

The Day After Yesterday

ryn(n) acker

*For all the Folks behind the Curtain
Rest well,
And thank you.*

Prologue

The mechanics of this language are unusual. There are so many ways not to say anything, and many more that, in saying nothing, aim to say something. The language is avoidant, totally indirect.

I have lost many people. I am but a child sitting here, wondering why the adults have just gone off once again. They have turned and gone into another room to do as they must, and yet it soon feels like they have gone forever. And so I begin to cry. Just as I have always done.

I have lost so many things. I do not want to lose anything else. So I hold on very tight, sometimes until my wrist goes out.

Thank you for reading.

This is a book about memories. It has a singular vision. To remember. Paper, unfortunately cannot remember all that well: it keeps good track up to a certain point but it can only do so much. The first thing that I ever learned about memory is that anything worth remembering is more than words by far.

The second thing is that when you go far enough back it's hard to sort memories meaningfully. They all tend to overlap, but there's the only tool we need.

The third is that memories are a reflection, and nothing else. They are real in exactly every way that their source wasn't. No matter how real it may seem, it's not there, it's an amusing trick the light does when it's bored of sitting around.

The last is that they are transient at best, they walk through whether they are wanted or not, stop and say hello, maybe have a cup of tea or a night of rest, and then they go. They might travel in bands and put on a show but they always like to leave.

(Throwing my briefcase off of the)

Redline

(after work and trying to land it in my garden)

When I was young I fell in love—
Wasps on the playground
And rocks on the borderland
In platonic romance
With my freely fettered young mind
For eternities;
One hornet stung me and made
My silly heart fly
(in tears and weeps). So nice...

Shortly later on I
quite loved flowers and Iced Tea.
They were sweet and nearby,
So I took to them and they kept
My murmuring heart high—
Even later when in the depths
Of my own creation
I was helplessly stuck and daft.

I still quite love the
Rocks and flowers (wasps,
I learned, are painful
partners) they're sweet on the brightsides
And so full in the rain.

I often fell in love with words
And stories and poems
That could pocket infinite wonder
In bites of other places.
I still remember a few —
Sillygomania,
Sonder, space is big, Catch-22
World of Tomorrow —
The types of thought that make minds
Waltz in a storm of
Dissociate wonder meaningless
To any paper or
Machine. The love for these really
Rests in the streets
Of my brain shaped like a city,
Hidden supports shadowed
with stupendous ashes of memory.

I still quite love the
Books and verses (wordplay
Is as any of its ilk), they
Lift the tongue and say
Their peace without waste.

I fell in love with the river
Breezes and spoke with them
On spring days and autumn afternoons.
I fell in love with the
Sugar, honey, and glass that stay
On the countertop for
Long summer hours 'till drunk away,
And with the grass covering
The floor when we walked in nat
Caring about scoldings
Or wiping our shoes on the mat.
I even loved images
Of a quiet sky caked in
Moonlight and powdered with
Stars, and so many hues that run
Over laminated
Pages of greeting cards and schoolbooks.

I fell in love with the
Woods just on the edge of town,
With the purple sky and
White elms foregrounding it —
Where, if you sat long and
Quiet, you could hear the low sound
Of unspoken nocturnes

Echoing, locked in perpetuity.
There I could suspend my
Belief in everything and just
Exist mixed with the dirt,
Catching glimpses through the falling
Leaves as my eyes told
Little white and black lies to us.

That loam there quite deserved
To be loved after all the world's
Sorrow in history
It had seen and borne so untold
('Tis to hold it such).

I fell in love with motif and
With variation and
Letters that were written by hand
Using expensive pens
Because they were polite on the skin.
And with math and science
And code and language and writing
And living in nonsense
Of conversation and mirrors.
With enough things that
the full list would bore you to corpses
Right where you sat to read!

I fell in love, but I can't
Explain what it felt like
Or even what it just meant
As it hit so materially
Yet ethereally that it hardly

Felt at all. Among so
Many things turned thoughts no memory
Can stand out to me to
Be the object of my heart.
I remember all the love,
So I have no clue why I do.
So they haunt me in wisps
Catching a smile and burning an
Ancient flame in the midst
Of my winter that I'm compelled
To once more exist.

The tower is built high
So that when it falls down the dust
Reaches the corners nigh
The edges of reality,
And all existence is
The purview of the dumb bird'
That sacrificed living
For life. There's so much to see, but
I'd dispose of my sight
For the chance to remember any
Sweet bit of it at all.

I guess that I'd loved that too much,
Too, so I've never loved
At all. Just choked on my thoughts
Until I stopped loving².

Now(,) To Sleep

Today I woke up like I'd died last night
Like a ghost slowly emerging from hell
If this will hold true, I only hope that
A bright red flower sits before the stone,
An epitaph reads "thank you for living",
And in the field us two sit quietly.
Pondering how the wind will turn today.

To that other me: it has been an honor,
But soft now, your time can last no longer
Your weight is going from every body
In the multiverse except for my own.
All that's left will be the voice you have shown
To know so many of the secrets my
Cloudy head hides dark where they can linger.

One of many fragile memories

"I love things
Which can stand
On their own."
(So you
Have never
Loved me.)

There will always be a need to fill. I wish that were false.

Nothing blooms like the Poppies³

The wind gives a slight whistle in this place
Maybe it happens in the leaves or the grass.
Or even just my ears as I pretend
Ability to read into nature.
It certainly whistles, I'm sure of that.

It fades back again, and the moment's nice.
And then it seems to come back.

Some days it only stops like that, pausing
As if it saw something from the sidewalk
That made its mind wander, and then resume.

"I like people who pay close attention,
Especially to the little details."

Things like the meanings of the many words
You toyed with because they were all you knew.
I think what you liked were the people who
Knew how to spot what kept you fascinated.

And I hate that I know I'm right.

The birds hate when I hold the seeds.
They eat well as a kind of apology.
Pecking as if they're afraid of something.
Measurelessly bobbing their heads to bite
And then searching for the nothing to flee.
They don't even seem to look towards me.

There are some funny shapes among the rocks,

Some look like hearts, like feet, like eggs, like fish.
None of them seem to look like clouds to me.
The sky is something other than the ground.

It fades back again, and the moment's nice.

What am I supposed to do with the parts—
The memories — of you that live in me?
We cannot operate by memory
Alone. Nothing can expect us to recall
Or even recognise what matters
With everything so burned on the edges
And covered in the ash that left behind.
No good could ever come of that.
So I wish there were any other way.

And then, as always, it seems to come back.

Thursday

Minutes are not real.

Thursdays are monumental constructions
Of infinite space.

I know this quite well
As I make up words for the
Impossible things
Which Thursday suggests
And minutes seem to refuse
I know it much more.

Thursday knows it's place
Minutes can only forget.
Minutes can't be real.

Wrong side

They're playing some kind of game. Without me,
At least, I think; if I knew the rules I'd
Join, but they're moving too fast for me:

I'm getting traces of what I can see
Beyond the blue, the rest hiding in tides
That eat away at the concept of me

Being there, nothing knows where I could be.
And something's just in the air, that resides
Just next to fear without knowing really

Why. One could likely call it the sea breeze.
I wonder if the sand gets cold at night —
Maybe it's water polo, not a sea

Thing, usually, but one is so free
To try doing everything wrong and ride
The waves as long as the game goes on here.

A sound plays out a bit above the air
A little over the crackle of waves
And it rings out hollow on the dead air
A whining, something more like a whimper.
(And I suppose there's nothing more than that
Which must feel a touch unsatisfying
Because things just ended, with no more than
A rough dissonance to cue in nothing.)

It was all just some kind of children's game
And something in good pretend was taken

All too seriously. It's time to go.
Everytime I though the white sand I feel the same
Old thought somewhere in my lungs: don't go in
I mustn't go in, 'till the water's low.

(Coffee out of) **Paper Cups** (out of nature out of rocks)

Images have a tendency to fight
Their own meaning with attempts at
Rendering something radically different
From just the shape of the surface.

Paper cups, though, those are precise
They do as they mean and mean what they do.

Red wheelbarrows come with their bucolic
Backgrounds and externalities —
The chickens and the water and people.
They have dependencies in thought.

A paper cup only has cylinders
It needs neither hands nor fillings.

Words and pictures derive from other things —
Experiences, other words —
They come with a mix of messy, marveled
Musing or plain old subjectives.

This green-printed paper cup has
Nothing tied back to it, no death, no life⁴.

Fervor and Waste

I think I'll resolve to take some motive —
Since for myself I am often
Against the scale which holds my opposite
Soul — and move among my shadows.
They do so haunt me but I might find friends
If I go looking deep enough.

It is a castle court which holds the mind —
Seated with shitposts and bad quotes
But seated still with all my valued things —
The judge is me, the jury me
And on trial is me but less devious.

I can't navigate all the thoughts
And today I have not my Erato
To save this work from brinks of trash.

The waste bin has been filled with all the best
Of my intentions and the worst
Of any words to graze the human eye.

The world favors nomads. The world favors things that need no anchor, and things that need no support. But it allows the rest, perhaps as a lesson.

Nothing rigid can live. Only the soft survives.

A Joke On Long Island

Once
I had a
Friend
Who
Said he'd
Meet
Me
On long
Island

I'll
See him
Soon

A mirror that's a few seconds behind

(or, 8123456: a series of incomplete perfections)

Tired of eyes and pretty faces,
Widened eyes, iris light
Every Faust has their own generation.
In the morning sunlight on
Prismatic windows sheds
Shattered rainbows over the bedroom floor.
I don't ask them questions anymore
I just lay and watch them
As they flutter in and out and falter.
Just as the day begins and starts.
But right now the world tells
All its obvious secrets to me.

White rice, Steamed

It's a lovely thing, refined
Grain made for eating,
It sits on well on the table
Between us — perhaps
Sharing us. Our words shaping the air.

Outside, the wind breaks on grass
And bugs run between
Flowers as bird seek supper
And rocks fall in lakes.
The sun going into sherbet sleep.

And across our collective
Land I see you there
And you just smile with me.

I ask you if it's wrong to not
Have brown rice instead,
Because it's better for you, just worse.

An Introduction to the Heart

Unfortunately
I can't believe
My soul is a
Stream.

The rather, it
Might be a stone

13774 (almost hello)

There's a teacup filled eponymous on
The table. The cool green ocean that drifts
Shells on the shore as slow as the inner
Hell under burns away all that's within.
What once was my universe is empty.
And somehow that's fine

Among the Garden Walls

For just a moment I can kneel
Down and hold just one bud in
My hand when I smell dust horizontal.

The smell of it calls out storms
of dry air. The clouds will come
Over and the flowers will shut
Again. I take my leave and go
Under another tree, trying sleep.

Reality

I often overthink and fall apart.
Numbers surround my reality and heart.
 I've lived too long
Is that what's wrong?
 I'm just so tired.

Walking through morning dew in the brain

In this cup is your proprietary void.
Drink slowly and responsibly.
It's hot, and you have to think.

(A) Notes

(App 30 Layers Deep in Metaphor)

Digression,

While it may

Seem

A form of

Repression of

Obsession

Is

Actually rather helpful

With describing

Little moments

Lacking

Clarity.

Because

words

Have

Special shapes,

Writing is a

Geometry of feelings.

Reflections are the world's favorite motif.

(I just want everyone to)

Lie to me (about everything)

Voices tonight crackle and break around

Me. It always reminds me of

Talking to you late at night on blurred

Phones. I don't want to miss those memories

But still they call back and keep on

Asking what they did wrong. And I can't say.

I don't really know what's being

Said — I know it's made me feel guilty now —

I recognize the refracted

Raiment of light echoed from glasses

Of narcissistic drinks that sweat

In the heat of life — the rainbow off the

Water's prism, contained, tainted.

I take a wine glass full of grape juice

In my hands — pale as the morning

Clouds after the sky was painted serbet —

And swirl it in the ceaseless form,

Pretending that I have a better drink.

Across long the cavernous plane

Hazel and blue eyes glow expectantly.

I take my sip and the mask gives

replies to the words that it remembers,

Recalling that character know

To the audience and the Player alike

And the glow whimpers and dims

And the persona returns down to roast.

When the campfire goes down on
Long nights the shadows replace the motion.
The whisper low under story
Words and lay bare for once what the night wants.
Whirlpools of shadows among
The dark are fun but not for me so I
Give my goodbyes and depart here
With my grass and jacket against the wills of wisps.

Meanwhile,

Waking up before the A/C turns on
Doesn't usually happen here.
I've gotten rather good at the routine
Of letting heaters awaken
This room to better things than simple cold.
Nevertheless my mind is wandering
Into the morning with the sense of old
Familiars that are well departed⁵.

It might be that I laid down in
Some summoning circle which
Which previous owners left on the floor
Now carpeted to hold heat.
It's more probable that I'm blooming
Again into a strange day —
The sort setup by bad-balance dreams
Where not-even thoughts work right.

The flower on the windowsill
Drenched down in the dark
Doesn't even recall me here.
It's folly to call
This sort of thing morning
Over night — I
Might still even be dreaming.
It gets hard to tell.

Hints of moonlight peak through the curtain lines
And a want for coffee hits
My tongue with the shame, now crestfallen by
This notion of non-motion.

Stone arms are poised on the sheets and they refuse to
Relinquish their resting time.
Likely that's all well enough, they could use
Some time to themselves for this once
Tense as they are even now — between sleep.
Now I regret living

up North.

I sigh out and try both to move around
And fall back asleep for the night⁶.
Around me there are waves among the grass
And sprites watering the green'ry.
The cities on rivers getting their power
As droplets spark off of the rocks.
I can make a grip and that's a gimmick
Enough to get me up crawling
In time for meeting with my little star.

It is really a fine manner to learn
The parts' names across bodies —
The fine electric run at the speed of
Honey bringing life to me.
It hits and knot and one more until it
Pushes every one at once.

Eventually I'm sure it will go off.
Get a better thing to do with
The energy that it has to torture.
Eventually I manage to slough off
The incubus owning my chest.

And I take the first real breath of the day.
So much depends on a grey cloth
I almost forget about it before
The cold sets in once more again⁷.

I really need to get the timing on
Machines better for me
But rarely do I have the energy
To go about fixing problems
So tedious and so ignorable.
I forget it in five minutes.

When I'm already in day's clothes, the night shoveled off—
I'm told something in english
Either by myself, or by some voice I don't yet
Register sensible.
My feet being on the ground, I don't need to know
What precisely is
The placement of the moment, so I don't try to.
The bleeding-edge lines
Thoughts tend to manufacture fill the room in blue.
It's early for this.
It's far too early for this. My feet being in shoes
I depart for better
Sights than white edge lines stopped against tile floors .

Recurrent sights here love me, at least, I think so—
Considering how much
They come at me hitting notes that feel all the same.
Is the rhythm known?
Is it predictable, moving the same known way?
Repetitive then?

Field Notes:

Two weeks into the new year things don't feel
Too far away. I'm seeing my first sunset,
Opposite the dawn I know. There's no good
Reason for it, but I'm in the colver —
The patchy clover, green and bright with the
Winter contrast, distant moss turning to ice—
And can we just sat a while playing games,
My light and I, because this is so nice.

The daybreak light wakes me up, and I stay
Awake so I can tuck it to bed.
And one of us tells the rest a story,
Tonight it's on the water — a landscape
With sky and ground distorted on the water
That will soon forget what we print on it.
There's every color in one — one set one
Place on matter of basic blurry eyesight.

Shadows further intensify.

Maybe for the first time, I'm sitting
With no one else.

The lamplights way out there, further than
Moon and stars guide my eyes and my ghosts.
We see the lights as rings buffeting
Silhouettes — can we just stay a while?
Things are setting in now, they wanna
Sit with me — I cannot feel my hands.

I mustn't run away — things at home

I have things, I have to get back home,
The laundry's done, It's time for home.

Six months into this, my new year
I pack my things and stand to leave,
And there's the moon, so far away
In the best seat, right behind me.

Floating in the sky — a sky that's now thinner
In its shade of warmth to the point of pink.

And there were the shadows — playing off
The facades and the canopy shrouds
That lay just off the path, resting towards
The great West because what else is there?

Taking snapshots and hiding from the cold
There we are, orbiting on the edge
Of the thousand other galaxies
Above this road alone, following
The lamplight back into heated rooms.

And maybe for the first time I don't have
Any other ways this could possibly go⁸.

Calliope, if nothing else, has her particular interests.

Her eyes crave revelations,

And scorn

Reprise.

This is a book about forgetting. It has a singular vision. To never last. The first thing you learn is usually the first thing you fail to memorize. That is the point at which it burns itself in and the first thing you can remember is the first thing that you ever forgot.

The problem is that this process does not easily repeat itself, and the rest of the things that I have forgotten have really been lost.

Interlude 1

I'm on the floor now
Remembering how my things
Used to be from you.

Beyond, Before.

As sunlight set on the deck our clearer
Atmosphere breathes, longer on the exhale.
The orange light makes quick prisms on Wine
Dark water and for the fourth time I feel
The depth sinking into me, the air my
Only savior. A chair, Imitation
Wood holding it from falling through the Earth.
Heavens are light Earth is only heavy,
And by the rules I am Just between them.

Thou whose almighty word chaos has heard
Hear me as I pray, let there be glory.

I lean back, desperation in my eye,
And try at breaths that mind air, moon, and sky
A young man boasts about war behind me
And the party carries smells of vodka
With cigarettes — I feel my age growing,
Pulling down skin on the edge of me.

It's best that that's it, nothing more than age;
I fear time's stopping over its passing.

Their noise will blur in the night, maybe spike,
Then become whispers as the moon turns in
Wrapping itself up in the other side.
I'm here by request, that's why it's lonely,
And I mustn't let it so bother me.
One little Toast has me strung up so high.

A raised champagne glass and sweet words descend

In chandelier light, the edges glimmer.
And there's a smile accompanied by a tug
Somewhere below a lung. And there's a long breath.

Savior who came to bring on they redeeming wing
Healing and sight, let there be no more blood.

If there be glory, stay it without blood,
Let it be beyond us; let the trees revel;
Let the great question be where glory is.
Let us invoke and call out but not have.

Only in beds is thinking so easy.
There's a ceiling, a window, a dark room
So full of myself It should be bursting.
I'll wonder why – so Irresponsibly –
I get to be here just before the sleep,
Between the dreams and the actions, awake.

I'll try at moving around to change that,
Writhing and squirming and stopping to see
If something's changed and I've fixed Insomnia.
But that kingdom will still be there in me,
Saying something wholly uncomfortable.

I'll try to breathe, to take air all the way
Down and it will be trapped asa shallow
Breath in the middle of all the struggling.

And so sleep will set in as exhaustion
And there will not be anything like rest
As my own ground sways beneath me.

Speed forth thy flight, move o'er the water's face
Bearing the lamp of grace, n'let living be.

Because when we wake up we want to go
Somewhere made home and we want just to sit
On our deck's chair and look to the water
Bubbling in the pond as our sky shows stars.

Let it all be determined, yet also
Entirely free from atom to God.

And for moments I'll ponder the surface
And wonder how time has come to pass so.
Before I wake up again and forget.

Boundless as Oceans' tide rolling in fullest pride
Through the world let there be nothing but space.

Butterflies on the door

What a cold day
Out of the ambulance I want
To freeze solid
I want to know how to shiver
And in this room
With all of these LED lights—
All these colors—
I just want to go back to sleep
Even as she
Talks to my—my mother—and cries
I'll close my eyes
But things will never be the same

You'll close your eyes, but things will never be the same.

The memories will still creep in, little by little, between the other things. They will still be there before you sleep. They will still be here with you, constantly needing to be carried. Your cross to bear. And as you transfer the fire between the candles to light your dining room table, you might still think about things which ceased to matter a long time ago. God, it really has been a long time.

(It's fascinating that I'm)

All I have (Yet I still neglect to control myself)

Night pulls over the cruise ship

And I put down my lit cigarette

That failed to take the edge off.

It's a night overcast of show none

Of the stars that make the dark

Bearable so now that the fire's out

There is only the damn

Flies. I take a deep breath and let ice

Seep in where the air should be.

My odd affinity for phobias

Is a fast-growing curse that

I do not really care

Enough about to just repair.

Lights blink in a town beside

The river we take to some northern

Respite where it is that souls

Kindred are told to stay together

In springs and pricey hotels.

The lovely therapist tell me that

It may help me out of this

Awful state and I think that is true

Only in the most literal

Of sense as it takes me away

From my united stay.

Fog blossoms on the shores of every

Distant horizon. Somewhere

Eggs are soft-boiling for a fast

breakfast before work, somewhere

Else, runners lose a race and penguins
Boil ever so slowly.
The air brings in and out these thoughts
With quick contraction and slow
Expansion; ruptures and repairs.
The sky is dark at nighttime.
But that's the only time one can see
The stars in the glory of air.
We never look up for the sun,
Because light we feel burns that way.

Divination

Time stretches before the Sybil
In mysterious ways — the real comes
And goes as all infinite future sums
In brief sentences. It's so much we're still
When we first see it. The expanse of paths
Surrounds us, consumes as with constants
And variables in meaningless scans
Of next. Before you see you, your die is cast.

There's so much future that it fills our heads
And becomes all we can know or now hear.
Medusa became a monster by the dead,
And the undyne fought with her human fear.
They say the gods curse all they have bred
That's why oracles are human and here.

Seven-5-Seven

The trouble is that all things
 Don't fall flat into places,
 Even when you want them to
Or when special care takes you
 To the ends of your wit's paths.
I have seen many great things
 But I sat they never seem
 The same process into sight
Knights and kings hear great names but
 Never hear them quite right.

Scarcity

I wish I had more colors, since they all
Feel exactly the same— turning
Simplicity into absurd
Complexity the talent; the skill,
Changing things back so they're gathered⁹.

*Because what could honestly bear every little thing that comes
by it? What could sit in the collection of everything and manage to
keep still solid?*

Nothing is without interchange, nothing is without a little loss.

*But because we do not lose all at once, we can still survive on
the pieces and find what is left behind to rebuild ourselves and each
other. This must have been the assumption.*

Probably the only one not all in my head

Empty tea cups fill the pantry waiting,
Hoping to once be used to hold
Heat beyond the dry bitter air saling
At the whim of time. To make molds
By human standards, they live indifferent(,
Tranquility to the fullest.

But also they are teacups to be bent
By human hands and, in vain, rest.

I know very well that teacups can't feel
The tired burn I project for
Them, though that doesn't mean shit since I fall
For it still and can pity far
Conceits simply on the sake of distance —
Tragedians need not an atom
Bomb, only really an atom is despair
Enough for hard stone aeternum.

You close the door to the guest room kindly
Set aside for you to ask what
Exactly you were on about eyeing
Glass doors never opened to rot
The fragile pieces to they were designed just
To protect from fulfilling rust.

And you seem to ask me again why we
Seem to just be so far away.
But you never call, never have courage
Enough to on my "peace" infringe.

You always did seem so fond of motif
And variance of seethe.

A merry-go-round ridden evermore
Either for fun or drowning bore.

Breaking up the monotony of doing things

(by doing things)

Because I can't just go to sleep
I task myself with figuring out things
Which I am unlikely to do really.
Contemplation is dandy but since it rings
On what feels like some cruel eternity —
Much like the ocean tides going on curve —
It becomes too much. Moderation we
Know enough. But eh. I don't too much like
Picking apples, but thinking about trees
Helps pass the time. Maybe I will like
Other work which lies in other far fields
Which a lifetime's walk could never reach, right?
Should I just pick fruit pretending it to
be rye that lines my waiting dreams.

*"A great person once told me treat poems
Like an object. Let that be it. Let air
And grass themselves turn from times
Merely to idylls on which these word fair
Better than they might all alone."*

Hearts and Diamonds (but never clubs and spades)

Bright red disparity behind

Greener eyes — we pay our minds

To hames and good moments in

Name

Of not feeling all to blind. Samke

That it's stupid stuff because

It was all be had for our

Trust.

Hearts and diamonds anchor us to a world

That's not our own, We live standing

Still in that more well-mannered

Place, left well and wondering

In the other greyer

Galactic blur.

(Which world is really ours?)

(Knowing the trick doesn't always have to ruin the)

Magic; Domesticated (Plants still need the sun)

Why name a poem after it's written?

Early names set an intention

They design and send a meaning to then

Be written 'round. Result: Tension

Between the natural impulse and the logical sense

That want different words penned down

And thus contracting creates dissonance.

Now, one with true talent sewn

Beneath their skin can mold out both motives

Into something appreciable

But still, the greater works made
Are mostly born sable

From total nothingness
To inverse none.

(Extensive proof)

By contradiction (circumspects real answers)

Narrative and descriptive are the same

Everyway but for the angles.

Untitled 36 (Spider)

¹And there was the thread,
Down from heaven unto me,
Lifting up from my chest

¹ As I lay in bed pretending to sleep (pretending to breathe)

(Everyone wants to be)

Somewhere else (like birds wanting to fly in circles)

The past is dead browning branches off
Trees planted by sheer accident.
The future is a heartbeat. The present—
Well the present is hard. We're meant
To somehow make moves on the hope that drums
Off distant have melodies worth
Finding. Hearts beat in every direction
So we sort of must pick one with
Faith that we are correct.

Fuck that.

Most likely, none of them are right.

Life is a quest of latching onto thoughts
which we can convince ourselves might
Be significant. At some point strength will
Be finding that significance
Back among piles of leaves rake up 'round
That feel like they've been there

Forever.

Don't try so hard

To chase

Rhythms.

The melodies

Are mostly

In the soil.

September Second

Can I just sit on a bench —
After rain at night —
And try to count all the leaves
On the park's wet trees?
Am I allowed to do that
To spend my human,
Fleeting moments no counting
Wet leaves past nine ticks?

Can I just stare at a wall
And never thing one
Thought for a few nice minutes?

Can I take my time —
As the world turns and goes on
And mountains and to rocks
And lakes to puddles move forth —
Just to be so lost?

Or must something always ask
that I act for it?

Can existing be enough
For longer stretches
Of minutes that turn hours?
Or must I still be
Water and fire

Finding

Their sources.

Quick brushstrokes (on the same canvas)

I imagined myself in
My own coffin
Today. Spending too much time
Wondering on death
Makes us waste our lives away
I'm too young to be
Discontented with my fate
So I just dream it —
The ground around me layered
Living by flowers planted with care.

I think maybe that is why
I render a good
Life far less important
Than a life I could
Actual spend doing
What I wanted to do.
The flowers from my dirt grow.
Blue lilies, tulips, all my favourites.

In very much time same way
that grass moves to stars
In time I will reach up and wilt.
I may be in a field
Or I may be in a forest,
Moving up
And back out of the same ground
Until I finally root down into it.
I love that I am not of stone.

Untitled 1

I won't ever know what I want to say.
To be sure, this is unremarkable.
This was meant to be another sonnet,
But sestets, voltas – seem so far away –

The words fall all down, hitting the paper
Like raindrops upon the ground, cold and wet.

Untitled 2

Some months, the words come to me
 Like bubbles come to the surface
In springs, ponds, and hot water
 When time happens to be moving.
And the rest
 Are what we would consider “in character”.

Untitled 7

Grief is not so much a wound
It is a pain, reaching out to ruin
Every part of what you are.

*Things only fall apart when you encourage them to.
Otherwise they tend to fall together.
All things like to be together.*

Untitled 9

Trees sing swan songs in the winter, deep with
Anticipation for the next
Drift of the wind through the gaps in our branches.
In shades of gold they pray aloud
With the beats mismatched to their melodies

We will ask next spring (maybe next winter)
If there will be time to try again (no)
Wind will be moving the green of the leaves
Or the red-yellow-blue of the flowers,
The day might stand still, and we will just laugh.

I'll ask you what's wrong and you might answer
To me or to the air what exactly
That question means to the rocks and the ducks
Cooling in the generous pond's water
And by the time I sigh out to respond
The Winter Trees will be singing again
In gold, mirror-shattered time we don't have.
The event-horizon of the season
Before it falls again and again.

My ankles break against the dirt, my hands
Dissolve into the wanted, growing old.
The wind resonates with the graying clouds
And I look again at the trees on all sides.

Untitled 8

I'll need a cane to walk soon.

By no means is it time for that.

By no means should that be true.

We lay here and our bones themselves whine

Reaching out

For something they don't want

To see.

It feels so far away, too.

—In front of me or behind me but nonetheless

Distant.

Is it always like that?

Imageless and eloquent in all those ways?

Covered in a humid fog?

I suppose weakness must needs speak without disturbing the air.

Quickly

But without haste

On the offbeats

Between the lines

Without the meter

Or the mori.

What's left after moonset

A storm's passing on the far horizon
Now, and the shaking's well and done today;
My eyes are open on the floor and I see
The food I know tie motion and I don't.
A deeper breath sends shocks through dry lings,
And I, again, know what I see

What's left after moonset is nothing
But sunrise to still feel on warming skin.

I've spent a long time in my own head
Tonight, I've spend a long time writing
Things never read; a long time in my bed—
Gray sheets pointed to (what I guess is)
A magenta sky, with muscles twisting bones

But that's down now and the moon is set.
So climb to sunrise and I will and find the
Magi waiting for me yet

Sometimes I'm young and others I'm old
In moments I'm down and other's I'm droll,
We all go through it, it's a mus, but in the end
We re-adjust, because that's what sunrise is for.
My hands tie circles about themselves
And wrap around to feel the ground.
Do you ever forget that you're
Yourself? I often do.
I find it rather disconcerting since I'm
Then nowhere, but somehow tied town to here
But then I find a fair butterfly—

My peripheral — an anchor does
Well to keep a boat tied to a pier.

I can feel my heart working softer,
Finding its tempo in the sound of the pit,
It does well to know that it can do so,
As — in all the hurt — there's one.

And when I lean against the wall
I'll find I struggle to sit up too,
But the depth of breath will shock me back
To light.

The room is lit but it
Feels like sitting in darkness with
The stars, the moon has fallen with the
Storm and now I've said goodbye

And when I stand again I'll go
And make us up something soft and warm,
And maybe then, maybe now, I can revel
In the happy and breath my brown of gold

What's left after moonset is nothing,
But sunrise can still be felt on skin.

The other muses have more of an eye for variety.

Endings as Tools.¹⁰

Or, Interlude 2

A put a flower so pasteled purple petals
Glimmer the light from the window. Blissful
Plantlife. He makes the wood room living.
If mars crashed into earth, I'd still water him.

This is a book about saying goodbye. It has a singular vision. To bid farewell to a world. And it will be overdramatic, it will forget the words and remember every detail. Because there is nothing else that it can do.

*As an open letter, it can only hope to be read.
And to hate having to say goodbye (again).*

Don't say goodnight

I don't want to write about death
I do not want to write
Words concerned with their own full stop
The image won't be bones
There will be no flies buzzing here
The only hearts will beat
Continuous, relentless too
Words will make life endless
There were not made to make it end
With an endless, marching
Rhythm they will always go on
And as the pages end
Words will echo towards forever
Acting their signified
Rivers and grand mountains without
Any need for timing
Or an intermission's respite.

Hold on

There is so much left
Of this little book.
So much more to say
This, the empty space
Is a joy of ours.

Poems I didn't Write

Regrettably, I let many ideas
Die — as simply as keeping myself
Alive I choose to swipe them off like bugs—.

They just don't get written at all, ever
And they fade into that void of old thoughts,
Returning to the primordial soup
Only to resurface later with a
Strange realization that it was there just
There and then as sudden as anything — gone.

I don't want to mourn — a graveyard of thoughts
Is thoughtless — but I guess I wanted more —
I expected more. And as the grill's smoke
Unravels itself into empty air
(and the smiles around me turn to words)
I asked myself how long the thought of me might—.

The scene of the pond today looks stunning
The water moving in just the way that
Makes momentary rainbows on the surface.
The ephemerality of my existence
Is not a new concept, but the ducks,
They don't seem to know much about it.
I don't love them, and I don't imagine
They love me, but they make good listeners.
They let me pet them today — one bit me
And I shooed it off and went on with my
Afternoon, not having anything in particular to do.

Nothing should last forever, and so should spring.

I've heard there's a thirteenth month in some places
Made just for spring to come early —
They call it February, and I bet it's great.

The ducks and I grow tired of each other.
They skim the surface of the water, it closes
Behind them, opaque with mud.

I go in, too.

Everything I do, everything I make
Always turns into the same old thing —
Scratches on the surface of the water.
Made in a fever or with surgical point,
It's always a disruption, a chance at
Upsetting the pond and making light move
In a way I seem to miss dearly.

I suppose if little light can last long
In my memory, then I can try too.

But still, I don't want to go.

Afterword

Yet another place for things to hide away, right?

It is my opinion that, while creation shows itself off, asking to be engaged with and understood, art is meant to be more like a spider that hides itself away in embarrassment for its patterns. Few of the materials here seem all that weighted towards hiding: I think I might be too young to make things that really want to be hidden, that regret being as they are. Certain things do still seem to hide away between the margins, though. I encourage you to hide things there too.

I also encourage you to go back and see every blank space as a hole where the words themselves fell out. Things become more beautiful that way.

This one's just a journal entry

(When you boil it down, meter gets subjective, too)

I unfortunately don't have a metaphor

Pertaining to today's duress.

I don't know, I often find that english

—Like many languages —

Fails in its capacity to register

Things like overwhelming

Dread or genuine hard feeling beyond

The simplistic comparison

To corruption from the ideal — sure,

That describes the thing

But it's just so disrespectful

Is that why

 The bad emotions

 Are the artistic ones?

Because they're hard to describe?

Because they don't immediately register

 Via words?

Sometimes things just pester me, like

 Tasting metal on silverware

 Or flies

I respect the diplomacy of the language

But I would appreciate

Outlets through which I might minimize

My negatives

As much as sophistry lets me minimize positives.

Sure,

Therapy. But also give me
Some intellectual buttress
Through which I can respect myself
Outside of suffering
Creation for the blissless anhedonic
Pleasure of masochistic
Onlookers who perpetuate a cycle of mutual
Pain as humanistic
Pursuits. Please? I would prefer to tread and
Write hope on pages
And look to my horizons compulsively.

Storms and rumination are shit.
 So stop pretending they're necessary.

Learn about sadness.
 Use that to forge joy.
 Don't Die.
 That's enough.

Waves perish on the shore. Beating
To the rhythm of other
Hearts than ours. The future fleeting
Before me, by the force of sheer
will, is one where moonset is graced
Shortly by the elegance of sunrise.
Eternal, ceaseless as the waves,
Matched only with the tides.
And our mistress the moon might pass by and by
To ring herself in the light we hide from.

Please read poems like piano pieces
Might be heard by one who finds joy
There among the notes themselves. See the wats
That the words and likes create more.

I like this one. It was one of the first.

Endnotes:

¹Silence will Never bring us Salvation

And no Savior will ever be Quiet
They will Never come bearing Peace
Just the Loud, Rachorous chance to Find It.
But it comes only from it's Lacking with
No more Warning than the Ashes.

Change comes only from motion, We only
can move when time stands so still.
It is not out job but it will always be
Our work as Fragile Little Birds.

Just stay here and do make mere actions
So the wind can't bring us all down.
Large towers look but small towers are there
Exactly where they need to be.
They will keep our soft bodies warm.
That Is More Than Enough for us.

² **Until I Stopped Loving**

But I suppose I never could stop
There's something between every bit of bone
And flesh that keeps me wanting love on.
As much as I am content with love's loss
Something intense within me will not be.

I was so young when I first wrote Redline,
And yet I know it was there even then.

No matter of content can resolve this
For it is a matter of my nature.

So I will not fade, I will keep burning
With the ridiculous audacity
Of my own will to love and that will be
Me, all of me, it will have to be me.
No happy endings means no ends at all.

³ **Something from the Sidewalk**

I am but a child. I cannot hold back
My care for the world and that which knows it.

The only augury in the deep black
Bones in the soil will speak of my tears.
For I am neither hunter nor mountain.
Neither oracle nor an overlord.

I am but a child. Who first sees the pain
And decay of my world's bones on the loam.

What can one do with that but cry and cry?
The way to remind ourselves of the Earth
Is to feel the heat behind our soft eyes
And put drops into heaven's pond, our home.

And maybe one day, looking down, something
Will remember us. Nothing but a child.

⁴ No death, no life

If a body has
Two states in it at one time
It is not one thing.

⁵ Familiars that are well departed

It's a shame that all I remember from
My old cat is the way it feels
To have something leave without asking you.

⁶ For the night

And only if for
this one night,
I wish the stars would
Let me in
Again like when I
Was a kid
Staring out windows
With my hands
Growing cold, burning
On the glass
Chilled by autumn breeze.

⁷ Once more! again!

Come jester, play for us! Have a grand time!
Do it again and again to the end
Of the night! Until everyone sleeps well
And you are left awake, still full of songs!

⁸ Any other ways

Things get harder to see the further off
They go. And your image gets blurry now.
I want to get closer, I want to see
Again what it was that leaves me here now.

But it's evident that I'm still running
On traces and sketches of my own world —
Drafts at best. Nothing really set in ink.
And I truly wish that there ever were

Any other ways. So I will seek out
Some measure of difference — clarity

⁹ Changing things Back

I'm not an artist.
I'm not made for where I am.
I am memories.
(Nothing more, nothing less, nothing aside from that)

¹⁰ **Endnotes;**

I think it's clear I don't much like endings.
We can call that a small character flaw.
And as I look back on something finished,
As I see that which has been completed,
I can't help but hope that there must be more.

It's not a lamentation so much as
A wish. A wish that stopping was a choice.
That every ending was a mutual
Departure between things that lost interest.

Endings would be better that way.

That must be something of a wishful thought,
But it must be how it is for our time.
It's in the nature of us but not things
To end whenever we really want to.

We are ultimately in control of
When the things we carry are put back down
Left in the dirt for the sand or new hands.
We get to choose our punctuation
And that makes all the difference

Untitled 19

Time is the only imperative life
offers the single, persistent
Mountain centered in this universe rife
With its impure colors and sounds.
It is just muted and so we try to
Move through it. But it holds us.
Whether this embrace keeps you warm or down
Is a simple matter of trust.

Excerpt from a poem about broken things

It all comes back
to one. All that rises, after
All. The baby duck will hear their mother quack
And to their home they will return.

Platitudes of Perspective

It's okay, isn't it?
Because I'm getting better
It must be okay.

It's okay. That's right,
I know I'm getting better—
It must be okay,

It's okay, right? Since
I'm getting better now. It—
Has to be okay.

I'm okay, aren't I?
I feel me getting better.
I must be okay.

I'm okay, that's right.
The sunlight rises on me
That makes me okay.

Interlude To the Number 63

The world needs so much
So many little green bits
Fragments complete wholes

The last thing I will ever forget

They've come closer in the warmth of campfires — the surrounding
depth of cold masking their

faces in their
breaths from across the open flame.
Their bones make more pointed
comments on
what bitter cold really means.

Think about the necessity of it, that when you can see things for
what they truly are.

I'd love to be able to believe that advice. It just doesn't happen like
that,

When even the base principals

Don't seem to make sense.

Pants are getting stained with dirt.

Knees bearing the full force of gravity.

The smoke whispers secrets only the ghosts can hear

And one struggler cradles another to fight onward.

Those shadows in the grass hold all the secrets they need

As the fire shifts with the weight of the air.

Carry things which lift you up, simple as that.

Try not to ask questions about where you are. And

Good Pilot, carry well your mirror.

And watch his face light in the wine-dark waters.

The last one

It is amazing how words

Can hide anything.