Chasing the Breeze

In the projects you knew how we rolled
Rolling rice paper with oregano
Blowing candy cigarette smoke rings
To see who could make it through
Then finishing off with a bris'd and lit
Bubblegum cigar or a bubble pipe
Top off the night with wax bottles
And bottles and bottles and bottles
Till we yawned Technicolor
Maybe sneak behind the building
To play doctor with the landlord's daughter
But we never never never got into the hard
Stuff, watched from across the playground
By the Pop Rock Mafia, they would
Lay out their Pixie Stix lines
Playing card refined
Granulated sugar sent
Straight to the brainpan
Followed with ground Smarties
Injected into their bodies
And Nerd suppositories
Then some adult came
Passed out Mollies
And a kid burned down his house
Trying to get the mouses off
His mother's blouse he was wearing
In broad daylight where he burnt out
Right on the lawn fallen and skin
Melted couldn't help it his brain
Was fried on sugar and LSD
Burnt sugar cubes over Ecto Cooler
And gummi worms cause he heard
It was supposed to be made with
wormwood, it's all he could do
To not gnaw the cuffs off his
Wrists this kid for what he did
When they found what was
Left of her, his mother
And that did in the Pop Rock Mafia
Heard kids did in themselves
With popcap guns to the chin
Or head and play dead while
We drew chalk outlines around
Ourselves how we fell so you
Could tell how gruesome we were
When the police kids would arrive
And plant rock candy evidence
On our play corpses for practice
Before we were chastised
To get inside for dinner
Before the rains came
And washed it all away
Chided because we got dirty
Like kids are wont to do
Not because we were practicing
For lead role maybe to stay that way 20 years later
We didn't think on it for more than 20 seconds
We were the ones blowing the soap bubbles
Glamered by their iridescence not knowing
We were the bubbles being blown away
Chasing the breeze until eventually
We all just burst at the seams.

Stardust Mother

Her, my body
She, the form I reside in
Skin, paint coating the vessel
Cell, passenger sailing on currents electric
Trick, my senses playing to keep me from overthinking
Thinking thoughts to ask the questions where why who am I truly
Truthfully, sense enhanced shows us far more than an all-knowing glance
Glancing, the light reflecting refracted; blindsided me by something quantum.

Sleep Therapy

I am the other man
The friend with benefits on whose lap you'd rather sit
Than your long-time steady
I stirred your body and mind while he never bothered
Giving you the time
But that was over, you moved from getting off and on
To making it work with him
So why were you there in my bed stroking my chest
Telling me you want the best
While I push you away and say please just let me rest
It's too late to drive home
With your night blindness, I'm not heartless but let me be
Let me sleep, don't make me repeat
So you offer to stay in the other room while I drift away in heavy sheets
Then why do I awake late at 2am
Nude with you too, straddling my waist while I tried to sleep
Your fingers around my neck
As you cease for me my breathing and say you aren't believing
How good it feels for you
I tell you to stop and you just go on and on and on and on and on
And beg for me to please
As water leaks from my eyes and you release and release and release
And release and release
Then fall down and tell me how good I am as I sleep walk zombie
Lay into you by your command
So when you've had your fill, your fix, spent all that's worth to you of me
You'll finally let it end
And twice more tell me what a good boy I am for my ratio of 1:7
Before you cut the stitching
It's too late now, you disarmed me, pulled all the staples like science leprosy
Bride of Frankenstein's mindless fuck buddy
Or am I the yellow throated side-blotched lizard, good for only sneak mating
What purpose am I but a carnival game
A pretty unicorn pierced specimen through the back for you to ride at leisure
Put a penny in a slot to make your legs shake
Because quarters might seem to exert some inherent sense of worth
So let me lay me down, let me be
Coiled like the serpent swaddled in goose-down and Sophie B. Hawkins
So one day I may shed my skin and be rid of you
And measure my scales for what they're worth to see if it's greater
Than mere flesh and bone
Till then, leave my waters still and let me rest and meet in dreams, perchance
Where mermaids and winged men do kiss
On daylight razed firmaments of false canopies and newborn nebulous galaxies
And worlds made of diamonds pure
Another who will see my carbon molecules worth all of their electricity
Rough at times though they may be
(swirling gyroscopically into madness) And still love me all the same.

8mm

The grainy footage starts with a pop
and the crackle of ancient film on the projector,
a gray mass of nothing
until the image of two children dancing and singing in a meadow--
you can’t hear them singing but their mouths are moving so you can imagine them
singing in your head--
roars onto the screen.
It’s less a dance and more of a ritual
as the two skip in a circle holding hands and circling
and singing and chanting
to an empty patch of ground between them
where you can just make out a black, twitching thing
pinned down with a stick
that shines dark when the light hits it just right;
it’s all in greyscale so it’s just dark,
and now there’s more dark around the black, twitching thing
as the children dance and sing in a circle as the little dark circle slowly spreads
out and the twitching slows and the spinning, singing, dancing stays the same speed
when you hear a thunk
and small bodies fall as you watch the two dance and sing
in the meadow and you hear the thunk
as an old man chops wood on a stump about twenty
yards away on the right side of the crackly old image.
You watch him reach down and put another
log on the stump then lift the axe up and split the wood with a single stroke
then a second later you hear the thunk of the fresh, split wood.
The sound and image isn’t synched and every time you see the wood cut
in two you hear the thunk of the chop a second
later when the wood hits the ground.
You watch the process of the wood
to stump
to axe

to chop
to thunk;

wood,
stump,
axe,

chop,
thunk,
you see him reach into the pile and place the wood on the stump and chop,--thunk.
You see him pause
as a dancing, singing figure skips into frame from the meadow
to the left and lays on top of the stump as the axe raises up and drops, chop--thunk.

A cigarette burn and a beep blink for a millisecond in the corner and for a few frames you see but don’t see heavy-maned lions feasting on a lioness then thunk.

Thunk.

Thunk.

Thump of the meadow with the black thing ceased twitching and a black mass laying motionless in the grass as flies swarm, buzzing silently above it as the long weeds and wildflowers in their shades of gray blow in the soft breeze and a country home blinks, jumps on screen bordered by trees and sunset as a form sits on a rocking chair and the creaks are out of time with the picture, and the figure, they’re doing something with their hands and every so often they bring it to their mouths as they sit, creaking in the off rocking chair.

That’s when you notice the cellar door with the chains by the pile of wood and you see it move,
slightly at first and then it shakes
    again
    and again
until
    it’s
    being
    battered
    violently
and you can only hear the chains
    rattling in your head
    as the rocking creak ceases
    and an arm reaches out
from the open
    cellar door that opens wider
    like a mouth
    of burning celluloid
    that reaches out
    to consume the face
    attached to that arm
that you can only see
    in your
mind.

Storm Cankle
I just took off all my clothes and burned them on my lawn
This isn't a poem, I actually did that just now.
It says "Women are [insert terribly offensive thing here]."
I didn't think I had enough clothes to write something so misogynistic
But hey, sometimes you gotta try these things out
And now I'm very cold and that not peyote is kicking in
Who knew kangaroos were native to Ohio?
Now here's something I know you can all relate to
Don't you hate it when your first mate starts talking to you
And starts telling you that it's the Messiah?
It's been erect for three days now
I went to the hospital and paid with a kidney
(Not mine, but don't worry; they won't miss it)
Prayer and cold water are just making it worse
Now it's doing miracles and healing the sick
Send help.

Dream Eater

I'm finding it easier to sleep
To fall into that grey abyss and cloak myself in night
I'm finding it easier to sleep
And be pressed by goose-down blankets unjudgingly
I'm finding it easier to sleep
Than face the day and glaring haze of vacant cow-eyed stares
I'm finding it easier to sleep
Instead of filling the gaping hole in my stomach with constant eating
It's easier to sleep
Rather than acknowledge the gnawing ache as another kind of hunger
It's easier sleeping
Don't have to confront the beartrap in the room and bite off my own leg
It would be easier to sleep
To take some Zzzquil, some Ambien to dull the pain and maybe wake up
Never
Than it is to admit that I don't want to sleep because I know
I'd never want to leave.

No matter hours wasted a serpent in goose-down wings coiling
I desire to strike out the world with fangs of hypodermic determination
And inject inspirational venom to stir hearts and minds and souls
To make others feel more than their shed skins cast aside
When I put my teeth into them I want to see the world bleed with hope
To show it on their underbelly in ink the fire poker that stirs their coals
In the hopes it might spring free an Ace of Hearts in their Bridge to
Their own Elysian fields and each inspirational drop of blood springs
Forth a shaft of golden wheat and before they're dry their crop covers
An entire mountainside that sprung molten from mental subduction
That they may mine their faults for corundum creativity without being
Crushed beneath the weight of their own securities like me.
But I'm not a viper but a constrictor with puppy face and slowly sweeping
Coils before squeezing and devouring more mass than I have a right
I find that I'm often of three minds as I sidewind my way across empty
Mud flats during low tide that I might shatter the self-imposed shells
Of my prey as I wait upon the shores of my own underworld finding it
Easier to dine on dreams in hibernation rather than waiting for the day
I'll get my head cut off and be decorating a more brutal hunter's shoes.

No, it's easier to sleep
At least the delusions speak to me occasionally in the misty world
And make the thoughts of drink and pills or noose or bullet
All the more inviting that the dream feast may never end
But here with raccoon eyes I see a face of insatiable exhaustion
Placed in this world where we dance sideways on sand bars
When the moon dives past the horizon before swaying antipodally
To the celestial song of gravity and washes us uncaring into space.