Natural Step

A fine surprise!

Finding a series of epiphanies that were isolated from each other.

Insight:

- 1) is a productive echo
- 2) is a system of light
- 3) is perfectly law
- 4) punctually meets the hour

Treble Walking

There's no bass
in my feet, my walk.

It's all light treble.

All the bass is in my head.

Below Waves

I'm a bell curve by default.

Extended
rhythms of stillness are something
to commit to memory. Their patterns run
away with ease. Broken by another wave.

Clearing

I clench my fist tightly for thirty seconds.

Then I open my hand.

There is a clearing in my heart.

Overnight Experts, Suffocation

We are of the periphery disposition
that this whole asthma of intelligence
will instantaneously pass through our lungs
and move in front of our eyes.

Language Sound Self All

I leave language to be spoken by the noises around me. In me.

Sounds get instantly shaped by unconscious thought.

I pour in [slowly] to a standing still.

Everything melts in my hand.

I Feel Like Silence

(

Our Earthness

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

(canyon-colored
dust reservoir
sun dried fan
frazzled oak)

(the amygalda
in your brain
wakes up and finds
itself almond-shaped)

(California California
California California
California California
California California)

(If the Earth replaced
all almonds with amygaldas
would we consult trees about
our emotions, decisions, and memory?)

(If the Earth replaced
all amygaldas with almonds
would the human brain
taste better?)

)

Run On Or Effort

1) a hundred demons say that irrational art smokes a crying onion out of my eyes

2) the onion's fragrance was trained to bring out a set of scrunches that rally around my forehead

3) the exerted energy from my face squeaks out and I lather myself in the irrational air while my palms pulse and my thoughts are full of thumbnails

4) I know my balance is off for this moment is floating in between my own posture and an imagined posture

5)

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

My Intercepted Creation

'Twas a fixture that inhaled parcels of raw silk
equal to fine wine and a pair of clouds.

Infatuation's End

After the novelty,

we turn into a mound of snow

One Stone To Another

We are disappearing.

We melt past liquid into stone.

Walking Tour

Please take photographs of my heart
during its walking tour of my neighborhood

I need to know if it's taking a victory lap
after leaving my body

Stomach Worm

That vocabulary cut me dearly.

O stomach give me permission for ascent
during this tumultuous digestion!

I want to know what words I will feel in my gut.

Underneath

We lay below the dust of bones,
time's ever-present sigh.

The air around us is always sacred.

Alikeness

We demand the facts from an abstract world.

We demand to govern them in a shower of wind, under a sky that we have
never touched before.

We demand ourselves. To be reminded of our dissociation.

Transforms

He can enter now.

Cover him in bare paint and clean dye.
Flush out the shade.

Let him be in the moment,
but not in the space of "I".

He can exit now.

Let me absorb what's left of him.
Let me see if I can leave this space of "I."

Ok.

...

He can enter again.

Exhaust

He is a jet stream fallout victim.

He is staring into space.

He can not rest.

He is thirst.

The void does not say anything to him.

Tracing

This life is painting a framed picture
that's displayed at the end of your body.

The gallery has an overabundance of color,
and a lack of sharp detail.

Backwards Game

Feeler: I don't understand your philosophy.

Thinker: I don't understand your emotional logic.

Both: You could articulate this so much better.

Blemish

Taking in the topography of my skin,
I see a blemish sprouting from seeds of laughter.

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.

The punctuation marks
in every sentence.

Never the letters.
Always the rhythm.

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

At the catchiest place on the tip of the tongue,
my gender snaps in eradication.

Zooming

*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.

Should "I" Exist

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

I am here with "I."
I would rather experience the forgetting of time.

To White

All day

All night

I feel

parallel to white.

Bookends

I traveled only to end up as a different person with the same thoughts.

Coming back was worth it.

Life & Tea

Ah, the spectacle of contemplation
succeeding a glass of tea. The experience of
leaving an unborn state and being infused
inside a new body! Salud!

Arrival

I want to swallow transparency.

I want to permeate void.

No one will know what sacrifices I've made to get here.
This will be my secret.

I want to arrive
with my feet
firmly pressed on the clouds.
With translucence to spare.

Direction

In the soft bludgeons of air,
there's a glimpse of my limits.

Where am I right now?
Where does this moment rest
upon the longitude and latitude of my heart?

It's all up to natural now.